Sakura Haruno and the many people I ship her with: Oneshot dump edition

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Category: F/F, F/M, Multi, Other
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Character: Haruno Sakura, Nagato | Pain, Uchiha Itachi, Hidan (Naruto), Kakuzu (Naruto), Konan (Naruto), Deidara (Naruto), Sasori (Naruto), Hoshigaki Kisame, Zetsu (Naruto), Uchiha Obito, Dai-nana-han | Team 7 (Naruto), Akamaru (Naruto), Inuzuka Kiba, Uzumaki Naruto, Uchiha Madara, Senju Tobirama, Uchiha Shisui, Kyuubi | Nine-tails | Kurama, Uchiha Izuna, Yamanaka Ino, Jashin (Naruto), Ao (Naruto), Momochi Zabuza, Ootsutsuki Asura, Ootsutsuki Indra, Ichibi | One-tail | Shukaku, Hoozuki Suigetsu, Hagane Kotetsu, Karatachi Yagura, Utakata (Naruto), Hatake Kakashi, Hatake Kakashi's Ninken, Hyuuga Hinata, Temari (Naruto), Ootsutsuki Kaguya, Kouji (Naruto), Uchiha Kagami, Uchiha Mikoto, Juugo (Naruto).

Additional Tags: Platonic Relationships, Dysfunctional Family, The Akatsuki would make a great family, Sakura is a cute kid, i'll stand by that until i die, Yandere, Fluff and Angst, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Kakuzu is best dad, but should not influence children, i write way more Child!Sakura than i thought, Kiba is a sweetheart, Suicide Attempt, Implied/Referenced Suicide, Suicidal Thoughts, Angst, with no happy ending, Alternate Universe, Crime AU, creepy stalker plants, i love flustered Uchiha, they give me life, BAMF Haruno Sakura, Haruno Sakura-centric, Strong Haruno Sakura, OT3, UchihaSaku is a big thing and i love it,
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<td>Genderbending, Implied/Referenced Incest, Time Travel, kakashi's dogs have their priorities straight okay, it's 2am I need to stop editing and go to bed already, Mikoto ships it, Anything for pink haired babies, Fugaku Ships It, Juugo is a kind man and I'll fight anyone who says otherwise, NSFW, Smut, Breeding Kink, Creampie, Threesome - F/M/M</td>
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**Sakura Haruno and the many people I ship her with: Oneshot dump edition**

by [Stonemedusa](#)

**Summary**

Slowly moving all my old work off ff.net and onto A03!

Basically a great big pile of the many oneshots and requests I've written! Any and every Sakura Haruno Pairing featured- And I do take requests if you have one! From fluff to smut to one to many Angst fics, I have something for everyone here!
Hello there,

This work is a compilation of all my many oneshots over on ff.net! Moving everything over will take a fair amount of time, and many of these are un-edited as of yet! Characters and pairings will be added to the tags as they appear, as well as any warnings.

I hope you enjoy, and if you have any requests, I'm more than happy to give them a try!
Forever Young PT.1 Akatsuki/Sakura

Chapter Summary

About a young Sakura's moments with Akatsuki and their fight to keep her with them.

Chapter Notes

Single word prompts are fun!

Child:

They were all shocked, Pein most of all, when Kisame returned from a solo mission in fire country hiding a ragged looking pink haired little girl in his cloak, asking if he could keep her when Itachi spotted the two little green eyes peering out at him.

"Please, I swear I'll feed it and everything."

Name:

It always amused him to think that out of all the things her parents could have called her, they went for the most obvious one.

"Sakura's name is Sakura mister!" said the child when asked "What's your name?"

"Kisame's the name kid. What are you doing out here all alone?"

"Well..."

Lollipop:

That was little Sakura's first thought upon seeing the man in the orange mask skip around a corner and run up to her giving her a huge hug.

"Little flower-Chan! There you are! Tobi is glad he found you, Tobi doesn't think it's a good idea to play hide and seek inside anymore."

"There you are Sakura! You've been missing for hours!" Kisame said following after Tobi.

Eyes:
The age may have changed but he would always remember those eyes. Upon arriving at the base they were using and seeing the little girl that had been residing there for the past week, the first thing he did was report to Pein.

"Leader-sama, that child, she's the Godaime Hokage's apprentice Haruno Sakura." Sasori stated without hesitation, quietly watching the child play outside with Tobi from the dull office window.

"And you came to this conclusion how?" questioned Pein.

"How could I ever forget the one who helped kill me?"

Pink:

It still bought a smirk to his masked face every time he saw the little pink blur run up to hug him before his miffed partner when they came back from missions.

"Tobi-kun! Sakura missed you!"

Blond:

The blond would always remember the exact moment Sakura had secured her place in his heart, making him swear up and down that he would protect her forever.

"Sakura likes your puppets a lot Sasori-kun! But she likes Dei-kun's sploding birdies more! Sakura thinks there the best art, Dei-kun told her so!"

He giggled to himself every time he remembered Sasori's horrified face and the art lectures poor little Sakura had to listen to.

Didn't matter thought, he knew Sakura liked his art better.

What a kid...

Mean:

Sakura didn't like the mean man with white hair and pink eyes, he called her names and almost made her cry the first time they talked to each other. But that was all cleared up the moment one innocent little question was asked.

"Mister? Who's Jashin-sama?"

If his grin was anything to go by she might have just taken a step towards being in his good books.

Innocent:

He knew it couldn't last forever but he still enjoyed having the child around. He had frightened her the first time they met, he could see it on her face, but she warmed up to him eventually.
She'd won him over with one smile and a request to help reach the counter for a cookie, that was all it took.

He'd protect her, the little pink haired girl with an innocent smile.

Pein hoped that smile would last forever, even though he knew better.

**Money:**

The little girl could *act*, he would give her that, Kakuzu thought to himself plotting away while watching her work the stall owner.

"-and after big brother had his accident, they took all their stuff and left for a trip. I haven't seen mummy or daddy in a few weeks but big brother said they would come back soon, but I only have so much of my pocket money left so can I just have one apple instead?" the pink haired child finished, reaching into her pocket with tears in her eyes.

The owner had tears in *her own* eyes as she handed Sakura a half-full bag of apples.

"Don't worry, it's on the house. Come back any time, ok sweetie?"

*Yes*, he thought, *she could act.*

**Soft:**

He didn't think it would happen to him, but watching all the other feared s-class nuke-nin fall to it, he knew it was inevitable.

She was making him soft, Obito thought to himself while watching Sakura put glow in the dark stickers on his cloak, so 'Tobi-kun' couldn't sneak up on her anymore.

He couldn't help it though, the deep look of concentration on her little face as she tried to get another to stick to the fabric brought a smile to *his* face.

And he found, he *didn't care at all.*

"Tobi will help you with that Sakura-Chan!"

**Sweet:**

His first thought upon seeing her was how sweet she'd taste, but that came to an abrupt halt when she rushed over from behind Itachi's legs and latched herself to his.

"You're so cool looking Mr. Flower! Sakura's name is Sakura!"

"I'm not a flower little girl, *god it's another Tobi*, my name is Zetsu."

**Red:**
That was the colour of the eyes Sakura found herself staring into while standing in the middle of the training grounds, she finally worked up the courage to ask.

"Um, Itachi-kun, will you help Sakura get stronger like everyone else? Please?" she asked quietly, puppy eyes on max.

"Hn." was the only reply she received along with a poke to her forehead.

She could swear that she saw a small smile grace his face as she ran to catch up to him.

Love:

As much as she tries to uphold her badass 'only female in Akatsuki' image, she had always had a soft spot for children, and she came to absolutely adore the pink haired one like her own.

"... Konan, why are you sitting in a pillow fort?"

"Shut up Nagato."

House:

Sakura loved their house, it was so cool! She could run around for hours and never be in the same spot twice. Too bad this also led to her becoming lost constantly.

"Um..." was all Sakura could say as she looked around the dark halls. "Oops."

Appreciation:

They would always appreciate the light that little Sakura bought into their dark lives, she was their sunshine, their little blossom.

She alone would know their kindness. They would keep her safe from their enemies, give her anything she wanted and make sure that she was always happy, no matter what.

They would never give her up to Konoha though, even if she begged them to let her go. She was everything good in their dark lives and they weren't willing to give that up.

Not for anyone.

Blood:

They knew it would happen sometime, it was inevitable. They rushed to Hidan's room following little Sakura's scream of terror, only to find her hugging a bloody Hidan tightly and refusing to let go.

"Sakura was so scared Hidan-kun! She thought you would go to sleep and not wake up like the bad men did."

It was then that it really hit home, exactly how innocent she was, and they wouldn't let anything ruin
that.

Pein and Obito turned their glares to the now trembling Hidan and advanced.

**Puppet:**

It was old, just a small little thing, but Sakura loved it, the little doll- sorry 'puppet' Sasori-kun had given her for being a good girl.

It danced when Sasori was around and he had promised to teach her how when she was older. Black hair, blue eyes and an old kimono type dress. It was almost falling apart when she found it in his room, but he had fixed it with his chakra and told her it would stay perfect forever now.

**Bird:**

Always one to try and out do his partner, Deidara stared down at the delighted girls face as he gave her the clay bird. After seeing what Sasori did to fix the doll, he had mixed his chakra into the clay so it wouldn't break on her. Watching her put it on her desk next to the 'puppet', Deidara found himself smirking again as he turned and sat on her bed.

She *still* liked his art better.

**Shark:**

When Sakura had first seen him she almost screamed, there was a little voice in the back of her mind telling her not to go near him, to stay there and wait for someone, she didn't know who but whenever she thought about it all she could think of was the colour orange and ramen.

After calming down some and moving away from the sleeping people covered in blood, she made her way over to him. She must have shocked him, because he almost dropped his giant sword thingy at the sight of the ragged pink haired child clutching his cloak like a life line. The first thing out of his mouth was,

"Who the hell are you!"

**Puppy:**

"Please?" wined Sakura, looking at the dog sniffing her foot. It was a giant (to her) white dog with brown ears, she wanted it.

"No, it's somebody else's. We need to go. Now." Said Kakuzu eyeing the Nin dog warily while grabbing Sakura's hand and walking back into the village before picking the girl up and making a break for the base. The sound of howling could be heard in the distance.

**Bugs:**
Bolting into the kitchen of their new house, Sakura slammed into Zetsu's legs before steadying herself and latching onto him, face horrified.

"Whats wrong blossom?"

"Sakura saw bugs in her new room Zetsu-kun! Can you make them go away? Please?"

**Ice-cream:**

Leading little Sakura into her room, Konan sat her on the bed before taking a step back and looking around. Grabbing the band-aids, she put one on Sakura's scuffed knee before leaving the room and coming back with two bowls.

"What is this stuff Konan-Chan?"

"Heaven in a bowl."

**Mask:**

It was difficult to keep an indifferent mask in place when she was around. She reminded him of easier times in his life, but that didn't matter anymore, she was all he needed now. Watching her try to throw a kunai again, he had to fight another smile.

"Like this."

**Fox:**

Leader had told her all about the mean fox boy, how he had hurt her Kakuzu-kun and Hidan-kun, then tried to hurt the rest of HER family with the help of some 'Sasuke' boy.

Leader told her about his plan and how he just wanted peace for the world, also how he couldn't get it without some spirit in the fox boy 'Naruto'.

She really didn't like the sound of this 'Naruto' and 'Sasuke' or the feeling she got when hearing about them.

Not one bit.

**World:**

As soon as little Sakura announced it was her birthday, all hell broke loose. Streamers and balloons were put up by Tobi as everyone else tried and failed to find worthy gifts for the pink haired child. When she finally noticed the lack of gifts, she questioned them with that little pout of hers.

"When we finally have it, we'll give you the world little one, that's a promise." Pein said patting her head while the others all nodded in agreement.
Boom:

It was fitting, he thought, that his thoughts were on her at a time like this. She had become his everything, even if his time with her was fleeting. He would never forget their little Saku-chan.

*I won't let this little Uchiha shit near her, she's ours!*

"Art is a BANG!" *I won't let you hurt her!* "KATSU" and he set off his ultimate jutsu.

'*... she'll always like my art better Sasori.*' smirking one last time he closed his eyes and pictured the smiling face of the pink haired child welcoming him home with open arms.

Death:

Sitting at her desk Sakura looked at her clay bird again, she could tell something was wrong the second cracks had started forming in it. Then for the first time while staying with the Akatsuki, little Sakura cried.

She didn't know why, but she felt a little part of herself go numb at that moment.

Watching from the door Obito only had one thought 'they're going to pay for this.'

Monsters:

They had attacked quickly, the monsters in masks and green vests had swarmed them, taking out Sasori as he helped Kisame get Sakura a safe distance from the fighting. Sakura couldn't help but cry after Kisame left to join the fight, watching her family fall to the monsters and go to sleep forever was agonizing.

First was Deidara, then Sasori, followed by Zetsu and Kakuzu, Hidan had just been beheaded close by and all Sakura could do was watch the battle and cry. The monsters were going to sleep to, but there were too many of them to deal with.

There was a flash orange out the corner of her eye.

Panic:

Kisame and Itachi were gone, taken out by Sasuke. Now only having himself, Konan and Tobi, Pein pulled back to go to Sakura's side. Spotting her, he appeared beside the child followed by Obito. Looking around and seeing Konan's body on the field surrounded by dead enemy shinobi was a blow to him, but spotting the fox boy charging closer with his team made him focus on what was happening around him. Grabbing little Sakura's hand, he made a promise to himself.

Once this was over he would find away to bring the Akatsuki back, little Sakura wouldn't be able to handle it any other way.

Teammate:
They were staring at her, the 'Naruto' and 'Sasuke' people along with a white haired man, a brown haired guy and a black haired boy who didn't have a very nice smile.

"S-Sakura-Chan! You're alive... and t-tiny! Come over here! Get away from them!" yelled the fox boy.

"N-no, I don't like you!" the child cried, ducking inside Pein's cloak and holding one of his legs.

"You WILL leave our little Saku-chan alone! Tobi says so!"

**Endings:**

It was just like Tobi had told her when he was in one of his serious moods.

*Everything ends.*

Watching Tobi's mask less body hit the ground, Sakura left Pein's comfort and rushed over to him, shaking his shoulder and repeatedly asking him to wake up.

"Everything ends Sakura-Chan and it's not always a happy ending." He had said before back tracking and trying cheering her up. "It's ok Sakura-Chan, with us you'll always have a happy ending, no matter what the cost! I'll fix this world and you'll always be happy!"

Glaring at the Konoha-nin, Pein grabbed her and held her in his arms while trying to soothe her crying form. As he began making a getaway from the shinobi surrounding the now destroyed base, his mind went down one track.

'Protect Sakura, bring the members back to make her happy, get revenge for her being put through this and bring her the fox brats head on a platter.'
Forever Young PT.2 Akatsuki/Sakura

Chapter Summary

About a young Sakura's moments with Akatsuki and their fight to keep her with them.
Part 2

Lost:

It had taken him a month of trying but he finally got her to smile, having resorted to putting his bodies orange hair in pigtails. She had giggled as soon as she saw him and he watched his much loved smile spread across her face.

But it was different now. It was laced with pain and sadness, and he knew only one way to fix it.

He wanted his smile back; he would destroy the world if he had to.

Anything to see his smile come to her face.

God:

He was god in her eyes, no matter what anyone said. She prayed to him every night when she thought he was sleeping. He would lay on their tattered hotel bed and force his eyes closed just to hear her little voice rasp out her hopes and dreams, so he could know what to give her, what she needed. He just wanted to see her smile again, his little pink haired angel.

"And please bring them back to me; Sakura misses her family so much. It hurts not to see them when she wakes up in the mornings. Please Pein-sama, Sakura knows you can do it!"

And god would do anything his little angel requested, after all, he had promised her the world.

Faith:

During the year it took, her faith in him never wavered. Konoha had ruined her innocent smile, and it would never be the same until her family was complete again. But at last it was finished, what he had pained over relentlessly for the past year. Now, he could give her what she had asked for.

"My little tenshi, we're going back to Ame."

"But why Pein-kun? I feel so sad there."

"I know tenshi. But I just need a few things, and then we can leave as fast as you want, ok?"

"Ok Pein-kun, I trust you"

And she always would.
**Water:**

It felt like they were suspended in a river, the current pulling them one way but fighting to go the other. It was a hopeless battle and they could already feel themselves letting go and moving on.

But all thoughts like that were cut off by a bright flash of white and the sudden feeling of, well, life.

As sputtering coughs and the sound of dry heaving filled the room, all newly opened eyes turning to the panting figure of their leader.

"Get cleaned up and get a hold of yourselves! There's a little pink haired girl who needs you more than anything at the moment, waiting just outside."

They didn't need to move on, all they needed was their little blossom.

"Yes, leader-sama"

"YAY, TOBI GETS TO SEE SAKURA-CHAN AGAIN!"

"Shut UP, TOBI, yeah."

**Sleepiness:**

She had been waiting for hours outside Pein's study. She was so bored, there was nothing to do here anymore. Everywhere she looked, she remembered them.

She couldn't take it anymore, so she went to sleep and prayed to Pein-sama that she didn't have bad dreams.

"Saku-chan~, yeah"

"Oi, wake up you little-"

"DON'T CALL SAKURA-CHAN NAMES HIDAN!"

"SHUT UP TOBI!"

"Doll, open your eyes"

"Hn"

"Come on, blossom, aren't you glad to see us?"

"Hey, wake up Sakura~"

"Pinkie, aren't you going to get up? Hahaha"

"We'll need to go to the market soon. I need more cash, get up."

"Silence."

Slowly opening her eyes once everything had quietened down, Sakura looked around. Confused, she rubbed her eyes and a wide grin slowly spread across her face.
"You're back..."

**Loyalty:**

Pein held their loyalty in high regards, so the only problem when missions came up was: *Who was staying behind to watch over Sakura?*

"Tobi will do it~"

"No, that idiot would probably forget she was here!"

"Tobi, Deidara that's enough. We need money to start anew; everyone is required to go on their mission. Kisame, Itachi you will take Sakura with you and watch over her. Understood?"

"Hai leader-sama" If you listened closely you could hear the smugness leaking from their voices. The others could hear it too if their glares were anything to go by.

Pein sighed quietly to himself. This was going to happen every time, he just knew it.

**Sparkle:**

It had taken awhile, but they finally found a new base. It was on the outskirts of fire country and as much as they didn't like the location, it was perfect for them.

Strolling quietly down the dark hall Obito couldn't help but ponder the changes he'd seen in Sakura lately. She had been disbelieving at first, but had warmed up to the idea and accepted them being back with open arms. He could see her smile brighten day by day, and her innocent sparkle seemed to return gradually.

He didn't care if he sounded weak, not at all. He may have been turning soft, but it was only for her.

Now, he had some plans to talk about with Pein.

**Art:**

"You know she likes mine better, Sasori~" Deidara sang out, running from his miffed partner and taking his seat at the table.

"Shut up brat!" Sasori growled out following Deidara's example and sitting down with the other members, who had stopped what they were doing to watch the show. "She does not! You just keep telling her to say that! She doesn't know the difference."

"No I don't-" Deidara was cut off by little Sakura skipping into the room and placing herself onto his lap. Everyone watched silently as she held out a hand full of his clay.

"See! Sakura got it for you, Deidara-sama~! Just like you asked!"

Chuckling nervously he rubbed the back of his head, trying his damnedest not to look at anything other than the pinkette in his lap.
Horror:

It was going to be a blood bath. With the plans they had made, no one would survive. Konoha was going to be turned to rubble for what it had done to the Akatsuki, specifically their pink haired child. Pein had discussed the details and made sure everyone understood clearly.

Konoha was to be destroyed at dawn in three days time.

"Hn."

"Come on Itachi, you know you're looking for a little revenge too!" Realizing he was being ignored; Kisame huffed and grumbled to himself.

The two continue to the randevues point in silence.

'I wish pinkie where here! At least then he talks some.'

Welcoming:

You could tell the village hadn't expected the arrival of the 10 shadowy cloaked figures, well, if the alarms and screaming were anything to go by.

Sakura was to remain in the safety of the base while they caused chaos and havoc, for her own safety. No matter how much she pouted and pleaded.

They stormed the village from all sides, destroying anything in their path. The Hokage's tower was the first building to fall due to a well placed bomb from Deidara and kanton from Itachi. The streets where painted in the blood of civilian and ninja alike, no one was to be spared from the carnage.

When they felt their mission was complete they regrouped where the gates used to stand, before heading back to base at a nod from Pein.

Only a few had escaped their wrath, amongst those were the Kyuubi brat and his friends. It didn't bother them though, as they could just hunt them down later. There were no casualties on the Akatsuki's side, a few injuries but nothing life threatening.

They needed to get back to their blossom, she was probably worried.

Voice:

'Oi Sakura-baka, what are you doing here!'

Startled Sakura sat up and looked around her small room, finding no one there with her she frowned and tugged her short pink hair.

"Hello?"

'I'm in your head stupid! Don't tell me you forgot? Pffft, you did, didn't you!'

"W-what? Sakura didn't know she had a voice in her head! That's so cool!" she said grinning to
'Forget about that, what are you doing with the Akatsuki and why are you tiny!' the voice questioned hysterically, sounding like it was hyperventilating.

"Sakura is with the Akatsuki because there her family! And Sakura is not tiny!" she stated, crossing her arms and pouting at a wall.

'Sakura, they are criminals! They want to murder your best friend! They're not you family, they probably want to kill you in your sleep! You need to leave, NOW!' it shouted, hurting her ears a little.

"NO! Your mean a-and stupid and, and a Meany stupid head! Leave Sakura alone! She doesn't want to talk to you, ever again!"

'Fine. But don't say I didn't warn you!' 

Change:

It was subtle at first, starting a week after they got back from Konoha. Little things like a growth spurt here and there, or a change in how much chakra she had.

It was hard to miss after the second month though. She had gone from looking like a child to suddenly looking around 15-16 years old. Obito and Pein had started researching as soon as it was brought to their attention by Konan, who had just had to give Sakura her first bra.

The only conclusion they came to was that whatever turned her into a child had reached its limit and was wearing off. This news had quickly spread to all the members and had them panicking their own ways. The only consolation they could find was that she didn't seem to remember anything from her other life. Every single one of them had sighed in relief at this news, and prayed it stayed that way.

They weren't going to give her up, even if she did remember one day and wanted them dead.

Happiness:

It was different now that Sakura was older, she still had the same bright, happy and incredibly innocent aura and personality, she just acted older and more grown up as she grew taller. It was a huge shock to them all when she stopped talking in third person, but half of them were silently grateful she didn't carry that habit over.

It had taken Deidara a few weeks to get over the fact that he blushed as red as a tomato whenever she giggled or sat in his lap now.

Kakuzu had to fight the urge to gut the males that flirted with her in the market, and started leaving her at the base during his runs to the local village.

Hidan had taken to swearing like it was going out of style now that he didn't have to hold it back.

Obito's hugs had become slightly awkward, starting the second he felt her now squishy chest press to his during a hug.
Pein and Kisame had taken to glaring at the other members when they got to close to the little blossom, fatherly instincts having taken over.

Konan had begun giggling around the girl when picking out new clothes, but radiating a dark murderous aura when any of the local boys looked at the pinkette too long. *They weren't even ninja; they should just stay away from her little girl!*

Sasori began admiring her form from afar. She still looked as beautiful and elegant as when she aided in his first defeat.

Zetsu and Itachi were pretty much the same, albeit slightly more protective.

It really hit them hard though, each coming to terms with it in their own way.

Their little Saku-chan had *grown up.*

**Laughter:**

"ZETSU! There's a bug in my room! Can you please get rid of it?" Sakura pleaded rushing to the ex-grass Nin and hiding behind him.

Turning red he instantly shrugged off his cloak and draped it around her underwear clad form.

"Sakura, put some clothes on next time blossom! I'll take care of it, did anyone else see you on your way here?" he questioned.

"Deidara I think? I'm not sure." she replied, holding the massive cloak closer to herself.

Nodding Zetsu merged with the wall and reappeared outside her room just in time to see the white clay spider crawl out of the doorway and onto a smirking blonde's hand.

"**Deidara.**" he ground out watching the blond start sweating and turn to him, laughing lightly.

**Bird: re-done:**

Hearing what had happened after his death, he decided another gift was in order. He had worked through the night and half of the next day before he finally deemed it prefect for her.

"Sakura-chan?"

"Yes Dei-kun?" she questioned

"Here," he said holding his hand out and looking at her with hope in his eyes. "Sasori told me what happened to the bird I gave you, so I decided to make you a new one."

Picking up the clay bird, Sakura stared at in awe. It was exactly the same as the other one, down to the last detail.

"Thank you so much, Deidara!" she whispered in joy, clutching it to her chest.

"Well, it's better than anything Sasori could give you, we all know you like my art better anyway~"
Forgiveness:
"You can be angry at someone once in awhile, you know." Sasori stated after watching her forgive Itachi for eating her last piece of dango.
"I know, but I can never be mad at my family for long."

Angel:
"You're our angel, Sakura-chan. we would do anything to see you smile. No matter what the task is, as long as we know you'll be there at the end, it's worth it."
"...I never thought I would hear you say something like that, Kakuzu."
"Don't get used to it kid."

Cry:
"Gah! I'm sorry, alright! What else do you want me to do about it!"
His only answer was another soft cry.
"FINE! I'll go and get some more damn ice-cream!"
Hearing his cursing trail down the hall, Sakura lifted her head and motioned for Konan to come out of hiding, grins on both their faces.
"Works every time."

Awkwardness:
"Tobi-kun, Whats under your mask?" she questioned watching him freeze slightly before turning to face her on the sofa. This question had been bugging her for the longest time and she wanted to find out! Did he have buck teeth or something? Maybe a tiny mouth? She couldn't help the feeling of déjà vu at her ponderings.
Meanwhile, smirking slightly behind said mask, Obito leaned his face closed to hers.
"I'll show you if..." he trailed off.
"If?" she questioned, not paying any attention to the fact he stopped talking in third person.
"If...you give me a kiss~" he sang out, watching as her face flushed red and she bolted out of the room, past a confused and irritated Pein.
"What did you do!"
His only answer was a flashed peace sigh before the masked man Phased out of the room.
Swear:

She may have grown up, but this was the first time any of them had ever heard her swear like that.

"Where did you learn that, Sakura-chan?"

"Kisame."

Said person gulped and slowly began backing away from the murderous auras advancing towards him. *Why couldn't she just say Hidan?*

Appreciation:

Their light, they knew it was because of her that they were brought back. Without her, Pein would have fallen apart and been killed. But she held him together with her sad smiles and loving nature, she gave him the power to get back on his feet.

And for that, they would owe her forever.

"You're our light, Sakura " they had explained to her numerous times " without you, life wouldn't be worth living anymore."

World: re-done:

"I promised it to you, didn't I?"

After the fall of Konoha, the rest of the ninja world soon followed in its footsteps. There was news of the Kyuubi and his comrades planning an uprising but that didn't matter at the moment.

"You did. I just didn't think..." Sakura trailed off, looking at the land surrounding them from their vantage point at the top of the re-built ame base.

"It's yours now, my little tenshi, I shall enforce any decisions you make. This world is yours now, do with it as you see fit.

Endings: re-done:

It was just like Tobi had told her when he was in one of his serious moods.

*Everything ends.*

*"Everything ends Sakura-Chan and it's not always a happy ending."* He had said before backtracking and trying cheering her up. *"It's ok Sakura-Chan, with us you'll always have a happy ending, no matter what the cost! I'll fix this world and you'll always be happy!"*

They had finally done it. They had everything they had set out for and more, but only two things really mattered to them now.
Their Sakura-chan and her happiness.

...  

...  

...  

...  

And in Pein's case, keeping that damn Obito from Phasing into her room while she's changing.

END
He didn't know how it happened but his life was now hers to do with as she pleased. He would do anything to protect her, his angel, from all the corruptness of this world...And she would never even know it.

He was god and she, his angel...

He didn't know how it happened, but his life was now hers to do with as she pleased. He would do anything to protect her, his little angel, from all the corruptness of this world.

And she would never even know it.

His angel of mercy

His Sakura.

And when he died, he would find a way to drag her down with him, because he would never let her go.

-Bittersweet-

The smile on her face when she looked at her black haired former teammate could only be described as such. He could see it in her eyes, the betrayal, the hurt, the anger and most importantly- the hate.

His ringed eyes could see every little emotion that was running through her weary body, even when her friends could not. The sight of her former teammate wearing the blood soaked Akatsuki cloak signified his ultimate betrayal, it was obviously too much for her weak young mind. But she still smiled and said she forgave him when she honestly looked like she was going to break down and weep.

He just didn't understand...

'Could there really be such a forgiving soul in this brutal wretched world?' He pondered as his orange hair blew in the wind created from the jinchuuriki and Uchiha's battle.

-God-

He claimed to be a god, but she just couldn't believe it, she wouldn't.

No matter how powerful he may be!

Looking at him from behind Naruto, she could only shiver as their eyes met, locking for a few moments before he turned and walked out of sight. A crash sounded as Naruto dove at Sasuke, signalling the start of their battle.
But all she could see were those empty ringed eyes.

Could there really be such an empty soul in this world? She questioned herself as she evaded another attack from the boy wielding Zabuza’s sword.

-Smile-

He had seen her first genuine smile when the Kyuubi returned from his training and took her out for lunch.

And he couldn’t look away.

He had taken it upon himself to observe the Kyuubi host and his team after Deidara and Tobi almost gave themselves away, this mission could not be allowed to fail. Pein hadn’t noticed it at the first, the way his eyes would wonder over to her when she laughed, when she lost her temper gloriously and punched a teammate through a nearby wall, when she smiled in her own innocent way.

She wore her heart on her sleeve.

He had never seen such a thing from a ninja.

They were meant to bath in blood without a second thought.

When Pein finally did notice his wandering attention, he berated himself heavily; he wasn’t here to get distracted.

But...she was on the kyuubi’s team...so he had to keep an eye on her.

They would most probably meet in battle sometime during the near future. It was honestly an accident that the rock in his hand found the back of the Kyuubi host’s head when he proclaimed that his pink haired teammate would be paying for lunch.

It had nothing to do with the fallen look on her face.

-Distance-

She knew she wasn’t overreacting; there was someone following them.

No, she wasn’t being paranoid! She didn’t want to sound like Kakashi and preach the importance of trap setting in the home!

For the past week or so she had felt like they were being watched...but every time she looked around, there was no one there.

...And that feeling had just returned full force as Naruto lurched forward and face-planted into his ramen. Whipping her head around Sakura quickly turned her jade eyes from the street to the surrounding Konoha rooftops, looking for any traces of their observer and heaving an exasperated sigh when she eventually found nothing.

Turning back to the now complaining and bruised Naruto she started helping him clean himself up.

Just missing the flicker of orange and black planted on the rooftop behind them.
Insanity

He knew he wasn't sane and he had never claimed to be such, he was far from it in fact, but he had nothing on the screeching blond banshee that was currently stalking away from the pinkette.

Weren't they meant to be on a mission together?

He had taken an interest in the pinkette after observing her in a few different environments.

- With her team she was short tempered and loyal to the bone, just waiting for the chance to prove her worth.

- With her friends she was always smiling and happy; cheering up everyone she came into contact with.

- At the hospital she did her job to a fault; healing everyone that needed it, even if it meant collapsing of chakra exhaustion and being hospitalized herself.

Her compassion was what ultimately drew his attention.

She would help anyone that needed it, even if they were her enemy. She tried not to kill if she was given a choice, preferring to give them a chance and help others. Going as far as to let them escape once they repented and accepted her help.

She was mercy personified.

An angel.

And she had just been abandoned in the slums of wave after dark, exhausted from helping train their medics all day. She was too good for this kind of treatment; people had been taking advantage of her kindness all day.

Why would she allow herself to be used in such a way?

Isolation

"God, you're so annoying Sakura!" and with that said Ino stormed off, leaving an exhausted Sakura to return to their inn alone.

Annoying.

That word had ties to the worst moments in her life.

She hated it.

With a sigh she started the trek back to the inn, not taking note of the time and trying desperately to take her mind off what had just occurred. They were meant to be on a mission, not fighting over Ino's ridiculous assumptions.

She didn't even know Shikamaru that well, why would she be trying to steal him from Ino?

Taking another turn she wobbled slightly, gripping the edge of the nearby wall for support. Paying
no attention to her surrounding would cost her this time as a dulled thud drew her attention.

She turned and screamed as a piece of wood was swung from the shadows, striking the side of her head.

She was out before she even hit the ground.

-Wrath-

He had only taken his eyes off her for a few seconds, but that was all it took.

He was off the roof and grasping her attacker by his dirt covered throat in a second. The man had a partially developed chakra, most likely a genin dropout looking for some quick cash.

This was unacceptable.

He could remember this pitiful man from earlier that very day, coming to Sakura and her banshee friend with a broken hand, begging them to heal him, pleading for help.

And of course the pink haired angel had obliged, even with her friend telling her not to.

"Please! I wasn't going to do anything!" the man gasped out, flailing his arms and legs about in an attempt to dislodge the hand grasping his throat. His dirt covered cloak and tattered clothes gave him no assistance as they were covered in old dried blood.

Taking no notice of the man's pleas Pein turned his gaze towards the girl currently sprawled out on the ground, blood slowly trickling down the side of her head as she gave the occasional twitch and moan of pain.

With narrowed eyes Pein tightened his hold, drawing another strangled gasp from the attacker.

"W-who are y-you!" Turning his indifferent face back to the man, he looked him dead in the eye.

"I am god and she," he said while turning the man slightly towards the fallen Sakura "is an angel."

The last thing he ever saw were Pein's vengeful rinnegan eyes before he was reduced to a pile of blood and bone shards.

-Rainbow-

It had been 2 weeks since Ino had returned to their inn and found Sakura's unconscious form bandaged and laid out on their sofa.

13 days since Ino had rushed through the village gates hysterically, the unconscious form in her arms electing panic from civilian and shinobi alike.

10 since Sakura was well enough for visitors, cue a hysterical Naruto barging in at all hours of the night.

8 since she was discharged from her compulsory hospital stay, thank you Tsunade-sama.

5 since it had stopped raining every time she left her home.
And 3 days since the blurs of orange stopped shadowing her every move; directing ire and ill intent towards anyone who came within 3 feet of her. Naruto could be so over protective sometimes! Even when she told him to stop he continued to deny it was him.

The only good thing to result from this fiasco had been the rainbows.

Sakura loved rainbows.

They always brightened her day, made her feel ... better somehow.

-Want-

It was sickening, the way those men threw themselves at her despite the fact that she was trying to work. The worst was a man who had begun harassing her when she was on her own, obviously testing her patience.

But she did nothing, choosing to ignore these occurrences instead of reporting him or losing her temper, stating to the other nurses and doctors brave enough to confront her that the man needed his job and couldn't afford to lose it.

She really was mercy personified.

An angel.

*His* angel.

He would have to protect her, since it was obvious that no one else would.

And it was for that reason he continued to break the man's fingers, ignoring his pleas with an indifferent look on his face.

For that reason he brought the knife to the man's neck, ending his useless existence once and for all.

For that reason he continued to carve at the man's bare flesh, intent on making a statement, one that would be talked about by all in this pitiful village.

To leave the angel of mercy alone.

For she was *his* to protect, at least until someone else proved capable of taking over the job.

-Murder-

It had been a horrifying sight.

As she had been on the team to discover the mutilated body, she just could not get the image to leave her mind. Limbs ripped apart and strewn around, blood painting the walls and the face was unrecognizable.

She had been sickened at the thought of someone in their village harming another resident in such a way.

What could that poor man have done to deserve such a death?
Most puzzling had been the message carved into the man's chest, obvious amongst the other signs of torture.

'God protects his angels'

-Evil-

Everyone thought of him as evil, an evil that was hell bent on world domination.

Well, everyone but his pink haired angel, she understood him.

Even if she didn't realise it.

He had been listening into her teams conversation that day, about how he had turned out the way he did. She had defended him then, telling the others that he only wanted peace; he was just trying to achieve it 'The only way he knows how'.

And it was true.

He had only ever known hate, pain, violence, war and loss.

So why did she inspire these unknown feeling from him? He had questioned himself as he watched them leave the area.

No answer was to be found.

-Scars-

She didn't realise how horrifying scars could be for a civilian, especially the women. She finally realised this when the gasps sounded from the other females in the local bathhouse.

This was not the way she planned her last day of vacation to go, all she had wanted to do was relax.

"Oh my gosh!" one of the older women exclaimed, hands covering her mouth in shock. The others had fallen silent, staring at her as she self-consciously moved lower in the water, intent on covering as many marks as she could.

"W-what happened to you dear?" another asked moving closer with a pitying look plastered on her face.

One that was mirrored by every other woman in there.

"I'm a kunochi; scars are in the job description." Sakura stated with a small smile, trying to make light of the conversation.

"Really?..."

"Wow, you must be very dedicated to what you do!"

"Oh, I envy your dedication--"

"I had wanted to be a ninja once-"
"But...why would you do that to yourself! Don't you want to look pretty? How can you think you'll find a husband looking like that? I mean, the pink hair is hard enough to deal with..." one of the snobbier looking women said, turning her back to Sakura with a slight smirk on her face.

As she left the bathhouse with tear filled eyes, she failed to notice the orange haired god watching her retreat.

3 days after her return to Konoha, news of the small village's destruction reached their ears.

It had been a massacre.

-Time-

He had lost track of time whilst observing his new angel and this distraction had apparently irked Konan to the point of seeking him out.

"You have a job to do Nagato; you can't let a little girl distract you from our goal." She said, monotone voice rising slightly in irritation when she didn't receive a reply. "Nagato, we're going to kill the girl anyway. Just let whatever this is go, you need to come home." She said, ire now obvious in her voice as she turned her cold gaze from the surroundings to her oldest and dearest friend.

Turning his gaze from the distant pinkette he was watching, Pein looked to Konan, his eyes darkening slightly.

"We shall not kill her." Was all he said, his ringed eyes staring the blue haired woman down intently.

"Nagato-"

"You shall not kill her." he added at the look that entered her eyes.

"NAGATO!" she finally shouted "You don't even know this-this child! I will not let you ruin our dream over some...infatuation! She needs to die; it's how it's destined to be!"

"You may be one of my angel's Konan, but she's my angel of mercy. I am your god and I command you to leave, just... go back to the base and leave me be."

And with an outraged look and a glare in the pinkette's direction, she was gone in a gust of paper.

He could only hope she wouldn't do anything rash, he honestly didn't want to hand out justice to his long-time friend.

-Heaven and angels-

She had never been religious, no matter how hard her parents tried to push her into it. Despite what many of her friends thought though, she did believe in heaven.

And angels.

It was nice to believe there was something after this life, especially in her line of work where you're facing death every day. Also, it was inevitable to see people dying at the hospital, so it was a comforting thought to have.
Everyone deserves a chance at peace and forgiveness, even her enemies.

But it was hard to wish that for the blue haired woman that stood over her with a paper spear aimed at her heart.

It had happened out of nowhere, Naruto had just left to gather firewood, Kakashi was preparing to set up the tents, Sai and Yamato were just sitting off to the side- most probably discussing the mission results. There was a sudden rustle of paper as it rained down on the clearing, layering the ground before quickly forming into 5 copies of said blue haired woman and distracting her teammates. She had been ruthless, striking at Sakura from all angles while her team was occupied, never showing any sign of exhaustion or pain when Sakura got the chance to strike back.

Her mumblings and hate filled face were what really got to Sakura though.

"...I won't let you ruin him, we have a goal, a dream... this is what the three of us always wanted..."

And it had ended just as abruptly as it begun, with the paper clones falling apart and the woman in front of Sakura dropping to her knees with a metal pole protruding from her chest. She had seen the hurt look on the other woman's face as she gazed into a nearby tree, looking as if the world had just betrayed her.

"...but...I did...it...for...you?..." were her last words as she fell to the ground sideways with a defeated look plastered on her face, sadness lighting her eyes before they dulled.

Looking down at the woman with soft eyes, Sakura knelt by her side and carefully removed the pole before arranging the woman into a more dignified position as her team began to scout the area for the person who had finished the woman off.

She hoped the blue haired woman was in a better place now, even if she did attack them for no reason, that familiar hurt look had struck a nerve in Sakura's chest.

Betrayal...

So for once in her life, Sakura prayed.

She prayed for peace.

For the poor betrayed woman lying at her knees.

-Sky-

As the rain fell from the sky surrounding Konoha, Pein couldn't help the betrayed feeling he had.

Why would his oldest friend force his hand like that? He had specifically ordered her away and instead...

But he did what was right. He had protected his angel of mercy, Sakura, who was obviously the weaker of the two. It had hurt him deeply to end her life, caused his neutral facade to crack for hours afterwards.

He honestly felt like he had made the wrong decision...

That was until he had seen the pink haired beauty's soft look as she bent down and arranged his friend into a more dignified position, then begun praying softly for her.
He would grieve for his lost friend.
But in the end he knew he had made the right decision.
No matter how bad it made him feel.

-Fading -
The look in Naruto's eyes when the war was finally announced broke her heart.

Poor Naruto was blaming himself for it all, the light in his eyes fading day by day with every death that was announced. She had been the one to stumble upon him a week ago, planted in his bathroom with a razor slashing at his wrist. She had been horrified at the sight and had rushed in, wrenching it from his grasp whilst running a chakra filled hand to the wound.

At his pleading and broken look, she had promised not to mention it to anyone.

She didn't want her teammate to suffer for something that wasn't his fault.

The hate filled looks being directed his way by some of their comrades didn't help her with convincing him. The poor boy was so desperate for comfort that he had taken to shadowing her again; the blurs of orange weren't too hard to miss when he was hiding in the trees surrounding the training grounds.

And when she brought it up, he denied everything, again.

Baka.

-Path-

He had found his path.

His new goal.

Sure, he would still obtain peace, taking his rightful place as god while doing so.

But he had more to add to that now.

He would protect his new angel; he had to, for she had proven to be unable to protect herself from the evils of the world. Sure she had tried, but with so many powerful opponents coming in the near future...she would need his help as her superiors had taken to sending her to heal the worst of their prisoners on a weekly basis, instead of letting her fuss over her team constantly like a mother hen.

She needed him.

The feeling of being needed was a first for him, strange and alien; it had taken him a few hours to come to terms with it.

But...he liked it.

Especially when it was her who needed him.
And right now she needed him to deal with the scum of a guard that had tried to force himself on her earlier that day.

"AHHHHHHHHH!"

With a slightly demonic snarl, he ignored the screams and continued with his plan of breaking every bone in the being's body.

-Prison-

Sakura hated trips to the prison.

The place was disgusting, always covered in filth, and the people residing there didn't help with the atmosphere.

The guards were just as bad as the prisoners! Harassing her constantly, one had even gone as far as to grab her by the shirt and try to force her into an empty room. She had punched him through 3 walls and broken his arm before Ino had finally pulled her off of him.

She had never heard from him again surprisingly enough.

He had persisted to bother her for years before that incident and it hadn't been the first beating he had received from her.

'Hmmm, maybe he's out sick?'

-Best friends-

His angel and the Kyuubi host were obviously best friends, despite how much the boy got on her nerves and persisted in wanting something more than friendship from her...which couldn't be allowed to happen.

She deserved so much better.

Someone who would treat her right and worship her for what she was, a loving caring woman who would do anything for those close to her.

And that little blond brat was not worthy of even being in her radiant presence.

'None of these pitiful beings were' he thought as he slipped into the jinchuuriki's room, silently placing the brand new box of razors onto his bedside table.

He wouldn't be a problem for long.

-Trapped-

She absolutely hated feeling trapped.

She was fine to admit that she was...Slightly...claustrophobic.
And she had to thank god for her strength in this situation.

They had run across a sound Nin that specialized in earth jutsu, more specifically, earth prison jutsu. This after mentioned jutsu was the reason poor Sakura was buried 15 feet underground with a broken shoulder and fractured ankle.

She hated the dark too...

With two swift punches, the slightly hysterical Sakura was out of the narrow box that held her and on her way back to the surface. As she freed her teammates from their own prisons, she avoided the poisoned kunai that were being flung at her by the distressed sound Nin. She had obviously never heard of the pink haired girl...or her notorious reputation for monstrous strength.

After mustering up the right amount of chakra, Sakura had delivered a shocking blow to the Nin's chest, resulting in her now blood soaked appearance. After being dragged away from the mangled corpse Sakura sat next to the fretting Kakashi, silently berating herself for not saving enough chakra to heal her wounds properly.

Tsunade-sama was going to kill her.

"It's ok Sakura; we'll be back to Konoha soon"

Somehow...she got the feeling he was lying...but that was probably just the result of her pain ridden mind.

-Fear-

He had been gone for half a day, half a day and he returns to a bandaged, blood-soaked and limping pinkette. He could feel his left eye twitch slightly as the black haired boy decided it would be faster to carry her the rest of the way back.

He would be the first to go when the war started.

Silently berating himself for leaving her unprotected, he took to planning out the next correspondence due with his subordinates. Something like this could not be allowed to occur again, it was inexcusable of him.

Dread filled him at the thought of a repeat of this, even the possibility of her death. This was not something he had really thought about.

He just wished he could kill her teammates and take her into his arms, apologising over and over for his mistake. Anger suddenly filled him at the thought of her team, making him narrow his darkening ringed eyes and flash his teeth slightly in their direction.

It was their fault for not protecting her!

-River-

The tears ran down her cheeks like rivers as she said her good byes to her friends and comrades, everyone promising to meet up for dinner once everything had finished.
They all knew this was probably the last time they would see each other alive.

But they still had hope.

She knew she would do anything in her power to see them ALL at that restaurant once this had all played out.

Because she was the medic, she was the one who could save all their lives.

And that's exactly what she planned to do.

Because this is what she had trained most of her life to do, save her team and comrades.

Even if it cost her own life.

-Rain-

And with the rainfall came the orders his subordinates had been anticipating.

The Konoha and sand forces had begun advancing.

The war had begun.

And he would win,

Or die trying.

It would rain blood by the end of the day.

"YES, PEIN-SAMA!"

-Daybreak-

She wished with everything she had that her friends would survive the next few days.

At daybreak the war would begin.

She would do everything in her power to help.

She would put her own beliefs and morals aside and kill every invading Nin that crossed her path,

Or die trying.

"I'll be ok Naruto, just focus on yourself out there."

-Forever-

Dawn had broken.

The fight had started.
And he had made sure his angel would be safe.

His clone was under strict orders to keep her safe at all costs, even if he had to cut down his own people to do so. And he had, over fifty of his own had fallen to his other bodies hands, lives cut short by trying to steal his angels life from him.

His beautiful angel.

His lovely obsession-

-Who would kill him without remorse if given the chance.

Just the thought of it had a smirk cross his face as he looked to the charging Kyuubi host. His mind turned to the pinkette one more time as the host skidded to a halt, teeth flashing and crimson chakra rolling.

'Dear heart, you shall weep no more once this war is over, we shall be together in peace, just like you wanted...' and with that...it had begun.

-Blood-

This would be his death; it was easy for him to see.

Raising a hand to the gushing rasangan hole in his chest, Pein fought to keep the indifferent look on his face. He would not show weakness to the Kyuubi host, his enemy, especially when his pink haired angel was closing in with the remainder of her team, his spare bodies having already dealt with.

Seeing a flash of pink pass the surrounding boulders he let his face slip, a small smile forming on his blood stained lips as a single word slipped past them.

"Sakura..."

Looking at her confused and horrified face, his smile widened a little and his eyes started to close. Dropping to his knees he heard her try to come forward but be restrained by her sensei.

She never could stand seeing anyone in pain.

Not even her enemy.

Not even him...

With her jade green eyes and radiant smile plastered on his mind Pein's head lent forward, breathing his last labored breath and finally letting go.

And even in death he wouldn't show weakness, he couldn't, because he had to prepare himself for his new mission.

To cleanse hell of all the people that would ever try to harm her and once the task was done, drag her down to him and never let her go.

He was god and she was his, he would protect her, even if she hated everything he stood for.

If he had to become a demon to do so, then so be it, but he would be her demon...
Because he *loved* her.

'My...Sakura...'

And she would never know it.

-End-
Cherry Tree (Obito/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

He was her knight in shining armour and she was his pink haired princess. He would do anything to keep her from harms reach.

"Tobi, do you think my team hates me now?" Sakura questioned as she leant back in the bright green grass, gazing up into the cherry tree they were sitting under. The sun was high in the sky and not a cloud could be seen, it was another beautifully warm day on the borders of fire country.

She received a chuckle in reply as the black haired man re adjusted his mask and lay next to her in the grass, basking in the warm glow of the sun.

"No one could hate you Sakura-chan." he said as he folded his arms behind his head with a content sigh.

Turning her grass green eyes to his masked face she let a disbelieving look pass over her as a small breeze ruffled her short pink hair. "But, I've done so many terrible things! Tobi, I've killed some of their closest friends!" her face crumbled slightly as tears pricked the corners of her eyes.

Sitting up slightly he raised the sleeve of his cloak to her face he brushed away a fallen tear. Moving his hand to cup her cheek he tilted her face to meet his gaze, trying to convey his honesty in his single visible eye.

"I'm sure they would forgive you in a heartbeat, maybe less." he said with a smile in his voice. Sakura's face relaxed slightly at his words as she tilted her head into his palm a little more, not at all minding his dirt spotted black gloves.

"...They would, wouldn't they..." she replied after a short comfortable silence, laying her head back into the soft grass before closing her eyes.

"They're still trying to bring you home, you know." Tobi stated as he pulled her slightly worn black cloak out of their pack and balled it up for a pillow.

"Do you think they're trying to bring me home, or to the executioners block? I'm not even sure anymore." She asked while looking over at him briefly before turning her gaze back to the pink covered tree above them. She let a content sigh pass her lips as another breeze wafted the sweet smell around them.

'I just know Tobi's going to start complaining about how hot his cloak is soon.' she thought with a slight giggle.

"Home, the blond boy loves you too much to send you to the block. I wouldn't let them get you anyway, we can't risk your neck now can we?" he joked, trying to make light of the situation they both knew could be just around the corner.

Her execution papers were going to be issued by the Hokage in the next few weeks.

She was to be killed on sight.
Still giggling lightly Sakura looked back over to him with a raised brow. "My white knight~" she breathed out in a high pitched voice "whatever would I do without you? ~"

"Do not fret fare damsel," he said in a mockingly deep voice, playing along "for I can trek day and night, slay any foe that stands in my way, and no distance is too great for me to cross, to be by your side." he exclaimed while acting out the corresponding arm movements to his statements.

"Oh, my hero~" Sakura squealed out the same high voice, clasping her hands to her chest.

There was a moment of silence

Then they lost it.

Tobi laughed loudly and Sakura let her own light giggle mix in, both were enjoying their time together without any interruptions. Sakura feeling free for the first time in months and Tobi, he was just enjoying the happy air that surrounded her like a blanket.

As their laughter died down to the occasional chuckle, they both breathed a sigh of relief at the light feeling that filled them both. They settled in to another silence as Tobi plucked a small yellow flower from the grass and started plucking at the petals, mumbling softly to himself as Sakura adjusted her red vest and closed her eyes once more, enjoying the peace that flowed through the area.

It was Tobi who broke the silence after he cleared the area surrounding him of flowers. "You know I won't let them take you, right?" he questioned in a surprisingly soft voice as he rolled onto his side, facing her fully as he braced his head up with one of his hands.

Sakura's content smile widened slightly as she took in his words, yet still keeping her eyes closed and enjoying the warmth.

"I know Tobi, I know." she replied after a short pause.

"And you know that if they did manage to get you, I would track them down and get you back safely, no matter how long it took." He said leaning slightly closer, still keeping his voice soft and calm despite the feelings the thought brought up in him.

"I know Tobi, you would travel day and night, remember?" she asked as a small giggle left her lips at the feeling the grass gave when another breeze rolled in.

"And that I really would kill anyone that stood in my way? And that even if it meant my death, I'd still try and save you?" he questioned, ignoring her statement by reaching up and plucking a small purple flower next to her arm.

"You're my knight Tobi, of course you would." she said in a slightly softer voice as she felt him place the flower in her folded hands. The wind picked up slightly for a moment, blowing a stray piece of pink hair across her face. Slowly opening her eyes Sakura watched as Tobi lifted his hand from hers and slowly brushed it back into place.

"Close your eyes again Sakura." he said as he pulled his hand back to his side, making her immediately miss its presence.

"What, why?" She questioned confusedly before complying with his request anyway.

"Because, I'm you knight remember?" he said as she felt his shadow cover her top half, followed by
the sound of his mask shifting.

"Yeah?" she said, still confused by his reasoning.

"And," he said as she suddenly felt his hot breath on her lips, making her cheeks stain red "knights are supposed to kiss their princesses awake" and with that his surprisingly soft lips brushed against hers and melded to them as one of his hands found the back of her head.

It was so soft
So sweet
So innocent
So...Tobi'ish

And it was over far too soon for her tastes.

He pulled back slowly, seemingly not wanting to stop but having to because air deemed itself necessary and refused to be ignored. Resting his forehead against hers as their softly panting breaths mingled, she still refused to open her eyes, knowing Tobi didn't want her to see his face yet.

"I love you Sakura, but you already know that don't you?" he asked with a slight smirk as he pecked her lips lightly once more, hand still lost in her pink tresses as he softly pulled back and brushed his nose against hers.

"I...didn't.." she admitted in a small voice wanting so desperately to open her eyes and see if he was really there, that this wasn't just her mind playing tricks on her, that she wasn't still in Ame, healing any wounds presented to her.

That her dreams were coming true.

"Well," he said in with another peck as her hands abandoned the flower and gripped his own hair instead. "I guess you do now."

"Tobi, Tobi...I love you too." she admitted to the now non-masked man as she smiled widely, drawing his face closer to hers intent on another kiss but was stopped by his request.

"Open your eyes Sakura, look me in the eye and say this isn't a dream. Say my name and tell me this is real." He said desperately as he pulled back slightly.

So she did.

She knew her dreams were now a reality.

"I love you Obito."

And he would try and keep her happy forever.

"I love you too Sakura." he said, his coal eyes staring into her jade as they closed the space left between them once more.

-End-
Chapter Summary

Everything about her drew him in like a moth to the flame, but he didn't mind getting burnt; he would do anything for the chance to have her love.

Hair- her candy coloured hair had amused him greatly during her first few weeks as a nuke-nin, always making it so easy to locate her position in the dense green forests surrounding fire country. But he would never be the one to tell her that, no- he quite liked his body the way it was...

He could see her as plain as day, the streaks of pink shining brightly from the treetop she was hidden in. The ANBU in pursuit of her were obviously new, having missed such an obvious sign was a rookie mistake. Well, they were either new, or they wanted her to escape.

They had been informed of her defection by word of a well placed spy, she had apparently been on edge and depressed since the fight with Sasuke, completely ignoring the Kyuubi brat and his attempts at cheering her up. Word was that the Yamanaka heir had taunted her to the point of making her snap, the pinkette having attacked her with every intention of ending the blond. She had been held for 3 days in the underground prisons before escaping, most likely with inside help, before heading deep into the Konoha forest with a group of ANBU at her tail (he was certain that more than one knew her personally- thus the reason for letting her escape.)

With a loud yell he tugged on Deidara 'senpai's' hair and pointed to the pink spot in the tree.

"SENPAI! TOBI FOUND HER~ Pinkie is hiding it that tree, juuuust there!" he exclaimed while moving dangerously close to the edge of the clay bird and pointing obnoxiously at said girl. He could hear Deidara seethe quietly to himself before lowering the bird rapidly towards the pinkette.

"Shut UP Tobi! un." The blond growled out before making a quick jump off the bird and placing himself quietly behind the now startled girl, with a quick jab to the neck she didn't even have time to turn before being rendered unconscious.

Obito watched as the blond threw her over his shoulder and returned to his clay contraption. After the blond had deposited the girl on the floor and turned his back, Obito reached out a hand and grabbed a piece of her candy like hair, examining it closely.

'What kind of self respecting ninja has pink hair?' he thought, mildly disgruntled that Pein had wanted to recruit her.

"Oi! Don't mess with the hostage Tobi! Leader-sama wants her unharmed!" the blond shouted back at the now irritated Uchiha.

Eyes- the colour of her eyes always drew his attention, those sharp jade green spheres that constantly shown with fire and determination. They drew him in like a moth to a flame, but he didn't mind getting burnt.
She was secured in a windowless room the next time he saw her, being shackled to the wall with chakra suppressing chains. The room was nothing special, bare of all but the essentials and the cold metal walls. She was on the old bed, still in her red vest and medic skirt; all her weapons had been removed by Konan upon their arrival along with her crossed out headband. She was shivering slightly as he entered, having been designated the one to watch her and inform Pein when she regained consciousness.

Looking over her now, it was easy to see the damage done in the Hokage's prison. She had a few sets of freshly healed scars and multiple bruises; she also looked a little under weight-most probably from being denied food. He had been sitting at her bedside for a little over an hour when she first started to stir, twitching and groaning softly as the glaring overhead light started to get to her. He moved back slightly as she scrunched her face up slightly and tried to move her arms, only to snap her eyes open and sit up abruptly at the sound and feel of the chains.

"Tobi is happy you're finally awake! Tobi's name is Tobi, what's Pinkie's?" he questioned, laying on the Tobi persona as thick as he could while leaning towards her and clapping his gloved hands.

As she turned her haunting eyes towards him, he became lost. He could see every thought and emotion she had running through her deep jade green eyes, seemingly endless in depth. The orange mask wearing Uchiha was so lost in her eyes that he almost missed her tentative reply.

"M-my name is Sakura, Tobi where am I?"

**Lips** - those soft pink lips had kept him awake for countless nights, taunting him with their natural sultry pout. She had a terrible habit of chewing her bottom lip when thinking, making him leave the room abruptly more than once.

It had taken her all five days offered by Pein to finally decide to join, having been confined to her room with Obito keeping guard during this time. She had become quite friendly with him over that time, rather than be irritated by this, Obito had found some of her tale's quite interesting, from her team's battle with Zabuza to her begging the Hokage for training. He had questioned her on her team multiple times, only to have her clam up and her attention to go internal, staying that way for hours sometimes.

It was during those times that he first noticed her habit of chewing her bottom lip when in deep thought. The first time he blushed behind his mask he berated himself heavily, saying the first excuse to come to his mind and leave.

"Tobi had to go braid senpai's hair, he'll be mad if Tobi's late!" and with that he was gone.

**Smile** - her smile jolted his frozen heart every time it was aimed his way, melting the ice wall he had taken lifetimes to carefully construct. Why did she make him, Obito Uchiha, feel like a hormonal teenage boy again!

It had taken months for Pein to decide she was trusted enough to do Obito's check up, a fact the Uchiha was not very pleased with. 'Tobi' and the pinkette had developed a friendship during her time here, no matter how against it he was, she just kept drawing him back in.

And now that twit of a rinnegan user wanted to tell her who he really was.
It's not like it could be avoided really, he couldn't hide the fact he had the sharingan from her during the check up- she was bound to find out anyway. As she walked into the white sterile room adjusting her short pink hair behind her ear, she looked momentarily overwhelmed at the sight of his mask-less face and blood red eye, but only for a moment before her face split into a small but sincere smile.

"So it IS true" she breathed out softly, just loud enough for him to hear from his seated position across the room. "I thought i was going mad and imagining things..."

"Speak one word of this to anyone and die." Was his only response as she moved closer with her smile growing slightly, not at all put off by his command.

"While it would be fun to brag that I'm friends with one of the three remaining Uchiha, I wouldn't betray you trust Obito-kun." As she flashed him another smile he fought back the blush trying to stain his scared cheeks.

'A...friend' he thought to himself as she began examining his eyes. 'I haven't had on of those in a long time...'

Voice- her honey like voice had a habit of calming him down, whether it is from a carefully constructed Tobi act, or a very real rage at the failure of an important mission. He was glad she was always there to stop him from killing the other members, no matter how much he wanted to sometimes.

It had been weeks since her discovery of his true identity, and surprisingly enough, nothing had really changed. Sure she took him more seriously now, but she still came to him if she needed anything, be it company or just information on what she had to do next.

If anything had changed, it was the fact that he had become closer to the pinkette.

She was the first friend he had-had in years, and he found he enjoyed having someone to talk to as himself and not 'Tobi'. It was calming to voice his opinions of things in a non-childish way; being taken seriously by someone wasn't bad in his books either.

If anything, being taken seriously by her had saved a few lives.

Mostly Hidan's as he had taken to taunting the poor pinkette whenever she was in the same room as him. More than once she had lent over to whisper to him during meetings, taking his mind off the crude comments coming from the Jashinist.

Hidan should be very thankful that Sakura's sweet voice always pushed all other thoughts from the Uchiha's mind.

"I wonder how much it would cost to have Kakuzu sew his mouth shut?" happened to be her favorite questions; it never failed to bring a smirk to his covered face.

'I happen to think he would do it for free.'

Talent- the talent for healing jutsu she possessed was amazing, she could heal anything they threw at her and still have enough chakra to beat the offending patient for their stupidity. He was glad to be the observer on most of these occasions, the sight of a tiny pink haired girl making an s-class nuke Nin twice her size cower never ceased to amuse him.
He had been conversing quietly with the pinkette when Kisame started beating loudly on the med
room door; he had been bleeding all over the hall, not even trying to stop the blood from flowing out
of his newly opened chest.

"AHHHHH! Kisame's going to DIE!" he yelled while waving his arms around in faked panic,
watching as the pinkette haled the blue man onto the hospital bed she had requested from Pein. It
was amusing to watch the tiny girl lift the much larger man like he weighed nothing at all, not so
much as breaking a sweat at the weight.

As she healed him, Obito hovered over her shoulders fretting over the state of the new bed, trying his
damndest to piss off Kisame.

"KISAME! Look at what you did to the new bed! It's all dirty now~" he whined as he took a step
back and exaggeratedly motioned to the floor and hall, quit aware of the growing amount of veins
popping up on the blue man's forehead.

"AND THE FLOOR TOO! Tobi thinks we should rub Kisame's nose in it Sakura-chan, so he
doesn't do it again!" he said with a determined voice, silently plotting to do just that. The pinkette
looked over to him with a giggle and stepped away from the murderous Kisame who immediately
made a move to charge 'Tobi', only to be stopped dead in his tracks by the pinkette's fist hitting the
back of his head, causing him to face plant into a small puddle of his own blood.

"Aw, Tobi wanted to do that Sakura-chan~" he whined as Kisame sat up slowly while clutching his
nose.

Forgiveness- she was too forgiving, never even stopping to think before smiling at the person and
granting them forgiveness. It always made him feel better to hear her say it though, after the many
times he messed up and caused trouble for her.

"I'm sorry Sakura, please forgive me?" he asked as they walked out of the rain and back into the base
from the training grounds. "I should not have gone that hard on you."

The pinkette looked at him as they turned another corner in the maze like base, with a smile she ran
her hand over her injured abdomen, stemming the blood flow and sealing the stab wound. Once the
task was completed she moved closer to him and placed her hand on his shoulder, drawing them into
a stop as the dimly lit hall seemed to stretch on forever.

"It's ok, I asked you to take me seriously remember? There's nothing to forgive." She said as he
reached up and slid his mask to the side, looking her in the eye.

"Forgive me anyway?" he asked again as she just shook her head lightly and started walking again.

"Fine, I forgive you Obito-kun, now hurry up, it's not nice to keep a lady waiting." she joked as he
slid his mask back in place with a light chuckle and appeared beside her with an exaggerated bow.

"Tobi would never keep Sakura-chan waiting."

'Tobi'- he knew she secretly adored his Tobi persona, the way he irritated the hell out of the other
members then cuddled up to her all cat like- like nothing had just happened. He only knew this fact
through complete coincidence; you could just tell it was never something she would admit
voluntarily.
"SENPAI IS MEAN!" he wailed as he ran into the shared living room and jumped into the couch next to the amused pinkette. "Senpai is trying to blow Tobi up AGAIN~" and with that he threw himself at the giggling girl and buried his masked face into her hair, cowering as Deidara stormed into the room, covered in blue paint.

"Tobi! GET OVER HERE YOU LITTLE RUNT! UN." He yelled as he stalked closer. Obito knew the pinkette could feel him chuckling lightly as he replied in a terrified voice.

"BUT BLUE SUITS SENPAI! TOBI JUST WANTED TO CHEER HIM UP!" he wailed as the girl he was leaning on lifted a hand and rubbed his back.

"It's ok Tobi, I'm sure Deidara won't do anything. Will you?" she questioned the fuming blond as he let out a frustrated shriek and stormed out.

'That'll never get old.' he thought to himself as he rubbed his masked cheek against her hair in silent thanks.

**Siblings-** she had no siblings, having spent her early years completely alone with no company. He didn't know how she did it, he just couldn't imagine not growing up with his large family, even if they didn't approve of him all too much...

"No, I don't have any siblings. Mother couldn't have any children after I was born." She replied with a shrug as they made their way down the slightly overgrown path. They were paired together for this particular mission by Pein, Obito was unsure of why they in-particular were sent out, as it was a normal routine mission.

Well, it was Sakura's first mission outside of Ame.

Pein had been sending her on minor escort and healing missions within the village and surrounding area, nothing too big that would draw attention to her location. As they made their way up the slight hill towards the old mansion they were supposed to steal a scroll from, Obito had taken to asking her about her childhood.

"Didn't you get bored as a child then?" he questioned while ducking underneath a low hanging branch.

"Well, a little," she said with a short pause as a gust of wind ruffled her bright hair "I didn't have any friends until I was around 8 or so, because I was teased over my forehead. Then... Ino found me. We were friends until well...yeah" she trailed off as her eyes glazed over once more, signalling she was lost in thought once more.

**Teammates-** her teammates were the bane of his existence, hunting her down constantly, trying to return her to that horrid village by force. The Kyuubi brat had evaded capture thus far, despite the fact that HE was looking for them-more specifically- her.

They had made it to the mansion and retrieved the scroll with little to no problem, just a few guards that had needed to be dealt with. They were almost out of the property when her team arrived, most likely hired by the owner as extra protection.

Their shocked faces had been all the proof he needed to assume they hadn't known she would be here.
He had been distracted by former teammate to the point of almost missing the pinkette's pained gasp and the thud of her form hitting the ground.

Almost being the key word.

With a quick well placed kick, he turned just in time to see the blond brat reach down to pick up the unconscious girl. With a small flare of chakra Obito appeared behind him, knocking the boy back towards *Hatake* while bending down and hoisting the girl into his arms. As her head lent on his chest he finally noticed the forming bruise on her forehead, most likely the cause of her current state.

Turning his glare towards the confused team 7 members, he only muttered one threat before phasing away with the injured girl in his arms.

"Tobi'll kill you for this."

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**Angel** - Pein called her an angel; he however, called her a devil in disguise. *She could look so innocent one moment, and the next be ripping your throat out with a slightly rusty kunai. He had seen her pull this particular move more times than he felt comfortable admitting.*

It was a month after the confrontation with team 7 that Sakura was sent on another mission out of Ame, their target had apparently pissed off someone very important.

They wanted his death to be as public as possible.

Obito stood off to the side keeping watch as Sakura, dressed in civilian attire, approached the victim with a mask of confusion painted on her face. He was placed perfectly if you asked Obito; the target was sitting on the edge of the village fountain, smoking away with a few cheep whore's attached to his arms.

He was too far away to hear the conversation they were having, but he could catch the jist of it with all the lewd motions the man was making. Quite suddenly Sakura lent forward and cupped the man's cheek gently, whispering something into his ear.

Obito tried to ignore the jealousy that bubbled away in his chest, he really did, but he snapped the second the man reached up and groped her chest.

Just as he was drawing his kunai back to throw, the man let out an agonized yell and stood only to fall to his knees and clutch at his throat as his blood sprayed those surrounding the two. The civilians went crazy, screaming and running about as Sakura made her way to his side.

He had only ever been this mad at Kakashi, he was glad she killed the man before he had gotten to him.

He didn't want to scar her for life.

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**Love** - he wouldn't deny it if asked, Obito Uchiha was too good for that. *He loved her, with every ounce of his cold heart. It had taken him awhile to realize it though, and more than a little help from Pein.*

He could have killed Pein the moment he heard the type of mission she was sent on.
Seduction.

That was not the kind of mission you sent a pink haired medic nin on.

And he wasn't there to protect her this time.

"-and what if her team show up? She'll be captured and taken back to Konoha!" he shouted at the rinnegan user as he paced back and forth in front of his desk. "Now, tell me where she is! She might need back up, what if there are more targets than you thought!"

He wasn't being irrational; it was a very valid argument.

"Perhaps," Pein said as the man in front of him stopped pacing. "have you taken the time to consider why you're so worked up over this?" as the question reached his ears the Uchiha froze with a nearly silent growl, reaching up he ripped the mask from his face and angrily ran a hand through his hair, his scars pulling as he glared at the man violently.

Fuck.

"Fuck, I love her." he said after a few moments, realization painting his voice. Turning his red gaze to the smug looking rinnegan user, he snarled at him and stormed from the room, heading to the kitchen to find some hard liquor.

Turing his head slightly to the left, Pein let a smirk cross his face.

"So you were right Konan," he said to the woman as she emerged from the shadows "but does she share the same feelings?" Her only answer came with a confident smirk as she reached for the money Pein had pulled from his draw.

"You should know better than to bet against me by now Pein."

*His- she was his; he would not let her leave him. He had waited all his life for someone who could understand his reasoning and actions (and had already lost the first he'd ever fallen for), and now that he had found her, he didn't plan on letting go (never again).*

Deidara was pissing him off, the blond twit needed to stop flirting with HIS Sakura.

Stalking behind the two as they walked to the training grounds, he quickly came to realize he hated the way said blond chuckled and laughed and walked and breathed, fuck it, he hated the blond all together. Listening to Sakura let out another giggle he ground his teeth and snarled slightly, he had been putting up with this for a month!

It had been one month since he had realized his feelings, one month since that irritating rinnegan user started casting him smug looks, one month since Deidara had been assigned to his and Sakura's missions.

He was sick of the waiting, of listening to the blond flirt with the medic, of having to PUT UP WITH IT! Looking over just in time to see the blond put an arm around the pinkette's shoulders, he snapped. With one fast movement the blond fell to the ground, out cold and out of the way. Reaching up he pulled his mask off and angrily dropped it to the ground, before turning to the stunned pinkette and advancing.
Hers- just like she was his, he belonged to her. He was nothing if not committed. He would do anything for her, no matter what the cost.

Reaching out he wrapped his arms around the voiceless girl and drew her in close, holding her tightly against him and burying his face into her hair as she stood frozen in shock. They stayed like that for about a minute before the pinkette slowly reached up and hugged him back.

"Obito?" her muffled voice questioned as she drew back slightly, just enough to see her sparkling jade eyes gazing at him questioningly.

"I love you." was all he said as he watched her face.

Confusion, suspicion, shock, wonder, hope...love- all passed over her face as she tilted her head to the side slightly, a look of hope and shock still staining her eyes.

"I-I" she stuttered slightly, overwhelmed at the sudden information.

"I love you Sakura, I. Love. You." He stated again watching her eyes light up just a little more.

"I-I love you too, Obito" she admitted softly, gazing at his face and watching his bright red eyes spin slowly. With a relieved sigh he smiled down at the pinkette, before bending down and trying to kiss her, only to have her pull back teasingly.

"..Did you really have to do that to Deidara? He's going to be pissed." She stated with a small smirk.

"Shut up, I don't want to talk about him" and with that he leaned forward and caught her soft lips in a demanding kiss, pushing every feeling he had into it to try and convey exactly how he felt.

Lust- it was only natural that he lusted for the girl, she was beautiful and he did love her after all. It didn't help him get through the day though, when she looked at him from under her lashes, biting her bottom lip with a slightly pleading look in her eyes. The things she would do for dango amazed him sometimes. It pissed him off knowing that the other members had been on the receiving end of this particular look as well.

He didn't care that they were in front of the other members; they could watch for all he cared at the moment, but she liked her privacy.

She loved dango.

And he had the last one.

The second she flashed him that look he dropped the stick and had her out of the kitchen in a heartbeat. As they appeared in his room he let out a groan and pushed the surprised pinkette against the door, using his body to anchor her there as he ran his hands down her sides slowly.

"That was the last piece of dango Obito..." she said in a playful tone that went straight to his belt. Reaching down he slowly hoisted her up by her thighs, making sure to rub against every inch of her body before pressing further against the wall, making sure she knew exactly what she was doing to him. Dropping his head to her neck he began covering every inch of it with open mouthed kisses and small bites, enjoying the taste of her bare skin as she raised a hand to grip his hair.

"Fuck the dango, I want MY dessert." he replied while rubbing against her, drawing out his favorite moan.
'Much better than dango' he thought with a groan as she ran her other hand down his clothed chest and started sliding off his cloak.

-End-
The Colours of Team 7

Chapter Summary

No one would deny that team 7 where a mismatched group, a blur of colour that shouldn't have worked, but surprisingly did anyway. They were all legends in their own right, but together- it was a whole other story, they had a tale that would be told for centuries to come.

The eyes were the window to one's soul right? Kakashi had once commented on this during one of their rare nights out, having had one too many drinks and finally loosening up for the day. But it still got them all thinking…what does that mean for me, what do my eyes say?

-Blue-

The brilliant blue of his eyes could only be compared to the sky on a warm spring day, clear, bright, and full of life. One glance from him when he had his famous smile would leave them all feeling a little more carefree, the bright life filled colour striking somewhere deep within them. They could tell when his mind was troubled, even when he did his best to hide it – his eyes always gave him away with their darkened shade. They would never let him suffer in silence again.

He was the one to encourage them to do their best, to push themselves to their limits and never take no for an answer.

He was the unpredictable factor in their lives that left them stunned and craving adventure – be it good or bad (well, bad for Tsunade at least. Their own sake stock was running low and she had more than enough to spare, they didn't mean to take it all. Honest.)

-Green-

Her eyes where the strangest shade her teammates had ever seen, not quite jade and not yet emerald- a mix of both perhaps? They could never decide. You would think that they would get used to the startling colour after being teamed with her for so long, but some things never change. To the hardness that glazed over that brilliant green when she was angry, or the light that struck them when she smiled- her eyes were the same, yet ever changing.

She was the glue that held them together, the peace keeper, the one to heal them when needed and the one to support them with whatever they chose to do. She was both gentle and violent- switching between them at the drop of a coin.

She was the sunlight in their dreary lives, always there to brighten their day and give them hope – whether they wanted her too or not.
The gleam of his ruby eyes always promised pain to those who harmed anyone he had come to care about, even if he would never admit it out loud. He used to think his very existence revolved around bringing pain and vengeance to someone he once held dear, and although he had lost that train of thought, his eyes still reflected it with their hellish gleam. The shade was the only indication of his feeling his teammates had, and they knew he cared, no matter how much he may deny it. Eyes don't lie.

He was the one to drive them to new lengths of power, giving them a reason to become stronger. And they did, bringing him home and spurring their growth even more.

He was the silent warrior in their team, the one that always had their backs- in any situation. They could always count on him.

Though they could only see one of his eyes, the dark colour always brought them comfort. It reminded them of simpler times, when nothing but bonding with each other mattered and they were free to goof off at any given time. The calmness they always held in even the most difficult of situations kept them from doing anything stupid, it kept them safe. He kept them safe, and they could never thank him enough for that.

He was the stone that kept them grounded, shielding them when needed and never letting them come to harm if he could help it. It was his duty as their team leader, as their friend and he would never let a friend come to harm again.

He was their support, without him, who knows what fates they might have fallen prey too.

No one would deny that team 7 were a mismatched group, a blur of colour that shouldn't have worked, but surprisingly did anyway. They were at each other's throats constantly but still best friends, always arguing with each other but still knowing exactly what needed to be done. They could laugh it off as a joke and kid all they wanted, but anyone of them would put their life on the line for their teammates without a second though. It still shocked some of the more seasoned shinobi that they had made it this far, but no one had any doubts that team 7 would go down in history. Their bravery and unrivaled loyalty were known throughout the shinobi nations already.

They were all legends in their own right, but together- it was a whole other story, they had a tale that would be told for century's to come.
Threads of Fate (Kakuzu/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

All young Haruno Sakura wanted was a friend, someone to laugh and have fun with. Kami heard her call, sending her the strangest person she had ever seen, with red and green eyes. Too bad he was obsessed with money…

Giggling and continuing to spin around, little Sakura Haruno watched the blurring flower meadow pass around her in a swirl of bright pinks and yellow. This was her secret place, just for her, where no other children could find and tease her. Her short pink hair trailed behind her as she held her arms out and dropped back to the soft grass covered ground, haloing her smiling face and making the little 6 year old look as innocent as her eyes portrayed. Gazing up to the clear blue sky, Sakura closed her bright green eyes and basked in the suns warming rays while waiting for her head to stop spinning.

Re-opening her eyes, she blinked a few times and turned her head to the side, sniffing one of the stray flowers that lay near her head. ‘I wish I had someone to share this with…’ she thought as her bright mood dulled slightly. Raising her hand she gently laid it on her hairline, wincing slightly as a throb of pain flared once more.

Earlier that day on her mother’s orders, little Sakura had gone to the park to try and make a friend. Her mother hated the fact that her daughter was always alone, pushing her to make friends and open up despite the fact that every time she did, she came home with tears in her eyes and a new bruise or two. Sakura had gone to the park and secluded herself on the swing, watching the other children as they played with each other, laughing and smiling and having fun. But poor Sakura had forgotten to check for Ami and her little gang- resulting in the darkening bruise. Ami had snuck up behind her and pushed her off the swing, face first into a nearby stone. Sakura knew she was lucky to get away with just one bruise, it could have been much worse if she hadn't run away. She wasn’t ashamed of her decision, it gave her time to slip out of the gates and visit her special place.

Pulling her hand away from the dark patch, Sakura let out a large breath and turned back to the sky, closing her eyes once more and letting her smile filter back. ‘I’ll find a friend one day.’ She silently told herself, a warm feeling filling her chest as images of her and a faceless figure filled her mind. Playing, having fun, laughing and smiling as they played in her meadow until the sun went down.

As the afternoon sun belted down on the pinkette, she hummed a wordless tune to herself and plucked a small flower as her hand touched it. Bringing it to her face she opened her eyes again and smelled its small pink petals, wrinkling her nose in delight as the smell assaulted her.

Sweet and calming.

Letting out a delighted sound little Sakura sat up and crossed her legs, spinning the flower around in her hand. Still smiling down at it she missed the sudden movement in the forest to her left, the two cloaked figures making their way down the road a little off from her clearing at a slow pace.

"Oi shit head; you're such a stingy bastard! Why the fuck can't we just stay in a damn inn for the night!" a harsh voice assaulted her ears, the vulgar words grating and making her head whip to the side, stumbling into a standing position as she watched the figures come closer, neither noticing the small pinkette watching from her somewhat hidden position. They were two of the oddest looking
people Sakura had ever seen, but she had a distant cousin from mist that looked weirder (not that she’d ever tell her mother that…).

"Shut up Hidan. I'm not paying for a room, they all cost too much." The second figure grated out from under his mask, never turning his gaze from the road in front of them. The white haired one looked like he was angry, huffing and grumbling to himself as he adjusted the giant weapon on his back.

"Fuck you Kakuzu!"

'Who are they?' she thought, watching them draw even closer to her position. Registering what the mask wearing man had said, little Sakura tilted her head to the side and gazed at the men sadly before a determined glint made its way to her eyes. Moving out from the trees just as they passed her, she darted over to the mask wearing one, Kakuzu, and grabbed the back of his strange cloak.

The man had swung around and before she even realized what was happening, a kunai was held an inch from her face as he gazed at her coldly, relaxing slightly at the sight of her. 'Wow' was the only thing passing through her mind as she looked curiously up at him, awe taking over her eyes.

"Geez you're fast mister!" Sakura exclaimed as she blinked rapidly.

"Shit, where the fuck did you come from!" the white haired man, Hidan, exclaimed as he lowered his hand from the weapon on his back. Realization came to Sakura's face as she looked down slightly in shame, a frown on her face.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to sneak up on you- I'm not supposed to do that anymore…” she trailed of slightly as Kakuzu straightened up, his kunai disappearing from sight.

"What do you want little girl." he bit out, startling Sakura slightly with the venom in his voice. Brightening up again little Sakura quickly reached into her pants pocket and dug around, not noticing the two men tense up. Pulling out her hand, she grabbed his before he could object and let the coins drop into his calloused palm, smiling all the while up at them.

"I heard you say you didn't have enough money for a room, so you can have this…I hope it helps!" she cheered, her grin nearly splitting her face in two. Both of the men gazed at the change she had given them until the white haired man gave a scoff and looked down at her tauntingly.

"Like that's going to change the fucker's mind- fuck off you little shit head; I haven't got time to deal with you." Looking up at him angrily Sakura sucked in a large breath and kicked him in the shin, darting off to the side as he cursed at her. She slowly moved back to the other man and feeling something touch her head, she flinched automatically, cringing until she realized it was just Kakuzu's hand as he pet her pink hair a couple of times with an appreciative glint in his eyes. 'W-What?'

"Good girl." he praised, almost as if to a puppy that finally learnt a trick. But none of this fazed Sakura as her face lit up, eyes shining as she gazed up at him through her mussed up hair and fringe. She didn't even notice the advancing Hidan until Kakuzu ruffled her hair again and withdrew his hand, throwing a kunai over her head lazily as another curse came from behind her.

"Shut up Hidan." he growled out again and turned his attention back to the child in front of him, who was watching Hidan remove the kunai from his neck with a mix of horror and curiosity. "What are you doing out here?" he asked as the pinkette turned her attention back to him when she realized his partner was going to be alright.

"I was in my little meadow playing, and then I heard you talking so I came to see." Sakura explained
to the large man with a tilt of her head. "But please don't tell mother I'm here, I was meant to be playing with the other kids." she said with an unconscious wince, raising her hand to her bruise again. Watching as the man's gaze followed her hand she withdrew it with a small frown, but it quickly turned into a look of curiosity as he raised his own hand and lightly touched the now prominent bruise. Flinching slightly at the pain, she moved back a little from his hand, plastering a smile back on her face as she looked at the sky. "I have to go; mother will want me home soon." she said in a sad tone.

Looking back to his face, she watched as an unknown glint came to his eyes before he crouched in front of her, reaching into his cloak and pulling out a wide piece of black thread he quickly tied it in her hair, holding her fringe from her face.

"Hiding is a sign of weakness, and I can't have an ally of mine seen as weak." He said as he stood back up and looked down at her. "The next time they start something, retaliate, show them who's stronger."

Looking up to him curiously, she asked "Ally?...a-a friend?" he replied with a nod.

"Yes, you will be of use to me in the future. When do you begin shinobi training?"

"I-in two years, but I'm not sure if I…" she said unsurely until he laid a hand on her hair once more, ruffling again.

"You shall, and you will be strong. What is your name little girl?" he assured her as his partner watched unbelieving from the side.

"Sakura Haruno mister Kakuzu!" the pinkette responded, never moving her stunned gaze from his red and green eyes.

"Now go home, and don't approach strange ninja you don't know." He said as he nodded to his partner and they disappeared in a puff of smoke, but not before gazing at the pinkette one last time and giving her a semi-friendly wave goodbye.

A smile came to Sakura's face as her eyes glinted with unshed tears. "A-A friend, I have a friend." She told herself, a light feeling coming to her stomach as she started giggling happily and began skipping back to her meadow, the smile not leaving her face for hours afterward.

"Yo fucker, I didn't know you had a thing for little girls- that's just sick" Hidan taunted his partner as they re-appeared, laughing at the softness the normally brutal man had shown. "I should have brought her with us, at least then you would have gotten an inn room!" he mused to himself quietly as he gazed at his partners reaction.

"I don't." Kakuzu stated with a slight edge to his voice. "But she will be useful in the future, if she could sneak up on us- imagine the information she could gather about my targets. And people would take pity on a pink haired child, the discounts I could get with that alone…" he trailed off as he gazed at the change still clutched in his hand, refusing to answer to his annoying partner anymore.

'You will be useful in the future little flower, let's just hope you live up to my expectations.' He thought to himself as different strategies played across his mind, each involving the little pinkette some way or another. 'I'll give you a few years, if you're not up to my standards… I'll get to that if it happens…'

"Sakura! What did you do?!"
But mum, they were being mean…and Mister Kakuzu said-

"I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYONE SAID! WHY DID YOU BREAK THAT POOR GIRLS ARM?"
Because everyone needs a friend and Sakura just found herself two. Kiba certainly wasn't expecting this…

It was just another day for the young Haruno.

Go to the academy, do the work, get picked on during lunch, do more work, make sure Ami didn't find her after school so the pinkette didn't have to explain the bruises to her mother, fill in time until dinner, go home then repeat.

The day had gone fine so far, she had even avoided Ami and her gang at lunch, but that feat didn't look so good now Sakura pondered silently. The poor little pinkette gazed out from under her bangs at the group of girls surrounding her, silently pleading at the passers-by for help. It wasn't working…

"P-Please Ami, just leave me alone…" Sakura pleaded to the purple haired girl quietly, keeping her head down and flinching as her tormentor took a step forward laughing.

"Oh? Is Forehead-Girl getting brave? Pffft, as if, a freak like you doesn't deserve mercy. My mother said so because yours took her job!" Ami snapped at her, the three other girls joining in on her laughter and taunts.

'Why do they always do this to me?' Sakura questioned herself as tears began to sting her eyes.

"Forehead Girl! Freak! Pest! You should just quit the academy now, even our sensei's know you won't amount to anything, they've given up on you already!" she continued, taking another step forward and pushing the cowering girl to the ground. Giving a cry at the impact Sakura lay sprawled out on her front, trying to raise herself off the ground by her arms only to be stopped by Ami's foot on her back. "Just stay in the dirt were you belong you little freak, Pink haired BITCH!" she taunted once more, much to the amusement on those around her.

'Just...stop, please stop...' the pinkette pleaded to herself at the tears started to fall, she knew that if Ami saw them she'd just keep going with her insults.

"And you know what freak? You'll never have friends, you'll be alone forever and no one will care!"

"ARF!" came a sharp bark from their side, drawing every ones attention as the barking continued.

Tilting her head slightly Sakura spotted a little white dog, a little white dog that was bearing its teeth and looking at Ami in anger. Sakura's breath caught in her throat as she gazed at it, this wasn't going to end well, it was so small… they might kill it!

'No!'

"Go away" Sakura pleaded quietly to the animal as it barked again and looked at her in what seemed to be worry. "If you leave now, they won't hurt you!" she whispered as Ami started laughing and pressing her foot harder against her back, making her fall flat against the ground again. Letting out a loud 'oomph!' as the air escaped her lungs once more, the small dog began barking and growling at
the surrounding girls.

As Ami lifted her leg off Sakura's back with a loud "SHUT UP!" in the dog's direction, Sakura felt her eyes widen in fear. Time seemed to pass in slow motion as the purple haired girl stepped to the side and drew her leg back once more. Watching the white dog continue barking without any fear, Sakura drew in a deep breath and pushed up from the ground, flinging herself in front of Ami's kick and blocking the dog from harm.

'I won't let you get hurt little doggy' she thought, pain flaring through her side as the kick connected. You tried to help me... no one ever tries to help me.' Hearing Ami let out a surprised sound Sakura looked up at her with a frown. "It's not nice to hurt animals, please leave it alone!" she pleaded, wincing as the purple haired girl let out a growl and kicked her again- this time in the face. Pain spread through her lip as she tasted blood, gagging slightly as her tormentors laughed and drew back.

"I guess I was wrong freak, it seems you DO have a friend. And it's an animal, just like you!" Ami laughed before motioning for the other girls to leave with her, the pinkette still lying on the ground before the dog, covered in bruises with a split lip.

Feeling something wet touch her arm, Sakura turned her head towards the dog and sat up wincing. 'Cute' she thought as it tilted its head and nosed her arm in worry again. Reaching out and laying a hand on its head Sakura began to pat it, not minding the blood covering part of her face or the bruises already beginning to show.

"You shouldn't have done that puppy, you could have gotten hurt." She reprimanded in her quiet voice, laughing as it looked insulted and barked once at her in indignation. "What are you doing out here alone anyway?" she questioned, coming up short when it seemed to be answering her in yips and growls. 'Is it a nin dog?... maybe one of the Inuzuka's?' she thought in amazement, asking the same thing out loud and receiving a happy nod from the dog. "Let's get you home then, I would be so sad if anything happened to you." Struggling to her feet the pinkette took a deep breath to ease the pain and bent over, picking the surprised dog up.

She could see it was worried about her, shooting her worried looked and yipping at her when she whipped the blood from her lip. Smiling down at the puppy in her arms and holding it to her chest, she slowly made her way towards the Inuzuka's compound with her head low, ever mindful of the looks she was getting from passers-by.

Reaching the gate she was shocked out of her somewhat one sided conversation by an alarmed call.

"AKAMARU!" came a boys cry as he rushed up to her, skidding to a halt and panting. Lifting her head slightly and looking from his grey jacket and brown hair to the red triangles on his cheeks, she just knew the little puppy must be his. "Thank you for finding him, mom was going to KILL me if he didn't show up soon!" he babbled on and finally looked at her, only to fall short on his next sentence and lean over to touch her arm with a worried look. "Hey are you ok? You look pretty beat up..." he asked, tilting his head slightly and watching as she held the dog out too him. 'He must be your owner them puppy, he seemed worried about you.' she thought, carefully handing the white animal over to his waiting arms.

"I-I'm okay..." Sakura stated in a soft voice, looking to the ground in embarrassment.

"ARF!" the dog, now known as Akamaru yipped to the boy, Sakura watching as his eyes widened and turned back to her. 'What?'

"Y-You saved Akamaru? Thank you..." he trailed off, placing Akamaru on the ground and stepping
towards her. Flinching slightly when he raised his arms, Sakura was shocked to find herself caught in a hug, the boys fur lined colour tickling her nose slightly. Tentatively raising her arms and wrapping them around his chest, she hugged back lightly, a soft smile taking over her face. As the boy pulled back with a grin, he took hold of her hand and began tugging her into the compound. "What's your name anyway?" he asked as they passed a few curious onlookers, Akamaru tagging along just behind them.

"S-Sakura, My name is Haruno Sakura" she stuttered slightly, a light blush coming to her cheeks.

"I'm Kiba- That's Akamaru, let's go to my sister, she can fix you up!" he announced motioning to Akamaru then leading her towards his house.

"ARF ARF!" Akamaru barked from behind them as they walked down the path, the afternoon sun beating down on their backs.

"I don't think she's a stray Akamaru, You'll have to ask ma if we can keep her…she might even say yes!" he announced in joy, the dog yipping in happiness as well. 'What?' Sakura's eyes widened as she looked between the two, only for Kiba to look back at her with his thousand watt grin, dark eyes lit up in joy. "I've always wanted a friend to stay with me! We can play pack and chase the bird's outa the garden!"

'A-A friend?' she thought, her small smile coming back as the came to the main house. 'Akamaru… Kiba… I have friends!'
She's the One (Naruto/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

The sixth Hokage Naruto Uzumaki is virtually untouchable and there is only one living person who can get away with landing a hit on him, his little pink haired wife.

Naruto Uzumaki was many things- The Hokage, jinchuuriki, a loyal friend, someone anyone could count on in a time of need- the list just went on and on, ever expanding as he made his way through life.

The most important though, was the he was virtually untouchable. With countless allies scattered across the nations, friends that would die for him and his own power thrown into the mix- no one ever stood a chance to lay a finger on him without extreme consequences. Well almost, there was only one living person that could land a hit on the blond haired Kyuubi host and live to tell the tale, the only one that could make him feel like a twelve year old again.

And that was his little pink haired wife.

It didn't matter that he could beat Kakashi in a spar or that he'd defeated Pein the so called 'Kami' of the new world, she could always knock him down a peg or two- her years of training paying off just as much as his. With the extremely low fatality rates any team she went with had, he often wondered if she just scared the enemy off with her temper, cursing them out and swinging a fist or two in their direction.

The blond knew her hits hurt, having been on the receiving end of them for years.

But it never bothered him when her fist sent his body through a wall, a hospital trip almost always required afterward if she refused to heal him. He adored her, everything about her- from her temper and caring nature to her pastel pink hair, nothing could ever shadow his love for her. His Sakura loved him too, he just never shook the habit of annoying her- mostly just to see her eyes light up with that fire he loved so much. Not that she knew that…

The 27 year old Hokage had married her shortly before accepting his position three years ago, the happiness in his sky blue eyes when she had said yes almost sent her to tears, profusely apologizing for her attitude when they were younger. He had waved it away though, saying it never mattered to him, that he had seen something in the pinkette that just made his young mind know she was the one for him.

It had taken until they hit 18 for her to finally agree to give him a chance, consenting only with the condition that if it didn't work out- they could still be best friends. That condition was never needed though, as he did everything in his power to show her what she really meant to him, that he would have done anything for her, and he still would.

Anything to keep her safe and happy

Sasuke had been dealt with after they had brought his unconscious body back at 17, dragging him behind them by his feet- making sure to hit every rock they could find on the way. Tsunade had sealed his chakra, banning him from shinobi life until such a time as he could be trusted again. The
last Uchiha was currently being forced to go through the chuunin exams again, never having graduated from genin before he left. Just the thought of his friend being forced to complete D-rank missions always sent Naruto into fits of laughter, making sure that he always kept the most repetitive and demeaning missions for him. Just his own revenge for the trouble he and the rest of team seven went through to bring him back to the village.

That didn't stop him from having the Uchiha as his best man, making sure to keep the position as far from Sai as he could. Thank kami for small mercies; he loved the guy like a brother but he'd seen the speech the emotionless man had written up 'just in case'…

Naruto had put his all into making the wedding everything Sakura deserved, writing his own vows and stumbling over them as he gazed into her deep emerald eyes, silently in awe over what was finally occurring. The first kiss they'd shared as a married couple had brought tears to both of their eyes, neither caring about the audience they had as they broke apart with a laugh of glee, Naruto picking up his wife and spinning around until he almost fell with dizziness.

Their married life had passed smoothly, the odd hiccup here and there as usual. But it never lasted for long, her treating him to ramen in Ichiraku's new restaurant and the blond bringing her flowers with the best chocolate he could find.

Yes, he was as happy as he could be, and he would never regret anything that brought her into his arms.

He would do it all again in a heartbeat.

"NARUTO!" his little pinkette screamed as she violently kicked down his office door, unhinging it as it made an imprint on the wall. Knocked from his thoughts the blond looked from her blazing eyes to the smirking Uchiha behind her before swallowing audibly and raising his hands in defense.

If only someone had warned him about the mood swings *BETORE* he got her pregnant… oh well, he still loved her, punched through the window or not.

His love for her would never change.
Akatsuki Guidelines (Akatsuki/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

What you need to know to survive in the Akatsuki: Please use wisely.

1. You do not join the Akatsuki unless asked.
   "No."

2. Always have a plan.
   "We shall give you Sasuke Uchiha's location in exchange for unlimited use of your best medic."
   "No."

3. Always have a backup plan.
   "And we'll give you our full co-operation in luring him in."
   "No deal."

4. If back up plan fails- move to plan C.
   "I gave you a chance." The orange haired figure announced, turning his gaze from the irritated Tsunade and looking towards one of the windows before giving a slight nod.
   And then he was gone.

5. Blond haired females are not your friends.
   "I'm not telling you where Sakura-chan is, are you stupid?!" Ino announced, gazing at the blue haired woman in front of her with disdain. "Why are you looking for her anyway?"

6. Always keep a straight face (image is important).
   "Raise." The masked man called, watching as another of the group surrounding the table folded out.
   "Is it even legal to wear a mask in here?" he heard one of the observers whisper to another, only to be silenced hastily.
No one questioned the Akatsuki.

7. Never drink on a mission.

"Another!" Tsunade called, looking over her hand again with a grin.

"B-But...I think you've had enough for now..." Shizune trailed off, only to receive a harsh glare from her master. "O-okay..."

8. Never bet more than $100.

"Raise" he called again, his orange mask glinting in the dim light as he glanced at Tsunade, who was steadily working her way through the bar's sake supply. "How about we make this a little more... interesting?"

Looking up from her bottle, Tsunade glanced at her hand again and gave a confident smirk.

"I'm listening."

9. Except against Tsunade.

"WHAT!" the pinkette shrieked, gazing at her master in disbelief.

"I'm sorry Sakura; I thought I was going to win..."

10. Cloaks should be worn at all times.

"Just put it on." Kisame growled out, his eye twitching as she ignored him once again.

"Kunoichi, if you do not put the cloak on, I'll be forced to do it for you." Sakura turned her eyes to the raven haired man sitting across from her as he continued to eat his dango calmly.

'What has Tsunade gotten me into?'

11. Do not anger the pink haired medic.

BOOOM

"AND STAY OUT OF MY ROOM!"

12. Ever.

CRAACK!
Looking up at the ceiling with an exasperated glint in his ringed eyes, Pein noticed the slight shake the base gave as another hit sounded from down the hall.

She was defiantly the slug sannin's apprentice.

13. Do not underestimate genin.

"SSSSAAAKURAAAA-CCHHHHHAAANNNNNN!" echoed throughout Konoha in the early hours of the morning, waking the few who hadn't adapted to the chaos that always surrounded the village.

"Damn it…" Tsunade muttered as she slumped forward over her desk…

'This is going to be a long day.'

14. Do not touch Itachi's dango.

Turning from the fridge with her prize hanging from her lips, Sakura was stopped short by a cloaked chest appearing in her line of vision…

It wasn't until after he left the room that she moved again…

Or noticed one of the dango previously hanging from her mouth had disappeared.

15. Tobi's mask is not a lollipop: Punishment will be issued to all those who insist otherwise.

"I don't understand though, you mean I can't say his mask looks like a-"

"Just….don't." Konan said to her younger counterpart, her eyes drifting to the mask wearing form that was currently peaking at them from around the corner. "No one understands it."

16. No strangers are to be brought into the base, regardless of how friendly they may seem.

"And THEN they drag me all the way to the borders of sound! I mean, I understand that 'leader' wants me to switch between teams to make sure they stay alive…but it's so-"

THWACK

Watching her companion slump to the ground with a kunai embedded in his head, Sakura slowly turned her emerald eyes to the bi-coloured man half leaning out of the wall in front of her.

"WHAT-" she began, only to be cut of as he gave her a solemn look.

"Assassin from sound, you were next on his list." All she could do was watch with a stunned expression as he began to merge back with the stone wall.

"T-thank you…"
17. Cooking is a team effort.

"Deidara, I don't care if it'll cook faster, no clay in the oven!"

"What gives you the right to tell me what I can and cannot put in the oven, yeah?!"

"Six years of being on a team with two idiots who can't even make coffee without breaking something, that's what."

"…"

18. Jashin is the only god!

"That's right bitches! Deal with it!"

"I really don't want to hear this….

"Shut it Girly, you should feel honored to be in the presence of a Jashinist!"


"Get out of my office."

"…"

"Now."

20. No playing with knifes.

Looking dully at the tan arm being held out in front of her, Sakura didn't utter a word as she began pulling the kunai out and healing the wounds. Looking at the lines of stitches running around his arm, Sakura gently reached a hand out and ran her fingers over them, tilting her head slightly as the masked nin gave a slight twitch.

"Sorry." she muttered before pulling her hand back and busying herself with tidying up.

He only gave her a nod and left.

21. All appendages are to be kept to yourself unless absolutely necessary.

"Deidara, don't you dare!"

"Come on, you know you want too~" he leered, leaning closed to the disturbed pinkette.

"I'm not kissing your hand!"
22. Do not touch any clay you see laying around.

BOOOOM

"...I wander if Tobi's okay?"

23. Sometimes retreat IS an option.

Clutching her bloodied abdomen while fighting to stay standing upright, Sakura snarled at the sound nin standing smugly in front of her. Making to charge at him again, she was stopped short by arms wrapping around her middle and lifting her off the ground.

"Come on Pinky, we'll let Itachi handle this."

"But I can still-"

"I wasn't asking." Kisame said firmly, carrying her from the clearing.

24. The Kyuubi vessel is to Op-ed.

"You've repeatedly failed to capture him-" Pein started, looking at the two missing nin standing across from his desk.

"Hn."

25. And doesn't know how to leave things well enough alone.

"...and now he's trying to get our medic back. This cannot be allowed to occur, so I suggest you not fail on your next attempt."

26. Do not peek on Sakura while she's showering.

"...Tobi, what are you doing?" Deidara asked, looking at his partner oddly as he peaked through the cracked bathroom door.

"Go away sempai, Tobi's busy."

27. Disregard above note if you wear an orange mask: Orders from higher up.

"Hey, isn't Sakura-chan in there!"

"Go AWAY Senpai!"

28. No shark fin soup around Kisame.
"I think I'm gonna be sick." He muttered, standing up and making his way from the kitchen hastily. 
With an exasperated sigh, the pinkette turned to the white haired immortal.

"That wasn't nice Hidan."

"Yeah, but it was funny!" he exclaimed between his bouts of laughter.

29. Do not touch anyone else's belongings.

"Pinky, I wouldn't touch those if I were you, they're poisonous." The Bi-coloured man called as she lent down to get a closer look at some of the strange plants.

"I've never seen anything like these before!"

"Of course you haven't, we grew these ourselves and they exist nowhere but in this garden."

The proud tinge in his voice brought a smile to her face.

At least now they had something to talk about.

30. No writing on the walls.

"Deidara," Konan called down the hall, watching as the blond violently strangled his partner. "Please refrain from killing your partner."

"THIS BASTARD KEEPS HITTING ON MY SAKURA-CHAN, YEAH!"

"SAKURA-CHAN ISN'T DEIDARA-SENPAI'S!"

With a shake of her head at their behavior, Konan looked to the wall closest to the fighting pair.

Sakura-chan,

Have my children.

Love,

Tobi

31. Always lock your door: unless you want your things auctioned off.

"..."

"It's okay Pinky, I'm sure Leader-sama will get you a new uniform!" Kisame announced while patting her shoulder lightly, his eyes going over the ...room.

"..."

"And a new wardrobe."

"..."
"And weapons, you can't do missions without those and that's what he needs you for!"

"…"

"…you can share my bed if you want; I promise I'll keep my hands to myself."

"I'd rather just sleep on the floor." She mumbled, running a hand through her short pink hair while closing her eyes and trying to calm down.

"…he sold your carpet as well…"

"I'll kill that money hungry bastard!"

**32. We do NOT associate with Orochimaru.**

"-and your delightful new medic, what was her name?"

"Leave or I’ll kill you." The indifferent Uchiha said, looking at his younger brother's mentor with disdain clear in his eyes.

**33. Or Sound.**

"How about we-" Kabuto started, only to stop short and dodge the kunai that had been thrown towards his head.

**34. Do not attract unneeded attention.**

"Haruno-san, refrain from doing that again." Kakuzu requested as he gazed at the crowd forming around them, hands twitching towards his holster in anger.

"HE WAS FEELING ME UP!"

"Haruno-san…" he growled out, left eye twitching slightly in irritation.

"…He has a bounty on his head as well…"

Twitching and anger subsiding, he gazed at her seriously for a moment before gathering the offending male up and starting towards the nearest bounty station.

"Kakuzu-san…? "

"Hurry up; we suddenly have a few more stops to make before this mission is over."

**35. No Fangirling/Fanboying.**

"Cute~" Tobi mumbled while leaning closer to get a better look.

"They're…pink." Itachi added before going back to his task, refusing to look again.
"Are those teddy bears, yeah?" Deidara asked, discreetly reaching for a tissue as his face heated up.

"…" The Orange haired leader could only look at the offending objects with slightly widened eyes.

"Hey, what's goin'-WHY THE HELL IS MY UNDERWEAR ON THE KITCHEN TABLE!?"

36. **Unless the object of your attention has pink hair.**

"Hey Pinky! Is that really your natural-?"

"I swear Kisame, if the next words out of your mouth are 'hair colour', I'll put you through the wall."

37. **And is a medic (Added: and is female).**

"Is this you? HA! You looked kinda cute for a flat chested-"

**BAM!**

"That's my younger *MALE* cousin you pervert!"

And for once, Hidan was left speechless.

38. **Always keep the halls tidy.**

"…"

"Umm…I'll move them to the infirmary right away Leader-sama." The pinkette almost stuttered out, gazing at the unconscious men that had just been dropped at her feet.

"No, you're to only treat fellow members. Throw them out and be in my office as soon as possible."

"Yes leader-sama!"

"And Haruno-san? Please make sure to keep an eye out for stalkers, this is the fifth time this month someone's followed you back here."

"…This has happened before?" She questioned, only to be met with silence as he made his way down the hall.

39. **No infighting while on base.**

"I said no."

"But Konan- It's a great idea!"

"You're not allowed to have a battle royal for Sakura-san's heart. Have you even told her of this idea?"
40. No entering the bathroom while someone else is showering.

"AHHHHHH! CLOSE THE DOOR! CLOSE THE DOOR!" Sakura's voice shrieked as steam billowed out of the bathroom.

41. Unless invited.

"GET OUT FIRST YOU PERVERT!"
"But Sakura-chan~ Tobi wants to wash your back!"
"I SAID GET OUT!"

42. No prank wars.

"Well, I thought it was funny…"
"Zetsu…You put an arm under his pillow."
"…He put a portrait of you on the fridge…"
"I don't see how-"

43. Unless they deserved it.

"- It was naked."
"I'll kill that blond bastard!"

44. No streaking (Even if drunk).

"…"
"Was that…Kisame?"
"Hn."
"…Wow…"

45. You can't kill Hidan (we've already tried).

"YOU-THWACK-BASTARD-THWACK-I'LL-THWACK-KILL YOU!-THWACK-"
"Should we tell her it won't work?"
"Not yet, I can get a fair price for this video later in Suna."
"...I really don't want to know..."

46. If you're drunk and it seems like a good idea- don't do it.
"No, hear me out-HIC-"
"Sakura-san, I think you should go lay down for a while..."
"Just listen!-HIC- all we need are three clones that look like Pein, Deidara's spare clay, -HIC- that leather leash I saw in Hidan's room and-"

47. Always carry extra nail polish; you never know when it will come in handy.
"MY EYES!" The sound nin screeched, clutching his face as the dark liquid dripped everywhere.
"I'LL DO A LOT WORSE WHEN I GET OUT OF THESE CHAKRA BINDS YOU SLIMY NO-GOOD CREEP!"

48. We do not watch chick flicks.
"Well I saw this new movie a few days ago and I was wondering..."
"Oh god, Is that Titanic, Yeah?"

49. Unless asked by Haruno.
"Will you please watch it with me? I don't do well watching sad movies on my own."
"...Fine, yeah."

50. Junk mail is not tolerated.
"Why the hell are there... 'Enlargement' ad's on the doorstep?"

51. 'Icha Icha' is not to be read under any circumstances.
"What the hell are you reading?" Sakura questioned, looking at the slight blush on their indifferent leaders face.
"...Don't you have a mission?"

52. Unless it's 'Icha Icha: Pink'
And with a mighty heave of her blade, the pink haired goddess's tattered black and red cloak fell from her frame, her pleading jade eyes gazing adoringly at the orange haired man watching her from the shadows.

She opened her mouth slightly and breathed his name in a hushed chant, begging him.

…Pein-sama

…Leader-sama

"Leader-sama! Are you okay, your nose is bleeding?!"

53. No monopolizing Sakura-chan's time.

"B-But Sakura-chan~ I want to spend time with you!" The orange mask wearing man whimpered out, clutching her arm to his chest while rubbing his masked cheek against her bare one.

"I can't Tobi, Leader-sama wants me on a mission with Hidan-baka and Kakuzu later today, and before that I have to check Deidara's arms and Itachi's eyes. I really am sorry…"

"Tobi will speak with Leader-sama right away! Tobi and Sakura-chan have things to do over the next few days!"

"…What kind of things…?"

"Well~ it involves us, Tobi's bedroom, lots of noise, every available surface-"

BOOM!

"TOBI YOU LITTLE PERVERT!"
With a Smile on her Face (Team 7/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Immortality is not all it's made out to be, it can drive a person to madness and back very easily.

Bittersweet)

She didn't know how it had happened, she didn't know when or why, but she wasn't aging. At all.

She had thought, along with Tsunade and her teammates, that she was just a late bloomer, that she'd come into her own in a year or two.

But no, she was sixteen (possibly seventeen) physically, not a single thing had changed about her since the war had ended. Not the length of her hair, not her height, she didn't gain weight or loose it and her chest hadn't budged a millimeter.

She was Immortal by Tsunade's word, her dear sensei having run as many tests as she could over the years.

But they found no way to fix it, no way to let her live a normal life.

She was now twenty seven and stuck in the body of a teen.

Immortality)

The years had flown by in the blink of an eye, but no matter what she tried, Sakura just couldn't find a way to be mortal again, to age with her suddenly middle aged friends, to have a body that could bear children for someone she may have come to love.

It hit her then, as she smiled at the teenagers before her, that everything and everyone was growing and getting older, coming closer and closer to their deaths.

And she wouldn't be able to experience it with them.

She was being left behind again.

And it hurt so damn much.

Smile)

All she could do was sit there, watching everything seem to go by around her with the most sincere smile she could manage pasted to her face.
She was dying inside though, with every grey hair that appeared on Naruto's head, every wrinkle that made its way to Ino's once smooth face, a little piece of her fell away.

She could bare it though, she could do it for Naruto who made her swear to make the most of this. Remembering his once vibrant and youthful voice brought tears to her eyes, but she quickly rubbed them away and looked back over to her friends and their children, the resemblance to each other clearly seen by her jade eyes.

**Funeral)**

Time had continued ticking forward, and now, all Sakura seemed to do was visit the cemetery, the names of her friends forever carved into stone.

She was losing herself piece by piece, her mind slipping away at the worst possible times. Sometimes she'd find herself speaking to Naruto and turn to her left with a grin, completely forgetting that Sai had passed on six years ago.

She'd find herself standing at the little red bridge, waiting for a training session that had ended thirty years previously, or for a Sensei that had died shortly after.

She knew what was happening, she just didn't want to worry Naruto any more than she had to, and his own mind seemed to be slipping from him these days.

He barely even seemed to believe she was there, thinking her a trick of his mind and that hurt her more than any jutsu or kunai ever could.

**Insanity)**

One by one her friends had fallen to battles, sickness and time, their own section in the cemetery filling faster than she'd ever imagined.

And then she lost it.

She fell apart and broke the remaining shards to dust.

She was done with life, done with death, done with gazing at Naruto's headstone, the polished rock covered with the orange flowers she's picked one at a time.

They were all gone now.

She was the last of rookie 9.

The last of her group.

She was alone.

She was… she was broken and didn't want to be whole again, she didn't was to remember this feeling, this utter loneliness and loss.

But she didn't want to forget the good times, she had a promise to keep after all.
Greed)

She didn't know how it started, maybe just a little things at first, things that made her remember the good times, when they were all young and cheerful, so full of life.

An orange and black jumper from Naruto and Hinata's old house, a flower basket from Ino's, Gaara's old gourd…Tsunade's last signed form.

She didn't know when it got out of control, it started so innocently that she didn't see it coming, her intentions just spiraled down with every item her dust filled house gained.

Sure, stealing Gaara's gourd from his children, or breaking into Hokage tower and the Uchiha district on a regular basis made her feel better, but was it worth it?

Was it worth throwing her reputation away and locking herself in her house, all for the sake of fond memories?

With a small smile on her face, Sakura shrugged on the faded orange and black jacket, the old red shirt underneath keeping the pastel haired girl warm in the fading light as her tattered and stained medic skirt and shorts no longer did the job.

It was worth it if she could keep her promise to Naruto.

If anyone so much as touched her precious keepsakes, they would be in for more pain than they had ever thought possible.

Envy)

She hated seeing life play out before her eyes like some mocking drama, intent on taunting her with things she could never have.

A family? She didn't want to outlive her own children, even if she found a way to bear them.

Friends? Same as above, it hurt too much to care about anyone anymore.

A chance to live her life? To help where she was trained to? No, she couldn't even do that anymore, the Hokage and council had her on lockdown, refusing to allow another village the chance to get to her.

She hated the Hokage, she hated the villagers, she hated the ninja, and she hated her friends children the most of all.

She didn't want to see constant reminders of her pain running around the place she once treasured, the place she once loved.

Isolation)

No more.

No more, please!
This is just too much to deal with!

She hated them, she loathed their very existence, but that didn't mean she wanted to see them die!

Naruto's son looked more like him than she'd come to acknowledge, and seeing him there, greying, frail and old was too much.

They were beginning to leave her, just like their parents had, just like their own children would!

With this in her mind, the orange wearing pinkette shut down, closing her front door in his pleading face, not caring the least for his 'nice' request to be his granddaughter's godmother.

Gathering her things and tuning out his retreating steps, she made a promise to herself.

She was never going to set foot on this land for as long as those bloodlines run through it.

She could still keep her promise, just somewhere else.

Fantasy)

It was nice being on her own, no background noise, no Hokage breathing down her neck, wanting to know her secrets.

Oh how she wished he knew what it used to be like to be in charge of a shinobi village. The most exciting thing to happen during his time had been a tiny skirmish with mist, and that had only lasted six months tops.

Being alone though, had taken a small toll on her perception of time.

It was just her, her precious keepsakes and the water slowly eating away at the land near her house. She must have been there for a while though, because it had grown from a small stream to a fair sized river.

But she was fine with the isolation, the silence, the lack of interaction and contact, because if she focused hard enough, she could hear their voices, see their faces as they mulled around her home.

Their home.

Time didn't matter anymore, only they did.

Want)

Their home had been rebuilt, having become too close to the coursing river that always seemed to creep closer when she turned her back. But that was okay, she'd been able to build them rooms now.

No need to stay crowded in her small lounge when they each had their own space!

Their distant voices and shadowy figures just weren't enough anymore though.

She needed more.

She wanted more.
She wanted them.

By her side.

Just like old times, just like it should be.

Like it should have been.

Pictures weren't enough, for they seemed to be falling apart and crumbling with every breath she released.

Genjutsu didn't work, because no matter what how much she tried, she knew it was a lie.

A beautiful, beautiful lie.

She wanted, needed, to hear their voices again, she needed to show Naruto that she was keeping her promise.

Evil)

She needed them.

Their laughs, their smiles, their familiar presence.

She needed them in her never ending life.

Nothing else seemed to make due, even their belongings were falling to time, the only thing keeping them from falling to dust was a well-placed jutsu she had picked up a lifetime and a half ago.

Maybe three.

She didn't know nor care.

She had literally tried everything to get them back, from rumored objects that could let the bearer see spirits, to darker, much much darker methods.

Her fall from grace.

Her need to see them had created a monstrosity that she'd had to deal with on her own, the memory of its twisted red eyes and stringy blond, gravity defying hair always made her smile grow.

She was close, so very very close. If only she could find a way to keep the insides in…maybe find it some skin?

Maybe using that villager for the jutsu instead of a shinobi was why it had failed?

She'd have to test this theory soon, before they became even harder to track down.

Need)

It had failed, it always failed.

No matter what she did or how similar she made them look, they just weren't her friends.
She couldn't replace them she had realized after her latest failure. They were a one off occurrence, and she wouldn't be able to bring them back like this, what would Naruto think if he could see her now?

Packing her things once more and laying waste to their home and all its monstrosities, Sakura closed her eyes and breathed out a sigh, letting her feet take her wherever they may.

She needed familiar, she needed somewhere she knew.

But try as she might, she just couldn't find peace.

She couldn't find familiar.

She couldn't find home.

Suna- gone, most likely swallowed by the sand it had once been at peace with, nothing but desert where the proud village had once stood.

Iwa- Crumbled to dust, only a few random walls and old objects hinting that something had once stood in this unforgiving land.

Mist- nothing but rust remained, littering the ground as moss covered everything that might have been left.

Ame- most likely washed away by the rain, or swallowed by the river, just like her old home.

And Konoha, oh Konoha.

It was taken back by the forest, nothing but ruins, barely standing walls, remained.

Everything she had known was gone, destroyed, and eaten by time.

She needed familiar.

But it was nowhere to be found.

Scars)

Her scars were her story, her own tale, told on her flesh for only those brave enough to read it.

And none were brave anymore, none ventured far enough into the forest she now called home.

The villages rose and fell, moved closer then further away, leave her to wallow in her misery, in the fact that she was alone, not even her friends talked to her anymore, their shadowy figures blurring little by little.

But she wouldn't let go.

She wouldn't let them leave her behind again.

Not this time.

Her left eyebrow- Naruto's stray kunai.

Her right shoulder- third battle against Sasuke.
Both her legs— the one time she took a mission alone before her teammates deemed it mandatory to accompany her.

And she didn't let them forget it, she sat there, all day every day, gazing at their shadowy figures and telling them the tales over and over, using Sai's old brush to absentmindedly try to copy the photos that had long ago faded to blank.

Time)

Even jutsu's can fall to time apparently, her keepsakes were now nothing more than a bag full of broken, fragile objects and sand.

It was okay though, she could still picture them as clear as day.

She didn't need the objects to keep the memories.

And she didn't want to forget, so she sat there as the walls of her building fell, as the grass swallowed her up.

Just remembering the good times, her friends, her family and everything she'd been through.

She would keep her promise to Naruto, it was the promise of her immortal life after all.

One she would never break.

Heaven)

She often felt phantom aches and pains in her joints, her body just sometimes waking up exhausted for no reason.

Could she too turn to dust like so many of the things she'd seen before, would her body one day fail her and die, giving her the chance to truly be with her friends again, not just mere shadows of her memories, conjured by her broken mind?

It didn't happen though, she just kept sitting in her clearing, gazing upwards, wondering just how disgusted they would be with her past actions.

How had she let herself fall so far?

To do that to innocent people, all for the sake of her own happiness?

What would Naruto think?

She found that she didn't want to know.

The look in his eyes would break her again, and she was only just starting to find the pieces.

Sky)

She was wandering again, visiting once familiar sights to try to ease her mind.
It didn't work.

Because try as she might, the shadows of her friends were only just there, and she hadn't heard their voices for the longest time.

She'd pass the time by looking to the sky, no matter what the weather, in hopes of seeing them smiling down at her.

On a bright sunny day, she'd think of Naruto.

During a storm, her mind would wander to Sasuke.

At sunset it would be Sai, and when the weather just couldn't make up its mind, Kakashi.

She didn't know if they'd let him have his precious book up there, but she was sure he'd found a way to get it in anyway.

**Fading**

They were gone.

The shadows.

She didn't realize when it had happened, but they just weren't there anymore.

She could think clearly, she could remember *Every. Single. Thing* that she'd done.

And she found that she couldn't keep her promise to Naruto for a while after that, she failed him for however long it took for her mind to glue itself back together, realizing that she needed to sort things out.

She had been insane, she had killed innocents, stolen and lied, abandoned his bloodline and left them to die in whatever event had wiped out the shinobi nations.

She had failed him, failed everyone.

And that brought her to tears for the first time since she lay those tiny orange flowers on his headstone.

**Imaginary**

She wished she could have stayed ignorant to her ill state of mind, to the fact that her 'friends' were just figments of her imagination.

She missed her friends, missed her life.

Nothing was familiar.

Nothing brought her peace.

She was stuck in limbo, her teammate's voices running through her head, their favourite conversations repeating over and over again. Voices she longed to hear and familiar sounds she
missed gifted her with a chance to be with them once more.

It hurt so much.

Because it was a lie.

And no matter how much she wished it wasn't, it would forever be a beautiful delusion.

And the fact that she could still acknowledge such brought a small pained smile to her face.

**Suicide)**

She had tried it, had honestly thrown everything out the window and driven a sharp branch through her heart.

She had awoken to pain and nothing else, her blood staining the object protruding from her, but her heart continued to beat around it.

She lived with the self-inflicted pain until she became numb to it, finally healing the wound and cleaning herself up.

She had failed Naruto again.

She deserved it for trying to break her promise.

**Best friends)**

Her best friends, her teammates.

They were always on her mind.

Their voices, their images, actions, words, habits and any other little thing she could remember.

Except their ends.

It was a timeless loop that played through her head.

From the beginning where they all met, to the place just before the dark times began.

For her at least.

She wouldn't mind chasing down Sasuke again, finding out Sai was a spy, or having Naruto and Kakashi leave.

As long as she could see them again, their smiling, young, life filled faces gazing back at her.

Anything to push the old, frail figures from her mind.

And once more, she was lost in her mind.

**Trapped)**
She couldn't take it, it was suffocating.

No matter what she tried or where she wandered, nothing helped.

She was trapped in a world she didn't know anymore, lost in a place so familiar yet foreign it put her mind in a daze.

She was alone, would always be alone, with no way to move on, to see those she longed to lay eyes on.

Even for a moment.

She was trapped here, in her own purgatory, always to be alone.

She had nothing now but her fond memories, so she drowned in them as often as she could.

She was nothing but a legend, myth to the villages she passed, and even those faded with time.

It was only right that she disappeared with everything she once held dear.

Heart break)

Her heart was breaking again, the withered and blackened object falling apart with every step she took back towards Konoha.

So many memories, good and bad.

So much pain, Bitter or sweet.

It was only right.

The deeds she'd committed, the sweet words she had whispered to get her way, everything she'd done…

She was a monster of the worst kind.

Kabuto's actions paled in comparison to some of the things she'd orchestrated to keep her 'friends' around and her keepsakes safe.

All for the sake of not being alone, for the sake of not being left behind.

It was ironic really that she was left behind again, to watch her teammates backs as they went on their next great adventure without her.

Sasuke was most likely scowling down at her right about now, sickened by the turn her life had taken.

So she cried, she cried for her actions, for the lives she'd taken, the deeds she'd committed, and the people she'd lost.

She cried, and she didn't stop, even when she lay puffy eyes on the forest again.

She'd well and truly failed Naruto now, so why even try?
River)

The place where it all started, where one fight began their downfall.

Her downfall really, they lived their lives to the fullest and came out kings once everything was said and done.

The valley of the end.

Not so much a valley now, more of a giant lake, ruins of the expanded Konoha littering its edges and the forest around.

Here…here was where she belonged, the one place she avoided more than anything.

The large statues of Naruto and Sasuke preparing for battle on either side being the reason.

But now…now she was…happy.

She could see them again.

Their voices filled her mind softly, lulling her into a peaceful state.

She was at peace.

Here was where she belonged, the feeling filling her to the brim and bringing the first true smile in years to her face as she strode out onto the water to stand in the centre between them.

Just like old times.

With a content sigh she let go and dropped, her bare form obscured as she sank beneath the slight waves, her mind silencing everything but the happy chatter of her team.

She belonged here, with her teammates.

Back where the end began.

She was…

Something.

Something she couldn't name.

She didn't want to think anymore though, just sleep and be with them, even for a short time.

Forever)

And she stayed there as the world grew around her, content and haunted by the faces and voices floating through her head, young and smiling, full of life and hope, just like she wished they were once more.

She'd be their memorial, a living memorial to their memory, the only one that would never disappear with time.

The only one to never forget.
Because no matter what the state of her mind, no matter what her actions may be- she loved them, she loved them all and would do it all again if it meant seeing them even for a second.

She stayed there, at the bottom of the lake with a smile on her face, the shadows of the statues the only thing keeping her even slightly sane for the time being.

She would try her best to keep her promise to Naruto, even slightly.

"Children, please! Don't touch that Naruto, its fragile!" the white haired man exclaimed, rubbing his masked cheek as the blond was pulled away from one of the statues.

"It's not my fault sensei! It was the bastard, he pushed me!"

"Hn, idiot." And with that, the blond hit the water, sputtering as he waded through the weeds, his feet tangling and dragging him under briefly.

Dead jade eyes gazed upwards unseeingly, her form shifting with every movement the water made.

Her body had finally failed her like she so wished, letting her tortured soul go free from her form, just when a speck of hope was due to appear on the horizon.

She'd never know it though.

Her body was dead, her mind broken and lonely, and her actions condemned her to a place where she'll never see the light of day or gaze at the faces of the ones she loved so dearly again.

"OH MY GOD, SENSEI! THERE'S A BODY IN THE LAKE!" the blond screamed as he resurfaced, struggling away from the pink haired woman's limp form in horror.

And she still had a smile on her face, because she always kept her promises.

"Promise me you'll make the most of this gift Sakura-chan, that you'll be happy and smiling when we meet again?"

"...I promise, Naruto."

END
Mistakes in the Past (Madara/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

He'd ruined her once, driven her to do the unthinkable...he wasn't going to just throw this second chance away.

He was in shock upon discovering the crumpled form in his house.
Suspicious when he saw the feminine clothes.
And awestruck when the pink head of hair was revealed.
"S-Sakura..."

---

He'd forced this onto her with no regret, no care for her feelings, demanding her hand in exchange for 'peace' between the alliance and his army.

He had no problem with ruining her in the beginning, denying her requests and mocking her attempts at escaping.

He mocked, taunted and tainted her once innocent mind, twisting her until she wasn't even a shadow of her former self.

He wasn't supposed to care for her though, he wasn't supposed to come to love her.

By the time he realized his feelings though, it was too late.

The damage was already done.

---

He wasn't going to lose her again, not this time. He kept his distance, hid himself when she wandered his home, interacting with the staff.
But he always watched.

His hopeful eyes never leaving her familiar form, going as far as to ignore council briefings and war summits to keep an eye on her.

She wasn't leaving him this time, she wasn't going to die.

Slowly, so slowly that it hurt sometimes, he introduced himself again, and a nod in the hallway turned to a wave and smile.

A short greeting turned into a small conversation, which in turn, turned into tea being shared in the afternoons.

He was slowly but surely winning her over again, he wasn't about to make the same mistakes twice.
He wouldn't leave her alone to die, he wouldn't give her the chance to love another and he wouldn't let that anyone whisper doubts in her ear.

Not this time.

"Madara-kun, I have to ask…do I know you from somewhere?" had passed her soft, tempting lips one day as they shared a meal, her head tilting cutely to the side in confusion as her eyes locked with his.

---

A hanging figure flashed across his mind, limp pink hair mercifully hiding wide bloodshot eyes as her feet dangled above the floor.

She'd done it in his office, right in front of the window he loved to gaze out of.

She did it to spite him, to taunt him as he did her.

That was the first time he'd ever broken down and cried, the thud of her body hitting the wall behind her a perverse background noise to his sobs.

He'd never be rid of that sound.

---

"No Sakura-chan, I don't believe we've met prior to your arrival. Maybe you're confusing me with someone else..." She wasn't though, she subconsciously knew just how evil he was, having fought against him just prior to her arrival.

Red eyes clashed against green as his chakra flared subtly, his sharingan spinning to life as her eyes glazed and cleared in a fraction of a second.

A sheepish smile came to her face as she let out a light laugh, a laugh he loved so dearly.

"You're right Madara-kun, I'm just being silly."

He loved her so much...

---

He stood before the cherry tree, the flowers dark as the sun sank in the distance.

He'd give anything for another chance, anything for just one more moment with her.

Longingly running his fingers over the carving in the wood, Madara closed his eyes tightly before turning away, his long hair trailing behind him as he made his way back towards the silent house.

He was a monster, he destroyed everything he loved.

But he just wanted one more moment with her, one more chance to apologize.

---

"Sakura?" he questioned later that week as they sat out underneath the stars, the warm air ruffling their hair as she lazily played with a few scattered flowers.
"Hmmm?"

"I'm sorry...I'm so god damn sorry...."

"Madara? Madara, what's wrong? Why are you crying?"

"I'm so sorry...for everything."

"Please tell me what's wrong, you're scaring me..."

He reached over and pulled her startled form against himself, his face sinking into her shoulder as he continued sobbing quietly, his guilt increasing with every soothing word she whispered into his ear as her hand stroked his hair.

He'd never tell her why he broke down that day, just like he'd never tell her why he fired all of the staff.

Or why men in masks always tried to break into the house, why she felt sad whenever she saw something orange and yellow. He didn't even tell her why he burned down his office and half of the building three months later.

He really was a monster, but he'd shelter her innocence for as long as he could, just like he failed to do last time.

"Hey Madara-kun, who's that pink haired woman outside near the cherry tree?...Huh, we look very similar, maybe she's a cousin of mine? I should go and talk to her!"

Red eyes snapped open in terror as Sakura made her way outside quickly, her happy smile haunting him as he turned his gaze to the tree slowly, horrified at what he might see.

Nothing.

He caught the pinkette's arm, pulling her back inside as he glared at the barren tree.

No pink haired shadow of his past was standing there.

No glazed over eyes or limp hair taunting him with its lifelessness.

There was nothing near the tree.

"Madara? I want to introduce myself, it'd be rude not to."

Nothing but an innocent rope dangling playfully from one of the higher branches, taunting him as it slowly waved back and forth in the breeze, the noose at the end tapping against the trunk with a very familiar:

*Thud.*

*Thud.*

*Thud.*
Chapter Summary

As much as Zetsu tried to hide his innocent twin from the world, things never went according to plan. He knew that if some of his...less savoury friends were to meet his sister, things would only go downhill for her...and for them.

As much as Zetsu tried to hide his innocent twin from the world, things never went according to plan. He knew that if some of his...less savory friends were to meet his sister, things would only go downhill for her.

And for them.

Because if they so much as laid one finger on her it'd be the last thing they'd ever fucking do!

Yes, he'd been accused of having a slight 'sister complex' before, and no, he didn't care.

---

**Sasori**

*Little doll*

A doll, that's what she looked like.

Her soft coloring, her like for conservative, delicate clothing, her pale porcelain skin...

She was perfect.

He'd taken to sketching her in the mornings while waiting for class to begin, his seat having the perfect view into her classroom window.

She always looked so soft and fragile, gazing out of the window with a tiny smile on her face, the light making her glow softly whether it be raining or sunny.

She looked exquisite, especially when her emerald eyes would lock with his, her smile growing just a little as she would give him a silent 'good morning'.

She was his muse and she didn't even know it.

---

**Kisame**

*Cotton candy*
It had started with him wandering past the gym during his free class. (Not that he'd cared, he'd have skipped it anyway.)

The faint taunts reaching his ears and catching his attention, making him gaze in through the raised window of the building.

Of the advantages of being tall.

She was just sitting off to the side, her turn obviously being next, random calls being directed her way.

'Freak'

'Weirdo'

'Loner'

Oh, he knew those words, he knew them all too well.

He'd listened to the same things before he cracked, beating his 'bullies' to within an inch of their life, getting expelled for doing so in the process.

And now it was happening to this girl? This Innocent looking thing who hadn't done anything other than look different…

He'd stayed behind the building until after class had finished, his fists aching by the time he'd dealt with the last one.

No one deserved to be picked on for something like that.

Especially such a vulnerable looking girl.

He made sure to be outside the gym whenever her class was entering, his eyes always locking with hers as she'd give him a smile, her pink hair clashing with his blue as they passed each other.

---

Hidan

'Rejection'

He'd seen her standing at the bus stop alone one day and decided to try his luck, he had time for a quickie before they had to leave, so why not?

The quiet ones were always the wildest after all!

But then a well-known 'friend' of his had strolled past, her hips swinging suggestively as she stole his attention from the girl.

He'd completely forgotten about her until the next morning when the same thing happened, repeating day after day until he didn't even bother contemplating hitting on her, his attention on her instead of the opportunity for sex.

He'd never actually thought of a woman without linking sex to the thought, it was odd.
But he couldn't say he hated the small smile she'd give him each time they saw each other there.

---

**Itachi**

'Silence'

He'd noticed her, how could he not?

They took the same bus to the library, they sat in the same isle, and they even browsed the same section.

Her soft pink hair and pastel coloured clothes always contrasted fiercely against the harsh, loud background that was Konoha.

She looked so soft, so out of place and in need of protection from the harsh reality that lay outside the solid wood doors of their little sanctuary.

So he did his best to silently help her out.

Glaring at the perverted men who were looking at her with interest. (Her vulnerable image seemed to draw them in from miles away.)

He'd lower the books she was interested in, moving them to a shelf she could reach, bothering the irritated librarian who seemed to seethe at him whenever he walked through the door.

And he'd leave his umbrella near her desk if it looked like it would rain. She never brought hers, and he didn't want her getting sick and falling behind on whatever it was that kept her busy.

She just drew him in, gave him something to protect since his little brother seemed to be pitting himself against him lately.

---

**Kakuzu**

'Fast cash'

He'd been looking for an easy target they day they'd run into each other, his hands just itching to snatch her bag as she wandered past, her defenseless looking form swaying softly to a song only she could hear.

She was the perfect target.

But he just couldn't bring himself to do it.

He'd done so much worse to so many women before, snatching rings and jewellery without a care, without a backwards glance.

But he just couldn't bring himself ruin the image she created, the animated smile on her face wasn't something he was interested in taking away.
She given him a small smile as she passed, mostly out of courtesy than anything else, but it still left him with a strange feeling.

She walked past his little hideout at least once a day now, and his eyes always locked onto her now familiar form, just to make sure no one had taken away the smile she always gave him.

He didn't even know why he cared.

But he did, and that was all that mattered.

---

**Obito**

'Sweet girl'

She was always so kind to him, leaving him candy every morning before class.

It's started at the beginning of the year when they'd been assigned new lockers, and his just happened to be above hers.

He'd always let her go first, she never took long so it didn't bother him in the least. The first time it'd happened he'd been confused at how it came to be in his locker, having thought he'd remember if he'd left a sweet in there.

But the next day he'd caught her as she'd lifted her hand and dropped the treat into the vent of his locker, her eyes catching his as she turned to walk to class, his heart skipping a beat as she didn't flinch away from his face.

He knew his scars were scary, his eye patch didn't help either.

But she'd just smiled at him without a care, repeating the same routine every morning without fault.

He was a morning person now, he needed to be on time to see her smile.

---

**Pein**

'Innocent eyes'

He'd accidentally locked eyes with her in the hall.

And that one passing glance and smile had left him breathless.

Her eyes were so clear and bright, putting even the brightest of gems to shame.

He hadn't known such innocence still existed in this world…

He saw her around the school from time to time, and she'd always look the same.

So innocent.
So vulnerable.

So kind.

She'd always give him a smile, no matter how pissed off he knew he looked, her eyes would always lock with his and not look away like everyone else.

She actually looked at him and saw him.

She didn't see a monster, she saw a human being, he could tell by the way she never flinched or ducked out of his path.

---

**Deidara**

'*Explosive’*

He'd never seen anyone explode so unexpectedly before.

She hadn't looked like much, little more than a wisp of a girl. But when that idiot Kabuto had started harassing the poor Huuga girl again she'd snapped.

Her small fist had broken the boys' nose, her tiny form towering over his as he knelt on the ground.

Being the king guy that he was, Deidara had made his way over and dealt with the punk properly of course, the small pastel haired girl shaking her now sore hand as he passed her.

She'd shot a grateful look in his direction as she'd made her way over to the younger girl, intent on comforting her.

He'd always been sure to sit between her and that pale haired freak from then on, her relieved look all he needed to know the man was bothering her.

He'd be sure to deal with that later on.

---

**Konan**

'*Paper flowers'*

She'd met the girl in an origami class, being the one assigned to show the newbies the ropes.

Her delicate hands had picked up the routine very quickly, her folds just as precise and accurate as they needed to be.

Konan had made it her goal to throw the girl off track, increasing the difficulty with every session, but the pinkette did nothing more than smile at her and blink those wide, beautiful eyes as her classmates stumbled around with their paper.

She'd made it a game, seeing exactly how many of those looks she could get from the pastel haired
girl, making sure to leave flowers by her desk before class.

She looked stunning with a paper rose behind her ear, the colour contrasting with her hair in a nice way.

Maybe she could organize a private session one day?

---

**Zetsu**

'Family'

He'd had no other choice today, he'd had to bring his sister along to the meeting with him.

Fate sure did have a way of messing up his carefully laid plans.

The second they'd walked through the doors and into the club room, all eyes had locked onto his sisters' form, instinctively making him move slightly in front of her.

"This is my twin Sakura, if you even think about touching her I'll fucking kill you, understand?"

The blank looks he received in response told him that, no, his message had not gotten across appropriately.

"Hello everyone, it's nice to meet you. Thank you for letting me sit in on your meeting today."

The closed eye smile she'd given had made the tension in the room thicken, her face turning confused as they all looked at her intently.

"…Zetsu? What's going on with your friends, are they okay?"
AU-Detective Tobirama Senju had been tasked with the capture of the Uzumaki's own 'Debt collector' Sakura Haruno, who'd slipped past him too many times to count. This time would be different though, he wouldn't let her escape again.

He'd tracked her to this run down little bar thanks to his informants' information.

Miss Sakura Haruno.

A 'Debt collector' for the Uzumaki Empire.

He'd known the Uzumaki boy before his turn for the worst, before his parents were murdered and left for the teen to find. He'd gone downhill from there, dragging his friends along for the ride, building what was now one of the deadliest gangs around.

Topped only by the Uchiha's and the Akatsuki.

He'd had run in's with the spitfire of a pinkette before, each one resulting in the same thing. Him frozen in place with her walking calmly out the door, leaving him to watch her back as she disappeared from sight.

Tobirama had sworn to catch her, taking her nonchalance as a personal insult to himself and his team.

She wouldn't get by him again.

Apparently she'd been hauled up in this grimy building for the past week, something having gone down between her and the Uchiha leader that required her to disappear for a while.

As much as Tobirama despised the girl, he couldn't help but respect her. She was vicious, focused and knew how to get a job done quickly and quietly.

Her body count showed it.

Making his way to the door and slipping past the entrance, he was glad he'd dressed to fit in.

If he'd arrived in anything but his jeans and old button up, he was sure he'd have been jumped the second they saw him.

Spotting that oh so familiar head of hair towards one of the darker corners of the room, he walked over to the bar and ordered a drink, taking the random beverage and sipping at it all while focusing on her and the man she was sitting across from.

The booth she was in hid her from view, the only way he knew it was her being the top of her head.

Pink hair didn't equal inconspicuous after all.

Whoever it was with her had obviously brought bad news, his form tense as she slapped her open
palm onto the table, pointing at him threateningly.

If he didn't get her tonight, that guy would probably be next on her hit list.

As the man hurriedly got up and made his way out of the bar, Tobirama took his chance and placed his now empty drink back onto the bar before standing and making his way in her direction.

If he could box her in he'd have a chance of getting out without flashing his badge and alerting the others.

That would sure go over well.

He hated places like this.

Coming to a stop at the edge of her table, his eyes locked with hers, her head resting in the palm of her hand as she propped an elbow onto the hard wood.

"Tobirama Senju. It's been awhile, hasn't it? Please have a seat, I've been expecting you." She motioned to the spot next to her, completely ignoring the seat across the table.

"Haruno." He stated, his face remaining stoic as he slowly sat, eyeing her hands as she held them out before her in a peaceful manner. "No tricks up your sleeve today?"

"Nope, I just couldn't resist seeing your pretty face, I even had your little informant tip you off…" she stated, leaning back as he turned himself towards her, his eyes gazing around the bar steadily before resting on her again.

"Informant?" Damn it, there went another one.

"Miss Hinata Hyuuga. Please do try to keep up, I'll try to talk a little slower if you want."

Screw it, he'd had enough of this already.

He quickly reached to his pocked and pulled out his hand cuffs, his face stern as he glowered at her minutely. "Sakura Haruno, you're under-"

"Nu-uh Senju." She interrupted, leaning forward and moving to kneel on the leather seat, her nose brushing his as she caught his wrists, her thumbs pressing into them until he dropped the cuffs. "Not today. You see, I invited you here because I have a little problem, and I need your help taking care of it."

Damn her, she knew he couldn't make a scene.

"What would you need my help with? Isn't little Uzumaki looking out for you anymore, trouble in paradise?" He really shouldn't have been taunting her, but she just got his nerves.

One of her hands released his, moving to his chest instead, lightly tracing circles as she looked at him coyly, her lips now brushing his as his face tinted pink.

"Oh, you don't really need to know, I'm sure you'll realize it soon enough. You're not that dense, pretty boy."

Her hand trailed lower, his body instinctively reacting as she giggled lightly, her mouth still hovering teasingly over his.

That's when she shuffled over and straddled him.
Her hand never left his as her legs lightly touched the outside of his own, her skirt riding up as she sat back slightly, her weight on his thighs and not that fraction higher he craved.

No, he didn't crave it.

He had some self-control.

"Haruno-"

Her lips locked with his, her hand moving from his navel to the crotch of his tight denim pants, lightly touching as her other hand left his. His own hands instinctively went to her hair and hips, his wide eyes closing as her head tilted to the side, her tongue tracing his bottom lip, encouraging him to respond.

Damn her.

His lips parted as he pushed forward, her hand pressing harder against him, stroking him threw his pants. Tracing her tongue with his own her moved his hand from her waist and gripped the table, trying to keep quiet as the sounds of the room around them faded.

Damn her to hell.

"Tobirama," she purred as she pulled back, her lips bruised and red as her chest heaved, her hand abandoning its rubbing and making him whimper faintly. "It was nice to see you again."

And with that the pinkette was standing, her hand waving at him as she made her way out the side door just feet from the table.

"Fuck!" He made to follow her, already flying in her direction, intent on finally apprehending the damn woman.

Only to be stopped by the handcuff chaining him to the table.

"FUCK!"

She'd gotten him again.

He'd never live this down.

Hands searching for the keys fruitlessly, he was interrupted by the front door being kicked in, a dark haired man storming to the bar, his red eye and eye patch making the Senju freeze in place.

An Uchiha.

"Where the hell is Sakura Haruno, I was told she'd be here."

Damn it.

She'd set him up.
Chapter Summary

Time-travel - She'd landed in his life unexpectedly, her odd manner and appearance both irritating and intriguing him.

He should have known something like this would happen.
It was all his fault.

---

She'd landed in his life unexpectedly, her odd appearance and manner both irritating and intriguing him.
She was so different from the women he knew, not soft and sheltered like so many were.
No, she was hardened and war-worn, her eyes still darkening sometimes as she remembered events he'd never be privy to. Her outspoken attitude something the Senju wasn't familiar with, often leaving him frustrated as he tried to figure her out. She never did tell him where she was from, and it was a constant question on his mind, but he knew her story was a terrible one, one filled with nothing but sadness and loss.

Her cries in the dead of night haunted him, and he wanted nothing more than to go in and hold her, to tell her that it was over, that she'd never have to face that again.

He'd tried once, but her lifeless response still left him with a heavy heart.
"It'll never be over."

---

He'd failed.
He'd let her slip away, He'd let this happen.

000
They'd become friendly over time, her irritating manner becoming endearing, and his stoic façade crumbling away piece by piece.

He could still remember her little gasp when he first smiled at her genuinely.

She'd even blushed a little.

---

It was all his fault…

---
They'd been out scouting when it happened, her tiny form colliding with his as the tree behind then blew up.

He hadn't known it then, but she'd been anticipating this, she'd been so tense over the last few days.

Her small body had flown into action, her movements deadly and precise as they struck down their attackers, hours passing as they never seemed to let up.

Back up hadn't arrived until the next morning.

He knew he shouldn't have insisted on going so far out of Konoha….

He'd only wanted a little time alone with the girl who'd caught his interest.

---

"Just hang on Haruno, they'll be here soon."

He hadn't noticed the blood on her shirt until too late, her weak form having already healed his now seemingly minor wounds.

The worn and wounded woman had idiotically healed him instead of herself, and neither of them had the energy to make it back for assistance.

"Liar, don't coddle me like a little girl, at least do me that favour."

Her words were tired, just like her appearance. Her head rested in his lap while he tried to calmly stroke her hair.

Tried being the keyword.

His hands wouldn't stop shaking.

He was just…exhausted.

"Fine them…You're an idiot. Why the HELL would you…do something like that."

He was just so damn tired, he could barely even keep his eyes open anymore.

Why? He hadn't lost that much blood…

"Hey now, Do you really want to say something like that at a time like this?"

Her voice was so steady, so even and relaxing.

He could almost forget she had a gaping wound on her side with no way to fix it.

"…No…not really…..Sakura. Please don't leave me…"

His eyes where closing on their own and he just didn't know why…He wasn't this tired a few minutes ago.

"Silly Tobi…"

He was just….

"I'll always be by your side…I promise."
How could she be so…confident…especially at a time like this…

"Sakura…"

He'd slipped off to sleep then, his hands still running through her soft pink locks as her peaceful face smiled up at him.

---

He'd woken to her cold pale form clutching to him, her icy skin against his palm, his hand still resting in her hair as she looked up at him, her eyes empty as she smiled.

He'd broken down and clutched her to himself, rocking back and forth while lashing out at the medic in the retrieval team as he tried to take her body for disposal.

He'd realize that she'd slipped him something days later, her last action to ease his pain.

Tobirama slept through her death as she watched him, looking up at his face, that smile he loved never leaving hers.

---

No…

Please…

….You promised….
Growing up (Zetsu/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

He'd first seen her as a child, then as a gennin, and once more when she destroyed his fellow Akatsuki member and his puppets.

He'd first stumbled upon her when she was a child, nothing more than a little slip of a girl. Short hair, watery eyes and a fringe like a sheepdog.

He would have left right then and there, gone back to his mission and forgotten all about her.

But he'd never seen pink hair before.

It was almost as odd as his green.

He'd just stayed in his hiding place, observing her for hours, not noticing the time slowly drift past until her mother came to collect her.

'Odd' had been his first thought, 'Quiet' had been his second.

The entire time she'd sat there, playing quietly in the grass by herself, she hadn't muttered one word, not even to the imaginary friend she obviously had.

He shook off his thoughts, intent on getting back to his mission.

He was already behind schedule because of that little brat.

---

She lived next to his target.

He didn't know whether to be surprised or murderous, but he'd settle for surprised since the latter was more his other half's business.

He watched her over the next month, her bright hair getting longer with every day that passed by, it was so distracting that he'd actually forgotten to report to his leader at the end of his time there.

His excuse sounded dull to even his own ears, but Pein-sama had just waved him off, handing him his next assignment.

He'd doubted he'd see her again after this, and he didn't really like the idea of being away from the bright girl.

Oh well, orders were orders.

He didn't have a choice.
Years had passed before he'd caught sight of that distantly familiar hair, her genin team travelling to wave on a mis-ranked mission.

Their sensei obviously didn't know he'd be facing the demon of the hidden mist, but Zetsu was sure he'd handle it.

He'd made sure to keep an eye on her though, he'd heard of what the demon considered 'fun', and it wasn't anything he wanted her to experience.

Scum like Zabuza Momochi lived off of the pain others felt, he thrived off of it. The tanned man would do anything to get a rise out of his opponent, so it was no wonder Zetsu felt the need to mask her chakra with his, hiding her presence when the fog rolled in.

Her sensei hadn't even noticed one of his genin 'disappear'.

Just how long had he been looking after these children, a day?

He'd stayed with them until Zabuza was dealt with, intent on protecting the pink haired girl from any unnecessary harm.

He didn't know why he'd done it, all he knew was that he didn't like the way her sensei seemingly forgot about her existence at the drop of a hat.

He also didn't like the way the little blond idiot sought her out at every turn, turning her pretty smile into a frown.

**The little shit would pay one day.**

---

He'd taken to watching her train with the Hokage in between his missions, her growing body dredging up uncomfortable feelings that he didn't have a name for.

But watching her budding bosom slowly fill out her shirt, her supple thighs glisten from under her new shorts, her recently cut hair blow in the wind...

He didn't know what this feeling was, **but he liked it.**

---

She'd killed one of his teammates.

Crushed the red heads beating heart.

Destroyed the base and turned it to rubble as he just stood by and watched.

He wasn't going to interfere, he didn't want to do anything to scare her away.
Not when he finally had his chance.

His chance to **take her**.

His chance to have her to **himself**.

His chance to love her.

Care for her.

Keep her away from anyone that might try and take her from him again.

Flicking his senbon just as the old woman collapsed, he watched as the toxin covered needle pierced her skin, her sharp yell fading quickly as he walked over and picked her up, cradling her to him as he touched her soft hair.

She was his now, and **he didn't share**.
Obliviousness (Shisui/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

(Non-mass) In which Shisui is nervous and Sakura is oblivious.

"Shisui, are you ready yet?" Sakura called from the front door, her face irritated as another loud bang echoed throughout the man's apartment.

He was always waiting until the last minute when it came to visiting Sasuke's family.

She understood that he wasn't too fond of Sasuke's treatment of her in their early years as a team, but her teammate had gotten over that and they were pretty close now.

Seriously, Shisui could hold a grudge.

"Okay, I'm all ready to go Sakura-chan! Sorry about that, I just couldn't find the damn…Ah, never mind." He mumbled as he came down the stairs, pulling his shoes on and locking the door as she moved to wait outside.

"It's okay, but we'll be late if we don't get moving!" the pinkette teased, her face blushing slightly as she took in his dressed up form.

Her boyfriend could clean up nicely…

Not that he wasn't attractive any other time, he just looked good in formal clothes. And the way he was eyeing her new red dress told her he was going down a similar train of thoughts.

"You look beautiful tonight Sakura, absolutely breathtakingly beautiful…" he announced as they started walking, his hand finding hers, their fingers locking as they made their way down the almost empty streets. Blushing again and looking to him with a smile, she giggled slightly and nudged him teasingly, only to feel something strange in his pocket.

"Huh? What's that?" she asked, looking to the small package that peaked out of his shallow pocket.

Shisui froze for a moment before laughing and brushing her question off, the curious girl just shrugging and going along with it. He'd tell her later, it was probably just a present for his favorite aunt Mikoto.

"Hey Sakura…how…how would you feel about…" He trailed off, his face going red before he stopped himself, biting his bottom lip and looking away as she squeezed his hand a little tighter.

"God damn it…"

What was with him today? He'd been acting strange ever since he and Itachi went to buy supplies this morning.

"What is it Shisui? You know you can tell me anything." She prodded, her face turning slightly worried as he silently swore to himself, muttering under his breath as he looked down at her, his eyes flickering between their usual dark colour and the bright red of the sharingan in nervousness.
It was a bad habit of his, but it was the only way she could really tell when something was bothering him.

"...Look at me, standing here with the girl of my dreams, and I'm not even brave enough to..."

"To what? Shisui, you're the bravest man I've ever met, don't put yourself down like that. You can tell me later if it's bothering you too much right now, I don't mind." She smiled at him, nudging him with her hip again as they turned another corner, Shisui silently moving the small box to his other pocket when she hit it again.

"I love you Sakura-chan, from the bottom of my heart." He whispered as they neared the compound.

"I love you too Shisui, now, let's go and get this over with, I haven't seen Sasuke much lately, it'll be nice to talk to him again!" her boyfriend just scowled slightly and moved his hand from hers, wrapping his arm around her waist as they got closer.

"Sakura...I need to talk to Itachi real quick once we get inside, is that okay?" He asked as the got to the door, him knocking as she looked to him curiously.

"You don't need to ask me Shisui, I'll be fine with Mikoto and Sasuke."

Speaking of the woman, Mikoto opened the door before them, her face flushing with happiness as she eyes them both, her eyes lingering slightly longer on Shisui as she raised a brow in question. All her boyfriend did was sheepishly look away and clutch the pinkette closer, subtly patting his left pocket as the woman giggled to herself.

The pinkette just watched on from the side as the two continued to have a silent conversation.

It was okay though, he'd tell her what was going on sooner or later.

"Alright, come inside you two, tonight's a big night after all and we can't have either of you getting sick!"
(Slightly dark drabble) She was such a pretty doll, and all his. Anyone who though otherwise was in for a rude awakening.

He'd gazed at perfection that day in the cave.
Her eyes, her skin, her hair.
Her fire.
It was perfect- She was perfect.

She was something he had to have, something he couldn't live without now that he'd seen her.

It was quite easy to fake his death and even easier to follow after her, her pink hair a beacon for his attention. The village was pitiful, the dirt and ragged looking citizens dirtying her with their mere presence.

So he'd fixed it, he'd chased off or disposed of those who insisted on interacting with his doll.

He couldn't have them trying to ruin her.

Her home was unfit for one of her stature, the people who shared it with her, her 'parents', completely unworthy of her attention.

So he'd fixed that too, he'd gotten rid of them and made her life easier, her new home more fitting to his tastes with its soft colours and secluded location. He'd picked it out personally and had the owners …'give' it to her, fully furnished of course.

Nothing but the best for his doll.

She looked lovely sleeping in the bed he'd so painstakingly made for her, her hair sprawled out around her head like a halo as the moonlight glistened off her bare skin. Her short night clothes were the centre of more than one of his fantasies lately which didn't really make sense to him considering he'd left that part of his life behind years ago.

He'd catch himself touching her while she lay down, his hands hovering over her legs, her stomach and chest, sometimes even her lips.

Her soft soft lips that he'd love to see wrapped around his-

No, he wouldn't dirty his doll. She needed to stay perfect.

He'd disposed of her blond haired friend, the one who always insisted on taking her out drinking and dating. His doll wasn't allowed to date though, so he'd made an example of her latest interest.

His hatred for those who sought to sully her grew, and so did his obsession with her.
Every night his hands would wander a little further, touch a little more. Soon he even started undoing her shirts, lifting them up so he could feel her creamy skin properly.

It was alright though, he knew not to sully his doll, and he knew how to handle her with care.

Unlike those boys who didn't come near her anymore.

They considered her cursed, called her a monster because anyone who became close with her went missing.

She'd even been taken away and questioned for a few days.

He'd thrown a fit, destroying half of the hospital's patients in retaliation.

She wasn't taken away again.

Nor was she sent on missions.

She was all his to do with as he pleased.

His pretty little doll, so full of fire and life.
What are Friends For? (Itachi/Sakura/Deidara)

Chapter Summary

(X-Men Crossover) They'd grown up together, they were best friends. They'd go to hell and back for each other, not giving a second thought to what other people may think.

ItaSakuDei

Mutations:

Saku- Can heal anyone from ANY injury as long as she maintains physical contact with them for the duration.

Dei- Can convert solid objects into explosive matter.

Ita- Can trap people in illusions with eye contact. Length they're trapped depends on how close he is to them.

They'd known each other since they were kids, having grown up in the same small town.

Itachi was the first to develop his power, an unfortunate accident with his overbearing father pushing the teen over his limit.

His father had been trapped in his own mind ever since, and Sakura had only just been able to cheer up her older friend.

Deidara had been the second to develop, his love of explosions and the like should have probably tipped them off to what he'd gain.

He'd turned an entire school desk into C4 and blown the room, getting expelled shortly afterwards. He'd found a good job though, so Sakura didn't have to worry too much.

He still enjoyed his power a little too much, but they could live with it.

She was the youngest and therefore last to develop her power.

It was probably for the best though, considering the backlash the came when people found out. On a average Sunday when Deidara was being his usual explosion loving self and converting everything he touched to C4, Itachi had been hit by a car.

Not just any car though, it was his mutant hating neighbors car.

The old man had deliberately swerved and clipped the 21 year old, his red car continuing down the road as his echoing laughter rang out.

She'd instantly made for her fallen friend, an equally worried and irritated Deidara refusing to leave her side as she held the fallen man.
He'd wanted to go after the car, she'd anted to look after Itachi.

That's when her hands started tingling.

The bruises on his face had faded slightly before she'd pulled back.

They'd returned to their dark colour until Deidara grabbed both of her hands and forced her to touch the form before her, his body healing the longer she held on.

Within 3 minutes he was fine and she could take her hands away without him going back to his injured state.

They'd found out her power that day, but so had someone else.

---

They'd been taunted and forced out of town soon afterwards, Itachi being 21 had given them some form of freedom. Deidara was 20 and Sakura only 19, but they got by, renting a small house and sharing it between the three of them.

They lived happily until someone noticed Deidara blowing things up near their house.

Itachi had put three men into comas and Sakura was forced to heal her blond friend due to his beaten state.

The three had moved again soon after, but the same pattern seemed to keep repeating.

They'd find a place, get comfortable and start to build a life, and then someone would find out just how different they were.

Be it someone noticing Itachi's strange eye colour, Sakura's unnatural hair or Deidara's like for making things go boom.

Someone ALWAYS noticed.

And then they were chased out of town.

---

They'd all become very close over the years, Itachi and Deidara both admitting to liking the pinkette at one stage or another. They'd worked with it though, deciding to share her attentions if she were interested and not compete for them, they depended on each other too much to put a wedge like that in their group.

She was oblivious though, but they didn't mind, her knowing the deal they'd made would get awkward.

Well, more so than it already was.

But they protected her, sheltered her as much as they could, and made sure she was happy.

It wasn't hard to do, and she was very happy just being with them.
But…she seemed to attract people.

Bad people.

And they didn't know why until Itachi's power mutated and he suddenly found a way to gain information from the creeps that seemed to show up everywhere.

He never told them how he got the information, but the hard look on his face stopped them from questioning him further.

---

They were being hunted.

By the government.

For their powers.

They'd all heard tales about what happened in those 'research centers' and it wasn't pretty.

No, they'd rather die than be subjected to that.

Deidara had fought tooth and nail the first time the men in black suits showed up, Itachi having to drag him away as they hotwired another car, leaving town the second it started.

---

They'd had their first near capture three attacks after, Deidara having been shot seven times before Itachi had everyone on the ground and out cold.

Those men had never woken up, but they didn't mind anymore.

It was the trio or them, and they didn't want to go to one of those…horror houses.

Immediately after Deidara hit the ground, his breathing had stopped, his heart soon after. Sakura had clung to him, sobbing as Itachi tried to pull her away. Then the form she was sprawled on gasped to life, crying out in pain as his wounds forced the bullets out, healing soon after.

They didn't need to worry about losing each other anymore though.

As long as Sakura could get to either of them, everything would be okay.

---

Things continued on this way for months before their first encounter with that jet and its inhabitants.

The...spandex wearing people and their leader.

The woman who could control weather, the red head who could read their minds and control things. The blue man who could pop up anywhere, the one who shot lasers out of his eyes…
The girl who could Phase through everything…

The Big man who could make knives out of his hands and heal.

They were always getting in their way.

Especially that wheelchair bound telepath.

He was always sticking his nose where it didn’t belong, scolding their actions and trying to convince them that he owned a safe place.

'Safe place' alright, they wouldn't be taken in by some speech about peace and equality, they knew exactly what humans were like, how they could treat others.

It was disgusting.

Itachi and Deidara would never take Sakura to a place like that, they would rather fight than cower in a corner and let people walk all over them.

They'd fought and clawed their way to this freedom and relative safety.

And they wouldn't give it up to some would be superheroes.

They'd battled them all multiple times by now, fighting and destroying everything they needed to, Sakura healing them at every turn as they tried to get away from their now annoying stalkers.

Every meeting ended in a fight, and it was mostly Deidara's antagonizing that started them, but that was okay.

They'd grown up with him and knew he was only doing it to keep them safe.

The trio had done everything to keep safe and alive, they'd fought, killed and manipulated, all to stay free and alive.

Only to be punished for it by these people.

So when the metal controlling man offered a solution, they decided to go for it.

If it got rid of these annoyances and let them go back to their semi-normal lives, why the hell not?

All they needed to do was band together with him for this short period of time.

Then maybe, just maybe, they could get an apartment and start over again. Move out of that old truck they'd hijacked and find somewhere stable to live.

They were called villains, terrorists and the scum of existence by many, but did those people realize how this had started?

What these three had been forced to do to survive?
They'd fought over her since the moment she transferred into their art class, the pinkette having been seated between them in every lesson. They silently thanked their Sensei for feeling the need to split them up, because without her, they'd have never gotten to know the little spitfire.

She was always so happy and smiling, laughing at their jokes, complimenting their work and discussing topics with whoever would listen.

They didn't know why she had been brought into their lives, but they'd always be thankful that she had.

They didn't know what would have become of themselves without her to brighten their days.

The moment they'd both looked at each other from over her pink head, they knew it was war.

Who could catch her attention, who could hold it, who could make her laugh more, smile brighter, draw or sculpt her and get her to blush.

But she never played favorites, and that was the only reason their friendship had lasted this long.

Sure, they shared a mutual love for art, even if they did have differing opinions, but they'd always been at each other's throats over one thing or another.

They banded together though and survived school, dealing with any issues that came up together.

Like when their beloved pinkette got a new admirer.

Or she had a problem with someone.

Or just a general issue.

They loved her.

They would fight for her.

Even against each other.

In the end, one would win her love.

And all they could individually do was hope it was them.

"Sasori-kun, Deidara-kun, we're going to be late for class, hurry up!" Trailing behind her with a smile and smirk, the two looked at each other, their eyes clashing as they sped up their paces, eager to get to her side.

"Coming brat?"
"Shut up Sasori, un."
Sighing and looking over the field to the lounging pinkette, Sasori pulled out his sketch book, intent on capturing her perfection.

She was the perfect model, always staying still when she noticed him working, just knowing that he'd chosen to draw her and not the scenery.

She was his muse, and if his partners frantic sculpting was anything to go by, she was his as well. His inferior art took up too much room when traveling, but after he'd noticed the still life sculptures of the blossom before them, he'd stopped bringing it up.

When she'd first come to them, cloaked in black and red, he'd sworn he'd felt himself drool a little.

Which was preposterous really, he didn't have saliva anymore.

But just the thought of her sitting regally across from their leader, hair pinned up delicately as she sipped at her tea had him feeling human again.

And Deidara had stuttered out his agreement, making a complete fool of himself before their new teammate.

He and the blond brat never got along, hell, they could only stomach each other on a good day. But the second she'd made her way into their lives with her soft looks and explosive temper, they found something to agree on.

Her.

Her in all her magnificence.

She was delicate, beautiful and graceful to watch go about the most mundane of things, and Sasori loved that about her.

And his partner just happened to be fond of her outbursts, her loud and explosive nature.

She was the embodiment of their art, the driving force behind their actions and reactions.

She was a force of nature.

Sakura Haruno was the glue that held their crumbling partnership together, and they'd have it no other way.
(AU- UchihaSaku) Her father was the one to make that stupid bet, and now she was the one to pay the price.

Her no good, Idiot of a father had bet away his life's savings, adding HER to the mix when things got desperate.

He'd lost that one too.

And now she, Sakura Haruno, medical prodigy and apprentice of Tsunade, worked for criminals.

Not just any old criminals either. Oh no, she worked for the Yakuza.

The Uchiha's to be more specific.

The hierarchy of the Uchiha was well known in their business. You had to know who to talk to and when if you wanted to survive another day.

Sakura Haruno had learned this very quickly, being as bright as she was.

She had to personally speak with the top dogs herself, and she'd already deduced just who to talk to about what, and what time of day they were most agreeable.

If she was going to be stuck here, she'd make it worthwhile.

(Madara)

If she had an issue with another member of their family, or someone was causing her trouble, Madara was the man to talk too.

He'd personally deal with anything that came up, not tolerating the disrespect they gave to him or his trusted inner circle.

She didn't asked why she never saw them again.

Some things she could live without knowing.

But she'd only come to him for help in the late afternoon, after all his meetings and 'business dealings' were over and done with. He was always wound up in the mornings, and if he happened to be around others, he'd turn her away, asserting his nature to the others.

She'd always have to find him when he was alone, his need to prove himself was maddening sometimes.
(Izuna)

When she needed new medical supplies, or even just a new shirt, Izuna was the one to turn to. He never turned her away, always helping her where he could, making sure she was comfortable with them. He always got what she asked for without question, never even uttering his confusion at some of the items she listed.

She never questioned the filed off serial numbers and logos on her medical supplies.

She didn't want to admit they were stolen and tarnish his kind image.

He was a kind man, but she only ever approached him between nine in the morning and six in the evening. He needed time to himself after all, and she knew he liked to go to bed early.

He deserved it for putting up with his annoyance of an older brother.

(Obito)

If she needed to know who her next set of patients would be and where to find them, Obito was a god sent miracle.

He always knew where everyone was, his job always on the forefront of his mind. He didn't show it though, his goofy and out there personality often tricking her into a false sense of security.

Then she'd remember that she had to heal him every night, his cuts and bruises verifying just how dangerous he really was.

Her healing daily sessions and check-ups were the only time she could ask him, otherwise he was out the door working, his eye patch and mask firmly in place.

She'd never seen anyone walk upright with a stab wound to the gut…his 'Tobi' persona did little to settle her mind during those times.

(Shisui)

She'd learned the hard way not to talk to Shisui after 1pm, the man had talked her into assisting him with his meetings and paperwork, taking up her entire week before Madara caught wind of his actions.

She still didn't know how the man had done it.

She came to him when her funding was running low, and he always helped her out, making the deposits and arrangements for her without asking for anything in return.

As long as she got to him before he found out his schedule for the day at exactly 12:59pm.

He could talk a man into happily giving over his last dollar, life insurance and possessions in a ten minute time frame.

She knew, Madara kept a public record for this type of thing.
(Itachi)

He helped her with random odds and ends, being generally good at everything he tried. She was somewhat envious of him for that talent, but she kept that to herself.

So what if she got lost all the time and looked to him, he didn't mind.

He was always willing to assist her, and she could turn to him at any time, his personality not changing throughout the day.

It was actually somewhat daunting the first few times she'd had to ask, his reserved and stoic behavior making her wary of him.

Now the stability was comforting.

(Sasuke)

She turned to her childhood friend for protection while outside their compound, having him escort her here or there while she sometimes went about her daily life.

He was free from 10am until 6pm with a bit of…violent persuasion.

He still remembered the beatings she'd give before her temper had evened out in their teens.

But if she needed him, he'd be there.

You'd be surprised at how many rival families were looking to 'get rid of her' and gain a slight upper hand.

She was very grateful for his help.

---

All in all, she'd survived.

It had taken awhile, but she'd learned, she'd studied and she'd adapted.

She didn't want to admit it, but she was coming to love this job.

It was so different and exciting compared to her old 9-5, barely paid enough, drive you to the ground career. She'd always heard about the bombings, murders and bribery that ran rancid in this business like structure the Uchiha's ran…

And she was experiencing it all first hand.

No thanks to her drunken idiot of a father.
(AU MadaSakuTobi) She may have just married into the family, but she was just as cunning and cut-throat as her husband, using everything she could to her advantage. The poor Senju was wrapped around her fingers the second she'd caught sight of him, his uniformed body drawing her scowl. Nobody was messing with her family.

She'd noticed the pale haired man the second he'd stepped foot into their compound.

Her husband had warned her about him before, always sniffing around and putting his nose where it didn't belong, trying to dig up dirt on her family.

That couldn't happen.

"Please, do come in, it's too hot to be outside today." She chimed, her voice as soft as she could make it, her sundress hugging her form as she stepped back and let him into the house. Her eyes followed his every movement, his every action as he scoped the place out, obviously having dismissed her already. "How can I help you today officer?"

His uniformed body turned to her, his face stoic as he continued scanning the entrance way for something.

She'd have to ask Madara what he was after later.

"Just a routine check up on the family here ma'am, parole meetings and such for a few of your members." His voice was smooth and deep, the faint red in his eyes highlighted by his white hair. "Have there been any problems with anyone? No outbursts?"

Parole meetings her ass, they had that guy on their payroll already.

Why was he really here?

"Oh no officer, nothing of the sort. They're all so kind to me, and I've never heard of any outbursts..." she trailed off, motioning to the living room as she led the way to the couches. "Please, have a seat. Would you like a drink, tea perhaps?"

"No thank you Ma'am, I'm fine." He replied, sitting stiffly on the dark chair, her small from across from him as she watched him take in the area again.

What are you looking for?

Smiling at him softly and leaning forward, Sakura let the front of her dress dip down, her cleavage faintly showing. "Something seems to be troubling you sir, is something the matter?"

His pale face remained stoic, but she noticed the faint tint to his cheeks, her tongue darting out to wet her lips as she sat back again, her long legs crossing as his eyes dropped to them, her dress shifting up slightly as she did so.
He swallowed faintly, his eyes darting away.

"No…nothing is wrong, I've just heard a few things about this place from the other officers…"

Ah, so that's how he was going to play it.

"Things?"

"People going missing, women and children showing up at the ER with bruising and cuts…Ma'am, if anything like that is happening here, we're always here to help you."

The poor dear, he really was trying hard.

Biting her bottom lip and looking away shyly, the pinkette hugged her hands to her chest as he focused on her sharply, obviously having been taught this kind of body language before.

Battered women always held a soft spot in the Senju clan, it seemed he was no different.

"I…I don't know what you're talking about…"

He stood slowly, closing the small space between them before kneeling before her, his hands tentatively staying to himself.

He was new to the whole comfort thing, wasn't he?

"Ma'am. You can tell me if anything is going on, I can help you."

"…Sakura."

"Excuse me?"

"My name…Ma'am makes me feel old." She let out a soft laugh, her breath hitching slightly as she fought to contain her smirk.

"Sakura-san…It's nice to meet you. I'm Tobirama Senju."

"Tobirama-kun. You're so kind, offering to help a stranger like me, it's okay though, and I'm fine."

He cautiously placed a hand on her knee, his other catching her folded hands as they lowered back into her lap.

"Ma-Sakura-san, you don't look like you believe that yourself, how can you expect me to believe it too?" His voice had softened, his hands gently touching her, as if to pull back the second she looked discomforted.

Hook, line and sinker.

Taking one of her hands from his, she slowly reached out and cupped his cheek, her face blushing darkly as the tint came back to his face.

She always had liked a man in uniform, it was one of the many reasons she'd gotten together with Madara in the first place.

Her hand trailed to his jaw, her thumb brushing his bottom lip as she leaned in closer, her breath mingling with his as his face twitched slightly.
Senju's, always so damn controlled.

"Tobirama-kun…I think I DO have a problem."

"W-what might that be?"

Her lips lightly brushed his as he closed his eyes, his head tilting as he leaned into her touch.

"There's an extremely attractive officer in my living room, and I want to do very naughty things with him. But my husband is going to walk through that door in less than 10 seconds, and he's not going to be very happy to see a police officer this close to me…"

Her lips met his briefly before she pulled back, her face smiling as he looked up at her through half-lidded eyes.

"You may want to return to your seat Tobirama-kun, you have 4 seconds now."
(AU MadaSakuTobi) Her 18th birthday was a turning point in their friendship, giving her a chance... a choice, one she wasn't ready to make.

She'd never really thought much about the attention they gave her, she just thought they were being their usual kind selves.

They always stopped by her little tea shop, chatting with her for hours about this and that, and whenever she had a problem with a customer, they'd deal with it for her.

They were so kind to her.

And she'd noticed that is was just her they were nice to, everyone else got a cold shoulder and stoic face.

She got a warm smile or smirk, a greeting and a conversation, even when they were busy.

It was just another everyday part of her life.

Nothing special.

That was, up until her 18th birthday.

That's when everything changed.

---

The day before she turned 18 Madara Uchiha had strolled into her shop, instantly stealing her attention from her other customers and claiming it for himself.

As he always did.

They'd conversed and informed each other about anything new that was happening.

As usual.

But then he'd asked her out to dinner.

He'd never done that before.

She'd agreed to go to dinner with her friend and he'd left, promising to pick her up from her home later that night.

She'd been so confused, uncertain of his intentions.

Then Tobirama had walked in, following the same pattern as the Uchiha.
Greeting, conversation and a request for dinner.

She'd almost teared up at the look in his eyes when she informed him of her previous plans, but he'd bounced back, his face tinting pink as he made a new request.

That she'd let him visit her tomorrow and take her out for lunch instead.

She'd agreed, happy to have something to do on her day off.

Waving him goodbye and going to inform her mother of her plans, the pinkette had no idea what she'd just gotten herself into.

---

Both meals had been fabulous, nothing but the best for two of the highest ranking nin in Konoha.

She's thoroughly enjoyed herself, even if she did find the lingering touches and diminishing personal space a little worrying.

She'd never had a suitor before and she didn't know how to handle the attention she was suddenly receiving from both men.

It had taken her a week to finally question them about it, 1 week filled with smiles, touches and longing looks.

And they'd admitted their intentions as soon as the question had left her lips.

"I wish to court you Sakura-san, I wish for you to be my wife."

She really didn't know how to deal with this.

---

They were relentless in proving themselves, competing to show her who was better at every turn.

Tobirama would carry her shopping but Madara would buy it for her, making sure to get the absolute best of anything.

The Uchiha would take her to watch him train, but the Senju would teach her how to hold a Kunai in case she ever needed it.

If the white haired man escorted her home, the dark haired man would be there in the morning to escort her to her destination.

They thought they had to outdo each other at everything, that they had to show off and prove themselves.

They thought that they had to win her over and gain her love.

But they didn't.

Because she already loved them both.
She just couldn't stand the idea choosing though.

She didn't want to hurt either of them.

How was she supposed to choose?

Life was so unfair.
Yin and Yang (Kurama/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

They balanced each other out, and their partnership only grew stronger because of it. Yin and Yang, darkness and light, Destruction and rebirth, Kurama and Sakura.

He’d first been furious at the girl, having just come to accept his last host as anything but an annoyance, but as time went on, he’d quickly realized just how different this one was.

She’d listen to him, taking his opinion (often negative) into account, consulting with him when deciding her next move. She talked to him, treated him as something worthwhile and not unwanted baggage.

But that may have had something to do with the annoyance that made itself home near his cage.

He’d always known the pinkette was different, but to have a completely different entity in her mind?

That was something else indeed.

Sakura Haruno was a wildcard, one moment her mind would be still, her chakra steadily flowing around in a calming manner, the next she’d be a hurricane of anger and hate, her chakra just as heated as his own! It was incredible to actually witness what went on behind her outbursts, and he couldn’t say he blamed her.

He’d do the exact same thing, HAD done the exact same thing.

Only on a much larger scale.

They’d come to an agreement in the beginning after his transfer, one that helped them both and cured his boredom all at once.

She’d let him roam the forefront of her mind, interacting with her as he pleased, and in exchange, she’d get his help whenever the situation called for it.

There’d been bumps at first, as all great partnerships had. He’d flood her form with chakra when wound up, and her inner would rampage around him whenever the pinkette felt the same.

It’d been bumpy and taken a fair bit of time, but they’d balanced each other out in the end.

He’d give her chakra when she was healing and she’d let him have some of the control when they were in a battle.

It was win-win.

Give and take.

Yin and yang.

He was destruction (Even though she had that part covered on her own nowadays) and she was rebirth.
They balanced each other out and brought a semblance of peace into each other's lives.

He'd never stop winding her up though, she was just too much fun when she went feral- always taking her anger out on the poor blond Gaki.

He needed to get some semblance of revenge for the early years of their partnership, and setting the pinkette lose on the poor boy just seemed perfect.
**Ripped to Shreds (Yandere!Kurama/Sakura)**

Chapter Summary

(Darkish fic) Maybe he truly did love her, or maybe it was just his hosts infatuation influencing him. He didn't care. He had her all to himself now, that was all that mattered.

Kurama had always been watching, looking out through his host's eyes, unable to do anything else while being chained so tightly. He'd been fuming, silently waiting for his chance to rip the brat to shreds when his little jinchuuriki had first seen her.

The boys' heart had sped up, his stomach fluttering and his palms going clammy.

Kurama was disgusted.

---

It had taken until his host graduated for Kurama to stop scowling to himself, finally deciding to ignore the boy and his feelings, his irritating, pitiful feelings.

The boy was infatuated with the pink haired girl.

It was embarrassing to watch.

---

The forest of death was when he actually looked at her, watching from his hosts fevered mind as she defended them, cutting her hair and going wild.

Biting, scratching and cutting everything that got in her way.

He'd later realized that he'd been so engaged with watching her that he hadn't noticed the seal of his cage loosen slightly, tearing at the bottom.

---

He'd watched as she grew as a person, her sent now registering whenever his host was in her presence.

He chose to ignore that fact.

He also chose to ignore his anger as she was pinned to a tree by sand, his chakra trying to surge through the boy that held him only to be thrown back in his scowling face.

He hated this cage.

---

He'd been furious when she'd declared her intent to go off on her own, her determination to find the Uchiha felt like an insult.
That boy was nothing but an insect.

An irritating, stuck up Uchiha who should have died along with the rest of the clan.

Kurama hated Uchiha's almost as much as he hated being caged.

---

It had felt wrong to be away from the pinkette while his host was training, his anger and frustration with himself and the world boiling to epic proportions as he glared at the slowly withering paper that held his cage closed.

He was angry with his Gaki of a host, he was angry with the toad sage, and he was furious with the girl.

That damn girl, the pinkette who dared haunt his mind, her face flashing before his eyes whenever he was around something that reminded his idiot of a host about the girl.

His jinchuuriki was still infatuated with her, thinking of her constantly, his thoughts barely ever wandering from her and his ex-teammate.

---

When his host had gazed upon her once more, the blond had purred. That was Kurama's fault.

But he'd never admit to it.

He'd also never admit to basking in her scent, purring loudly to himself for a good hour afterwards. This was all the blond brats fault.

---

He'd had enough.

He'd put up with a lot throughout all his years within this cage.

But smelling the pinkettes blood fading further behind his host as the idiot boy ran after the bomber broke what little tolerance he'd had left.

And so he'd raged in his cage, tearing and hitting, destroying everything he could for days upon days, ripping away at the boys sanity even after he'd seen that she was fine.

---

Tenshi Bridge was where it happened.

That bridge was where he'd finally tore a hole through those damned bars, snarling and snapping as his host shrieked and cried in anger and pain.

The blond didn't stand a chance after using so much of the demons chakra, he'd invited this upon himself.

---
Her scent was so much purer in person, her hair so much brighter and her voice so clear.

Even if it was crying out for the gaki.

He held her in his large hands, her tiny form barely even the size of his palm, and just sat there as she wailed.

Maybe he truly did love her, or maybe it was just his Junchiriki’s emotions influencing his own

He didn't care.

He had her all to himself now, and that was all that he wanted.

Now to find that Uchiha…
Love was the greatest thing anyone could ever experience, it was also the most painful and gut wrenching.

She was perfect in every way.
Always sunny and smiling, such a pleasure to be around from dawn till dusk.
The more time he spent with her, the harder he fell.
And the harder he fell, the guiltier he felt.
Because she already belonged to another.
His older brother to be exact.
That's right.
He, Izuna Uchiha, the caring and kind younger sibling of the head of the Uchiha clan, was in love with his brothers wife.
He felt sick to his stomach just watching them, his entire being wishing to be in the other mans place, if even for a moment.
He was disgusted with himself.
But he still loved her.
He loved everything about her, from her smile, to her temper, even her odd moments of sadness. Her pink hair made her stand out from the crowd, her green eyes odd in the sea of brown and black. She was everything he'd ever wanted, everything he didn't know he'd needed…
She was just so full of life, her emotions clear as day on her face, so different from the stone beings that called themselves his relatives. He didn't know how his older brother had woo'ed her, being just as stoic as the rest, but whatever he did had certainly worked because she was head over heels for the older Uchiha.
And the younger was left to watch her longingly from a distance, silently basking in her presence as she smiled at him every so often.
He loved her.
But he also loved his brother.
Izuna vowed not to come between them.
He wouldn't ruin their chance of happiness, no matter how much he wanted to.
A cut on his stomach and a rose in his hand (Male!Ino/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

(Male!Ino X Sakura fic.) He'd been her best friend ever since he'd stood up for her and chased the bullies away, and maybe...just maybe, she felt something more. She'd never tell him that though.

She liked him since he first protected her, shooing her bullies away with nothing but a few words.

His hair had been short back then, nothing like the ponytail he had now.

She'd blushed and looked away at the time, her stuttering voice trying to thank him as he just laughed and brushed her nervousness off. He'd always been so confident, even back then his blue eyes glistened with kindness and determination.

Looking back at it now, she shuddered to think of how obvious her affections had been, her constant blush had thankfully died down though, and her stuttering had stopped all together. He quickly became her best friend, her rock, the one to build her into the person she is today.

She…loved him.

She'd realized it after he'd punched Sasuke for calling her annoying, pulling her away from the prone boy and his admirers.

She'd been 12 when she realized she loved her best friend.

And she'd been hiding it for 8 whole years.

She'd cover her blushes with sarcastic remarks, she'd hide her longing looks with smiles and jokes.

She was nothing but another 'one of the guys' to him, his best friend who could kick his ass in an arm wrestling contest when pushed to it.

She always thanked Tsunade for that, at least she could put him in his place from time to time now.

She'd always be one of the guys...but she couldn't help it when her eyes lingered on him for too long, his low ponytail and side fringe drawing her eyes in the light, his abs ALWAYS showing through the fishnet shirt he wore under his jounin vest.

He always left the damn thing undone, no matter how many times she told him off for it.

How was it meant to protect him if it wasn't covering anything?!

But whenever she said so, he'd just pat her on the head and tell her that he was giving her something to do, laughing off whatever injury he happened to have at the time.

He was an idiot.

But...he was her idiot.
And whenever he showed up, rubbing the back of his head sheepishly, he at least bring her a flower from his mother's store.

A purple lilac, apple blossom, an orchid on occasion, maybe even a carnation, a coral or red rose seemed to be his preferred gift lately.

She'd never been into flowers though, and she didn't know what they meant, but she treasured every one of them and kept them for as long as she could.

His mother always preached about the importance of flowers and their meanings, but he'd always laugh and motion for Sakura to keep moving and not listen.

Hearing a knock on her door the pinkette sighed, slowly getting off her chair and opening the door.

Yep.

Saturday night.

And here he was at her door.

A cut on his stomach and a rose in his hand.

She'd never known a ninja this clumsy before.
Chapter Summary

(Hidan/Sakura Jashin/Sakura)Red. Everything she loved was red, it was her favourite colour from the moment she picked up that necklace. She was eight years old when it happened. She was eight years old when she signed her soul away unknowingly.

She'd first noticed her favourite colour after picking up the strange necklace in the park.

Her small finger had gotten cut on something and dripped onto it, the silver of the metal shining brightly in the afternoon sun as her blood hit it.

'Pick it up'

She'd been startled at first, the voice seemingly coming from nowhere and everywhere at once, its deep masculine tone shifting into something softer, lightening as it continued sounding.

'It's so pretty, you should put it on…'

It really was pretty…

'Go on, just wear it, pick it up and put it on.'

And so she had, she'd slipped the thin chain over her neck and never taken it off again as her own voice echoed through her mind, praising her for doing as she was told.

She'd been 8 years old then.

She'd been 8 years old when she signed away her soul.

---

Her dress during their first mission out of the village was her favourite colour.

As red as blood.

She'd seen a lot of her favourite colour during that first mission.

When Naruto fought Zabuza.

When Kakashi had fallen.

When Sasuke had battled Haku and when Kakashi had painted the ground with the boys insides.

She'd knelt over her teammate in interest, her finger unconsciously bringing some of the red liquid to her mouth as she watched his breathing pick up again.

'You should taste it…'
She should…

'It looks so sweet…'

Like hard candy.
---

She'd fought hard to continue wearing her favourite colour, going as far as claiming to it be a clan tradition.

It was worth it though.

At least she'd be able to die while wearing the colour she'd loved so much.

As the sword in her abdomen tore from her body, Sakura watched her blood rain from her form, pooling at her feet while all she could do was stare.

It hurt.

'No it doesn't…'

She was going to die.

'No you're not…'

She didn't want to die by this mans hands…

'Then don't…'

His red hair remained still as his bored eyes gazed at her, his puppet like features stoic as the older woman near her screamed for her to heal herself.

'Fight…'

But it hurt so much!

'No, it feels good…the pain is good…'

It…it didn't hurt, she could handle this.

'Fight.'

So she fought, her side bleeding the entire time, her body not even registering the pain anymore as she sprang from wall to wall, her fists flattening everything that entered her field of vision. And as she plunged her hand into his boxed heart, she didn't even acknowledge the voices change of tone.

'Send him to me…'

She crushed his heart with her bare hands, her eyes fixated on her favourite colour.

Her skin tinting black as she did so.
---
She'd been just as shocked as he was when his attack didn't work.

But only because she was becoming very familiar with it, having just learnt how to do it herself.

Her shirt was soaked with her own blood, her chest bleeding just as badly as his, his eyes locked with hers as they stared each other down in confusion.

She just stood there, staring at him in awe.

Someone just like her…

'You're both mine…'

Someone who fought for the voice in his head…

'And you will be…'

He suddenly started walking towards her, his silver hair ruffled as he come to a stop just a few feet away from the frozen girl, his eyes looking to the chain that hung hidden under her shirt.

'Forever…'

"Who the fuck are you?"

---

He'd found her this time, the black and white just beginning to fade from her skin as he and another man walked into the ravaged meadow.

She'd been wanting to see him again.

After their last meeting she'd kept an eye out for him, her gaze always seeking out a flicker of silver, red and black.

It had been months though and she'd almost given up hope.

But here he was.

He'd just stared at her, a dark grin on his face as she stepped out of her circle, her hands automatically healing her wounds.

It was entirely unnecessary, but it was a habit she couldn't break.

'You should be grateful I'm not sending you with him…'

She'd asked to as he walked past, patting her on the back sharply and praising her as his partner muttered under his breath.

'I don't think you'd look so bad though…'

He'd said no, that he had an important mission to do for some fuck-wit. That he'd see her later if she stayed here and waited for him to get back.
So she'd wait, she had so much she needed to tell him.

'Blown to pieces like he's going to be…'

It wouldn't matter, she'd wait for him, and his partner would stitch him back together again by the looks of it.

"See ya Pinky!"

---

She'd waited for him for days, for as long as she could before having to return to Konoha to report her mission findings.

And when she'd gotten there, everything had gone to hell.

He was dead.

Blown to bits and buried.

His grave under constant ANBU guard.

'Stay here…'

She couldn't go and dig him up, she couldn't help him, and she couldn't get revenge.

'Bide your time…'

Because now they knew how to deal with people like her.

'It'll rain blood by the time we're done with this land…'

She never even got to say goodbye…

So she just sat down in her little home and cried, cried over something that never was, but could have been.

---

It had taken so long to prepare, so long to gather everything she'd needed, but she'd done it.

'Do it…'

As they were distracted, battling here and there, fighting between each other and the enemy, she'd drawn that oh so familiar symbol on the ground, hidden amongst the chaos. She'd needed a time and place where they wouldn't notice her, and this war had been her savior.

'Do it now…'

She pulled the painstakingly collected bottles from her bag, chugging them one by one as the sweet red liquid inside quenched her thirst.
'Kill them…'

It had taken years to collect a sample from every one of her patients, from Konoha and beyond, but she'd done it, and with help from the voice in her head, she'd found a way to make this work.

It needed to be done fast, before anyone could retaliate and spot her.

'All of them…'

As her skin turned black and white, her kunai ran across her arm, cutting deeply as cries of pain filled the air.

'Send them to me…'

She'd kill them all.

She'd make it rain blood for him.

Because he'd never get to see it again.

---

Sitting in the barren wasteland that was once his resting place, Sakura sighed, looking up at the clear blood red sunset as it tinted the land her favourite colour.

'You're mine…'

She was alone now, the only one still living on from an era long forgotten. Times had changed, her people had died out, and the civilian population had flourished again.

'And you're not going anywhere…'

He was gone, the only one to ever seem to understand her, and he'd been killed by her teammates.

'Kill…'

She felt so very alone…

'Make it rain again…'

"I miss you Hidan…"

'Let blood fall from the skies…'
(Time travel) This was all on Sasuke. It was all his fault. Sure, many people would consider Naruto to be the stupid one, but Sakura was ready to reconsider that. If he was so smart, they wouldn't be sitting before their enemy, asking for a place to stay. She just wanted to go home already, was that too much to ask for?

It was all that bastards fault! How could she have ever been interested in him?

It was entirely his fault that they were stuck in a time and place that made very little sense to her logical mind.

It was HIS fault that they were sitting in front of his 'Mentor'.

And it was HIS FAULT THAT SHE WAS ENGAGED!

---

Arriving in this time period had been rough.

The burns and cuts from the jutsu had left her and Sasuke in agony while they slowly made their way back to the village, both too weak to heal or move at a faster pace.

That's when they first noticed.

It looked different.

The trees were smaller, the roads rougher and less worn and the village in the distance looked… Different. Smaller. More old fashioned.

Something was terribly wrong.

It had taken hours to come to terms with it, hours of scouting, hiding and waiting for their chance, but in the end, they'd decided it best to risk it.

So they'd snuck into the village, hiding in plain sight as they did their best to avoid attention, Sasuke being his usual fan girl magnet self as the village women fawned over him.

She wasn't doing much better actually, it seemed that she'd gathered a new skill during their little trip.

She was now an Uchiha magnet.

Ever since they'd stepped foot through those gates, Uchiha after Uchiha had stopped to gawk at her, some even going as far as to point and whisper.

She had no idea why, and it was beginning to get on her nerves.
Things had only gotten worse when she realized Sasuke was leading them to the compound, her protests falling on deaf ears as they got closer and closer, more and more eyes locking onto her form hungrily the further from the civilians they got.

Something was really wrong with this, but would Sasuke listen to her?

Nope.

---

They'd been made welcome once they'd been flashed Sasuke's sharingan, his evidence for entry genetic. After being escorted to the main house and explaining their situation to the man only slightly older than them, they'd been told to wait for his brother, the head of the clan, to return.

The man, Izuna, was very kind to her, opening the door and escorting her to her seat while Sasuke sulked at her special treatment. She didn't mind though, if only he'd stop staring at her like she was a ghost.

Focusing on him as he sat across from her, she let out an exasperated sigh as a very well-known question crossed his lips.

"Your hair…is it natural?" he blushed immediately after this, stuttering out an apology as he ducked his head and stared at his lap.

Some things never change.

---

"I'd thought I'd wiped most of your clan out, little one, but it seems I missed more than I'd thought."

A deep voice came from behind, all eyes turning to the tall figure as he entered the room.

What?

"Brother, you're home early! These two have quite the tale to tell I'm afraid, and they really need a place to stay…"

"Izuna, do you have to let every stray to cross our doorstep in? We're Uchiha, have standards."

Madara said as he looked disdainfully at Sasuke, striding over to the table and taking his seat at the head. "The women I could understand, being a Haruno and all, but a bastard child of one of our clansmen? Little brother, do you intentionally try to dirty our name?"

"Bastard? I'm son of-" Sasuke started, a furious look crossing his face.

"Silence, you'll speak only when spoken to. Do you have no manners?" Madara scolded, looking from the fuming Sasuke to the shocked Haruno. "Now you, you interest me. I'd thought I'd wiped out all of your clan in the fire nation, and yet, here you are. Care to tell me how?"

Noticing the intense look in his blazing eyes, Sakura took a deep breath and stuttered out their tale, leaving out bits and pieces here and there, trying her best to focus on the wall behind the intimidating man and not his face.

"-And then we arrived at the compound at my companions insistence. We're truly sorry to bother you
at this time of night, but we didn't have any other option." She concluded, her eyes finally locking with his as he folded his hands in contemplation.

"You can stay." He finally spoke after a few minutes of silence, his eyes locking with his brothers as he stood. "Miss Haruno, I shall have a room made up for you in the guest wing. But you," he motioned to the silent Sasuke. "You shall sleep in the barracks across the street. I'll send word that you're welcome there."

Seriously, what the hell was going on?

---

Later that night, after Miss Haruno and the bastard Uchiha had retreated to their rooms, Madara and his brother sat across from the council, the smirk never leaving the elder brothers face.

"The medic, Miss Sakura Haruno, shall be my wife. I shall have the paperwork done by the end of the week and filed." At the agreeing nods and well wishes that filled the room, he raised his hand to silence them. "I do not believe she's aware of her bloodline yet, so do take care not to mention it around her, the less those two know, the better."

"Brother…what will we do with her companion, Sasuke? It's obvious he's fond of her." Izuna questioned nervously, his eyes glaring at the power hungry council before him. It was there fault his brother had to marry, they were the ones pushing the subject lately. It could have been worse though, at least Sakura-san seemed like a nice woman. He'd have to get to know her a little better, maybe have tea with her the next day and milk a little more information out of her.

"He will be dealt with if he becomes a problem. For now, assign him to a squad and use his power to help our cause, play on his supposed 'superiority' and see what information you can get from him. Be cautious though, he is very sharp."
(Iwa love letter nin X Sakura, because that poor man had to fall for her somehow) She was his light in these bleak times, and if he couldn't fight for himself or his village with pride anymore, then he could at least fight for her. Fight for her smile and happiness, fight to make sure they lasted in these harsh times.

She...was beautiful.

She was so soft and kind compared to the usual medic nin's he'd dealt with, and he'd even considered not coming because of that face.

He wasn't a very brave man to begin with, and hearing all these horrible rumours about a pink haired menace who guarded her tent fiercely had almost driven him away.

But no, he'd sucked it up and made his way over, swallowing his fear and waiting for his medic as instructed. He'd been blinded when she first walked in, the light behind her giving her an almost angelic glow.

He now knew that it wasn't just the light. She was generally bright, her smile and light hair, her big green eyes, they all gave her such an out of this world look.

So he'd sat their silently, frozen solid as she smiled and looked at his chart, introducing herself as she went.

How could anyone ever view this girl as a menace? She was anything but.

She'd smiled softly while she healed his arm, speaking quietly as her hands lightly brushed his, the green glow lighting her form as he gazed at her in awe. He'd never seen someone so focused and determined before, but despite her attention to his wound, she still managed to engage him in conversation to take his mind off of it.

'Where was he from?'

'Did anything else hurt?'

'Who was he copping?'

'What did he think of their war efforts so far?'

They spoke quietly for a little over three hours as she healed his various wounds, the topic bouncing from one thing to another as he stuttered his replies.

And while she healed him, the only thing running through his mind was:

'She's...an angel.'

He didn't realize he'd muttered it out loud until she looked at him shyly, a blush staining her cheeks.
to match him.

He'd hightailed it out of there so fast, he was convinced he'd broken the sound barrier.

And try as he might, the shy nin just couldn't get her off his mind.

He may have been nothing but a random Iwa nin for her, one of her many patients, but she'd quickly become his everything.

She was his light in these bleak times, and if he couldn't fight for himself or his village with pride anymore, then he could at least fight for her.

Fight for her smile and happiness, fight to make sure they lasted in these harsh times.

Maybe…maybe he could write her a letter? Something to convey the words he wasn't confident enough to say out loud?
Dear Little Sister (Yandere!Zetsu/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

(Darkish fic) He was sick, he was twisted, but he loved her with all his messed up heart and he couldn't ask anyone for help. If he did, he'd never see her again.

He knew it was wrong, that he was sick and twisted to feel this way towards her.

But he was pretty twisted normally, I mean, who else had a voice in there head that liked to take over and voice hidden wants and thoughts?

No one he knew, that was for sure.

He'd first noticed his feelings when they entered high school, more specifically, when she started dating.

His family had always joked about his over protectiveness, but this wasn't just about that, it hadn't been his protectiveness acting up.

He'd felt jealous.

Jealous that he wasn't the one she was smiling at.

That he wasn't the one holding her close and kissing her, nuzzling her neck as she moaned out his-

God damn it, not again.

He really needed help, but how the hell was he supposed to tell people what the problem was?!

He couldn't just wander up to his mother and be all:

"Hey ma, I need help. Yeah, I have a problem. A problem problem. No it's not drugs. I love Sakura-chan. Yeah, I know I'm supposed too, but not like this! Not like I want her naked in my bed while we fuck around for hours, with her cute little tits bouncing away while I-

Yeah.

That wouldn't go over too well.

He'd be on the curb before he could even blink, just like their deadbeat father.

He'd confided in his friends once, looking for help wherever he could. Too bad they turned out to be just as fucked up as he was.

Never ask for advice from the Akatsuki. It was their fault he snuck into her room once a week to watch her. Just watch. He'd never touch without permission…no matter how much he wanted to.

…He didn't know what to do. It was a constant struggle whenever she was around.
He had to make sure his touches stayed platonic, even though he'd sometimes linger a little longer than necessary.

He had to make sure his other half didn't get out around her for fear that his cover would be blown and she'd never speak to him again.

He had to control himself around her friends, make sure he didn't chase off that blond brat that was always nipping at her heals.

Good god he hated Naruto, he hated everything about him. From that happy go lucky grin on his face, to the way he hugged Sakura in greeting.

Every. Fucking. Morning.

He'd gut the little brat if he could, gut him and throw him off his families' office building. Maybe his father would see if from his office? That'd teach the runt for touching what didn't belong to him.

Zetsu loved his younger twin though and he wouldn't do anything to upset her, even if it meant he had to suffer in silence for the rest of his days. But her smiles made it worth it, just one look at her bright and happy face made all his worries fade away.

He loved his younger sister and he knew he'd never stop feeling this way, no matter how much he sometimes wished he would.

But he loved her, and she loved him.

Even if it wasn't in the way he wished she would.

He could live with that though.

For now.
He'd watch over her here, he'd keep her safe and happy until Kakashi finally showed up. Maybe it was because he wanted to repay his old teammate, or maybe it was because she just looked too innocent to be left on her own, it didn't matter. He'd stay with her until he wasn't needed anymore.

"Awesome! When my team finally get off their lazy asses and track me down, they're going to be so pissy. I haven't made one move to find them yet and we've been here for ages!" She exclaimed as she stood from the soft grass and gave a stretch.

Laying back onto the ground with a sigh, he glanced briefly at her grinning face before looking away, the pain in his chest becoming too much to bare.

All the lying was finally getting to him.

When was she going to remember what had happened? He most certainly remember when and why he'd woken up here.

When was it finally going to hit her? Nothing had changed around them, not the sun, not the grass, not the weather.

Everything was at a peaceful standstill, nothing but the wind moved around them.

Her team weren't coming this time, not to rescue her at least.

"-and how did you get away, I was sure I saw I saw you fall, I even remember Kakashi crying over it!"

"…” I didn't get away, I can still feel my life slipping away from between my fingers, that chidori piercing my chest again and again. "It doesn't matter Sakura-chan, let's just wait for your team, they shouldn't be too long now."

Truthfully, they'd been at this same spot for around 6 years now- he constantly wondered if she realized just how much time had passed, if she even remembered how they met here…

He doubted it.

"Okay Obito, I'll drop it for now. Hey, what should we do? It's such a nice day today!"

He desperately wanted to tell her that it never changed, that it was stuck that way, but he wouldn't be able to stomach the look on her face if he did.

She'd either be confused or heartbroken when she realized what had happened.

And he didn't want to see either.

He'd keep her happy until her team arrived.
It was the least he could do.
The one thing Sakura Haruno hated about mist, aside from the dreary weather, was the entourage always sent to escort her to the village safely.

Mei damn well knew that she could get there just fine on her own, but the red head and Tsunade had made it some kind of sick game lately. Who could shove their ninja's strength in the others face without it coming off as a threat, who could show off their nin and prove their village was better.

It was irritating.

Especially when the poor pinkette was smack dab in the middle of all their little schemes.

Last month, it was Tsunade 'accidentally' giving "Sharingan Kakashi" a mission that took him straight through mist and back three times, each time more deliberate than the last. And why yes, the poor pinkette HAD been his partner on that mission.

Two weeks ago, it was Mei, her second in command Ao wandering into their village and subtly flaunting his Byakugan in Tsunade's face whenever he met with the older blond. And yet again, poor Sakura was in the middle of it all, having been assigned to keep witch over the older man. His 'reminiscing' about the times of the 'bloody mist' had left the poor pinkette twitching in her seat.

And the best was yet to come it seemed, because Tsunade had insisted on sending her, the world's best medic (in the blonds own words), to help mist upgrade their hospital. Not to teach of course, the blond woman had been very specific about what she could show these people and what she could not.

Jutsu were just as valuable in the political side of their world as they were in the field.

So now, instead of doing her job and helping people properly, going on missions and keeping her boys safe, she was here.

With Mei's retaliation gazing at her with various forms of interest.

Bloody mist nin and their need for outrageously sized weapons.

"Sakura Haruno reporting in, I take it you're to be my escort?"

With a nod to the men they started off, not a word having been spoken to her though it seemed the pale haired one was itching to start something very soon. With a bound, she followed after their slowly moving forms.

Of course Mei would make them take it slow.
She wanted Sakura to be able to report just how deadly and efficient her swordsmen were.

Fine then.

The two youngest seemed normal enough, the shortest was blushing slightly, his eyes averting as she looked at him curiously, his glasses dipping down his nose slightly as he did so. That was Mei’s guard, Chojuro, who she’d met briefly before. It seemed that he still hadn’t gotten over his habit of blushing whenever she looked at him.

Whatever.

The palest one would have to be Suigetsu, one of his sharp teeth poking his bottom lip as he openly gawked at her, the pinkette doing her best to not pay attention to his roaming eyes. She’d heard that he was very talkative so he must have had a good reason for having shut up.

Most probably one of the elder nin leading them.

Zabuza Momochi and Kisame Hoshigaki.

The two terrors or the deep.

The shark man and the demon of the mist, both legends in their own right, having paved their way to glory with blood and violence.

Thank god those days of mist were over.

The tanned man, Zabuza, was leading them, his large sword one of the only things she could make out as the land began to live up to its name. He was a very intimidating man, but certainly no Kisame.

THAT man could make even the coldest of nin shudder in terror.

From his sharp grin to his taunting attitude, everything about the blue man screamed danger and well placed confidence.

They hadn’t even been traveling for an hour before Zabuza pulled them to a stop.

"We'll be making camp here. Suigetsu, Chojuro, take the left and gather what's needed. Kisame, scout the area while I get set up."

With a quick 'Sir' they did as told, disappearing from view as Sakura stood their awkwardly watching the tall man set up tents and mark a place for the fire.

Just great.

"So, short stuff, what makes you so important?"

His unexpected question drew a very intelligent 'huh?' from the shorter woman, her eyes widening as he sat down, his sword resting comfortably next to him.

"I asked what made you important enough to have the Mizukage order us to escort you to the village. You a princess or something? No, maybe a would-be wife for one of the council? I know they’ve been a little distracted lately…"

"What?! NO! For your information I'm a medic, assigned to clean up the mess that is your hospital." She breathed, slowly making her way over and sitting across from him, her form relaxing as she got
"But why would the Mizu-"

"Tsunade-sama and Mizukage-sama are messing with each other again. Ever heard of the 'Naruto' incident that took place on the border of Mist and Fire country? That boat incident? Yeah…Let's just say that neither want to own up to it and are trying to antagonize the other into letting it go."

"Ah, I see." The man let out a deep breath, a hand coming up to pinch his nose as he mockingly spoke. "Yes, let's waste our best men's time and the villages money on some petty feud. Seems reasonable enough."

"My thoughts exactly." She added as a blue figure slowly made it's way into the clearing, the large man sitting himself to the side of them, taking a similar pose as his comrade. "And I've been stuck in the middle of all their petty schemes. Did you hear about Ao's trip to Konoha? I had to escort him around the entire time."

"Wait, that was you?!" The blue man chimed in, his face splitting into a large grin as he let out a surprisingly loud laugh, oddly warm for someone so intimidating as Zabuza's chuckles joined him. 

"…Am I missing something here?" The pinkette dared to questing, her face confused as their laughter started to die down a little, only the odd chuckle here or there filling the misty air.

"This is just great, who'd have thought it? Old Ao hasn't shut up about the 'lovely woman' who escorted him around the village, always muttering something about 'smiles' or how she'd listen to his stories with 'such interest!'" Alright, if this was the real Kisame Hoshigaki, then she was an Uchiha.

'People that scary looking weren't supposed to have such an infectious laugh!' Sakura thought as she unconsciously joined them, her horrified face having set the two men off again.

"Wait, THIS is the chick Ao's been going on about?! THIS is the perfect woman?!!" A slightly lisping voice called in shock, Sakura turning to watch the pale haired boy, Suigetsu, drop his pile of sticks, his deep purple eyes turning to her as he looked at her assessingly before scoffing and raising a brow. "Yeah, you're the perfect woman alright. For a blind guy with absolutely no taste. Seriously Pinky, what did you do to poor old Ao to get him so-"

She hadn't meant it.

Really!

Zabuza's sword was just the only convenient thing to grab.

She hadn't MEANT to throw it at him.

And she really hadn't meant for it to hit.

Seriously.

But watching the puddle of water where he once stood slowly raise from the ground, shocked eyes still locked on the sword imbedded in the tree behind him, was oddly satisfying.

Had only Konoha learnt not to mess with women who had superhuman strength? It seemed so…

"What the hell! WHAT THE HELL!"

"Shut up brat, you know you deserved that." Zabuza added, his own gave suddenly a little too sharp
as he looked at her before going to retrieve his sword. Chojuro was still stuttering, trying to apologize for Suigetsu's behaviour after having shown up half way through his rant.

"-And I don't know why he did it, but I'm sorry and I'm sure he is as well and-" The glasses wearing boy just continued to ramble as he came closer, his words all mixing together as he flushed and tripped over his own feet as she smiled at him.

"It's not your fault Chojuro, no need to apologize for the idiot over there." Seriously though, what was with that man? All she did was smile or act friendly and he just…froze up or something. Just like now! He was just…staring at her. Same with his pale haired counterpart.

No one had reacted like this to her before.

It was weird.

"Hey Haruno, do me a favour when we get to the village, okay? Stop wrapping the men around your fingers, it's embarrassing to watch as a fellow mist nin." Kisame declared from his spot to her side, his voice amused until she looked at him in confusion, her tilted head and questioning eyes making him look away and curse sharply under his breath.

'What was all that about?' She wondered as everyone slowly got back to business, an odd tension filling the clearing as she sighed in exhaustion.

Mei and Tsunade's little power struggle had just opened up Pandora's box.

But nobody knew that yet.

And they wouldn't until four very strange mist nin suddenly started requesting missions to Konoha.

Sakura Haruno had no idea what she was in for.
On Tour (Uchiha/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

(UchihaSaku/MadaSaku Modern AU) When the all Uchiha band Sharingan hit it big, who else would they want to have travel with them but their favourite little pinkette. She'd caught their hearts in her little hands, and they didn't want her to ever let go.

(Saku/Mada-Ita-Shi-Obi-Izu)

As the closing cords of the guitar came to an end, the crowd went wild, screams and chanting filling the large area as the group waved their goodbyes, completely ignoring the screams of 'encore' that followed them.

They didn't have time for that today.

Because she was visiting them.

Their one and only little pinkette.

She'd promised earlier that week.

Obito had been the first to meet her years ago, having fallen from the stage and injured himself, breaking his arm in the process. He'd been rushed to the hospital with them trailing behind, cutting the concert short and apologising to the vast number of people.

They'd walked into his hospital room expecting to hear him whining and grumbling like usual, only to stop short at the sight before them, Shisui's muttered curse alerting the woman to their presence.

She'd been finishing up the cast, Obito's face bright red as she smiled at him and his stammering, but had stopped short when they entered.

Her white coat had told them she was a doctor.

But everything else about her screamed differently.

Pink hair that made Itachi faintly remember his childhood and his brother's small group of friends.

Long legs clad in a knee length skirt that had Madara smirking like a fool, his eyes straining to remain on her curious face.

And bright green eyes that seemed to stare straight into Izuna's soul.

She'd just looked at them briefly before turning back to her work, completely zoning them out as she continued to speak quietly with Obito, who'd begun scowling at them over her shoulder.

She hadn't even given them a second look.

No screaming.

No fangirling.
No worshiping the ground they walked on.

She'd just…ignored them until she'd finished.

And when she had…she'd turned and spoke to them all in the most heavenly voice they'd ever heard, her soft looking pink lips parting slightly as she looked at them all in turn.

"It's not nice to barge into a room like that, especially when someone is getting medical attention."

And then she'd walked out, leaving the stunned men standing in silence until Madara opened his mouth.

"Dibs."

Back to the present, the group of men sat eagerly in their hotel room, eyeing the door with impatience.

Well, some of them were.

The others were just calmly waiting for the tell-tale knock that would alert them to the pinkette's arrival.

It's be any minute now.

Any minute.

Obito and Izuna were both glaring at each other, sitting as close to the door as they could, having tried to muscle each other out of the way unsuccessfully earlier.

Obito's ribs were probably bruised, and Izuna's hand would be aching for the next day or two.

But it was worth it, no matter how irritated Itachi looked from his seat at the large desk.

No doubt they'd be hearing about how 'unbecoming' and 'immature' their behaviour was later on.

Madara sighed loudly from his spot on the couch, his body sprawled out and relaxed as he kept glancing from his phone, to the TV, to the door, one of his legs bouncing slightly as he did so.

And poor Shisui was left watching his family make fools of themselves as a soft knock sounded at the door, his exasperated form slipping past the now wrestling Obito and Izuna to let the poor woman in.

He really did like her.

He just didn't want her to have to put up with this every time she came to visit.

"Sakura, it's nice to see you again. Please, come in." The messy haired man said as he pulled the hard wooden door open, letting the slightly frazzled looking woman into the apartment, Izuna and Obito instantly righting themselves as she looked at them curiously.

"Thank you Shisui, it's nice to see you again too. Izuna, Obito, what was that about?" She questioned softly as she handed the eager Obito her coat, missing the taunt he sent to Izuna who flipped him off behind her back whilst giving her a hug.

"It was nothing Sakura-chan, just Obito being an idiot again. Nothing different than usual." The long
haired man said as he released her with a blush, her grin and wink telling him that she would give him the benefit of the doubt as Obito cried out in outrage, protesting loudly as Itachi gave her a polite nod.

Madara though, topped them all by leaning over the back of the couch and pulling the short girl back and into his lap, her surprised shriek filling the room as they all glowered at him.

He just smirked at them all and turned to the fuming woman in his lap, pecking her on the cheek and hugging her tightly.

"I missed you Sakura-chan~" He cooed as Itachi stood and made his way over, slapping the man on the back of the head and helping the woman to stand.

"Madara, I see you're the same as ever." She bluntly stated as she shook her head in exasperation.

"You know it Cherry. Sooooo....."

"So?" she questioned as they all seemed to perk up and look at her in expectation, their red and black eyes gleaming in the lighting, hope and hesitation filling their gazes.

"Sooo..." Obito continued, leaning on the back of the couch and giving her his famous puppy dog eyes, Izuna joining him almost immediately. "Have you decided yet? Are you going to be our private doctor and come on tour with us?"

The pinkette let out a tired sigh and looked at the Uchiha filling the room, one of her hands coming up to pinch the bridge of her nose as she looked up at the roof.

They damn well knew that she wouldn't say no.

She wouldn't leave the well-being of her friends in someone else's hands.

Sneaky bastards.

"Speaking of our tour," Madara chimed in from his seat, still nursing his stinging head. "What did you thing of our new song? I know it's nowhere near as good as 'Green eyed girl', but it's still something."

"It was fine Madara, you don't need to keep asking me this every time I come over. You know I like your music."
My Best Friends (Asura/Sakura/Indra)

Chapter Summary

(Asura/Saku/Indra) The two faint figures standing behind her new teammates had become normal to see throughout her time in the academy, and young Sakura didn’t give them a second thought anymore. That was, until they noticed she could see them.

Sakura had known something was different about the two boys on her team even before being partnered up with them.

The faint figures always standing behind them slowly but surely became something she didn't give a second thought to in the academy, and it was only after being put on a team and training with them that the two people that shadowed their every move became clear to her eyes.

The one with Naruto, the kind looking one, he had short hair, and he always wore a blank forehead protector. He’d smile all day, except when he was near the other figure. Then he’d either look sad, pleading or even angry.

The one with Sasuke, he was even odder looking. His strange eyes always made her shiver with discomfort. His hair was long and spikey, untamed and wild. He always stood with such confidence, his glare rarely ever leaving the other man.

And they both wore such odd clothing…it was so old fashioned.

Half of the time, she was too distracted by these odd men to pay attention to the training Kakashi-sensei was giving them.

And it got even worse when they finally noticed.

When they saw that no, she wasn't looking at the boys.

She was looking at them.

The kinder one had waved cautiously at first, looking visibly shocked when she slowly raised her hand and returned the gesture, looking away as Naruto looked at her in confusion.

The more serious one had just blinked at her, silently scoffing as the other man grinned and made his way over, a faint phantom sensation taking over her hand as he lightly grabbed it and brought it to his lips, speaking words she couldn't hear.

He'd been a little disappointed when he'd noticed that she couldn't hear him, but he'd perked back up quickly before turning to the other man and saying something.

The longer haired man had looked as exasperated as she'd ever seen him, walking over and repeating the gesture of kissing her hand.

He'd walked back off without a second glance, but from then on, they'd both glanced at her from time to time and the friendlier one gave her a greeting each morning.
He'd even occasionally fix her stance.

He was kind.

The more reserved man had actually acknowledged her for the first time without prompting during their mission to wave, his appreciative nod when she'd gotten their tree climbing exercise correct on her first time had drawn a grin from the pinkette and the short haired man.

She'd eventually figured out a way to get their names towards the end of the mission, letting the happier man, Asura, guide her hand to write them out.

It had made things easier, finally knowing what to call them.

Indra, the long haired one, had just sat silently through it all, only looking to her from time to time.

When they'd battled on the bridge against Zabuza and his accomplice, Haku, She didn't think she'd ever been that scared before. But a long look from Indra when she started shaking, and a kind smile from Asura had snapped her out of it, the young pinkette gathering her confidence and standing strong against the powerful chakra that the battling jounin kept flaring.

The chunin exams.

That's when things changed a little more.

Asura had been doing his best to silently comfort her as her teammates lay unconscious at her feet, her tired mind scrapping the bottom of the barrel as she quietly set up every trap she could think of.

Indra had been the one to grasp her hand and stop her from accidentally killing them all, the paper bomb in her hand having almost activated. He'd just looked at her steadily and let go, obviously knowing better than to try and speak to her like his companion was.

And he'd kept watching her, as the sound team arrived, as she fought, as she cut her hair.

As she lost.

And just when she felt like she was at the bottom, like things were hell and she should just give up-

He looked her dead in the eye and gave her an oh so small smile, lightly patting her shoulder and giving her a nod of encouragement.

Asura was just cheering and looking at Naruto while rolling his eyes.

The short haired man had cheered during her fight with Ino, going as far as miming punches and ducks as she went.

She'd almost lost concentration because it, only Indra slapping the back of his head had gotten him to stop.

And the dirty looks the longer haired man kept shooting his companion after she tied told her that he though her outcome was due to the other man's interference.

Partly true, but she wouldn't tell them that.
She'd never seen them both look more furious that when she was pinned to that tree with sand, only getting to see them for a few seconds before she'd fallen unconscious.

But the look in their eyes was one she'd never forget.

She'd never seen anyone that angry before…

Sasuke's abandonment wouldn't have been so bad if he hadn't have taken her friend with him, the long haired man scowling and raging at the shorter boy as he walked away from her sleeping form, her body left out in the open for all to see.

Vulnerable to anything.

She didn't know it, but he was just as angry with the boy as Asura was when he found out.

Asura had kept her afloat, he'd been her rock.

And then he'd been dragged away from her as well.

Everyone thought her tears were for Naruto and team 7 disbanding.

But no, it was because she was watching the man yell and curse, hugging her and trying to say goodbye, only to start raging again when she let a soft sob.

She'd miss them both.

Asura and Indra were her friends…

She didn't want them to leave.

She'd just floated by, training and studying while they were gone, trying to get stronger.

If she'd been strong enough to stop Sasuke, her friend would still be here.

They both would.

But she hadn't been, and because of that, they were both gone and she was alone.

His short, shaggy hair had been the only thing she'd made out before he hugged her, nearly taking her to the ground as Naruto laughed about her clumsiness.

She'd been so happy and relieved to see him that she'd cried.

And despite his cocky grin and silent teasing, she'd known he missed her too.

She'd actually left him speechless when he finally saw how much she'd grown while he was gone, her teasing Naruto drawing a smile to his face.

She was going to be okay.

But they both needed Indra to be whole again.
When she saw the long haired man again…she was relieved.

So relieved and otherwise distracted that she'd almost taken a sword to the stomach from her old teammate.

The long haired man had gotten her out of the way just in time though, his suddenly feral looking face raging at the boy silently while he put her down a few feet from her teammates.

She hadn't seen him for long before he'd been forced to follow after Sasuke, but she'd given the surprised man a hug before he had to go, telling him quietly that she'd get him back with them again.

He'd just awkwardly pet her head and nodded solemnly, casting the crying pinkette one last long look before leaving.

She'd just stood next to Asura and sighed sadly, the remaining man comfortingly patting her back.

When she went after Sasuke with a Kunai…

It wasn't entirely of her own free will.

Asura had taken one look at the boy, his threatening stance and his previous actions dredging up bad memories for both parties involved.

So he'd gripped her hand, wrapping it firmly around the kunai, and dragged her to charge him, only to be stopped short by Indra as he punched the raging man in the stomach, stopping the pinkette mere centimetres away from killing her teammate.

Their quick fight had been brought to a halt by Kakashi pulling her away from the now murderous boy before her, and the two men were by her side in an instant, both firmly planted in front of her as her teammates went at it.

She barely saw any of the actual fight.

She was too busy hugging the tall men before her and pleading with them not to go again, Indra's solemn gaze telling her that once Sasuke left, he didn't have a choice.

The comforted her as best they could.

But soon enough, he was gone again.

His longing look the last thing she saw before passing out into the frantic Asura's arms.

She caught sight of Indra on more than one occasion during the next hunt for Sasuke, but her and Asura never got within more than a few yards of him.

He looked so…sad on his own.

The war…

It was the worst thing she'd ever had to endure in her life.

The lives she saw lost.
The people she killed.

The lost look in Asura and Indra's eyes as they watched everything unfold before them.

She stayed as close to the two as she could, both shielding her from as much as possible in return. The second Naruto's heart had stopped though, both men had disappeared, frantic looks on their faces as they tried to grab her.

It had taken her manually beating Naruto's heart for Asura to reappear, his relieved look mirrored hers as Indra faded into view again as well.

She didn't want to lose them.

Not again.

And now…

They stood before her, both shielding her from the white haired man that observed the three of them with curiosity, his eyes glinting dangerously as they scowled and gazed at him stoically.

He…he could see them too.

And he knew that she was important to them.

So when he tried to drive that stake through her while Naruto jumped at him, she'd expected it.

What she hadn't expected though, was Asura swatting the weapon away like it was nothing.

Or Indra flaring his chakra and flattening the man, Uchiha Madara, against the wall with a sickened look.

She didn't know why he looked at the Uchiha like he was the dirt under his boot, but the usually stoic man must have had a good reason.

But she didn't really care.

She just wanted this war to be over.

She wanted to go home and be with her two friends again, just like before.

And by the looks of things, this was only the beginning.
(Slightly darkish) She was...perfect. She was everything he needed to set foot in their realm again, to get out of this cold mirrored land.

He'd had his eyes set upon the little flower from a young age, her small body oddly deceiving to all those around her.

Her pink hair spoke of softness.

Her large jade eyes of innocence

And her small body of safety, of no harm.

But looks were deceiving, any shinobi should know that.

And he could taste the rage, the hatred and thirst for violence in her whenever the groups of children would crowd around her crying form.

Oh yes, He'd know she would be special.

The blond Yamanaka had pulled her from her pit of destruction just in time, but he could still smell it on her, lurking under the surface.

The urge to destroy.

To shed the blood of those that angered her, that taunted her.

His ruby eyes would appear in her mirror at night, his messy raven hair and furred cloak shadowed by the no existent light in his realm. He watched, and waited.

Watched as she became a young girl.

Then a teenager.

Then finally, a woman.

And she was exactly what he'd dreamed of when he'd first lay eyes on her.

An unstoppable pit of destruction and concealed anger, a flame in the darkness, tempting him closer and closer with every year that passed.

He'd never forget the rush of excitement he'd felt when she'd first crushed someone beneath her tiny fists, the puppets heart having been completely destroyed by her power, splattering the wall before her in a morbid work of art.

Oh yes, he'd always remember the look in her eyes, especially for the fraction of a second that they'd locked with his.
Horrified jade meeting a seemingly bottomless pit of red, death and glee floating within his gaze as his shadowed form flickered out of view.

He knew she'd pushed the event away, calling it her imagination playing up, a shinobi's paranoia.

But no, he knew then, after that seemingly chance meeting, that she was the one.

She was the one that could bring him over.

Bring him into her realm like he desperately wished.

So he'd whispered into his priest's ear, telling the white haired man little more than to kill a Konoha nin, to make the nin suffer and beg for death.

Because he needed her attention, and what better way to get it?

When his little pink haired Kunoichi heard of the news, he'd fed off her pain, her anger and sadness, her need for revenge.

And that night, his form was so very clear in her mirror, his pale white skin and bottomless red eyes sparkling with glee as he oh so slowly pushed his slender hand through the glass, getting to his elbow before he got any resistance.

Yes, she was doing so well, she was doing this for him, she was perfect.

He'd gazed at her in adoration for the rest of the night, pulling his arm back in after grasping one of her old ribbons.

She was perfect.

His.

And he'd kill anyone who tried to take her away from him again.

The blond, the female Yamanaka who'd pulled her from the edge so many year ago received a surprise that night.

A surprise involving a sharp Kunai and wave after wave of guilt and sorrow, of self-pity and loathing.

And after the pinkette found out, he could manage to get his whole upper body through her vanity mirror, his arms now able to reach her oh so soft hair.

He entertained himself by stroking it night after night, sometimes even being able to brush his stone cold flesh against her own warm skin.

After the Kage summit, he could cup her cheek, stroke her soft lips with his fingers as he sat upon her vanity, his legs the only thing left in that dark, dull realm.

She was so warm and soft, softer than he'd expected.

And so very alive.

He could leave her gifts now, his powers finally having an outlet into the world, enough of his form having entered the unsuspecting land to enable him to channel them.
A flower on her bedside table, as dark as blood.

A ribbon on her vanity, one she thought lost years ago.

A new knife next to her holster, one she'd never seen the likes of before.

She didn't know where they were coming from, but his ruby eyes would flicker with barely tamed fire when she would touch them, a soft smile on her lips.

Oh yes, she was perfect.

Alive and perfect.

And the war…the war had done it.

With every soul she watched perish, with every tear she shed, he grew stronger, could slip through her mirror a little more, and could try to pull himself to her side.

Because she was in danger.

He could feel it in his black heart.

And as she watched her blond comrade fall, it happened.

He'd gotten through.

He set foot in the world, both feet firmly touching the ground as he grinned, his sharp teeth glinting in the light as a non-existent breeze ruffled his messy hair.

Yes.

She was perfect.

His.

Perfect and his.

And when that mess of a man, that Madara Uchiha tried to drive a staff through her side, he'd been able to intervene.

She'd stood dumbfounded, her suddenly nervous form sheltered behind his crouched one, his kneeling body tensed as the sky turned dark and all eyes turned to look at him.

Yes.

He was finally free.

He was free.

And she was his.

"Sakura…"

"Wh-who are you? What are you?!

He grinned.
And the sky rained blood.
That scent, the haunting perfume that followed him since his host first met her...what did it mean? Why couldn't he figure it out?

The little pinkette hadn't even registered in his mind the first time his host saw her.

She was nothing.

Not a threat.

Not even a worthy kill.

No, she was little more than an insect to him at that point.

Until her scent hit him that was.

It was sweet, but had an undertone of something spicy, something that made his mouth water in anticipation.

And it was everywhere.

His host's senses were too dull to pick up on this smell, this taunting, haunting perfume.

But Shukaku could smell it everywhere they went.

It was so different from the others that littered the large village, it was so odd that he couldn't even come up with a name for it.

All the one tail knew was that this wonderful aroma was coming from the pink haired teammate of his host's new target.

He didn't have a name to go with the face, but he didn't really need one.

She'd be dead soon anyway, he might as well enjoy it while it lasted.

The forest of death.

It was his first chance to shed blood since his host set foot in this rotten village, his first chance to let loose and be the demon he was meant to be.

*Kill.*

Blood rained from the sky as his sand wrapped tighter and tighter around the enemy.

*Kill.*
His host's siblings cowered away as they felt his chakra leak into their baby brothers.

_Kill._

And he could taste it, smell it in the air.

_Kill._

That scent.

That haunting smell that had been taunting him since they got here.

_Kill._

But something…

Something was _different_…

_Kill-

Blood._

He could smell her blood.

_Kill-

The pinkette's blood had been spilled somewhere nearby.

_Kill-

And for once, the thought of her dying didn't bring a smile to his face.

_Kill-

No.

He found that he didn't actually want that lovely scent to go just yet.

_Kill-

So when he noticed that the scent wasn't pungent enough to mean her death, he turned his attention back to his host's actions, egging him on as more blood filled the clearing.

_Kill._

Shukaku had discovered the pinkette's name during the preliminaries, the title having been announced before she fought the blond haired girl.

It was odd, he'd never paid attention to one as weak as her before.

But that damn scent of hers…

And the further the fight got, the more he had to admit.

She had potential.
Maybe in a few years she'd be worth his time.
If she lived that long anyway.

The one month hiatus before the invasion had been very….different.

He'd expected to be pacing around, bored out of his host's mind, just waiting for the chance to spill more blood than he had in years.

And in some ways, he was.

But it was the occasional flash of pink that distracted him from his silent pacing, it was the sweet yet spicy smell that drew him from his eternal rage.

Seeing her bustling around the streets, moving from here to there without a care had him interested.

How could one so….different, look and act just like the rest of the mindless herd around here?

And she was different, he was sure of it.

So after urging his host in the right direction without his knowledge of why, he followed her.

Watching, waiting for that one tell-tale sign that she wasn't worthy of his attention, one glaring thing that would let him get back to what he was used to in life.

Something that he could use to cast her aside.

But no.

She never showed anything like that.

And his insides flared hot with rage when he saw her heading towards that green wearing, pitiful excuse of a nin's room.

No.

That would not do at all.

Because for as long as she had his attention.

She was his.

*And he didn't share.*

He could feel her in his sand, every inch of her slowly being covered by the coarse material, tightening ever so slightly as he raged against the Kyuubi's brat.

She felt so…alive.

He wasn't used to feeling living things in his sand.

Or whenever he did, they didn't stay that way for long.

But he couldn't do that, he couldn't get rid of her just yet.
He still hadn't figured out why, apart from her scent, she was so damn important.

Why he couldn't bring himself to tighten that sand and crush her like a bug.

Because she was so distracting, and here he was, fighting to not look at her and focus on the battle his host had so willingly given him.

But she was just so warm and soft.

So very alive.

And in the end, he'd had to look, had to make sure she was real.

He'd been defeated because of it.

Shukaku knew that he'd been worse than ever to his host, the boy's turn to the light grating on his nerves just as much as his own thoughts were.

And the lack of that scent, or maybe it was how he couldn't listen to her laugh obliviously anymore?

He didn't know, but whatever it was, was bothering him and driving him mad.

Aside from that, his host had done something right for once, the red haired boy had agreed to go back to Konoha to help out with a little…issue that went by the name of Sasuke Uchiha.

The fight against the white haired man had been a much needed relief, and no matter how annoying the green wearing kid was, Shukaku could push it aside.

Because he could smell her, and the closer they got to the village, the stronger the scent got.

The louder she got.

The more he could hear her, her soft voice echoing in the near silent gateway.

Just like her cries did.

He'd never raged so hard in his host's mind before, and the red haired boy had lost control for a few moments, never even realizing what his demon had done during that time.

No, it wasn't anything horrible, he didn't kill anyone and risk harming her.

He'd just slipped a little sand into Konoha, his chakra infusing with it as some lightly dusted the pinkette's arm, completely unnoticeable to the naked eye. His black and gold eyes had faded before anyone even noticed something had occurred, his rage going inward as he tormented his host with all his worth.

This solved one of his problems.

One, meaning he could now enjoy her scent whenever he wanted.

That left only one issue.

The damned seal keeping him locked up and contained, but that had been an issue for decades and he was nothing if not patient.

With some things anyway.
Years.

He'd been watching her on and off for years, only turning his attention to those scattered specs of sand once every few months at the least. Just knowing that he could had calmed him down, his temper settling the longer time went on.

Maybe it had something to do with his host's new determination and attitude?

Shukaku would never know.

But that lovely scent of hers, however muted it was due to his distance, had only gotten better as she aged, her entire being now glowing with life and emotion.

He didn't want to forget her sudden power growth either.

Because that was just stunning.

He'd been right to assume she'd had potential.

And now, now he got to witness it in person, because if those idiotic humans thought he could be contained by a statue, they were sorely mistaken.

Sure, they'd ripped him from the troublesome seal, freeing him into the world, but if they thought that chakra they'd gathered was him, they were in for a surprize when their plan tried to come into fruition.

Humans were so stupid sometimes.

Most of the time actually.

Just like the red headed puppet that the lovely pinkette had just stabbed through the heart. The puppet had assumed she was weak, taking her appearance as her only asset instead of the control she prided herself on.

Control that he excitedly watched be put into practice from his elevated position above them, his chakra masked as the heat from outside bathed his skin.

It was an odd feeling, he didn't know how humans could function like this.

He'd originally been on his way out of the area, keen to escape before any Suna nin could spot him and find out who he actually was. He didn't fancy being sealed again, not after just getting out. So he'd taken this human form, disguised as much of his original appearance as he could and hightailed it out of there the second he'd been given a chance.

Only to be brought back by that smell.

By her voice.

By her oh so lovely presence.

Oh, he knew why he'd been so drawn to her now, he knew why he hadn't been able to kill her.

Damn that seal and everything it stood for.

So Shukaku hid, and watched, and waited.
Waited until she was turning to leave the cave with the old woman and pounced.

Sakura didn't even have a chance to blink before arms wrapped around her, pulling her into the hard form standing at her back, a deep purring noise filling the room as she let out a startle scream, looking to Sasori's body just to be sure-

But no, it wasn't him.

No, this body was very warm, very much alive, and very naked.

She could tell, it was pressed up against her back for gods sake.

So without wasting another second, she wrenched away, flinging herself out of the arms that reluctantly let her go, her body turning as she appeared next to Lady Chiyo.

And almost had a heart attack.

Because there was no way in hell that man was here before. Her green eyes scanned him over, beginning with his head as she evaluated his threat level.

Lightly tanned skin, long, shaggy dirty blond hair that was bound at the nape of his neck, odd looking gold on black eyes…the oddest blue markings littering his body, thick and thin lines and circles on his arms, some on his face, some trailing down his chiseled stomach to his-

Her face flushed deep red as her eyes snapped back up to his, gold locking with green as the woman next to her let out a loud cackle, a perverted gleam in her eyes as the man purred loudly again, taking a step forward towards them.

"Ehehehehee, Pinky, I should go on missions with you more often." The old lady laughed out, using a chakra string to pull a tattered red cloak off a ruined puppet and throw it to the man, his hands clumsily catching it as he looked at them oddly. "Well, put it on you streaker."

He just cocked his head to the side and took another step closer, his eyes half lidded as he continued watching the pinkette.

"Just put it on you weirdo!" Sakura managed out, her eyes struggling to stay on him as all she wanted to do was look away. But no, he could be a threat for all she knew.

Chiyo seemed to think differently though.

The old woman was insane, Sakura just knew it.

The tall man just watched her for a moment, his strange purr toning down a notch as he fiddled with the tattered red material, finally pulling it over his head moments later. It was a little short on his tall form and the sleeves were ripped off quickly, but at least he was covered now.

She'd only closed her eyes for a moment in relief before she felt arms around her again, a face nuzzling into her neck as his shaggy, unevenly layered hair brushed her face, the rest still bound at his back.

She tried to pry him off, tried to use chakra to get rid of him, but all that achieved was a soft yet slightly threatening growl.

Just great.
And Chiyo's snickering wasn't helping in the slightest.

"A-A little help here would be nice Chiyo-sama, we don't know who this guy is!" All she got in response was more laughing and the sound of footsteps heading towards the exit.

She was quick to follow, the man snatching one of her hand into his own as he trailed slightly behind her.

Oh god, this was weird…

"Alright, I think that's enough fooling around for now, we need to go meet up with the others."

That's right…poor Naruto…poor-

"Gaara…" She muttered sadly, biting her bottom lip slightly as they picked up the pace and left the cave, ignoring the growl that came from the man behind her as they got closer to the large gathering of nin. Sakura knew what the older woman was planning, she knew what she wanted to do.

So the pinkette just stood back, the strange marking covered man looming behind her as the woman gave her life.

And finally, after Naruto coaxed him to, the red head opened his light green eyes, his pale skin becoming a healthier shade as Chiyo's life faded from existence.

He didn't like being near this crowd, he didn't like being near this many Suna nin, and he didn't like the way the blond haired Kyuubi brat kept looking at him from over his former host's shoulder.

But he was here, and he'd stay here, because his-

His former host finished his speech and looked up to the pinkette, probably to thank her for her part in it all, only to lock eyes with him.

Shukaku smirked, he slightly sharpened teeth gleaming in the light, his gold and black eyes glinting mockingly as the red haired man stuttered in shock, his face paling as his eyes turned panicked.

"S-Shukaku…"

"Boy." The Kyuubi host tensed along with the pinkette's sensei, and the small woman whose hand he was holding tried to pull away, only for his arms to snake around her again, his head resting on top of her own as he let out another soothing purr.

She was so wound up today, he hoped she'd be able to relax later after they'd had a chance to talk.

"Shhhh." He cooed into her ear, a faint shiver making its way through her form as the men before them glared, the blond snarling slightly as the pinkette stuttered, and he didn't need to see her face to know she was blushing. "Everything is fine little mate, no one will bother you. Go grieve for the woman."

His voice may have been cocky, but this was his mate, his chosen one, and he was effecting her just as much as she did him.

He was proud of it.

No need to hide it.
"W-What are you-" he cut her off before she could work herself up, easing his hold as he pointedly ignored everyone else.

They didn't deserve his time.

"We can speak later, for now, go grieve for your companion."

He could wait for her, his little mate needed some time to herself.

And with the way his former host and her team were standing, he had some things to explain.

Maybe he'd even get a fight out of this, he'd been waiting for his re-match with the blond brat for years and with the amount of enemies his mate and her team attracted, he'd be able to shed his fair share of blood in the near future.

Yes, his little mate was perfect, so alive and sweet and soft.

His little mate, who could crush a mountain with her hands.

Heal an army back to health then tear it down again.

*His* little cherry blossom.

*His.*
A lingering nightmare (Zabuza/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

He was their first real enemy, their first real taste of the shinobi path they'd chosen, and he'd never left her. He was her nightmare, her lingering demon, one she tried her best to live with.

Zabuza Momochi.

The pinkette would never forget that man.

He had been team seven's first real enemy, the first one to put them to the test and see if they could survive in the shinobi world. He'd cut through their defences, ripped them apart at the seams and made them question their very beings. She, along with Naruto and Sasuke, had endured nightmares and terrors for months after his death, his imposing chakra and demonic laugh haunting them, shadowing their every move from beyond the grave.

He really was a demon.

Naruto and Sasuke had gotten over it relatively quickly compared to her, having been involved in their own separate battle while she was left to watch everything. Watch his imposing form loom in the mist, see him rip apart her sensei's morel, hear every little mutter he made in the near silent mist.

She'd never truly gotten over it.

She'd remember him each night before bed, his growling laugh echoing in the darkness as she closed her eyes, his shadowed form seeming to crouch in the corner until she turned on the light and saw it was just a pile of clothes.

Yes, he truly was a demon.

And he haunted her every step.

Zabuza Momochi was the one thing she could never truly accept, could never get over so far in her career. Maybe it was what he'd done to them, maybe it was his last minute act of attempted redemption, or maybe, it was that one quick glance he gave her.

It was just a quick locking of eyes as he surveyed her team before his death, but those eyes…they screamed at her each night.


Sakura never spoke about her issue to anyone but Tsunade, and even that had taken some intense prompting before the pinkette fessed up to her mentor.

They had talked and discussed why this certain event had stayed with her, Tsunade summing it up to it being her first real brush with death.

Sakura knew differently though, because if that were the case, wouldn't it have been the innocent
Haku that stayed with her instead? He was the real victim in that incident, he was the first one she'd ever seen die…

But no, she had a demon instead of an angel.

She had that haunting laugh instead of a soft smile.

She'd learnt to cope with it though, to not lose sleep anymore. Sakura had adjusted, adapted until it wasn't a problem, instead just a minor inconvenience to be dealt with daily, as simple as brushing her teeth and remembering to eat.

And she'd done that by convincing herself that maybe, just maybe, he was just watching over her instead of tormenting her, making sure she was okay as a favour to his wrongly killed partner.

He was probably watching over Naruto as well.

She convinced herself of this, and after she did, it was easier to get on with life.

Sure, he was still a nightmare, a terror in his own right.

But maybe that wasn't so bad?

This war though, this war was almost enough to make her forget about her nightmare, her demon.

Almost being the keyword there.

Because if the reanimated bodies slowly turning up was any hint to future events, her nightmare had just become real, flesh and bone, alive and stalking the land.

Again.
He didn't deserve someone like her, Kisame knew that fact to be true. But, she loved him anyway, and he'd could trust her enough to believe it.

Every village they passed through sent a whole new wave of insecurity coursing through him, the whispers and dirty looks setting his temper on edge. How many times had he been attacked, how many times had she been spirited away in the dead of night, all because some stranger thought she was with him against her will?

He remembered every whisper or note that the pinkette got, always asking if she needed help, if she needed them to get the nearest nin to help her. But Sakura never hid any of it from him, she was too honest for that sort of thing and as much as he scolded her for it, he was thankful.

She trusted him enough to share her secrets, to tell him about even the most ordinary event in her day.

Because she loved him.

And he trusted her enough to believe it.

Kisame knew his giant form made everyone around them uneasy, his odd colouring drawing just as many looks as the cloak on his back did. He was used to it though, he'd grown up with that kind of thing, and it was almost comforting in a way. What he couldn't stand however, was when some little shit thought they'd try to sweet talk the little lady by his side and whisk her away with promises of safety or romance.

She never went with them though.

And she always turned them down.

And all she would say when they asked her why she'd want to stay anywhere near him, was a simple:

"Because I love him."

He'd never been told that before she came along, those words had never been directed at him honestly.

And he knew she was honest, because she was *Sakura Haruno*, the most un-nin like ninja to ever walk the lands.

Leaning back on his hands as the sun started sinking before him, Kisame cast his eyes to the small form huddled to his side, the soft snores coming from the pinkette drawing a sharp grin to his face. She loved to sit out near the water as the sun was setting, always mumbling something about never seeing it before meeting up with him.
She always fell asleep though, but that was okay, he liked just holding her for a few hours.

"…Kisame…" A soft whisper called to him, his attention turning back to the ocean as she pressed further against his side in her sleep.

"Yeah Pinky, I'm here.

He'd never leave her like the others.

He wouldn't be like her team.

"I'll always be here."
Sakura Haruno wasn't expecting much from her mission, it was routine-the norm. And it had been, right up until she'd stepped in…it.

The…person? Thing?

The oddly human shaped blob that was smack dab in the middle of her favourite little track back to Konoha.

When she'd first felt the wetness on her toes, she'd frozen. Looked down.

And screamed.

Because what else was she meant to do when her foot was firmly planted in a head of all things, it's shape slowly reforming around her foot, sinking into all the little gaps of her shoes and soaking the material.

She'd jerked her foot out of the slimy wet substance with a little effort, the muted colours stretching and clinging for a second before returning to its shape, a watery swishing sound coming as its entire 'body' moved.

She'd stared and stared, horror on her face as she continued looking from the thing to her foot, her face going a little green before she finally worked up the courage to…

…poke it with a stick.

Yep.

The brave medical Kunoichi, Sakura Haruno, had poked the thing with a stick, shrieking again when it let out a groaning noise, moving slightly before falling silent again.

"What in the HELL…!" Biting her lip and swallowing, she leant in and took a few steps closer, squirming as it dripped a little.

Maybe…maybe it was hurt?

Maybe it needed help…

Because whatever it was, it sure didn't look to be in too good of a state.

So scrounging up the courage her master had taught her, she knelt down next to it, slowly bringing her hands up to lightly touch it's 'chest', a soft green glow covering them as it sunk into the wetness.
Her hands found a solid place as they laid on the figure, lightly shifting from higher to lower as she tried to find something wrong...

And just as she was about to give up and pull away...

It moaned.

No, not the 'I'm hurt' moan she was used to.

THIS was a…very different kind of moan.

And as she looked from the quickly solidifying mass to its face, she was met with half lidded purple eyes and a lazy sharp toothed grin.

Which made her shriek and jump away again.

So much for being a fearless Kunoichi.

"Yo, Pinky, no need to stop." HE lisped slightly, HIS arms propping himself up as HE continued to gaze at her with that half lidded lazy- "That actually felt kinda nice. What were you doing anyway, I've never felt something like that before…"

She'd known that some people had….different…reactions to healing chakra, she'd been thoroughly lectured on it by Tsunade years ago, before she'd even touched her first patient.

This was the kind of thing medic nin needed to be aware of because sometimes the more elemental based nin, mostly water and lightning, felt their chakra doing its work much more intensely.

She'd been red with embarrassment the first time she'd worked on Kakashi, luckily though he'd learnt to tamper down his reaction.

Back to the present though, the man before her was just as flushed as she was, obviously having noticed his…issue just like she had.

'Don't look down Sakura, just keep looking at his face! Don't look down. Don't loo-

"Uh…” He started, shifting slightly and covering his…problem as much as he could. "Who the hell are you and why were you… doing that."

"HEY! I'm not a pervert you…you pervert! I thought something was wrong so I tried to heal you and-" She tried to defend, only to be cut off by his scoff.

"Yeah right, and I'm Orochimaru."

"GAH! Fine then, since you're okay, I'll be taking my leave. Good bye."

And with that she stood with a flushed face and glare, stomping away down the road until she heard faint footsteps rushing to catch up with her, faint cursing filling the air.

"WAIT! Wait, look, I'm sorry okay? I didn't mean it." He called as he caught up, a sheepish look on his face as she glowered at him again. "I'm sorry. Let's start again. Suigetsu, at your service. Thank you for helping me, no one's ever tried to do that before."

Tampering down her glower and letting out a sigh, she looked over her shoulder at the man and gave a faint but there smile.
"Sakura Haruno, and you're welcome."
Guarding the Gates (Kotetsu/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Over the years of guard duty, he'd gotten to know the pinkette rather well, and as she climbed the ranks...he couldn't help but both worry and look forward to seeing her.

He'd first laid eyes on her at her first attempt at the chunin exams, her teammates having drawn attention to the poor girl as she tried to fade into the background.

She was little more than a kid at the time, and his only thought had been how stupid her teammates were.

He'd felt sorry for her that day, especially when the blond started screaming and yelling at Ibiki during the written test.

He'd seen her on and off during the years, her training with Tsunade having her in and out of the village weekly on minor healing missions.

Then, she'd hit jounin and they'd started chatting more and more at the gate, her smile quickly becoming the highlight of his dreary days.

The more they talked, the more he got to know about the young woman who always gave him a smile.

She liked sweets, so he'd made sure to have a few hard candy on hand for when she looked down.

She hated talking about the Uchiha, so he made sure to not mention it and shut everyone else up when they started.

She always smelled like strawberries when she left the village, the scent quickly becoming his favourite. She usually lingered for a few minutes before heading out, so he made sure to absorb as much of the sweet smell as he could.

She found it funny when he blushed, even though he tried to stop. He didn’t know when it started, but his face was always red when she came to see him, especially when she admitted to not even having a mission.

And then…she'd gotten promoted.

He could pick the pink haired ANBU member out of her group from a mile away, not even needing to see the masks to tell who she was anymore.

It was the way she walked.

The sway of her hips.

The length of her strides.

The way she'd always turn to look at him instead of focusing straight forward like everyone else.
Kotetsu would always rub his bandaged nose and greet her like usual, usually startling the rest of her group to a halt as her light giggle filled the air. Yeah, he’d gotten a few complaints about his actions, mostly delivered by a smirking Tsunade who’d just wink at him and push them to the side.

The ANBU were in the village anyway, no harm no foul.

And on particularly dreary days, when he had little more to do than just sit there, he'd see her wandering up the road alone, her swaying hips and waving hand telling him that it was the pinkette before she could reach up and remove her mask.

And she'd always be smiling.

Her eyes would be bright, her cheeks lightly flushed, and she'd always, always walk a little faster until she reached him.

Then she'd give him a hug.

That hug was the best part of his week.

And today was just like any other, the faces blurring together as he sighed loudly, Izumo snickering softly to his left as he kept gazing out onto the road, rubbing his bandaged nose and waiting.

Because she had been scheduled to return two days ago.

And he was worried.

So damn worried.

But then he felt the slight flare of chakra, heard Izumo laugh loudly as he jerked towards the road, his eyes softening as that oh so familiar cloaked figure wandered up the worn path and towards them.

The hips,

The walk.

The wave and attention.

It was her.

Sakura was okay.

So when she reached him, he took the initiative and jerked forward, wrapping his arms around the startled girl and pulling her to him before she could even take her mask off.

"You're late…I was worried Sakura-chan." He mumbled as he rested his head on top of hers.

He could still faintly smell the strawberries, even though he knew the scent was just his imagination.

"I know…I'm sorry Kotetsu-kun, I promise it wasn't on purpose." The pinkette mumbled back, hugging him to her tightly as he pulled down her hood. Reaching up around his arms, she took off her mask slowly and looked up at him, her smile bright and her eyes alive yet tired as they locked gazes.

"Don't worry, I'm home."
(Slightly dark) Her smiles...he loved them so much. Yagura would do anything to keep them to himself, to have her as his own.

It took seven of her smiles, seven meetings for Yagura to find that, yes, she would be his.

She, Sakura Haruno, would be his.

Sakura Haruno and her kind soft smiles, her loving looks and...and her wonderful nurturing nature.

His.

His and his alone.

The first time Yagura set eyes on the pinkette, she was putting the blond jinchuriki back in his place with a well-placed punch. It was odd to see such a powerful man cowering before her, flinching away from her anger like he would rather be anywhere but there.

The last time Yagura had seen a look like that, he'd been...disciplining one of his less than trustworthy shinobi.

It was odd to see her, such a delicate looking woman, gain the same look. Odd, but not too out of place, especially considering his own appearance.

His confusion had been cleared up moments later when she turned those tiny little fists on an attacking nin, her entire body moving like flowing water as her fist struck his chest with a thud, her dance like movements coming to a stop.

Everything had stilled for a moment.

She smiled.

And then the man's chest had erupted, blood and organs and shattered bone covering the trees around them as she turned those burning green eyes to the now stilled attackers.

One whimpered, another took a step back, and the leader…

The leader just looked on, frozen in place as his follower's insides painted the trees around him.

One hit, one tap of her delicate little hand, and this had happened.

No wonder the blond man was so terrified when she struck him earlier, it was only her good will that'd separated him from the fallen man before her.

"Naruto, stop goofing around and go help the others!"
The second time the shorter man saw her, she'd been kneeling before an injured man, a faint green
glow tinting the area around the two.

Her words were kind, soft and well spoken. The tiny reassuring smile she had on her face as she
spoke to the blushing man had him curious, her tender actions shattering the image he'd developed of
her earlier.

Odd.

Such an odd young woman, with her fear inducing antics, her delicate looking form, and now- her
tender nature.

The wound she was tending too slowly sealed itself, not even a scar remaining as the green light
faded away, her eyes shining in pride as the man thanked her.

She was a medic then, a medic, but also a force to be reckoned with.

A healer and a destroyer.

Life and death, all wrapped up in one small body.

Yagura blinked slowly and shook his head, ignoring the strange stirring he felt and turned to the mist
nin escorting him around.

With a nod they continued further into the building, the pinkette's voice fading from range with each
step.

"Now take it easy next time Lee, you know your limits at the moment and I want you to respect
them. If you injure yourself like this again, I'll have to get Tsunade-sama to take you off mission duty
for a week."

The third time he saw her, was the first time she actually paid attention to him. She'd been mulling
around the Hokage's office, sorting classified paperwork that he'd been shocked to see her even
holding.

She was well trusted then, more trusted than he'd ever consider being with his underlings- student or
not.

When she noticed him and his two guards walk in, a smile came to her face.

Such a bright smile, so full of life and…

No one had ever smiled at him like that before.

She walked over slowly, his guards tensing as she set the papers next to her dozing Kage and
approached them. When she came to a stop just before them, her smile grew, the friendly tone taking
on a slight apologetic tinge as she held out a hand.

"Hello there, I'm Sakura Haruno, Tsunade-sama's apprentice and one of Naruto's teammates. I'm
very sorry for not getting a chance to introduce myself earlier, but things were a little hectic with the
attacks and all…"

Looking from her face to her hand, Yagura shocked his guards by smiling and grasping the
outstretched appendage, bringing it to his lips and kissing her knuckles softly.
"Sakura-san, there is no need for an apology, I completely understand. I'm Yagura, former Mizukage of mist, it's a pleasure to meet you properly."

She blushed lightly and he slowly released her hand, just as confused as his guards by his actions.

He'd led the Mist village's darkest generation, it was…strange to be this kind for once.

Her smile lit up the room and he found himself watching her more intently, her laughter filling the room as she motioned to the woman passed out behind her.

"I assume you're here for a meeting Tsunade-sama failed to mention to me? She's always doing that…"

He nodded, shooting a glare to one of the taller men next to him, the man's constant shifting drawing the pinkette's attention away from the former Kage.

The fourth time he saw her, she was laughing and playing with a group of children at a nearby park, his route to the Hokage's tower having taken him right past it.

Her hair shone bright in the sunlight, her green eyes were playful and her laughter…her laughter was like music as she pushed the small group of children around on the merry-go-round.

She looked like she belonged there, the happy squeals of the children mixing with her voice as she sang out words and names.

Her nurturing nature drew him closer, his stomach stirring again as he got a better view of her, her bright green eyes catching sight of him as the children jumped off and ran off to other equipment.

"Yagura, it's good to see you again! Are you off to see Tsunade-sama?"

Her smile blinded him, her glowing form the only thing he could see as his mind assaulted him with faint images and feelings.

Happy green eyes looking at him as he slid a band on her finger, her soft lips brushing his own.

Her pleasure filled voice echoed in his ears as she withered underneath him, her hands gripping his hair as their bodies moved against each other.

Her, glowing with beauty as she stood next to him in the Mizukage's office, his robes doing nothing to cover her child heavy stomach as she watched him hand out another mission, her happy face meeting his own.

A little grey haired boy, his green eyes and glowing smile calling for his father as he tugged the pinkette along and towards him.

"Yes, yes I have another meeting. I best be on my way."

She smiled.

And he walked off, unable to focus on anything but the images that assaulted his mind.

The fifth time…the fifth time he saw her smile, she was training.

Her movements were like water, flowing seamlessly from one form to the next, her sweat dampened
form flaring with chakra as she destroyed target after target.

He shifted further back into the shadows as his groin stirred to life, his eyes trained on her happy grin and alluring form. Her curves strained against her clothing, her shirt clinging to her upper body, and her spandex shorts clung to her toned behind.

Yagura bit his lip and stifled a groan as she bent to gather a handful of kunai, her breasts heavy and straining against her red vest, the pinkette obviously having forgone bindings in exchange for flexibility today.

Good god, did she have any idea what she was doing to him?

Turning and walking off before he did something he'd come to regret, Yagura stalked back to the building he'd been given, his dark glare training on his shinobi the second he entered.

And so began the most gruelling day in those men's lives, Yagura relentlessly beating them to the ground as they trained with him, his viciousness and lashing assaults being too much for them.

One man, an older gentlemen who'd served during Yagura's previous reign, watched on as his leader stalked around one of his fallen comrades, his voice filling the air and sending a shiver of fear down the spines of all those present.

"I led the strongest generation mist has ever seen, I ruled it all from a seat I gained in blood, don't make me show you why I was chosen."

The sixth time…it was too much to bare.

Too much to watch her freely give herself to everyone around her when he was the only one she should be looking at, paying attention to and touching.

Sitting down on the bench next to her and returning the grin she gave him, Yagura motioned his guards away and took an offered dango.

He wasn't much for sweets, but she'd offered and it's be rude to refuse.

They spoke for a while, and with each smile she gave to those who walked passed, he grit his teeth.

With each wave she gave to people other than him, his chest tightened in jealousy.

With every blushing man that looked at her, he glared and caught her attention again, ordering her another drink from the tea house across the street.

And when that dark haired boy with the cut off shirt was given a hug, he snapped.

The next drink she was given had a little something…extra.

And she didn't notice until it was far too late, the wooziness and fatigue hitting her as they strolled down a deserted path, her chakra trying to flush her system much too late.

The last thing the pinkette saw were soft pink eyes, a soft smile…and then she was gone.

It wasn't so much a smile this time as it was a quirk of her lips, Yagura watching her face as she rested in his arms, the nin following behind him having dealt with any Konoha shinobi following behind them.
His face nuzzled into her soft hair, her breath brushing against his neck as she giggled in her sleep.

Cute…

And as they stood before Mei upon arriving back in Mist, the woman didn't say a word.

No, she'd be stupid to go against him or any of his wishes.

Yagura had many allies in the village, many connections throughout the nations. He was the three tailed jinchuriki now, and his skill alone was nothing to be brushed off.

No, if he wanted the Kage seat again, Mei knew he could take it.

She'd give him this, she'd let him keep the girl and play along with whatever he wanted.

Yagura lightly kissed the sleeping pinkette's cheek, his gaze softening as she mumbled something, pressing harder against his chest as a shiver rolled through her. She must have been cold…

Mei just…watched as the young looking man fawned over the girl in his arms.

But she didn't say a word.

Because Yagura was not a man you wanted to cross.

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Yagura watched the pinkette look out the window in a daze, her eyes glazed over in thought as he lingered in the doorway, unwilling to disrupt her of the picture of calmness she made.

Sakura Haruno, sitting in the dimming light, her pink hair tinted orange as the night air filled the room, her hand absentmindedly rubbing her child heavy stomach.

He grinned, just watching her until she noticed him and turned slightly, her eyes locking with his.

She smiled, a small quirk of her lips as she motioned him over to sit with her on the bed.

It wouldn't be long now, she was coming to the end of her 9 months in the next few weeks.

The soft look on her face burned into his mind again, the events that had taken place years ago playing through his mind again as he shrugged off his Kage robes, settling next to her and pulling the willing woman into his arms.

Sakura kissed his jaw lightly, body relaxing against his as she went back to watching out the window, the faint orange sunset filling the room with light.

It had taken some work, a lot of lies and plenty of manipulation of his subordinates, but she was smiling again, that same smile that had made him fall for her in the first place.

And he'd make sure she kept smiling.

Even if she thought Konoha was nothing but a pile of ash due to a certain Uchiha traitor.
It took a three week trip for them to go from cold silence to good friends, too bad neither of them wanted it to end there.

It was a trivial matter really, but it needed to be done all the same. An escort to and from Konoha was a sign of trust in their alliance on both parts, and no matter how much Yagura and Sakura detested the idea initially, it had to be done.

Mist and Konoha both needed all the help they could get in solidifying this truce, so if it called for the Hokage's apprentice and the Ex-Mizukage to make nice, so be it.

They both wanted what was best for their villages.

And that was the first thing they ever agreed on during their three week trip from Mist to the Hokage's tower.

They'd initially ignored each other, not speaking aside from their very first 'Let's put up with each other for the good of MY village.' It was awkward for Sakura, and two days in, she'd taken the first step in trying to get along with the childlike man.

It had been an innocent question, just a simple little thing that had been on her mind since meeting Zabuza during her genin days, and who better to give her insight than the man who'd ruled over mist?

A simple 'Why?' and a small explanation from her, and a debate had sprouted between the two, lasting a good three days before they'd called it a truce and agreed to disagree on the matter. Sakura knew he still believed himself to be right, but knew better than to dredge the subject back up again, she didn't want to waste another few days on trivial matters like that.

That had been the beginning of something great, something neither party had anticipated. Yagura was the next to ask her a seemingly meaningless question about why she'd chosen the medic's path.

And he'd gained an entirely new view of the woman before him, the things she'd struggled through shining a new light on all the little quirks he'd found annoying or irrelevant in the beginning of their journey.

Eight Days in and they found themselves agreeing more often than not, especially on the immaturity and embarrassing antics of her orange wearing teammate. Sakura was becoming more kind to the older man, more willing to start a conversation and hear him out despite her initial dislike for his methods of ruling. Yagura offered the same courtesy, his Mizukage persona melting slightly as his personality shown through.

On the tenth day of their travel, Sakura found herself telling him about her run away teammate without prompting, and no matter how much she tried to talk herself out of it, the words and worries just kept slipping out like a waterfall.

Yagura had soaked it all in, keeping silent aside from the occasional question or query, and she
became all the more odd in his eyes.

Her loyalty was astounding, even if it was undeserved by that filthy traitor. The younger woman had endured a lot in her short life, had overcome all of it except for this. The deserter, no matter how much Yagura despised him, had shaped Sakura into the woman she was today.

And he was thankful for that.

Because she was...amazing.

Unlike any female he'd had the privilege to know.

Mei and Tsunade were both strong and demanded his respect in their own ways- but this girl, this twenty year old pink haired Kunoichi, didn't demand anything from him.

She earned it.

On day thirteen, Yagura brought her dinner, sitting awkwardly across from her as the civilians around them looked on in awe. He'd just wanted to show his appreciation for her taking time to escort him to Konoha, especially now that he knew she was one of the head medics at their hospital.

She'd taken time away from saving lives to travel with him, even if it wasn't entirely her decision.

On day fourteen, Sakura offered him a bento she'd made at the inn, avoiding eye contact shyly as he gazed at the contents with slightly widened eyes. It was just meant to be a thank you for the wonderful meal he'd brought her the night before, but the way he savored it made it seem like so much more.

And it did.

Because no one had ever made him a simple lunch like this before, it had either been him fending for himself, or a routine mass produced meal given to all shinobi or residents of the Mizukage's tower.

It made him feel...special, warm inside.

Day sixteen and Sakura found herself blushing as she ran next to the man, which was almost as odd as the feeling she got in her chest whenever she'd catch him looking at her from the corner of his strange pupiless eyes.

The second she'd turn to ask him why though, it was like nothing had ever happened, and he'd just keep watching straight ahead with that tiny little pink tinge to his cheeks.

It was...cute.

And he was actually kind of cute, for a 29 year old man who looked a few years younger than her anyways.

Day eighteen brought their first and last ambush. They'd been expecting one for some time now, and they weren't all that shocked. The small group of rogue mist nin had thought revenge to be a good idea, and were terribly mistaken once Sakura's fist met the earth just behind them.

Yes, Yagura and Sakura had ambushed their would be attackers, moving behind them with ease and taking them out with little to no trouble.

Sakura finally saw the strength he kept locked away, the skill that put him in his Kage seat years before hand. It was amazing to watch him move, almost like a dance with how fluidly each attack
tied into the next. And Yagura, Yagura learnt just why you never piss off a medic, especially if that medic was the heir to the slug sannin's famed strength.

That night as they set up camp, Yagura set his tent up a little closer than normal, the faint red tinge on his cheeks almost going unnoticed in the fires bright orange light.

Almost.

Sakura didn't mention it tough, and just smiled at him slightly before calling the first watch.

Day twenty and they were well and truly in fire, taking the day to relax at Yagura's request, however odd it was. They spent the day walking slowly through the forest, just talking about this and that, about what they were planning on doing after the mission was over.

Yagura had next to nothing planned, Mei being the Mizukage now and no missions demanding him to be home. He predicted a few years like this before something big came up again and he was called in, and he wasn't looking forward to all the downtime.

Sakura, well she would be working randomly between the hospital and missions that called for her expertise. It was rare for her to be called out for a proper mission after the war, things having settled down considerably. Her next trip would probably be to Suna, as the Kazekage had taken a liking to her bedside manner and requested all his check-ups be done by her.

She giggled over it and told Yagura about how the Kazekage, Gaara, annoyed his own medics too much with his constant sand barriers and clones.

Yagura just scowled to himself and watched the road ahead of them, stomping on a nearby patch of sand much harder than necessary.

Day twenty one and they were walking through the gates, Sakura's slightly disheartened look burned in Yagura's mind as her words echoed over and over again in his head.

"I'm going to miss talking to you Yagura, this...spending time with you like this, I honestly didn't think I'd enjoy it this much." Her saddened eyes flashed across him mind as he walked towards the Hokage's office alone, the pinkette having to leave him at the front desk. "Promise that you'll keep in touch? I...I consider you a... a very good friend. I'm sorry if you don't feel the same, but I really would like to keep talking to you after this!"

"And that's about everything we needed to cover for today, I'm sure you'd like a room to get cleaned up in and relax now." Tsunade's voice trailed to a close, the faint twitch in her eye as she looked at the paperwork before her telling him that no, she wasn't going to be getting it done anytime soon.

"Actually, there is one more thing. Your apprentice, Sakura Haruno-" Yagura began, his voice deep, much older than his form led others to believe.

The Hokage just sighed, her eyes looking at him sharply as she sat straight, a scowl coming to her face. "If Sakura has done anything to upset you during your travels, feel free to bring it up, I'd be more than happy to reimburse you for anything that's occurred." Her smile was venomous, just like the tinge her voice had gained. Tsunade was nothing if not protective of those she cared about, and she cared deeply for her student.

Yagura just looked at her diplomatically, his face passive as he brushed off the Kage's hidden threats. No, he didn't have any complaints about the woman that escorted him, quite the opposite actually.
"No, nothing of that nature occurred. Your student was a wonderful escort and she has my highest respect. I'd like to add something else to the newly revised alliance if possible, not a demand per say, just a request to be considered by all parties involved. I believe it will greatly strengthen the bonds between our villages."

"And what would your request be?" Tsunade just watched the man before her, her face paling with each word that slipped from his now slightly upturned mouth, his pink eyes flashing sharply in the light as he looked her dead in the eye.

"I would like to request Sakura Haruno's hand in marriage."

An outraged bellow echoed from the Hokage's tower, startling all those mulling about in the street with its volume. Sakura looked back over her shoulder with furrowed brows, turning back to her front door while sweat dropping slightly, pondering just what Yagura had done to set her teacher off like that.
Despite being the older of the two, Yagura is very...awkward when it comes to PDA, and Sakura just loves teasing him about it. No matter how sulky he gets afterwards.

Everyone knew about their relationship, from Suna to cloud, especially considering how… unexpected it was.

Sakura Haruno, the next slug sannin, the Hokage's apprentice and loyal leaf Kunoichi.

Yagura, the 4th Mizukage, the leader of the bloody mist generation, current container of the three tailed demon.

It was extremely unexpected when Yagura first made his intentions known to the Hokage, the older woman's shocked outburst being heard throughout Konoha, all within hearing distance being informed of the details through her loud yells and the thuds that followed.

Sakura still remembered the looks of confusion and pity she'd gotten when she entered the village the next day, having returned from her mission slightly early due to the good weather. She'd been met with these glances the entire way to the tower, even her mentor looking slightly weary as she gave her report.

That's when she'd been told of the older man's request.

And despite everything, she couldn't find it in herself to get mad at him when he met her shocked form outside, his low voice formally requesting her permission to court her. He hadn't pushed, hadn't used his status or power to get her to agree. No, all he'd done is confess an interest and ask if he was allowed to pursue her.

And she'd said yes.

Because what did she really have to lose right now? It wasn't like anyone besides Lee had shown interest in her after Naruto and Hinata had gotten together anyway.

She was...tired of being alone.

She hadn't regretted it in the least. He'd been the perfect gentleman, never rushing her or pushing her to do anything. He was surprisingly sweet actually.

He'd buy her dinner at least three times a week, he'd pick her up after her shift, no matter what the time, and walk her home. He'd even train with her whenever they had the chance. Yagura was a very kind man, well, to her at least. Nearly everything about him was unexpected.

Especially how flustered he'd get whenever she did something in public, anything really, even just innocently brushing her hand against his.

She never did anything to intentionally fluster him, but sometimes...she just couldn't resist. His
sputtering and utter loss of what to do always made her giggle to herself, which in turn would set him off into an indignant huff.

His pale cheeks would flush, his bright pink eyes would go wide, and sometimes she swore his already messy hair would stand on end. It was just so…cute.

She'd never tell him that though, because if he had even the slightest inclination of her calling him _cute_ of all things, he'd most probably sulk for days.

Sitting next to the slightly shorter man as they watched the villagers mull about aimlessly, Sakura let out a content sigh, watching another young couple flirt as they walked by, their laughing voices fading away as they got further from view. The pinkette watched them go, a small smile on her face as the guy grabbed the woman's hand and pulled her closer.

Yagura shifted next to her, drawing the pinkette's eyes as she turned to look at him curiously.

He never fidgeted like that, maybe something was wrong?

"What's up Yagura, do you have more paperwork calling your name?" She teased, leaning forward slightly so she was more on his level. His pink eyes watched her, his gaze shifting from her wistful smile to over her shoulder, the young couple turning a corner and leaving their view.

"Sakura…" He began, one of his hands raising slowly to cup her cheek, his face going red as she raised a brow in question. "I…I'm sorry if I'm not the most…attentive suitor you've ever had. I just find affection odd to express, I've never had to-"

"It's okay Yagura, I understand." Sakura interrupted, her own hand coming up to cup his own, her face leaning closer to his as her voice dropped lower.

He tried to pull his hand away slightly, his face darkening as his voice stuttered, his throat moving as he swallowed nervously.

"I-I just…I'm trying Sakura, I'm trying to get used to everything and I'm very grateful for your patience with me. I'd have never expected you to even give me a chance, and when you actually did, I'll admit that I was at a loss for what to do-"

Her green eyes hooded as he continued to ramble slightly, her hand still holding his to her face as he relaxed slightly.

That's when she leant forward and brushed her soft lips against his own.

His pupiless eyes went wide, gazing into her own in shock as she tilted her head and ever so slowly moved her lips, brushing softly against his as her cheeks flushed lightly.

This was...her first kiss.

Who'd have thought she'd be giving it to the rambling Ex-Mizukage of all people?

She pulled back after feeling his lips move against hers slightly, her eyes still half lidded as she watched his beet red face. His darkening eyes trained on her lips as she languidly tasted them with the tip of her tongue, her voice coming out low and breathless as she smiled.

"You…taste like tea Yagura."
And with that, the shorter man fell backwards, her concerned face the last thing his eyes caught before he met the ground, his nose bleeding heavily as his lips tingled.
Chapter Summary

It was...odd to have these two strange men wandering around Konoha after the war, especially with the attention they constantly gave her. But then again, maybe it was because she always went out of her way to be friendly, to treat them just like everyone else. Human.

Maybe it was because she was their former host's teammate, maybe it was because she always made sure to keep them in line, unlike everyone else.

But then again, maybe it was because she always went out of her way to be friendly, to treat them just like everyone else.

From the first time she'd met Asura and Indra, Sakura had a small smile and a warm hello upon every meeting. She didn't bow, didn't act star struck, didn't treat them like they were gods.

No, to her, they were just...normal people.

Insanely powerful and almost god like, but they were still human and deserved to be treated as such.

Asura had warmed up to her near instantly, swooping in and sweeping the confused woman away from the baffled Hokage and Hokage to be, bombarding her with question after question. He'd grinned at her the whole time, and every time they ran into each other after that initial meeting, he always made time for her, even if it was odd to stop dead in the middle of the street and try to start a conversation. He was odd, but he was kind, and Sakura needed more kind people in her life after the war and everything she'd been through.

Indra had taken longer to warm up to her, just shaking his head and silently judging his brothers actions. He seemed to have gotten used to her though, her constant smile and the way she kept Naruto and Asura in line always bringing a smirk to his face. Yes, it had taken a lot of time and effort on her part to get to know him, but when he finally admitted that he found her to be a good companion, she just hugged him and refused to make a big deal out of it.

He'd seemed grateful for that, especially with how his brother was gaping at him like a madman.

They called her loyal.

Trustworthy.

And overall, a wonderful woman that had their respect.

And she was very flattered to be held in such high regard especially since Indra didn't so much as speak to anyone without a lot of prompting and silent judgement.

These two men, as odd as they were, had wormed their way into her heart.
Just like she had burrowed deeply into hers.

Yes, Asura may practically announce it to the world, and Indra may try to deny it..

But Sakura Haruno...she was very important to them.

It wasn't strange for the people of Konoha to see them lingering outside the hospital anymore, or at the training grounds while she practiced. Heck, it wasn't odd to see the three of them enjoying themselves at the nearest tea house, dango in hand while Asura joked about and Sakura just giggled away, Indra having to subdue his brother so she could actually finish her tea after a while.

It was rumored that they even petitioned to go on missions with her only to be turned down by the Hokage herself, the woman supposedly telling them that her apprentice could take care of herself.

And as true as that was, they didn't do any of this because they thought she couldn't handle herself.

They did it because they cared.

They cared for her deeply, more than they knew they should...

Because when she saw them waiting for her outside the hospital late at night, having shown up to escort her home, Asura would blush. He loved her smile, the touched look she'd get when someone, anyone, went out of their way for her. She deserved to have nice things done for her at every opportunity, she did so much for everyone else...

Because when he helped her understand and master a new technique, Indra would feel his stomach flutter and churn in a way he was unfamiliar with, her arms always having wrapped around him in thanks as she whispered just that too him. The skill she showed, while nowhere near that of he or his brother, was remarkable and deserved to be nurtured.

Yes, they did these things because she was their friend, the only one to treat them like they were human.

The only one who had ever cared about them and not what they could do.

And if they seemed a little overprotective because of all the little things they did to see her smile, so be it.

They honestly didn't care what anyone else thought when they both took her out to dinner, or walked her through the park, or brought her ice cream and sat with her while she ate it.

She was all that mattered.

Sakura Haruno, with her kind smiles, her soft looks, her hot temper and her drive to better herself. The lone pink haired woman who treated them like they were human and not something to be marveled at or feared.

And they loved her for it.

No matter how odd or wrong anyone may consider it, they loved Sakura Haruno, and that would never change.
(Slight AU- or post war) When Sakura get's injured on a mission, Obito finally realizes just how quickly he could lose everything he has with her. Falling into overprotective boyfriend mode, he does everything he can to make sure she's happy and heals quickly, he'd never let another moment with her slip through his fingers.

Blood.

He remembered seeing blood everywhere as they rushed her deeper into the hospital, and while he paced outside the door to her room waiting to be able to see her, it was all he could think about.

If he'd been there, he could have stopped it.

If he'd been there, she wouldn't have been overwhelmed.

If he'd been there, she wouldn't have gotten injured at all.

If he'd just been there….

But he hadn't been. No, he'd been safe and sound at a bar with Kakashi, drinking his worries about their future away while she dragged herself back to the village, fighting to stay alive.

He hadn't been there for her.

_He should have been._

This was entirely his fault.

"Obito?" Kakashi's voice quietly called, the white haired man watching the Uchiha pace irritably, his eyes flashing sharingan red every few minutes that passed without word. "She'll be fine, she's stronger than this."

"She will be. I know she will be, she has to be. I'm not losing her Kakashi, I'll do anything to keep her here with me."

"Obito…"

"I mean it! I won't lose her! Once was enough Kakashi, and that was just a fucking nightmare! I can't handle it again, I won't let her slip away!" It had been a nightmare. Her heart had stopped for a short time, and if Shizune hadn't have been with the team during that mission…

'No' Obito shook his head firmly, leaning against the wall and sliding to the floor. His hands clenched in his hair before moving to cover his face as he snarled to the ground, desperate to just go in and see if she was okay yet. 'She'll be okay. I KNOW she'll be okay.'

She had to be.

He couldn't live without her.
"Uchiha-san?" 10 minutes of silence was broken by the nurse's timid voice, her intimidated form cowering slightly under his previous harsh glares.

He'd apologize later.

He was too concerned about Sakura right now to do much more than worry.

"Haruno-san pulled through, she's in recovery as we speak."

Everything had to be perfect.

The flowers had to be fresh, the windows had to be open and the curtains pulled just right. The lights couldn't be too bright, and he sure as hell wasn't letting her eat that crap they served here, so each day at breakfast, lunch and dinner, Obito brought her food.

She never woke up to eat it though.

She was still sleeping.

It'd been a week, and he was so worried.

Tsunade said that everything was fine, that she was okay, just replenishing the energy she'd lost. But if everything was fine, why did his stomach drop every time he saw her pale face, why did he feel like crying each time he brushed her soft hair for her, making sure she was nice and tidy, just how she always was.

And he sat there, all day, every day, huddling up in the chair next to her bed, just watching her peacefully sleep.

He had to be there when she woke up.

He needed to tell her how sorry he was for not going with her, for brushing her request off for a simple bar hopping trip with his friend.

He knew she hadn't minded, and that small smile she'd given him haunted his every waking moment lately- even his dreams.

So soft, so understanding, so loving…

He should have been there to protect her.

'I'll make up for it,' he frowned, looking out the window at the nice day outside, the warm sun only just brushing the end of the bed. 'I'll never let anything hurt her again, I'll take care of her this time.'

Maybe it was just coincidence, maybe it was fate, but the second he swore that to himself, Sakura groaned softly, shifting to open her eyes.

"O-Obito…? What's…what's going on?"

He wasn't ashamed to admit he cried then, his lips brushing against hers over and over again as he held her, trying his hardest not to aggravate any leftover wounds as he cradled her against his chest.

He'd never let her go again.

Never.
"I'm so sorry Sakura-chan."

Not long after he awakening, people started flooding the room, well wishes and flowers covering the tables, hugs and tears coming from a select few of her visitors.

Obito just frowned to himself and made sure they didn't try to get her to skip out of the hospital. She'd done it before, having picked the habit up from Kakashi, and Obito didn't want to see her leave before she was discharged.

What if something went wrong and she got hurt again?

No, he'd make sure she stayed until she was all healed up, even if the little pinkette raged at him for it.

Shaking his head at Naruto's stupidity, Obito left the room with a quick promise to be back with food. His footsteps echoed loudly throughout the empty hall as he made his way outside, stuck on auto pilot as he made his way towards the pinkette's favourite restaurant.

She'd love it after not eating for so long, maybe he could get her a few dango as well?

She always brought him sweets when he had to stay in with an injury…

Not half an hour later, Obito walked back into her hospital room, hands heavy with random things he'd picked up for his little girlfriend, a few changes of clothing and an extra tooth brush he knew she wanted.

Only to stop dead as he caught sight of Naruto playfully helping Sakura up and out of bed, completely ignoring her pained expression.

"NARUTO!" His voice thundered throughout the room, his rage clear on his face as he ran over and yanked the startled man away from the equally startled pinkette. Snarling down at the orange clad boy in fury, Obito grabbed him by the collar and dragged him to the door, throwing him out into the hall and flashing his sharingan red eyes at him. "GET OUT!"

The boy just let out a strangled noise and turned tail, disappearing from view as the dark haired man clenched his fists, pulling the door closed sharply while slowly letting out a breath.

He needed to calm down.

Obito leant his head against the cool wood, closing his eyes as he took another deep breath, slowly unclenching his hands and relaxing his tense form.

But seeing that pained look on her face…

"Obito? You okay?"

Okay?

Was he okay?!

 Turing his head just enough to see her worried face, Obito worried his bottom lip between his teeth and sighed, moving from the door to slowly pick up the bags he'd dropped.

"I'm fine Sakura-chan, you know that. I got you dinner though, you must be hungry by now…"
Her stomach growled.

He smiled.

She blushed.

And all was right again as he gently helped her back into bed, smoothing out her hair with a hand as she ate, her light laughter soothing him as he closed his eyes and just basked in being with her again. He'd never let a moment slip between his fingers again.

Never.

"I'm serious Obito-"

He knew she was.

"-I could leave now, it wouldn't cause any trouble for anyone-"

He knew that too, Tsunade had informed him about it earlier in case the pinkette did try to skip out and leave.

"-So please? Help me out of here?"

Her large green eyes looked up at him pleadingly from her bed, her hands clasped around his own and his thumb stroked her knuckles absentmindedly.

"Alright, fine,-"

"Thank you!"

"BUT! Only if you come and stay with me for a few days, alright? I don't want you alone if something comes up, you're still not allowed to use your chakra for another week at the least…”

Silence filled the room and Obito shifted under her considering gaze, his own eyes pleadingly looking back at her, his puppy like expression making her sweat drop slightly.

"Okay, just for a few days though, then I need to go and tidy up my apartment."

That night was the first time they'd shared a bed, and Obito found that he loved holding her close, burying his face in her hair and just enjoying her calming presence next to him, both of them quietly talking until they finally fell asleep.

Waking up to her legs tangled with his own and her body curling against his was an added bonus Obito wouldn't mind a repeat of, especially when he got to see her wandering around his house in one of his shirts. It was only because she didn't have any spare clean clothing with her, but she didn't seem to mind wearing his things too much.

It was rather stirring if he was honest with himself.

So was that sleepy smile she gave him upon waking.

The day Sakura was pronounced fit for active duty again, Obito was both relieved and worried, his demeanor switching between the two enough to prompt Sakura to finally say something.
"Are you okay Obito?"

Why was she always so worried about him?

She should worry about herself from time to time…

"Honestly…No, no I'm not."

She turned to look at him more closely, her hands wrapping around his middle as the pinkette pulled him into a hug.

"What is it? You know you can tell me anything, right?"

Looking down at her and slowly wrapping his own arms around her form, Obito sighed, pulling her tighter against him.

"I'm scared Sakura," he whispered, his eyes looking intently at hers as he spoke, the worry he felt reflecting as they shifted between red and black. "I'm scared, I'm so scared. Of losing you, of you leaving, of being alone. I don't ever want to have to see you like that again, it destroyed me, I can't handle it another time."

"Obito…"

"I know we're shinobi and it's common in our line of work…but Sakura, promise me you'll be safe, promise me you'll never leave me again?"

"You know I can't do that Obito, missions can get dangerous…"

"Can you do it anyway…please?"

Damn it, he was getting choked up.

"I promise."

That was good enough for him.

He'd never let anything hurt her again anyway.

"Thank you Sakura-chan, hey let's head home, I got some of that cake you like earlier today."

Both of them ignored how his voice broke slightly, or how her eyes watered as they started off, the cooling night air shadowing them as they walked down the street towards his apartment.

It was okay though.

Everything would be okay.

They'd never leave each other again.

Not willingly at least.
Chapter Summary

(Slight AU) Sakura loved her three little Chunin, she'd do anything for them. Just like they'd do anything for her, or her attention. (Hashi-Mada-Tobi/Saku)

Sakura Haruno loved her team, they were the family she'd never had. Some people accused her of babying the boys too much, of being over protective and sheltering them.

And so what if she did?

They'd been through so much already, seen things they shouldn't have to until they were older.

But the war had come, and they'd been forced into action, the blood covering their young hands a constant regret in her mind, it was the one thing she'd never been able to protect them from.

So yeah, if she took them to lunch instead of a training session every now and then, what of it?

If she took a few kunai for them instead of letting them risk dodging, what business was that of anyone else?

Her team were her family.

And she loved her boys dearly, just like they loved her.

She'd do anything to keep them safe and happy, whether they wanted her to or not.

As much as Sakura loved her young team, they loved her more.

Sakura-sensei had been the only one to truly care for them, to see them as people, not clan heirs who needed to be kept on a pedestal. She'd seen them at their lowest points, when all they wanted to do was give up- and all she did was gather them up and help them stand on their own again.

Yes, Sakura-sensei was the only one they all really cared about anymore. She was the one they looked to for praise, the one they went too if they had problems, the one they would follow without question.

And If Sakura-sensei was ever unhappy…well, let's just say things didn't run very smoothly within the village.

They may have been Chunin, they may have been thirteen years old, but they had enough power and sway over the village to ruin lives.

And they weren't afraid to use it.

When Sakura-sensei was heard grumbling quietly about missing a meal, Young Hashirama was always the first to start complaining about being hungry, insisting that they all go eat before doing anything. She'd just smile, sigh, and ruffle his hair before dragging them all to the nearest store.
The made sure it was always her favourite tea house.

When Sakura-sensei was kicked out of her apartment by her cruel landlord- the one who didn't like ninja- Madara was the one to smugly inform the other boys that he'd just brought a small house, but didn't have a use for it until he was older.

And then he appointed Sakura its caretaker.

The older woman had been exasperated at first, scolding him about his actions. But after looking into his no-nonsense gaze, she just sighed and quietly thanked him, her belongings being moved to the nice little home the next day.

When Sakura-sensei was stumbled upon with teary, sad eyes, Tobirama was the first one to track down exactly why, the pink haired woman having just smiled and tried to brush it off. Her would be boyfriend was found in the forest three days later, mumbling incoherently about white hair and water.

So much water.

Sakura never said anything to anyone about the incident, even when she was questioned about it by a few fellow nin.

It wasn't the last time anyone trying to get close to their sensei would feel their wrath either.

Unfaithful or unworthy men trying to get her attention never stood a chance.

All they'd see whenever they tried to make a move were three pairs of glaring eyes, the subtle threats they conveyed scaring away even the bravest of men.

No, none of these men were good enough for their sensei.

She was too kind, to giving and lovely for these scum.

She needed someone of higher standing, someone she knew, could rely on, someone who'd look after her and treat her how she deserved to be treated.

And so began the team's silent war for their oblivious sensei's hand.

"I'm telling you Madara, in just a few years, Sakura-sensei will be head over heels for me!" Hashirama exclaimed, gloating over the bento before him, all three of them having received one from the pinkette earlier that day.

"Shut it Senju, we already know she's going to fall for me. She's living in my house for gods sake, and I'll be old enough to move in with her next year." The Uchiha's smug voice carried between the three of them, the pinkette being too far away to hear their conversation as she spoke with a fellow jounin on the other side of the field.

"Not going to happen Uchiha, do you really think I'd let you move in with my woman? No, I've already made arrangements to get her another house before the year is up." The smirking white haired boy interrupted, watching in satisfaction as Madara's grin turned to a scowl of contempt.

Oh the benefits of being a clan heir.

No one questioned anything you did.
"Pffft, just you wait, when I'm Hokage and Sakura-sensei is my wife, I'll buy her a mansion! An entire village if she wants it!"

"Damn it Hashirama, you dumb fuck! You can't be Hokage AND have Sakura-sensei- It's one or the other!" Madara growled, answering Hashirama's scowl with his own.

"I can too! Just you watch me!"

"Yeah? Well then I'll be the leader of the Uchiha clan, the next Hokage, AND have Sakura-sensei as my wife! How about that?!"

"You're both idiots."

Both sets of glaring eyes turned towards the still smirking white haired boy, a fight breaking out immediately after the next words left his mouth.

"Sakura-sensei won't be with either of you, your future marriages have yet to be arranged by our parents. Whereas mine…well, I'm free to do what I want."

The sounds of their enraged yells and resounding brawl caught the attention of both older women standing on the opposite side of the field, the pinkette letting out an exasperated sigh as the boys went at it.

"You know those brats are head over heels for you, right?" Ino questioned, her smirk growing as her best friend just pinched her nose in annoyance.

"It's not like that Ino-pig, they just care a lot, that's all."

"Yeah yeah, just keep telling yourself that until you get a marriage petition from one of their clans. You know the Senju and Uchiha want your chakra control in their bloodlines, it's been brought up with Tsunade more than once."

"That's just their dirty old fathers trying to pressure them and control their lives. Just drop it okay? There are enough rumours about them floating around and I don't want to have to go beating up my best friend for starting anymore."

"Okay okay, geeze, don't get your panties in a twist~"

A particularly loud yell and a flash of flame drew their eyes again, both sweat dropping at the battle that was now taking place, water, wood and fire jutsu being thrown around like toy kunai.

"I…I should probably go stop them now…"

"This is the fifth time this week Sakura, I'm telling you- They loooove you~"

"Shut UP Pig!"

"HASHIRAMA YOU BASTARD!"

"I'LL GET YOU, YOU PRICK!"

"FUCKING UCHIHA SCUM!"

"Uhhh…I'll meet you at the bar later tonight, okay? Later Ino! TOBIRAMA, PUT YOUR BROTHER DOWN THIS INSTANT! MADARA, STOP TRYING TO ROAST TOBIRMA
AND FOR GODS SAKE HASHIRAMA, _LET GO OF MADARA’S HAIR_!

The blond just sat back and watched her oblivious friend lecture the adoring boys, their fight instantly coming to an end as she walked over.

Yeah, those boys loved her, and she just couldn't wait until Sakura finally realized it.
A walk through the park, Sakura's (not so) hidden worries, and Utakata's plan to fix them all. He'd do anything for her...

Trailing slowly along the lightly shaded path, Sakura let out a sigh of content, her eyes falling closed as another warm breeze blew past and ruffled her short hair.

It was days like this that made her glad for time off missions.

No matter how restless she got, no matter how fidgety or bored, Utakata always found a way to take her mind off things. Be it a training session, a trip just outside of Konoha's outskirts, or a simple walk through the park.

He did his best to make sure she was happy.

And she always was, no matter how bored she may seem. Because just one look at his soft pale gold eyes and she was whisked away by her affection for him, her gratitude and love distracting her from the eventless days.

She loved him, so much that it hurt sometimes.

Squeezing the hand holding her own lightly and gazing at the serene man from the corner of her now open eyes, Sakura smiled, watching his intent gaze scan the people around them routinely.

He was paranoid and anxious sometimes, not used to being around large groups of people, but he did it for her, he swallowed his pride and dragged her from her house to get some fresh air.

All for her.

No matter how much she knew he hated it.

It often made her worry actually, worry that he'd get sick of staying in one place, sick of the same people watching his every move curiously, day after day.

She worried that he'd get sick of her.

Bored.

That he'd want someone better, more…more like what she knew he deserved.

More like Hotaru, with her sunny smile, her caring and devoted nature. Sakura knew he didn't feel that way about the other woman, but…she knew that the blond had a crush on him.

She'd admitted this to Ino once, laying her insecurities bare after being with him for the first month, her eyes tearing up and her nose running as she sipped at the water her friend had gotten her.

Ino had just looked at her like she was an idiot, telling her she had nothing to worry about, that Utakata was head over heels for her and he wouldn't have bothered to tag along to the village if he
was interested in someone else.

It had consoled her for a while, but the thought always lingered in the back of her mind, haunting her and keeping her awake some nights.

Would she wake up to find his apartment empty?

Would she go to meet him, only to find a note telling her he just couldn't do it anymore?

Telling her that she was annoying?

Would he leave?

Leave her, just like…just like Sasuke had?

Giving a sigh as Ino's voice ran through her mind again, she lent her head against his arm, placing one foot in front of the other as her mind wandered away.

'Damn it forehead, get your act together! He's a great guy, he'd do anything for you, you just need to open your eyes and see that! Actually see it, and see how much that hunk loves you.'

She remembered the crying she'd done, as embarrassing as it was to think of now, clutching onto her friend as the blond reassured her and imparted her words of wisdom.

She even remembered his reaction when he'd run into her on her way home shortly after, his soft gaze turning to a blaze as he swept her off her feet and to a more secluded area, cupping her cheeks and insisting she tell him what had upset her so much.

He'd…he'd looked so furious, his chakra had even tinted that ominous red as he looked into her still puffy eyes.

All it'd done was set her off again, his sleeved arms shielding her from prying eyes as he comforted her, holding her close as the pinkette muttered incoherent things.

She'd never told him why she'd been in such a state, and he hadn't pressed.

But she'd felt so much better afterwards.

Giving a sigh and shaking the useless thoughts from her mind, Sakura looked back up at her boyfriend, her gaze softening as he kept looking tensely at the people around them, a light blush staining his cheeks.

That wouldn't do, she needed to distract him before he got worked up about something again, most likely about some old couple gossiping about them.

"You know, if your sleeves get any longer, I might as well just go shirtless when I'm with you."

He froze for a moment, his eyes ever so slowly turning to look at her as his face flushed a little darker.

"W-what was that?!"

They honestly hadn't gotten to the more…intimate part of their relationship yet, but Sakura couldn't help but tease him about it right now.

Oh, she was definitely open to the idea, and she knew he was as well.
She didn't miss the looks he shot her when he thought she wasn't paying attention.

"We could just cut an arm hole here and here," she pinched the fabric lightly, looking as serious as she could, her other hand still firmly holding his under the cover of his long sleeve. "And either cut a hole for my head here, or I could just share yours. Seriously, I'm wearing more of your clothes that mine when I'm with you, just look!"

She lifted their joined hands and sure enough, the fabric slipped further over her arm, cover up to her elbow before she dropped their hands again.

He just looked at her for a moment and shook his head, an amused smirk pulling at his lips as he looked away again, pecking her lightly on the cheek first though.

Looking back down at his sleeves in thought, all she could do was raise a brow and bite her lip in thought.

Hmmm…

He loved it when she joked around like that for him, her green eyes playful, that smile he loved always prompting one from him, no matter what the situation.

He knew she had a lot on her mind today, her pace having slowed while he pretended to watch the surrounding people.

They didn't actually bother him…too much. Sure, they were annoying with their constant gossip and judging gazes, but he was used to it by now.

The little pinkette beside him though, she was always spacing out, always forgetting what situation she was in.

So he made sure to keep a lookout for her, to make sure she was safe.

He still remembered the first time he'd seen her cry, and luckily, it'd also been the last. Her red nose and puffy eyes, her sobs as she clung to him like he was all she had left in the world…he never wanted to see her like that again.

Never.

So when he'd tracked down and interrogated her blond friend Ino, his heart had broken when she'd informed him quite blankly that HE was the reason for her tears.

He'd been shocked, he's blanched and frozen with fear for the first time in years, his heart breaking in his chest as he considered all the things he may have done to cause her to..

To break like that.

The blond had taken one look at him and quickly corrected him though, making him swear to never tell the pinkette that she'd said anything.

Sakura was…she was vulnerable. She'd been hurt deeply before by her team, their separate departures making her question if others would leave her too.

Konoha ninja were raised to trust their teammates with their lives, to give their everything to those they worked with. And to have those people turn their backs on her, albeit two of them unintentionally…
It had broken her.

And Utakata hated it.

He hated to consider her sitting around alone, for months on end, just watching everyone else train or go out scouting, or even just hang out with their teams while she was all alone with only her master and constant training to keep her from breaking.

Sakura Haruno was the love of his life, and he'd do anything to keep her from ever thinking about those days again.

He knew what it felt like to be alone, to feel betrayed.

Utakata made sure to never bring the incident up again, instead, he tried to leave little hints here and there, anything to tell her that—No, he wouldn't leave her.

He'd stay with her for the rest of his life if she'd have him.

Snapping out of his thoughts when he saw another young couple point and snicker in their direction, he gave a glare, scowling heatedly as he watched them turn tail and scamper away.

Served them right.

They didn't need to make Sakura have any doubts about them being together.

His scowl turning to a confused frown as the material of his sleeve continued to move, Utakata cocked his head to the side and looked down at his little girlfriend.

Only to stop short and freeze, his face turning red as his eyes widened in shock.

How on earth had she…What was she doing?

Standing next to him all to innocently, his little girlfriend was currently working on getting his sleeve over her lower chest, the material shifting this way and that as she wiggled her way up, his skin tingling as it brushed against hers.

Blinking owlishly and using the hand she wasn't holding, the brown haired man bent slightly at the waist, lifting the material up to get a look at her sheepish face.

How on earth had she managed that without him realizing…?

"Sakura…"

"Uh…Yes Utakata-kun?" Her shadowed face smiled at him innocently, her eyes blinking slowly as the blue fabric shaded her head and upper body from the view of the snickering people around them.

"What on earth are you doing under my sleeve…?"

"I…honestly, I was just curious…" 

"I…honestly, I was just curious…." 

Face still red, his expression turned exasperated, his back straightening as he slowly lifted the sleeve up and off her, the fabric sliding back down his arm to cover their joined hands again.

"Sakura," He sighed lightly, a smile coming to his face as she looked up at him with a grin of her own, her eyes anything but apologetic. "You're so cute."
"Hey now, I think you mean deviously attractive, irresistible even."

"That too."

"Good, because when we get back to my place, I'm wearing your kimono. It's so soft and comfortable and…and it smells like you. I like how you smell, b-but not in the creepy way or anything! You just smell so nice, like-like-"

Sakura, sitting before him, draped in the light blue and orange material, the front gaping open just enough for him to catch a glimpse of that body he longed to hold against his own, her legs folded elegantly to the side, smooth, toned, just begging for him to touch her pale skin.

Her green eyes, looking up at him so invitingly, her shy blush staining her cheeks while she watched him with that loving look he knew all too well.

His scent clinging to her skin, his clothes draped over her small form, drowning her in the excess fabric as the top slid lower, beginning to slip off her shoulders completely…

Oh god…oh no, not now of all times! His eyes wide, his mouth gaping as she giggled and blushed, he stuttered loudly, his nose bleeding ever so slightly as he looked away from her, trying to shake the image from his mind.

She was a little minx when she wanted to be, Utakata would bet she even did things like this on purpose sometimes…

"S-SAKURA! Don't say things like that in public!"

The pinkette just laughed, shaking off her own embarrassment as she moved closer and squeezed his hand comfortingly, taking a step forward and pulling the still blushing man after her.

Yes, she loved him, and he loved her.

Everything would work out in the end, no matter what problems they may have to face in the future.
Yes, the boy took after him, he was definitely Madara Uchiha's son, an Uchiha through and through. A smug little, wife stealing, pink haired Uchiha. (In which Madara wants his son to stop stealing Sakura's attention, and little Izuna is having none of that.)

"Did you see that mum! I did it, I did it on my first try!" The small pink haired child cried out in joy, rushing over to his equally excited mother to wrap his arms around her upper legs, his happy face resting against her middle as he looked up at her for approval.

Completely bypassing the taller dark haired man a few feet closer to his previous location.

As usual.

Madara just sighed and watched the grinning duo, frowning in displeasure as his little pink haired wife shot him a smug look while Izuna wasn't watching.

As usual.

"That was amazing Izzy-kun, you did a wonderful job, I'm so proud of you!" Her light voice chimed, her face glowing in happiness as the boy hugged her legs tighter and laughed happily, soaking up his mother praise. Sakura reached down and ruffled his spiky dark pink hair, his expression turning to an all too familiar frown as he pulled back to swat her hand away lightly.

Gazing over at her unhappy husband and deciding to take pity on the man, the older pinkette started walking over, swinging down to lift the 6 year old into her arms along the way.

Madara watched his wife and son slowly cover the few feet between them, his sons dark green eyes narrowing in displeasure the closer the pair got.

He loved his son dearly, but the boy was so very possessive of his mother's attention and time, trying to scare everyone away from her, even her old blond haired teammate.

Just like his father.

He was an Uchiha through and through.

Sakura often joked about it, claiming that aside from his looks, their son was nothing like her.

And he wasn't really, because it was scary how alike he and his father were when she wasn't around.

He was moody, quiet, a very intense and manipulative child, playing the other children his age and slightly older like puppets. Anything he didn't like, he got rid of.

The kid who taunted him about his hair colour, claiming his mother's was just as ugly? Moved to Suna after some very bad rumours about his family's loyalty came about.

The Uzumaki twins, Naruto's children, often taunted him about his intense attitude and dedication to his family. He wasn't allowed to get them in too much trouble though, so he planned and acted when
he could, always under his gleeful fathers watch.

Yes, little Izuna was an Uchiha without a doubt, but when his mother walked into the room, everything else was thrown out the window.

He only had eyes on her, his entire being lit up and his grin was always heart-warming.

Madara was very proud of the boy, he loved him dearly, would do anything for him. He just wished the child would stop stealing his wife's attention every time he tried to talk or spend time with her.

He only had her to himself during Academy hours now, and after the boy graduated, Madara didn't know what he'd do.

Maybe their next child would be a girl. A dark haired, dark eyes girl, who would cling to him and beg for his attention like her older brother did to their mother.

Yes, he'd be the one shooting her the smug looks then.

Revenge was sweet.

"Hey Madara," His wife's happy voice chimed in as she came to a stop next to him, a hand laying on his arm lightly as the boy in her arms shot him another dark look as she smiled up at him. "Izzy-kun and I are going to the park, want to come too?"

They boy's eyes screamed no.

So Madara smirked and gave a nod, wrapping an arm around Sakura's shoulders raising a challenging brow at his son. His smirk grew as the boys eyes flashed red, a faint tomoe spinning lazily before fading back to black.

His son was amazing, everything a father could ask for really.

Madara just wasn't sure he was okay with the kid gaining his sharingan out of jealousy for his mother's attention. He still remembered the Kyuubi host's frantic looking face as Izuna's eyes flashed red for the first time though, the child having had to be put down so his mother could hug the other man. Yes, Madara was very proud of his son, even if it was a ...strange way to go about gaining the clans Kekkei genkai. It didn't matter though, it'd be a year or two until he could use it properly and they had a lot to talk about in that time.

"Alright then, we can get ice cream on the way back if you're good Izzy-kun, how does that sound?"

"Yay! Can I share with you mum? I promise I won't eat it all like dad does~"

"Sure thing dear, your father can get his own this time, okay Madara?"

"..." Smirk gone now, Madara looked away from his smirking son and sighed.

Yes, the boy definitely took after him, he was definitely Madara Uchiha's son.

An Uchiha through and through.

A smug little, wife stealing, pink haired Uchiha.
"Tobirama-san?" The small pinkette questioned slowly, blinking a few times before raising a brow and looking from his outstretched hand to his slightly exasperated face. He just sighed. "Take it, it's for you."

Tobirama had become rather fond of the small pinkette.

She was different, outspoken and exciting, and so very powerful.

The first time he'd seen her in battle, the white haired man's breath had caught in his throat, and his red eyes hadn't been able to leave her form as she danced across the field.

Death, destruction and raw unadulterated power had radiated from her petite body. And at the same time, the bright glow her small hands gave brought life and relief to all those she passed by, her palms resting on them briefly as she healed and continued on her way.

Her pink hair danced around her face, large green eyes staring him down as she made her way over, the last of their enemies having fallen to Konoha's shinobi. She stalked up to his still body, looking up at him as she lay a hand on his lower arm.

She was so very small compared to him, so delicate and fragile.

She smiled, and he felt his chest tighten just slightly as her eyes crinkled, her soft music like voice filling the air, caressing his ears lightly as his brother boasted in the background.

"Nidaime-sama, are you going to let me heal your shoulder now, or are you going to put up a fuss like Naruto's father?"

He'd gotten used to seeing her around the tower, running errands for Tsunade or reporting in after a mission, sometimes even just coming to visit everyone to say hello.

Her little smiles and waves had quickly become the highlight of his day, especially since he and the other resurrected Kage were restricted to the village until a much later date.

No missions, no paperwork or Kage duties, nothing to keep himself occupied except training and his thoughts.

And her.

Sakura Haruno, as the pinkette had introduced herself once everything had calmed down, was an interesting young woman.

She was...soft. Emotional and driven to action by her sentiments, very different from the shinobi he used to have under his command.

She was rash, she had a temper and she was the kindest person he'd ever truly met.
"Good morning Nidaime-sama!"

"Haruno-san."

Sakura Haruno was as alluring as she was odd to him, and Tobirama couldn't fault himself for his interest in her.

Her subtly curved body and the way her hips swung as she walked, the interest she showed in his jutsu development, the way she could talk to him and understand his thought process.

The way she could throw him off guard and wrap him around her every word with little more than a soft smile and the right comment.

He...he very much liked it.

She was unlike any woman he'd ever met before.

"Good morning Nidaime-sama! How is your day going so far, still bored out of your mind?"

"Tobirama."

"Excuse me?"

"Call me Tobirama, Nidaime is too formal."

"Okay...Tobirama-san."

His brother was immature and could be a pain in his side, but he was also the person Tobirama trusted the most in this world.

When everything else was shifting, moving and changing, he could always count on his older brother to stay the same- to be the same.

So when he needed advice in this new and confusing time, the brunette was the first one he turned to.

"...Are you serious?"

"Brother, don't you start."

An exaggerated grin and happy tears were all the white haired man got in return, his older brother rambling on about how he was 'so happy' and how 'his little brother was finally growing up and noticing women!'

Tobirama just sighed and started to stand, his faint glare sobering his brother as the older man quietened his laughter.

"Okay, I'm sorry alright?" The brunette let out one last chuckle before sitting straighter in his seat, looking to his silent white haired brother with a serious expression. "Are you certain?"

"I would not have come to you otherwise."

"Blunt as ever...Oh dear, I have a lot of work to do."
"Work?"

"Little brother," Hashirama leaned forward slightly, one hand raising to rest on the blue wearing man's arm in mock sympathy. "What do you know about wooing women?"

"..."

"Exactly."

"Tobirama-san?" The small pinkette questioned slowly, blinking a few times before raising a brow and looking from his outstretched hand to his slightly exasperated face.

"Take it, it's for you."

"Oh..." She tentatively reached out and lightly pulled the large rose from his grasp, a small blush on her cheeks as she smiled slightly, her eyes leaving his to look to the side in shyness.

He'd never seen her like this before.

"Thank you very much."

He quite liked it.

The days continued on like this, and slowly, his little gestures became the norm.

A flower here, a kind word there, even a small sliver of contact between the two.

He was learning to express himself in a way he'd never done so before and as odd as he found it, her reaction was all he could have wished for.

He could have done without her overprotective idiotic teammate though.

"Oi Bastard! Will you quit hitting on Sakura-chan already!"

"No."

The blond sputtered in indignation and glared at the stoic man, Hashirama shaking his head in exasperation in the background.

"WHAT WAS THAT?!"

"It's hard to believe that people want you to be the next Hokage."

Tobirama just watched him sputter and hiss, the fuming boy amusing him greatly.

"I WILL BE, I'M ALREADY IN TRAINING!"

"I didn't vote for you."

"Tobirama...-san, what are you-"

"You can drop the -san if you'd like, I quite like the sound of my name falling from your lips actually..."
"EH?!" The girl turned red and Tobirama had to smirk, one of his hands lifting to lightly brush a strand of hair behind her ear. At her stutter his hand moved to cup her cheek, his thumb absent-mindedly stroking her skin as he leaned down slightly, face moving closer to hers as she clutched her paperwork to her chest.

"You're very lovely Sakura-san..." He ignored Hashirama face-palming in the background, the brunette having been spying on them from a room in the hall. "Would you do me the honour of escorting me to dinner tonight?"

"I-I-"

"...Please?"

"...I'd be...I'd be honoured. No one's ever asked me to dinner before, I'm sorry for that, I just didn't know how to react."

"A shame really, you deserve to be treated like a Queen."

Tobirama couldn't help but be happy about it though.

He was the first to ever take this beautiful woman out, and he was looking forward to every moment he got to spend with her tonight.

She was beautiful, all dressed in black, her subtle curves being hinted at with each movement her hips made.

He'd had trouble looking away in the beginning, but he was a gentleman, he knew how to treat a woman with respect.

He was left breathless during their entire dinner, drawing blanks on what to do next, on what Hashirama had tried to drill into his mind over these last few weeks.

But she had enjoyed herself—or so she'd said as he walked her to her door, arms linked as she looked up at him with that lovely smile.

Those bright green eyes...so soft, so open...

Just begging him to-

His lips were brushing hers before he even realized he'd moved, one of his hands gently gripping her chin, tilting her head so he could reach her mouth.

She was so very small compared to him...

His head tilted to the side as his other arm slipped around her waist, pulling her closer to his tense body as she lightly gripped the fur of his coat and tried to stand on the tips of her toes to reach him better.

He pulled back just as suddenly, his breath lapping at her face as he shakily breathed out, his hooded eyes looking into her own, the red darkening with each glance he caught of her dark, plump lips.

"Sakura...will you let me court you?"

Her slightly damp lips pulled into a smile and he found himself grazing his own with his tongue, the faint taste of strawberry making him groan and rest his forehead against her own.
"I...suppose I can allow that."

She was so wonderful...

So soft and emotional...

So open...

_His._
Gifts (Kakashi/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Kakashi had never gotten her a gift before, but Sakura wasn't really going to complain. He did it to try and make her feel better after all...

Sakura still remembered the first time Kakashi had gotten her a gift. It had been a simple little thing, just a small beaded bracelet that you could find in any cheap store around the nations.

But those tiny green and silver beads meant the world to her, because it was his way of trying to comfort her, cheer her up during their first week without her two wandering teammates.

The way he'd given it to her was just as awkward as the man himself, tossing it to her carelessly as they passed each other in the street, his nose still buried in his orange little book as she stopped dead to follow him with her confused green eyes.

Kakashi had just ruffled her hair with his free hand and started off again with a wave and a simple: "It'll be okay."

And everything had been okay.

Because she'd smiled then, for the first time since watching her blond teammate disappear into the distance with his new sensei.

The next gift she'd received was on her birthday two months later.

She'd been staggering home after a particularly rough training session with Tsunade, intent on washing off the grime and treating the scratches on her hands as quickly as she could. She still hadn't gotten the formula for enhanced strength down quite right, but she was getting there fast.

She'd just tripped slightly when a hand grabbed her arm, steadying her as the smoke cleared to her left and the leaves blew away in the slight wind. The tell-tail 'Yo-', a flash of silver hair, and she'd been whisked off down a side street, the grouchy pug between them grumbling out a 'they cut off our shampoo line, got any new suggestions? What are you using now?'

Kakashi continued to read his trashy novel, silently leading her with a hand on the small of her back. He didn't say a word to the confused girl until they arrived at a small tea house a few seconds later.

He hadn't made a big deal of it, he hadn't acted any different than usual. The only sign he'd given that he actually knew what day it was had been the 'Happy birthday' he'd happily chimed to her as he left, actually paying for the bill for once.

He'd left the small thin chained necklace on the table next to the paid for bill, and she'd never taken it off.

It was beautiful.
It continued on like this for the next two years that Naruto was gone. Each time she was feeling particularly down or lonely, he'd show up with some random little trinket he'd found or brought on a mission out of the village.

It was his own awkward way of supporting her, comforting her when she needed him. He was always there for her, always making excuses to see her much to the amusement of the Hokage and her dark haired assistant.

And each little piece of useless jewellery, each colourful scarf or random trinket meant the world to her.

Because he cared. He cared, no matter how bad he was at showing it.

Shortly after Naruto's return though, his little visits had stopped, the blond commandeering her time and attention instead.

But after their first failed attempt at capturing Sasuke, he'd strolled up to her solemnly and had taken her hands in his, gently placing a soft pair of well-worn leather gloves in her slightly scarred and shaking hands with a quiet:

"I'm sorry I wasn't there for you."

Not 'You and Naruto."

No, he was sorry he hadn't been there for her.

And she'd never forget those words.

He'd started up with his gifts again after that, and the crinkle of his visible eye whenever he saw her wearing his old gloves always made her smile in return, the happy crease of his eye making her hands clench to feel the soft leather against her skin.

She loved her new gloves, they always made her feel so safe, so protected and strong, like she could take on the world if she needed to.

She never took them off if she had a choice in the matter.

Sure, Naruto got a little huffy and irritated when Kakashi never gave him anything, but the pinkette always tuned his grumbling out after a while.

Each trinket her sensei got her was treasured and treated with the utmost care, no matter how odd some of them were.

He'd still gotten them for her.

The first time she went to visit him after Pein's attack, she'd just looked at his wincing form with her puffy red eyes and badly concealed sniffs, watching in silence as he shakily plucked one of the flowers from a 'get well soon' bundle and tried to hand it to her.

He'd dropped it with a pained noise half way through though.

And she'd just started crying, her arms quickly wrapping around his bandaged body, her face lightly pressing against his chest as he rubbed her back, his slightly pained voice filling the tent as she continues to cry in relief.
"It's okay Sakura, I'm okay."

She didn't know if he was trying to convince her or himself, but she couldn't lose him, not him of all people.

It would be okay, she'd make sure of it.

His next gift hadn't really been a gift at all, but as she clung to him and watched Sasuke turn his back on them once more- his whispered words and comforting arms were all she could ask for.

She wouldn't have survived without him, she'd be nothing more than another casualty in this messed up path of revenge and war.

"Shhh, I've got you Sakura, I'm here."

Naruto's angered screams were heard again and her sensei's arms constricted tighter around her, trying to shield her from the pain they were all experiencing as their dark haired ex-teammate disappeared from sight.

"I'll always be here."

And he had always been there.

During the training, during the heartbreak and pain, during the sadness she was almost drowned with as they all geared up for the now anticipated war.

He never left her side, he was always there for her.

Kakashi Hatake stayed with her through it all, no matter how grim the situation looked.

And the dinners he paid for were all she could look forward to as she watched Naruto leave again, his training making him walk away from everyone he loved once more.

Train, heal, mission after mission, dinner with the only one who had time for her anymore.

That was her life.

And Kakashi was all she had to keep her afloat through it all.

Just before the war had begun...he'd pulled her aside and looked her in the eye, his little green book nowhere to be seen as he gripped her shoulders, looking at her seriously as he took a deep steadying breath.

Grey clashed with Green.

His jaw clenched.

"Be safe."

She smiled softly up at him, his old leather gloves covering her hands and the thin chained necklace just peeking out from under her new flak vest.

"That's an order Sakura."
And after the war, when both were ragged, worn and just done with everything- Sakura sat next to the silver haired man, her head resting on his shoulder as they watched Naruto and Sasuke interact without them a few meters away.

Always without them...

Sakura gazed down at the tattered gloves that barely even covered her hands any more, a sad gleam in her eyes as she pulled the ripped and hole filled fabric off, cradling it gently in her cupped palms.

"I'm-I'm sorry about your gloves Kakashi. They were my favourite and I know they meant a lot to you..."

Kakashi slowly lifted two grey eyes and watched her tiredly, a sigh coming from his still masked mouth as he wound an arm around her waist, gently pulling her against his side. His soft, cloth covered lips brushed her temple as he leaned down slightly, Sakura turning to look up at him as he reached into one of his vest pockets.

His wounded and scarred hands moved to cover her own, a small silver ring dropping into her palm as he nervously pulled his hand away. A gleaming silver ring was revealed to her wide eyes, the small object cushioned by the tattered leather she was holding, standing so beautifully against the background the area cast around them.

"It's...not the best, I know..." He started, clearing his throat nervously. Her breath caught in her throat and the war torn world around them faded to nothing, her eyes still riveted on the small object in her hands. "It's not exactly the same...but I think the gloves would have covered it too often for my liking anyway."

"...What...?" She looked up at him, her eyes wide and filled with shock, a hint of hope buried deep within them as she searched for answers. He just let out a tired chuckle and leant down, his lips brushing hers lightly before his forehead rested against her own.

"Please..." he breathed out, his eyes trying to convey everything he'd come to feel over the years. "Please say yes."

"Kakashi..." she leant up a little and touched her lips to his own, kissing him softly as their breaths lapped at each other's faces. "Only you would do something like this at a timelike this...We haven't even dated...or...or-"

"Sakura, please...I can't lose you. I need you in my life, forever. We've known each other for years, you know more about me than I do myself- my every little secret. Please...just...just don't say no, give me that much hope at least."

Her hands clenched and gripped the ring tightly, a smile coming to her face as she continued to look him in the eye, her own softening dramatically as she cupped his masked cheek with a hand, the other still holding the prized object tightly.

"Yes...Yes Kakashi."

All he did was pull her closer, his spare arm pulling her tightly against his chest as he let out a breath of relief, his masked face brushing her own slightly as his eyes hooded, glazing over with unshed
tears as she felt his mouth pull into a wide smile.

"You didn't even ask me properly you know…"

"You wouldn't have liked it if I did, I know you hate being the center of attention."

And even with all the death and destruction around them, Sakura had never been more content.
The war was over, Konoha was back to full strength, and Obito Uchiha was pining after a little pink haired woman. He didn't know when it had happened, or maybe that was just another lie he tried to make himself believe?

Because he clearly remembered how his stomach had fluttered and how his throat had constricted when she offered to let him use her chakra during the final battle. He remembered how soft her skin had felt as she held him, keeping him safe as he lay injured and almost dead after risking his life to return Sasuke to the battle.

He remembered…how sad she'd looked, her eyes watery as she spoke words of encouragement and strength to him. And in the end, that was why he'd held on and fought to stay alive.

He hadn't wanted to cause any more pain than he already had…

So yes, he knew exactly when it had started, and he could pinpoint each time this feeling grew inside him, almost consuming him at this point.

He…he loved her.

He, Obito Uchiha, loved the safely oblivious Sakura Haruno.

And he often found himself pining after her like a small puppy on the best of days.

In the beginning he'd tried to push all these strangely alien feelings away, tried to ignore them and pray they'd pass.

They hadn't though.

Because each time her smiling face greeted him for training, each time her song like voice caressed his ears, his stomach would clench and he'd be thrown back to page 1.

He was good at hiding his feelings at this point, good at pretending everything was okay and he wasn't hopelessly in love with a woman almost 15 years younger than him. He could swallow his nervousness whenever she looked at him, could dry his sweaty palms before grabbing her hand to help her up.

He could deal with the feelings she provoked from him.

But…that was in the beginning.
And now that he'd had time to think, to become accustomed to it all...he didn't actually mind.

He liked it.

Liked the way just seeing her brightened his day and brought a rare smile to his face, liked that with one touch of her hand, she could bring him to his knees in awe.

She was amazing, and he didn't want to lose this feeling again, didn't want to let it go.

He'd make her his if he could, if she wanted it too. He'd love and cherish her for the rest of their lives, he'd worship her like she deserved.

All he had to do was win the oblivious girl over.

And that wasn't even the hardest part.

No, the only real obstacle he'd have would be her overprotective teacher, his best friend.

Kakashi Hatake.

And so began Obito's quest to woo the pinkette, all the while trying his hardest to avoid his old teammate's dark knowing looks.

He'd routinely find himself outside of the hospital late at night, smiling softly at the grateful woman while walking her home. She'd just brushed his lies of 'being in the area' off and accept his company without issue, talking with him the entire way across town to her small apartment.

He chose to ignore the pug that shadowed behind them each time, its voice often muttering curses after the pinkette was safely back in her house waving goodbye.

Obito would find himself browsing her favourite sweet shop around lunch each weekend, picking out the best dango he could find to bring with him to team 7's training field. The older man would take a seat next to the happy girl and take out the small, smartly wrapped package, tuning out Naruto's obnoxious voice as he shared the treat with her.

And after the other two boys had left, they'd sit there quietly, Obito basking in her presence while timidly inching his hand closer to her own, his cheeks tinting red while hers did the same.

And each time, just before he could brush his fingers against hers, a tell-tale 'Poof' of smoke and a well-known, amused 'Yo~!' would sound from a branch above them.

Sakura would always jump up to scold the man, and Obito would be left grumbling to himself while glaring at the masked nin.

All he wanted was to gain her love, to have her feel the same way he felt when he looked at her, talked to her, thought about her.

He loved her so much it hurt, and the ache in his chest grew with each week that passed by, each month that he couldn't just gather her up in his arms and hold her.

It may not have been the best time to ask, hell, it was possibly the dumbest move he'd ever made.

But as he stood before on the outskirts of the training field, his clone doing its best to keep Kakashi busy in a 'friendly' spar, Obito stuttered and blushed, looking the pinkette dead in the eye as he held
her hands softly between his own.

They were so soft.

"Sakura…Will you…Will you go to dinner with me tomorrow night?" Her green eyes widened and her cheeks turned pink, but her smile…

Her smile would stay with him forever.

"Yes, I'd love to." She leant forward, his body freezing in place as she stretched up slightly, her body heat seeping into his much taller form. "I was wondering when you'd ask me."

Her lips brushed his lower cheek softly, lingering for a moment before she settled back on her heals and shyly watched him from under her lashes.

He'd never admit to feeling like he could cry, his happiness overwhelming him as his face blossomed into a wide grin.

"Tomorrow at 8? I can pick you up at your apartment and we can go to that small place you like at the edge of the tea district."

"That sounds lovely."

God he loved her.

No…how to keep Kakashi occupied?
Chapter Summary

AU. It doesn't matter if it's warm or cold, sunny or overcast, even if it's the dead of night. Bad things happen to good people, sometimes, it just can't be helped. But if you lock your door and cover your ears...maybe you'll last until help arrives.

It wasn't a dark and stormy night.

*Open the door.*

It wasn't an overcast dreary day.

*Everything is fine.*

There wasn't a chill in the air.

*Nothing bad will happen.*

In fact, is was perfect outside. Warm sunshine, a clear sky, and a breeze that made you sigh in content.

Yet Sakura Haruno had never felt so horrified, so scared and vulnerable as yet another rattle came from behind her bedroom door. She'd been hauled up in her room for the past 17 hours, the noises and footsteps roaming her house making her flinch and muffle her shrieks behind her hands.

When she'd first heard the noise, she'd swallowed her fear and gone to investigate, her fists clenched and ready to swing.

She lived alone, noises like that shouldn't be happening. Naruto knew better than to sneak into her house by now- so it most definitely wasn't him.

The pinkette slowly edged down her hallway, her light blue nightgown brushing her knees as she peaked into each room she passed by.

No one.

There had been no one there.

Yet the hands that gripped her arms and *dragged* her to the ground felt as real as her own.

The claws that marked her skin as she screamed, that cut into her as she jerked away and bolted to the closest lockable door were like nothing she'd ever felt before.

And here she was now, locked in her room as she tried to muffle her cries of fear as her door handle rattled softly.

*Open the door.*

Her phone was on her kitchen counter, her window firmly barred due to the slight crime rate her part
of town had.

She was stuck.

Trapped.

*Let me in.*

She didn't know what was out there, she didn't know what it was.

*Come out here with me.*

She only knew it had hands, human hands, with claws that had torn through her skin like wet tissue paper. Long hair… it also had very long hair. She'd felt it brushing her skin, tickling her as it tried to drag her off.

She tentatively glanced to her scratched and cut arms, winching and looking away as soon as she did. At least they'd stopped bleeding, that was all she could hope for until she had something to actually treat the wounds with.

The warm afternoon sun beat down on her as birds chirped happily outside, another frightened sob and muffled scream escaping her as claws seemed to slowly drag down the hallway wall, trailing from her door to the stairwell.

The noise slowly faded, slowly died out to nothing.

Nothing.

*Let me in pretty one.*

…No, it'd be stupid to open the door now. She'd seen enough horror movies with Naruto to know that it was a bad idea to leave her room yet.

She wasn't going to risk it.

So she sat there, huddled up in the corner of her bed, her back against the wall as the sun tried to warm her body.

*Be calm…*

Slowly, her terror died down.

Slowly, her sobs stopped.

No noise.

No footsteps.

Nothing.

Her breathing evened out and her tears stopped eventually.

It'd been hours since anything had last happened.

Hours… Days…

*Look at me.*
How long had she been in here again?

The pinkette didn't know, all she knew was that if she waited long enough, Naruto would eventually turn up and help her.

Naruto…Naruto would help her.

He always would.

Her legs hurt as she unravelled them, her toes digging into her plush carpet tentatively.

Nothing.

_Come pretty one._

Her next foot followed slowly, her body raising as her bed let out a soft creak.

_Open the door._

It could still be out there….

One step.

Nothing.

Two.

_Closer._

Still nothing.

_Come closer._

Three.

Yes…

Sakura swallowed as a shiver of fear ran down her spine, her breath catching in her throat as she eyed the door handle with suspicion.

_Open it…_

No…she….it was a bad idea.

_Open it._

Four steps across her room and her feet met the cold wood of her floor.

_Let me in._

Her arm slowly stretched out before her, her fingers grazing the cold metal as she shook.

_Pretty one…_

No.

No, opening it would be stupid.
A very bad idea.

So soft…

Slowly lowering to her knees, the pinkette felt the warm sun touch her bare shoulders, warming her back as the birds continued with their happy tune.

So beautiful…

Her body slowly lowered to the floor next, her front flush against the ground before her door.

Closer…

Her eyes slowly peered through the gap beneath her door, eyeing the empty hall for a moment.

See me.

A flash of sharp teeth in a twisted grin.

Black and red eyes- so red…

A face peering back at her.

Don't move.

Her pupils constricting to pinpoints as her face drained of colour in a flash, Sakura let out a scream, her body frozen in place as the man-the monster watched her unblinkingly.

Shhhhh, be silent….

Her voice caught in her throat suddenly, her terror filled eyes never leaving the monster as one of his hands came into view, beckoning her forward.

Closer….

Her terror filled mind demanded that she run, that she escape.

Let me in…

Her body flush with adrenaline, she quickly rose from the floor and gripped the door handle, intent on making a run for it.

She could do it.

She was in no way unfit, she could at the very least make it by him and get outside.

Open the door…

Outside meant help.

Help meant safety-meant Naruto.

Open the door.

And she wanted to be safe so badly it hurt.

She needed to get to Naruto, Naruto always knew what to do.
She needed to…

She needed to-

*Open the door.*

*She needed to open the door.*

One hand twisting the lock undone, she ripped the door open in a rush, very ready to beat the hell out of who-or what-ever was blocking her escape.

*Pretty one…*

Nothing.

Arms wrapped around her middle from behind.

A cold body flush against her back, towering over her as she stilled.

Hair, long and black, fell over her shoulders as a frozen breath lapped at her neck, slowly moving up to her ear.

She could only just make out his grin from the corner of her eye.

Cold…

"Boo."

So cold…

"I found you…"

"…pretty one."

She…she knew that voice…

*Let's play a game…*

Knew it like her own, like a fond memory.

*Hide Sakura…*

Her…her old babysitter…the Uchiha.

*Lock the door…*

The one who went missing while watching over her one day…

*I won't let the monsters get to you…*

*Just lock the door and wait for your parents to get home.*

Naruto frowned as he looked through his best friends belongings, trying to find something- some clue as to where she went or what happened to her.

Everyone else may have given up, but he never would.
He could *never* do that to Sakura-chan.

He’d taken what he thought important from her home after her parents decided it was time to auction it all off. The blond didn't know how they could do it, he still held onto every scrap of her presence he could.

It'd been…years…

Three actually, as of tomorrow.

Three years since he arrived at her home to take her to class. Three years since he'd found the doors all unlocked. Sakura never locked her doors…a bad habit he'd never been able to get her to break.

Three years since he'd sworn he saw her looking at him from her bedroom window.

He could still remember it as clear as day…

The look of fear in her eyes, her body being ripped back from view as she tried to reach down to him.

Naruto Uzumaki would never forget that moment, the moment he'd failed her. The one and only time he hadn't been there for his best friend…

His secret love…

A knock slowly sounded at his door, drawing his attention as he hurriedly packed her things away. He didn't want another lecture about 'letting the past go'.

Closing the large box with a sigh, the blond ran a hand through his hair and slowly made his way to the door, rolling his eyes as another set of drawn out thuds sounded.

"Yeah yeah, I'm coming!"

The sun warmly rolled through his front windows, warming his home as he passed them by, peering through peephole to see who it was.

Probably Sasuke or Kiba- Or miss Haruno wondering where her daughters things were.

A flash of pink hair.

Green eyes looking up at him so sadly.

His breath caught in his throat, his eyes tearing up as she seemed to look straight at him.

*Don't open the door…*

"S…Sakura-chan?"

He didn't want to move…

What if he did, and this turned out to be all an illusion.

*Everything isn't fine.*

She just…watched him.

Watched him through eyes so sad he felt like crying.
Bad things will happen.

"Sakura?"

Slowly, one of her arms moved into view, the scratches on them breaking his heart all over again. He'd seen them before, on her arm as she reached out to him last time. Her hand slowly touched the door and she smiled, so warmly that he could practically feel her pulling him into that long awaited hug.

Suddenly a loud beep came from his right, his head snapping in that direction as he looked through his front window.

"OI NARUTO! HURRY YOUR ASS UP WE NEED TO GET GOING ALREADY!"

Kiba…

That's right, they were going to see the others tonight.

But couldn't he see Sakura too? She was in plain view of the street!

Turning back and peering through again, he was met with nothing but thin air.

Nothing.

She was gone, just like last time.

Another loud beep of Kiba's car horn and Naruto scowled to himself, angry tears in his eyes as he punched the wall to his left in frustration.

It wasn't fair.

What did he do to deserve this kind of taunting?

Wasn't losing her once enough?

Let me in...

Naruto...

Please let me inside...

...

Please?
"Chojuro-san! Are you alright, you look a little lost?"

"Chojuro-san! Are you alright, you look a little lost?" The gentle voice startled him out of his nervous thoughts, his wide eyes turning to look at the slightly shorter woman that stood before him, a questioning look on her face as she waited for a response.

It was…Sakura-chan.

He defiantly remembered meeting her at the 5 Kage summit, she'd always gone out of her way to talk to him and try to make him comfortable.

"S-Sakura-san, it's you! I mean…of course it's you…why wouldn't it be you? It's not like someone would-" His nervous rambling was cut off by her light laughter, a blush forming on his face as he realized he'd just made a fool of himself in front of her.

Again.

Why did he always mess up when she was there to see?!

"Calm down Chojuro-san, just take a deep breath and let me know the problem." She calmly told him, one of her hands coming to rest on his shoulder as she smiled at him again, softer this time.

"I'm lost…" He mumbled, a hand coming to re-adjust his glasses and try to smooth out his ruffled hair. "I need to take a message to Hokage-sama but these streets are so difficult to navigate! It looked like I was heading straight for the tower, but now I'm on the other side of the village!"

"Ah, that's an easy fix. Come on, I was just heading there myself so we can go together!" She cheerfully informed him, her hand moving from his shoulder to his grasp his own as his face flushed darkly again, his sharp teeth chewing nervously on his bottom lip as they walked in near silence, Sakura's soft humming filling the quiet air around them.

He hadn't seen her so cheerful since the beginning days at the summit, and even then she hadn't had this…glow.

She really was radiant.

He was so unworthy of being in her company…

"Thank you Sakura-san…for helping me again. You always seem to be helping me." He muttered suddenly, his eyes as sincere as he could make them as she looked slightly back at him in shock.

"I wasn't about to just leave you there Chojuro-san, you needed my help so I gave it. And please, call me Sakura, or Sakura-chan, I don't mind." She grinned suddenly, her eyes lighting up in sudden realization. "You can help me too! I'll be traveling to Mist in a month or two to help out with a few things, and if you have time, you can show me around and make sure I don't get lost!...I mean, if you want to that is, no pressure or anything."
"Really? I'd love to help you around Mist Sakura-sa...Sakura-chan..." He amended, the tall tower slowly coming into view before them as his stomach dropped.

He didn't want her to leave just yet...

"Just let me know when you'll be there and I'll meet you at the gates! Or-or I'll try to get onto the escort they'll send for you!"

"AH! No need to do so much Chojuro-sa-"

"Chojuro. Or Chojuro-kun...I-I mean...Uh..."

She just nodded happily at his little declaration, walking him up to the doors of the tower and motioning him inside.

"Chojuro-kun. Alright, let's go see Tsunade-sama! I'll wait outside the room for you, okay?"

"Okay..."

Half an hour later he was the one standing outside the room, waiting for the pinkette to come out.

It wasn't that he was lost or needed her help finding his hotel...

He could probably track them down on his own given enough time.

No, he just wanted to spend a little more time with her, even 5 more minutes if he could.

She made him...happy.

She made him feel slightly more comfortable and confident that he usually did in situations like this.

He hadn't stuttered once when giving the Hokage Mei-sama's message, the familiar chakra outside the door soothing his nerves and making him stand straighter than usual.

"Chojuro-kun? You're still here!" She chimed, snapping him out of his thoughts.

"Yes...I hope that's not weird or anything, I just..."

Damn his rambling when she was around!

"It's fine, really! I'm actually glad you stayed." His face turned red again at her words.

It seemed he was constantly blushing whenever she spoke to him.

Or whenever she crossed his thoughts.

Or whenever he- "I asked Tsunade-sama if it was okay, and she said yes!"

"Huh?"

"Oh, right. I asked if it would be alright to escort you around the village while you were here and she said it was a great idea. I hope you don't mind...I'm sorry, I should have asked first-"

"Thank you..."

He didn't know if he was thanking her or the Kami.
"Alright, how about we go get something to eat, it's getting late and I know a really nice place just down the road from your hotel!"

But he was just so grateful.

He couldn't wait to return the favour when she came to visit Mist, he'd make sure she had a great time.

He wouldn't let anything happen to her while she walked the streets of Mist.

If anyone even dared to try, they'd be facing the end of his sword.
Shy (Chojuro/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

"Cute..."

Ao and Shizune were fretting over the two Kage enough for the entire village, and Sakura just couldn't see the point in her tagging along anymore. Her older counterpart had everything covered, and Tsunade wasn't allowed to gamble while Mei was here, so everything should have been just fine.

But no, she was stuck here, in this dim bar on a late weekend night.

They were literally the only ones in there since it was the Kage drinking, and no one wanted to take a risk by letting anyone but their guards in the room.

And she could see that the blue haired man was in the same boat as her, his bored sigh and slouching figure resting at the bar.

He was a little quiet whenever she was around, but she'd heard him acting out and messing around more than once from the hallways. It was funny really, one moment he could be as out there as Naruto, and the next he could be as quiet as Hinata.

Strange, but not unwelcome.

"So, Chojuro was it?" She questioned as she sat beside him, both not having to worry as their older counterparts fretted about.

"Y-yeah, you're Sakura." He declared, only to stop short and stutter slightly when he realized how forward he sounded, his cheeks flushing as he jerked around slightly.

Yeah, he was definitly a character alright.

"Have you ever been to the tea district at night? They have a really nice restaurant that opened a few months ago."
Her question made his face flush hotter, and Sakura could have sworn that he almost fell out of his chair. But the blue haired man just looked at her wide eyed from behind his glasses, his mouth gaping slightly, his sharp teeth only just showing.

He was cute, and she hadn't been out for a while.

It couldn't hurt to at least try to make friends with him.

"I-I Uh, um, I mean-" He just stopped at this point, just staring at her for a moment, his eyes assessing her, trying to make sure she wasn't messing with him. So she gave him her most sincere smile, because she really did want to get to know him better.

She'd never joke about something like this, because she knew what it was like to be played with like a toy.

"S-Sure…I guess. If that's alright with you I mean..."

"Great! It's a date then. I'll pick you up from your hotel tomorrow at 6pm, is that okay?"

His face turned confused, his head tilting to the side as his cheeks retained their intense flush.

Cute…

"Shouldn't I be the one picking you up…Isn't the guy meant to get the girl from her house, with flowers and stuff?"

"Yeah, but do you know where I live?" His blank face was her answer and all she could so was giggle, jumping up from her seat as Shizune hurried past her, Tsunade heading for the door to probably do something stupid.

Leaning closer, she gently pressed her lips to his cheek, his entire body going still as she lingered for a moment, whispering softly before pulling back.

"I'll see you tomorrow night then Chojuro-kun.~"

And as she turned and made her way out the door, she could hear the distinct sound of a body hitting the ground, a happy laugh filling the room she'd just left.
The blue haired man sighed and glanced at the clock again, his foot tapping repeatedly on the cold tiles as he aimlessly chewed on his bottom lip.

He just wanted to go see her again, it'd been hours already.

Sure, he lived with her and everything, but she was only here for another three days…

Chojuro wanted to spend as much time with her as he could.

Just as the clock finally struck 11 pm, the mist nin was out the door and running down the hall, a shy grin on his face as he made his way past the lady at the front desk. He was making an idiot of himself, but whatever.

He leapt to the closest roof and quickly made his way to the hospital, the night air biting at his skin as he tried to keep his shivers down. He'd never get used to the cold nights here, not after having spent so long in Konoha and Suna.

Eyeing the hospital with slight hesitation, he landed before the doors, taking a deep breath and running a hand through his messy hair, trying his best to straighten it out a little.

Grumbling under his breath as one of the night nurses spotted him, he hurried through the doors and into the warm building, an embarrassed blush staining his cheeks as the woman started giggling under her breath, motioning to the empty wing the doctors had taken to sleeping in.

Avoiding eye contact with the woman and hurrying past her, he made his way to the room the pinkette had claimed as her own, her belongings and spare uniforms folded neatly on the small table next to the bed.

Thank god he'd convinced her to come stay with him, or they'd be spending every night here instead of his familiar room. Some nights though, like this on, she was on call and needed to stay close. So instead of troubling her and throwing a fit about not being able to sleep in his comfortable bed, Chojuro just sucked it up and bit his tongue.

Anything to spend time with her.

Anything to have her in his arms for even an hour.

He was going to miss her so much…

Spotting the exhausted woman on the tiny bed, he let out a content sigh and closed the door, shrugged off Hiramekarei as he walked across the small room, propping the sword up against the wall next to the bed. Kicking off his shoes and resting his glasses on the bedside table, Chojuro lowered himself onto the uncomfortable bedding, wrapping an arm around Sakura and pulling her slightly on top of himself as he made room to lay down.

She was going to wake up with a back ache after sleeping in here, he'd have to look into getting her a more comfortable mattress.

With a content sigh, Chojuro nuzzled his face into her hair, whispering a quiet greeting as she mumbled slightly, his shy smile hidden by her messy hair and his blush warming his face. Wrapping his form around hers, he did his best to block her from the window, just knowing that the Mizukage
was going to send someone to 'check' on them soon.

Oh well, his leaders off hobby didn't bother him too much anymore, but he knew Sakura was embarrassed whenever she saw Tsunade with one of the snapshots.

With another content grin he kissed the top of her head lovingly, her hands gripping the front of his shirt softly as she mumbled quietly again.

Yes, he loved having her in his arms like this, horrible bed or not.
Chojuro had developed a bad habit since the Leaf nin came to stay in Mist, staying up late each night to just sit and watch the Hokage's apprentice as she stood on her balcony and looked up at the moon.

He didn't know why she did it, he honestly didn't have the slightest clue.

But she always looked so vulnerable during this time, her eyes reflecting the moonlight, her hair pale, her skin glowing as the dim beams bathed her form.

And she never missed a night, raining or not.

Neither did he.

They seldom spoke during the day though, him being busy with missions and her being busy with political matters her Kage was too busy for. She always spared him a smile though, no matter what time, how busy she was, or who was around.

She'd give him his own little smile, the one only he got, because he never saw anyone else receive it.

She didn't smile much since the destruction of leaf.

But when she did…she was lovely, and he was the only one to see that little quirk of her lips, the only one to receive it.

So he'd sit outside late at night, watching her as she looked to the sky, and whenever she saw his embarrassed form, she'd just smile.

She didn't confront him about it.

She didn't tease him.

She didn't stop him.

She just smiled and let him watch.

He wanted her to smile properly again, smile whenever she could, grin as wide as possible.

But someone had broken and shattered that part of her, and he'd never forgive them for it.

He'd protect what little happiness she had left though, he'd sit above her window and guard her each night so she could sleep peacefully.

He'd keep her nightmares at bay.

He'd make sure no one bothered her.

He'd protect her.

No matter what.
"Are you alright?" He had to ask, he really did.

She just looked so broken, so shattered and betrayed. He couldn't stop the words from leaving his mouth as he tried to pass her by.

She looked up at him then, her green eyes filled with tears and he knew the answer.

'No.'

'No, I'm not alright.'

'Help me, please?'

He silently lowered himself down next to her, watching as the Kage and their escorts continued to argue and plan a fair distance away.

He really should be over there helping, but he knew Ao could handle it himself.

"It's…it's going to be okay. You'll be okay."

She remained silent, watching him through disbelieving eyes.

Her world was shattered, he could tell.

But he could also tell she was strong enough to grow past it.

"I…uh," he slumped back against the wall, his legs hanging over the ledge as he looked up to the roof in thought. "I know I'm not the strongest or the smartest person here, but even I can see that you'll be okay. You made a hard decision today, you did the impossible and overcame your feelings enough to help your village."

More tears from the girl beside him, and the Mist nin could feel the sympathy welling up inside him.

"And while your teammate may not be happy with it-"

"He hates me…"

"-He doesn't hate you. He'll understand, and if he doesn't? Then he's not worth it. Then he's not worth it." He looked to her then, on of his hands resting lightly on her arm as she watched him with those soulful eyes. "You did the right thing, don't let anyone tell you otherwise."

"But…how do I know it was the right thing?"

"Because everyone else can see it. He wanted war, he wanted revenge and death. It would have ended in tragedy and more loss than we've ever seen if you didn't step up and do what you did."

A broken sob escaped her, and Chojuro pulled the girl into his arms, silently fuming that her teammates weren't here for her like they should be.

"You did the right thing."

"I…I loved him…I still-"
"That's okay. We can't control who we love and it would be stupid to try. But you overcame that, you put a stop to a disaster waiting to happen, and we all owe you for that."

She sank against him, her face buried into his shoulder as she continued to cry, Chojuro catching just the faintest glimpse of orange in the distance as Bee worked to calm the Kyuubi host down.

'He should be here, not me.'

But he wasn't, he was too wound up in a lost cause to care about his injured and shattered teammate.

So Chojuro would do it instead.

"You did the right thing Sakura, thank you."

Her hands fisted in his shirt, her body pressing tighter into the embrace she needed, neither of them paying attention to the blood covering her arms.

"Thank you, for everything you did for us today."

He'd care, care about her and what she'd done.

Especially if no one else would.
"God damn it! Knock next time!" The pinkette exclaimed, her underwear clad form covered by her arms as Ino lazily stood in her doorway.

"Oh? Just out of the bath?"

"Yes Pig! Now get out, I need to get dressed!"

"Yeah yeah, just dropping off a little something that belongs to you. Showed up on my door by mistake- can you believe that?"

"…What are you talking about?" Sakura sighed, her hands falling away as she gave up her failed attempt to cover herself.

"H-hello S-Sakura-chan! I-I'm very sorry, I-I'll come back later!" The Hyuuga heir squeaked out, her face buried in her hands as she hastily looked away from the other girl.

"H-Hinata?!" Sakura exclaimed, her face just as flushed as the shy girls, her eyes quickly falling into a glare as she looked to Ino again. "God damn it Pig! What's the big deal?!"

"I'm telling the truth! She just wanted to come and visit, right Hinata?" The shy girl nodded in agreement, her face still hidden as she flushed again, the image of the underwear clad girl flashing through her mind.

"It…it's okay Hinata, I'm not angry, just surprised is all. You really didn't know where I lived?"

"Y-yes. I've never actually b-been to the civilian dis-district before…"

Neither girl noticed Ino slip away with a smirk, nor the fact that she'd locked the door behind her.

"Oh, really? I'll have to show you around then! Please, make yourself at home, I just need to finish getting ready."

"N-no need to rush on m-my account Sakura-chan." The Hyuuga never knew the pinkette hid such curves under her clothes.

'No, no bad Hinata! Don't think about Sakura-chan like that! It's not right!' And then she opened her eyes, catching a glimpse of the short haired girl bending over to ruffle through her clothing, her bra clad breasts straining against the material as she did so.

"Oh god oh god oh god oh god." Hinata muttered lowly, turning around quickly and attempting to shake the picture from her mind.

"So, were you looking for me for a reason today?" Sakura questioned, shrugging her usual shirt over her head.

"I-I wanted to sleep with you-"

A moment of silence.

"MEET! Meet with you! I thought we could bang ou-"
Another.

"HANG OUT! Oh my god, I'm so sorry, I don't know what wrong with me today!"

Soft laughter came from across the room, and Hinata just had to look to see if she'd offended her friend or not.

No, no she hadn't.

And the sight of Sakura in little more than her shirt and panties almost did her in.

"You're funny Hinata, and you sound so cute when you don't stutter!"

Oh god oh god oh god.

'Her smile is so pretty....'
"Why did I agree to this bet?" Sakura questioned, not expecting an answer from the males around her as she let out a sigh.

"Because I want my pretty little student to be happy and find the love of her life. You don't want me to grow old without grandchildren, do you?" Kakashi teased back, ducking out of the way as she spun around and swung her glowing fist at his head.

"Just…just shut up. I'll do this, and I'll win, and you'll regret the day you ever considered making me do this old man!"

"Ohhh, low blow Sakura, I'm not that old yet."

"Go away, I have work to do damn it."

As her teammates flickered away with parting laughter, Sakura took a deep breath and readied herself, the old walkway she was on as abandoned as it always was.

Good, at least no one would be around to see her humiliation other than her teammates.

Taking another steadying breath and shaking the tension from her muscles, she briefly licked the flavoured gloss on her lips before shutting her eyes.

5 minutes passed, and then she felt it.

The faintest flicker of chakra walking by her.

Her arms snapped out, grabbing the unknown body and pulling it to her, her lips instinctively meeting the other persons as they let out a startled yelp.

1 second- her lips stayed pressed against the other persons, eyes clenched shut.

2 seconds- her lips moved hesitantly, awaiting the rejection and yelling.

3 seconds- the lips began moving back, hands wrapping around her and pulling her against them, a hand tangling in her hair to tilt her head to the side.

4 seconds- a tongue caressed her lips, a moan coming from the stranger as they tasted the strawberry gloss.

5 seconds- and Sakura pulled back slowly, her eyes opening to take in the sight of the person who'd just taken her first kiss.

Hooded pale orbs met her own, flushed cheeks and dark hair ringing true in her memory.

Hinata…

Oh god…

She'd just kissed-

The heiress's lips sought out her own again, startling the pinkette before lulling her into a calm state.
A loud thump- her sensei's stutters- and Sai's covenant lack of tact was all it took for the girl to pull away from her and faint, her face red and her nose bleeding as the pinkette struggled to catch her.

"I didn't know you were banging the Hyuuga heir ugly."
"Isn’t it a little short?" Sakura asked as she spun around in front of her mirror, self-conscious as Sai just watched her blankly with that tell-nothing smile.

"You may get propositioned and asked for sex today."

"WHAT?! I look like a whore?! Oh god, I need to change!" Sakura frantically exclaimed, tugging the edges to her mid-thigh length summer dress down lower.

She'd thought it looked pretty when she got it a few years ago, but unfortunately, she'd never gotten the chance to wear it before today.

It'd looked so innocently cute when she bought it.

Just a spaghetti strap white dress, with her favourite little purple flowers lining the bottom.

"I thought that was the point of a date?"

"NO! Sai, dates don't always mean you're aiming for sex!"

She cursed when a knock sounded from her door, her hands leaving her dress as she buried her face in them.

She was so embarrassed.

Hinata was a clan heir, the highest of society, the dark haired girl would probably be disgusted by her outfit.

"I'll get it."

"SAI NO!"

Too late.

The door was pulled open by the oblivious man just as she made to grab him, leaving her to fall forward and to the ground, taking her guest with her.

"S-Sakura-chan, y-you should be more c-careful!" the heir stuttered out, a concerned look in her pale eyes as she checked the pinkette for injuries, propping herself up as the pinkette remained dazed on top of her.

Only to stop short as she caught sight of her short haired dates dress, and the fact that it had ridden up.

Up and up…revealing a glimpse of-

Sakura had such cute lace panties….

"Hinata? Hinata, are you okay?!"

No response came from the Hyuuga as she fell back, her face red and her eyes unfocused as she mumbled to herself.
“Hinata!”

Sakura-chan had such soft skin…

*So beautiful…*
Hinata, sweet little Hinata.

Who'd have thought she owned something like THIS!

"Please, put it DOWN." The dark haired girl pleaded, her blushing face hidden in her hands as Sakura held the lacy garment before her, pulling on the sides slightly and giggling as the elastic snapped back into place.

"Hinata, have you been hiding something from me?"

The girl just blushed darker and mumbled incoherently, her body seeming to fold in on itself as the pinkette continued to browse through her underwear drawer.

Lace, lace, silk,…something that left very little to the imagination- and oh look, more lace!

"Sakura-chan please, put those back, it's embarrassing!"

"But Hinata, you never told me you had these! Hey, it's okay, I like lace too, see?" the pinkette pulled the edge of her shorts down slightly, showing a glimpse of her soft purple underwear only to freeze as a loud thump sounded throughout the room.

"Hinata?"

The girl was out cold, her face red and her nose bleeding.

Sighing calmly and putting her findings down, the pinkette made her way over with a fond smile, her hands glowing green as she went.

"Sakura-chan…panties…purple…"

"Geeze Hinata, what's gotten into you lately?"
"Why him?" Ino knew why she'd asked that of the pinkette, even from a young age.

She'd always been smart, especially in matters of the heart.

Her own in particular.

'Why him?' indeed.

Why did the pinkette want to be with him of all people?

Did the boy have something the blond was lacking?

Did he have something that made him better? More deserving of her best friends attentions?

He was a clan heir- but so was she.

He was strong- But she was too.

Kekkei Genkai? She had one as well.

Was it the looks? Popularity?

Did the pinkette like his short hair more than her own?

"Well…I-uh, I…" The other girl stuttered, the red ribbon in her hair making the blonds heart skip a beat. She really liked Sakura's voice, she could just sit for hours and listen to her speak.

Ino had always assumed there was something wrong with her, that she wasn't normal or 'right'. She was meant to like boys, to like Sasuke and fawn over him with everyone else.

So why did she feel that way about her shy best friend?

"Well…Ino…I-I…"

She'd been so embarrassed when she'd realized it, so scared and alone.

And then she'd confided in her father.

Told him about her feelings and how the pinkette made her heart race.

Told him about how scared she was to lose her only friend.

He'd sat in silence for a moment, considering everything she'd just confessed, before looking at her with a large grin and a teasing- 'go get her tiger!'

Ino loved her father, he always made things right.

If he could give her permission to like whoever she wanted, then nobody else's opinion mattered to her.

She could like whoever she wanted…

*And she liked Sakura.*
"Why him? Why him Sakura?"

"Well…everyone else…they all like him too. So I should as well, right?"

Taking a deep breath and slowly letting it out, the young girl looked to her friend and straightened her posture, her hands fisting at her sides as the smaller girl flinched away.

"No." She started, her light eyes hardening with determination. "No, not everyone does. I don't."

"I-Ino…what a-are-"

"I don't like Sasuke. I like you, and I'm going to marry you when we're older!"

"I-Ino! Girls aren't supposed to like other g-girls!"

"Just watch me! When I grow up, I'm going to marry you, just wait and see!"

The young Yamanaka had never been so sure of anything in her life, especially when the pinkette began blushing cutely in surprise.
Be Mine (Kaguya/Sakura)

That hit, that marvelous hit.

The girl was little more than a child, yet she held such power, such promise.

The ability to land a hit on her, a god, with little more than her own training and stolen chakra?

It was...wonderful.

The god, the mother of all chakra, felt something she'd never experienced as the pink haired child stood defiantly before her, what little power she had still trying to burn brightly amongst the overwhelming forces before her.

It took little more than a twitch of her finger to appear next to the startled girl.

Even less energy to overwhelm her and freeze her body in place.

"You..." Her haunting voice rolled out, her pale eyes tracing the odd child's form as if to commit it to memory. "You dare strike a god?"

"Sakura-chan!"

"Sakura...flower. So delicate compared to the beings you stand against, so tiny and humble...."

Her pale white hands cupped the girls face, tilting her head up towards her own.

Soft pink hair ruffled in a non-existent wind-

And Kaguya was entrapped.

'How wonderful.'

"I...I..."

"Speak up child, let your voice grace my ears like honey. I wish to hear the music of your moans."

"SAKURA! GET AWAY FROM HER YOU OLD PERVERT WITCH!"

Kaguya scowled over at the blond boy, dark hair flashing before her eyes as his form flickered into an all too familiar one.

"Be quiet boy, I did not raise you to disrespect me so!"

Her hands slipped up to the girls hair, tangling in as she pulled their bodies together slowly, her clothing sheltering the young woman from view as the god returned her focus to the object of her curiosity.

"Speak."

"W...what..."

"Speak, do not be afraid..."

"What....what do you want?"
"Ah, she sounds as timid as a deer, yet her hits show otherwise. Young one, your voice is music, your body- art itself." Her face inched closer to the girls, and Kaguya had to stop herself from moaning as her nose caught the pinkette’s scent.

Strawberry, so innocent and naive.

So sweet and forgiving.

*Calming.*

"Flower, young vision, be mine."

"SAKURA, GET AWAY FROM HER!"

"Be mine, and never feel the need to fight again."

"Ka…"

"Be mine, and I'll keep you forever."

"…gu…"

"We could be great together."

"…ya."

_Ah, the sound of music itself…my sweet little vixen, so innocent and trusting._

_Let my name continue to fall from those lush lips forever more._
Konan silently stood next to the blond haired man, the rain falling around them not bothering the two at all.

It actually comforted the woman, made her remember the good times when she wasn't alone.

"So…you actually came this year, huh?"

"I always come. You're just not around from time to time." It was true. She came here each year—each week even.

She'd never tell him that though, it'd make their truce all the shakier.

"I see."

It was silent, not a sound coming from either of them as they continued to stare at the polished stone before them.

It did the woman buried there no justice.

*No justice at all.*

"She loved you." The man started.

"I know."

Sakura loved *everyone.*

Even a fallen angel like her, someone not worthy of her time.

"She…she loved you, even after all the years I spent trailing after her…."

"…" The blue haired woman didn't respond, instead taking his every word and letting him vent a little of what he bottled up.

"Why? Why did she choose you? Why did she choose you and die?!"

"…She…"

The paper flowers littering the grave remained strong, the colourful paper never once failing as puddles began to form underneath them.

"*She was my favourite flower.*"

Naruto froze for a moment, his eyes falling closed as he let out a watery chuckle, his body moving to kneel down and fondly touch the headstone before them.

"It's funny…she said the same thing about you before she-"

*Died.*

Before she went running off and saved an angel.

Before she gave her life for someone who didn't deserve it.
Before she…
"I…I need to go. I'll be back next year. Keep your people out of trouble, okay?” he didn't wait for a response before leaving, his white cloak trailing behind him as he hid his tears.

"…” Now alone, Konan allowed her posture to fall slightly, her eyes never leaving the name on the stone as she slowly placed another of her creations beside the wilting flowers already there.

So many years, and still people mourned for the bright girl.

So many years…Yet it only seemed like hours ago she was saying her final goodbyes.

The rain continued to fall.

It seemed even Nagato could see the injustice in her death.

Hopefully he would guard his angel's pink haired love until such a time as she could do it herself.

She'd guard Sakura, make sure she never left her again.

"I…"

Pink flashed before her eyes, that bright smile filling her gaze as she turned to leave.

"I'll be back tomorrow. Goodnight Sakura."

And she would be.

Sakura needed her more than anyone else.
"This doesn't surprise me."

And it really didn't.

He'd known his sister had developed a liking to the pinkette, and as much as it amused him to watch her wrangle the girl from Naruto, he honestly didn't care.

His sister was happy, and that was all that mattered.

"But Gaara, your sister stole Sakura-chan! Just as I had a chance too!"

"Naruto…” Gaara began, watching from his balcony as the two women strolled down the main street hand in hand, the blush on the Konoha nin visible from here. "She's happy. They both are."

"…Yeah…Yeah I suppose they are." A sly grin bloomed on the blonds face as the girls walked out of sight, his gaze turning mischievous as he looked to his red haired friend. "Did you see the dress Temari brought Sakura-chan for their date tonight?"

Gaara's face turned red as he looked away quickly, his voice stuttering slightly as he started. "I-I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Sure you don't. It's not like your sister was showing it off to everyone in the tower earlier. Geeze, I didn't know you could buy something like that- let alone here of all places."

"It was…very nice."

"Your sister is a pervert."

"…"

Yes, this didn't surprise him at all.
Inked Arms (Pein/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

(AU) They were contradictory, inconsistent-yet fit together so well. The first word that ever left his mouth in her direction was a simple: "Odd." And her response? "I know."

She was a struggling and exhausted art student, he owned the small tattoo parlour just down the street from her college.

_She_ decorated her arms with ink, slowly building her sleeves with each month that passed, and _his_ arms were almost completely bare save for the small band tattooed around his upper arm.

She didn't have any piercings, he had too many to count.

Her pink hair was natural, his was dyed from red to orange.

She dressed conservatively, favouring cardigans and pastel colours, while he wore whatever he pleased, darker colours and red clouds often adorning his body.

Sakura Haruno was a softly spoken and often short tempered girl, while Pein was a blunt yet patient man who rarely ever lost his temper.

They were contradictory, inconsistent.

Yet fit together so well.

The first time Sakura wandered through his door, she offered him a shy smile before pulling off her pale jumper to get an opinion on what to add to her arms next. The first word that ever left his mouth in her direction was a simple:

"Odd."

And her response?

"I know."

With each character or object inked into her skin, the shy girl would return to get an opinion, and the tall and often intimidating man would offer them without pause. Very strange for him, considering that he usually left the talking to his assistant.

He was intrigued by the odd girl, slowly coming to know her with each visit, even going as far as to offer her one of his rare smiles during their eighth month of acquaintanceship.

Or friendship, as everyone around them saw it.

But Pein was hesitant to label her a friend, especially since none of his ever lasted long.

Sakura though, she wholeheartedly considered him a friend, going out of her way to deliver coffee or snacks to his little business whenever she knew he had a lot of appointments that day. She liked the oddly quiet man, his rare smiles and harsh eyes always leaving her giddy.
Bringing him breakfast every now and again was the least she could do, especially if it meant spending a little more time with him.

It was on one of these mornings though, that she met the rest of his - loosely labelled- 'friends.'

And as intimidating and dangerous as they were, she fit in like she'd known them her whole life.

Months passed by, more ink graced her skin, and before anyone knew it- she was once again washed away by her workload.

Much to Pein's annoyance.

You see, the tattooist had come to expect her morning visits- had come to expect to see her soft smile each morning before opening.

And when she didn't show up one day?

Well, the doors of his business never opened that day, and he left to find her himself.

If she was going to put so much effort into befriending him, then she wasn't allowed to just drop him on a whim, Pein would see to that.

It was only after finding her exhausted and near incoherent form outside the collage library that he relaxed, pulling the pink haired woman back to his store to rest for the day. Coffee and complaints flowed for hours, the poor girl stressing out about overdue work and how long she was given to complete it. Pein found it all rather silly, but offered her his help if she ever needed it.

And thus began a new tradition- of Pein near forcefully dragging her from her paintings every so often to spend a day with him, to relax and unwind.

Just the two of them.

No work, no school, nothing but each other's company.

They did as they pleased on these days, just going with the flow and visiting wherever came to mind.

Be it a coffee shop, a museum or even that little park fifteen minutes out of town that Sakura used to visit as a child.

After a few months of this, it was silently and mutually agreed that they could be considered dates.

Maybe.

If the other person was okay with that.

It was Sakura that broke their silence about these get togethers- finally working up the courage to ask the orange haired man out to a movie.

He'd said nothing, yet the small quirk of his lips told her all she needed- she knew how to read him well now.

He was…excited to go out with her- with no illusions, no pretenses or lies.

It was a date, and they both knew it.

A date that went rather well, and when his lips lightly brushed hers that night when he dropped her
back to her apartment, they both knew there would be many more to come.

"I was thinking a flower next, just over here beside the vine." Sakura softly spoke, her arm held above her as she reclined back, her head resting in his lap as he flicked through a magazine and absentmindedly ran his fingers through her hair.

"Something bright, to go with the one below it." He added, already knowing where she was speaking of from memory.

She smiled up at him, her eyes alight with ideas and inspiration- and he knew he was done for.

It was love.

He loved this odd woman, loved her so much the intensity frightened his emotionally numb mind.

Shy and short tempered as she may be, she'd won his heart long before now, maybe even on that first visit to consult with him. The way she'd looked that day, practically glowing in the dull sunlight as she softly smiled at him, her inked arms nowhere near as filled in as they were now…

Yes, even back then she'd taken his breath away.

"Maybe a small arrangement of them, and I can use that to fill in some of the space left over from the skull here-" his hand caught her own as she went to motion to the area, and he slowly closed his eyes as he brought it to his lips, smiling against her skin.

Yes, this was love.
(Slight AU) Zabuza was a fierce man who could strike fear in the hearts on anyone who stood before him. From his height to the way he seemed to growl out his words, nothing about him was comforting- soft in any way. Nothing. Yet, she still smiled at him. She looked him straight in the eye, and that soft quirk of her lips never failed to appear.

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Yet, she still smiled at him.

She looked him straight in the eye, and that soft quirk of her lips never failed to appear.

Maybe it was a subconscious yearning, maybe it was just his way of making peace with himself, but for as long as he could remember, the pink haired woman had appeared in his dreams.

Night after night, year after year- she'd always be there to greet him with words that seemed to soothe his very soul.

No matter how gruff and violent he became in life, no matter how much he'd lose his temper and try to push her away in silent fear…

She always stayed.

She never left him.

From early childhood to his teenage years, she nurtured him, taught him and gave him the kindness he so desperately craved.

When he hit his teenage years though…something changed.

He began to notice things, notice her in in different way.

The way her vest clung to her modest curves, the way her short pink hair ruffled in the fake wind his mind produced.

Even the way her oh so soft looking lips seemed to beg for his own.

He ignored these feelings though, too busy planning and too embarrassed to bring it up.

A young man now, Zabuza quickly found himself towering over the pinkette, her pouting form making his cold heart beat loudly in his ears. He informed her of his life, giving her day by day updates and finally finding himself able to relax as she seemed to glide glowing green hands over his tense back and shoulders.
No matter how odd and how suspicious he was of who *she* was and how her techniques seemed to actually affect his body, Zabuza turned a blind eye.

If she'd wanted to do something, she'd have done so by now.

*He trusted her.*

More time passed, and Zabuza finally seemed to realize that he'd yet to so much as learn her name. Stupid really, but he'd always deemed her a figment of his imagination until not a year ago when she seemed to heal his wounds as he fought for his life.

The green glow and chakra that flowed through his body during that battle was undoubtedly hers, and he couldn't find it in himself to be angry at her.

And then, the night after he confided his position in the upcoming coup to her, he found her in tears.

Tears of anger, tears of hopelessness and pain.

And plead all he might, all he got from her was a simple:

"I'm sorry…I have to go soon."

*Soon.*

That was *always* her answer when he asked for details.

Weeks passed, and no matter how tight he held her against him inside his mind, he could feel her slipping away.

With each night, she'd grow a little more pale, a little more transparent and sad.

That didn't stop him from trying to make her stay though.

He'd pleaded with her, *begged* her to stay, only to be told it wasn't by her choice.

He'd become angry and ignored her, only to find himself holding her tight after spending a few days trying to wrap his mind around the impossible.

And at last, he'd just succumb to denial.

Denial that she was leaving.

Because she'd *always* been there for him.

His private mentor, his best friend, *his first and only love*.

Not that *she* knew that.

At last though, the night came.

As he found his eyes slipping closed beside her, he felt her small hands cup his cheeks lightly. Soft lips hovered above his own, and before he could process anything more- they lightly pressed against his.

Softer, sweeter than he'd ever imagined.

And gone *much* too soon.
"Sakura...Sakura Haruno."

"What?" He struggled out, fighting off the urge to awaken as much as he could.

It was no use though, it always won.

"My name. I'm going to miss you, but this isn't really a goodbye, I promise we'll meet again. It may not be the same, but I'll remember eventually."

He was gone before he could even respond, and the next night he retreated to his dreams...

He didn't wake up in that strange mindscape.

He didn't see her small house and open field.

He didn't see her smile.

She was gone.

Watching his target stagger along with the group of Konoha nin, Zabuza found himself frowning in distaste as the fog thickened around him.

His focus had been on the jounin from the very beginning, and he hadn't even bothered to take a glance at the children. He could take them all out without a problem, Kakashi though...he was the issue here.

The bridge builder, his target, gave a rather loud laugh, only to be hushed by-

Pink hair.

An all too familiar voice- albeit younger.

And green eyes he'd never forget.

"Ne, Sakura-chan, lighten up a little, we're almost there anyway."

"Shut UP Naruto."

...Sakura? A relative of hers?

"LET ME GO!"

"Zabuza, release her, this is between you and me!"

The tall, dark haired man didn't say a word as he held the pink haired child out before him, her arms most likely bruising as he examined her silently, eyes roaming her face as he took in every feature he could.

Yes, she looked so much like here.

"SAKURA!"

"You...what's your last name girl."

She was silent, glaring up at him with such anger it brought a grin to his hidden mouth.

Yes, definitely related to his lost love.
"Haruno, her last name is Haruno. She's from no clan Zabuza, you have no quarrel with her." Her sensei called, obviously trying his best to figure out a way to get to the girl safely.

"Haruno. Do you have an older sister? Does your mother have pink hair like yours, a cousin perhaps?"

He'd searched for years…years to find her, to find some clue as to where she may be.

As to why she'd left.

"I-I'm an only child…please let me go…" She forced out, tears beginning to gather in her eyes as she whimpered softly.

He found his grip loosening in reflex, his eyes softening slightly as she squirmed and seemed to silently plead with him.

"And your mother?"

"Blond…she's blond. I'm the only one with pink hair in my family besides my father."

No…no that wasn't right.

The Sakura he remembered definitely had pink hair, and her forehead was just as-

No.

No…it couldn't be.

That wasn't possible.
(Slight AU) She may have thought him dead and gone, but the truth was, he couldn't leave her if he tried. Not that he wanted to. Well...not now anyway.

She may have thought him dead and gone, but the truth was, he couldn't leave her if he tried. Not that he wanted to, well, *now* anyway.

For years he has trailed after the pink haired woman, getting over the bitterness and anger he felt in the beginning of their 'acquaintanceship'. For the first year of being tied to her soul, unable to communicate with anyone at all, he'd raged.

*Raged, yelled, and tried everything* in his power to punish the oblivious and innocent woman.

Nothing he did had any effect on her though.

No matter how many punches he threw, no matter how many curses he tried to send her way—nothing ever happened.

He was stuck.

*Tied* to her.

And she didn't even know it.

As they tend to do, years rolled by, each one calming him a little more as he grudgingly watched her bloom into womanhood. No longer was she a teen, no, now she was a striking and powerful adult who made even the most powerful men flinch away.

Her anger was legendary, and with each instance he saw it, Madara found himself silently thankful she wasn't aware of him.

But as powerful and happy as she seemed on the outside, Madara knew better.

He himself had once felt that same loneliness, the kind that chilled you to the bone no matter how many people were around.

And it had everything to do with the way her team seemed to splinter off and disappear at any given time.

He watched as she held herself together with glue and tape, found himself sympathizing with every envious look she shot her fellow Konoha nin.

Hadn't he too felt that way once? Hadn't he too been distanced and driven away—albeit unknowingly in her situation.

She had no Hashirama though, she had no Izuna or clan to give her purpose.
Her ‘family’ were gone, out on their own adventures as she wilted under the harsh Konoha sun.

He didn't know how many more of her disappointed glances he could take, how many more of her shattered sobs he could listen to whenever her teammates found something that demanded their attention more than her.

But he couldn't comfort her.

He was dead.

So, after years of watching and waiting, of building up his strength and testing things.

Madara plotted.

He plotted, and he struck.

Through pure chance, he found that he could influence people of weak will- if only for a short time. But no matter how short it was, it was all he needed.

One suggestion could go a long way.

Flowers came to her door one day, and as pleasantly surprised as she seemed, Madara was furious.

He was the one attempting to help her, and he wouldn't allow anyone else to interfere. He’d staked a claim on the woman, and as shocking as it was for him to realize it, he didn't overthink it.

Overthinking led to mistakes.

And even the smallest mistake could ruin his plans.

_No flowers came to her door again after he was finished with the man who tried to court her._

Uchiha it seemed, were possessive of what they deemed their own.

_Dead or otherwise._

Another year passed, and the pink haired woman seemed to be doing better.

No longer was she harassed at work by perverted patients.

No longer was she sent on trivial missions that were way below her pay grade.

No longer was she _lonely._

Because it seemed that in the dead of night, during her deepest dreams, arms held her close.

Soft words were whispered to her, dancing along her skin teasingly.

And while she knew it to be a dream, the warm lips seeming to shyly graze her own still drew a love struck sigh from her.

Madara loved every minute of it.

_Every second._

And while he may only be able to love her like this, like a shadow haunting her every step, he was content.
Happy.

So when Naruto decided to finally make a move, no one was more shocked than Madara when his fist actually made contact with the host’s face.

No one was more shocked than Madara when the brat blinked stupidly around, his eyes flashing as blue and red met, if only for a fraction of a second.

Just a fraction of a second, one glimpse of his tall form looming behind the pinkette protectively was all it took for the brat to start screaming in rage.

Rage Madara fed off with a grin, rage that made what little presence he had so much more solid.

So much more alive.

'Yes…' Madara thought to himself, his eyes glinting as a little of the Kyuubi’s chakra seemed to flow into his body, his dead heart giving one stuttering beat before going silent again. 'My plans are far from over it seems.'

He could wait, he could be patient and bide his time.

His arms came to wrap around the oblivious Sakura as she watched her friend, his chin resting on the top of her head contently as another rage filled cry came from the boy, obviously having glimpsed him again.

Yes, he would wait.

And when he was back again?

His arms tightened around the woman, a small shiver coming from her as a chill seemed to crawl up her spine.

He would take what was his, what had always been his.

After all, cherry blossoms were said to grow so much more vibrant in a field of blood.

And no one was more equipped to provide that for her than him.
It'd been a shock to his system when she first struck the ground before him, her lithe body ducking and dodging his attacks as he retaliated. He couldn't say it wasn't appreciated though, he had been looking for a worthwhile battle.

Her form was nimble, her movements quick and precise with every jab of her fists or swing of her legs. Such a simple looking woman, little more than 18 at the most if he had to guess, the only outstanding features about her were her hair and eyes.

Yet the power she held in those small hands made him shiver, his movements matching hers as he mirrored her every step.

Three to the left.

High kick.

A leap to the right.

A jab with her fist.

Her flowing movements lulled him into a state of calmness, his mind flashing back to the days he'd do this with his teammates. The only difference was that she happened to be trying to crush his skull and kill him.

She leapt for him and he dodged to the side, his hand skimming her form as he ducked under her, her outraged yell music to his ears.

If she didn't wish to be touched, she should have guarded her side better.

Every nin knows that, she was just lucky he hadn't taken out a kunai.

Appearing across from her again as she swung at him, he picked up his pace, deciding to take the onslaught and finish this so he could get closer to the downed ex-Kyuubi host.

But she just kept dodging, weaving and ducking under his every attack, her form not even breathless as she tried to get closer to him, tried to end him. Her previously dull eyes came to life, fire burning within as she avoided his gaze, her pink hair trailing behind her every movement.

She was keeping up with him.

Him.

Uchiha Madara.

He didn't think he'd ever seen something so attractive before.
His Wife (Madara/Sakura)

At first glance Madara Uchiha appeared intimidating, downright terrifying and dangerous on his off days. The sight of his wife always had people shivering, fearful for her safety as she stood smiling happily at his side.

'He's so large and dangerous, obviously in a mob of some kind!'

'He could break her by looking at her wrong, that poor woman, does she know she can get help?'

'She's obviously forced, is it obvious? Such a waste of a nice woman…'

They couldn't have been more wrong.

SHE wasn't the one they had to worry for.

He was.

Because he'd do absolutely anything for her. If she asked it, it was done to perfection. A drink from the waiter? He'd get it personally. A new dress from her favourite store? He'd hold her other outfits and tell her how beautiful she looked. A new set of panties for their more…private moments? He'd make sure they were her favourite brand and style.

He'd do anything for her, and he'd never even deny it.

'Does your wife cook?' Only if she wanted to, they usually split it 50/50, but he had no problem spoiling her with desert or breakfast in bed.

'Does she have a job?' Head nurse at the Konoha building, 3 years running and still going strong. He was so proud of her for that, he knew he'd never be able to stomach it. He enjoyed his…'business dealings' too much to give them up.

No, he loved his wife dearly and would gladly kneel before her if she so much as asked.

He wasn't whipped, he just loved her with all of his black heart, and he was willing to do anything to prove it.

People who thought otherwise were in for a very rude awakening.
Tsukuyomi was the simplest way to get the pinkette out of his path, to stop her from healing everyone he tried to kill. So he trapped her, locked her in her own mind and vowed that he'd put her out of commission himself.

So he did, he ventured into her mind, expecting to find her pinned to the giant cross he'd so easily constructed.

What he didn't expect was to be ambushed by one very pissed off pinkette and one very frustrated shadow like woman.

He'd…never seen anything like this before.

Even Hashirama had fallen to this technique.

Curious and slightly irritated, he parried them away, giving himself room to really see the situation. There she stood, a shattered and mangled cross in the background, her pink hair wild in the non-existent wind.

And her mirror image stood right next to her, the black and white copy, fuming as it muttered threats and curses.

Odd.

That was the only thing he could find to describe the situation he was in now.

Unwilling to examine this curiosity anymore, he tried to pull out of her mind.

Tried.

The shadow cackled loudly, hissing and spitting at his shocked face as it grew in size, grabbing his now dwarfed form from the ground. The real pinkette just watched in silence as her copy brought him to its face, her echoing laughter sending a chill down his spine.

What was going on?

"Don't you like it here Madara-chan~ you could call this out…defence against people like you, people who like to twist another's mind." The real Sakura stated, suddenly just as big as her copy, smirking down at the now helpless man as her inner decided to dangle him upside down, his black hair and armour messing up at this shift.

This was…impossible…

"Madara-kun, don't you like it? You haven't said a word! I want to hear you scream."

"Just like you were going to make us~" they continued to taunt as the man found his voice.

"Are…you related to Zetsu by any chance?"

That question turned the situation into the longest 72 hours of his life, the two women glowing down at him.

When all was said and done, when he finally snapped back to reality, she was still standing before
him, her determined expression melting into a horrified and furious one.

She was...interesting.

Jumping away as she swung at him in a rage, he smirked, his eyes spinning to life once more as he continued to put distance between them.

He'd definitely have to look into her profile when he took over Konoha, maybe even study her mind and try to figure out exactly what that phenomenon was.

She would be an asset if her mind wasn't corruptible, maybe even a potential ally once she was shown the light.
He'd never gotten the opportunity to fight her while still alive, and as overpowering as her teammates were- *She planned.*

He could see it in her eyes, cataloging his every movement, his every slip up.

She was planning, marking her targets and how she'd weaken him enough to land one of her hits.

Just *one*, and it's mean his death again.

He'd never been so excited for a battle.

But alas, their time did not come to pass. Her teammates persisted, they plundered along until someone else found the chance she'd been aiming for.

*That chance to stab him though the back.*

*To take advantage of his weakness.*

He wished it had been her, at least then there'd be *some* glory in death.

A worthy opponent taking him down during battle, having planned and fought for that one hit. But in the end, it wasn't her, it was the coward Zetsu.

He'd struggled against it, against the pull and the pain. And then he'd fallen anyway, nothing more than a pawn for a god in the end.

*Death*, it hadn't been the same.

He could hear, he could feel, he was part of something much greater and the one time he actually saw something-

It was her.

*The girl.*

Fearlessly punching a god back down to earth- levelling the playing field with little more than a hit and her wits.

Yes…he would have loved to fight her, convert her to his side.

They could have danced for hours.

He knew she'd appreciate a challenge just as much as he did.

*And then*…

Then he was back.

Powerless and dying, but alive all the same.

He watched her as she watched the others, her posture and very aura defiant as those around her seemed to overlook her.
She deserved better.

*So much better.*

He could have given that to her…

And so, with the last bit of strength he had left, he pushed Hashirama away, his hand raising to point at the shocked girl.

"You… You owe me a dance."

A smirk came to his blood-stained lips, her eyes catching his own without fear.

*Yes…*

She was worthy of his time.

"You owe me a dance when we next meet."

And he was gone again, yet more comforted and calm than his last death.

Maybe it was because he had something to look forward too, maybe it was the peace that seemed to cover the land around them all…

He didn't know.

All he knew was that next time he saw the pinkette, it's be a life changing event.

*A dance he'd never forget.*
Looking over the papers before her, Sakura made sure to keep her face emotionless, especially once she finished reading the fine print.

The contract was a good one- solid, almost completely airtight.

*Almost.*

*But not good enough.*

"Do you trust me?" She asked as the dim lighting in the room flickered, shadowing their faces for a moment before coming back to life.

"No." He said firmly, his bright red eyes following her as she leant back in her chair, her face pulling into a grin as she folded her hands together in her lap.

"Smart man."

"I've heard about you and what you do. If I had any other choice, I'd have taken that over coming to this cesspit you call an office." His deep voice filled the large room, the so called cesspit looking very much like his own office on the upper end of town. The only real difference besides the lighting?

Well, that would have to be the two large men standing by the door, one hooded while the other had odd red tattoos on his face. Intimidating, but not enough to drive the Uchiha away.

"So, Madara-"

"That's Uchiha-san to you."

"Uchiha-san then…How sure are you that I won't screw you over?" The woman, little more than twenty if his information was correct, asked in a low tone.

"Oh, I'm sure you'll try to. Your track record speaks for itself."

"Then you know that no one's been able to stop me from doing it before. What makes you feel you're so different?"

"Because Haruno, I never lose." And with that he was up, his tall and intimidating form leaving her office without another word.

As Kiba closed the door behind the man, he turned to look at his smirking boss, her posture seemingly lazy as she looked between Shino and himself.

"What's the plan boss?"

"Oh, same as always. I swear, these men never learn." She sighed out, her smirk never dying as Kiba let out a laugh, Shino shaking his head in exasperating behind him. "Send a call to Hinata and tell her she did a great job on the paperwork he brought in. It was even better than last time actually."

"Will do."

"Oh. Call Naruto as well- tell him he's going to have to play dead for a while, okay? We're going to take these damn Uchiha for everything they have."
Role Reversal (Kisame/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

(AU) She loved him, as odd and strange as that sounded for someone of her background. She loved that he actually cared about her, cared about the girl everyone else only used for their own gain. She loved him, and now it was time to let him go.

Their friendship was one that should have never been, but was anyway. Despite the odds, despite the looks and changing feelings on both parts- they still stuck together. Looking back at it all now, if someone had told Sakura that the boy she’d bumped into on the first day of school would eventually mean this much to her- she would have called them a liar.

Probably something worse than a liar actually, but hey, that was in the past now.

For years, their odd friendship had prospered, grown and slowly evolved into what it was today. Every time she looked up at the tall, intimidating boy, her heart skipped a beat and her palms got sweaty.

She…she loved him.

And that was why she had to let him go.

Because as intimidating as he looked, Kisame couldn't hurt a fly.

Her on the other hand…

Sakura Haruno, the enforcer of the Konoha gang, could hurt someone.

Would hurt someone.

Had done so before.

She may look bookish, may sound kind and soft and gentle, but what better cover was there nowadays? She had no idea how many times her and Kisame had been pulled over by the police, only to have the blue skinned man searched while they over looked her completely.

And she hated it.

Hated that he had to go through that, that he even had to offer to look scary or threaten someone so she could slip by and drop off whatever she had on her.

He used himself, his put on attitude, to let her get away.


And it was killing him.

Sakura knew it.

Each time someone cowered away from him and that look of sadness crossed his eyes, Sakura just
wanted to go over and show them exactly who they should be afraid of. She'd offered to do so before, but he'd looked so disappointed in her afterwards that she'd almost started crying.

His opinion of her was all she had.

His friendship was what got her through the day.

Wherever one was, the other wasn't far behind, and everyone knew it.

Everyone knew it.

Which was why he'd just gotten hurt, his arm in a freshly done cast, his bruised cheeks still trying to pull up into that grin she loved so much as he told her over and over that no, it didn't hurt and it wasn't her fault.

But it was.

She knew it.

Her gang knew it.

Kisame, oblivious or naïve as always, would never make it out to be even remotely her fault though.

He never had before, and she knew he wouldn't start now.

It…it hurt to see him like this, so broken and small and oh god, she couldn't start crying, not now please god no.

If he saw her crying, he'd get upset.

And if he got upset, she'd break.

He was too carefree, too bright and full of life to see sad.

But... wasn't that exactly what she'd come here to do? Didn't she come here with every intention of it being her last visit?

After today, she'd resolved to never see him again.

Never.

Because if she did, he'd only get hurt again.

This was best for both of them…for him, even if it broke her heart.

She loved him, as odd and strange as that sounded for someone of her background. She loved him and his carefree nature, his grins, his odd looks and joking personality. She loved that he overlooked her job, that he didn't care what she did when wearing her mask, that he was always there no matter what.

She loved that he actually cared about her, cared about the girl everyone else only used for their own gain.

And now…now it was over.

"Alright Pinky, it's getting late, you should probably head off home before that blond bodyguard of
yours starts breathing down my neck again. Seriously, I keep you out late for one night and I'm the bad guy here!"

"Y-yeah. Yeah I should probably go." A small watery chuckle escaped her then, despite her efforts to keep it bottled away.

The look of worry in his eyes was instantaneous.

"Hey, you okay kid?"

"Kid? I'm a year younger than you genius, shut your trap!"

"Sakura, I'm serious. What's wrong?"

Yeah, she'd always been bad at hiding things from him.

"Nothing," She took a deep breath then, steadying herself as she took one last long look at him. "Nothing's wrong, It's just….I've been thinking lately-"

"Don't hurt yourself."

"-Shut the hell up. I've just been thinking and I wanted to thank you. These past twelve years… you've always been there for me. Be it as a scrawny eight year old, or a buffed up nerd of a twenty year old-"

"I take offense to that!"

"- You've always done what was right, what was best for me. So thank you, thank you so much. I'll…I'll never forget that."

Silence fell between them then, a hushed, yet slightly anxious silence that had Kisame fidgeting in his bed.

"Sakura, I-I need to tell you, and I've waited for so long but I really just need to say it-"

"Nope! Whatever it is can wait until tomorrow, I can tell your meds are kicking in!" She scolded lightly, a large, slightly strained smile on her face as she leaned over and smacked his bruised cheek lightly, giggling as he scowled back at her.

"I'm serious here-"

"So am I, and I really need to go."

"Sakura-"

"Later Kisame, and if you try and hobble to the kitchen and hurt yourself again, I'll kill you!"

"Sakura I-"

"And I swear, you better keep studying, you have an exam next month you can't flunk okay?"

"Please-"

She'd stood during this, walking backwards towards the door, her eyes never leaving him as she continued to list out seemingly pointless threats and reminders.
"Goodbye Kisame, and thank you for everything."

And she was gone, the door to his room falling shut behind her with a solid thud. The blue skinned man let out an irritated breath, his eyes glaring at the wall across from him as he shook his head in amazement.

And people called him the oblivious one between them.

"-I love you…Damnit it pinky, why do you keep interrupting me!"

Yet despite that, he couldn't shake the feeling of dread in his stomach, couldn't stop going over everything she'd just thrown at him.

Reminders from exams? Of what he could and couldn't eat while on his meds?

Why did that goodbye seem so final?
(AU) In my life, I've broken many rules Sakura. I've done horrid things, things I hope you never hear about, but everything I did, it was for a reason. Everything I did, it was for you.

Sakura,

*How do I know you're reading this? You're probably puzzling your head over it right now, aren't you?*

Well, I know you, and I know you'd eventually stumble across this and get too curious for your own good.

I don't know if this is a day from my death, or even a year or two, but no matter what the date- I want you to know that it's okay.

It's okay Sakura, you don't need to be upset, you don't need to be sad.

You don't need to cry, not anymore.

Everything I did, I did for you.

In my life, I've broken many rules. I've done horrid things, things I hope you never hear about, but everything I did, it was for a reason.

When I was younger, it was for my own selfish reasons, but as I got older, once we met?

It was for you.

So that you could be happy.

Now, I want to tell you a story okay? A story about a man who loved a girl so much, that he'd do anything for her, even sell his soul.

So please Sakura, what I did...I know it may seem out of the blue and wrong and horrible to you, but let me tell you a story and explain.

I won't skip a detail.

Not a single one.

You deserve better than that.

Please, just listen to my last month, let me explain why I did what I did.

One upon a time,

Day 1:
You got hit by a car.

You were dragging me across the road to go on a damn picnic of all things, and some bastard came speeding around the corner.

They hit you, and I'll never forget the sound your body made as it bounced around that day.

And you want to know the best part? They didn't stop.

Didn't even look back.

I don't remember much about what happened, I only remember crawling over and pulling you close.

Then, you were alive and breathing and wondering what was happening.

And I only had a month left to live.

**Day 2:**

You were still upset about me dragging you home the day before, so you weren't speaking to me today.

But that was okay, because I used that day to get everything in order.

Everything I owned, everything that was mine- would be yours.

You were the only one I'd allow to even think of touching my belongings.

**Day 3:**

You forgave me and took me out to a small café, and I finally found the nerve to kiss you.

I had the day you'd been revived, but you didn't remember that.

It was okay though, because the blush you gave me today made it all worth it.

**Day 4:**

We had text each other all day, both being too busy at work to see each other.

I don't know why I even went to work to be honest, I think I just wanted to do something to take my mind off things.

**Day 5:**

I took you out to see a movie, and wouldn't you know, it was a horror about selling your soul to save a loved one.

You joked the entire time about it being corny and sappy, but that's okay.

You'd always accused me of being a closet sap.

**Day 6:**

I lost my temper with Sasuke today, the boy going on and on about me dating you as usual.

Every other day, I'd just throw a sarcastic remark his way and be done with it.
But not today.

No, it took Itachi intervening to get me to stop going off at him.

I'm sorry I called you during work, but I just needed to talk.

Thank you for answering.

**Day 7:**

One week.

One week of my life gone, but I wouldn't trade it for the world.

We spent the day together, just laying around my home watching movies (or doing paper work in my case), and I don't think I've ever felt so at peace.

Just getting to hold you close again is all I need right now.

**Day 8:**

We danced tonight at the party my company held.

It was a slow, sweet dance, but I'd never felt so alive.

And that look you gave me…I've never seen eyes so full of innocence.

**Day 9:**

Another day of work, and I know I should quit.

Let them find a replacement…maybe Itachi?

He'd be able to handle everything they'd throw at him.

**Day 10:**

You called me today, told me you'd had a nightmare, something involving death and laughter and burning and I'm sorry I panicked and sped over there.

But you don't need to remember any of that.

You don't need those memories.

**Day 11:**

You…you came by my office today at lunch, and I don't know who was more shocked to see me getting visitors- the staff, or me.

But it was wonderful, and I'm not sorry for keeping you there for hours with pointless talk.

Maybe now, my office won't seem so dreary.

Yes, I think I can stay here a little longer, especially if it means you'll drop by from time to time.

**Day 12:**
You had work today, and for once I actually felt alone.

I'm not used to the feeling, and before now I've never really experienced it.

It was strange, so I went and surprised you with flowers at work, just to get my mind off things.

I'm so glad you liked them, and even more relieved that you didn't mind me lingering to talk to you.

I… I don't like feeling alone.

**Day 13:**

I got you a necklace today, but I don't want to give it to you just yet. I may actually hold onto it until the end, leave it for you to find.

It's embarrassing, but I'm not sure if you'll like it or not.

Did I pick the right photos to go inside?

Will you like the colour and style?

Yes, I think I'll just leave it for you to find after I'm gone, then you won't feel obligated to keep it if you don't like it.

(It's in my desk drawer in case you haven't noticed yet, right behind that little glass paperweight you got me last year.)

**Day 14:**

Two weeks down, but at least we spent the day together, even if I did seem a little out of it.

I hope I'm not being too clingy, but I think I deserve this month of your life at least.

Just… just this last month.

**Day 15:**

We went swimming today, and I don't think I'll ever forget how you looked.

So bright and full of life.

I'm so glad I could bring that back to the world.

To me…

**Day 16:**

I was so tired, and not the usual exhaustion I get after over working myself. My eyes are burning, and my mouth feels like it's on fire.

What's wrong with me?

**Day 17:**

- Apparently I had a fever and slept through the entire day, thank you for caring for me.-
Day 18:
I didn't know what happened, but I woke up covered in blood that day.
I'm sorry I sounded so angry over the phone, but I just couldn't let you see me like that.

Day 19:
We had a stupid fight and now you aren't speaking to me.
I'm sorry Sakura, I don't know what's happening to me.

Day 20:
Still no word from you, but that's okay, I wouldn't want you to see me like this anyway.

Day 21:
You called me last night, and when I woke up today, I was twitchy and strung out and I don't know what's happening.
I'm…I'm scared Sakura.
I'm sorry for being so clingy.

Day 22:
Angry…I was so angry and I didn't know why.
Everything anyone did, even just breathing pissed me off.
But you, I could never be mad at you.
No, you calmed me that day.
You pulled me away from that fight and took me home.
I'm so sorry for worrying you.

Day 23:
We slept together for the first time today.
It was…I have no words to describe how beautiful you looked that day.
If I could marry you, I would have.
I would have dropped to my knees right then and there and swept you away forever.

Day 24:
I feel possessive.
Not like I normally am, but just….I can't explain it right now.
Every time I see you, I just get so edgy, like someone might sweep you away when I'm gone.
It's wrong, I know, but I want to be your first and your last.

I'd take you with me if I could, but I'm already regretting even writing it down.

I could never do that to you.

**Day 25:**

More blood, and I think I know what's happening.

It's….I'm changing.

My soul, it's going to hell quite literally. Piece by piece, I'm turning, changing, damning myself and getting ready for my fall.

I have no control over what I do sometimes, the main example being the body in my car trunk.

**Day 26:**

I took you out to dinner and made you get everything you'd ever wanted, never mind the blow my bank took.

I want to spoil you, I want to see you happy and smiling.

I want your last memories of me to be happy ones, something you can look back on in a few years and smile about.

**Day 27:**

Sasuke came by today and told me you were sick.

Very sick.

Bedridden even.

I rushed over, and I just knew I had to do something.

I don't know what it was, but that light when I kissed you….I think it was my soul.

I think.

I'll just assume it was and live out these last few days content, believing what little good I have left is going to be left with you.

**Day 28:**

Have I ever told you about the day I knew I loved you?

It was years ago, back when you first started studying to be a doctor, and you came over to see Sasuke.

He said something, you punched him and told him to go to hell.

You'd looked so sad that day, and when I offered to take you home, you only looked up at me with those lovely green eyes while grinning and telling me you were a big girl and could do it yourself.
I'd known you for years, but that was the day I fell for you.

You'd never been one to let others carry you along.

**Day 29:**

I'm so sorry for making you cry.

But you can't see me like this.

As much as I want to call you over, as much as I want to hold you close and never let you go- I'm afraid I'll do just that if I see you. Whatever it is, it's taunting me, trying to make me call you, bring you with me.

But I won't.

I can't do that to you.

**Day 30:**

Today's the day Sakura. Today, I go to hell.

But that's okay, because you're alive, you're alive and happy and smiling and I'm so sorry that I have to leave you.

But it's for the best.

I can still feel that anger, that madness burning under my skin.

I know what it wants me to do, I know how it wants me to die.

And I'm so sorry you'll have to see it.

I love you Sakura Haruno, and I'd happily go to hell for you.

Goodbye, and please, don't try to bring me back.

I just know I won't be myself anymore.

**Day 31:**

*I'm sorry, but everything I did, I did for you.*
Chapter Summary

She'd just wanted to see what Sasuke's house looked like, maybe even have tea with Mikoto if she had time. Looks like things would be more complicated than she'd thought, especially with Mikoto shoving random Uchiha in her face, left right and centre!

Sakura had always wondered about Sasuke's living conditions and why he refused to have her and Naruto over.

Sure, Naruto she could understand, she didn't have him over much herself.

But she was the perfect house guest!

As long as she didn't lose her temper, and even that had toned down as they'd gotten older.

She'd known the man since they were 8 years old, and during the 14 years she'd been his friend, he'd never once mentioned visiting his house.

He and Naruto would come over to see her all the time, especially after she'd moved out and gotten a place of her own.

Maybe he was ashamed that he still lived with his family? He didn't need to be, Naruto had only *just* decided to find his own place as well.

Enough was enough.

She needed to know exactly what was going on at his house!

---

"No Sasuke, we're going to your place and that's final." She declared, pulling down the posh looking street and into the richer part of Konoha.

He may have been her best friend, but that didn't give him the right to sit there pouting like a five year old. It was honestly embarrassing.

"My family all live together Sakura, I don't want you to be subjected to their scrutiny." He mumbled, avoiding her gaze as they turned down another road. "My father isn't the nicest man and mother… well, she'll probably try to get us together…"

"Oh please, I work with Kabuto, I know how to put up with men who think the world belongs to them. And I'm pretty sure I can deal with Mikoto, she's been so nice all the other times we've seen each other!"

She tuned him out as he continued mumbling his reasons, her mind on the lush and beautiful houses
surrounding them instead.

She really should have kidnapped him sooner.

---

Stepping out of her car in awe, Sakura gazed up at the mansion before her, her 'new' car looking extremely out of place amongst the million dollar ones on either side.

"Sasuke….you're fucking with me, right?"

"I told you we should have gone to see Naruto instead. We can still go now, Mother hasn't seen you ye-"

"SAKURA-CHAN!" A female figure squealed from the front door, the elegantly dressed woman quickly making her way over and launching herself at the pinkette. "Sasuke, why didn't you tell me you were bringing your friend over?! Oh, it's so good to see you, it's been years!"

"Mikoto! I'm glad to see you as well!" The pinkette exclaimed, poking her tongue out at the pouting boy over his mother's shoulder. "I finally 'convinced' Sasuke to let me come over, I just couldn't stand not coming to have a look at your house, you've always told me such nice things about it. I can see they're all true…"

Detangling herself from the giddy woman, Sakura took a step back, straightening out her pastel blue sun dress as she went.

Good thing she'd decided to dress up a little and forgo the jeans and t-shirt.

"Sasuke, I'm disappointed in you, making a nice girl like Sakura drive all the way here! You should be ashamed." His mother scolded, her small frown locking onto his fidgeting form as she locked her elbow with the pinkette's, guiding the startled girl to the door.

'Well, this was unexpected…' she thought to herself, her confused face melting back into awed as they stepped through the front door and into the large mansion.

Everything was so elegant and refined, she felt so out of place, like she wasn't meant to be here.

Oh well, she could deal with it for the next few hours, Sasuke was her friend and she wanted to get to know this side of him.

"Mother, do you know where father put the trading folder?" A voice questioned from their left, a mildly familiar form met her eyes as she looked at the man, his indifferent face looking over at them as he walked closer.

"Oh, I'm sorry Itachi, I'll go grab those for you. This is Sakura Haruno, A good friend of your brothers! Sakura-chan, this is my eldest, Itachi. He'll wait here with you while I go grab some forms, okay?"

She was gone before the pinkette could even finish nodding.

Sasuke had come up next to her, his body tense as he and his brother locked eyes, their suit clad forms fitting in with the atmosphere perfectly.

Oh right, he'd mentioned their rivalry before.
She turned her attention to the taller man before her as he strolled closer, breaking eye contact with his little brother and catching her hand in his, bringing it to his lips before she could even squeak out a hello.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Miss Haruno, I've heard a lot about you from mother." He spoke softly, his breath brushing the back of her hand before he straightened out and slowly released it.

"Um- It's a pleasure to meet you as well Uchiha-san, I'm glad to finally be meeting you, your brother speaks about you all the time." She managed out, a small blush coming to her face.

"All good things I hope."

'Yeah…'good' things'

"Absolutely Uchiha-san! Isn't that right Sasuke?"

"Hn" Just great, he was back to single syllables. It was 3rd grade all over again.

"Please, call me Itachi, I'd be honoured to hear it fall from your beautiful lips."

'What?'

"Alright…Itachi-san."

"I found them! He'd put them in that damned drawer again. I've told that man a thousand times, 'Keep things out in the open', but does he listen to me?" Mikoto's voice announced as she wandered back into the hall, her smile growing at the sight of Sakura's blush. "I'm so happy you're all getting along! Just wait until Obito gets here, he's always wanted to meet your friends Sasuke!"

"Mother…please tell me you didn't…" Sasuke started, his face paling with each word that left his mother's mouth.

"I just gave him a call, he said he'd be over right away, how lucky is that!"

'Obito?'

"I'm going to go show Sakura the library!" Her best friend announced, grabbing her hand and pulling her up the stairs before his mother could get another word out.

---

She was slightly out of breath by the time they made it to the large book filled room, her friend leading her to the very back before sitting at an older wood table.

Why couldn't she have a library like this?

Oh right, she didn't get paid enough.

"Good god, why did she have to invite Obito! Hell, even Shisui would have been better!" Her dark haired companion muttered, his head hitting the table as he slumped forward.

"What the hell Sasuke, you can't just run out on Mikoto like that!"

"Sakura, keep your voice down! He's probably already here!"
"Who's already here?" she was confused, why the hell was Sasuke acting like this?

"SASUKE-CHAN!" bellowed around the room, her companion shooting up and letting out a yell of his own. "SASUKE-CHAN, WHERE ARE YOU?!"

A blur of black and orange entered the room, her first thought was 'NARUTO!' and her fist instinctively clenched, but as it pulled to a stop before them, her next thought was 'Huh?'

It seemed someone other than Naruto liked orange on their clothes.

"Cousin Sasuke-chan, there you are! And this must be your friend Mikoto told me about last time!" The excitable man before them grinned, his t-shirt and dark jeans bringing a smile to her own face as he hugged Sasuke tightly.

Until he was hit on the head.

"Sasuke! Don't hit your cousin like that!" She exclaimed, kneeling down next to the eye patch wearing man and inspecting his head. His shaggy hair brushed his eyes as he looked up at her, exaggerated tears gathering as he hugged her suddenly.

"Sasuke-chan is always so mean! I don't know how you can put up with him Pretty-chan!" He called, sniffing as he let her go slowly.

"Sasuke-chan. Apologize. Now." She seethed, the mans warm eyes looking at her in astonishment as his younger cousin grudgingly did so, muttering about how she did the same thing to him on a daily basis.

This man couldn't have been more than a few years older than them, his face slightly scarred on one side and an eye patch covered one of his bright red orbs.

Damn Uchiha's and their pretty eyes.

Looking back to him and smiling like she did with her younger patients, the pinkette decided to introduce herself and take his mind off of Sasuke and his foul attitude.

"I'm Sakura Haruno, It's nice to meet you…" the man said nothing, just continued to stare at her in wonder.

'What is going on with everyone today?' she pondered as she lent closer, intent on making sure he was okay.

"That's Obito, the one Mother called before." Sasuke chimed in, still grumbling to himself behind her.

"Obito-kun…It's nice to meet you, I'm sorry Sasuke was so mean."

"Y-you're an angel…” the man muttered before turning bright red and running from the room, leaving the two young adults silently standing there, the pinkette still kneeling on the ground.

"MIKOTO! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME SHE WAS SO PRETTY?!"

---

After the eventful trip to the library, Sasuke had decided to show her around some more, giving her a
full tour of the house. Room after room went by and she had absolutely no idea where she was anymore.

Seriously, how did they find their way around this monstrosity of a labyrinth?!

Hours ticked by and Sakura knew she'd have to go soon, her next shift at work was scheduled for early the next morning.

Telling Sasuke this, he agreed with her, slowly beginning back towards the entrance to the house.

"I still don't see why you never let me and Naruto come over before this…I'd have loved to be here when we were younger, can you imagine playing ninja in all these rooms?!" She queried, a chuckle coming from her friend as they remembered all the mischief their group used to get into years earlier.

"He still plays ninja from time to time, isn't that right little Sasuke?"

Another one? Just how many people were in this house?

"Madara." Sasuke growled out, his body tensing as he turned around to face the man. "What are you doing here?!"

"I drove little Obito over before, and I just couldn't leave without introducing myself to your friend here, especially after all the things we've heard from your mother." The long haired man said, getting closer with every word.

He was taller than anyone she'd ever seen before (Not counting Kisame, but he was more of a fish in her opinion.) His long hair spiking out randomly, his dark button up and pants making him seem more intimidating than he really should be.

What was with Sasuke's family and black? Obito was the only one she'd seen actually wear colour.

"It's a pleasure to meet you miss, I'm Madara Uchiha, But please, just call me Madara." Taking his outstretched hand and blushing slightly as he kissed it, Sakura replied, her eyes flicking over to Sasuke when the man didn't let go of her hand.

"Sakura Haruno, It's a pleasure to meet you as well. I'm afraid you've never been mentioned to me though…"

"Ah, not a problem my dear, I'm Little Sasuke's uncle on his father's side."

Getting fed up and pulling her hand away from the man forcefully, Sakura gave him a nod, her face frowning slightly as he smirked at her playfully.

Damn Uchiha men, why must the always look so attractive?

"Well, I'm sorry to say I was just on my way out. It was nice meeting you Madara-san, I hope we run into each other again someday."

'Another damn playboy, I knew there was one in every family, but come on…'

"Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go say good bye to Mikoto and be on my way."
As the pinkette's car pulled out of the drive way, Sasuke turned to his ecstatic mother, a suspicious look on his face.

"Mother, what was all that about? Why did you have to introduce her to everyone?"

"I want a pink haired baby in the family, Sasuke, and it WILL happen."

"That's why you're always talking about Sakura during family get togethers?!"

"Your cousin is a wonderful man and he needs a nice, caring girl in his life to look after him and keep him in line, Sakura would be perfect for him! She'd also be able to straighten out your pervert of an uncle if those bruises you used to come home with say anything. And your big brother needs someone to distract him from his work, someone to bring a little light into his world." She reasoned, her dark eyes looking at him sharply. "You know I like Sakura-chan, she's such a polite and kind girl, she and Naruto are the reason you're the way you are today. I owe them a lot, and if that means finding her the prefect husband who'll look after her and treat her like a goddess, then I'll do it gratefully."

"Mother…"

"If it doesn't work out with these three, we still have Shisui, Izuna, maybe even Kagami, he's been looking so down lately now that his wife left him! You have dozens of cousins Sasuke, and I will have pink haired babies running around, you mark my words!"
She'd just wanted to see what Sasuke's house looked like, maybe even have tea with Mikoto if she had time. Looks like things would be more complicated than she'd thought, especially with Mikoto shoving random Uchiha in her face, left right and centre!

**Sasuke Uchiha hated having dinner with his family.**

There was little to no noise at the dinner table, quiet conversations littered around sure, yet nothing that caught your attention. There as one Uchiha however, that just couldn't stand the lack of noise.

"Shisui, Kagami! You won't believe it!"

**Hated it.**

"What's up Obito? You've been bouncing in your seat all night."

**He'd usually do whatever he could to get out of it.**

"I'M IN LOVE!" Silence fell over the large table, the only movement coming from Mikoto as she covered her blushing cheeks with her hands, Sasuke's dark eyes catching the dreamy look she sported as everyone else looked to his older cousin.

"T-That's pretty sudden little cousin. Who are you 'in love' with?" It was Izuna who spoke this time, his unseeing eyes glancing in the direction of Obito's voice as Madara, his older brother, made an interested noise beside him.

"I'm in love with~" The poor man couldn't even get the words out properly, his flustered, yet happy tone being cut off by the only female present.

"Sakura-chan~ He's in love with little Sakura-chan! Oh, I told you she was a sweet girl~"

**Too bad he had to stay this time…**

"Ah, the girl Sasuke had over yesterday, correct? Mikoto's been talking about her for years Sasuke, yet you've not said a word. Why is that?" Stupid Perverted Uncles. Madara was always looking to start trouble…

"Hn."

"Oh Sasuke…why do you always get like this at dinner time?" Damn it…he couldn't stand the sadness in his mothers voice, even when he knew she was only doing it to get him in participate.

"…No reason."

"Sasuke-chan, how did you meet Sakura-chan?! When?!" Stupid hyperactive cousins.
Stupid family.

**Damage control was hard.**

"When we were 8. She punched me in the face and broke my nose because I made Naruto upset."

**But worth it if he could get them to stay away from his friend.**

"Ah."

"I don't care! Sakura-chan was so nice today, she made you _apologize_ for hitting me, so shut up! I love her~"

"Wait, you're telling me _that_ little girl was the one who—…Izuna, remind me to talk to you later on."

"I'm glad she did- you were so hard to handle back then."

"MOTHER?!"

**Fuck.**

"Shisui, Kagami, remind me to introduce you two to her next time we're in town."

**Fuuuuuck. Sakura was going to kill him.**

**They'd never find his body.**

Idly leaning against the counter, Sakura smiled broadly at Ino's father, his loud laughter ringing throughout his family's flower store.

"Sakura, you know you don't have to keep coming all the way out here to visit me right?"

"I know, but I will anyway. I know how busy Ino is, and I know you get lonely without us making a mess of things~"

Inoichi was like a second father to her, and it killed her to see him so down.

I mean, yeah, Ino was going to have to move out eventually, but it had really hit the man hard.

"True. You know, I half had Ino and you pinned for a couple at one point-"

"WHAT?!"

"Ahahahahah! I know! Phhaaa, you'd be better for her than any of those _boys_ though. They're all out to get my little girl…my little girls…"

Sighing loudly while shooting the man an incredulous look, Sakura had to fight back a grin, knowing he only wanted to keep them away from 'male corruption'.

Very overprotective that man.

"Sakura-chan! Fancy seeing you here~" A very distinct female voice called, Sakura's eyes widening as she looked over her shoulder to see Mikoto walk happily into the store with two messy haired men, one slightly older than the other.
"Mikoto! Lovely to see you, I didn't know you shopped around here." Walking over to the older woman and accepting the offered hug happily, Sakura couldn't keep the smile from her face, silently thanking god that she'd pulled out her pastel sundress again for her visit with Inoichi.

"Sakura, let me introduce you to Shisui,-" Mikoto gestured to the younger man, his shorter hair tousled and sticking up randomly as he offered her a polite smile, lightly reaching out to grasp her hand and kiss the back of it.

"Lovely to meet you Sakura-san, Mikoto's told us all about you. You're a good friend of Sasuke's correct?"

"Lovely to meet you as well. And yes, I've been friends with him since we were kids."

Mikoto smiled giddily at her as Shisui released her hand and took a polite step back, his smile growing more genuine as the pinkette grinned happily at the older woman.

"And this, is Kagami. They're both Sasuke's older cousins from my side of the family."

Kagami was a tad taller than Shisui, yet still towered over Sakura as he repeated his cousins actions, kissing her offered hand and stepping back, smiling at her all the while.

"A pleasure miss Sakura-san."

"Just Sakura please, the both of you. Any family of Sasuke's is family of mine."

Oh, if only she'd caught the gleam in Mikoto's eye when she said that…

"Ehem." A throat cleared behind her, and Sakura sheepishly smiled at the older blond man before stepping to the side, allowing him to see the three Uchiha.

"Inoichi, this is Mikoto Uchiha, Sasuke's mother. Mikoto, this is Inoichi Yamanaka, my best friend Ino's father."

Neither said a word at first, their eyes locked in a silent battle above the oblivious pinkette's head, sparks flying as the two waged war, their parental intuition just screaming-

"Well, I have to be off, I need to go get a new shirt for work…I hope they haven't sold out. Nice seeing you Mikoto again Mikoto, and it was lovely to meet you Shisui, Kagami. I'll see you all later!"

And then she was gone, the two younger Uchiha mildly amused as their aunt waved her off without losing eye contact with the man before her.

Silence filled the room, and then-

"She's going to be with my daughter for their own good."

"She's going to marry one of my family. No arguments."

Brushing off the strange incident, Sakura went about her day with little to no more setbacks, her hands laden with bags by the time she had to begin her long walk home, cutting through her favourite park to take a shortcut.

Yes, there were no setbacks.
Until she near her home that was.

Because once she heard the small stumble behind her, she glanced around, instinctively dropping everything and running over to help the cane wielding man who looked to be having trouble navigating the paved pathway, his glazed over eyes only hammering in the fact that he was...he was blind.

"Oh gosh, are you okay? Here, let me help you." Quickly laying a hand on his arm, Sakura led the grateful man over to her bags, the small park they were in thankfully quiet as it was near the end of the day.

"T-thank you very much, I'm sorry to have bothered you."

Sitting next to him, Sakura giggled a little forcefully, hoping to lighten his mood.

"It's no bother at all, really. Can I help you get anywhere?" His cheeks flushed slightly, lips quirking into a small smile that made her heart melt, a soft coo lodged in her throat as she knew he probably wouldn't appreciate her fawning over him.

"I'm quite alright, but if it's not too much trouble, could you tell me if I'm anywhere near South street? I'm supposed to meet my brother but as you can tell, it's a little hard to find out if I'm there yet."

"Hmmm, well, you're close to it actually, I'll walk you there if that's okay? I'd hate to leave and not know if you made it or not..."

"That's..." He sighed then, his flush growing a little more as the wind blew her perfume towards him, her soft voice near pleading with him to help. "Alright, as long as it's not out of your way."

"Not at all, I love just down from there actually. My name's Sakura, Sakura Haruno-"

"Wait, Mikoto's Sakura-chan?"

"...Pardon?"

"You wouldn't by chance have pink hair, would you?"

"Uhh...yeah actually?"

Izuna honestly didn't know what to think, having not assumed he'd meet the girl who'd caught his family's attention.

...she was rather kind though...

"I'm Izuna, Izuna Uchiha, Sasuke's uncle and I think you met my older brother Madara the other day."

"No way...this is too weird, I only ran into Mikoto earlier on!"

"Izuna! There you are, I was...worried...Oh, hello Sakura-san, fancy meeting you here."

"Good afternoon Madara-san, I assume you were looking for your brother?"

"Of course, and finding you was just an added bonus."

...riiiight.
"SASUKE UCHIHA WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO?!" Sakura screamed over the phone, eyeing the vast amounts of flowers littering her doorstep, the blasted things intent on keeping her from entering.

"Jesus woman, I didn't do anything alright?! Just…just calm down and tell me what's going on."

"What's going on? You wanna know what's going on?! I HAVE A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF FLOWERS SITTING OUTSIDE MY HOME, AND THEY ALL HAVE THE UCHIHA BUSINESS SYMBOL ON THE LETTERS!"

"…fuck. Alright. Alright, just…just take them inside before anyone sees them okay? Who does it say they're from?"

"…Uhh, okay, give me a minute or five." Quickly battling her way to the front door, the small pinkette managed to open it, nearly falling inside as she struggled to clear some space.

Eventually getting them all inside, she managed to find the card…or should she say cards, telling her who they were from.

5 bouquets from Obito, all with a similar message of - To Sakura-chan, I love you! From Obito Uchiha- Some a little tamer, written in a shaky hand like he'd had to work himself up to writing that message. That's not even mentioning the little hearts stuck to some…

1 from Shisui, with a message of –I hope you've had a wonderful day, sorry if this caused you any trouble-

1 From Kagami, telling her how he was-very happy to have met you, and I look forward to seeing you again in the future-

3 from Madara, asking her if she'd be- interested in having dinner and maybe getting to him better- with a few innuendos thrown in for good measure.

1 from Itachi, apologising for his –foolish little brother dragging you into this mess-

Annnnd last but not least,

1 from Izuna, written in his brothers’ handwriting, telling her he was –very thankful for her help today and he'd love to repay her kindness if she'd allow him-

And too top it all off, the flowers were all purchased from the Yamanaka flower store, only further confusing Sakura as she wondered why Inoichi would let such a thing happen…

"Sakura, you still there?"

"Yeah, yeah! Uhh, I got some from your uncles, cousins, and your brother. Sasuke, what did you do?"

"What did I do? More like what did you do!"

"Sasuke…What. Did. You. Do?"

"NOTHING, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SEDUCED THEM!"
"I DID NO SUCH THING! I SWEAR TO GOD UCHIHA, THE NEXT TIME I SEE YOU I'M GOING TO PUNCH YOU IN THE FACE AGAIN!"

"I'm home!"

"Sasuke honey, are you going to invite Sakura-chan over this weekend like I asked?" Mikoto's voice called out as the younger man walked through the door, only for the woman to stop dead in her tracks as she took in her sons beaten face and bloodied nose.

"Who-"

"Sakura."

"WHAT DID YOU DO TO THE POOR GIRL?!"

"WHY DOES EVERYONE THINK I DID SOMETHING?!"

Elsewhere, a certain pinkette was at work, her knuckles pink from abuse as she sighed heavily, slowly pulling herself together before entering the next room, ready to meet her patient.

"Hello, I'll be your-"

"SAKURA-CHAN! You're a doctor?! That's so cool!"

"Obito?!"

"I'm so happy~ YEEEEES! SAKURA-CHAN IS MY DOCTOR!"
Necessary Friendships (Choji/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

If the young boy was honest with himself, he'd…had a crush on the girl since the moment they'd met.

Sitting in the back of the classroom, Choji crunched away at his chips, doing his best to hide his flushed face in the bag as the small pink haired girl next to him giggled quietly.

"Choji…are you sure you're okay?" She asked quietly, tilting her head to the side as her bangs fell away from her eyes momentarily.

He really liked her eyes…

"Mmm' fine." He mumbled, glancing at her quickly before turning his attention back to his food, a small smile tugging at his lips when he noticed her grinning at him.

They had an odd friendship, the young Akimichi and Haruno, and anyone looking in from the outside would wonder how they'd even met.

A clan child, and a merchants daughter with no other feats to her name.

Odd, but they made it work out of necessity really.

"OI FATASS, WHY ARE YOU STILL EATING?!!" A sneering voice taunted, making the young boy wither, his happy smile falling from his face.

"Awww, look, he's sitting next to forehead too! Freaks should stick together after all!"

Sakura seemed to shrink in on herself as well, the laughter from around them only coming to a stop when their sensei stepped in.

He wished he could do something, anything to make them stop.

He didn't like the teasing, and he really didn't like the way they always picked on his friend…

Sakura…

He…he really liked her, had taken a shine to her from the moment they'd first found themselves hiding out on the roof together.

Their friendship was a strong one, and he quickly found himself in her company almost everyday. Heck, he'd even had to introduce her to his parents after Shikamaru had blabbed about it accidentally.

He'd heard his mother gush about them whenever the young girl came over, and his fathers light-hearted teasing always had him a blushing mess-

But Choji knew that was all it ever would be though.
Ideas...teasing...nothing more than that.

Sure, if he had to pick anyone to marry when he got older, it'd be the pinkette with the quiet voice and shy smiles. She understood him, she didn't tease him, and she actually liked him for him, and not for his clan status.

If the young boy was honest with himself, he'd...had a crush on the girl since the moment they'd met.

He couldn't act on it though, wouldn't act on it, because he just knew she'd reject him, and he knew that would ruin their friendship.

He couldn't risk that.

He'd much rather hide his feelings and always be her friend...

"Choji?"

"Yeah?"

"Can I...I mean, can we go to your place after school? Ami said-

-that she'd get her after class. She always did.

Choji hated Ami and her friends.

"Sure, dad said he'd pick me up today anyway, so he'll be waiting right outside."

...only because he'd intentionally let slip that Sakura was getting picked on, and his dad was rather fond of the girl already.

"Thank you Choji..."
Pink Coral PT.1 (Chojuro/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

(Merman!Chojuro AU) He liked watching the humans go about their lives, they were just so odd. The strangest one though, had to be the pink haired woman he couldn't help but watch. He...kind of liked her, she was different, just like him.

Chojuro liked to come closer to the shore and just watch the humans, they were just so interesting. They were so exotic and strange, their colourful coverings and awkward looking lower bodies always made him grin.

He liked different.

And the further down the coast he went, the more they changed. From loud noises and large groups, to more toned down settings and less exaggerated movements.

Chojuro had always been different himself, his shark like lower body much longer than it should have been for his less bulky form. He was odd, the runt of their group, so he liked to come and just watch the humans that were odder than him, it made him feel more accepted.

Lately though...there had been one human that...well, caught his attention.

Pink hair, so very different from the brown, black and blond around her. He'd never seen anyone with pink hair before, it was just like the coral he used to collect as a kid.

Pale skin, not quite different from his own, only missing the grey tinges here and there on her arms and neck.

Her eyes...her eyes were so beautiful. He remembered his older brother Kisame giving him a gem that looked just like them when he was little, he'd treasured it until Suigetsu had stolen it. They were just so different from the usual purple or white he saw every day, he just wanted to stare at them for hours.

And her smile...her smile had his stomach fluttering, his face heating up, his heart beating faster. Her smile was the reason he came so far in every day, came so close to exposure, capture. He just wanted to see her smile, her strange blunt teeth always worrying him slightly.

How on earth could she eat with those? WAS she eating? Did she know how to hunt down food?!

He'd panicked at first, worried over this strange human and put himself into a frenzy accidentally, clearing out all the nearby fish on accident.

Great, how was she going to get anything to eat if he kept scaring all the food off?

But every time she came down to the dock, she looked well-fed and healthy, completely fine, so he pushed his worry to the back of his mind and just basked in her presence.

And today, she'd done something...different.
It had heated up recently, and sure, he'd seen humans swim before. But when she'd pulled that dress over her head and shown him her scantily clad form, he'd just about fainted.

Had she known he was there? Did she know what she was asking by showing him herself like that?!

He'd stuttered and blushed, watching as the tiny pieces of cloth barely covered her from his wide dark eyes, her companions joining her as they led the way into the water. Their outfits were much worse than hers, practically nothing on them at all, yet she was the only one to get this reaction from him, and he was scared to admit it even to himself.

Humans had never even crossed his mind that type of way before, so why was he even reacting to her accidental proposal like this? To her sown of submissive behaviour?

He really needed to leave, but he was just transfixed by her, especially when she began edging into the water, her legs sinking lower and lower, her bare stomach teasing him as it was put on show by the gentle waves.

When she finally dunked herself under completely, he was in agony, especially when she emerged again with her pretty pink hair sticking to her skin, just begging him to touch it.

Was she teasing him? Did she know he was there, watching her every movement?

He watched for hours as she swam and played in the water, drawing ever closer to her as she laughed and waved goodbye to her friends, their forms fading into the distance as she just floated in the warm sun.

And he had to look away more than once as she did so, her coverings sticking to her like a second skin, leaving nothing to his imagination. He'd bitten his hand to distract himself, and yes, it had worked until she'd climbed up onto the lower wharf and perched on the edge, her feet lightly sinking into the ocean as she stretched her arms over her head, a light moan of contentment coming from her throat.

He'd had to leave for a few minutes after that, his frantic swimming his attempt to get rid of his newly pent up energy.

He'd only ever heard humans make that noise while with their mates…

And he was the only one there with her at the time…was she calling for him, beckoning him to go to her like their males did?

Humans were so confusing!

When he came back to the wharf though…something was wrong, he could sense it, smell it in the water.

_Blood._

As fast as he could, Chojuro swam to the source of the scent, his eyes widening as he spotted her limp form slowly sinking into the water at the base of the structure.

He didn't even think about his actions as he scooped her into his arms, his long tail propelling him back to the surface as he cradled her to his bare chest. Noting that she wasn't breathing and that she had a small trail of blood leaking down the side of her head, he braced himself and lifted her body back up onto the floating wharf, his own following her up as he struggled to pull himself from the water.
Looking to her unbreathing form in a panic, he did what his instinct demanded and lowered his mouth onto hers, tilting her head back and holding her nose shut as he locked lips with her and released a breath, repeating it twice more before she pulled back and started coughing up water, her lip catching on one of his teeth slightly as she did so.

He just sat there next to her, his tongue sweeping out to slowly lick the blood of his lip and chin, his face beat red as he watched her bend over and clear her lungs.

Her lips were so soft...she tasted so sweet.

Was that why humans insisted on connecting their mouths all the time? It felt...good.

Different.

And Chojuro did like different.

When she finally opened her eyes and looked at him, he was too stunned to speak, his eyes still locked on her panting form. Her wide eyes trailing over his tinted skin, his blushing face and dark eyes, his tail...

And she didn't scream.

No, she didn't freak out, she didn't panic, and she didn't try to get away from him.

She just looked him in the eye, her own watering slightly, and surged forward, hugging him tightly.

"T-thank you, thank you so much!" She muttered into his chest, his tail moving to curl around them widely as he held his arms out to the sides, unsure of what to do or where to touch. "You saved me, you saved me..."

Why was she...

"Um...are you okay?" He muttered, his hands settling awkwardly on her back, his skin lighting on fire as it connected with her own.

She was so soft and warm...he could just hold her like this all day, her bare torso and scantily covered chest pressed up against his own.

She was just tempting him, offering things she probably didn't even realize.

"Who are you? What are you?"

"C-Chojuro...my name's Chojuro." He muttered softly, bringing his hand to his mouth and biting it again as she looked at him with confusion, her face just inched from his own.

"Chojuro-kun...I'm Sakura." His name falling from those soft lips was all he could take, his lips meeting her shocked and slightly bloodied ones softly, his face blazing and his eyes clenched shut as she gasped.

They stayed like that for a few moments.

'Sakura-chan...my Sakura-chan...'

Until he accidentally moved his lips against hers, a moan slipping from her, one that he could almost feel. And as he pulled away shyly and looked to the side in embarrassment, she just stared at him her cheeks just as flushed as his own.
She made the noise….the mate noise…

Did that mean she had chosen him?

Did that mean she was his now?
Pink Coral PT.2 (Chojuro/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

(Merman!Chojuro AU) He liked watching the humans go about their lives, they were just so odd. The strangest one though, had to be the pink haired woman he couldn't help but watch. He...kind of liked her, she was different, just like him.

Leaning over the end of the low wharf, Sakura couldn't help the blush that lit up her cheeks as Chojuro's rather…appealing form lazily stretched out and floated before her, his hooded eyes watching her with an intensity she'd become used to.

It'd been weeks since he'd saved her, weeks since their kiss- yet try as she might she just couldn't get it out of her mind.

Yes, she'd rather quickly come to understand that Chojuro…liked her. It wasn't hard to see, with the way he watched her, trailed his fingers down her arms or legs- hell, even the gifts he brought her made it clear.

A girl could only receive so many shiny rocks and gems from a blushing boy before his intent became clear after all.

Leaning down further as his head floated under her own, Sakura softly pressed her lips against his cheek, her own flaming at the noise he made in return.

Good god, she'd only heard a man make that kind of noise in more…adult movies…ones she put full blame on Ino for buying.

Pulling away slightly, her green eyes looked into his dark ones, the intensity in them sending a shiver down her spine as his arms reached up to tug her into the water unexpectedly, a startled yelp escaping her before she held her breath at the last moment.

Lips passionately caressed her own as the shark like boy slowly brought them back to the surface, his lower body circling her loosely as he unconsciously swam them in small circles, Sakura much too dazed to give anything much thought right now.

Gods, she'd wanted to do this since that first time he'd kissed her…

Arms looping around his shoulders as they broke the surface, Sakura tilted her head slightly, her lips moving against his own as a low moan slipped from her unchecked.

To say she was startled by the oddly distorted noise he let out would be an understatement, but she didn't let it get to her, instead moving to tangle her hands in his short hair, her lips pulling away for a moment so she could catch her breath.

Neither said a word as she panted slightly, both just basking in the moment, Chojuro's grey tinted arms pulling her close to his body as he nuzzled her neck, occasionally pampering it with light kisses.

"WOOOOO! GET SOME LIL BRO!"
Startled, Chojuro let out a loud yell and instinctively let go of Sakura, the pinkette dropping below the surface for a moment before kicking her way back up, both red faced as they squinted at the small figure in the distance, his equally grey tinted form- and the fact that he was about 200 feet out in the water from them- cluing Chojuro in on exactly who it was.

_Fucking Suigetsu._
He absolutely detested being her 'student', the pink haired woman always smirking and giving him the most demeaning tasks she could manage.

From bathing patients to changing bed pans.

He hated her.

Her and her taunting looks.

That damned pink haired menace and her dirty looking eyes.

 Seriously, who had eyes that green?

Cee really didn't see what was so great about her, well, he didn't until an ANBU squad of 6 were all admitted with life threatening wounds.

She'd immediately called him over and set him to work on two of them, the pinkette taking two herself while the Hokage's other apprentice took the last two.

She hadn't jerked him around, she hadn't tried to make him sit back and watch, and she hadn't treated him like a child.

She'd recognized his skill and set him to work.

He'd learnt to tolerate her antics a little better after the incident, especially once she actually started giving him work to do.

Shizune, the dark haired woman who insisted on bringing a pig of all things into the hospital later told him that Sakura was just teaching him like Tsunade had taught her.

Testing him to see if he was serious, making sure his resolve was strong enough.

He'd gained a little more respect for the short pinkette after that.

His next step towards tolerating the pinkette came when she pulled him off a shift at three in the morning, the tired blond having overworked himself. She'd dragged him to her office, shoved a hot meal into his lap and made sure he didn't pass out before eating it all. He'd woken up the next day with her coat draped over him, his embarrassed form having been sprawled out on her couch.

He'd slinked out of her office quietly and avoided all eyes, even hers when she noticed him.

He'd tried to return her smile that time.

He'd actually made a conversation and asked about a technique when he first saw her using something unfamiliar. It had taken months, but they were making progress.

That in-depth discussion, her passion for the subject and his own curiosity had branched off into a weekly swap of jutsu and medical procedures, both of them discussing how different things were in their own hospitals.

The first time Cee'd visited her house was out of concern, the pinkette having missed their meet up hours prior. He'd tried to talk himself out of it, tried to shrug it off, but something had just felt wrong.
He'd been the one to find her on her kitchen floor, her unconscious form just...lying there.

The blond haired man didn't think he'd even panicked like that before.

And when a concerned Jounin had discovered him treating her, his green chakra covered hands flickering in and out of life as he screamed for someone to get Shizune, he hadn't cared what anyone thought.

Because something was wrong with his friend.

Cee had stayed by her side the entire time she was in the hospital, having conned Shizune into letting him be the one to look after her after she'd finished administering the treatment.

He'd thought Hatake was bad for hating hospitals.

But he'd stuck through it, he'd stayed with her, and he'd kept her on bed rest until she begged to be let out.

She'd thanked him over and over again for coming to find her, for saving her life.

But he didn't gloat for once.

He'd brushed it off and just told her to not do it again.

He hadn't told her that he didn't think he'd be able to see her look so lifeless again without snapping and murdering someone. He did his best to keep that little thought to himself.

Things had become...different when she was put back on active duty.

He was nicer, she was friendlier.

They both made an effort to get along.

And they did.

He even came to visit her now, stopping by every now and then to just chat about this or that.

Just to chat.

Not to make sure she was okay or anything, not to make sure she wasn't laying on that cold floor again, her skin cooling as her heart slowed down.

No, the tall blond just came over to chat about trivial things.

What he didn't expect was for Tsunade to suddenly declare that he'd almost finished his time in Konoha. Cee had expected to feel happy, glad to be going home.

But he wasn't.

He...didn't want to leave.

Not the village, he was fine with leaving that...

He just didn't want to leave the little pinkette who looked up at him with those big watery eyes, silently asking him to stay.

He couldn't stay though.
The Raikage needed him back to share the knowledge and put it into practice in their hospital.

But…maybe, just maybe.

"Come with me."

"W-what?!"

"Come with me." He repeated, looking down at her, her watery eyes suddenly making his insides squirm with unease. He didn't like seeing her cry. "…You could come and see how we do things at home, like I did here."

"I…I don't know…"

"…Please?"

That was the first time he'd ever uttered that word to her.

He just hoped it wouldn't be the last.
He knew that splitting up from his team was a bad idea, but it was the only way to get the information he needed.

Consequences be damned.

He needed to find information on the Uchiha, needed to find where he could have taken Bee, especially now that the information from Konoha shown things in a whole new light.

So when the dark skinned man saw the flash of pink trailing behind him, he was obviously weary. Only one person he'd ever met had pink hair, and she was the Ex-teammate of said Uchiha he was hunting down.

Could she be defecting? Going to join up with the man and take Bee to the Akatsuki?

"Omoi-san, wait!" Her light voice called, halting his train of thought as he wearily slowed to a stop, turning to face her as she came closer. Her panting and sweaty form stopped a few meters from him, her pink hair sticking to her face as her green eyes locked with his, an odd shine present.

Well…that was odd.

"I'm so glad I found you Omoi-san, hey listen, could I perhaps-"

Ah, so she wasn't out her for the Uchiha…she was here for…him?

Cursing silently as he thought back to the trip to Konoha, Omoi frowned in thought, the pinkette's words falling on deaf ears as she rambled.

He knew it.

He'd told Karui that a Konoha nin would fall for him!

But Haruno wasn't so bad he supposed, at least she hadn't killed herself out of loneliness after he'd left. He didn't think he'd be able to handle being responsible for something like that.

She must have heard that he'd run off on his own and didn't want him to get hurt. She was a medic nin, so she probably wanted to keep him safe, leaving her own team to make sure her love survived a confrontation with her Ex-teammate.

That was…sweet of her.

And he DID like sweet.

Yeah, he supposed he could get used to calling her Sakura-chan like the blond on her squad. Speaking of the blond, he may cause trouble later in the future when he hears about this...but Omoi supposed it was inevitable.

Hmmm, the Raikage HAD been looking for a way to solidify ties with the other villages before this incident, so he'd be sure to mention it to him when he had the chance. But that only brought up another issue...

Would they live in Konoha or Kumo...
…another thought…would their children have white hair or pink? Dark eyes or green?

They'd look cute either way.

Maybe with his sweet tooth, their mothers' strength and both of their intelligence.

Before children though, he'd need to marry her to avoid complications.

And to get married, he'd need Bee there as his best man.

"Omoi-san? Are you okay?"

"You're sweet Sakura-chan, but we need to track down Bee first okay? We can talk about children's names and places to live later on, after the wedding."

Looking to the woman with what he hoped was a soft look, the white haired Kumo nin pulled a lollipop from his holster and handed it to her, her shocked face making him smile slightly.

She really was kind of cute.

Yeah, the future didn't look so bad.

"…Um….what?" was all his fiancé said as she looked at him blankly now, her right eye twitching slightly as she took a step back. "…is asking for water a proposal in Kumo or something?"

She was shy too?

That was cool.
Sakura could agree with the tall man next to her for once.

This was dull.

"I really don't know why the Boss is insisting on this. I'm sorry they're wasting your time again." He sighed, slouching back against the wall as they both watched the Kage across the room chat about this and that.

"It's fine, I'm used to it. There was nothing special scheduled in the hospital today, and I don't have a mission with Team Kakashi until next week." The pinkette stated softly, looking at the taller man from the corner of her eye, a small smile on her face as he returned the gesture. "So, anything new on your end?"

"Nope, sorry but still nothing interesting. I told you, Kumo is dull. Nothing like Konoha and its constant attacks and adventures." She couldn't hear any complaint in his voice, so he obviously didn't mind too much.

"Kami, what I wouldn't give for just one month without Naruto dragging us all into one of his messes." She breathed out, a frown on her face as Darui let out a chuckle, both of them still watching their leaders mingle.

Everything was calm for the moment, and no fights seemed to be brewing like last time.

"It couldn't have been that bad."

"I'm not kidding. Just last week I got dragged out into the middle of nowhere to look for some mystical plant. And yeah, since Naruto was involved...we ended up facing down three bandit camps, two rogue nin and a lost lion from the forest of death. All for a glowing "WEED."

The man next to her snorted then turned to the side with a slight blush as she snickered at him.

"S-sorry." He apologized as she giggled away, her cheeks flushing happily as she looked at him, a teasing glint in her shining jade eyes.

"You need to cut back on the apologizing Darui-san, someone might think you were embarrassed or something."

"Hey, that's not something very nice of the hokage's apprentice to say, now is it?" His shaggy white hair fell in front of one of his eyes as he looked down at her playfully, his dark eyes glinting as she pouted. "I can tell you one thing about Kumo that isn't very dull. It's the lack of short surprisingly attractive pink haired women who like to tease me at every given opportunity."

"Yeah yeah, whatever you say Mr. 'Tall, dark and handsome.'"

"Glad to know we're on the same page."

"Oh shut it."
It was all Bee's fault.

This entire situation was all that Rap obsessed-

"NARUTO! GET BACK HERE WITH MY SHIRT RIGHT NOW!" The pinkette before him screamed, her hands covering herself as best she could. Doing his best to keep a straight face, Cee quickly undid his vest and shrugged off his shirt, handing to the fuming woman as she tried to hide herself behind the nearest tent.

Thank Kami that noone was here to see this.

He'd never live it down.

His, the self assured-confident-highly ranked bodyguard of the Raikage, was scared of this little pink haired Konoha dog.

And it was all Bee's fault.

Because he'd never seen the man beaten so easily before, the small form before him having thrown the man around like a rag doll in her anger.

"T-thank you. Naruto is going to pay dearly for this, I'll make sure of it." She mumbled, looking up at him from under her thick lashes, her cheeks flushed as he bit his bottom lip and looked away.

No, this wasn't right.

She was nothing but a Konoha dog, little more than dirt before his mighty village.

She was not the reason his cheeks were heating up.

"No problem." Cee mumbled back, his dark eyes locking onto her form briefly as she made past him, throwing a thankful smile his way. He breathed in deeply and ran a calming hand through his hair, fixing it slightly as he blushed again.

No, it wasn't because she looked cute with his shirt draped over her small form.

He was just tired.

…

This was all Bee's fault.
"Oh fuck, oh FUCK!" Cee muttered as he plastered his back against the wooden wall, the towel around his waist dripping with water as he tried to hide.

All because she'd just decided that now of all times was perfect for bathing.

Now.

Of all the times she could have wondered in.

She just had to pick the one moment he'd been desperate enough to use the female side at the inn.

He was going to die a very painful death, the blond was sure of it.

"Uhhh, this feels so nice~" Her voice moaned out, Cee's face going bright red as the sound echoed to his ears. From his position he could see her discarded towel, as well as her now wet hair…

She really was beautiful.

She was always beautiful….

"I wonder…" He heard her mutter softly as she sunk lower into the water, each small glimpse of her skin making him bite his lip harder.

He really shouldn't be here.

"I wonder…does he hate me?" Hate her? Who could hate her? She was so nice, so lovely and forgiving- even if she was angry with you. Cee frowned as he considered this, furious that someone could make the pinkette worry about trivial things. "He's always avoiding me, always leaving the room when I come in."

Oh…OH, she was talking about him.

No, he didn't hate her, he couldn't. But she just made him so uncomfortable.

With the way her nightgown rode up high when she wandered in to sleep…

With the way her lips made him want to kiss her, hide her away from the world and keep her for himself.

Everything about her stirred something within him, and he wasn't used to it.

He didn't know how to act, so he always left before he could make fool of himself.

"I don't hate you…"

She froze.

He froze.

And it was just convenient timing that made the heavy material covering him fall to the floor with a wet thud.
"Fuck."
Sniffing quietly and rubbing her teary eyes, little Sakura looked out at the playground from behind her bangs, her eyes hidden from view as she scanned around.

No one.

No one would play with her, so why bother even coming here?

Oh right, her parents made her, told her to go make friends..like that would work, no one would even speak to her without laughing.

Biting her bottom lip and turning around, Sakura decided that she'd had enough for the day and began home, her tiny form weaving between people as she slowly made her way through the market, waving to any of the adults who knew her.

At least they were kind.

Not paying too much attention to what was in front of her, Sakura let out a small cry as she bumped into something hard, her body falling back to the ground in a heap.

"O-Ow…" Tears pricked her eyes once more as she clutched her knee, the small scrape seeming much more than it actually was to the young girl.

"Stupid Konoha girl. Can't watch where she's going…" a young voice grumbled from before her, prompting her into tears once more, her quiet sobs not noticed by any of the adults mulling around them. "H-Hey, don't cry! What are you, a baby?!"

She didn't respond, only curled up slightly, hoping he'd just leave like everyone else.

"Hey? Hey, are you…are you okay? I didn't…I didn't mean to make you cry, okay? Just….Damn it!"

Jerking her head up sharply, Sakura stared at the hand pulling at her arm and allowed him to pull her to her feet without a fight.

"Stop crying, I didn't mean it okay?"

Tears slowing, Sakura looked out from behind her bangs, her bright green eyes flashing as he grumbled at her and tried to swipe them out of her face.

"How can you see anything like that? Geeze, no wonder you bumped into me before…" The blond boy held her hair from her face as he spoke, his eyes seemingly transfixed as his face began to flush slightly, his eyes averting to look at something else before he dropped her hair and stepped away.

"I'm Cee, I'm visiting Konoha with my parents. Who're you?"

Sakura mumbled her reply, her cheeks pink as she looked anywhere but the handsome boy before her.

"What are you, shy or something? I can't hear you!"

"S-Sakura, my name's Sakura."
Dinner (Kouji/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Just for those who don't know, Kouji is a character that first appears during a filler episode, mostly in 406 so far.

The earth shook underneath him again as the small girl struck at her opponent, the other Kunoichi only just getting out of the way in time. Kouji sat in a daze, watching aptly as the two seemed to dance around each other in the arena, the pinkette the sole focus of his attention.

Everything she did, every move she made seemed to flow into the next, her hands occasionally glowing a bright green as she healed up any blows her opponent got in.

And in all honesty, Kouji had never seen something more captivating.

Sure, he'd been harbouring a rather large crush on the pinkette since he'd first spoken to her earlier in the exam, but he'd figured it would just go away after a while, that it was due to the fact that she was new- refreshing to be around.

But no, no it hadn't gone away.

The feeling had grown, was still growing, and even now he could feel his cheeks warm at the sight of her, feel his body humming with joy as she danced around her opponent with ease. He'd never felt this much happiness at someone else's accomplishments before, had never expected to be cheering for a Konoha nin of all people- but here he was, doing just that without a second thought.

"Do you think she'll get promoted?" His teammate asked from his left, her brown hair ruffled from the aftershocks rattling the area due to the pinkettes strikes.

"Without a doubt." And wasn't that the truth. He was certain she'd get promoted after this, especially with how quickly she was wearing down her opponent.

"CHA!" And the match was over, the pinkette standing victoriously over the other nin, her smile wide as she looked around the area, a faint sadness dulling her eyes as all she got were a few scattered applause from fellow Konoha nin.

Nope, she wasn't allowed to be sad at a time like this, especially due to the assholes sitting around them.

"GO SAKURA!" He roared, a large smile coming to his face as he jumped up from his seat, he and his team the only ones making a ruckus in the crowd as the polite clapping surrounding them faltered slightly. "KICK ALL THEIR ASSES!"

The pinkette whipped around to face them properly, her eyes wide and her mouth pulling into a large grin as she laughed loudly, waving at him excitedly.

"YOU KNOW I WILL, JUST WATCH ME!"

And she would, he knew she would.
He'd fought her before after all, and he knew just how strong she was.

Gods, she was amazing.

"I'LL EVEN TAKE YOU OUT TO DINNER IF YOU DO, OKAY?!!" Oh. Oh shit. Did he really just scream that out?!

He could see her blush from here, and he had to wonder if she could see his own after he realized what he'd just screamed.

If her blond teammate's loud laughter was anything to go by, he knew she could.

"Jeez Kouji, announce your infatuation to the world why don't you?" The brunette next to him sighed, yanking him back to sit down next to her once she realized he'd embarrassed himself in front of hundreds. "That's not how you win a lady over dumbass, learn some tact."

The only reply she got was incoherent mumbles as he hid his bright red face in his hands.

"RAMEN, AND YOU BETTER NOT SKIP OUT ON THE BILL KOUJI!!"

'Oh god,' he thought to himself, her reply echoing around his ears as she made her way back to her teammates, his head never lifting from his hands. 'I think I'm in love.'
"You did your best and that's all that matters Kouji." Sakura reassured the quiet boy, scooting closer to him as he sighed into his meal.

"I know, I know, it's just…I really wanted to get that promotion, you know?"

The reason he'd wanted to get to chunin so badly happened to be sitting right next to him, her soft smile already eating away at his bad mood, his dark eyes falling closed as he savoured her company.

He'd wanted that promotion so badly, because without it, there was no chance in hell he'd get anywhere near Konoha until the next exam or mis-ranked mission. How was he meant to woo the girl next to him if he couldn't visit her? Letters could only go so far after all…

"Hey, just look on the bright side- I can come visit you now! Well, whenever a mission drags me into the middle of the desert anyway."

Her gloved hand come to rest on his bare shoulder briefly, and he had to fight as hard as he could to keep the shiver racking his body discrete.

Gods he loved her…everything about her.

Honestly, he'd never expected something like this to happen, especially not in such a short time period.

It'd only taken two months.

Two months of her laughs, her bright personality and odd looks. Just a few weeks of being in her charming company…

And now he was helplessly in love with her, and had no idea how to go about doing anything about it.

He wanted to stay with her, sweep her off her feet and just…just be with her. For as long as he could.

"You'll…you'll let me know next time you're near Suna, right? I'd hate to miss the chance of seeing you again." Kouji questioned, his lips pulling into a smile as he thought about showing her around his home village.

She'd love it there, he just knew she would.

"Of course! And hey, just remember that it's only a few months until your next shot, okay? I'll be there cheering you on as well!"

"I'd like that. Thank you Sakura, for going out of your way like this."

She just laughed, her hand moving off his arm as her shoulder bumped against his own.

"That's what friends are for silly, now, let's finish lunch- I think I have a meeting with Tsunade later and I can't miss it just because you take forever to do anything."

"Hey, I do not!" Gods he wished he could just stay like this. He didn't want to go back to Suna tomorrow. "Sakura?"
"Hmmm?" Just as she turned to look at him, he did it.

Leaning towards her, he quickly tilted his head to the side, his lips falling against her own softly.

His kiss was innocent, quick, but he'd never forget how soft her lips felt against his, or how the faint taste of her remained on the tip of his tongue for hours afterwards.

His first kiss…more than likely hers as well.

"I really like you Sakura," He grinned then, her flustered face and incoherent stutters boosting his confidence slightly. "And I'll never forget you. If something comes up and we don't see each other again for a while, just know that I won't forget you okay? I won't forget you, and I swear I'll sweep you off your feet the next time we cross paths."

"K-Kouji..."

"And that, little Miss chunin, is a promise."
With a loud sigh, the man next to her dropped to the ground, his back leaning against the rock behind them as they both sought some shelter from the searing heat.

"Honestly, you'd think I'd be used to this heat by now. What kind of Suna nin am I?" He sulked slightly, his light brown hair just as ruffled as ever as he tried to enjoy a few minutes of peace.

"One with excellent taste in shoes?" Sakura replied, her eyes cracking open just a fraction as she whipped the sweat from her brow, her amused smile drawing a chuckle from him as he eyes their near matching footwear.

"Hmmmm. Can't deny that I guess, especially when the lovely young lady next to me has a pair of her own. I think you have my gloves too actually. I'm not too sure, but they might have gotten mixed up during the rush at lunch again."

Taking a moment to flex her fists, she felt the excess fabric shift, her lips pulling into a grin as she hummed lightly in response, already knowing that it was no use to swap back now- this would be the fifth time in three days it'd happened.

They needed to colour code their gloves or something, because it was starting to get a little ridiculous.

"Hey, I was wondering…" He started, lifting his arms so he could tuck his hands behind his head comfortably, his face peaceful as they both enjoyed the silence around them. "Once this is over, can I take you out for dinner? I've been meaning to ask for a while, but things just keep coming up."

"W-What?!" Stuttering as her eyes snapped open, the pinkette turned her attention to him, her eyes wide in disbelief.

"You know, dinner. You eat it at the end of the day?"

"I know what dinner is damn it! I just- what?!"

Looking at her curiously, his dark eyes took in her flustered expression, his mouth quirking into a grin as he raised a brow at her in question.

"What, hasn't anyone ever asked you out before?"

Her blank look was all the answer he needed.

"Are you serious? No one's ever asked you on a date before?" Another blush, and he just couldn't help himself. "What about your first kiss- because if you haven't had that, I'd be more than happy to remedy the situation right now."

"KOUJI, I'LL SLAP YOU BACK TO SUNA, I SWEAR I WILL!"

"I'll take that as a 'No, Kouji, I haven't had my first kiss, please feel free to steal it for yourself~'"

"…You…Y-"

Oh, he wouldn't have guessed that she tasted like strawberries.
Number one medic.

Strongest Kunoichi in the world.

Head of Konoha hospital- *when she had time.*

Gods, if Kouji heard about that pink haired monster one more time, he'd throw a fit. Ever since she'd arrived, it was always *Sakura-sensei* this, or *Haruno-sama* that.

He couldn't stand it, couldn't hear about it anymore, didn't *want* to.

Now he didn't have anything against the woman personally, just the…Alright, he was jealous.

He was jealous of someone he'd never even met in person.

His whole career had been hard won, he'd fought for everything he'd accomplished and now this woman just shows up and his much anticipated mission goes to her?

No.

No, that was *not* okay.

Kouji didn't come from a clan, he didn't have a Kekkei genkai to help him along, and he didn't have the best track record as a child.

But that didn't mean they could just throw him away and let this old Konoha nin take his place on *his* mission.

Composing himself and trying to tidy his hair slightly before entering the office, the tall young man took a deep breath and knocked on the door before him, eager to give the woman a piece of his mind.

*THUMP*

"Come in!" A slightly frazzled voice called, confusing the dark haired man for a moment.

Maybe it was her assistant?

Pushing open the large door, his mind stalled, the flustered young woman sprawled out on the floor before him obviously not what he was expecting.

She was flushed, pulling herself to her knees as she gathered her paperwork with a sheepish look, trying to avoid his wide eyed stare while also trying to appear professional.

"Sorry about that, I wasn't expecting anyone and you startled me…." She trailed off with an embarrassed laugh, one hand coming to her head to tuck a few strands of-

*Bright pink hair* behind her ear.

*Pink.*

As in-
"Are you…Haruno-san?" Kouji questioned, his stunned gaze never leaving her as she put the last of the papers back on her desk, her form turning towards him as she did so.

"Yep, that would be me! Just call me Sakura though, no need for any formality."

A cheery smile graced her young face, and the image he'd composed of what she may look like completely shattered with it.

This wasn't a grumpy old woman, or a buffed up training freak- hell, even the superior look he was expecting wasn't there.

Instead, it was a soft looking young woman, barely out of her teens by the looks of it. She was…she was beautiful, and the way she held herself just spoke of relaxed kindness.

Nope, not what he was expecting.

"I-uh-The mission. The mission Kazekage-sama gave you yesterday." Her face lit up then, her hands coming together in front of her as she grinned up at him.

Gods, he towered over her.

Why did the Kazekage think giving her that mission was a good idea?! That area of Suna wasn't a place for someone that soft looking, they'd eat her alive!

"Oh! Are you Kouji?"

"…yes?"

"I'm very sorry about the mix up, after I heard you were assigned first, I had Gaara put you back on. I know how pissy I get when someone steals a mission from me, and I can only assume you felt the same right?"

"I-what?"

She just laughed, the light sound filling the room as he struggled to understand why she was giving him the mission without a fight.

"You're back on your mission. Sorry about the mix up, I hope I didn't cause you any trouble."

"Good. Good! Yep, ahahahah, no trouble at all- thank you for your time I'll be going now!"

And like that he was gone, his bright red face hidden under his bangs as he fled from the confused girl, his tall form disappearing down the hall before she could even ask what was wrong.

Slamming his back hard against the wall as he turned the corner and came to a stop, Kouji gave no attention to the exasperated nurses walking by, their amused looks going completely over his head.

Bringing a hand up to his face, he hid his flaming cheeks, an embarrassed groan leaving his tall form as he slumped in on himself slightly.

On gods, she was not what he expected, and he'd just gone and made a fool of himself in front of her.

Damn it all.

How could he be mad at her now? She looked like she'd break if he even glared at her!
What the hell, why was he so damn flustered?!
"Kouji, are you sick or something, your face is all red."

*It's because you're so close to me damn it!*

"No it's not, just tell me what to do already." He responded, head turned away from the pinkette sitting *practically in his lap* as she readied yet another scroll to show him something simple.

"You sure? We can take a break if you'd like, I don't mind."

*No, no don't leave!*

"NO! I'm fine, just keep going."

"Okay then…so, what you need to do is-" Absentmindedly listening to her, Kouji found his attention more on the way her lips looked than what they were saying. So supple and soft looking, and the faint shine told him she was wearing that gloss her friend had insisted on buying for her back in Suna. The one that…uhh…*may* have a certain plant based chemical in it that he didn't have the heart to tell her about. Seriously, who could tell the girl they liked that her friend had tricked her into getting a lip gloss that happened to be a powerful aphrodisiac for men when ingested? She was walking around wearing something that *could-if he-if they-*gahhhhhhhhhh."

"Kouji, are you sure you're alright, you're all red and-"

"I'M NOT BLUSHING DAMN IT! JUST TELL ME ABOUT THE THINGY WITH THE HAND GLOWY AND AND…just…I…hnnnnnnnggg."

Little more than a twitching mess now, Kouji picked up his glass and took as drink, eyes clenched shut as he tried to get his mind off his crush.

"Uhhh, Kouji? That's my glass…." Sakura muttered out, looking at him oddly as he froze in place, jerking the cup away as he looked at the rim of it in pure horror.

Oh.

Oh *god* no.

"Jeez, couldn't you tell? This stuff Ino got me gets on everything."

"I...I need to go." He hurriedly spoke, eyes still locked on the offending object before him, his gaze still laced with horror. "*I have to-"

"Nope! Oh no you don't, I cleared my entire day to teach you this, and you're not getting out of it alive!"

Good, because he felt like he could just about curl up in a hole and die right about now. And she'd gladly dig it for him if she knew what was about to happen.
"-Kouji, what's the matter?"

Oh god, what would she think?! Would she call him a pervert and kick him out, never talk to him again?! What if he just told her about the gloss and what it'd do and- no, no then she'd get mad about him for letting her wear it around.

Yep.

There was no way to win here.

He'd just have to play dumb and hope she didn't notice.
Goodnight (Kouji/Sakura)

She couldn't do it, she wasn't strong enough to heal him.

After *years* of training, it all failed her right when she needed it most.

Feeling his hands move to cover her own lightly, Sakura opened her watery green eyes, the tears on her face falling to hit his vest as he grinned up at her, completely ignoring the blood he'd just smeared on her skin.

"Hey now, no need to cry. We won, and I'm just happy you're…I'll take you out to dinner again, alright?"

"Kouji…Kouji please don't move."

He didn't listen, instead shifting to lay his head in her lap, looking up at her like he wasn't bleeding out all over her. His eyes were dull, yet still so happy as he just watched her, his grin never faltering as he gazed up at her like she was life itself.

"And? I've always wanted to take you out to dinner again. Last time, you looked so down, what with your teammates being well…" he coughed lightly, looking away sheepishly when he ended up with a mouthful of blood. "Remember way back when we first met and I just couldn't stop making a fool of myself? Well, I used to have the biggest crush on you. I still do actually, but I think it's a little more than just a crush now. I just…"

"Please…please don't say that. Kouji—"

"Hey, I'm the one dying here, so shhh and let me babble on about how beautiful I've always thought you were. God, it was so weird when I was younger, I just didn't know what to do. And that kiss? You thought I was just messing around due to the spiked meal we'd gotten. It wasn't, but I just didn't have the heart to tell you."

"*If you can keep rambling on like this, then you can last until the backup team gets here!* Just…Kouji please don't leave me."

"I'm sorry, I just don't think I can. I'm so tired." He looked it too, his face having gone pale as his life slowly seeped from him, staining her lower half red as she cupped his cheeks in her palm, feeling just how cold he was becoming.

Why, why didn't she have enough chakra to help him?! If she'd just avoided that attack, they'd be fine, safe, happy-

*Oh god.*

"I love you, you know that's what I'm dancing around, right?"

"Y-yes. You were my first kiss—"

"Strawberries. You tasted like strawberries."

"My first date, you were the first person to actually flirt with me and mean it and I had the biggest crush on you too."

He was silent then, his hooded eyes never leaving her as he nuzzled against her palm, a sigh of
content leaving him.

He...he was acting, she could tell. He was ignoring the obvious pain racking his body, and acting like...

Like he was just tired.

Like he was just going to take a nap in her lap like all those times before. Her lap was his go to pillow after all.

"S-still do actually."

"Damn. If I'd...if I'd have known that, I would have-" he stopped her, his eyes falling shut for a moment, only opening again after she frantically tapped his cheek, pleading with him to stay awake. "I'm tired Sakura. So tired."

"I know you are Kouji, but-"

"Just let me sleep. I'm...I'm happy, and the woman that I love is here and your lap has always been so comfortable, have I told you that before?"

"...yes."

She couldn't stop crying and as much she wanted to, it was a useless effort.

She couldn't act to save her life.

"I'll just...I'll sleep. I'll go to sleep happy and content and I'll always be smiling Sakura." His own eyes misted over then, a small sob leaving him as he fought to keep his wavering grin in place. "I wish I'd known...that you liked me. If I had, maybe we could have-No. No, you know what?"

"W-what?" she managed out, biting her lip hard enough to draw blood, trying to silence whatever sobs she could as he spoke in a whisper, all the energy leaving his voice as he fought to keep from breaking down.

"I'm happy with things like this. I'm just...I'm...I'm happy, and I got to be with you for years, and it was so much fun. I wouldn't trade that for the world."

"Me either."

"Now I'm going to sleep. I'm going to sleep and when we meet up next, I'll take you out to dinner."

"Ramen?"

"As always."

He nuzzled into her lap then, her hands instinctively moving to stroke his hair as he sluggishly lifted one of his arms.

"Sakura?" She hummed in response, unable to see through her tears properly as he lifted his fingers to his lips. "I love you."

Gently, he kissed his fingertips, dragging the blood stained digits up to rest on her own for a moment.

She tasted copper, and the tiniest hint of some foreign spice.
"Goodnight."

"G-Goodnight Kouji."

And then he fell silent, his arms resting over his wound, his breath slowing as he fell into a deep and near instant sleep.

A painless one, she was sure.

Her hands never stopped stroking his hair, not even when his breath stopped coming, not when his heart beat its last beat, and not when her body racking sobs almost made her faint.

No, she just kept playing with his hair, and he kept smiling.

Just like all those times before.
Rom Com (Kouji/Sakura)

Kouji couldn't even remember the name of the movie, but as the two main characters finally kissed, he couldn't contain the happy expression that filtered across his face.

Much to the amusement of Sakura, who had gotten bored halfway through and decided to focus on her date instead of the movie.

And oh, what a good decision that had been.

She'd honestly never seen the man beside her teary eyes before tonight, but when one of the main characters declared their love for the other- only to be turned down, the waterworks had begun… albeit very subtly, as he'd excused himself to the bathroom in hopes she wouldn't see.

She loved Kouji, she really did.

…That wouldn't stop her from teasing him light-heartedly about this for the next few months though.

Barely even paying attention to the credits as they began to roll across the screen, Sakura leaned over and kissed the taller man on the cheek, her lips lingering for a moment as she giggled lightly.

"So…uh, did you like it? I mean, if you didn't we can find something else for movie nights, but-"

"No, I loved it." Sakura answered before he could talk his mood down, a reassuring smile on her face as relief crossed his own. "We could watch the sequel, if you have time tonight anyway."

"I have time! -Cough- I mean, sure, if you're that excited for it-"

He wasn't fooling anyone, especially with the way he practically rushed to get the next disk in the dvd player.

Her boyfriend was a sucker for Rom-Coms…

Adorable.
Yes (Kouji/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

AU

While as composed as ever on the outside, the young man was screaming inwardly freaking out.

Yes, he was a total fanboy, but he had more dignity than to just…

"And…uhh…I just…can I-what?"

Great.

"Geeze Kouji, if that's how you normally talk, it's a wonder any of your videos ever get released." The pinkette teased light-heartedly, a soft look in her eyes as she sat down next to him.

Actually sat next to him of all people.

Oh god, don't freak out.

Don't make a fool of yourself Kouji-

"I love you, they're funny-YOUR POSTS I MEAN! I LOVE YOUR POSTS-NOT YOU! Uhh, not that you're not lovable or anything or that I don't love you-LIKE YOU!-"

"Uhhh….thank you?"

"Oh god, I'm so sorry." Cheeks flaming red as snickers broke out around their shared table, Kouji buried his face in his hands, already dreading the videos that would be popping up online.

A soft giggle broke out beside him, and he groaned as he heard her blond friend mutter to herself.

He'd never live this down.

"I Love your channel as well, I watch your videos all the time." He paused for a moment, her words sinking in slightly before he parted his fingers and looked at her sideways through them.

She was smiling, a light blush on her cheeks as his fans continued to watch them, phones and cameras still out.

"Can I have you for lunch-FUCK!" More laughter and he just planted his face on the table before them. "Take you to lunch. Can I take you out for lunch after this, as an apology for the shit storm this'll become?"

"Sure, but maybe you shouldn't ask me that while your mic's still on. We are still in the middle of a panel after all."

Fuck.

Oh well, at least she'd said yes.
It all started with a mission to cloud.

One faithful mission, and Shisui lost his much loved nickname, and the attentions of the girl he loved.

Well….maybe not all of her attention, but he was an Uchiha damn it, and they didn't share!

Glaring down into the slightly shorter nins eyes, Shisui felt his sharingan fighting to come to life, each self-assured look the blond shot him only riling the Konoha nin further.

Damn it, this wasn't how it was supposed to go.

"So, Shisui-san….why the sudden urge to work with us today, hmm?" Shisui remained silent, watching Sakura wander further away as she searched the ground for the herb they'd been sent to collect.

Well, she'd been sent to collect it.

Him and the blond bastard just decided to tag along.

"Listen here you arrogant little shit." Shisui started, his usually composed demeanour cracking to pieces as the other mans eyes traced the pinkette's form in a very….suggestive way. "Stay away from Sakura, or I swear to god…"

The blond just smirked, one of his brows raising slightly in a taunting gesture.

"You'll what? Kill me and make Sakura sad? Oh, you really do care about her, don't you? I can see it in your cursed eyes Uchiha…how odd."

Red flickered across said Uchiha's gaze then, his Sharingan spinning to life with each word the younger man spoke.

"But I'll tell you this…” The cloud nin leaned forward slightly, his aura darkening as they both tensed in preparation for an attack. "I care for her too, and I won't let you win."

"I liked her first!" Shisui argued, his messy hair only becoming more ruffled as he ran an aggravated hand through it, trying to stop himself from lashing out.

And he had.

For years now, he'd liked the younger girl.

Loved her even.

"A truly childish argument. If you 'liked her first', why haven't you made a move?"

Silence came from Shisui, no argument leaving his lips as thought after thought raced across his mind.

He would have made a move.

He would have loved too.
But Uchiha law dictated that he present the appeal for an out of clan relationship first, and he really didn't want to put her through such scrutiny.

Not yet anyway.

*She wasn't ready for that yet.*

"What, cat got your tongue?"

"Shut up. Just shut up, you have no idea what you're talking about. I love her, I love her so much and I won't let you take her away from me you bastard."

"Right back at you."

"Cee! Cee I found it!" Both men snapped their attention to the returning girl, responses at the tips of their tongues before noticing the other was also responding to the name.

Or nickname.

"Shisui, can you help me with it, I need to pack some more away."

The Uchiha's red gaze fixated on the shorter man for another moment, his scowl saying more than words ever could.

'This isn't over. You won't take her from me.'
They weren't very far into their partnership of convenience- yet every time she proved her worth to him in some way or another, he couldn't help but stare.

She was only a little younger than him, 5 years at the most, yet she looked so delicate compared to his scar ridden form.

His smirk to her smile, her soft skin to his rough and scarred, her kind eyes to his harsh.

_Her trust to his paranoia._

Yes, he was paranoid, but he _had_ to be.

She wasn't the one wanted by more nations than she could count…_well_, not yet anyway. With the way his half planned schemes seemed to drag her into things, she'd be just as hunted as him sooner or later.

He hadn't felt too badly about that in the beginning, but now that he was actually getting to know her, he felt a twinge of…_regret_ almost.

That was stupid though, he'd never regretted anything before, and he wasn't going to start now.

"Deidara, we need to stop. You haven't slept yet and you're low on chakra."

Yes, she made sense, she always did.

But that didn't mean he had to listen to her.

"No way, yeah."

"Deidara please, you're about to collapse. Just for a few hours at least, _please._"

He could see the care and concern in her eyes and wanted to scoff as she pleaded with him, openly worried about his state.

She really did have a soft heart, coming to _worry_ about a former enemy after nothing more than a few weeks.

"They'll find us."

"No they won't."

"And why the hell should I listen to you, yeah?"

"Because-" she looked him dead in the eye, the clay beneath their feet softening as he scowled at the clouds around them.

"-You can trust me."

He could.

He _knew_ he could.

She could keep him safe while he slept, keep watch and wake him before anything happened.
She was more than capable enough for that.

But he didn't get where he was today by listening to every little girl who smiled at him so prettily. Especially with their pink hair blowing wildly in the air—looking so reminiscent to his last masterpiece.

No…he didn't get here by doing that.

…

"5 hours."

"10."

"6, yeah."

"7, and you have to eat the pills I made."

"…fucking fine, yeah." He grumbled, glaring at her from the corner of his eye while she grinned in triumph.

Why did she care?

How could she care?

Deidara had never met anyone like her before, and he didn't think he ever would again.
"Don't trust me."
Because even he didn't trust himself anymore.

"Indra, what are-"

"Please."
It was the first time he'd ever said such a word to her, and while he may not be fond of asking for anything, getting her to promise this meant a lot.

To him.
To her.
For her.
Because he honestly didn't trust himself anymore.

With anything.
Most importantly, he didn't trust himself near her.

"Indra, I'll always trust you, you've never done anything to show me otherwise. Why would you ask such a thing?" The pinkette questioned, watching him worriedly as they sat alone in a quiet part of the training grounds.

"Because…"

Because if she knew what ran through his mind each time he saw her, she'd be disgusted.

Because if she saw the way he used to treat those around him, she'd leave.

"Because?"

Because if she knew just how much her very presence affected his all, she'd have the power to destroy him with nothing more than a look.

"Sakura-san, I'm not a good person."
And he wasn't.
Never had been, never would be.
Even now, after being brought back by some shoddy attempt at a jutsu, he was far from the nicest person around.

"But you're good to me. You've always been good to me, I don't care about anything else…"
And for that reason, he actually cared what she thought of him, cared about how she viewed him and his actions.

"Just take my word for it Sakura-san. Don't trust me."
'Because I don't trust myself- especially near you.'

He'd always had a habit of ruining anything good for him with his greed, he just prayed she wouldn't fall to the same fate.
Scars (Kakuzu/Sakura)

She needed to hear it, to understand, but no matter how many times he repeated himself-

"Yes it does."

- She just wouldn't listen.

"Sakura…" He sighed out, arms constricting around her as he pulled her closer, one hand absentmindedly running through her hair as she let out another pitiful sound.

"Kakuzu, I know. I know you're trying to help, but it's just so hard…"

He knew it was, of course he knew.

But to see her break down like this, after dealing with everything else thrown her way, he just…" couldn't.

*Couldn't take it.*

*Couldn't grasp why he actually cared.*

*Couldn't understand why she'd made such a big impact in his seemingly monotone life.*

"It's true though, and you need to listen to me. It wasn't your fault, it was theirs. They shouldn't have even considered such an option in the first place, especially with you being on the mission."

"Kakuzu…" He could hear her tearing up again, and he found his face falling into a glare, his anger at the ones responsible for her state getting the best of him.

"What happened doesn't change anything."

"But I'm a monster Kakuzu, a freak. Who could love me now? I'm just…The scars are…"

"I could."

Her breath caught in her throat, and he could feel her pulse beginning to race under his hand.

"I could love you."

"…Kakuzu- I-"

"Scars are…They don't make you…You I suppose. You'll always be that annoying little medic who needs money for supplies she'll never use. You'll always be that pain in my side, or my wallet, whenever you enter a room."

She tensed against him slightly, but he continued on.

"You'll always have that smile that makes my hearts race, even when it means you're trying to con me into something. And you'll always have those lovely eyes…That pink hair…Scars don't make you any different Sakura."

He let out a sigh again, his eyes falling closed as he waited for her rejection, her disgust at his mere suggestion of liking her.

Just like everyone else.
But instead, he found his mask falling down, soft lips caressing his cheek as his eyes snapped open to see her lightly flustered face.

"Thank you."

That smile he loved came to her face for the first time in weeks, and his eyes softened at the sight.

"I could like you too…even if you are a penny pinching pain in my ass."
Cherry (Itachi/Sakura)

He knew it was a game.

A stupid game his younger brothers team just had to play each time they got together.

But damn it all, just hearing her whisper the words to him like that…

He just wanted to assure her that, no, she hadn't, and he'd be more than ready to show her a thing or two if she wished.

But it was just a game.

Just a stupid game- one that had even Shisui red in the face while the three younger nin all laughed it off.

"I popped your cherry Itachi!"

…Damn it…

When asked how they’d come up with such a game, all the four would do was point to their sensei his ever present book saying more than words ever could.

Perverted sensei…perverted students…Itachi really didn't have much faith in the future of the village, especially if things continued on like this.

"HA! I got yours too Shisui!"

All his cousin did was blush harder, stuttering out an excuse to leave as he awkwardly shuffled out of the room, ignoring the snickers from the younger nin as the tossed the small red fruit between themselves.

They knew exactly what they were dong, and they were having more than a little fun while doing it.

"I told you I could get at least one of them!"

"Damn it Sakura, you always win!"

"Huh, what can I say, it's a skill."

"Hn." Itachi added as they turned to him with innocent looks.

Innocent his ass, he blamed Kakashi for this.

And the look he shot the older man said as much.

"Now now, no need to get riled up kiddo. They're just playing around, aren't you?"

Agreements and nods from all present- and did Sai really just bat his eyes at him?

"I'm leaving."

"Yeah yeah- teme, your brother is no fun-OH MY GOD! Sakura, its Genma! Think you can get him again?!!"
"This'll be the third time today…I don't know Naruto, think he'll fall for itTTAHHH!" Reaching out and pulling the girl to him, Itachi raised a brow down at her confused face.

"I do believe you promised me a training session if I played your little game."

"…Damn it. Sasuke, your brother is no fun."

Oh, he was fun alright…and he'd have to make time to show her exactly that.

If they were playing a game like this, it was only fair he got a turn in the teasing.
"Ever wonder if the world would be better off without you…?" the Uchiha questioned, his voice breaking the silence surrounding them.

He often pondered such things in the dead of night, his sleepless evenings filled with thoughts he'd usually never voice out loud for fear of people's reactions.

But this time…this time it was different.

It was just her aura, her seemingly ever present 'Just-talk-to-me-I'll-understand' disposition.

Itachi could voice anything to her without fear of rejection, and he was coming to love that.

The older pink haired teen looked to him as he shrugged on his ANBU mask again, his red eyes avoiding her green as she silently considered his question.

This was what he liked about her.

She never jumped to conclusions, she always gave anything he asked consideration and thought.

"…Yes…yes I have considered such things before Itachi-san." She quietly replied, her voice little more than a whisper as she scribbled away on a sheet of paper, the medical terms and phrases seeming to blend into one large cluster as she signed off on the bottom.

"But the thing you have to remember is this," She leaned forward, her face falling into a soft smile as she playfully ruffled his hair, the silence in the hospital around them making her whisper seem all the more ominous as the late night air travelled in through the nearby open window. "No matter what happens, no matter what you do or have to do- the world needs you. You were born for a reason, and no matter how dark things may seem at one point or another, you just need to find a shred of light to hold onto."

"A shred of…light?"

"The one thing that makes it all worth it. That one thing that makes you smile more than anything else."

He blinked slowly behind his mask, readjusting his armour before making his way to the dark window.

"…Do you have one? A shred of light?"

"…I…I suppose I do."

Her voice still a whisper, and her smile still just as soft and reassuring as before, she motioned it was okay for him to leave.

And usually he would without a second thought, but today…today was different.

He didn't have much longer left in the village after all.

"Would you like to train with me tomorrow afternoon?"

He might as well make the most of what little time he had left, and teasing the confusing older medic
had always been his favourite pastime.

"Itachi-san, we both know you'll win."

"Are you scared Sakura-senpai?"

"…I'm only two months older than you, you brat. Consider tomorrow's ass kicking as payback for that comment!"

Yes…He really did love teasing her, in his own way of course. Her pouts and temper amusing him to no end, no matter how dark his future was currently looking.
"Don't listen to them. Don't you EVER listen to them."

He remembered hearing those words before, falling from her mouth in a harsh whisper as she fought to keep her tears at bay.

She'd looked so sad, so hurt by the world as she fought to ignore the stares everyone in the small town seemed to give her.

She'd been young at the time, 15 at the most.

15, and already ridiculed by those around her as she fought to do her best.

A simple henge and he was walking beside her, his cloak now a black jacket, his skin just as tan as her blond haired teammates.

And the sideways look he gave those they passed almost sent a shiver of fear down her spine.

But she wasn't afraid.

No, he didn't see a single sliver of fear pass through her eyes as she looked over to him, her face speaking only of curiosity and weariness.

"Who're you? What do you want?"

"No one special kid, just passing through and saw the civvies being asses again."

"…Again?"

"Let me guess- they hired you for a job then criticised everything you did. Did they refuse to pay again?"

She fell silent at that, her throat moving as she swallowed and looked away from his tall figure.

"They…they hired me to heal someone. They never told me it was an older man who was dying of age though. There wasn't anything I could do but they just-"

"I understand kid."

She froze for a second, but he was sure the look he gave her was enough.

"What…?"

"I understand."

He grinned down at her then, one of his hands leaving his pockets to ruffle her hair playfully, her shocked green eyes burrowing into his mind in an instant- and they'd stay there for months, haunting his every step.

"But hey, you did the best you could. You can't always fight off death, and I'm sure the guy had a happy long life with his family and all that bullshit."

His hand left her head, and he turned to leave, his last words floating back to her as he walked out of
"But don't ever listen to them. You did your best kid, and that's all they can ever ask of you."

Kisame wasn't particularly sure why he'd done what he did that day, and despite the disapproving looks Itachi shot him the entire way back to base, he actually felt...happy.

It wasn't until years later that he saw the pink haired girl again, and he had no idea just how much his words had affected her- shaped her into the woman she was.
Some cruel twist of fate…

Yeah, that's all this was.

A joke…some unfunny prank Naruto pulled to mess with her again…

It was the only way she could reason- the only way she could convince herself not to scream as the man laying on her bed gave another drawn out and exaggerated yawn.

*It was just a joke.*

Naruto and his henged clones again.

"Not that it's any of my business, but you've been staring at me for the past 15 minute's brat."

"…"

"In other words," His red eyes zoned in on her, her breath catching in her throat as he ran a lazy hand through his long, wild orange hair. "Cut it the fuck out."

No…just a prank.

*Just a prank.*

"Oi, kid, I know you're not as dumb as the boy, so why aren't you listening?!"

*Tails...9 of them...*

All swaying behind him as he lounged on his tan stomach…head propped up in his hands as his pants continued to hang low on his hips.

"Oh…fuck me…."

His gaze sharpened, and a taunting smirk flickered to life on his lips, dangerous glimpses of his sharpened teeth making her shiver in fear.

"Really? If that's what's been bothering you, we could get too it right now. You have always had that spark to you, so I suppose it wouldn't be that demeaning for me."

"Naruto…he put you up to this, didn't he?" She questioned, ignoring his proposition and fighting back a blush as he chuckled deeply.

"Now now, the kid doesn't have his fingers in every little thing that goes on around here."

"But he *did* do something, didn't he? He did something stupid, and poof! You're out. Here. In my fucking bed."

"…" he paused for a moment, considering her words, before rolling over and sprawling out on his back, one leg folded over the other as he looked to her with a raised brow. "Well, you're not wrong."

"*I'll kill him.*"

"Feisty, I like it."
"You have got to be joking!" She seethed, ignoring his laughter as she turned to leave, brushing off the demon in her bed as he seemed to pout as her attention shifted to something else. "I'll kill him. I'll kill him, bring him back, and do it all over again!"

"Ahh…I knew I tolerated you for a reason kid!" An arm wrapped around her shoulders, a hot body pressed tightly against her back- so warm, almost burning as the tattoos covering his arms came into her line of sight again. "But let's talk a little first, there are a few things we need to speak about my pretty little treasure. Let's talk about a bet, a stupid blond brat- and the things he put up for stakes before losing."
She'd been everywhere- everywhere there was to go, yet his arms always felt like unexplored land. Like she wasn't meant to be there.

Taboo.

Out of everything she'd done- in the name of love, in the name of her village, for friendship or hate… This was the only thing that made her feel uneasy. Because she loved him.

She loved him so much it hurt.

And she'd never be able to keep him.

Sakura knew exactly how this story would end.

"It's okay Sakura."

It wasn't.

"Even if you go back home, back to your time, I'll wait."

No, he wouldn't.

"It's only 19 years, right?"

19 years. 19 years for him to fall in love with somebody else. To have a child and forget about her- just like she'd warned him about.

"In 19 years…I'll be waiting for you."

No…no he wouldn't be.

"Right here, so that we can be together."

No, they couldn't be.

"I'll always be yours, just like you'll always be mine Sakura."

He wasn't

He'd never be hers.

He belonged to Naruto's mother…to the love of his life.

"I love you Sakura…I love you so much it hurts sometimes. Do you really have to leave?"

"Yes….I'm sorry."

Sorry for everything.
For falling in love with you.

For wasting your time.

For making you think we could have something that would never break our hearts in the end.

...or break hers at least.

He'd forget her eventually.

"It's okay Sakura, you didn't mean for this to happen."

No, no she hadn't.

She never meant to fall in love.

"Time means nothing to me."

Time meant everything.

"I'll wait for you. I'll wait till the end of time itself if I have to."

Please....

Don't make promises....

She knew he wouldn't keep them.

"I love you Minato. I love you so much." Her arms wrapped around him, savouring the feeling she knew would never be again.

Just....just one last time.

"I love you too Sakura. 19 years, right? 19 years, and I'll be right here, right here to kiss you hello and welcome you back, I swear."

'I Love you' She'd never forget him saying that. The tone of his voice, the way he smiled or blushed- the way he held her.

A flash of light- one last look into his tear filled blue eyes, and she was gone.

Only to wake up looking into Naruto's.

She shouldn't have gotten her hopes up...

She knew this would happen in the end.

"Sakura...Sakura, my dad...."

The pinkette froze in place, her eyes squeezing shut as she folded in on herself and sobbed.

Gods...what had she done?

He was her best friends father!

"He told me to say...he told me to tell you he was sorry."
He didn't need to be sorry….

"That he still loves you more than anything, anyone."

"Naruto…I…"

"He loves you so much Sakura…he still does- still did when I spoke to him during the attack." her best friend looked at her solemnly, his eyes filled with regret as he pulled her into a tight hug, both strangling back sobs as they held each other. "And he's so sorry for dying before he could meet you again!"

She knew this was the ending to their story, so why did it still hurt so much?
"Obito Uchiha, I swear to god…" Sakura drawled out, watching the older man duck away from another of her attacks. "If you don't start taking this seriously, I'll do something drastic!"

"Awww, but Sakura-chan, you know I love it when you get like this~." The man pouted, a faint blush appearing on his cheeks as she tried to pin him in place, his secret crush's body pressed tightly against his own.

He was across the field in the blink of an eye.

"GOD DAMN IT OBITO! TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY!" He could see the anger in her eyes, and he knew she was frustrated with him. But he just couldn't stand the thought of hurting her, of hitting her…

After what they went through in the war, he was just glad she could even look at him without cowering away like the others.

She accepted him, and maybe that was why he found it so hard to do anything like this?

Well…that and the fact that she did look rather cute all flustered and panting.

Who wouldn't want to stand back and enjoy the view?

"But Sakuraaaa~ I don't want to hurt you…." He pouted, dropping the serious and tense persona he was so used to holding around others.

"I can heal myself just fine!"

"But…" He watched as she dropped her stance, her face dropping into an expression of regret and sadness.

He would have believed he'd upset her too, if it wasn't for that glint in her eyes.

That very faint 'Well-I-did-warn-you~' edge that had his back tensing in preparation of attack.

"Yo~, what are my two favourite people doing down here?"

Kakashi…

"OBITO UCHIHA!"

Oh no…

"Ohhh…did you annoy little Sakura again Obito? I thought you knew better by-"

"I'M NEVER HAVING SEX WITH YOU AGAIN!"

Silence.

And eerie, dread filled silence, one that didn't even budge as he sputtered out denials of never even kissing her before!

No noise came…and then he heard it.
That tell-tale barking of dog nin.

"DAMN IT KAKASHI, I DIDN'T SLEEP WITH YOUR STUDENT!"

"Oh, I know that." The man's voice dropped lower, so only he could hear as the pinkette cackled in glee across the field. "But Naruto and Sai don't. Oh, you do know they were hanging around here too, right?"

Obito broke into a cold sweat the second he registered the two very angry chakra signatures heading his way, and he had to admire the pinkette for her genius.
They'd been young when she said it, not fully understanding, yet not caring in the least.

"Kiss me, I dare you."

It was just a simple dare, a game between children.

Yet it shaped his entire life.

He'd been too scared to do it then, laughing nervously and running away instead.

But the dare never left his mind.

A year later, and he still couldn't look at her without blushing.

2 years, and he began to wonder what it'd be like if he had kissed her.

3 years later, and he really wished he'd just done it. He couldn't even be in the same room as her for too long now, his young mind overwhelmed with the idea of touching her in such an intimate way.

4 years and they'd graduated, unfortunately being assigned to different teams.

He really wished she was on his team, he missed his pink haired best friend during missions.

5 years later, and he began to fret.

What if someone stole his dare?

What if someone kissed her before he got the chance too?

…what if she fell in love with someone?

6 years and he was 14, his body and mind noticing her all the more.

Her smile, her voice, the way she ran to meet him each morning so he could walk her to her team's meeting spot.

She was…

7 years, and he knew.

She was beautiful.

She was kind.

She was everything he'd ever wanted, ever needed.

And he still had a dare to do.

8 years.

8 long years, and he began to notice others looking at her as well.

The Inuzuka on her team, the Hyuuga she liked to talk to on the way home each night…
Hell, even that weird Might kid noticed the way she was 'blooming with youth'.

He…he didn't like it.

He didn't want one of them to take his best friend away.

9 years since that fateful dare, the one still haunting his mind, and he was frantic with realisation.

He loved her!

He loved his best friend and he didn't know what to do about it.

He just wanted to pull her close, hold her tightly, and whisper all his regrets for only her to hear.

To kiss those lips that'd taunted him for years, to feel her against him as she whispered his name in that tone that always drove him crazy.

And on the 10th year, that's exactly what he did.

"S-Sakura…" He pulled away from the shocked girl, panting harshly as he licked his wet lips, tasting her on them as he looked at her through hooded eyes. "Sakura…I love you. I love you so much."

She was silent for a moment, her pink hair ruffled and tangled around his fingers as he held her close, his body shielding her from view as he pinned her to the ground.

And there is was, that smile he treasured more than life itself.

"Took you long enough."
"Didn't you see what I did?!" The young boy fumed, looking at the older girl as she lazily flipped another page in her book.

"Yep, very nice. Work on your form though." She drawled out, her eye twitching as his white haired teammate made another crude remark about his blond sensei.

"Naruto, if he makes one more crack about my hair, I'm kicking him into Suna without a second thought." She warned, the blond sweat dropping slightly as he ushered Jiraiya and Tsunade away to train some more.

"But I did it perfectly this time, I didn't even waste chakra like before!" he protested once they were gone, only to hear her sigh and lower her book, her green eyes zeroing in on his form as he demonstrated.

"Very close kid, but you need to lower your arms slightly, they have a clear shot at your middle and sides otherwise. Also, no matter how odd it feels, you need to get lower. Bend your knees more, and be sure to keep your body angled."

Nodding with each piece of advice she gave, Orochimaru had to respect her skill.

She was good, very good.

Smart, strong, and loyal to a fault.

Her only downfall was her temper, but she'd kept it in check lately.

Yes, she had his respect, even if she was only a few years older than him.

"Yes, just like that. Perfect. Now, when I say go, I want you to strike out at the target, okay? Flow through the movements and be sure not to hesitate at any point. You'll harm yourself if you do."

Doing exactly as she said, he waited for her signal.

"Begin."

A strike to the left.

One to the right.

Three to points in the middle.

An down to the-

"GOD DAMN IT- GET BACK HERE YOU WHITE HAIRDED BRAT!"

-He hesitated.

He hesitated, and the pain that coursed through his body drove him to let out a muffled yell.

His eyes blurred for a moment, and the pain was gone. All he could see was pink, all he could smell was strawberries, and all he could feel was her soothing chakra running violently across his body.
"Damn it. Sorry kid, Naruto can't listen sometimes, you okay?"

"I-I'm fine." Her hands found his pale face, and he had to fight to keep his blush from showing.

It wasn't very often he actually saw her care about something other than her teammate….and to have her look at him like that, with such care and worry made his heart stutter in his chest.

Odd.

*Very odd.*

"You sure?"

"I'm fine."

"Good. Alright, how about we take a break and go torment the idiots, I feel the need for a little revenge."

Yes, she was very…*nice.*

He actually found he liked it.
"That's an…interesting outfit…” Kakashi drawled out as he watched the flustered pinkette rush into the field, panting and out of breath as she tried to adjust to her recently purchased weights.

"What are you- SAKURA-CHAN! What are you wearing?!” Naruto exclaimed, catching sight of the pinkette as she came into his field of view.

"The same thing I always do Naruto, now shut up and get ready, I'm all pumped to spar today!” Sakura smiled over at him, her grin falling slowly as both men continued to stare at her, an oddly suspicious blush peeking out from under her sensei's mask.

"What? What are you-"

And then she looked down.

Oh…well that explained why her shirt had felt so breezy today.

"Sakura…why are you wearing Sai's shirt?” Naruto, oh sweet naive Naruto- he never caught the blush on her cheeks as she snatched at the hem of the shirt, pulling it so it covered more than just the bottom of her breasts.

"Oh…oh no….” She muttered, her face flushed and her eyes frantic, especially when a pale arm wound around her shoulders and an all too familiar form settled against her side.

"She's wearing it because we had sex today."

"SAI! God damn it, you can't just say things like-"

And then she looked at him.

And the red shirt he was wearing, the fabric stretching and pulled much too tight as the zipper looked ready to bust apart.

"Hello dear, good morning."

Cue the slightly more relaxed smile he saved for her alone.

"Sai….Sai why are you wearing my shirt…?"

"Oh, I read about it in one of my books. It's considered cute, or even fun to wear your partner's shirts after sex. A bonding experience if you will, and after I saw you partaking in it, I decided to give it a go as well. I have to say, you do look a lot more attractive in my shirt- would you mind wearing it more often?"

She was never letting him sleep over before training again.
"I'm gonna be sick." She muttered as she put a hand over her mouth, trying to block out the smell of ramen around her.

She knew she wasn't feeling well earlier, why did she even bother to come if this was bound to set her off again?!

Worried green eyes stared back into her own, and the Kazekage offered her a pitying smile.

Ah.

Yes.

That's why.

A small shove and he was replaced by her teammate, his normal smile slightly larger as he looked at the red hear from the corner of his eye.

That too…

"I'll take her home, you can continue your evening with Naruto, Kazekage-sama." Oh Sai…did you have to do this all the time?

"No it's quite alright, I'll walk her home, I was the one who made her promise to come after all." The red head insisted, his eyes falling into a light glare as the pale man continued to smile at him unnervingly.

"No, I'm her teammate. It wouldn't be right for me to let a strange man escort her home while she's in a vulnerable condition."

"Strange man?…"

"Yes, you are very strange. Quite the freak if I may-"

"Shut up. You can both walk me home, just *shut up.*"

Gaara was quick to nod, his concern palpable as he placed a hand on her arm, gently helping her out the door.

It was only a few second before Sai's was mirroring his position.

"Sakura, are you sure you want him of all people knowing where you live?"

"Me of all people? I'm the Kazekage-"

"Obviously. Are you touched in the head?"

"..What?…” Gaara began, his anger building as Sakura just closed her eyes and ignored them both.

"Touched in the head? Sakura-chan said it was rude to call people retarded and-"

"Yes, it is rude to do so. I bet Sakura-chan has to explain things like that fairly often with you."

"That's Haruno-san to you."
"I really don't think that's your call teme."

"Oh, are we name calling now? I bet your dick is even smaller than Naruto's."

"…guys…"

"Oh please, are you really that childish?"

"Guys?"

"Ah, condescending attitude now. You are very predictable, are you sure you're not simple?"

With a sigh, Sakura slowed to a stop, both men continuing on down the road without noticing her absence at all.

Yeah…she always had to play mediator for the two of them, and funnily enough, they only acted like that around her.

Shaking her head and walking to her door slowly, she wondered how long it's take them to realize they'd passed her house.

Or how long it's take them to realize she'd slipped away again.

"Goodnight you too, don't fight too much."

It wasn't until much later that night she awoke, her pale teammate sleeping in her bed beside her without a care in the world.

"SAI! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?!!"
Cold (Sasori/Sakura)

Her hands were growing cold, but that didn't stop him from trying as her held her body tightly against his own, her head tucked under his chin as he tried to shelter her with his very being.

It was just so cold.

Too cold.

"Look at me- just breathe okay?" He pulled back slightly and angled her face towards his own, looking down at her through his troubled eyes.

It was times like this he wished his body was fake again.

If it was, then he'd be able to warm her up so much faster- he wouldn't have to waste so much chakra keeping puppets out to barricade the little opening to their hideaway.

"Sa-Sasori-" Her lips trembled, tinted blue as her body fought to stay awake.

She looked so cold.

"Shhh, hey, I told you it'd be okay. It will be. It will, I promise."

Her hands fisted in his shirt, pulling herself closer to him as she sat between his legs.

So close, he could feel what little body heat she had seeping into his own empty form, both freezing slowly as the snow outside continued to fall.

It wasn't their fault, they didn't deserve this.

All they wanted was peace, for the fighting to stop.

His arms wrapped around her, her sigh of content making his heart shudder as she nuzzled into his neck.

Her breath was warm.

So warm.

"Saso-ri…fire?"

"Can't- they might be nearby still."

She nodded faintly against him and he swore he felt her lips brush his skin.

He couldn't help the delighted shudder that went through his body.

Or the heat that bloomed in his chest…

"Sakura…"

One of his hands left her and moved her head again, her face looking questioningly up to his own as he let out a shaking sigh.

"Sakura…let me…"
His face leaned closer to her own, and he felt her hot breath lap against his skin teasingly as she let out a quiet gasp.

"Let me warm you up…"

His lips brushed hers, and he swore he’d never felt anything like it before.

So soft, like strawberry flavoured silk…

Her hands clenched in his shirt again, and he felt the faintest smile against his mouth.
Welcome Home (Shisui/Sakura)

He could see the relief in her tear filled eyes the second he limped through the gate with Itachi's help. Her eyes, the bright orbs he loved so much, pretty much sang out her happiness as she launched herself at him and sobbed. He'd always had a feeling she knew things, things she couldn't possibly have a clue about. And this was his proof.

His wounded body protested, yet he ignored it as he wound his arms around her and held her close, his face disappearing in her cotton candy coloured hair as he let out a shuddering breath.

So close…

*He was so close to almost not making it back…*

The only thing that drove him forward was her teary 'I'll miss you' before he left.

Shisui never wanted to make her cry, never wanted to be the cause of his loves tears, yet here he was upsetting her all over again.

"It's okay Sakura."

She just sobbed harder, her body shaking against his own as he felt her chakra invade his system and begin healing his wounds.

"It's okay."

His hand rubbed her back, the other tangling in her hair as his voice caught in his throat momentarily.

He'd almost lost her.

His *friend.*

His *crush.*

The *love of his life.*

"I'm right here. I'm not going anywhere."

He'd always been too nervous to speak up about his feelings, but as he held her against himself, he found he couldn't live without her anymore.

No, the second he had a chance, he'd explain everything.

His moodiness, his evasiveness- the way he'd walk off to try and hide his blushes. He was awkward, he had a hard time expressing his feelings, and he was an Uchiha to top it all off.

But by god, he would tell this woman he loved her more than anything, even if it killed him in the end.

Feelings, he'd never been the best with them.
He blamed his Uchiha genes.

"Shisui…Welcome home." She rasped out, her voice scratchy and overused from crying no doubt, yet filled with unsaid things that made his cheeks flush in embarrassment.

*He'd never heard anything more beautiful.*
**Doll (Sasori/Sakura)**

The day he died…well, he remembered it very well.

From the second he opened his eyes again, to that very first breath of air…to his now semi-human body.

He missed his old one, his wooden form.

The one that never failed him like this.

But, Sasori figured it was only right for her to be the one to end his life again.

She'd been the stopping point in all his great plans, the end of all his schemes and dreams.

*It was only right she do it again.*

"I'm…sorry."

To hear her say such a thing should have been insulting, but the look of regret in her eyes drove him forward, forward to what?

He didn't know.

But she'd been there at his death- she'd lulled him, calmed his troubled mind and soothed whatever fears he had last time. And this time, she was doing it again.

"I can only assume you're not mocking me girl."

Her face fell into a slight frown, the regret leaving her eyes in an instant.

"Of course not! Why would I do something like that?!"

"Yes…why would you…? Tell me…Back when we fought last time- back when I was a puppet…"

"Yes?"

"Why did my heart race at the sight of you?"

She froze, her face scrunching up in confusion.

"Why? Why do you ruin everything I construct? Why must you tear me down and make everything around me fall to dust?"

She gave no response, but he felt the strangest sensation of water on his face as she moved from leaning over him.

"Girl…no, Sakura Haruno…"

*My beginning, and my end.*

"When I died, it rained. I remember it very clearly."

"No…no it didn't." Finally, a response.
"It didn't rain for you, maybe, but is always rains for me.-" She leaned back over him, his chest shuddering as he fought to breath.

Another drop of water hit his face, and his half-mast eyes watched her tear up again, her face hovering above his own as she fought to ignore the cooling blood on her hands.

"...The sky shatters and rains shards of glass." She quoted back at him, finishing his sentence when he failed to do so. "We could have been friends if things went differently, I just know it."

"Yes, yes I suppose we could have."

Or more.

Much more.

To have a woman like her in his life would have been a blessing.

"Don't cry Sakura."

He'd make due with the short time he had with her anyway, even if both times did lead to his death.

He'd do it again in an instant if it meant seeing the fire in her eyes one more time.

"Don't cry...I'm sure we'll meet again one day. This is the second time you've killed me after all, and they do say third times the charm."

Another tear, one his shaking hand wiped away, a snarky smile falling to his face as his eyes started to fail him once more.

She yelped and pulled away, clutching at her burning chest as he let out a soft laugh, the faint red brand appearing through the rip in her shirt amusing him to no end.

It was worth it.

He didn't want her to forget him, to forget that they'd meet again.

"What did you do?!"

No response came from his mouth, but his smile stayed firmly in place.

"SASORI, WHAT DID YOU JUST DO?!"

Yes...they'd meet again...

And he wouldn't let her slip by his grasp a third time.

"...Sasori?"

'Goodbye doll, I'll see you soon.'
She was furious, so angry she could shatter the Hokage Mountain herself and beat the hell out of anyone who came to bring her in for it.

How dare they…

How dare they do this to her?!

Watching as they stumbled into sight, Sakura broke into a sprint to meet them all half way, the three men looking at her with regret filled eyes once they caught sight of her tear stained face.

"You IDIOTS!" She chocked out, flinging herself into Kakashi's arms the second he held them out for her, Naruto plastering himself to her back as soon as he limped close enough. Sai stood back for a moment before joining in, his body blocking her from view as the gate guards watched them, the odd passer-by angling their head to try and get a look at the group. "You damn idiots! Do you have any idea how worried I've been?!

"Sorry Sakura-chan, but we didn't have time to go get you….I'm so sorry." Naruto managed out quietly, his blue eyes filled with an emotion she was afraid to name as he looked at her with such fondness it made her tear up again.

"It's okay Sakura, we're okay. Only a few bumps and bruises, and nothing more than that, I swear." Kakashi added in, his arms tightening around her as she nodded shakily, biting her bottom lip as she looked to Sai, waiting for his input.

"Oh, right. Yes, we're fine Ugly. And I'm…I…Uh…” He paused for a moment, seeming to be remembering something before looking to her with that ever present smile. "I missed you too."

"We missed you. I know we promised to never take a mission without you after last time, and I'm sorry we had to break it…”

"It's okay….you're all okay so it's okay."

"Does this mean I get a welcome back kiss?"

"Shut up Sai, you're ruining the moment."
He hadn't meant to utter it out loud, but the look of excited glee on her face took away all his inhibitions.

"So cute…"

As soon as the words left his lips, he knew the Kyuubi host had heard him. The boy froze, his movements shaky as he turned to look at the smaller man, his pink haired teammate continuing to jump around and yell in excitement.

A flash of wicked intent crossed the boys blue eyes, and for the first time, Yagura felt weary.

The pinkette looked to him then, her smile bringing a blush to his cheeks, making him feel like a simple teen again as she bounced her way over- grasping his hands when she got close enough.

"Yagura, we did it! We did it! I can't believe we did, I can't believe it!" With each word that left her mouth, he was pulled closer, his face ending up smothered in her chest by the end, her giggles and movement never stopping for a moment.

How long had it been since he was this red in the face? Years.

Her breasts cushioned his cheeks as she hugged him tightly, his eyes slamming shut as he noticed her zipper was undone.

Oh god…

Oh god…

"Yagura, you did an amazing job!"

Please, not now…not now of all times!

"Hey Sakura-chan, you're pretty dirty, why don't you go take a both in the hot spring?" Naruto called out, an evil snicker following his words as she gasped in joy- eyes lighting up at the prospect of a hot bath.

"Good idea Naruto, do you think they'll let Yagura come in with me? I know you're planning to go and scout, and I really don't want him wandering around on his own…"

A groan slipped from him at her words, visions of hot wet skin, slippery and beautiful, flashed before his eyes.

Oh god…

Oh god…

Pale pink hair, sticking to her face as she called out his name.

His hands touching her, roaming her body without a second thought as she begged him for more.

Always more.

Snapping back to reality and wrenching himself away from the confused girl, Yagura quickly stalked
off past Naruto, shooting the boy a venomous look as he passed.

He never looked back at her though, careful to hide his…problem.

"Yagura, where are you going? Don't you want to bathe with me?"

Another noise slipped past his lips, and he disappeared in a flash, leaving the confused girl alone with her laughing teammate.

"Naruto, why are you just letting him go like that!?"

"…err, you know how I told you Yagura was an academy student…?"
The young pinkette sat shaking in her bed again, the faint growling from under her mattress only working her into a worse state.

Every time, every single time she decided to be a big girl and look- because monsters weren't real, her mother had told her so- there was nothing there.

But there was, she knew it, knew it and her mother was a liar!

What else would leave scratches on her floorboards, on her lightly painted walls and roof? What else would echo loud footsteps around her room while she hid under her covers? What else would hold her door shut whenever she heard her parents softly trying to peek in to check on her?

She was used to their muted curses on the other side of the door by now, but each time they called for her to go unlock her door –which was silly, because she didn't have a lock- she just couldn't do it.

She couldn't bring herself to peek out from under her blankets to look at her doorway- because it would be there and she didn't want to see it, because that would mean it was real and it could actually hurt her.

She knew the monster was real, no matter what her mother said each morning. Knew it, yet didn't want to believe.

Letting out a small cry, Sakura heaved herself under her blankets, her frantic form exhausted from hours of nothing but terror.

And she slept.

Slept like every other night.

Exhausted.

Terrified.

*Humiliated*, because she couldn't go to the bathroom (What if the monster grabbed her foot?!), and she was probably going to have an accident again.

But she slept all the same, the sounds coming from under her small bed dying away with her snores.

And then the scratching started, long clawed hands tearing at her floorboards, carving in words she didn't know and couldn't read.

Slowly pushing the door open, the older woman peered into her daughters room, her dull and lightly glazed eyes slowly adjusting to the darkness blanketing the small space. Scratching absentmindedly at her arm, the woman watched her daughter toss and turn in her sleep, already knowing she'd have to wash those sheets in the morning.

With a scowl, the woman turned her eyes to the dark space underneath her daughter, already expecting the ringed eyes to be glaring back at her.

And there they were, just like every other night.
Silent.

Glarin.

And oh so full of hate.

Because that thing knew, oh yes it did, it knew what her husband had proposed all those months ago, it knew just how desperate for money they were.

But every night without fail, it was there.

That fucking delusion was there, glaring, scratching, hitting and snarling at them from under their own bed- its voice whispering words unintelligible yet the tone carried such hate she knew they were threats.

She'd seen it once, only once, sitting-crouching really- on her daughters bed, lightly playing with the girls candy coloured hair.

That orange haired demon of a thing, with its piercings and hate filled eyes, its grey toned skin and clawed hands…

She'd only seen it that once.

But she'd never forget…never.

And it wouldn't let her- because like every night before, it'd left another note on her daughter floor by the doorway, the roughly carved words getting too hard to hide underneath mats now.

'Mine'

'10'

'I'll tear your soul to shreds woman' '9' 'I'll cut your heart out of your chest and feed it too you'

'8'

'Try to make me leave I dare you'

'7' 'I'll kill you. Everyone. Everything.'

'6'

'MINE'

She didn't want to know what would happen when those numbers hit zero.
Family (Shisui/Sakura)

Letting out a deep breath while trying to calm her shaken nerves, Sakura sat alone in the quiet kitchen, the only noise apart from her breathing being the faint echo of the village outside.

It was peaceful.

Now if only she could just relax and enjoy it a little, calm down before she worked herself into a panic attack.

But...she didn't know how he was going to react, and that's what worried her most.

Shisui was a wonderful man, a kind, caring and overall self-sacrificing person who would do anything for the ones he loved. And that was why she was scared.

She wanted him to stay with her- with them- of his own free will, not because he felt it was the right thing to do. She wanted him to want to stay, to not feel obligated just because...well, just because he'd knocked her up.

Oh god. Sakura fretted silently, her hands wringing together in her lap as she stared holes in the table before her. We aren't even married yet.

Engaged yes, married no.

...Maybe she could just tell him tonight-

"Sakura, I'm home! Hey, why's it so quiet in here?" His unmistakable voice called, the ominous sound of the door being locked behind him filling her head.

-Or next week. Really, a little more time to consider her options would be settling...never mind the fact that she'd been putting it off for a good month already.

Oh god, what would she do when she started to show? Hide it or not, he'd find out eventually.

"I-In the kitchen Shisui, I'm just resting a bit."

Almost immediately he was beside her, his concerned face peering at her as he knelt by her side. His appearance was as ruffled as ever, and it wasn't hard to tell he'd just gotten back from a long mission.

A month long one to be exact. (Yes, she may have pulled a few strings with Tsunade- but the woman was all too willing to help. Especially considering that she was the one to inform the pinkette of her little incoming bundle of joy.)

"Hey now, what's the matter?" He whispered out, one of his hands coming to rest on her own while the other quickly sought out her forehead to check her temperature. "Are you not well?"

No, no she wasn't well, she'd been vomiting up everything she'd even thought of eating for the past week.

It wasn't fun.

"Shisui..." His eyes...oh god, how was she meant to lie to him when he looked at her like that? Like she was his entire world and seeing her in this state hurt him just as much as it hurt her... "Shisui I'm..."
"Sakura, Sakura what's wrong?" His voice was sterner now, his worry more than likely growing as she let out another shaky sigh. "Did something happen while I was gone?"

His palm fell from her warm forehead to cup her cheek, his thumb brushing her skin comfortably as he coaxed her to tell him what was on her mind.

And she did.

"Pregnant. I'm-" His eyes widened, his breath caught, and Sakura felt the relief of finally telling him fall over her. "I'm pregnant." She finally whispered, her eyes never leaving his as she took in his reaction, his every move.

"You're…I'm going to be a father?" Green eyes watched his own fall to her stomach, his hand slowly- oh so slowly- falling from her face to tentatively lay on her stomach- hovering just shy of touching as if he was afraid of harming the young life inside her.

And then he smiled.

And Sakura knew she shouldn't have ever worried in the first place.

"I'm going to be a father…Sakura…" Was…was he tearing up?! "I'm going to be a dad! Oh god, oh god we can't let Naruto near it until it's older- or Sasuke- or or….We need to move, get a new house with a backyard and a sandbox and I'll ask Itachi to babysit, maybe Mikoto-"

"Shisui-"

"I have enough saved, I know I do. Shit, I'll go put in to get some time off now, am I old enough to temporarily retire? For a year or five? Would Tsunade allow it if you asked for me? And you, you'll have to take time off too, but it's okay, I can watch her or him during the day so you can go to work, I know how much you love working at the-"

"Shisui, you're crying." He stopped then, his eyes blinking as if just realizing it himself, yet it didn't stop him from smiling up at her, his face alight with enough joy and happiness to make her tear up too. "You're making me cry dummy, cut it out." She muttered, her own lips pulling into a grin to match his.

"I just…I'm so happy. I love you Sakura, I love you so much." His hand caressed her stomach again, his body pulling closer to her own as he moved to hold her close.

"You're going to have a baby…I just….We're going to have a family Sakura. I never even thought I'd live long enough to consider it. And it's happening, it's actually happening."
Sighing lightly to herself and continuing down the long, quiet road, the pinkette couldn't help the melancholy that invaded her mood.

*Years… it'd been years now.*

*Yet it still seemed like just yesterday.*

With a wistful look to the old red bridge entering her line of sight, her pace began to slow, eventually coming to a complete stop as she fiddled with the edge of her dark green vest. The heat seemed to beat down on her then, her long sleeved black shirt and pants very uncomfortable.

*This is as far as she'd ever go.*

Once vivid green eyes lazily looked out at the path before her, the small distance between her and the structure seeming much too far to cross, yet much to close at the same time.

*As it always did.*

The world was as silent around her as it always was, the only sound ever reaching her being the faint trickle of water from the stream up ahead.

Yet today, as she edged just a little further forward, pushing herself that little bit closer as she'd done on her past visits, she faintly heard voices.

*Familiar voices.*

*Ones she'd missed for years.*

Letting out a shaky breath, a flicker of something flashed through her eyes, her entire body beginning to quiver in fear or anxiety or hope- she didn't know.

But as she gathered her courage and took another small step closer, the voices gained a little more clarity, and a watery smile twitched at her lips.

*No, this wasn't a time to be sad, but the young pinkette just couldn't help it.*

She'd always been rather emotional, so who would blame her?

Step after step she edged forward, her short pink hair blowing in the wind, her red vest and medic skirt keeping her comfortably cool in the hot Konoha sun. Closer and close she got, completely pushing the fear she'd always felt out of her mind.

*Today.*

*Today she'd get there.*

One foot after another, she defied the weary feeling keeping her away, the structure getting bigger and bigger as her watery eyes took it in.

*So familiar, so many memories.*

The voices, now loud and clear, egged her on, driving her forward with pleas and encouragement.
Loud and cheerful and oh so welcomed by her mind.

How long had it been since she'd heard him? Seen them?

A small sniffle escaped her then, her feet faltering under her as her red dress got in her way, her long pink hair obscuring her vision for but a moment before she pushed it away, coming within meters of the red structure.

And then she saw them.

Sasuke, scowling and looking to the side.

Sai, silently watching her with that well known look.

Kakashi, nose stuck in his book, a cheeky wave being tossed in her direction as he continued to read.

And Naruto, oh Naruto. There he was, his small blue and orange jumpsuit swallowing his form as he jumped around excitedly, a large grin on his face as he called out to her.

"Come on Sakura-chan, we need to go! Pervy sennin said he'd buy us ramen when you got here, so let's go already. I thought Kakashi-sensei was the one who was supposed to keep us waiting, not you~"

"NAAA-RUUUU-TOOOO! DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT!" Breaking out into a run, the anger in her voice was completely displaced by the large watery grin stretching across her lips, a sob breaking through at the last minute as she made her way towards them.

Closer and closer.

Her foot finally hit the old red boards and warm arms instantly wrapped around her, pulling her close as he cooed into her ear comfortingly.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting for so long."

A faint scoff from Sasuke, a perverted giggle from Kakashi and one 'Ugly' from Sai later…

"I'm so sorry."

And everything went white.

She'd never felt so at peace before.
Leaning back on the railing of her apartment's balcony, Sakura let out a loud sigh, her hot tea sitting beside her on the small flower covered table.

"Kiba?" She spoke quietly, her eyes turning to the small partition between their balconies, her side barely distinguishable from all the plants she'd mounted there.

"Yeah?" His muffled reply came, his head peeking out from behind the wall curiously, waiting to see what she wanted.

They'd lived next door to each other since they were children, and had been fast friends ever since.

When Sakura had finally moved out of her parents' home, much to their dismay, she'd found a nice little place close to her new job. It was quiet, it was clean- but most importantly? It was cheap.

And it was an added bonus to have Kiba move in next to her only a few months later.

She called it sweet, he called it the only place he could afford after his mother started nagging.

Sakura knew better though, there were cheaper places further in town, places much closer to where he worked. The fact that he'd moved in next door to her right after someone broke in and stole her laptop didn't help his case either.

He was just looking out for her, as he'd always done.

Letting out a sigh and taking a sip of her drink, she watched him closely from the corner of her eye.

"Kiba, apparently someone's been stealing my WI-FI."

His pace paled slightly, but he gave no other reaction.

"Yeah? Weird…"

"Isn't it? I just got my latest bill actually. I phoned them earlier today and let them know there was a mistake, because I don't even have a laptop right now."

"Y-yeah? Fucking leeches, they'd lie through their teeth for money, I'm telling you."

Defensive? Yes.

"Hmmm, I said the same thing. Believed it too. I even made them look up the log to prove it."

"…" Was that the guilty silence she was looking for? You bet.

"Big tits and dog ears? Really Kiba?"

"…"

"What was the other one…uhh...'Nurse cosplay and-'"

"I'M SORRY, alright?! I'll pay you back, just- just drop it."

"Bunny girls and big-"
"SAKURA!"

"Topless wonders from around the world?"

He was gone now, his face as red as the clan tattoos on his cheeks. Hearing his embarrassed groaning from his side, she smiled to herself and let out the laugh she'd been holding in for hours.

"Seriously though Kiba, if you needed Wi-Fi that badly you could have just asked."

"Yeah, and I would have if your password wasn't so damn easy to figure out."

It was her turn to fall silent now, her eyes widening in surprise as he let out his own cackle.

"And to think that even after all these years, I never knew."
With a light sigh, the young Haruno slowly pulled herself from the ground and staggered into the shade of a nearby tree, her body aching and exhausted from the hours of training she'd been forcing herself to do.

*Weak.*

She felt so *weak.*

Sasuke, Naruto, hell- even *Ino* had left her in the dust recently.

No matter how hard she tried, no matter how much of herself she put into tasks, she just couldn't stand on par with them and it…it hurt.

*Especially since she knew it was her own fault.*

She'd always put her looks, her desires and affection for Sasuke before her training, and now she was paying the price. Now, she was watching her team advance without her, watching the two she respected more than anything take on their next challenge without her.

And there was nothing she could do about it.

No, she'd lost her match against Ino-Well, tied with the girl, but she wasn't advancing either way.

*Nope.*

Here she was, alone in the village while those two went off to get even stronger, to leave her even further behind in the dust.

It hurt…and she hated it.

She hated the feeling, the envious bubble in her stomach, because she knew they'd worked hard for what they had.

It was her own fault she was like this, and she'd deal with the consequences herself.

Train on her own.

Deal with her feelings on her own.

Get stronger on her own.

She didn't need their help.

She didn't *need* them.

The young girl shook her head with a scowl, angry with herself for thinking such things as she muttered quietly, eyeing the empty field around her as she pushed the current thoughts from her mind again.

She couldn't go down that path, just look at where it'd left her and Ino.

No, she didn't want to do that to her team…they were doing a good enough job of tearing up their
bonds without her help.

Another sigh, and she pulled herself up, angrily throwing her fist against the tree in an enraged punch.

"STOP THINKING ABOUT IT!" She yelled to the quiet air around her, the small and unintentional crater she'd left in the tree only irritating her further.

All that hard work, this entire month of training and dragging herself around on pure willpower alone…

Why did she only improve by mere inches where they all gained leaps and bounds?! It wasn't fair, it never had been.

And it was entirely her own fault.

She'd never deny it, even if her heart was looking for a scape goat to take her frustration out on.

Looking back at it now, that one moment had been a turning point for her.

She could have gone either way right then, and it was just…well, bad or good luck, she didn't know. But it was good luck for Obito that he'd stumbled upon her at that moment.

It had been his gentle words, his teasing and antics over the following months that had lured her away and into something she'd never thought possible.

Power? She gained it, fought for it and horded everything she could to try and prove it to herself. Prove that she was strong, that she was Naruto and Sasuke's equal and not to be overlooked.

Friendship? Obito was all she could have asked for and more. From that moment on, from the second he'd learned her sensei's name, he'd been there for her, taught her and brought her up to be the woman she was today. He'd once mentioned that she reminded him of someone, someone he cared deeply for, and that was why he'd fought so hard to get her away from Kakashi in the beginning.

*History*, he'd said over the campfire that night, *had a horrid way of repeating itself.*

She didn't know what he meant at the time, and she still didn't.

But he cared about her wellbeing, her happiness, and that was all she could ask for.

Sakura Haruno had been lured away from her village, and she knew it.

She'd had sweet words and hollow promises whispered in her direction since their first meeting, and she was aware of just how fake some had been.

No, she was completely aware that he was just using her, or had been in the beginning, but she could live with that. She wasn't stupid and never had been.

She was being used by someone, her strings were being pulled by someone far above Obito's power level, someone he didn't even know about right now.

*She* knew it.
But she could live with that, live with being nothing but a puppet-a weapon, because he cared. Obito cared about her, cared about her enough to take on her team. Cared about her enough to keep her safe.

*He cared.*

And she knew it'd only end in tears for one of them, if not both.

"Sakura," The man's all too familiar voice called, dragging her from her thoughts as he readied himself, the war below them reaching an unseen turning point. "Are you ready?"

Taking one last look at his face and feeling a slightly shaky smile crawl to her lips, Sakura gave a nod, her nerves calming only a little as he tentatively cupped her cheek, his thumb stroking her skin lightly before pulling away like she'd burned him.

They'd never gotten any further than that, no matter how much they knew they cared for each other.

Be it mutual fear of loss, or some unknown force keeping them apart. No, they cared, they loved, but they'd never been able to show it.

Never *would* be able to show it.

"Yes." She breathed out, pulling on her gloves as he donned his mask. "I'll give my all for you master, even if it costs me my life."

"Obito. Just…just call me Obito, even if you can only make yourself do it this one time."

"But-"

"Please?"

A pause and the air went still, signalling their cue to intervene.

This was it.

*It was now or never.*

"Thank you, thank you for *everything* Obito."

And she was gone, jumping into the fray and ripping her way through her once friends, doing her all to help her master…her best friend achieve his goal.

She loved him.

Loved him with her all.

"SAKURA NO!"

But there was no happy ending waiting just around the corner.

Sakura knew this fight was to be their last.
"I'll walk you home." Kiba muttered, his cheeks heating slightly as he did his best to look anywhere but the exhausted girl next to him.

"You don't have to, I know you live almost halfway across the village from me, and we did just finish with the preliminaries…" She sounded so tired, but even then her voice was like music to his sensitive ears.

"It doesn't matter. It wouldn't be right to leave you alone like this with so many foreign nin still in the village." *I just want to spend a little more time with you. Please.*' He silently pleaded, moving to help her as she stumbled a little, her pale cheeks flushing as he did so.

Kiba didn't know how long it'd been since he'd fallen for the girl- was it the first day of the academy, her small form so shy and adorable as she stuttered out a greeting? Or when he'd seen her finally standing up for herself? Or was it when she'd given him help with the course work he didn't understand, slightly exasperated, yet happy to help him all the same?

Who knows? He sure didn't.

No, all he was aware of was the fact that she was the one for him- He knew it.

Hell, with the teasing he gotten over the years, he was pretty sure even his mother knew it. (The damn woman always got that smirk on her face when he came home smelling of the pinkette- not listening when he tried to explain that they'd only been paired up for training practice or studying…)

"…Thank you Kiba, really, it means a lot."

"Any time." Now all he had to do was one up the Uchiha and she'd finally notice him, notice that he was the one for her, the one that'd make her feel happy and loved.

"Arf!" Akamaru chimed from his head, the dogs small tail wagging happily as the two genin slowly made their way home, the dog cheering for his now red faced partner to make his move.
Sighing in annoyance as yet another hour passed by with no sign of her blond roommate, Sakura dropped back onto the couch, a pout on her face as she debated the best way to bring this issue up.

*How exactly did you tell your best friend that you were planning to move out and start working in a hospital all the way on the other side of the city?*

The pinkette had no idea, and that just sent her mood deeper into the pits.

’Damn it…I'm sorry Ino. Maybe I should just do it like a band aid? Quick and painless?’ It seemed to be the way to go, as she knew her friend would start overreacting if she gave her time to interject.

So as the unlocked front door slowly creaked open and a very familiar head of long blond hair stumbled in, Sakura decided to just get it over with.

"I'm moving out and starting at Konoha's emergency unit in 3 months, I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner!" She hurried out in a loud voice, wincing as the faintest scent of alcohol wafted to her nose as her friend made her way over.

Oh god…she was-

"You're moving out, un?! *WHY*?!"

That was…*not* Ino.

Quickly snapping into a standing position with the couch between her and the strange man, Sakura let out a quiet squeak, watching as he looked at her, seemingly just as shocked.

"Why would you move out?! *Are you leaving me here alone, un*?!

Shocked for completely different reasons apparently.

And if the slur in his voice was anything to go by, he was…he was well and truly wasted.

"WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!

"WHO THE HELL AM I? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, JUST TELLING ME YOUR MOVING OUT LIKE THAT! How cold hearted do you think I am…*Don't you know I'd miss you*?" His voice was deep, and the sudden pain in it had her drawing a blank, watching as he began to sniffle, his long and dishevelled hair hiding his eyes from her view.

"Uhh….Are….are you okay?" Cautiously she edged around the couch, her hand reaching towards the phone-

-And then he dropped to his knees, his hands hiding his face as he began to sob loudly, his shoulders shaking as he hunched over.

Oh god…

Oh god *oh shit* oh god…

What was she supposed to do now?!
"Uhh, sir? I'm...I'm sorry?"

"Damn right you should be, UN!" He choked out, peaking up at her for a moment before holding in his arms out impatiently, his hands beckoning her towards him. "I can't believe you'd wait until I was drunk before springing this on me!"

Fidgeting slightly as he gave up and began sobbing loudly again, Sakura heaved a pained sigh before edging over towards him, eventually crouching down next to his crumpled form.

Laying a hand on his back tentatively, Sakura slowly began to rub circles, awkwardly murmuring whatever she could think of to comfort him as they sat there in the middle of the room for what seemed like hours.

Eventually though, his crying died down and started to come to a halt, his arms wrapping around her waist as he moved to hug her close, his face pressed against her shoulder as he nuzzled it contently.

"I...I suppose you don't have anyone you want me to call to come get you?"

"No, if I leave then you'll move...you'll move out, un!" She could already hear the tears starting again – oh god oh god oh god. Bad move Sakura.

"No! No I mean, you can stay! See, no moving out- just...just please don't cry..."

And then, with the worst possible timing, the front door opened.

"Ummm, Sakura? Why is there a drunk guy in our apartment, is he a friend of yours?"

"Ino...Ino I need you to get the phone and-"

"SHE'S MOVING OUT! PINKY IS MOVING OUT IN 3 MONTHS AND DIDN'T TELL ME!"

"SAKURA'S WHAT?!"

Great...now she had two hysterical blonds to deal with.

This was not how she planned to spend her night.
"We can share."

What?

"Oi, are you even listening to me you pink haired bitch! I said, we can share."

But...

"Pfft, whatever, I don't fucking care anyway. Do what you want, Just don't think I'll leave any space for you." And with that he shuffled into the tent, a scowl on his face as he zipped the door closed behind him.

Still in shock over her new partner's unusual behaviour, Sakura decided to go have a quick dip in the river, the dry sweat clinging to her skin from their travels now making her uncomfortable.

She didn't know how long she was gone, or how long he'd been laying there, still awake as ever, but when she finally made her way back and shuffled inside to sleep, he simply rolled over and ignored her completely- and odd curse or two slipping from his lips as he grumbled to himself.

That didn't really phase her though.

"…Thank you Hidan."

"Fuck off."

Because he'd forgone the only sleeping bag they had left, leaving it set up for her instead.
He could... he could feel her, feel every subtle emotion that raced through her as he channelled her chakra throughout his body, utilizing every drop he could in order to execute this perfectly...

It was very overwhelming, especially after having denied his own emotions for so long. Before this, he'd honestly been a shell of his former self- just a tool to be used by the right, or wrong, person.

But now... now, as her determination, her love and care for everyone itched at the back of his mind- Obito had no clue how he'd ever lived without it.

And once it was over?

It wasn't really over.

He could still feel her throughout that last battle, even though they were no longer connected via chakra. He could feel her worry, her worry for him-Obito Uchiha, the man who'd only just tried to kill them all-, and as absurd as it sounded, he worried for her as well.

Obito worried, and fretted, and tried to get up to help- even though he knew he couldn't so much as lift an arm in their direction. He tried.

He tried for her.

For the girl- his old teammate's student, not his teammate himself, though that would have made much more sense to the downed man.

No, nothing had made sense to him, not since he'd felt that rush of emotion, of pure innocent intention what seemed to flood him hours ago now.

So yes, he tried for the girl he didn't know. He tried, and he held on, and he fought- because he...he needed to make sure she was okay. That she made it out okay...

And she did.

She did, and the first thing she did was rush to him, her hands glowing with what little chakra she had left, her face worried as green eyes silently pleaded with his own.

'Don't give up.'

And if it was for her? He wouldn't.

Why, he didn't know, but as her chakra moved to slowly mend his most fatal wounds, he felt...

Peaceful.

For once, after years of hatred and loathing and anger- he felt peaceful.

Relaxed.

And the small smile she shot him before passing out told him she knew.

That she felt him, just as much as he felt her...
'Don't give up.'

He wouldn't, he wouldn't let this peace, let her and her care slip away if he had anything to say about it.
"You're really soft." His fingers absentmindedly trailed across her arm, his hooded eyes following their path intently.

And of course she was soft, especially when compared to his cold, puppet inspired body.

She never complained about his cold touch though, never suggested that he change himself back, never asked him to make adjustments that he knew would make her more comfortable.

No, she…she always told him that she liked him just the way he was.

"I know." He could feel the heat seeping into his form as she wrapped her arms around him, and he couldn't resist doing the same to her, his slightly larger form pulling her close, unconsciously desperate for the comfort she seemed to radiate from her very being.

He loved holding her close like this, feeling her heat seeping into him without a word spoken between them. It almost made him feel human again, and though he'd never admit to it, he sometimes found himself longing for a real body.

_A body to kiss her with, one that wouldn't make her feel awkward._

_A body to hold her with, one that could keep her warm at night when he felt her shiver against him._

_A body to love her with, to have children with- to grow old with her despite his misgivings about the idea._

But he just couldn't bring himself to- and he knew she didn't mind at all. She cared for him all the same, liked him despite his man made shell.

"I…I…" _Love you_ Those were the words he so desperately wanted to say, yet his cold body held him back, creating a barrier he knew she didn't care about in the least.

"I know."
Gunpoint (Kiba/Sakura)

3 days.

He'd had this job for 3 days, and he was already being held at gunpoint.

…not that he really minded, he was planning on hitting the vault himself next week anyway.

"You are absolutely gorgeous." He muttered as the pink haired woman before him, (his age if he had to guess) raised a brow at in his direction, her bright green eyes locking with his own dark ones as she pulled out another empty bag. "No, no, sorry ignore me keep putting the money in the bag you're doing great."

"I-I…what?" She stuttered, a confused note lining her voice as she did so, her body edging back towards the door as the arm holding the gun on him shook slightly.

Must have been her first time.

Cute.

"Nothing. Just…you may wanna split soon. No doubt one of the guys you came in with tripped the silent alarm." And hell, Kiba had no idea why, but he really didn't want to see her hauled off in cuffs.

"Why are you helping me damn it?! I'm robbing you!"

"Let me tag along and I'll tell you the whole story."

"…"

"Side door. it's the only one that won't lead to an open area."

"…"

"The others are going to be locked out with everyone else the second the cops storm the place, meaning we can slip off alone. With all the money."

"…fine, but don't slow me down."

Kiba smirked then, his sharp teeth glinting in the light as he watched her lower her arm, carelessly throwing the backpack full of cash over her shoulder.

"Wouldn't dream of it."

Oh yes, this was going to be fun, especially if she kept blushing like that.
"Sakura-"

"Take it."

"Sakura, yeah, I'm still mad at-"

"This is an apology pizza. Please take it or I'll start crying right here." Deidara fought the urge to look around his art class, already knowing they were watching intently.

*Damn gossip spreading bastards.*

The pinkette standing timidly before him fidgeted slightly, more than likely feeling their gazes too. He knew she would have preferred to do this somewhere more private, but he *had* been avoiding her he supposed…

"Please?" He could hear the distress in her voice now, and with the way she was hiding behind her bangs, he just knew she was tearing up.

"Fine, yeah. But just promise not to throw anymore of my sculptures out the window." He finally voiced, a sigh leaving him as his lips tugged upwards into a soft smile, his visible eye softening as he really looked at her.

God he'd put her through hell this week, and all over a stupid lump of clay he would have thrown out anyway. She just looked so ragged right now, so tired and upset….he felt like such an overreacting *bastard* right now.

He'd have to make it up to her, show her that he still loved her no matter how many silly little arguments they had.

She sniffled slightly before looking up at him with a small smile, the pizza left forgotten at his work station, her hands moving to fidget with one another.

"Only if you promise not to make anymore of me naked. Naruto came over and he saw it and I overreacted and-"

Lips finding her own lightly, he kissed her, savouring the feeling after having been without it for the last week.

'God I love you, you wonderfully irritating woman.'
"Be careful." Sakura muttered, her eyes tearing slightly as the blonde simply grinned back at her, as carefree as ever despite the situation. "Please."

*There were so many things she wanted to say, to scream, to confess through sobbing cries.*

*Anything to keep him from doing this alone...*

"I promise Sakura-chan, you don't need to worry so much!"

*Anything to keep him from leaving her here.*

"Just...just come back okay? Come back when this is all over, and I'll shout us ramen- however much you want.” He seemed to clue on then, his grin falling from his face as he looked at her seriously, a soft look coming to his eyes as he wordlessly brought a hand to her cheek, his thumb caressing her skin for a moment.

"Sakura-chan, you know I'd never do anything to make you cry. I'll be back soon, I swear."

Then he was gone, and her words finally found their way from her throat.

"Please don't leave me alone."
"I love you, you know that right?"

She knew that, of course she did.

"And I want to spend the rest of my life with you-"

…What?

Rolling over tiredly, the sleep muddled pinkette squinted over at the figure laying next to her, blinking slowly as her eyes adjusted to the darkness of the room.

"I love you…"

"Obito?" His mumbling didn't stop, but the loud snore he gave following his little 'confession' had her lips twitching in amusement, a tired giggle escaping her as she shook her head.

Only Obito would go as far as confessing his love to her in his damn sleep…Amazing really.

Not that big of a shock though, considering that they'd been together for about 3 years at this point.

"Sakuraaaa~"

Reaching over and soothingly running her fingers along his jaw, Sakura murmured back quietly, trying to quieten him down a little so she could go back to sleep.

"Obito, I know you love me but shhh, I'm tired."

"-Telling me to be quite-….T-Trying to ask-…"

"Shhh…"

"Don't tell me to be quiet…-" he whined, another garbled snore escaping him as his arms wound around her middle, unconsciously pulling her against his body as he nuzzled into her hair. "I'm trying to ask you-"

"Obi-"

"-To marry me and you tell me to be quiet? Meaaaannnn…"

"…?!"

Poor Obito didn't understand why she was so flustered the next day, especially when he'd told her he was going to meet up with Ino to do some shopping.

Ino had sworn not to tell her best friend about helping him pick a ring though…so what was going on?

Kissing the blushing pinkette one last time, Obito grinned down at her, his arms pulling her close as Ino waited impatiently outside.

"I love you, you know that right?" She didn't bother to respond immediately, a soft smile coming to her lips as she buried her flustered face into the material of his shirt instead.
"I know, I love you too."
All she could do was stare in awe, her small cheeks a bright red as the dark haired teen grinned down at her, a slightly scolding look in his eyes.

"Hey Itachi, I caught a fairy!" The boy joked, his friend simply watching blankly as her saviour softly set her on her feet, moving to kneel before her so he could see into her slightly shielded eyes. "I almost didn't see you up there, that's some pretty good camouflage you've got going on."

Up there- meaning the Cherry blossom tree she'd been hiding out it. It was in full bloom too, and Sakura knew he wasn't joking when he said he hadn't seen her.

She always hid in Sakura trees when they were in bloom.

No one found her, no one teased her- it was safe.

…Up until she'd slipped and fallen out of course, but this man had caught her in the nick of time.

"T-Thank you, for…for catching me I mean." Sakura stuttered slightly, her wide eyes watching him as he bashfully brushed her thanks off, one of his hands playfully ruffling her hair as he stood one more.

"It's no problem. Not every day you catch a cute little fairy, now is it? Better be careful next time though,or you could really hurt yourself."

"…okay, I will be." She wouldn't, but he didn't need to know that, cute or not.

"Hmmm…I'll make a deal with you kid." Oh god, he knew she was lying, didn't he?! Sakura sweat dropped slightly, her eyes avoiding his as he reached forward to brush the hair from her face. "I know you're going to go right back up there once we leave, so if you call me 'Shisui-sensei' every time we meet from now, I'll show you a sweet little trick to keep you in that tree."

"…"

"Shisui, stop."

"Oh come off it Itachi, you saw that little chakra control display when she fell just like I did. Might as well show her how to do it properly so she can be safe. It'll only take a few minutes to explain then we can leave her to it!"

"O-Okay, Shisui-sensei!" Sakura forced out, her face flaming hot as he beamed down at her, shooting a smug look to his friend.

"Oh my god you're so adorable. I'm keeping her Itachi, and you can't stop me!"

"This is kidnapping Shisui."

Sakura really didn't know what to think, but…she kind of liked happy teen before her, he made her feel butterflies in her stomach.
“Naruto knocked me up” She stated, voice shocked as the broken plastic was pulled from her hand by Tsunade, the older woman ‘tsk’ing under her breath before loudly dismissing the meeting her apprentice had just barged into the middle of.

This was going to be all over the village by sundown.

“Well, He IS a jinchuuriki Sakura-“

“But I’m using a jutsu- he shouldn’t even be able to-“ Tsunade’s hand slammed down on the desk between them, the battered wood miraculously holding up to the beating.

“As I was saying. He’s a jinchuuriki Sakura, I’m not surprised this happened. Higher metabolism, slight characteristics of the tailed beast they house- and unfortunately for you- a rather….high fertility and resistance to birth control. both the ones they use and the ones their partner uses. From the tests we’ve done their bodies seem to confuse it with poison so their chakra burns through it- in their partners case, if they have a deep enough emotional attachment they unconsciously do the same for them. Well, at least you know the brat really does love you."

“WHY DID NO ONE TELL ME THIS!“

“Why do you think I gave you that reading packet when I found out you’d gotten together?“

“Well…“

“SAKURA-CHAN IS WHAT?!“ Came echoing from the village outside, Naruto’s voice seemingly the loudest thing she’d ever heard as she felt his chakra suddenly rushing towards her location.

“Congratulations, at least you’re getting married anyway so I don’t need to threaten him too much.“
Dare (Uchiha/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request: UchiSaku in which Sakura has to walk in the Uchiha Compound wearing just a red bikini with the clan symbol on it, and Sasuke earns a lot of money of thankfull relatives. "She will never bet against Sasuke again."

Shisui- well, Shisui only got a glimpse of her as she entered the compound, and it was like every dream he’d ever had just came true.

“Shisui, good morning.”

Shisui wasn’t ashamed to admit he tripped over his own feet, landing face first on the ground with a confused yet awed look stuck on his face. He stayed there for the next ten minutes.

–

Itachi had been clued in by Sasuke, but that didn’t stop the soft blush from filling his cheeks as the embarrassed woman tried to walk by as confidently as she could, her back straight and pace determined yet her cheeks beat red and lower lip caught between her teeth nervously.

“Good morning Sakura-san."

“ITachi-good morning, what’s quickest route to loop around the compound?”

“Keep going straight and take second left."

“Thank you! I’ll see you at training later on!”

That was a lie. The second left would mean she’d be walking by the other side of their home in ten minutes instead of five…

His little brother owed him for this.

–

Fugaku took one look at her from his office then moved on.

Then came back a second time, his eyes furrowed, his entire face turning bright red before he slammed the doors closed with a scandalized look.

Mikoto found this hilarious (having been the one sew the small clan symbol on the bikini for her youngest son…anything for those potential pink haired children to be running around)

–

Madara had been half asleep, dozing contently in the sun when she’d tried to walk by unnoticed- his eyes slowly raking her form from head to toe before raising a brow at her in question.

“Sasuke. “
“Ah, I see. Don’t let me stop you then.”

And if his eyes trailed a little lower than necessary as she walked away? Well, Izuna needed a rather compelling play by play of this sight late on and he didn’t want to miss a detail.

It’s only fair that his sharingan flickered to life so he could memorize how she looked, all flustered and shy and wearing their clans symbol like it was made for her (and oh it definitely was. He’d have to see about getting her more clothing with it featured- as a sign of good will of course… she was under their protection so it made sense.)

(later that evening poor Izuna near had a heart attack at the picture his brother painted, his older brother near purring as he detailed exactly how well the suit fit the young woman, and try as he might, he just couldn’t find the will to tell him to stop.)

—

Obito.

Well Obito took one look at her and choked on his breakfast, eyes wide and face flushed guiltily as he watched her saunter by his kitchen window.

Kakashi was going to kill him.

And if he stuck his head outside to get a better view- just….just to be sure that really was Sakura- his medic- well…

“Oh my god…”

Yeah, Kakashi was going to kill him.

But damnnnn

Worth it.

—

Kagami…Poor Kagami ended up following her around after seeing her- his broad form appearing and blocking her from view every time someone walked by- his face red and turned away as he stuttered and tried to cover her.

“I can’t Kagami- I lost a bet and I’ll own the consequences!”

“But- just please put it on, please Sakura.”

“Nope, no can do, I’m most done.”

She swore the noise he made was a whimper.

The end was in sight though, the entrance to the compound coming into view, and in her joy she nearly started skipping as she eyed Sasuke smugly, daring him to say she backed out as her hips swung confidently from side to side.

Kagami’s soul left his body.

—
“Did she actually do it?“

“Oh yeah.“

“Damn, what happened?“

“Madara said it was good for the clans morale and gave me a fund to bet against her again at our next team dinner.“
Request: Could you do a gangster Madara and prison doctor or probation officer Sakura? Love your fics btw!!

“Hey Doc, how’s your day going?”

“Jesus Christ Madara what the hell did you do!?” Sakura exclaimed as the guards basically dragged the bleeding man through the door and secured him to the nearest bed- leaving to stand outside of the room shortly after.

*There was so much blood*

“I may have gotten stabbed again."

“This is the **SECOND** time this month! Hold this against your arm for me would you? Thanks” Checking the cut as he went to put pressure on it, Sakura sighed, shaking her head lightly as she tried to calm her heart rate down “You’ll be the death of me, I swear. You’re the only one they drag in bleeding every other week. Good news though, it’s not too bad of a wound, a few stitches and you’ll be fine."

“Aw Sakura, don’t be so quick to get rid of me, you know you’re the highlight of my week~“ The unruly haired man asked, his tone smooth and his voice deep- a rumble that sent pleasant shivers down her spine whenever she heard it. “Tell you what, when Izuna finally gets things sorted out and I’m set to walk, I’ll take you on a real date. Flowers and everything, no guards, no blood, no fights. Just you and me, and a night filled with whatever you’d like to do as thanks for taking such good care of me.”

“Well, depending on the state of the man who did this to you, you may be in here a bit longer yet. I’ll take a rain check thanks.“ She sarcastically intoned, pulling on her gloves and getting to work as she pulled a tray over to begin cleaning his arm.

“Oh, there’s a reason they brought me here alone- do you think I’d willingly share my time with you? They were getting ready to bag him up to bring him to Orochimaru when I was dragged out.“ She paused, a chill going through her body as his words sunk in.

She’d…forgotten to follow that advice, he was just so easy to talk to sometimes…

‘Don’t show him you’re scared Sakura, just bite your tongue and send him on his way’ T sunade’s advice echoed through her mind, her mentor having noticed his attention fixating on the young woman after his first appointment with the pinkette.

She’d…forgotten to follow that advice, he was just so easy to talk to sometimes…

“Madara…You need to stop this. You’ve shown me that you have the potential to be a good man- a
great one even.”

“But would I get to see you again if I did that?”

“...at least stop injuring so many people, my beds have been filled recently and if I have to listen to one more person complain about getting jumped I’ll go mad.”

“Oh I can do that for you, you should have said something sooner.” A sharp grin filled her vision as she looked up, his eyes watching her intently as she went about stitching him up. “I don’t like to share anyway.”
First Kiss (Ino/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Ino Yamanaka’s first kiss had been with Sakura Haruno.

Ino Yamanaka’s first kiss had been with Sakura Haruno.

So had her second

And her third.

…and her fourth…and fifth.

The first had been when they were little, as a childish greeting followed by “Yes Sakura-chan, the bow really does suit you, you look pretty!” (Ino was later told by her rather amused father that no— you kiss friends on the cheek not the lips as a greeting.)

The second had been when they were older, having graduated from the academy— that one had been a complete accident, both the girls walking away red faced and unable to form words. Ino had gone to confront Sakura about her apparent A rank mission, and…alright so Sakura had tripped trying to act all cool, and rival or not, Ino had gone to catch her. and she had. with her mouth. (she tasted Sakura’s strawberry lip gloss for weeks afterwards.)

The third? Okay, that one hadn’t been an accident. But Sakura could have died during that mission and Ino had been so scared, especially when she’d been told her ‘rival’ was in the hospital after chasing after a murderous bloodthirsty psychopath who liked to turn people into puppets with her team and team Gai. That pink haired idiot. An Akatsuki member, really?! So what if she’d cried? And so what if she’d hugged the life out of her friend, not paying any attention to her pained complaints Sakura had whined out playfully?…and so what if she’d grabbed her face and kissed her soundly on the lips before taunting her and storming out of the room to go see Shikamaru—leaving the flustered and sputtering Sakura behind.

Their fourth kiss? It’d been one full of tears and “Sasuke-kun” and “I tried to kill him Ino please don’t hate me”. She’d replied similarly, holding the girl close, murmuring softly against her lips “It’s okay, are you hurt?” and “Don’t you ever put yourself in danger like that again you idiot.”

The fifth kiss. Well, that had been the day the war officially ended. Ino had walked right up in front of everyone—Long dead Hokage, the ninja alliance and everyone she’d ever known watching her as she did so. She’d grabbed the dirty and injured pinkette by her arms, and just…kissed her. Kissed her until she was breathless and Naruto started cheering. “God damn it forehead, stop doing stupid things you fucking idiot.” “Love you too Ino”
“I’d like it if you stayed.” Shisui whispered as a flush crawled up his face, his lips just far enough away to avoid lightly brushing her own as one of his hands lightly cupped her cheek, the other holding himself steady as he tried to prop himself up higher on the bed despite her protests.

Somehow, she just knew he wasn’t talking about staying in the room with him while the medic looked him over.

Dirty and injured as he was, he was nothing if not determined to get his point across, that point being-

“Sakura.” She could feel her face flush as she looked into his hooded eyes, her breath catching in her throat as they watched her intently, his thumb lightly stroking the soft skin of her face as he continued to speak. “You’ve been a lot of things to me over the years I’ve known you. First you were little Sasuke’s teammate who cried too much, yet still managed to make me smile with your unwillingness to give up. Then you were a teammate of my own who liked to lecture me about taking breaks, someone who had my back no matter how bad things looked.”

There was a pause, her eyes falling shut as her heartbeat thudded loudly in her ears, her face only feeling hotter and she was sure she looked a mess right now. Covered in dirt and scratched and sweat, bedraggled and a mess from the mission they’d just gotten back from. Yet here was Shisui—wonderful, kind, handsome Shisui, acting as if she somehow got him as flustered as she currently felt.

“Then you were a friend, someone I could trust with anything—someone I could turn to at any hour of the day or night. You’re why I work so hard to protect this village, why I drag myself home as fast as I can after every mission—just because I know you’ll be here waiting to check me over with that smile of yours…to welcome me home again. You make everything I’ve been through, everything I’ve done for this village worth it.”

“S—Shisui…“

“I know Tsunade-sama told you about the offer Suna made, for you to go there for a year and help train their medics…“ His breath fanned her face lightly, his voice shaking slightly as he took a moment to compose himself. “I’ve never asked this village for anything for my service. Never complained, never turned down a mission or questioned orders. I’ve never really wanted anything before…anyone. But Sakura, can I please be selfish just this once?”

His voice was quiet, almost unsure as he slowly came to rest his forehead against her own, his dark eyes falling closed as he did so.

“I know it’s a lot to ask of you, but I’d like it if you would stay here in Konoha, just…just for me if nothing else…“
“I love you Sakura, please stay.”
Trouble (Obito/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request: “How the actual hell did you manage to cause this much trouble in 5 minutes?!” Obisaku!! (I'll never let you go)

“How the actual hell did you manage to cause this much trouble in 5 minutes?!”

To be fair, this was Team 7 he was asking, but looking around the training field, even Obito had to take pause.

“Hn” Scorch marks and still burning shrubs littered the area, kunai and ninja wire still strung and scattered about between trees.

“Oh, hey Obito! I totally kicked the bastards ass, Believe it!” Broken trees scattered the area, some little more than twigs while others looked as if they’d been thrown clear across the field, roots and all still intact.

“Did you get lunch while you were looking for Kakashi-sensei?” Speaking of the field, the only part that looked to still be intact was the area they were seated in- Sakura sprawled out between the two boys, all of them dusty and sweat covered yet looking silently smug as if they’d done no wrong in tearing this place to pieces.

“Just…how??How did you manage this?? I didn’t even hear anything and i was just- Just over there….”

Monsters.

Kakashi had raised monsters.

“Come on over, Kakashi won’t be here for another hour or two yet so you might as well make yourself comfortable.” Sakura invited, waving him over as her teammates (the blonde in particular) made a show of groaning and muttering to themselves, ignoring her sharp look.

Alright, so he probably deserved that- the two did know about his not so innocent interest in the pinkette.

She was cute, and kind, and invited him over for dinner every other day once she’d seen how much takeout he lived on these days…

And yes, okay so that did mean he was intruding on ‘Team Dinners’- he just hadn’t thought the others would be so put out by it…

…maybe it was the flirting…

Okay, yeah it was. He wasn’t even smooth about it- it was like he was a kid all over again and couldn’t even form a coherent sentence when she smiled at him like she currently was.

“A-alright, but you three are-“
A kunai lightly grazed his cheek as he took a step forward, the hidden wire under his foot snapping up and sending him flying as he was strung upside down, swinging lightly from side to side as he flailed about in embarrassment, only just catching a glimpse of Kakashi seated in the tree above him, smug satisfaction seeming to radiate from the man as he flipped another page in his book.

“Yo”

“BAKASHI!!“
Perfume (Shisui/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request: ShisuiXSakura "look I’m glad you have a healthy sex life and all but will you please try not to pierce a hole through my ceiling with your bed thanks"

3am.

It was 3am and Hatake Kakashi was done with life.

Sluggishly walking towards his upstairs neighbors door, the copy nin sighed to himself lowly and sleepily dragged a hand through his hair, the other coming to knock lightly on the door before him *(not lightly at all, the door shook in all honesty)*.

The hall was dark, and finally- *Finally* his trained ears heard the low creaking of Shisui’s bed stop and light footsteps scramble around.

Look, he was happy for the Uchiha, he really was- but it was 3am and he’d been trying to sleep for hours, having just gotten home from a mission that took way more out of him than it should have.

Maybe he was getting old….

*Nah.*

Eyes closed tiredly, Kakashi sighed to himself, trying his best not to sound too irritated as the door finally opened before him.

Shisui deserved to be happy, but honestly.

“Look Shisui, I’m glad you have a healthy sex life and all but will you please try not to-” He stopped.

A familiar perfume teased his nose.

“K-Kakashi-sensei?”

*Why* was his cute little-yet-not-so-little-anymore student here?

“Sakura.“

Wearing a tooo big shirt.

Smelling of a soon to be dead Uchiha.

“Uhh…I didn’t know you lived in this complex Sensei…“

His brain ceased to function for a moment, yet one thought managed to worm through as he stood there frozen in silent horror, recalling the sounds he’d been forced to listen to for the last few hours.

*Shisui Uchiha was going to be a dead man come morning.*
Request:056: "I jokingly told you that the only way I’d marry you was if you did this weird outlandish thing, and you actually did it, and I’m kind of charmed."
ShisuiXSakura

“Shisui…i’m, uh, very charmed you actually did that, but…”

“That’s the last of them too, so now you have every single one! Though they still don’t compare to your beauty, oh favorite doctor of mine!~” He commented in a ‘matter of fact’ tone, his charmingly crooked grin making her cheeks flair with colour as she looked at her office, then back outside to the now empty garden.

“Shisui, i know i said i’d marry you if you picked every flower in the gardens here, but…this has to be some kind of crime- and you’re meant to be bedridden! How did you even manage that?! What will your family think when they find out you’ve been messing around and potentially making your condition worse!” Sakura started, her hands coming up to cover her face, trying in vain to hide the smile his antics brought upon her. “Alright, back to your room. Now. I don’t want Tsunade finding you up and about before i have time to clean all this up.”

“Fine fine, I’m going! Oh, and I know for a fact that the family would approve…” he started as he slipped out the door, his voice picking up in volume so the passing nurses could hear. “Fugaku is already planning our wedding, though Mikoto keeps telling him to let her handle it.”
Chapter Summary

Request: ‘you’re that one emo ass neighbor i had for years but never talked with but what do you mean you’ve been in the police force for years????’ kind of thing? …i’m bad at making prompts sorry

Sakura had always done her best to avoid her neighbor, the man looking much to sketchy for her to be comfortable with. From his long, often un-brushed hair (from the few times she saw him picking up his mail), to his near constant scowl and love of dark, stained t-shirts- even how he came and went (more like skulked) at all hours of the day and night… everything about him screamed ‘off’ to her.

And now, stuck in their apartments elevator with said man, Sakura did her best to glue herself to the wall and pray that maintenance fixed this mess up sooner rather than later.

“Miss Haruno correct?” the man finally spoke, his rumpled appearance and ample amounts of groceries taking up more space than she wished he would. “from the apartment next to mine?”

“Uhh, yeah, yeah that’s me. Sakura Haruno, nice to meet you…? I’m sorry, I never got your name?“ Somewhat embarrassed to admit it after living next to him for 4 years, she mumbled, her eyes doing their best to avoid his own curious ones.

“Officer Madara Uchiha. It’s nice to finally meet you miss Haruno, I apologize for my appearance, I’ve just gotten off a 48 hour shift and wanted to relax. It seems to be that way every time i do manage to run into you.” he sounded like he was pouting of all things as he said this, but Sakura was much to shocked by what he’d just told her.

“Wait, you’re a cop?!”

“Of a sort, is it really that shocking? I must have left a bad impression…”

“Wow. jeez, and here I though you sold drugs for 4 years!”

“…excuse me?”

“I said that out loud, didn’t I? Fuck.”
Chapter Summary

Request: "Thinks they can do something really well even though they can’t" Obisaku
*looking at you moving tail and with puppy eyes*

“Sakura…I really think we should just hire a genin team to-” Obito started, looking at his heavily pregnant wife as she struggled to pull the weeds from ‘her’ garden.

He really should have listened to Kakashi and helped her find a better hobby…

“No, no I can do it just fine okay?” She huffed moodily, playfully glaring at him as she tugged fruitlessly at the un-moving plant. “Maybe if I just- **TUG**- Use a little- **Pull**- Chakra-”

“SAKURA NO NOT AGAIN!”

**CRACK**

“Oh…oh god, not the fence again.” Obito moaned, hands coming up to cover his face, trying in vain to hide the amused smile he couldn’t stop from showing.

“…Sorry…”

“It’s alright, I’ll go tell Naruto to send the next team he can. Until then, why don’t we get you inside, you know Tsunade said you should be careful.”

“Yeah, **careful**, not wrapped in bubble wrap Obito geeze.”

“Well you cant blame me, I just worry.”

“I know, I know.”

“I love you Sakuraaaa~” The taller man sang out as he helped his wife up, not minding the dirt she was covered in, as she slowly wrapped her arms around his waist, her head falling against his chest lightly.

“Love you too you big sap, now do we still have-”

“The fried dish you like? Yeah, I just ordered some more.”
Chapter Summary

Request: How about SasoSaku with the prompt "Dude, add like a box of cereal or something. Only buying a knife set and trash bags makes you look guilty as fuck"

Looking at the red heads cart, Sakura couldn’t help but sigh, her lips pulling up into a small grin as she shook her head in exasperation.

“Dude, add like a box of cereal or something. Only buying a knife set and trash bags makes you look guilty as fuck.” She mumbled out quietly as she crept up behind him, the red head jumping slightly in shock before turning to look at her with a scowl, his eyes darting around to make sure no one else was present as the girl began to rant, her arms flailing lightly as she glared at him playfully.

“Haruno.”

“Don’t you ‘Haruno’ me Sasori, do you have any idea how many calls i’ve gotten tonight about you? First it’s Hidan gloating about driving you out of the dorm, then it’s Itachi telling me you borrowed his car without asking, and then-Then I get a call from Deidara telling me to find you before you did something stupid.”

“…Tch.” His glare slowly fell as she went on and on, Sakura not noticing the fondness as it crept into his eyes-as usual. He cared for the girl, he really did, but god help him if he could ever find a way to tell her that without her friends jumping for his head.

“-and then after 2 hours of looking all over the place, I find you here! Sasori, I love you man, but childhood friend or not I’m still kicking your ass.” She finished in a huff, blowing a few strands of pink hair from her face as she did so.

Flushing a dark red, Sasori quickly spun back around, his eyes glaring ahead as he attempted to calm his flaming cheeks, his hands grasping his cart as he quickly made his way down the aisle with Sakura trailing behind persistently.

“…What do you want Sakura?”

“Why are you out so late Sasori, I was worried…Last time you did something like this I didn’t see you for 2 weeks!”

“…Hidan somehow got a hold of some…half naked pictures of you from our last beach trip.”

“…Sasori, why-”

“He plastered them all over the dorm.” And good god the poor red head hadn’t been able to handle it, leaving near immediately as the white haired man cackled loudly about ‘lovestruck puppet bastards’. “I’m sorry for worrying you though, I didn’t mean to.”

“I know you didn’t. How about we put this stuff back and we can go home- you can crash at my place for the night and we’ll go sort out Hidan tomorrow. I’m sure if you tell Pein he’s making you uncomfortable he’ll do something about it.”
“…”

“Sasori, please?”

“Okay. Okay fine.”

“And we should go give Itachi his car back too.”

“Fine.”
Money (Madara/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request: Would you be able to do MadaSaku with the prompt?: You are absolutely gorgeous. No, no, sorry ignore me keep putting the money in the bag you’re doing great.

Sakura knew working part time this late at night was a bad idea, but hey, you do crazy things when you have student loans screaming to be paid.

And crazy things can sometimes lead to near life or death situations apparently.

Watching the familiar blue skinned man hold a knife to her coworkers throat, Sakura had to fight back a sigh, silently wondering just how she’d deal with this later on.

it wasn’t too often you knew one of the people robbing you after all-and she’d know that man anywhere, he was one of her friends after all. Two years friendship and she could spot the shark obsessed man in her sleep- just who was he trying to fool here?

“Sorry for the trouble miss, we just want the money. No one needs to get hurt here.”

And then there was Itachi.

For gods sake, did they think she was an idiot or something? He used to babysit her, Naruto and Sasuke on a regular basis- hell, he’d helped her with her project not a week ago.

And here he was with Kisame and some other people she couldn’t quite place, holding up her coworker, apparently not having noticed her standing in the doorway to the staff room behind them.

“Is there anyone else here tonight?” A new, older voice asked. Her coworker shakily sobbed, not paying attention to him as the man continued to empty the register. “I won’t ask again.”

Sakura sighed once more before coughing loudly, all heads present whipping around to face her in an instant.

“Dude. So not cool. Do I go and shake down your place of work? NO.”

All heads whipped around then, but Sakura’s eyes were glued to the older man at the register, her cheeks flushing slightly as she caught sight of his rather...handsome face.

And looks in general.

God damn it why were all the guys she knew hot? It's wasn’t fair.

“Oh wow, you’re gorgeous…”

“Pardon me?”

“Huh? OH- oh, no, no, don’t mind me at all. Sorry, ignore me keep putting the money in the bag you’re doing great.”
“Miss-”

“SAKURA! Long time no see, I didn’t know you worked here! What a coincidence…” Oh Kisame, you strangely wonderful man you. Only you could try and make a robbery seem like a get together.

“Kisame, you know this girl?”

“Yeah, yeah Itachi does too. She’s one of Sasuke’s friends- the one Mikoto always tries to get stay over. Ours too, she’s the one who I got to help re-wire the getaway van last month.”

“…” Getaway van?

“Ah I see, nice to meet you Miss Sakura, I’m Sasuke’s uncle. I hope you don’t mind the intrusion, we’ll be on our way shortly.”

Why did this always happen to her?

“I don’t suppose young Sasuke has asked you to join us for dinner next week has he? If not, please feel free to drop by, I know Mikoto would love to see you again.”

Yep, looks like she’d have to quit this job as well. First Naruto ruins her job at the cafe, then Sasuke gets her fired from the library- now this.

“I’m going home.”
Chloroform (Kisame/Sakura-Akatsuki/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request: Hi! I was wondering if you wouldn't mind doing a KisaSaku Chloroform prompt? It could also be an AkaSaku if that's easier :)

Pulling his phone from his pocket, Kisame sent a grin to the others in the room, none of them minding all too much as they knew that ringtone off by heart and had it programmed into their own phones.

Sakura was calling.

“Hey Pinky.” Quietly pressing the speaker as Pein shot him an annoyed look, Kisame rolled his eyes and set the phone onto the table. There was no privacy here when talking to her, everyone wanted to know what was going on.

The girl had no idea how popular she was with him and his ‘friends’.

“Heyyyyyy, I’m not interrupting anything, am I?”

*Only a meeting but whatever. “No, what’s up?”*

“So, I have an itty bitty question to ask you- hypothetically of course.”

“Errr….ask away?”

“So, hypothetically speaking, would you be able to get me some chloroform? I’m asking for a friend.”

“…uhh.-” looking to the others blankly, he had no idea what to say. Here was Sakura, sweet sweet little Sakura who he’d known for almost a year now, the same Sakura who he’d seen help a little old lady across the road-

Sasori rifled around in his pockets for a moment before pulling out a small bottle, nodding to him before lightly setting it on the table and sliding it over to the larger man.

‘Chloroform’ was neatly written across the top.

He didn’t want to know what the read head had been planning to do with that.

“- yeah, hypothetically, let’s say that I can and it’s sitting right in front of me. What the hell would your ‘friend’ need it for anyway?”

“Well…uhh, so, you remember Naruto right?”

The blond friend of hers that they were trying to kidnap, yes. “Mmmhmm?”

“Well, Sasuke kinda dared him to break into one of the professors homes, and stupidly, he did.”

“Right.”
“And the professor was home you see.”

“Okay.”

“And he kind of saw Naruto and started yelling and got so angry-”

“Alright…”

“and we may or may not have him tied up in his kitchen right now.”

“…Sakura-”

“and we need to move him because if Naruto gets in trouble again he’s going to be expelled- and we can’t let that happen! So we need a way to knock him out for a bit while we stuff him into Sasuke’s car and-”

“-Sakura-”

“I don’t know what to do! Naruto’s an idiot but he’s my best friend- but if someone finds out about this we’ll be in so much trouble and NARUTO GRAB HIS LEGS DAMN IT DON’T LET HIM GET UP AGAIN! SASUKE I SWEAR TO GOD IF THAT’S HIS WALLET YOU HAVE I’LL BE SO ANGRY!”

“We’ll be over there in ten minutes, just tie him up and leave. We’ll take care of the rest.”

“But I didn’t even tell you where we-”

Click- call ended.

“…Sooo….who’s tagging along?”

“…God damn I love that woman!”

“Shut UP Hidan, yeah.”

“Meeting adjourned.”
Request: GaaSaku For the Laundromat Criminal prompt?

Ignoring the only other occupant of the room, Gaara resolutely tried not to think about what she was doing, or where all the money had come from.

No, it was 4am, and it was the only chance he’d get to do his laundry before the place got busy again.

Who cares is the dryer next to his was loaded with cash and not clothing and-

Was that blood?

No.

No, just ignore it.

Humming continued to fill the air quietly as the woman read one of the old magazines someone had left behind. He didn’t know how she could be so calm about this- washing ridiculous amounts of money without so much as batting an eye at the other occupant in the room, all the while sitting next to him and scoffing at something in the gossip columns.

How often did this happen for her to be so nonchalant about the entire situation?

Gaara honestly didn’t know if he was impressed or disturbed.

No-no, just do your laundry and leave. Who cares, it’s not your business anyway.

A loud buzz filled the air and the woman next to him shifted, casually dropping the magazine onto the bench before moving over to the dryer, her rather tattered duffel bag already open and waiting as she began shifting the money into it as tidily as she could. And then she was done and walking by him to the exit, her smile turning into a small grin as she caught his eye.

“Nice boxers buddy.”

Alright, so he had been sitting next to her in only his boxers, but she’d been doing something much stranger so she had no room to comment.

Not bothering to reply as she laughed quietly to herself, he watched her slip outside and out of sight quickly.

Weird.

But not his problem.

At least she hadn’t caused a fuss, especially after seeing him-a notorious and well recognized gang leader, in nothing but his boxers at 4am in a public laundromat.
Still, she was rather interesting he had to admit.
Forward (Madara/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request: Sakura landing her attempted hit on Madara instead of him blocking it during the war. I'd love to know what his reaction would have been!

Charging forward in hopes of buying her teammates enough time to come up with a plan, Sakura didn’t even give the risk of her actions a second thought.

One moment she was beside them, and the next she was in front of the elder Uchiha, her fist reared back and charged with as much chakra as she could spare.

And unfortunately for said Uchiha, he hadn’t thought to pay the young woman much thought—leaving her with an opening none of them had foreseen.

But oh, did she take advantage of it.

With a savage grin the pinkette swung her fist forward, the mass amounts of chakra almost burning her as she fought to channel as much as possible into the hit as it came into contact with the shocked man's chest.

All was silent for that split second, and then he was gone, a near deafening thunder-like boom filling the battlefield around them as he flew further and further away, never once losing speed until his back connected solidly with the nearest upturned rock…

and then the next

and the next

and the next

Until he eventually skidded to a stop, his body dragging up dirt around him as he connected solidly with the ground, eyes wide in shock as he tried to process exactly what had just happened.

His body…ached.

Hurt.

A wicked grin spread across his face then, his eyes glinting excitedly as he fought to pull himself up, ignoring any injuries he may have had as his eyes zeroed in on the pinkette—almost too far away to spot from his new position.

Oh yes, he was looking forward to this new opponent…he just had to figure out a way to separate her from the others first.
Pardon? (Pein/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request: PeinSaku, kiss meme, 17~?

It was just a reflex, she swore to god and back that it was true.

“…Pardon?”

“Oh gosh, I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean it…”

“I would think not.” The amusement lining his voice rang loud and clear under his seemingly indifferent face, the blue haired woman behind the counter with him was smiling at her, and Ino….

“SHUT UP ALREADY INO-PIG!”

Ino was almost on the floor at this point, holding her sides as she shook with laughter.

“Y-you…the look on his face! Oh my god Sakura!” The blond almost howled out between near hysterical laughter. Not paying attention to the duo behind the counter, Sakura missed the blue haired woman scribble something on her cup- and also missed the fact that she slipped a few extra cookies into their take away bag.

“INO!”

“Thank’s mum!” and then you KISSED HIM!”

“IT WAS ON THE CHEEK! SHUT YOUR TRAP!” Red in the face, the pinkette turned back to the duo, her mouth open to apologize again-

Only to be cut off by the handsome man as he appeared much closer than she’d expected, his face still frozen in a seemingly expressionless look as his lips pressed against her cheek quickly before he pulled back slightly, his unnerving eyes watching her all the while.

“You’re most welcome. Please do come back soon.”
Hospital (Madara/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request: Kiss meme, 5/2, a last kiss that was never given. Madasaku?

She didn’t know how to deal with a situation like this.

Well, she did, but how she should deal with it and how she felt she should deal with it were two entirely different things.

Honestly, she should just walk away now, try and forget this even happened and move on with her life like he’d told her to.

But…

He’d been important to her, had meant something to her.

He’d been that asshole who’d made her life a living hell in the beginning. Then, he’d been the person she’d grudgingly come to befriend, chatting with him on and off as she made her rounds. After that, he’d become the man she’d fallen in love with, the one who made her laugh with his snarky comments and dark humor about the situation, the one who caught her hand as she passed by and kissed her when she was caught off guard- the nurses cooing from their desk in the background.

But through it all, he was a patient first and foremost.

Not her patient, but a patient none the less.

She’d been on the second floor when it’d happened, and had damn near killed herself in her headless sprint to his room so many floors up. The nurse at the desk had just looked at her through her tears as she passed by, and the doctor leaving his room had simply let her through with but a small comment of his condolences.

He was just laying there when she entered- so peaceful looking compared to how pained he’d been recently. Sure, he’d tried to hide it from her, but she knew.

She was a doctor for gods sake, of course she knew.

Choking back the tears, Sakura took in a shuddering breath, the mantra of “This was expected- you both knew it’d be soon.” repeating over and over again in her head as she just…watched him.

Watched him enjoy his much deserved peace and quiet.

She knew he’d had a tough life, and from what little he’d actually explained, she knew he had more than a few people waiting to greet him wherever he may go now.

This was expected- you both knew it’d be soon.

Bottling up her feelings once more, Sakura’s face fell back into her professional mask, her body slowly drawing nearer to his own before falling still at his bedside, one of her hands seeking out his
own in a vain attempt at comfort.

Who she was trying to comfort she didn’t know— but it was useless on both counts.

It didn’t stop her from doing it though.

Slowly, she lowered her head, her forehead falling against his own as she closed her eyes, nose brushing his as her lips hovered over his own cooling ones— so close, yet so far away now.

“I’m sorry I wasn’t here. I love you.”

She loved him, she really did.

But she couldn’t bring herself to give him one last kiss— not wanting to taint the memory of all the ones before it.
Language (Naruto/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request: ‘You’re bilingual and I just witnessed you screaming bloody murder at your friend, constantly switching between four different languages while yelling, and now I’m both terrified and impressed with your powers’ au. That’s absolutely hilarious! I instantly pictured Sakura screaming.

Naruto could do nothing but watch in awe as the pink haired girl continued yelling at her friend, her drink still clutched in his hand as he stood frozen behind the counter.

This was…

Horrifying?

Amazing?

He didn’t know, but as she slipped into yet another language, he couldn’t help the blush that spread across his face-especially when her own was flushed so red, her green eyes alight with anger and fright as her friend continued to try and apologize for not telling her about the test they’d have later that day…

She was amazing.

Beautiful.

And as she turned away from the girl with her, her eyes just so happened to lock with his own- green suddenly so apologetic and embarrassed, silently pleading with his to not say anything about what had just happened as she walked up and paid for her drink.

She thanked him- or at least he thought she did as she was still speaking another language- and Naruto could do nothing but stutter, his wide, awe filled eyes watching as she left the store, his heart racing in his chest as her friends looked over at him strangely before laughing.

“Oh god, only Sakura could get admirers from a scene like that! This is great!”

The blond paid no mind to the girls words though, his eyes still following the pinkette until she walked out of view and back towards campus…

“Her name’s Sakura?”

And with that, Naruto Uzumaki had fallen in love.
It's Love (Juugo/Sakura)

Assignment:

If Orochimaru thought this would help him, he couldn’t just say no, it was the entire reason he stayed here after all.

But…he honestly didn’t understand that mans train of thought- putting him of all people in charge of a prisoner? That was a death wish waiting to happen, and he wouldn’t even be able to reason it away afterwards.

First meeting:

Juugo understood the second he lay eyes on her-withdrawn and beaten yet oh so alive as she stared at him intently.

He knew- knew this was some sick experiment on Orochimaru’s part, like always…

Because as he looked over the battered, chained up form struggling to prop herself up on shaking arms, he felt…

Peaceful.

*She made the rage-the anger- stop.*

Day 5:

No matter how gentle he tried to be, no matter how kind, she always shrank away- always refused whatever he’d bring in an attempt to cheer her up even a little.

It hurt, oh god did it hurt to see the reason for his peace shield away in concealed fear. But…on the other hand he understood.

Here he was- so tall and large and intimidating…and there she was, a captive- small and chained, chakra unusable and unable to defend herself.

*That was the main reason he always tried to smile whenever he was in her room.*

Day 10:

Ten days into watching over her and she’d made her first ‘improvement’… in his opinion anyway.

She’d…she’d actually spoken to him, and he was still embarrassed to admit that he’d dropped her food tray when her scratchy and underused –yet still so light- voice touched his ears.

He’d never remembered feeling so…odd.

“Why…why are you so nice to me?”
He didn’t have time to answer before Kabuto strolled into the room, an unsettling gleam in his eye as he observed the pair.

**Day 20:**

By the 20th day of knowing her, Juugo could safely admit to never having felt so calm - so in control of himself.

It wasn’t magic, or a jutsu or anything of the like really… it’s just that… well, she made him feel so confident in himself- like he could do anything if he wanted it enough (though he usually could anyway- if it involved violence and killing people…)

When she spoke, he felt the need to listen- he didn’t want to shut her up like everyone else he heard. Her voice didn’t grate on his ears, and he often found himself wishing she’d speak more.

And when he managed to get her to smile- even for a moment? He felt…different, light even.

But he couldn’t let her leave, no matter how much she asked (at least once a day lately), because if she left? Got away? She’d leave him… and he’d be alone again, with nothing but that all too familiar rage digging at the back of his mind, clawing until he couldn’t think straight.

No, he didn’t help her.

And he hated himself for it.

**Escape:**

He didn’t recall the day the attack happened all too well, and only vague parts came to the surface when he tried-

Like the image of her empty cell, taunting him as he heaved in as much air as he could get having battled his way through half of the compound in a fury before recalling the defenseless young woman.

And after that? Well, the fury wasn’t just because of the attack.

*Why didn’t she wait for him?*

**Found:**

It didn’t take him very long to find her after that- a day or two at most, and for the majority of that he’d just been walking.

“You…” She started while flaring what little chakra she had, staring up at him- defiance and unease clear in her eyes. “You can’t make me go back- I don’t care if I have to fight you or not. I won’t get captured again!”

He didn’t speak at first, just watched her silently for what seemed like hours before managing to find his voice, a small smile gracing his lips as he did so.
“I’m…glad you’re okay.”

Her confusion was clear, but she didn’t move to attack him.

Tag along:

He could tell she was uneasy with his giant form trailing her every step, but he refused to leave her alone.

It wasn’t safe out here right now, the attack had scattered too many dangerous and unstable nin-experiments and enemies alike (himself included)- and she could barely defend herself in the state she was currently in.

More than likely something Kabuto did, because she should have regained much more of her chakra by now.

So he stayed despite her looks and attempts to leave him behind- because while he was sure she needed him right now, he needed her just as much.

Orochimaru was nowhere to be found, and without him, this girl was the only one who could keep him in control of himself…

Warming up:

“Sakura.” He was startled out of his thoughts by her voice on the fifth day of travelling together- her green eyes looking straight forward as walked side by side, her form much more relaxed now that she seemed to know he wasn’t planning on dragging her back.

“Huh?” Yes, he was very eloquent today…

“My name, it’s Sakura. I never got the chance to tell you …back there.”

“…Juugo.” Sakura? It…it did seem to fit her well.

“Juugo…I just wanted to thank you, you know, for being so kind to me back there. You…you didn’t have to be, but you were so thank you…”

“I’d never hurt you.” And he knew he wouldn’t. No matter how worked up he may get, no matter how unstable he knew he was- he could never hurt her.

Defending:

Travelling was no easy feat, especially when one was escorting and protecting a chakra stunted medic who seemed to believe she could take on the world if needed.

It was also the reason for his first breakdown in her presence.

They’d been ambushed, and he was ashamed to admit that he’d lost control of himself when she was separated from him and snatched up by one of the other nin- leaving behind a berserker like orange haired giant intent of getting her back no matter who had to die.
He’d chopped and ripped and fought and crushed until there was no one else to kill anymore- and then…then he’d felt those small arms wrap around his middle, her soft voice slowly easing him back to sanity as she softly spoke, assuring him that everything was fine- that they were safe now.

Afterwards when he’d washed the blood and gore from his body, he’d found himself sitting across from her, their makeshift fire warming the area between them.

Then?

Then she’d looked up and smiled, despite seeing him at his worst. She’d smiled, looked at him with such a soft expression, and whispered three little words that sent his hear racing- his cheeks flushing as he replayed them over and over in his mind the next day.

“Thank you Juugo.”

Longing:

It was hard to tell when it had started, but sometime after meeting her and before now, he’d…he’d apparently fallen for her- or that’s what he assumed these feelings meant anyway.

Her smile made his cheeks flush, her voice made his heart race, and her mere presence gave him peace he’d never known before now.

He was…in love with her. He was in love his (previous) prisoner, his friend, his peace and comfort.

And he had no idea how to deal with that, leading to more than enough awkward moments and silences- and more than a few glares and near slips of control in the small towns the passed through on the journey to fire country.

“Sakura, how do you feel about animals?”

Talks:

Their travels were filled with many conversations- some important, some just to fill the silence, and others just for the sake of getting to know each other.

“Where did you grow up?”

“Who were your teammates?”

“What did you want to be when you were younger?”

“Were you always tall?”

“…how did you get captured?”

“…why were you with Orochimaru?”

“Have you ever had to make a really hard decision? One that you never thought you’d have to make?”
Strange:

It was strange really, how one little sentence could change things so drastically.

“We’ll be nearing Fire country soon- from there it’s only a few days until we hit an outpost that’ll send an escort to take me back to the village.”

She’d leave soon, part from him if necessary, and he hated the world for that.

Hated it for giving him such peace, then threatening to rip it away at a moments notice.

Anger:

He’d never truly seen her angry before now, but the fear in the other Konoha nin’s eyes as they were forced away from him made him rethink his previous description of her.

“If I see any of you so much as look at him wrong, I’ll kick you all the way back to Konoha myself and heal your bones crooked! He’s coming with me, and don’t you DARE say otherwise.”

He’d…he’d honestly though this would be it- and he’d even been prepared to put up a fight for her if necessary…

Now though, as the tiny woman dragged him into the small outpost by his hand, glaring at everyone who seemed to shield away from her, he knew she wasn’t going to let him leave and go back to his previous lifestyle.

Plea:

Standing there before the Hokage alone, the pinkette having been whisked away from his side, Juugo felt…vulnerable.

Scared.

Angry.

Lost.

She the blond woman sitting before him seemed to know it as well, as she made no move to speak after a simple “Why should I let you stay?”, just waiting for his response, her eyes talking in his ever reaction.

“Because…I…I don’t want to go back to that.”

“And why should I let you stay here. You don’t have to return to Orochimaru- you could go anywhere. Why here?”

“…”

“…”

“I…I need her.” He whispered softly, going on to explain his situation to the Kage before him, her gaze sharpening slightly as he began to work himself up.
“So you’re using her?”

“NO! No, I’d never- I’d never do that! She’s- she’s so-so I-I can’t leave her. I won’t.”

“You love her.” It wasn’t even a question, yet that one statement brought him back from the edge of an episode- bright pink hair and a soft smile flashing across his mind as he smiled despite the situation.

He did.

**Love:**

Yes, it was love.

Love was what he felt as she smiled up at him her hands grasping his new Konoha headband. Love was what he felt when she let him stay with her (as no one else would rent to the ex-sound nin)

And love was what he felt when he tentatively made to hold her hand, his own dwarfing hers as she looked back at him in surprise, her cheeks dusted a light red as she shot him a shy smile.

Love…yes, he did love her, and if what Tsunade hinted at was true…

Then she loved him as well- yet was too scared of losing him to admit it.

He’d just have to show her that he wasn’t planning on going anywhere she wouldn’t want to follow, and that it’d take more than one rogue teammate to make him leave her side.
Grounded (Onesided!Mitsuki/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request:The new team 7 Boruto, Mistuki and Sarada frequently hang out at the Uchiha home, and Mitsuki develops a crush on Sakura who is either oblivious to it or thinks it’s cute and endearing. Shin who is very protective of his new mom teams up with Sarada to (maybe unsuccessfully) thwart Mitsuki’s plans of getting close to Sakura. And both him and Sarada are very protective and maybe a bit possessive of mamaSaku.

Tea:

Sitting across from the recent object of his affections, Mitsuki let out a sigh of content, the home quiet as they waited for his teammates to arrive.

It wasn’t often he got to see the older woman after all, and he cherished what little private time he had with her.

“Thank you very much Haruno-san.” Mitsuki spoke, his pale cheeks flushing slightly as the pinkette smiled down at him, a happy look plastered across her face.

“Just call me Sakura, Mitsuki-kun, you’re over here enough to consider you part of the family anyway~”

The boy simply flushed darker, his eyes avidly avoiding her own as he mentally swooned, his lips fighting to pull into a love struck grin.

“…Sakura-san…”

Shopping:

Feeling Sarada’s eyes glaring holes into the back of his head, Mitsuki mentally thanked any god he could think of for the older woman’s presence, her light steps quickly hurrying over towards him.

“Alright you two, be good while I’m gone. Shin, no stirring up your sister, Sarada, keep an eye on him and make sure nothing gets broken again.”

“But mum-”

“No Sarada, last time I took you with me, you and Boruto destroyed a stall and got me in trouble. Mitsuki’s been kind enough to offer to help me out, so please be good until I get home.”

If looks could kill, the two young Uchiha would be standing over his corpse right now.

Oh well, as long as he got to spend time with Sakura-chan he didn’t care~
Helping hand:

“It’s okay, I don’t mind at all!”

The look of complete joy on her face made his heart feel like it was about to burst out of his chest, and the way her hands touched his own while she passed him the cleaning supplies?

He’d never been happier.

“Mitsuki, why can’t Shin be as helpful as you?” She jokingly asked, already staring on the floors.

“I don’t know Sakura-san…but I’m always happy to help you with whatever needs to be done.”

Together he and Sakura went about the household chores, yet everything he touched seemed to come out worse for wear- much to his embarrassment.

“I…I’m very sorry, I have no idea what happened…”

“Oh, don’t worry about it Mitsuki-kun, here, why don’t I show you how to do this one right?”

—

“Are you sure you did it right?”

“Yes.”

“Then why’s he still here?! Stupid Mitsuki…”

“Ah.”

“Shut up Shin, I need to think.”

Rival:

Over the next few weeks, the pale boy found himself in the pinkette’s presence more often than not, and he soaked up every second of her attention, going as far as to run chores or errands for her.

Anything to get her to smile at him again.

The only problem with this though…well, His teammate and her adopted brother were almost always at his throat, their eyes flashing red and glaring at him whenever their mother turned her back for more than a second.

Oh, he knew why, of course he did.

Did he care though? A little, but not enough to stop.

No, if he had to play innocent and ignore their useless scheming, he’d do it. Their mother on the other hand…well, needless to say, she wasn’t too happy with their sudden behaviour.

And if they got grounded?

Well, all’s fair in love and war.
Affection:
Gold eyes watched with interest as the older woman quietly hummed to herself, quietly mixing something up as he sat on the bench next to her, eyes never missing a move.

They didn’t speak, yet he could tell exactly when she needed him to pass her the next ingredient, or fetch a new bowl or spoon.

No, words weren’t needed.
Scooting a little closer to her, Mitsuki smiled softly, leaning into her hand as it came up to ruffle his already messy hair.

…perfect…she was perfect, and he just couldn’t understand why her husband wasn’t here to keep people like him from trying to steal her away.

Attention:
“Are you sure you’re feeling okay now?” Sakura asked as she ran a glowing hand over his cheek, the small cut there disappearing in a matter of moments.

“I’m quite well now, Sarada just got a little rough during training, and Boruto decided it’d be fun to gang up on me.”

Oh, he was angry though, angry at them for worrying the woman before him.

Didn’t they understand that she cared about them all and to see one of them hurt worried her beyond comprehension?

He looked up to his team, sure, but they were a lot to handle from time to time.

“That girl, I swear…Why don’t you stay for dinner? I’ll make your favourite as an apology.”

Love:
Today was the day.

Today, Mitsuki, was going to confess to his love interest and make an attempt at gaining her affection.

“Sakura-san, are you home?” Quietly entering the silent home, Mitsuki was surprised that no greeting came from within, but as he moved further inside, the reason became clear.

Pink hair sprawled out on the couch cushion beneath her, her hands lightly resting on her stomach as she breathed quietly, her face peaceful and content as the early morning sun caressed her form.

This was the first time he’d ever seen her sleep…

…Cute…

Slowly approaching to get a better look, Mitsuki didn’t fight the flush as it came to his cheeks, nor did he attempt to stop himself from smiling softly down at her as he lazily listed a hand to try and
touch her cheek.

Try, because moments before his fingers made contact, a white hand grabbed his own, Red eyes glaring at him from beneath ruffled white hair.

“No.”

…and when he was married to Sakura, the first thing he’d do was ground Shin.

“STAY AWAY FROM MY MOTHER MITSUKI!”

Sarada too.

They would both be grounded.
Sakura didn’t know what to do as the man before her stilled, his rather uncomfortable advances stopping immediately as a hand way laid on her shoulder.

Slowly looking up, Sakura had to stop the gasp of slight fear from leaving her lips, her eyes widening as the rather intimidating man glared down at the one before her.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” His voice was deep, almost terror inspiring, and Sakura didn’t know what to think as he almost lazily sank into the chair beside her, eyes still glued on the now retreating man.

“Nothing, nothing man, I didn’t know she was taken, I’m sorry!”

And with that, he was gone, but the rather…frightening man beside her wasn’t.

No, he only cast her a side glance, not moving from his spot, his rough voice filling the air once more.

“If I leave now, he’ll just come back. Coward would probably try and give you hell, trash like that always does.”

Nodding slowly, Sakura sighed, gathering up what courage she could before turning in her seat to face him, a smile plastered on her lips. “Thank you for that, I’m Sakura by the way.”

“Zabuza.”
I know (NSFW Madara/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request: Can you do SakuraXMadara Smut? Like a kind of rendezvous (if im making any sense) I just re read Paradise and it like re awakened my love for the couple :P

A gasp left her as his cool fingers grazed her sides, her shirt riding further up as she fidgeted impatiently, arching into his body as his lips assaulted her neck.

“You weren’t followed?”

She scoffed quietly at the question, inwardly trying to stifle a moan as one of his hands began kneading her breast through her bindings.

“Of course not, were you?”

All she got in response was a dark chuckle, his hands moving to her thighs, lifting her suddenly and encouraging her to wrap her legs around his middle.

She did so without a fight, her face flushed and hot as she pressed herself tightly against him, feeling exactly how much he’d been anticipating this little meet up.

Gods, how long had it been since they’d last been together?

She felt, more than heard, the noise he made as she rubbed against him, his teeth nipping at her shoulder lightly before he moved a hand between them, impatiently freeing himself from his pants.

*There was no time for foreplay after all, they couldn't afford to have someone stumble upon them.*

Holding herself away for a moment, Sakura helped Madara hike her short skirt up, silently thanking herself for forgoing anything underneath.

Within moments she was sinking down on him, her back scratching against the tree as she clutched at his shoulders, her nails trying their hardest to rip fabric as she bit her lip to stifle any noise. HE did nothing more than hiss slightly, his face pulling away from her skin to meet her own, their lips quickly interlocking as he began to move, trying his hardest to hit the spots he knew she liked most.

They had to be quick, but that didn’t mean they weren’t going to get the most they could out of it.

His hands wandered as he moved, caressing and touching, lightly grazing skin or what little clothing she wore that night. All too soon it felt like it was over, the coil in her lower stomach reaching its peak, a low moan leaving her as Madara pulled her close, doubling his efforts as she tightened around him, her lips leaving his for a moment as she sighed in bliss.

“I-uh, I love you!”

She hadn’t meant for that to slip out, but his only reaction was to kiss her again, his own climax coming fast as he groaned against her lips, his movements slowly coming to a stop.
“I know.”

And somehow, Sakura could tell that was the closest he would ever come to confessing it back to her.

“…I have to go, my team will start worrying soon.”

“No.”

“Excuse me?”

“5 more minutes.” And with that low demand, his arms wound around her, refusing to let her go as she sighed, her irritation fading to amusement as he nuzzled against her neck.

Maybe her confession had more of an impact on him than she’d thought.
Past (NSFW Madara/Sakura/Hashirama)

Chapter Summary

Request: Sakura knew things seemed off ever since she was thrown back in time. Konaha was just built. Hashirama and madara both seemed to have their eyes on her. Dark hashi-mada-saku smut. Hehehehehe

Two years…

It was so hard to believe that she’d been here for two **years** now…

Two long, uneventful years, where all she had to do was try to keep under the radar and find a way home.

Sakura had made no progress on finding any clues so far, but she’d honestly not expected to find anything that’d be of help anyway. (Hopeful thinking always helps though…)

It was the sharingan that brought her here- so it was most likely the sharingan that had to bring her home. But there was no way in hell she’d be approaching the Uchiha clan of this time for help, no matter how tempted she’d gotten from time to time.

No, Sakura knew she’d just have to make due, do the best she could and try to get by on her own.

She’d managed to get a small house on her own, she’d managed to find a job on her own, and she’d managed to get a few missions.

On her own.

She didn’t need a man in her life to do these things for her like so many other women in the village. She was one of the small few in this time that decided to be nin.

To fight.

To heal.

To give her all for her village.

And that was how she’d caught their eye. The first time she met them was when she’d wandered into the village, blood and wounds covering her from head to toe, her pink hair stained red. A few shinobi had tried to help her, Hashirama being one of them, but she just scowled and slapped their hands away, her own taking on a well-known green glow.

She’d stood on her own strength the entire time.

She wouldn’t be seen as weak ever again.

To their amazement and shock, she was all healed up and demanding to know what was going on in just moments- only to hiss and spit at them in a shocked fury when they told her she was in Konoha.

Yeah, she was a little embarrassed by her antics that day, especially after being informed that she’d
slapped the future Hokage, right before the Uchiha clan leader’s eyes.

She’d never forget the shocked and curious look both Hashirama and Madara had given her then, and she honestly didn’t want to.

To think, she’d thrown these two powerful men off guard so easily.

—

She’d settled in the village with little problem after explaining a very edited version of the events that had brought her to their land, and she’d gotten straight to work to distract her troubled mind.

She healed anyone she could.

Mixed up remedies and pills that shouldn’t have existed for years to come, and she’d done her best to contribute to this slowly growing village.

She was hailed as a lady of high standing because of it, and no matter how many people bowed to her during the day, she’d never been able to fight off the embarrassed blush it caused.

She’d made a name for herself, one that had attracted a lot of attention.

Most of it unwanted.

The more she tried to stay under the radar, the more she drew Madara and Hashirama’s attention.

If she ducked off into the forest to train instead of showcasing her skills to the other nin, she’d almost always find them curiously watching her afterwards, her panting form sweat dropping at Hashirama’s enthusiastic applause or Madara’s considering looks.

After a few months, they even started joining in, and her skills had never been sharper.

If she insisted on leaving the village every now and then to just think and have a few days to herself, she’d be greeted by them the second she walked through the gates, Madara casually walking by like he didn’t plan it down to the last second.

Sakura didn’t get much of a chance to leave the village anymore, but that was okay, her mind wasn’t as troubled these days.

When she’d finally decided to buy her own little house, she’d had to endure more than enough offers from both men, insisting that she not live alone, that she should take a room in the Senju or Uchiha housing district.

The always glared and scowled at each other afterwards, and no matter how playful Hashirama tried to make it seem, it showed just how much she’d unintentionally caught their eyes.

They were fighting over her.

Hashirama Senju and Madara Uchiha were fighting for her attention.

And as bad as it sounded, Sakura kind of…liked the attention they gave her.

She didn’t at first, but after being around them for so long…

She guessed she’d gotten used to it.
It was…nice to be the one perused for once.

She’d gotten used to them escorting her from place to place sometimes, she’d come to enjoy the dinners she was invited to or even when they brought her to one of the fancy restaurants at some random time or another.

What she didn’t like so much though, was the looks they gave the men around her, the threats she heard rumours of, warning people away from her and her house. If someone was brave enough to show interest in her though, all Sakura could offer them was a smile and a polite no.

Because she honestly wasn’t planning on being here forever.

It would be rude and cruel to get into a relationship with someone and leave the first chance she was given.

Sakura had become many things over the course of her shinobi career:

A murderer.

A healer.

A destroyer or land and homes.

But she was never cruel.

Never.

—

With a sigh, Sakura leant back in her chair, her eyes falling closed as she frowned to herself in worry.

These courting offers were getting more and more frequent as of late, and she wasn’t looking forward to Hashirama and Madara’s reactions when they heard the latest gossip.

A young Uchiha man had finally stepped up and asked her out in public- and of course she’s said no. But to have an Uchiha of all people try to court her was…well, it was unexpected.

Of course she was aware of Madara’s attraction to her as well, but he was a different story.

Same with Hashirama.

Form what she remembered from the academy, they’d both married before their battle, they both tied the knot.

They’d lose interest in her soon enough, she was little more than a new toy right now, she’d be forgotten once they found the women they were destined for.

Eyes cracking open as a firm knock sounded from her door, Sakura sighed again, knowing full well how it’d be.

Damn it.

She just wanted a little peace and quiet for the rest of the day, was that too much to ask for?

Lifting herself from her chair slowly, the pinkette dug her toes into the plush carpeting before striding
over and pulling the door open, her green eyes instantly clashing with dark brown and black.

Yep.

It was them.

“Hello again Hashirama, Madara. What can I do for you now? Isn’t it a little late for your usual visits?” She questioned, knowing full well that they were just here to scare off anyone else that may try to ask for her hand.

Yeah, she actually did like the attention.

No matter how brief it was going to be.

“Sakura-chan! We were just passing through and decided to stop by since we haven’t seen you for a few days, isn’t that right Madara?” Hashirama started, his usual happy grin in place as the scowling man behind him glared to the side, suspicious dark stains on his gloves and shirt.

“Hn.” His glare dropping as he looked to her, Sakura watched the Uchiha suspiciously, his seemingly satisfied demeanor odd to her. “May we come in?”

Looking between the two expectant men, Sakura just shook her head in resignation and stepped to the side, adjusting her yukata slightly as she did so.

She might as well find out what they actually wanted.

“Sure, come in, make yourselves at home.”

Hearing Madara mutter something that sounded suspiciously like ‘I plan to’, Sakura motioned them in, closing the door swiftly least someone see these two men entering her house just before nightfall.

The rumours in this village got out of hand very quickly.

She didn’t want them to ruin their reputations over something silly like that.

Turning to Hashirama as Madara slipped off down the small hall towards her bathroom, Sakura raised a brow in question as he continued to grin, noting the fact that they’d both forgone their armour today.

So… they hadn’t been training.

It was too late in the evening to go out to eat.

And they never bothered her about her house without something setting them off.

“So, what brings you here this evening Hashi?” Watching his grin widen at the much liked nickname, he chuckled and scratched the back of his head sheepishly, his dark eyes darting around in an attempt to avoid her own.

“Well, we were leaving another meeting today and…well, we stumbled upon this rumour. Is it true Sakura?” Oh, so they were here about what happened today after all…

“Well…”

“Please say it isn’t!”
“Hashi, it was just the Uchiha-”

“Yes, we heard about that.” Turning from Hashirama with a small jump, Sakura looked to the suddenly appearing Madara, a shocked yelp escaping her as she did so.

That man was a damn ghost!

Hashirama’s arms snacked around her middle from behind, pulling her frozen form back against him as he lightly rested his chin on top of her head. Madara took another step forward, lazily slipping a paper tag onto her front door as he went, the well-known seal on it making her glare slightly.

What the hell was he doing sealing them in here?!

“What the fuck is going on?!”

“You can’t leave us Sakura-chan! I know Madara and I are always fighting and it annoys you, so we’ll stop and get along for you if that’s what you want, I promise. Just don’t leave us and try to marry some no name Uchiha…” Hashirama mumbled, his arms tightening around her as Madara came to a stop before them, his tall form leaning down so he was eye to eye with her, one of his hands raising to lazily cup her cheek.

“No relative of mine shall have you. You are mine Sakura, and I don’t share.” Hashirama cleared his throat and Madara scowled up at him, rolling his eyes before correcting himself. “Ours. You are ours.”

“Look, I don’t know what the hell you heard, but I rejected the guy…and who said I’m yours?! I’m not anyone’s you bastards.”

Hashirama’s head left the top of hers, and not a moment later, she felt a light kiss on the left side of her neck, on if his hands leaving her waist to stroke her hair. “Sakura-chan…please don’t say that, you’re breaking my heart. I love you so much Sakura-chan, please tell me you can see that, I made it as clear as I could.”

Sakura blushed as his muffled voice reached her, his lips brushing her skin softly, over and over again, moving down to her shoulder as her yukata was loosened slightly.

“What-”

“Sakura, my affection has always been obvious,” her eyes quickly moving back to Madara as his face suddenly hovered just before hers, one of his hands moving to hold the side of her waist Hashirama had just vacated. His head tilted slightly, moving closer until his lips brushed the right side of her jaw, trailing down lower and lower until he was mirroring Hashirama, his other hand lightly touching her left thigh through her clothing. “I’ve made my intentions clear time after time, but you always seem so oblivious, like you could care less.”

“Mada-”

“I won’t be thrown to the side and seen as unworthy Sakura, I’ll prove it to you, I’ll prove how much I can please you, how much I care for you. I want you Sakura, I want you as my own.” His hot breath lapped at her bare skin, Hashirama’s hand on her waist tugging at her obi slightly, the material on her shoulders falling lower until the top of her breasts were visible.

“We want you Sakura-chan, we love you so much. We won’t fight, we won’t do anything horrible, and we even agreed to share you if that’s what it took to keep you away from those other men.” Hashirama’s hand moved from her hair to snake around her shoulders, his fingers lightly trailing
across the top of her breasts, her breath hitching as she noticed his lack of gloves, his skin burning against hers.

Madara nipped and bit her the right side of her neck firmly, her mind going foggy as Hashirama licked and sucked the other side, both men intent on leaving some form of mark.

Something to say she wasn’t available.

Yukata slipping lower and only just covering her breasts, Sakura felt Madara’s hand ever so slowly slip in between the folds of her clothing, his fingers stroking her thigh softly.

This…this wasn’t right.

She should be kicking and screaming right now.

Kicking them out of her house in a rage.

Yelling at them to go find the women who were destined to marry them!

To leave her be, to let her wallow because god she wanted this, she wanted them.

She truly had come to care for them, despite how much she told herself otherwise.

She just didn’t want to have to face another broken heart when they fell for other people though…

Because the future was set in stone, right?

…right?

“Sakura,” Madara mumbled, biting her shoulder firmly enough to make her gasp. “We care for you, I care for you. I couldn’t bare to see you in the arms of another man, knowing full well that you should be by my side instead.”

“We love you Sakura-chan, can’t you see that? We’d do anything for you, all you have to do is ask.”

“I want you by my side until I’m old and grey, I want you fighting next to me, walking with me through the village, sitting with me during dinner…”

Their mouths hot on her skin, their breaths brushing her ears as she stood between them, Hashirama hot on her back as Madara’s body hovered just away from her form, his clothing brushing against hers as his hand trailed higher up her thigh, her skin tingling with each inch he touched. His fingers only just brushed the edge of her panties before moving back down, her small whine making the men smile and smirk against her skin.

Hashirama tugged at her obi again, the material beginning to give way at their constant moments, only their hands keeping it from coming undone. The tanned man pulled up from her shoulder, kissing his way up to her ear and nipping the lobe softly, Madara mirroring his action, only biting harder.

“We need you Sakura-chan, we need you to be ours, forever. Do you want that too? Do you want us?”

“Sakura,” the woman whimpered, her legs shaking slightly as Madara’s fingers brushed up her inner thigh, his fingers lightly pressing against her damp panties as his smirking voice brushed against her skin, Hashirama shuddering slightly as he heard it. “You’re so wet for us, I can feel it, do you need us to help? Do you need us?”
She gasped, her chest pressing forward as Hashirama cupped one of her breasts, the top half of her yukata slipping down completely, exposing her creamy skin to their eyes. The Senju’s mouth moved back to her shoulder, his tongue trailing lines of fire to her collar bone as he pressed harder against her back, his hand squeezing and kneading her soft flesh as Madara lightly rubbed her center, teasing her with how his fingers danced across where she needed him, her damp panties only making her more frustrated.

Madara’s hand moved from her waist slowly, giving her plenty of time to react and stop it.

She didn’t though, and her yukata fell to the floor around her feet, the obi having come undone, her hands still hanging by her sides as she tried to figure out what to do with them.

Both men took a moment to take her in, the pinkette blushing under their wandering gazes, her pantie clad form bare to their burning gazes. Madara was the first to snap back to action, his hand on her panties rubbing her softly once more before moving up and hooking a finger under the waistband, slowly pulling them down as he bit her shoulder again, the stinging mark making her jerk in place.

“Sakura-chan, you’re so beautiful, amazing, you’re a goddess. I need you so much, more than anything in the world.” Hashirama mumbled, the hand on her waist tingling just as much as the one on her breast, his kneading beginning again as he lightly rolled her nipple between his fingers, pulling a deep moan from her that she didn’t even try to hide. “Do you want us to stop Sakura-chan?”

“N-AH!” Madara slipped a knee between her own, forcing her thighs further apart as her panties dropped to her ankles, his hand now hot against her wet center. “No…”

“Are you sure Sakura? Are you sure you want us to take you? To make you ours?” Hashirama’s hand slowly dragged down from her waist, his groan being muffled by her skin as his hand pushed Madara’s slightly to the side, his fingers parting her as the other man ran his fingers firmly against her heat.

“Fuck. Sakura-chan…Please, do you want us? Can we have you?”

“Please…”

“Sakura…”

“Please, I need you…” She whimpered out. Hashirama quickly moving to probe her with a finger, his digit sinking into her heat as Madara followed his movements, her walls stretching as he nudged her legs a little further apart, both of their fingers sinking into her, her juices coating them quickly. Their fingers moved at the same pace, Madara being able to reach slightly further as their palms gave her the friction she desperately wanted, their fingers rubbing against her and each other as they moved.

“You’re so tight Sakura, so wet and warm and ready for me. So beautiful, so powerful and amazing…”

It felt amazing.

They moved in rhythm with each other, and while Madara could reach further, Hashirama curled his finger just slightly, her eyes going wide as she almost saw white, another deep moan slipping from her lips as Madara chuckled darkly to himself.

“Gods Sakura, you’re so warm, so hot and…and…” Hashirama trailed off his face nuzzling into her
hair, his breath catching as she clenched around them slightly, a whimper escaping her as Madara
picked up his pace, his palm rubbing against her harder as he tried to push Hashirama’s hand to the
side. “Are you sure you want us?”

“Yes damn it!”

Madara grinned against her skin, pulling back to look her in the eye, his own usually dark orbs
shining a dull red, his sharingan having been stirred up by the adrenaline flooding his body.
Hashirama just grunted slightly, kissing her neck as he slowly pulled his hand away, Madara’s
following suit quickly.

No, no they couldn’t do that! They couldn’t work her up like that and just leave her-

Madara quickly sunk to his knees before her, Hashirama holding her in place as the man lifted one of
her legs over his shoulder, his mouth suddenly attacking her womanhood with firm kisses and licks,
his finger entering her again as Hashirama brought his own damn hand to his mouth, Sakura
struggling to watch as he slowly licked it clean, a smug grin of his face as he did so. The Senju then
softly kissed her neck, her back, moving lower and lower, his tongue leaving damp trails as he went,
only to kiss his way back up as Madara growled something insulting at him from his place between
her legs.

But she couldn’t focus on much for long, because her hands quickly sought out Madara’s hair,
gripping his long spikey locks as he nuzzled into her, adding a second then third finger. His tongue
was hot and wet against her, moving with his fingers, his grin being felt with every gasp she gave.

Just when she thought she couldn’t take any more, Hashirama started on her other breast, kneading
and squeezing as he continued to clean his hand.

That was all she could take, the hot feeling in her lower body winding tighter and tighter.

Because moments later, she was looking down, green eyes locking with red as Madara watched her
as he worked, his now bright red eyes taking in her every expression, every moment.

Then, then she snapped.

Her body flooding with ecstasy, her eyes being blinded as Madara’s hand and mouth continued to
work her through it, his gaze never missing a thing as he looked up at her, her hands pulling almost
painfully on his hair as his groan vibrated through her.

But that was okay, because she was bound to have bruises from how hard he was gripping her
thighs.

And that smug smirk she knew he had wasn’t helping anything.

Panting and releasing his hair as he pulled back, the pinkette’s chest heaved, her body still buzzing
and tingling as she watched him lick his lips slowly, his smirk never leaving his face as he looked
over her shoulder at Hashirama smugly.

They just couldn’t stop with the fighting and competition, could they?

“That…that was…”

“Only the beginning.” Hashirama whispered, gently releasing her breast and turning her around
slowly, her body almost facing him as he prodded her to the ground, her back suddenly flush against
her plush carpeting.
Madara settled by her side moments later, avoiding looking at Hashirama as he stripped, his own shirt dark shirt being removed as Sakura looked between them.

Good god, they were so attractive.

So amazing.

“Sakura-chan…”

Before she knew it, the stunned and slightly dazed pinkette was under Hashirama, his mouth lightly catching her own as he nudged her thighs apart, settling between them while trying to keep his weight off her as his hands traced her soft body. Pulling away slightly as he started to enter her, Sakura listened to his soft loving whispers, only to be pulled out of her content state by Madara, who gripped her chin and made her look at him instead of the Senju slowly thrusting into her. She clung to his shoulders, her hands gripping his hair tightly, needing something to keep her grounded.

Madara nudged the frowning man back a little, pulling her into a harsh kiss that took her breath away, but not as much as the man sinking into her heat repeatedly did.

Her body moved with each hard thrust, her legs wrapping around his hips as he gripped them, helping her angle herself better as his mouth sought out one of her nipples since Madara was monopolizing her mouth.

Madara bit and nipped her bottom lip, silencing each of her gasps as best he could, his red eyes looking into her own whenever she opened them. When it proved too much though, and Hashirama began lifting her hips to meet him movements, Madara moved to her neck, biting harshly each time she moaned, breaking the skin here and there, only to lap any blood away.

It…it didn’t even hurt, it felt good.

Madara’s hand found her neck, her body sliding up and shifting on the carpet as she tried to meet Hashirama thrust for thrust, the tanned man’s eyes watching her gasping form intently. Madara’s hand squeezed slightly, drawing her attention back to him as her breath hitched, his dark whispers filling her ear, his deep voice washing over her, drowning out the other man’s groans and gasps.

“Sakura, you’re mine, you should only be thinking of me. Look at me,” he lifted his head and locked eyes with her again, his sharpening as Hashirama jerked against a place that had her withering and flexing around him harshly. “Look only at me. I’m the one you want, I’m the one who made you feel like you were falling apart in pleasure. Look at me Sakura, moan for me.”

“Ma-madaraaaaa~”

Hashirama stilled for a moment, a feral growl coming from above her before he began moving again, harder and faster, his face appearing next to her own as his own whispers filled her ear, his soothing voice doing its best to push the scowling man beside her from her mind.

“Sakura-chan, I love you. I love you so much. You’re amazing, wonderful, and mine. My little Sakura. I need you Sakura, I’ll always need you. You’re mine. Mine, mine to see every day, mine to hold, mine to see fat and round with child…”

He was elbowed away by Madara just as quickly as he’d appeared, Sakura having started moaning and kissing his neck with each word that left his mouth, her insides tingling with each thrust, heat pooling in her abdomen as she rolled her hips against him.

“Sakura, can you sit up a little bit?” Curiously looking at the now kneeling Uchiha next to her head,
Sakura did so, her eyes going wide as she propped herself up on her elbows, the new angle making the panting Hashirama hit even deeper inside her.

A shuffling of clothes, and her eyes were back on Madara, how had freed himself from his pants with a grin, one of his hands cupping her cheek gently stroking her jaw lovingly before sliding up to her hair, grabbing a fist full just tightly enough to keep her steady.

“Sakura…”

Knowing what he was asking, she very tentatively opened her mouth, only to gag slightly as he rammed his way into her mouth, hitting the back of her throat.

Couldn’t he be a little more gentle?

…who was she kidding? This was Madara Uchiha she was thinking about.

He gripped her hair tighter, groaning as Hashirama trust into her, causing her to shift and take him deeper, her moan vibrating along him as she looked up at him, his hooded eyes watching her just as intently as when he was on his knees before.

Time to return the favour.

Rolling her hips against Hashirama and her tongue against Madara, Sakura clenched her eyes shut for a moment, heat flooding through her body as the coil in her belly wound tighter, Hashirama lifting her legs higher on his hips, repetitively sinking as deep as he could, hunching over her chest a little as he did so.

A harsh grunt of her name, and Hashirama was filling her, his hips jerking against her, almost prompting her to follow him into oblivion.

Almost.

Because Madara had other plans.

The second she closed her eyes, preparing to feel that coil in her body come undone, he pulled out of her mouth and bent over her, his face the only thing she could see as her eyes opened to look at him in shock.

He snarled, growling at her deeply, his voice making her shudder in place, almost making her come on its own.

“Sakura, you’re only allowed to come for me. Because of me. You’re mine.”

Yeah, she could just tell this whole sharing thing was going to work out so well.

And then he was gone again, Hashirama’s mouth hovering over hers, their panting breaths mixing together as he stopped moving, pulling out of her slowly while looking at her apologetically.

“Sakura-chan, it’s okay, I can-” He’d began reaching down between them, intent on finishing her too despite having clearly heard Madara if his frown was anything to go by.

But no, Madara wasn’t having any of that.

Because just as quickly as Hashirama had been, Madara was above her, Hashirama’s loud swear filling the room as he scowled and propped the pinkette up, Madara sinking into her as Hashirama sat at her back, his arms wrapped comfortably around her as she sat between them, her sudden high
pitched moan as she felt herself stretching making Madara look at Hashirama smugly above her.

“Bigger that you, you twit.”

“Yeah, but you don’t know how to use it, bastard.”

Feeling the man stretch and fill her made the woman cling to Hashirama’s arms, her face watching Madara as he took her, his hand cupping her cheek so he could look her in the eyes. Each thrust hit a high, drawing her towards the fall she’d been denied before, her gasps and drawn out moans making the man holding her stir, hardening against her back as she sat sandwiched between them.

Rubbing against them with every movement.

“Ah…Ma-”Hashirama sealed his mouth against hers harshly as she came, her body clenching and withering against them both as she spasmed around Madara, the man growling slightly at Hashirama for muffling her voice.

But he never stopped moving.

Thrust after thrust, she watched him, his body looming over hers, his eyes shining ominously as he panted lightly, smirking the entire time. Hashirama softly went back to her chest, his hands groping and tweaking her breasts and nipples, her sensitive skin tingling and singing, her body shuddering with all the stimulus assaulting it.

Madara swooped in once more, catching her bottom lip between his teeth as he kissed her, messily moving his lips against hers as he continued moving, trailing his lips to her ear as he whispered to her, chuckling at Hashirama’s enraged growls and snarls.

“Sakura…You’re amazing. You will be by my side, I know it. I want to see you in my clan symbol, I want to see you in my bed, I want to see you glowing-round with MY child. My son.” He jerked his hips up hard, hitting as deep as he could, a deep gasp falling from his mouth as he filled her, his seed shooting deep into her body in hot strings, his mouth messily kissing her own.

“Sakura, I love you Sakura, you’re mine, and you always will be.” He leant his forehead against hers, not minding her seal, and rubbed his nose against hers, pecking her lips and cheeks lightly as the man behind her grumbled to himself.

“Oh…my god.” She breathed out as he moved slowly, kissing her softly and pulling out, her thighs clenching together as she blushed in embarrassment, their mixed seed almost seeping from her. Her eyes felt heavy, and her body was so worn out…

Hashirama cuddled her to his naked form, still hard against her back as she wiggled about slightly, trying to get up.

But no, they weren’t having any of that.

So she stayed there between them, both men still naked and wrapped around her as they kept whispering, their deep voices the only thing she could hear.

Hashirama kissed her neck lightly again, soothing the marks Madara had left, and Madara stroked her hair lazily, kissing her forehead as she dozed between them. His hand settled on her lower stomach, his hand caressing and stroking gently, lovingly.

“We’ll be here when you wake up Sakura-chan, we’ll never leave you.”
“After all,” Madara’s deeply amused voice was the last thing she heard before her eyes closed, sleep overtaking her. “We’re far from done yet, we can’t leave any doubt that you’re taken or those unworthy flees with flock to you again.”

They had no intention of ever letting her go.

Poor Sakura just didn’t realize that the future was never set in stone.
Office (NSFW Tobirama/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request: smut tobisaku. them falling in love after the war. :) 

Sakura Haruno.

That name had become tied to many feelings for Tobirama Senju. The most notable being love. 

Affection.

Desire.

Unworthiness.

He knew he didn’t deserve her or her love, but he selfishly took it anyway, stealing her right out from under the blond Uzumaki’s nose.

The war had been rough on everyone, himself and fellow revived Kage included. After everything was said and done, and the fighting had come to a close, everyone had banded together, clinging to those they still had.

That was when they’d been introduced, meeting properly for the first time.

Sure, he’d caught glances of her during the battle, but this had been the first chance he’d had to really take her in.

The stoic man’s first thought had been how fragile she seemed, how delicate and soft she looked.

So out of place amongst the carnage surrounding them. That was, until she’d started healing the gathered soldiers, her entire being seeming to shift. The delicate persona and sad eyes had been replaced by a well-practiced professional mask, her pink hair being tied back as she went to work without a second thought.

He’d helped out wherever he could, volunteering to go with her the next day to check for any other injured nin that may need help.

The day had passed in near silence, but it wasn’t awkward. It was a silent understanding, a silent partnership.

They did what they needed to and saved a lot of lives by doing it. Afterwards, once they’d dragged the last injured nin off that blood-stained field, they had their first real conversation.

And she’d given him a smile that had burned into his mind.

That smile had hunted him for weeks afterwards, their occasional meetings only making him more curious about the girl.

He’d been the one to take the first step, asking her to dinner after a rather boring meeting between the now alive Kage.
She’d blushed and stuttered slightly, her eyes going wide in surprise as his face remained still, his brother’s laughter filling the room as he teased the lighter haired man. She’d said yes eventually, and for the first time in years, Tobirama had felt...happy.

The dress she’d shown up in later that night had taken his breath away, and it quickly became his favourite out of all her outfits.

Because every time she wore it, it meant she was giving him a chance, letting him woo her. And woo her he did.

Many dates, awkward advice from his brother and glares from her teammate later, he found he could formally call her his...girlfriend?

The word didn’t seem right to him though, because she was very much a woman, and she’d proven it to him more than once.

Letting out a sigh and signing another form, Tobirama did his best to push such thoughts from his mind, no matter how useless he knew the effort was.

Sakura Haruno was always on his mind, he loved her so much it nearly hurt sometimes.

Putting his pen down and rubbing his nose lightly, Tobirama frowned, silently cursing his brother for pushing all this paperwork on him when he knew he’d rather be at home waiting for his little pink haired love.

Her shift would be over any moment now, and it was a little disappointing to have to keep working alone in his old office.

Oh well, at least he got to sit at the all too familiar desk again.

It’d been much too long since he’d been Hokage.

He didn’t miss that ridiculous hat though.

Snapping out of his thoughts as a tentative knock sounded throughout the empty building, the white haired man raised a brow at the familiar chakra outside.

“Enter.” Watching as the door cracked open and the small pink haired woman slipped in, his frown swiftly shifted into a small smile, his red eyes lingering on her short skirt and tight shirt in amusement. “Dressing up for anyone in particular?”

“Oh, you know,” Her light voice filled the room, her smile making his chest warm as she walked over after closing the large door. “Just this man I’m madly in love with, have you seen him around? White hair, never smiles at anyone but me, very sassy…”

Leaning back and watching her as she made herself at home in his lap, Tobirama let out a deep laugh, the one only she got to hear. Reaching around her and grabbing his pen again, Tobirama rested his head on top of hers, a smirk on his face as she sighed.

“Never seen him, but I’ll have to have a word with the man about trying to steal my woman.”

“Did I forget to add that he’s rather possessive?”

“Seems delightful.”

“He has his moments.” Her laughter filled the room as he continued writing, her lips brushing against
his jaw teasingly as his smirk grew. “You weren’t at home so I came to see what had you so occupied. Paperwork is so much fun, isn’t it?”

“Absolutely wonderful.” He murmured, turning his eyes to her for a moment before going back to work. “And much more bearable with you here.”

She blushed and looked away slightly, an unusual thing for her to do but Tobirama pushed it aside to try and focus on the papers before him.

The faster he got them finished, the faster he could get her home. He doubted she’d eaten dinner yet, and he was rather hungry himself.

The pinkette squirmed slightly and settled more comfortably in his lap, silently waiting while he did what he had to, her hands lightly tracing his jaw and shoulders, prompting more than one raised brow.

And she just looked away with that tempting flush each time.

Curious.

Signing the last few forms and setting his pen down, Tobirama settled back in the chair and brought a bare hand up to cup her cheek, drawing the still blushing pinkette into a soft kiss.

Would she…

Tobirama pulled back slightly, Sakura following after him eagerly and locking their lips again.

She would…without a doubt, she would.

Eyes darkening as she pulled back slightly, her sultry voice echoed around them, his eyes falling to half-mast as he wrapped his arms around her to stop her from pulling away.

“We need to get home…Tobirama, we need to get home…” He drew her closer again, his mouth meeting hers more aggressively, his tongue tracing her lips slightly, only to pull away and trail down her jaw to her mouth, the pinkette’s soft gasp filling the silent room.

Pulling away slightly with a smirk, the white haired man’s breath was hot against her ear, his murmured words making her blush harder as she pulled back to look him in the eye.

Tobirama loved seeing her like this, her eyes near black as they darkened with desire.

Desire for him.

“There’s always been one thing I’ve regretted not doing during my time in rule, do you know what it is?” He questioned, his deep voice a rumble as she looked at him curiously, silently prompting him to go on as she unconsciously rubbed up against him, pleading for him to keep kissing her. “I suppose that now I have a woman I love…I could do it. The question is, should I? What do you think Sakura-chan?”

“What do you want Tobi-kun?”

Smirking down at her, his hands slowly slipped lower, gripping her hips and tucking her in the chair, Sakura’s skirt riding up as she let out a soft moan.

“We could…christen the office. It’s not the most proper thing to do, but I have no complaints if-” He stopped speaking as his hand slipped under her skirt, her bare center wet against his palm as she
shuddered, watching him with those dark, seductive eyes, her blush growing as he looked at her in shock. “Why on earth aren’t you wearing any panties?”

Sakura rolled her hips against his hand, rubbing up against him with a moan as she reached up to grip his hair lightly, tugging as she did so.

“I-I wanted to surprise you when we got home…but then you- AH!” He felt himself stir as he pulled his hand back slightly and lightly entered her with a finger, her wet heat only encouraging him further as she withered in his lap, her mouth seeking his.

She grinned against his mouth and he smirked back, his tongue invading her in time with the next finger that entered her, his hand finding a rhythm quickly as she pulled back and looked down, her face going red as she watched it move under her skirt.

The sound of shifting material filled the room as his sleeve rubbed against her skirt, her small gasps echoing here and there as he looked at her.

“This…this is a much better surprise though…” He watched her as she bit her bottom lip, her eyes still locked on his hand as his gaze slipped lower, taking note of her nipples as they strained against her shirt.

No bindings…

Just what had she been planning for when they got home?

He pulled his hand back and with painstaking slowness, his fingers left her, both of their eyes locking on his wet digits as he lifted them up to eye level, Sakura still squirming against him with how worked up she was.

Locking eyes with her and watching her try to stifle a groan of annoyance, the white haired man leant back again and brought his hand to his mouth, slowly licking a finger clean as his other hand came up to stroke her hair softly.

The pinkette watched him with wide eyes, her thighs trying to rub together as she continued to gaze at the erotic sight, and Tobirama knew she was loving it.

It was so much fun to work her up to the breaking point, to see her beg him for what she wanted. He’d do it anyway, it was just a…very big ego boost.

He just didn’t expect her to…to move her hands from his hair and grip his hand, pulling the finger from his mouth and taking the still wet one in her own, her hot tongue slowly licking it clean as he froze, her hot little cavern the only thing he could focus on as she sucked lightly.

Her tongue rolled and licked, her mouth sucked, and her eyes closed at the taste, a moan vibrating around his finger as she reached down to palm him through his pants, rubbing lightly and pulling a groan from him.

Her hand skillfully freed him as he was distracted, his entire body jerking as he felt her skin brush against his own.

The second he felt her grip his shaft, his eyes went wide, watching her slowly move away from his finger, a small string of saliva connecting them for a moment as she began to stroke him slowly. His hands found her hips quickly as he kissed her again, pulling her closer until her heat brushed against his throbbing member, her hand pulling away as he lifted her and quickly sunk into her heat with a
fast thrust.

The pinkette moaned loudly against his mouth, her hands tugging at his hair as she rolled her hips, meeting his slow thrusts with perfect timing, their breathing falling in sync as they moved with each other, falling into a well-practiced dance.

Her heat was scorching, tight and oh so wet, the only noises in the office being the sound of clothing rubbing against clothing, his groans muffled by her neck as he pulled back, kissing and nipping his way down her milky skin, intent of leaving a few marks.

She’d heal them the next morning, but he loved seeing the small spots he left on her skin.

Movements turning more frantic as he struggled to bury himself deeper inside her, Tobirama reached around her back and brushed the remaining papers from the desk, before standing quickly and resting her against it as she gave a small yelp of shock. He leant over her, his jaw clenching as he braced himself with a hand next to her head, the other gripping her knee and lifting, moving her leg higher so he could hit deeper at a different angle.

The pinkette clenched her eyes shut and groaned loudly, Tobirama following suit as he sealed his mouth against hers again, trying to muffle the noise lest someone get curious.

Oddly enough, he swore he felt something fall from her hip pouch. But he brushed the thought off quickly and picked up his pace, his pants falling to his ankles as he heard her let out a very high whine, knowing that he’d found just the right angle to please her.

Thrust after thrust, the sound of colliding flesh filled the room, the white haired man’s jaw clenching tighter as he pulled away from her mouth with a quick nibble of her bottom lip to watch her, taking in her every expression as her breasts bounced and shifted under her shirt.

Oh, he’d remember this image every time he saw this damn desk now, and he just knew this wouldn’t be the last time he had her on it.

Feeling her walls begin to tighten around him, Tobirama watched her face, her eyes locking with his as she gave a silent yell, her clenching setting him off just as much as her pleasure filled expression.

Yes, he loved seeing her come undone, it was a not-so-guilty secret he liked to keep to himself.

A few more sharp thrusts and he was spilling inside her, his mouth opening slightly in a quiet gasp as he lent forward and brushed his lips against hers lightly, his thrusts slowing with each wave that flooded into the woman beneath him. His hand moved from her knee to help brace himself as he lent over her more, murmuring sweet nothings in her ear as they both came down from their high.

“Well,” She began after a moment, still lying on the desk and looking up at him with a tired grin. “I think this office is as christened as it’s ever going to get.”

“Well’ll have to see about that.”

—

The next morning, a silently smug and sated Tobirama made his way into the office, the only one there yet besides his brother and Minato…

…Who was holding what appeared to be his lovers black lacy panties, both people turning to look at him as he walked over to them silently.
“Wait-YOU were the one only here late last night…so that means…Oh Tobi, you dog you! I knew that girl would get you to loosen up!” His brother cried out, slapping the silent man on the back as he walked between them, snatching the lace material from the frozen blonde’s hands as he went.

Slipping the item into his pocket, he silently glared at the two men, just daring them to say something.

And of course his brother did.

It was going to be a long day.

“So, how does it feel to be the only one to do it in the office?”

Yes, a very long day indeed.
Loving (NSFW Chojuro/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request: ChoSaku (Smut fic, if that's okay) Chojuro was nervous on the best of days, but sometimes, he liked to take the lead. Especially when he took her to their private little hot spring in the mountains.

This is the fluffiest Smut I've every written.

Sinking deeper into the water as the pinkette made her way over to him teasingly, Chojuro could feel his face flushing from the heat, or more specifically, from the sight before him.

He loved her confidence, her ability to take any slightly awkward situation and make it feel natural, like he didn’t have to feel weird for his shyness.

And that confidence was blaring as she gazed at him with that warm smile he loved so much, her skin slippery against his own as he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her against him as he sat on the small submerged ledge.

She was perfect, her pink hair sticking to her face, her cheeks tinted from the heat.

He rested his forehead against hers lightly, his glasses and ear protectors having been discarded earlier. Her damp skin was hot, flushing as he pecked her nose lightly, trailing light kisses down her cheek to her jaw then back up to her soft and eager lips. They had to be careful of his teeth, but she never minded too much, healing any cuts or bites after they were done.

Her mouth moved against his softly, moving with him as he ran his hands down her form and gripped her thighs, shifting them to straddle him as her chest pressed against his own, her slippery breasts moving with every gasping breath she took.

God he loved her.

His lips moved from her own to her collarbone, nipping lightly and then soothing the marks he left with his tongue. The moan she gave was music to his ears, his member stirring to life as she moved against him, his lips moving further down and attaching to one of her perked nipples.

His little pinkette withered against him, her fingers gripping his light blue hair and pulling him closer, her back arching to give him better access while his hands rubbed her thighs absentmindedly.

He loved watching her like this, watching her beg and plead with him to touch more, to move and give her what she wanted.

Chojuro let out a groan of his own as she rolled her hips, her lower body moving in an all too familiar way, his mouth moving to her other breast in an attempt to distract her as his hands stilled her hips for a moment.

Only for a moment though, because seconds later he was raising her up at her insistence, slipping inside her as she raked her nails down his back, his shuddering body under her parted thighs, his hands controlling her actions as he lifted and lowered her slowly.
Her warmth engulfed him, his gasps and moans muffled slightly as he nuzzled into her neck, her sinful hips rolling every time she nestled against him.

It was torture.

Sweet sweet torture.

He could feel her every movement, her mouth catching his ear as she whispered to him, her promises and husky voice making him snap.

Standing while still inside her and ignoring her surprised yelp, he turned around and sat her on the edge of the spring, his mouth sealing against hers as he started moving again.

She withered and moaned and screamed, her pleads and whines for harder and more filling his ears as he pounded into her, her wet heat squeezing and clenching around him the longer he went. Cradling the back of her head in one hand, he leant forward and urged her onto her back, her hands smoothing over his form and tugging at his hair.

Her mouth found his shoulder as she let out an airy gasp, his name falling from her lips in a chant as she came, tightening and clenching around him in spasms, his own dark eyes widening as he watched her come undone. Chojuro’s movements became frantic very quickly, his back hunching slightly as he moved within her, his release quickly sneaking up on him as he let out a yell, his seed spilling inside her as he stilled.

Panting loudly and just holding each other for a few moments, Chojuro slowly let Sakura go, her pink hair sticking to her face again as he pulled out of her, his red cheeks flushing darker as she lay sprawled out before him, her legs spread and her chest heaving, his release slowly dripping from her in an intoxicating sight.

And she had that invitingly warm smile on her face, her green eyes half lidded and filled with love, devotion even.

Chojuro ran a hand down his sweaty face, a groan falling from his lips as she slowly sat up, her lips meeting his softly for a few moments before he pulled back and smiled at her pout.

There’d be time for that later.

“Come on Sakura-chan, I’ll wash your back for you.”
Dance Battle (Suigetsu/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request: Suigetsu and Sakura please. "No, I am not dance battling you right here."

All was silent as the pinkette glared at the mist nin, her green eyes burning as he once again tried to wrap an arm around her shoulders.

Another punch to the gut and another burst of water.

This had been going on for far too long.

“Oh come on pinky, I can still remember the moves you pulled with the eight and nine tails! God damn it, why not?!"

“For the last time you waste of water…” She seethed out, her cheeks burning with remembrance as that sake filled night flashed through her mind. “NO, I am NOT dance battling you right here.”

“Why not?!"

“WE’RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A DAMN WAR, THAT’S WHY NOT!”

“But Sakura-chan—”

Her fist flew out the second he tried to pout over at her, nailing him dead in the face as he burst into water once more.

They were on the verge of all-out battle, and she could understand that people did stupid things to unwind and try to relax…

But a freaking dance battle?!

No.

“Damn, Kisame was right about you- you ARE hotter when you’re mad!”

Just no.

“Suigetsu….”

“Yes sugar lips?”

“Get out of my sight before I put you in a damn bottle and drink you myself.”

“Oh,” His purple eyes widened before a teasing smirk overtook his lips, a slight flush coming to his pale cheeks as he winked at her again. “If you wanted me inside you that badly, you could have just asked sweetie.”

Oh for gods sake.
Her Boys (Team 7/Sakura)

Chapter Summary

Request: SakuraXTeam 7: At the end of all, Sakura was the one who always took care of the boys from Team 7, Sad Fic, please

They were her boys, and she’d sworn to always do what was best for them, to take care of them.

They were her boys…her team…her family.

Her everything.

She’d do anything for them, anything, even if it broke her to pieces and left her unfixable.

It was only right that in the end, she was the one to put Yamato out of his misery, his body too broken and worn to survive any longer. He’d been in so much pain…his begging and pleads for death still echoing in her ears as she remembered cradling him to her chest and ending his pain with a glowing green hand.

It was only right that she was the one to finish Sasuke after his trial, his public execution having been made to show others just what happens to a traitor. The haunted look in his eyes and the small resigned smile he’d given her as her sword started to descend where all she could see anymore.

The thump his head had made as it hit the ground would never leave her.

And it was only right, that when Naruto finally lost control after years of pain and sadness, that she be the one to give him freedom from his now twisted thoughts. In his last moments, while her hand was firmly planted in his chest, he’d smiled at her.

Smiled just as brightly as he had before the war took his spirit and crushed it into nothingness.

Just like when they were children…

“Thank you Sakura-chan.”

The warmth of his blood would never leave her hands.

Never.

And Sai…sweet misunderstood Sai…

She’d been the one to pay for his funeral when his body was brought back from a failed mission. She was the one to tend to his body, she was the one to plan and make everything perfect for him.

He deserved nothing less than perfect.

They all did.

They were her boys, and in the end, it was only right that she be the one to take care of them and do what needed to be done.
“Does it ever get better?” The pinkette whispered out, her elbows propped up on the railing of the old and worn red bridge, the taller man next to her silent as he clutched his faded orange book tightly.

“No…No it doesn’t.” His eyes followed hers as they looked out across the training field, the young Uzumaki and Uchiha spared happily with their mothers, completely unaware of the eyes watching them. “It never gets any better.”

“I thought so.” Her voice was hollow, just like her eyes.

She’d given everything for her boys, everything.

Her mind, her heart, her very soul and spirit.

Each had taken a little part of her with them to the other side, and the only reason she was still here was because she still had one more left to care for.

_One more._

And no matter how much it pained her to stay and watch her best friend’s children remind her of them, no matter how much it destroyed her to watch her now ageing sensei slowly wither away as the years passed…

She _had_ to stay.

_Because he was one of her boys._

He was one of her family, and she would never leave him behind.

Their team was waiting for them on the other side, and no matter how impatient she was to see them again, she could wait.

_They’d all be together soon…_

Kakashi had always been one to show up late after all.

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