companions in misfortune

by kintou

Summary

Kakashi and Sasuke have an understanding: Sasuke rents Kakashi's extra room and they never talk about personal stuff, ever. Sadly, everything changes when Kakashi falls madly in love with the adoptive father of another orphan. And not just any orphan: Sasuke's ex-rival, companion in misfortune, and soon to-be friend. Before they even know it they catch each other opening up, and even talking about... feelings.

Notes

Hi!

First of all: my amazing best friend made this 'https://open.spotify.com/playlist/7FQzcKRQw8zgnS8N9ynRgh?si=8OSdTIrFRsGhsAwZahMzzw' playlist full of music Sasuke would listen to.

Then: I always write in first person but since I've been reading narusasu I really got used to third person again? Weird. Anyway, I hope there are no mistakes regarding to that. Also: this was supposed to be a oneshot, but it got a little longer than expected. Here's a first chapter! I guess there will be 3 or 4.

Enjoy!

Note: there will be some small comments about abuse.
See the end of the work for more notes.
My relationship with Kakashi was.. a little hard to define. I guess he was there when things were more complicated. While I was still in his class he offered to tutor me at his home; I was getting straight A’s and didn’t need tutoring in the slightest. Maybe he had seen how I cringed when the other kids talked loudly, maybe he had seen how I didn’t want to go home, maybe he knew the kind of dark thoughts rushing through my mind. It didn’t come as a surprise that, when I got to his home for the so called tutoring sessions, Kakashi turned me to his studying room and said: ‘Good luck, kid.’ He went to make us some coffee and got me through the exams like that. He got me through without having to feel so god damn alone in my own house and without getting annoyed at the other kids.

But it was never.. father like. He wasn’t responsible; hell, he wasn’t even a proper teacher. He never made me any food and he never told me what I could of couldn’t do. He told me where the bread was if I ever got hungry and I guess I made my own sandwiches.

We had an understanding. We both liked quiet, and maybe we both didn’t like being alone. No one ever asked where I went after school, and if they did they had to accept my silence they’d get in return.

What did come as a surprise for me was this: Kakashi offering me his spare room when I was looking for my student room. I guess I had been complaining, and I had definitely been talking more than I usually did because of it. ‘They share their bathrooms and it looks disgusting, even when they are obviously just cleaned. I can’t fucking imagine how it looks on a normal day. And the kitchen smelled-’

‘You know I have an extra room right?’, Kakashi had said.

‘What do you mean?’

‘I could rent it to you, for the price you’d pay for a student room.’

I had stared at him like he was crazy. ‘Don’t fucking pretend to be my caretaker.. or father.’

‘I won’t nag you if you never say anything about any partners I bring home. Oh, and if you don’t shower in between seven and eight we’ll be fine.’

And I guess we were. Kakashi sometimes brought his partners home. Men, I realized soon enough. Which was.. somehow more shocking because I knew about my own sexuality then. I had never met another gay man; I had always thought, but apparently there had been one right in front of me. I didn’t say anything about it; Kakashi didn’t either. The room was big enough and quite nice. I stopped using Kakashi’s study and made a space for it in my own room. Neither of us cared to listen to music loudly, we rarely ate together, we greeted each other in the morning, and we told each other how we were doing (but kept it short.)

It was a good way to spend my days. Better than any housing for students I could have gotten into, at least. I liked the idea of not being alone, even if our relationship was hard to define. I guess we were close. How can you not be when you live in someone's house? But Kakashi never got close enough to make me repeat the words: ‘Don’t pretend you’re my father.’ I guess we were both happier for it.

‘Sasuke?’ I was making an omelette in the kitchen when Kakashi came up to me.
‘Hm?’

‘Uh.. Well.. You know how I’ve been seeing someone?’

Of course. The two hadn’t exactly kept quiet. Late in the evening I would always hear the two giggle, and in the morning I would find the two cuddling in the kitchen. Every single time Kakashi’s new fling had looked embarrassed as hell, and I had gotten out of the kitchen as quickly as possible. ‘Yeah.’

‘Well.. Uhm. Today he’s coming over for dinner.’

Why did that matter? Wouldn’t be the first time. ‘Hm.’ I flipped the egg carefully.

Kakashi watched the pan. ‘He’s.. He’s bringing his son. So I was just thinking that if you wanted to you could join. He’s supposed to be your age.’

‘Why the fuck does he have a son my age?’ Shit. That had sounded ruder than I had wanted it to, but Kakashi wasn’t that much older than I was, maybe fifteen years or so. ‘Nevermind.’

‘He- he adopted.’ Kakashi started. ‘He used to volunteer at the orphanage... the same you were in for a yea-’

‘Alright.’ Wouldn’t it seem as if they were father and son as well? What would others think if there was a kid sitting at each side of the table? It would seem like a family dinner damn sure. Especially if Kakashi wasn’t planning on chilling with all the romantic stuff. Knowing him, he wouldn’t.

‘What?’

‘Good for them. I don’t know if I want to eat, I’ll let you know.’

Kakashi stared at me. Did he look.. worried? Or was it confused? ‘Okay. Let me know.’

Was I being too cautious? Sure it had been a while since I felt like a family with anybody. Well actually, it had been a while since I felt close to anybody at all. But that didn’t mean I feared it; I just didn’t need it.

So why did the idea of having dinner with the boyfriend and his son put me off so much? It wasn’t anything much, and it wasn’t like I had done any groceries to make dinner myself.

But sure enough; it was enough to keep my mind so busy that I couldn’t focus on any of the essays I was trying to write. Everything came out terrible. At university too; everything felt like I was marrying into a new family and I was freaking afraid of it. It sucked a whole lot.

So half-through the day I texted Kakashi: ‘Didn’t make any plans. I’ll eat.’ Nothing more and nothing less. I wondered if Kakashi could read the nervousness into the text. Kakashi was good at stuff like that, usually. I hoped this time he wasn’t.

‘You’re really going all out, aren’t you?’, I asked Kakashi.

‘What? No. I make lasagna all the time.’

I rolled my eyes. ‘Right. Except from all the three years I’ve been living here.’
Kakashi blushed. ‘Don’t tell Iruka.’

‘I’m not telling anyone anything.’ So the guy’s name was Iruka… that was good to know. ‘I’m going to my room.’

‘I’ll call you when it’s ready.’

What the hell was up with that. Well.. I guess there wasn’t any less-family way to say stuff like that. Still, it felt shitty. ‘Do whatever.’ I sounded like a puber again.

‘Will do.’ Kakashi answered with a smirk on his face.

I laid down on my bed, clicked on my speaker, and put on love if we made it softly. I closed my eyes and breath in. I would be fine socializing for one evening. Kakashi was making fucking lasagna; he would probably take up most attention this evening.

I breathed in.

A kid from my orphanage, hm. It hadn’t been a nice place. The entire period felt like a blur. I hadn’t exactly been my best self after my parents passed away, I barely remember anything from the period.

Hadn’t spoken to anyone.

Hadn’t looked most people in the eyes.

Tried my best to never get attached to anyone again. At least there I knew that the orphanage had been temporary; most periods in life don’t give you that privilege.

I got up and pulled out my shirt, got a black turtleneck from my closet. ‘Fuck,’ I mumbled softly, looking into the mirror.

The door downstairs opened, two friendly voices filled the house. Iruka sounded excited. I guess he always did; they were in love. Kakashi had made a lasagna; they were equally excited.

‘Sasuke!’ Yes, dad, I sarcastically thought, didn’t say anything. I waited for a while until I decided to walk downstairs too. Couldn’t have them thinking that I was excited as well. That was their thing.

I walked down slowly, it seemed as if Iruka was trying to peek into the oven to see what Kakashi had been making. I couldn’t help but mentally role my eyes at them. It was just the two of them, until-

‘Hey! You’re that bastard.’

Three pairs of eyes turned my way in horror. Iruka jumped up first. ‘Naruto!’

Naruto. The goddamn idiot. ‘That bastard?’, I asked.

‘He’s not wrong,’ Kakashi mumbled softly.

‘At least he used to be,’ he chuckled while walking my way. ‘It’s good to see you again.’

Something came back to me. Something from in between feeling completely empty, hating myself, and ignoring everyone. It was fighting this fucking fool. Just because he wanted to. He had hated my empty look, my silence, so he had slugged my jaw. I also remembered this; getting taken into a
home way before any of the other kids and Naruto giving me a middle finger for it. Jokes on him; it seemed like Naruto was adopted into a loving home, and that was more than I could say. My adoptive family had sucked to say the least.

‘Idiot,’ I mumbled.

‘See? You remember,’ Naruto filled in.

Iruka interrupted us, talking about how great it was that we knew each other. Kakashi agreed; giving me a cocky smirk. I hated that ‘Sasuke needs to make more friends’ look. ‘That’s great. Isn’t it, Sasuke?’ Kakashi said cheerfully.

I send him a glare of a lifetime.

Which made Naruto laugh. ‘See? You haven’t changed that much.’ Hadn’t I? I had gotten better. A lot. A lot better.

‘Neither have you,’ I snapped back.

‘I guess not. Still kind of annoying,’ he chuckled.

I stared at him. Since when did he start believing others? That simple sentence was a proof that Naruto had changed in extremes. Somehow I found myself curious to figure out in what ways. He shouldn’t have believed the words everyone told him. That wasn’t like the Naruto I remembered.

I didn’t object, though.

Iruka took Naruto’s head and pulled him against his chest. Naruto chuckling. They seemed to have talked about the subject before; no compliments from me were needed.

Naruto had gotten lucky, as unlucky as he had been before.

‘Sasuke can you get the serving spoon?’ Kakashi asked, getting the lasagna from the oven and signing Iruka and Naruto into the living room.

No, certainly not, a piece of me wanted to say. ‘Sure,’ I said instead.

The lasagna was good, I guess. Kakashi had put on some spotify playlist that he usually rarely listened to. There were some good classics that by, but overall the playlist was shit. Naruto kept glancing at me, grinning every time he caught my eyes. I wondered how it would make me feel if he raised that middle finger over the table again. I guess I would prefer that. It had been a long time since I had a dinner looking like this. My foster parents never did so; my foster dad would eat in front of the television. He thought a bone in his chicken or someone losing a spell show was enough to beat my ass for. He thought he had done well by taking the ultimate prodigy home, but that had ended in nothing but them asking: ‘You think you’re too good for us, hm, Uchiha?’

So the last time had been.. when Itachi had still been sitting right in front of me, my parents chatting over dinner like Iruka and Kakashi were doing. When I looked down like this- like I was doing now- Itachi would poke my head- and- ‘Sasuke?’ Naruto’s voice piped up. I looked up at Naruto. He had finished his piece of lasagna.

‘Sorry- zoned out.’
Naruto frowned, probably because I never said anything like that. ‘Can I get you some-’

‘No.’

Iruka and Kakashi were staring at me. ‘Sasuke.. Bastard- it’s-’

‘No. It’s not. Um.. I’m stepping out for a second. I’ll be back.’ And like that I walked away from that lovely family dinner. From the warm room and the lasagna. The smell of fine, the sound of laughter, and a face I hadn’t expected to make me feel as much as it did. Why couldn’t Naruto just try to kick my ass again? That would be easier.

I quickly took my coat and walked into the icy cold. I hadn’t even walked three meters when I heard the door close again. I didn’t turn around, kept walking. The person jogged up to me, thought, put his hand on my arm. I finally glared at them, at Naruto, of all people. Of all people who could have followed me, I hadn’t expected Naruto to be the one to do so.

‘Hey,’ he said shyly.

‘Hi.’

‘Can I take a walk with you?’

‘Hm..’ It wasn’t like he was going to change his mind, even if I told him no. So I kept on walking and he kept on walking beside me. He put his hands into his pockets obnoxiously. It was cold as hell. The cold air snapped me back into reality; it also made my hands hurt.

‘That lasagna was really good. Does Kakashi make that often?’

I snorted. ‘As if.’

Naruto chuckled. ‘As expected; he really just wanted to impress Iruka. I guess it worked though. Well not that Iruka isn’t head over heels in love already, but the gesture is nice.’

‘Hn.’

Naruto tried to keep up with my pace while looking casual. Failed a little. Naruto was giddy, would have walked faster, would have jumped, if he had gotten the chance. ‘So.. eh.. It’s really good that you went for a breather. I guess I know the look you just had on your face a little too well, and I got really worried.’ He expected me to answer. I didn’t. ‘But- being alone is not your only option, even if all the people before sucked. I get that that’s a lot, though.’

I stopped walking. ‘You don’t know me.’

‘No, I don’t, but I know myself. I know what it’s like to panic every time some acts like they’re family.’

I couldn’t help but stare at Naruto as if he was insane. I guess that he did know what it was like. That was a weird thing to realise. That this absolute idiot, this hyperactive ball of happiness was the one who knew how it felt.

I walked on quietly for a few seconds. Naruto made sure to stick to me. ‘I’m glad you were adopted by someone nice.’

Naruto stared for a few seconds, I saw him frown. He knew the hidden message behind those words. I wondered if he’d act on them. ‘Thank you, Sasuke.’
His shoulder bumped into mine from time to time. We walked into the park and then turned around again. I brought my hands up to my mouth and blew some warm air into them. It didn’t help much.

‘You want to hold hands?’ Naruto joked.

I chuckled. ‘Fuck off.’ Still I couldn’t help but think; look at me, chuckling right after almost having a mental break down.

Naruto was laughing at my reaction. He seemed to be moving effortlessly now. ‘You want to get some ice cream?’

‘Are you crazy? Fuck no.’

‘Iruka brought some cake anyway. He’s good at baking, you know? It’s awesome.’ the idea of cake after lasagna didn’t exactly make me feel excited. It would be overload. ‘Ha! You look so disgusted right now. Good thing you’re not living with Iruka, he would fatten you up so much.’

‘Hn, he couldn’t.’

Naruto bumped my shoulder. ‘I guess you and Kakashi are a good match, then.’

I looked at Naruto for a second, then looked away as quick as I could. ‘I’m only renting his extra room.’

Naruto hummed, nodded. ‘But it feels safe, right?’

I hadn’t really looked at it like that. ‘I guess.’

‘Don’t ignore that, then.’

‘Don’t act like you know it all.’

Naruto rolled his eyes, grinned. ‘Alright then, genius.’

‘Don’t call me that either.’

There was indeed cake. Kakashi was really excited about it even though he didn’t care for cake that much. The first thing he said was: ‘Sasuke! Iruka brought cake!’ It made him get a slightly disappointed look from Iruka. I guess that was an ‘you need to talk with Sasuke more’ look that Kakashi would be getting from now on. A look that no one needed.

‘I know.’

Iruka perked up. ‘You told him?’ He asked Naruto.

Naruto shrugged. ‘You know I talk a lot when nervous, sorry.’ That was so honest. Naruto had gotten so honest. He was at ease with who he was, almost completely. Naruto had grown into someone who was, despite his hyperactivity, very calm. He didn’t doubt. Not even a second.

‘Yeah, I know, it’s okay. You want the first piece?’

Naruto nodded excitedly.

While I watched the two of them interact Kakashi put down two cups of coffee and next to two
cups of tea on the table. ‘Second is for you.’ He said. I just nodded. I needed a cup.

‘Sasuke?’ Iruka asked, ‘Which piece do you want?’

‘I don’t. Thanks. I’m going up, got an essay due.’ I got my coffee from the table.

Naruto stared at me. I returned his intense look. For a bit, it was hard to break free from his eyes. Until he said ‘Good luck, Sasuke. It was nice seeing you.’ and I turned around.

When I went down to put away my cup later that night, Kakashi caught me in the kitchen. He casually looked around the corner, smiled. ‘Hey, Sasuke.’

I raised an eyebrow at him.

‘Have you eaten enough?’

‘Yeah.’

‘Leftovers are in the fridge.’

‘Okay.’ I put my coffeecup in the sink, poured a bit of water inside of it.

‘So.. Uh.. You want to talk about what happened during dinner?’ Of fucking course that’s what he wanted.

I sighed. ‘What? Iruka told you to talk to me more?’

Kakashi chuckled. ‘Yeah, he did.’

‘Well, tell him that I’m not Naruto, and you’re not my damn father.’

‘Will do.’

‘Good.’

Kakashi fetched a glass, poured himself a bit of wine. ‘Just know that I am here. If you do want to talk.’

‘Nothing is wrong.’

‘Just in case. Talking helps.’

I stared at Kakashi. This man was impossible. ‘I talked to Naruto.’ And with that I turned around towards the stairs. Kakashi looked, and sounded like he wanted to say more. Luckily he let me go. This entire ‘understanding’ was based on not prying. I didn’t want to lose it.

The next morning was rough. My face felt thick and it was still completely dark when my alarm went off. I stayed in bed for twenty minutes longer than I usually would, enjoying the warmth of his bed. Any day now, snow would start falling. It was cold as fuck, grey as fuck, and my childhood trauma’s were great at fucking up my dreams.

I pulled on some thick socks, a big black sweater, and walked downstairs. Kakashi was still in bed.
I clicked on the light, stared at the garden, at how the sky was fading into a lighter colour. I pushed the button of our coffee machine, listened to how it slowly got started. Then I saw it: on the table there was a small piece of paper with a phone number on it. It was Kakashi’s handwriting, saying: ‘This is Naruto’s number. In case.’ I stared at it for a while. Yes, it had been easy to talk to the idiot, but I wanted nothing more than that. I didn’t need new friends. Especially not friends that had also been in my orphanage. If anything, I wanted to move on. Still, I couldn’t keep my eyes off the note: This is Naruto’s number, in case.

Maybe Kakashi knew me better than he got credit for.
I fumbled the piece of paper in my pocket, quickly sat down in the back of the classroom. Despite it being time to get started, the teacher wasn’t standing up. I sighed and took my laptop out of my bag, opened a document. The number felt heavy in my pocket. I wondered if someone would ever.. get me on edge like Naruto had. I wondered if I’d ever want to fight someone, while talking to them about feelings.

It was a weird combination.

I got the paper out of my pocket and looked at the number again. That’s when - talk about mr. worst timing - Suigestu walked in and sat down next to me, loudly.

‘What’s up?’ he said casually. He was late.

‘Hm.’

‘That a phone number? Some chick gave you hers again? Guess they never learn.’

‘I guess.’ That was an easy way to get it out of my head, at least. To pretend it was like that. ‘Here,’ I pushed the paper his way, ‘you can have it.’

He got the paper and threw it off the table. ‘Fuck you, I don’t need a girl who’s only interested in looks.’

I shrugged. ‘Are you saying that people who like me only like me for my looks?’

Suigetsu smirked. ‘Sure am,’ he said. I couldn’t exactly deny it. Most girls who liked me did only care about my looks. I hadn’t had a lot of contact with men, apart from a few clumsy kisses in a club. Those had been terrible. I had expected that to be my style; in the dark with no strings attached. It hadn’t been. And it hadn’t been like I wanted a relationship, or that I had even been in love with someone before. Being gay was just something.. that had always been there. I didn’t exactly need intense love to know that.

The teacher started speaking. I quickly wrote down what she said, or at least what I thought would
be interesting. Suigetsu hadn’t even gotten out a notebook. He would probably ask to borrow my notes again. After these years I had realized that sending him the notes was easier than telling him to pay attention. The second was an impossible quest.

In the middle of the lesson my Iphone screen lit up brightly. In the middle there was a small note. Someone who’d number I didn’t have in my phone. At first I decided not to check it. It could be someone getting my phone number from a friend, asking me to go bowling or whatever it was this time. But then I saw the name ‘Iruka’ in the text.

Maybe it had me worried, a little. So I leaned forward and read the first part of the text. ‘Hi! Iruka said you wanted my number.’

I picked up my phone and opened the message. ‘Hi! Iruka said you wanted my number so this is me. And by me I mean Naruto (:’

The message surprised me. So Kakashi had talked to Iruka about what I had said. Seemed like nothing would be a secret ever again. Well that was quite the sacrifice I was making for Kakashi’s stupid love life. Still better that nasty student showers, but truly a shame.

I started typing: ‘It’s all lies.’

Seconds later his reply came: ‘Well youve got my number anyway. So watcha doing?’

I mentally rolled my eyes at his texting style. I had expected more smileys, but apart from that it was so much like him.

‘Class. stfu.’

‘Wow rude :p’

Okay. Lucky with the way Naruto apparently just was, Kakashi’s plan kind of seemed to work. I wasn’t exactly having a conversation with Naruto. He’d ask me: ‘You done with class yet’ and I’d say: ‘Why’d you care?’ Somewhere in the conversation he started sending me cat gifs, saying that it would cure my bad day. I couldn’t help but smile at that, which made me even more nervous. I ended up not replying to the gifs, not even something short like I had done. Maybe Iruka had told Naruto exactly what Kakashi seemed to think about me: Sasuke is lonely and he needs someone to talk to. Naruto seemed more than willing to help them; but I sure as fuck wasn’t.

The rest of the day went by without another text from Naruto. I checked my phone a few times, but he kept unusually quiet. That was fine by me. I walked home with some music on, couldn’t wait until I was home again.

It was slowly becoming dark. No surprise there: it was cold as fuck too. I kind of expected snow to start falling from the sky any second. I’d really have to go buy some gloves.

With icy hands I got my key out of my pocket and pushed it into the lock. The house was completely calm. I saw one light in the study, telling me that Kakashi was home. Luckily he didn’t feel the need to be completely obnoxious today. I slowly took off my black coat, put in on the coat rack. Then I took off my cold shoes and put them underneath the radiator. For the first time in
forever I felt so damn tired I could take a nap. Maybe it was my body just trying to keep me warm, maybe it was all the god damn thinking my brain felt like doing. Completely without consent. It was making my head hurt.

I made a cup of coffee. Stared at how it dripped into my mug, waited patiently until it had completely stopped. That’s when my phone started ringing. I sighed, took the cup of coffee, and then my phone. It was a number I hadn’t added to my phone, but one I definitely recognized from seeing it the entire damn day. I started walking upstairs, picked up the phone.

‘Hi,’ I picked up.

‘Hey, Sasuke..’ Naruto said on the other side of the line.

And right away I felt that… something was off. He sounded so down.

‘Why are you calling?’ That sounded ruder than I had imagined. I couldn’t help it.

‘Sorry.’ Naruto said right away. ‘Shit. I’m sorry for calling.’

‘It’s fine.’ I was out before I even realized it. ‘Tell me why.’

Naruto was silent for a second. ‘Uhm. I’m sorry to bother you with this-’ Who the hell had thought him to say sorry that much? I knew it wasn’t Iruka. ‘I had a fight with Iruka. We just.. I got really mad at him.’

‘It happens,’ I tried.

‘I might have thrown a plate to the ground, then I kind of ran out. This hasn’t- fuck- it hasn’t happened in forever. I thought I had become so much calmer.’

I snorted. ‘These things don’t just go away. Trust me, I know.’

Naruto was quiet. Then he, softly, said: ‘I know, that’s why I called you.’ That surprised me. I hadn’t expected that. No one had ever said I was understanding. It honestly made me wondered if Naruto maybe hit that plate on his head. ‘Uhm.. would you- can I maybe come over for a bit?’

I sat down on my bed, sipped my coffee. ‘I think this is not the best place to hide from Iruka.’

‘I- I guess you’re right.’

‘Can’t you go to a friend’s?’

‘I- uhm- I’m afraid they’ll think I’m.. weird. If I tell them what happened. I don’t want to lie. I’m a huge fuck up.’

‘But you don’t mind me knowing?’

Naruto chuckled. ‘I’ve punched your face because you had gotten a new family. I think we’re good.’

I chuckled. ‘You’re stupid.’

‘I guess I am.’

I closed my eyes. ‘Alright.’
‘What?’

‘Come over. Don’t ring the bell, text me when you’re here.’

Naruto was in front of my house in a little less than ten minutes. He texted me with an obnoxious smiley, and I wonder if the walk had done if well or if he was completely faking it. Somehow I found it bothersome that I didn’t know him well enough to just know what he was thinking.

I didn’t often care about what people were thinking.

I walked downstairs with my phone in my hand. Kakashi was still in his study, unmoved. I opened the door as quietly as possible, greeted by a very, very cold Naruto. He wasn’t wearing a coat. Even in the dark I could see how red his face had gotten.

‘Hey,’ he whispered.

‘Are you fucking insane?’ I replied, just as softly. ‘Come the fuck inside. Be quiet.’

I turned around. Naruto closed the door softly and followed my steps upstairs. It felt weird. I didn’t remember the last time I had brought someone up. Sure, there had been a half-drunk Suigetsu crashing my room, or Karin working with me on a school project. This felt different.

Maybe because we were sneaking behind Kakashi’s back, as if we had parents and had gotten home too late.

I opened the door to my room. ‘This is it.’ I mumbled. Naruto looked around, at my desk, my bed, my record player.

‘This is nice,’ Naruto said.

‘I guess.’ I mumbled, walking past Naruto to my bed, going through my knees and looking for an extra blanket. I found a dark blue one. It was completely fluffy, probably much to Naruto’s liking. He seemed like the kind of guy who appreciates soft stuff. ‘Sit down, you’re making me nervous.’ I mumbled.

Naruto, of course, laughed at that. He sat down on my desk chair. I threw a blanket at him. ‘You look like an ice statue.’

‘You mad that I stole your look?’ he replied.

I rolled my eyes. I was kind of glad he didn’t sound like he was about to cry anymore. ‘So do you want to tell me what the fight was about?’

Naruto put the blanket around his shoulders. He pulled the sides towards his chest, avoiding my eyes. ‘Not really.’

‘Fine by me.’ I kicked the blanket-box back under my bed. ‘So, tea?’

Naruto smiled. ‘Yes please. And.. do you maybe have a snack? I kind of left halfway through dinner.’

‘And threw your plate. I remember.’
Naruto sighed. ‘You’re such a bastard.’

I chuckled, opening the door. ‘Don’t bite the hand that feeds you.’

‘So you will get me snacks.’

‘I might,’ and with that I walked down to get him some tea. I felt a little light - a new feeling - after bickering with Naruto. He made me childish. I always had to be a grownup, didn’t know anything else.

I got out two big mugs. I made sure to give Naruto the ugliest ‘worlds best teacher’ mug we owned. A mug that made me wonder if Kakashi was actually in his right mind for keeping it. I boiled some water and stared into cupboard. I had some crackers, so that’s what Naruto would get. He had no right to act spoiled about it. I put the tea bag in the first mug, put in some of Kakashi’s honey for Naruto (he most likely had a sweet tooth) and then put the bag into my cup. That’s when, to my freaking horror, the door opened.

‘Hey,’ Kakashi said. I silently wished that he wouldn’t say anything more.

‘Hi’

‘You have someone over?’

‘No.’ Fuck. Who the absolute fuck says no when holding two damn mugs?

‘Sure you don’t.’

‘I do. It’s not important.’

‘You’re being weird.’

‘Whatever.’ I put both mugs on a tray. Threw the crackers on there as well.

‘Do you maybe have a lady friend over?’ Kakashi wiggled his eyebrows ‘You know I wouldn’t-’

‘I’m gay.’

Fuck.

Well that was one way to react… to make absolutely everything even worse.

‘Anyway, bye.’ At least it shut him up. It shut him up long enough to let me walk upstairs with the tray in my hands. It shut him up long enough to not let him ask even more questions. That was all I needed for now.

When I came back Naruto was browsing through some Francis Bacon art books I had laying around. He was cuddled up in his blanket. When I walked in, the first thing he said was: ‘This shit is freaking amazing! Have you seen this shit?’
‘Yeah. I bought the book.’

‘He’s awesome.’ I put the tea in front of him and stared at the book. I guess he was right. The pieces were amazing. I hadn’t taken the time to look at them since forever.

‘Didn’t know you liked this kind of stuff.’

Naruto shrugged. ‘I like art. My friend’s an art major so sometimes he shows me stuff. This.. this is new though.’

‘Maybe your friend needs to step up his game,’ I joked.

Naruto looked at me, smiled slightly ‘Maybe he does. He hasn’t shown me anything like this.’

I got another chair and put it next to Naruto. ‘Neither have I. You just decided to touch my stuff.’

‘Ha, sorry.’ Naruto stretched the side of his blanket and dropped it on top of my legs. I wasn’t planning on sharing a blanket with Naruto, getting cozy, but I didn’t bother pushing the blanket away either. I leaned against his chair lightly.

Naruto turned the book my way a bit more. He turned over the pages slowly. Sometimes he’d stop for a bit longer. He didn’t read any of the texts. I had read them before; didn’t care much. ‘Is this inspired by Van Gogh?’

‘Hm. It’s an old work.’

‘I like it.’

‘Thought so.’

He got the tea and sipped some. He made some appreciating noises before putting the mug down again. ‘Thanks for this.’ he said.

I didn’t remember the last time someone had thanked me. It had been so long. Maybe it had just been very, very long since I had helped someone.

I forgot to answer him.

He didn’t seem bothered by it.

We spend the rest of our time grabbing art books and going through them. Naruto told me about his major, psychology. He wanted to help people, got mad when I told him that that was ironic. He said that you can help people best if you know what they’ve been through. You can only help people if you could once not deal yourself. Someone who can cope could never explain you how they do it.

I guess he was right.

Maybe that’s why I felt safe with him. It was a scary thing to realise, but I did.

Somewhere that evening, when it had gotten quite late, Kakashi yelled my name.

‘Sasuke!’

I hadn’t noticed how close to Naruto I had gotten. Our legs were touching each other. He had sneakily managed to cover almost my entire legs with the blanket. It was warm. Naruto was.
But now I hurriedly stood up, scared by the realisation, and pushed my head through my door. ‘What?!’

‘Have you maybe seen Naruto?’ Kakashi asked.

Ah.. so a worried Iruka had probably been calling him. ‘No. Why the hell would I?’ I wondered what Naruto would think about me saying that. I mean.. It wasn’t a weird thing to say. We weren’t friends. Naruto being here was more than a surprise to me, and actually it was just really weird.

‘I don’t know. Maybe because I gave you his phone number?’

‘I didn’t use it.’

‘Alright. Tell me if you hear anything.’

‘I won’t.’

Kakashi rolled his eyes. ‘Fine. Sorry for bothering.’

I sighed. Pushed the door closed loudly. I wondered who was acting more like a puber, me or Kakashi. He was being quite annoying as well, wanting to bother everyone for his lover.

I turned around. Naruto looked nervous, suddenly. ‘I should probably go,’ he said.

I sat down on my bed, didn’t want to sit as close to him anymore. ‘Later, when Kakashi isn’t walking around. It would be embarrassing as fuck if he found you now.’

Naruto nodded, looking at his hands. ‘So..’

‘What?’ I raised an eyebrow. He was being stupid.

‘Kakashi.. gave you my phone number?’

I felt like sighing so hard I didn’t have any air left in my lungs. Was that really what he was worried about? About the fact I didn’t fucking text him first? I didn’t feel like texting him in the first place.

‘Yeah.’

‘But you didn’t use it?’

‘We talked once. Kakashi and Iruka are being obnoxious, trying to set us up.’

Naruto shrugged. ‘I guess you’re right. They are.’

Downstairs I heard the door to the study close. Naruto was silent for a while.

‘Iruka is probably worried. You should probably apologize to him.’

‘Probably.’ Naruto grinned, but he looked sad. ‘I was a real dick.’

I wanted to get that look off his face. That shouldn’t be his. ‘Yeah. Don’t steal my style. You’re the good hearted idiot.’

Naruto laughed. He laughed genuinely and it was beautiful. It amazed me that I could make him do that. Me.. someone who was usually seen as completely serious, could make Naruto happy like that.
That was somehow amazing.

Naruto stood up, left the blanket on my chair. ‘Sorry. I’ll get back to being kind hearted.’

‘You better, idiot.’

I stopped right in front of the door. ‘Wait.’ I mumbled quickly. I walked towards my closet and got a simple black hoodie out of there. I threw it at Naruto. ‘Pull this on.’

Naruto grinned. ‘You’re so smart.’

‘I know.’

He pulled the sweater on top of his own sweater. Pulled the hood over his head. Kakashi wouldn’t recognize him even if he did see us walking. ‘Won’t Iruka realise it’s yours.’

‘Yeah sure, because I’m the only person with a black hoodie.’

Naruto chuckled. ‘Shut up, you smart ass.’

I smirked and pushed him towards the door. ‘You’ll be fine.’

Naruto stopped in his pace again, turned around obnoxiously. He was standing way too close. ‘Thanks.. Sasuke.’ He whispered, even though the door wasn’t yet open. ‘This was nice.’

I ended up avoiding his eyes. I couldn’t help it. ‘Hm. You can come here... another time.’ and I don’t know what the hell possessed me to say that, but I did. I did and I meant it. It had been nice having him here.

The smile that he gave me though, almost made me regret my words. His entire face seemed to glow. ‘Sure!’ he said excitedly. With that he opened the door. He whispered a very, very soft. ‘See you,’ and then walked through the hallway, and then closed the door.

And he was gone.

And my room suddenly felt so much colder.

I felt weird.

It wasn’t bad or good. Just weird.

Slowly I walked back to my chair. I picked up the small blanket. It was still warm from Naruto’s skin. I pulled it around my shoulder and thought about how he had been sitting in my chair. I thought about how he had grinned and appreciated my books.

Fuck, I thought. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

This wasn’t how this was supposed to go.

Wrapped in my pyjamas and the blanket Naruto had used I went to get some tea, later that evening. The light in the kitchen was low. Kakashi had some jazz playing, which was nice. The whole evening I had spent looking at the books we hadn’t looked at earlier. Looking at books I still had.
Now I sliced some ginger, got a lemon out of the cooler. I put half of the ginger in my cup, had sliced way too fucking much. So I got another cup, put the ginger inside for that one as well. Then some lemon and the boiled water. In one of the cups I put some honey and a spoon. I took one cup, and walked towards Kakashi’s study slowly. I knocked, then opened the door with my elbow, like I had done so many times before. Kakashi had all kinds of papers in front of him, he was wearing glasses and looked tired. Really tired. Maybe he had spent the entire evening trying to calm Iruka.

He stared at me.

‘I had too much ginger.’ I mumbled.

Kakashi nodded, made a free spot on his desk. ‘Thanks.’

‘No problem.’

Kakashi frowned a little. He looked like he had more to say, so I walked slowly. ‘Sasuke?’ I turned, nodded. ‘I’m sorry to bother you, with Naruto. I don’t mean to push the situation on you.’

I didn’t know what to answer him. I wondered if it’s okay was really what I wanted to say.

‘It’s just that..’ he went on. ‘They had a fight, a pretty bad one. Iruka said that it was because he had said something stupid.. Uhm.. something stupid about you.’

‘About me?’ I couldn’t even hide my surprise, my voice gave it away completely.

‘About how- don’t get mad, please - about how you push people away sometimes. Well, Naruto wasn’t having it. He told Iruka he should know better. That he should know what you’ve been through.. Stuff like that.’

‘What? Why?’

Kakashi shrugged. ‘I don’t know, Sasuke. That’s why I thought you two had talked more than you did. That’s why I asked you about him.’

I only nodded. ‘No.. Not really.’

Kakashi nodded as well. ‘I hope you don’t mind me telling you. Thank you for the tea, Sasuke.’

I nodded. I didn’t really know how to say ‘you’re welcome.’ If I kept going like this, maybe I would have to learn how to.

Maybe it was time for me to thank Naruto too.
Naruto was hard to keep away. Obnoxious, loud, annoying, and like a breath of light rushing through my daily life. I hadn’t met anyone I couldn’t keep at a distance. Naruto waltzed into my life, into my house, and stole all my blankets.

The first time he came back Kakashi had let him in. Naruto was knocking on the door to my room, loudly. ‘What?!’ I called.

It surprised me when it wasn’t Kakashi (who usually never knocked that loud, but what was I to expect), but Naruto calling back: ‘What’s up asshole! I brought food.’

He opened the door himself. He was holding two bags of Chinese food. ‘What the hell..’ I mumbled while he put down the bags on my desk.

‘Wanted to thank you.’ He opened the plastic boxes, held out a plastic fork to me. I wondered what to say. I wanted to be rude, to tell him that he could thank me by staying the fuck away, but somehow that’s not exactly what came out.

I said: ‘I’m not eating with that.’

Which wasn’t exactly the nicest thing.

But it was definitely telling him to stay.

I got up, walked down in a fast pace, and got two bowls and chopsticks from the kitchen. While standing in front of the stairs, I reminded myself of how stupid Naruto was sometimes, and yelled: ‘Do you need a fork?!’ I yelled.

‘I won’t eat with my hands, if that’s what you’re asking!’
‘Shut up. Can you eat with chopsticks?!’

‘Kind of!’ He yelled back. I didn’t exactly know what to do with that information. Did that mean he’d eat with them? I didn’t want him to get my room dirty, so I got a fork just to be sure.

That’s when Kakashi looked around the corner. He raised an eyebrow. ‘Naruto’s loud.’ I mumbled, as if that explained anything, and with that I moved upstairs again.

Naruto was looking at the food as if it took all his restraint not to just eat all of the food at once (with his hands, most likely). I threw him the chopsticks. To my surprise he caught them perfectly. I put the fork in his bowl and put it in front of him, then I got out my second chair and put it next to him.

‘You want to watch something?’

Naruto nodded while I got out my Netflix. ‘Brooklyn nine nine?’

‘No. When They See Us?’

‘Lighten the fuck up. Rupaul?’

‘What the fuck. No way. We might as well watch Pose then.’

Naruto now raised his eyebrow. ‘I heard that it’s good.’

‘It is.’

Naruto nodded. ‘Uhm..’ He fidgeted. ‘You know that it’s.. queer as hell, right?’

‘Of course I do.’

Naruto chuckled. ‘Allright, good. Let’s watch that one.’

It was easy like that; realising that we at least had a little queer in us, the both of us. I didn’t know if he was gay, bi, an ally strong enough to watch Pose, but it came as an relief.

Naruto put food in my bowl for me. He gave me more food than I could eat; he probably learned that from Iruka. I didn’t mind, it felt like something a mum would do. That was somehow funny to me.

When he was happy with the amount of food in my bowl, he got his and leaned back in his chair. The into from pose started, Naruto put his legs on his chair. I leaned back a little as well. Naruto’s leg touched mine softly, I couldn’t help but focus on it.

And so I realised; Naruto was… easy. Easy to be around, easy to sit next to, easy to fight on stuff, easy to watch my queer ass shows it. I wouldn’t tell anyone; but I guess Iruka and Kakashi would find out soon enough. Because after two episodes we wanted more. With sore legs we moved to my bed, sat down next to each other and continued watching. Naruto put his legs against mine, once again. The guy was completely incapable of sitting normally, apparently. ‘You’re fidgety,’ I complained.

He rolled his eyes, ‘Sshh..’

And so we sat the entire evening, leaning against each other and watching the show. Naruto moved with every scene. He got sad when they characters did, perked up, held his breath. It was almost as funny to watch Naruto. And somehow.. I couldn’t help but do so.
We were finally pulled out of our bubble when Iruka called Naruto’s phone. Naruto picked up. His voice sounded kind of hoarse; making me wish he wouldn’t say he was with me. There’d be a lot of wrong ideas about that.

‘Hey, Iruka.’ He mumbled.

I heard Iruka on the other line. He sounded worried; asked where Naruto was at. While I listened, I checked the time. It was past midnight.

And I hadn’t even noticed.

I wouldn’t fucking recall the last time I had forgotten time like that.

But I had little time to waste. I showed Naruto my phone, the time on it, and his eyes went wide. ‘Shit- uh- Iruka. I hadn’t realized how late it had gotten. I’m sorry. I’m coming home.’

I heard Iruka talk some more, this time it was harder to hear.

‘I’m with Sasuke. At, uhm, their place.’

I rolled my eyes. It was supposed to be my place to Naruto.

Naruto stared at me, nodded at something Iruka was saying. ‘No. No, I’ll come home.’

Then, I heard Iruka’s faint; ‘Ask him.’

Naruto stared at me, he was blushing. ‘Iruka wants me to stay over.’

‘No.’ I said. Quicker than I had expected myself to. Suddenly naruto’s presence was so heavy. I wondered what it was like to have a guy in my bed. Someone who knew me so well. Someone who knows I’m gay. Someone so.. ‘No. I won’t sleep if you do. So.. yeah.’

Naruto nodded. His eyes trying to tell me that it was okay. That he didn’t blame me. ‘I’m coming home Iruka. Just wait a few minutes, I’ll be fine. See you in a bit.’ That’s when Naruto hung up. He jumped out of the bed quickly, and pulled his shoes on. ‘Sorry,’ he said, first off. ‘I didn’t realize how late it had gotten. Don’t want to make you uncomfortable.’

‘I’m not?’

Naruto bit his lip. ‘But you probably don’t want.. some gay guy sleeping in your bed.’

I snorted, rolled my eyes. I seemed to be doing that a lot when he was around; he just said such stupid fucking things. ‘A gay guy sleeps in my bed every night.’

Naruto stared at me; rather shocked. I couldn’t help but chuckle at that look. ‘Oh. Sorry.’

‘Go home, Naruto.’

‘So you’re not mad?’

‘If you shut up now, I won’t be. Go home.’

Naruto picked took his jacket from a chair, wrapped himself up really good. ‘Fine.’ He put a knot into his scarf, got his bag and hung it around his shoulder. ‘Don’t watch the show without me. Wait for me to finish.’
“Ha, fine.’

Naruto grinned, so god damn brightly (it was almost blinding), and then opened the door. ‘I had a lot of fun, Sasuke. Thanks.’

‘You brought the food.’

Naruto grinned. ‘I’ll think of a different excuse next time,’ he laughed.

He was so, so damn stupid. It was a good vibe for him. ‘Don’t waste your time. We have a show to finish.’

It was later that week. Kakashi was on a date with Iruka. They were going to get sushi, watch a movie. Whatever, they’d be late. It wouldn’t matter to me. I was studying, nothing important, but it felt like a good way to spend time. I was listening to a lofi playlist Naruto had played when he was over, relaxed to it. That’s when my pen stopped working. No big deal. I opened my drawer; none. I moved some stuff around on my desk; none. I looked into my bag; none. Now this isn’t unexpected either, pen are the kind of things that seem endless until you’re holding your last one. And it stopped working. Completely.

I looked at my half-finished summary, sighed. Then I got up. I could get coffee and look for a pen at the same time. That worked.

The day had been dull. This just came on top of it.

I walked down slowly. When I got to the kitchen and turned on the water boiler. It started making it’s famous hideous noise, telling me that it was still working. With that I went to Kakashi’s study. The door cracked when I opened it, the lights were turned off.

I walked in casually, clicked the lights on, and walked to the desk. On there was Kakashi’s favourite pen. For a second I thought about taking that one and returning it, but decided on getting one that he wouldn’t ever miss. Returning a fucking pen would be stupid.

So I pulled open a random drawer. There were no pen’s inside; there were pictures. Pictures of Kakashi with his dad, when he was just a child. I had never seen Kakashi as a child; he was like me. He didn’t keep pictures around. He didn’t want to be reminded of the past.

I never reminded him.

I never asked him anything.

Because I didn’t care, at all. That’s what I had thought. But now that I saw this young Kakashi, this older man next to him, I wondered how he used to live. How alike we really were.

Who he had lost.

I could only think; a lot of people. He had been a lonely guy from the start.

So I got the photo from the drawer looked at it. Then I got the next one, from his high school. He was standing next to a brown haired girl with purple make-up. They looked happy.

The next one. A black haired guy with pitch black eyes had his arm wrapped around Kakashi’s shoulder. The guy was grinning; Kakashi smiling softly. I stared at those dark eyes. I remembered
those eyes from- from somewhere. I had seen those eyes-

I had seen this guy- I had seen him in photos at my parents house. Back when everything was fine. When everyone was alive-

Except from my one, young uncle. Uncle Obito.

‘What a poor soul, he died too young,’ that’s what my mum had said. They’d all ended up the same way. Except from me. Poor souls, every single one of us. Every single Uchiha; always dying with loss. The thought made me bitter.

Kakashi was a dirty liar.

He was the fucking same as everyone else; he wanted to take care of the poor Uchiha boy. I reminded him of his fucking childhood friend.

I picked the entire pile of pictures, hesitated, and then threw them all over Kakash’s desk. A few fell on the floor, I let them. ‘Fuck!’ I said, the words lost in the room. That was frustrating. ‘Fuck you,’ I said again, throwing the picture of uncle Obito on top of all the other pictures.

Kakashi would figure out what the fucking mess was about himself.

I turned around, not closing the drawer, and kicked the goddamn room closed.

My eyes were burning; I couldn’t cry. I hadn’t done so in forever, but my eyes still burned like they could. Once upstairs, I got a bag, put my laptop in there, a few of my books. Then I got another one, filled it with clean clothes and a bottle of water.

And then I was gone.

I didn’t want to stay. Not for now, at least. So I closed that door behind me and walked out. The cold hit me hard. White frost was already covering the streets, the grass. I rubbed my hands together, then pushed them into my pockets.

‘Fuck,’ I said again. No one heard me, again.

I had never seen that as a problem. Needing other people was the only problem. But I did. Right now, I kind of did. Someone who needed nothing from me; who’d understand me; who didn’t fucking think that I was poor little Uchiha.

There was only one person as fucking miserable as me.

Only one person who’d been fucked over as bad as I had been. Someone with the same amount of fucking bullshit; fucking trauma.

And I really wanted someone to yell at.

So I called.

‘Sasuke? Hey! How are you—’

‘I hate Kakashi.’

Naruto got really quiet for a second. ‘What? Why?’

‘He’s a fucking liar, that’s why. What does he think he’s doing? Adopting me? Keeping me to fuel
his fucking ego?’

‘Sasuke, back up. What’s going on?’

‘I don’t fucking know anymore. Why don’t you ask Kakashi.’

‘Okay; what happened, then? Kakashi is out with Iruka, right? Or is Iruka lying as well?’

‘No. No, they’re out.’

‘Okay.’ He sounded kind of relieved. ’Do you want to talk? You can come over.’

‘Not going to any houses where Kakashi might possibly be.’

‘Where are you now?’

I looked around me. ‘Park near the 24 hour store,’ I mumbled.

‘Stay there. Or go stand in the shop. I’m coming.’

‘Naruto.’

‘Wait I’m putting on my coat.’

‘Don’t fucking pity me.’

‘Ha! As if,’ He yelled. He had me on speaker. The fucking idiot. ‘Don’t think you’re special because your family died.’

I smiled.

‘That came out wrong,’ he said.

‘I don’t think it did,’ I laughed, softly. He was such a relief. He was like the wind blowing through my claustrophobic place.

He was honest.

‘Your humor is weird.’

‘Laughing ‘bout you, so who’d weird now?’

Now Naruto laughed. I heard a door close. ‘Fuck off. Anyway, I’m on my way.’

‘So I heard.’

‘From who?’

‘The fucking door. Stupid.’

I was sitting on an iron bench when Naruto ran up to the park. My hands were cold as hell, my head was hurting from stressing too much. I looked up at Naruto, nodded, and then looked down again. Naruto sat down next to me.

‘Sasuke…’ His voice was softer than I was used to. He sounded kind of.. beautiful like that. I
looked up at him, and suddenly it hit me that this was my first time really having someone. Someone who’d come running if I asked them to. Even if I didn’t ask; someone who came running if they thought it was needed.

That overwhelmed me.

It made me want to be honest. To do a small thing back for him.

Naruto sat down on the bench next to me. I pushed my hands a little further into my pocket. I studied my toes as if they were the most interesting thing in the world. They were cold too. I could feel Naruto’s eyes burning into me. ‘I used to look up to him, to Kakashi.’

Naruto kept quiet, invited me to go on in a way that was hardest for him.

‘I- I had never met someone who was gay before, or someone who was as lonely as I was. When I realized that he was both, I realized that maybe it was going to be okay. That maybe it was okay to have a house, and to study by myself.’

‘Kakashi needs, no, wants love. I think you do too.’

I looked up at Naruto. His eyes stood serious. They were big, bright. ‘I don’t know. People can be lost.’

‘Maybe we’ve had our fair share of that already. Maybe we can stick together from now on. The universe has done enough bad things to us.’

‘I think the universe hates me.’

Naruto moved a little closer. He pushed his hand into my pocket, without asking anything, and touched my hand. ‘You’re freezing,’ he said. He took my hand out of my pocket, wrapped his hand around it. ‘Give me the other one too.’ He said. Again, he asked nothing. Still I gave him my other hand. He wrapped his around mine, breath some warmth against them. ‘Maybe we have to make it hard for the universe, then.’

I couldn’t help but smile slightly. That was so like him. ‘I- I found a picture of my uncle.’

Naruto looked up at me. ‘That’s great.’

‘No it’s not. I found it in Kakashi’s room. Childhood pictures of him and my uncle.’

Naruto frowned. ‘Oh.. and how does that make you feel?’

‘How do you think?’

Naruto rubbed my hands, looked at them intensely. It was hard to get mad at him when he was holding my hands. ‘Honestly, I don’t know.’

‘I realized that Kakashi doesn’t fucking care. He doesn’t like me; this casual relationship isn’t fucking casual. He’s living for the death. He’s taking care of me to repay his dead friend. He’d taking care of me because he feels like he has to.’

‘He just rents you a room.’

‘He keeps an eye on me. He’s comparing me to my uncle.’

Naruto swallowed. ‘That.. I don’t know.’
‘It’s true.’
‘You should ask him.’
‘I don’t fucking want to. He should have told me.’
Naruto pushed my hands down slightly, put them on his lap. ‘You’re right. He should have.’
‘But?’ I knew that one would come.
‘But I doubt that he means you any harm, Sasuke.’
I rolled my eyes, pulled my hands away from Naruto, looked away.
He seemed shocked by my sudden movement. ‘Sasuke.. We don’t have to keep talking about it.’
‘I fucking called you here.’
‘I want to make it better. Not worse.’
‘Whatever.’
He smiled softly, then he reached out slightly. ‘Come here,’ he said. I didn’t. ‘Talking isn’t always the only thing to make things better.’ He pulled me in. I let him. I let him pull me close to his chest. I even leaned against him. He was warm.
His breath was slow, his heart was fast.
I closed my eyes and tried to focus on it. I tried to focus on his body, on the way a touch like this felt. ‘It’s okay,’ I heard him mumble softly. ‘You don’t always have to carry everything alone. It’s not pity, I swear.’
I pushed my face, my nose, against his chest. ‘No. You’re just too nice for your own good.’
‘Shut up,’ he said, pulling me even closer to him.
I guessed it would be alright to lean on him a little longer. Just for a while. Just on him.

I don’t know when or how, but I had fallen asleep on that bench. I woke up by Naruto shaking me, roughly, surprised, while mumbling a soft ‘Shit, shit, shit.’

Completely stressed; I shot up. I almost knocked Naruto out with my head. That’s when I saw what Naruto was stressing about. In front of us stood Iruka and Kakashi, completely out of breath, and worried looking.

Naruto pulled me in a little tighter.

I tried to process everything in front of me; didn’t do a good job. What time was it? How long had I slept? How long had Naruto spent looking at me, just holding me?

How long had Kakashi and Iruka spend looking for us?

When had they realised I was was gone? When did they realise Naruto had left as well? When would they realise that losing one of us was going to mean losing the other?
'Sasuke!' Kakashi said, which was weird. Naruto was the one who had to be home at a certain time; Kakashi was basically my landlord. Iruka kept quiet, watched Naruto’s eyes around me carefully. I felt weak because of them, but I didn’t want to move. We were rooted. We were unmovable. ‘Are you alright?’

That question surprised me. I mumbled: ‘Fine.’

‘I saw.. I saw that you saw my pictures.’ Naruto breathed in quickly. I could feel that he was waiting for me to snap. ‘I think we should go home and talk.’

‘No,’ I just said.

‘Sasuke. We need to talk, about Obito.’

I pulled away from Naruto. It was suddenly so cold. ‘Why? I barely knew him. He’s your business.’

Kakashi went wide eyes. ‘Sasuke. Let’s go.’

‘Don’t fucking order me around. I’m staying with Naruto.’

Kakashi looked a little hopeless. He watched Iruka. Iruka was still saying nothing. ‘Come home with me. I’ll explain everything a little better.’

‘You’ve had plenty of time for that.’

That was it. That was the biggest problem.

‘I know… but you should at least come home.’

‘No.’

‘Sasuke-’

That’s when Naruto piped up. ‘You can stay with us. With me.’ He whispered. I looked at Naruto, wondering what he was thinking. Staying with them wouldn’t be ideal. His house had Iruka, it still had Kakashi, it didn’t have privacy the way I was used to it. ‘Right, Iruka?’

Iruka looked at Kakashi, not at Naruto. ‘Yeah.. he can stay with us for a while. I’m sure Sasuke would like some time.’

Wise (and soft) words from the bad-guy’s partner. Maybe they were even true. Maybe that was all I needed. Time. Time and someone loud, obnoxious, hopeful.

Iruka put a hand on Kakashi’s shoulder, said: ‘It’ll be okay.’
Chapter Summary

fluff, sad, comfort

this chapter has it all!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I woke up from light shining into the room that next morning. My back felt sore and my toes frozen, but the cold air blowing into the room somehow made me feel energetic. When I opened my eyes I saw a bed frame. A single hand was hanging over it’s sides. I heard soft snoring. Those snores made my heart beat a little faster; they made me remember where I was. Naruto was sleeping next to me, and even though I was sleeping on the ground (like Iruka had told us to, saying: it’s what I would have done if Naruto brought a girl home, and since you’re both gay...) That was alright; the implication that we could be attracted to each other somehow felt a lot better than being treated like friends.

I guess we weren’t simply that, after yesterday. He held me to protect me, he held me tightly. No. We weren’t just buddies anymore.

I sat up slowly, getting used to the bright, cold room. Naruto was laying with his mouth open, the blankets were pushed away by one leg, half of his body exposed to the damn cold. His arms were laying wide. Those arms seemed so innocent, now that he was sleeping. Yesterday they had somehow felt strong (even on this clumsy boy). I stared at him for a few seconds. I wondered when he’d wake; I would if I felt someone staring at me. Naruto wasn’t like that. He was obvious.

Grabbing my sweater, I got up. I wondered if I should wake him up before going down. Maybe I should just leave, come back when I was done with everything. Get myself some coffee to start working.

Maybe life wasn’t like that right now.

Life was like that when I lived with Kakashi.

But I couldn’t bring myself to shake him awake. Instead I took his blanket and pulled it up to his chin again. He shivered, as if he had just realised that the room was cold now, and turned around. He was smiling softly, moaned.

He made my mind stop. I was being soft, too fucking soft.

I knew damn well why I couldn’t for someone like that.

I turned around and walked the route Naruto had shown me the night before. Through the hall, down the stairs, to my right into the kitchen. Iruka was reading a book on the kitchen table. ‘Morning, Sasuke,’ he said. Iruka had his hair down, like he often had when he was staying over at
Kakashi’s place. I had seen it as an after-sex look. Apparently it was just an after-sleep look.

‘Morning.’ I stood in front of the kitchen counter; a little lost. Naruto had probably expected to wake at the same time as me. Maybe he had even hoped to make me some breakfast.

‘Coffee?’ Iruka asked.

‘Please.’

Iruka stood up, put two coffee pods on the counter and pointed at the coffee machine. ‘Sugar is in here.’ He pointed at another cabinet.

I stared at the two pods. ‘Do you want some too?’

Iruka shook his head, a smile playing at his lips. ‘I’ve got some. Naruto takes his with one and a half sugar cube.’

I grimaced at the thought of two sugar cubes. So sweet. ‘Naruto’s still asleep.’

‘It’s eleven. He shouldn’t be.’ I stared at Iruka for a second. I guess he really was a dad. He decided when Naruto would wake up. He wasn’t stern, but he was worried, caring, decided things around here. ‘Unless you rather have that I go wake him.’

‘No,’ I took one coffee pod, put it into the machine. ‘I don’t mind.’

With two cups in my hands I walked upstairs. Naruto was now almost completely covered by his blankets. Only his eyes and a bit of his blonde hair were exposed. I couldn’t help but chuckle at the careless sight. I wondered what it was like sleeping next to him. Somehow the idea of getting punched into my face while sleeping started seeming nicer with the second.

And I was being weird again.

‘Naruto,’ I mumbled.

Naruto, of course, didn’t reply.

I put his coffee cup next to his bed. Softly I shook his body, and when he didn’t move I did so a little rougher. ‘Naruto, wake up.’

Again, nothing.

‘Hey, Moron. I got coffee.’ I kicked his legs with my sock-covered feet. Naruto moaned, rolled over. ‘Naruto. Wake up, your coffee’s getting cold.’

‘Hm?’

Ah, so he was waking up. ‘Coffee. Whatever, it can get cold for all I care.’

Naruto turned to me again, opened his eyes. ‘For me?’

‘No, for Santa- Yes of course for you.’

He smiled, his cheeks were red. ‘You’re so good to me.’
'I won’t be if you don’t get up.’

Naruto chuckled, sat up very slowly. He kept almost all of his body under the blankets.

Honestly, I wished I had as well. The guests blankets weren’t much compared to his, but my thin sweater wasn’t exactly amazing either. ‘Hand me my coffee, please?’

I rolled my eyes, picked up his coffee. ‘I’m supposed to be the guest.’ I handed him his cup anyway.

Naruto’s eyes shot up at me. ‘You’re freezing.’

‘I don’t know if you noticed, but it’s been freezing for days.’

‘Yeah, the outside world, not you. Come here.’

I shook my head, picked up my coffee. ‘I’m going to work at your desk.’

‘Get your laptop and come to bed, Sasuke.’

‘I’m busy.’

‘You can’t be busy and warm?’

Naruto,’ I complained.

‘Sasuke..’ he said it as sweet as he could. I don’t know why that did things to me. He was joking around; he was chuckling right after.

‘Fine, hold this.’ I pushed my coffee into his hand. ‘You’re making breakfast when we finished the coffee.’ My laptop was sitting in my bag. I took it and dragged it to Naruto’s bed. It was so fucking warm under those blankets. The heat spread through my body, sent shivers up my spine.

Naruto was grinning at me. ‘Better?’

‘I guess.’ I opened my laptop. He handed me my coffee. Naruto was still staring at me. I tried to ignore him. I opened my essay, pretended to be reading it.

Naruto, being the way he was, leaned against my shoulder. He was warm. So fucking warm. ‘Put on some music?’

I opened Youtube, put on some FKJ live in Paris, and went back to my essay. Naruto smiled. ‘Good choice,’ he mumbled.

‘I know.’ I answered.

That made him chuckle, again. His legs found mine, warmed the exposed spots. I never realized how cold I had been until I felt his skin. Naruto closed his eyes again, held his coffee with two hands. I sipped mine quickly. I didn’t fucking know if the essay I wrote was any good. I read it, and read it, but nothing made sense. I could only feel Naruto’s skin to mine.

I could tell that he was trying to be quiet for my sake.

I wished he’d break already.

He did when I finished my coffee, put it beside the bed. He pulled me back after I moved away.
Apparently he had liked the position. ‘Did you sleep well?’ he asked.

‘It’s cold here.’ I answered.

‘Hm.’ Naruto sipped his coffee. ‘But was it nice to be away from it all, I mean?’

‘You’re really studying psychology aren’t you?’

‘Ha, I guess. Don’t worry bout it.’

‘I guess it was.’ I mumbled. It was nice to see a different dynamic. Besides; I hadn’t thought about Kakashi and Uncle Obito the whole night. I hadn’t thought about what their relationship had been. I hadn’t thought about whether I looked like Obito or not. I hadn’t thought about how long Kakashi had known that all of my family except from me had died, before he got me in his class.

‘You’re thinking about it. I’m sorry.’

‘It’s better than some other things I could think about.’

‘Tell me?’

‘No. Distract me.’

Naruto chuckled, put his coffee cup away so that his arms were free. I watched his hands carefully. They were nice, big hands. He held them out, folded his thumb, then made his other hand into a fist.

With a shit-eating grin he pretended to have a loose thumb. He laughed, said: ‘Oh no, I lost my thumb.’

I laughed. ‘You’re fucking awful.’

‘C’mon, I’m pretty good at it.’

‘That’s not something to be proud of. I bet you practiced years.’

He rolled his eyes. ‘Maybe some months.’

Naruto got us eggs. He wasn’t very good at making them; ruined the first two, but I wasn’t allowed to help him. Iruka had left a note saying that he had left; that he was with Kakashi. That was weird. It didn’t matter.

I tried to laugh at Naruto burning another egg.

‘I can do it for you.’

‘Shut up. I told you I’d do it.’ And like that he eventually managed to get me two baked eggs, on a plate with bread underneath. It was like a wonder. He himself got the same thing, he made some more coffee and some orange juice. It was really a weekend breakfast. It was slow, and late. Naruto was chatting about everything and nothing. I kept quiet. My mind was full enough; the best thing I could do was trying to follow Naruto’s useless words. (That made them.. not so useless anymore.)

‘I’m meeting with friends later, we were going for some Ramen. I could say that I’m not coming.
Be square.’

I rolled my eyes. ‘I have my own things to do.’

‘You just worked!’

‘I barely did anything.’

‘Come with me? Meet my friends. It will be fun.’

‘No.’

‘Please?’ He gave me his best puppy eyes.

I snorted. ‘Those aren’t as cute as you think they are.’

‘I think you’re swept off your feet.’

I laughed, softly; shocked myself by doing so. ‘Sure I am.’

‘So you’re coming?’

I looked at Naruto; at the strange house. I guess that being with Naruto was always better than being alone with my thoughts. It felt weird, using him like that. I wondered if that was all I wanted from him. If being understood, being distracted, is using someone.

I sighed. ‘Might as well.’

‘Yes! Great! I think you’ll get along with them just fine! They’re kind of intense, but not like I am, ha.’ I guessed they couldn’t be; intense like he was. No one could be just that.

Turns out; intense was a fucking understatement. And getting along with them was a fucking lie. As soon as we walked in there were people screaming. Some blonde haired girl yelled: ‘You finally brought your boyfriend?!’ First things first, having me and Naruto stumble and blush. Neither one of us said something useful as a reply; maybe just because we both didn’t want to hurt the other.

‘Guys!’ Everyone was talking right through each other. A girl had pink hair. One guy was ignoring everyone; laying his head down on one of the tables. They really were.. ‘Guys!! Shut up! Listen! This is Sasuke!’ He pointed at me, grinned brightly. ‘He’s really cool if you see through his jerkiness, so give him a chance!’

‘Wow thanks for that,’ I mumbled, leaning closer to Naruto.

Naruto leaned in too, bumped my shoulder softly. ‘I mean.. you’re not easy to get to know.’

‘I don’t want everyone to know me.’

Naruto turned to me, his face close now. He looked me into my eyes, held them, and smiled. ‘I’m glad I do, then.’

I rolled my eyes; mainly to look away from him. ‘Sap.’

‘Guess I a-’
That’s when the blonde girl interrupted us. She was waving all up in our space, the girl with pink hair right next to her. Both of them were staring at us suspiciously. ‘I was kind of joking about him being your boyfriend but.. It’s true, isn’t it?’ She sounded genuine about it now. The pink haired girl eyes Naruto suspiciously.

‘No!’ Naruto said. ‘We just.. Uhm-’

‘Got close quicker than expected. Because of.. circumstances.

‘Oh! Sure, alright. So Sasuke’s still free?’

Naruto went wide eyed. ‘No!’, then he glanced at me. ‘I mean, I guess.. Don’t make it weird.’

they laughed loudly and Naruto sputtered a ‘fuck you’ quickly after. They were so much like him; somewhere. They were lighthearted. When everything had calmed down Naruto introduced me to them properly. They were called Ino and Sakura. Sakura had been Naruto’s childhood crush, apparently. Sakura proudly told us how he never stood a chance. I just wondered if this was the kind of group in which everyone was bi (or just didn’t care).

Eating noodles was.. something else. Everyone barely ate; too busy yelling at each other about everything and nothing. One thicker guy was eating calmly, starting his second bowl. Beside him was the guy who had been taking a nap, enjoying his friends silence. They seemed alright.

Naruto leaned put his feet on the chair and leaned them on top of mine; like he had been doing a lot. I didn’t say anything about it. The touch felt rather nice, and Naruto didn’t exactly seem like a guy who could keep his adhd out of his body at all times.

This was fine.

I focussed on the touch and suddenly the group was fine.

Being next to Naruto made me calm.

‘I’m sorry about Sakura and Ino.. they.. That must have sucked for you.’

‘It was kind of awkward, for us both.’

Naruto nodded. ‘What are they even thinking.. putting you on my level. Ha.. wei-’

‘It’s not. The idea is not that weird.’ He was doing it again; punching himself to the ground. Trying to let me know that he knew. He knew that everyone thought he sucked, that he was annoying. I hated that. So it slipped out. ‘It wouldn’t exactly be a chore, Naruto. I think anyone would be lucky to date you.’

That did it, for Naruto. His eyes snapped up at me. They were bright and shocked. I wondered if it really was such a shocker to him; the fact that he was a handsome guy, a guy someone would like to hang around with. ‘Sasuke.. don’t mess with me.’

For the first time since meeting Naruto, I put a hand on the knee that he leaned on top of me. ‘I’m not. I don’t know if you noticed but you’re one of the few people I can stand.’

That made him grin. It wasn’t exactly the sweetest thing I could have said. It wasn’t even a compliment, actually, but Naruto grinned and threw his shoulder against mine. He leaned his head on top of my shoulder.
My heart was beating so hard. I wanted it to stop.

I wanted myself to stop saying stupid shit like I had been doing in Naruto’s presence.

‘So,’ Naruto put his pink against the hand I had on his knee. He absentmindedly stroked my thumb. ‘You want more ramen?’

I snorted. ‘One bowl is enough, Naruto.’

He looked into my eyes, somehow as if I was the one who’d have to allow him to get another bowl. Or maybe more like I held the answers of the universe. ‘I might,’ he said.

‘I’m not stopping you.’

When Naruto pulled away to call a waiter, I could feel Sakura and Ino’s eyes on us. They were studying us carefully, a soft smile playing on their lips. I looked down, a blush rising to my face.

It was a good thing that Naruto never noticed anything.

Ever.

‘Can I get another Miso Ramen?!’

That evening Naruto and I decided to keep on watching Pose. Naruto got a bowl of crisps, told Iruka a quick sorry, and then pushed me into his bed. We watched, leaning against the bed frame, until our eyes were tired. I was the first one to go, falling against Naruto’s shoulder and somehow not able to care anymore.

The next morning I woke up warm. Naruto hadn’t pushed the blankets away with his feet. No; he had thrown his legs over my hip. One of his clumsy arms was laying against my neck, his hand in my hair.

I had never woken up entangled with someone else. His fingers felt like they were burning my skin. His scent was somehow overwhelming, once together with his warmth like this. I caught myself wishing that it would stay this way, but I also caught my heart beating loudly.

So I sneaked away from his hold, slipped out of the bed, grabbed my sweater and my phone. My phone told me it was 06:54. About five minutes before the alarm clock would ring.

I could make us some coffee.

When I came downstairs Iruka was on the phone in the living room.

‘Baby-’ His voice sounded. He was talking to Kakashi. At least, I hoped he was only calling Kakashi that. ‘Maybe you’ll get used to it? Anyway, it will only be for a short while.’

I sneaked into the kitchen, got out two coffee pods. The floor was cold on my feet; I regretted not putting on socks.

‘Will it help if I come sleep with you?’ Iruka now said.

I put the coffee into the machine, got out two mugs. Kakashi hadn’t been able to sleep; at least,
that’s what it sounded like. I clicked the button on the machine.

‘Kakashi, baby.. he’s fine. Just give it time. If you can’t; tell him that you need him too. Tell him the truth.’

I breath in sharply. Tried to focus on how the coffee dripped into the machine, how to take the mugs from the machine, turning around and- That’s when Iruka walked through the door, into the kitchen. He looked at me, wide eyed. ‘Sasuke!’ he yelped.

He hung up without a second thought, pushing the phone into his pocket. ‘Sasuke, what’s up?’

‘Getting coffee.’

He nodded. ‘That’s good. That’s fine, of course.’

‘Yeah..’ With that I walked upstairs. I could feel Iruka’s eyes burning into my back. He wasn’t the one to have this conversation; he knew that.

When I came upstairs, I failed to hold myself back anymore. I put one cup of coffee on Naruto’s nightstand, and one on the other one. Then I threw myself back into the bed. It woke Naruto up, he scrambled away. ‘You scared me.’

‘Yeah.’

Naruto stared at me, for a second, and then came closer to me. ‘Did- did something-’ He swallowed his words, put one arm around my stomach and pulled me a little closer. ‘Give your mind a break.’ He then whispered. His voice was hoarse from sleep.

His heart was beating loudly.

*I wish, I thought, but you’re not exactly helping.*

The rest of our days were more quiet. Naruto decided that I shouldn’t sleep on the floor anymore, which was fine because it was quite cold on the floor. He said that Iruka would have to deal with two queer guys sleeping in a bed together; it shouldn’t be anything new to him. I had just chuckled at that. So we woke up together, walked outside together, and went to our own schools. It didn’t take me long to realize that Naruto worked just as hard as I did. He studied in all kinds of weird positions, moved around, laid on his bed, but he worked and worked.

Sometimes we’d go to coffee shops together. Naruto would order something completely disgusting; something with chocolate sprinkles and sugar. We’d sit next to each other, at a big table, our computers next to each other. Naruto would pipe up, tell me about his research from time to time. After minutes of talking he’d apologize and I’d tell him it was fine (and he would do the same thing again, after a while). It was all good; I had information about psychology theories as if I was the one who had to make the exam. Who knew; I could always switch to it. And it seemed to help Naruto progress more than reading things from him computer could.

Going home together was.. weird. Knowing that at home I was going to have more Naruto, that I was going to be with him until I would go home. That was weird. I was really starting to think about why I didn’t need any space for myself; I had always seen myself as an introvert. I had always lacked energy to hang out with people. Naruto was different. He was different. He was different. And I don’t now what it was.
He made me sit at the table with Iruka while they chatted; and it was okay.

He made me think about going home. Not because I wanted to get away from him; not at all. Because maybe I wanted to have my own ‘home’ again. Because I wanted to hear Kakashi out. That was scary. Naruto was scary to me.

After a week of living with Naruto, it started snowing. That was to be expected; it had been god damn freezing the entire time. At night Naruto’s feet would find mine, and he’d mumble something about me being even colder than he was. I wasn’t complaining; like I said, he was warmer than me.

We’d woken up to the strange light, a reflection of the white snow. Naruto had jumped out of his bed. ‘It’s snowing!’ he yelled.

I opened my eyes carefully, stared outside. He was right; the world was covered in white. It was beautiful. It somehow made me feel calm; like the world would always be bigger than us. That was true too- We were just...

‘Let’s go outside!’

‘Naruto...’ Naruto threw his warmest sweatpants my way, right on my face.

I slowly got out of bed, pulled those pants on. ‘The snow will still be there if we wait a few seconds.’

Naruto pulled two sweaters on. I did the same with mine. ‘You never know with snow, Sasuke. It will be gone before you know it.’

*Like everything in this life.*

*Like everything I’d known.*

Naruto pulled me up by my hands. He was grinning brightly. With all this cold around him he was like the sun. Giving life and serotonin like it was no ones business. He kept on holding my hand until we were downstairs. We pulled our shoes on over our thick socks. Then our jackets over our thick sweaters. Naruto ran outside, left the door open, and fell because of how thick the layer of snow was right away. He fell into the snow, yelled ‘holyshit!’ and laughed.

He laughed so brightly, so fucking beautifully.

He made my heart leap and somehow, I wanted to go home.

‘Sasuke! This is amazing!’ he yelled.

I watched him from the doorframe, smiled at how he rolled through the snow.

‘Come here!’

‘No.’

He chuckled, still laying on his back, and waited for me to come. He knew I would, and I did. I walked through the snow slowly, not wanting to fall like Naruto had. I wondered what he’d do; probably shove some snow down my shirt.
Still I walked to him, stood by his feet, and looked at him.

‘This feels amazing,’ His face was red, his smile bright as hell.

‘Sure.’

He held his hand out. Said: ‘Pull me up, please?’

‘Get up yourself.’

‘Please?’ He gave me his best puppy eyes. Bright. Blue. Puppy. Eyes. I rolled my eyes at him (even if it was just to have a reason to look away), and held out my hand. That earned me quite the grin. And then, and hand took mine, pulled, pulled harder, and caught me when I fell into the snow, half on top of Naruto. You know; the grin was worth all of that.

My legs fell on top of Naruto, the rest next to him. ‘You absolute Moron.’

Naruto turned to me, pushed me on my back, and then threw snow into the air above us. The snow landed on his own damn head; and then on mine. Naruto laughed. ‘Gotta force you to have fun.’

‘Right,’ I said sarcastically.

Naruto laughed again. He put his hand on my cheek, looked into my eyes. I wondered if he was going to kiss me. He looked at me like that. He looked at me like I was… everything.

‘Are you cold?’ he asked.

‘We’re laying in snow.’ I deadpanned.

‘Asshole. I thought that maybe your ice cold heart would keep you from getting cold.’ He said, then he rolled off me. He found my hand, held it. I could finally breathe, now that he wasn’t looking at me.

‘The sun inside you doesn’t exactly melt the snow either, idio-’ His eyes snapped at me, stared wide eyed. I shut right the fuck up- realized what I had just said.

I waited for a cocky reply.

Until he’d call me out on my compliment.

Until he’d awkwardly change the subject.

He didn’t. He just smiled.

He smiled beautifully and shyly. Then, because I couldn’t stand it anymore, I got a hand full of snow and threw it at his head. He shot up, said: ‘Oy, asshole!’ and threw snow right back.

Like that, we started a snow-fight. The endless staring seemed to be forgotten. I was still cold. Naruto didn’t melt the world into spring. Everything was easy.

For a bit.
Naruto made himself a cup of hot chocolate and made me some tea. Somehow Naruto was drier than I was. My socks were laying on the heater. I had switched my sweater for one of Naruto’s bright ones. It felt weird on me. It still smelled like him. It was soft and warm.

When I came back into the kitchen, his dry socks and sweater on me, Naruto smiled at me warmly. ‘That looks good on you.’

The sweater was a little oversized. Naruto liked his clothes like that. And even though we didn’t have a big difference in our heights; he had broader shoulders, arms.

‘Ha, sure.’

He poured warm milk on top of his chocolate powder. ‘I mean it.’ He stirred his hot chocolate. His seemed calm, happy. He wasn’t looking at me while talking. That felt unusual.

I picked the cup of tea standing on the counter, leaned against it. The tea felt great on my cold hands. Naruto got up his cup and walked a little closer to me. ‘Are you still cold?’

‘My hair..’ I said. It’s wet tips were hanging against my neck.

Naruto put his chocolate milk down, picked up a clean towel from the counter. I watched his hands. He placed the towel on top of my hair, came a little closer (again), and carefully dried my hair. At first, he only looked at his own hands. As if drying my hair was the hardest thing he’d ever done. But then, he looked me into my eyes.

I looked away, at my hot cup of tea. Too hot to drink, to really be a distraction.

Naruto’s hands skillfully caressed my hair. ‘Sasuke..’

‘Hm.’

One of his hands stayed on top of my hair, the towel, and he moved the other to my jaw. He pushed my chin up, just so that I was looking at him. This time, I couldn’t read his eyes. They had something light, they really did, but more than that they were confused and serious.

And then he closed them, moved closer to me.

And I moved with him, without thinking about it.

We met halfway, our lips touching each other softly. His were warm, they tasted like the whipped cream he had already eaten off his hot chocolate. His hand grabbed my hair through the towel. I let him. Kissed him back as if it was the only thing I knew.

He felt so safe.

He felt like he was a home to come back to and I-

I just-

I pulled back, pushed Naruto away a little. ‘Fuck,’ I mumbled.

Naruto looked confused. He held on to me as much as he could. I put my tea on the countertop. Wrong move; Naruto took my hands, held them. ‘Sasuke.. Fuck.. I-’

‘It’s okay.’
’No. I mean yeah it is. Hear me out-’ I didn’t want to. I didn’t want to fuck anything else up. I didn’t want more homes to lose. I didn’t want anything or anyone else to fucking lose. ’Sasuke, I- I really don’t want to fuck up your trust or whatever.. but I kind of- uhm- like you. Not kind of, actually. I really, really like you. You’re amazing, and you- you get how I work. You’ve been giving replies that are so fucking good and-’

’No.’

Naruto looked up, shocked. He held onto my hands even rougher than before. ’What?’

’We’re not doing this,’ I choked out.

’Why?’

’We’ve fucked up enough for ourselves. We’ve lost enough. This isn’t going to fucking work.’

Naruto glanced at me, afraid. I pulled away my hands and he let me. ’Sasuke.. This won’t be like-’

’I have my fucking hands full handling one trauma, Naruto. I don’t need yours making it-’ No. No that wasn’t what I wanted to say. That wasn’t what I meant. That wasn’t what he deserved. ’Fuck-’

But that kiss felt like everything, and I didn’t fucking dare to have everything. I couldn’t do it. The whole conversation was proving that; I could only fuck Naruto up worse than he already was. I could only be someone to hurt him even more.

Naruto’s eyes burned into me. They were teary and I didn’t want to think about it. I didn’t want to think about how I hurt him one second after we kissed. I didn’t want to think about how much I didn’t fucking deserve him. This. Those sweet eyes.

So I pushed passed him.

He didn’t turn around to call after me. He hung his head low, I saw him bite his lip.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

I couldn’t fucking look at him.

I walked into the hallway quickly, pulled on my shoes, my jacket, and left. I guess that was becoming my signature move; leaving. Fucking people up and leaving. Taking what I needed and leaving.

Falling in love on the way out was the only odd thing out.

I hadn’t touched my key in days; it felt weird. Still, unlocking the door was automatism to me. The door creaked like it always had. I hate to say it, but despite my confused heart it felt good to be home. Without any of my stuff; my laptop still in Naruto’s room.

I pulled out my coat; I was still wearing Naruto’s sweater. It wasn’t that easy to get away from Naruto’s warmth.

I had really fucked up this time.

It couldn’t get any worse now.
So I stood still in the kitchen, stared at the sink like it was the most important thing in the world. Waiting for Kakashi to realize I was inside. The snow behind the window suddenly seemed so threatening. I didn’t want to be alone (Maybe that only meant I had to be alone even more).

‘Sasuke?’ Kakashi walked through the hallway.

‘Here.’ I called out.

Kakashi walked into the kitchen, wide eyed. ‘Are you alright?’

I don’t know why that did it, but it did. That’s what broke me, just a simple question. ‘What does it look like?’ I choked out, my voice breaking.

Kakashi hurried when stepping closer to me, put a hand on my shoulder and tried to look at me. I let my head hang low, avoided his eyes. I could feel tears welling up in my eyes and I wished they’d fucking disappear before Kakashi noticed them. He probably already had, though. ’

‘Shit.. Sasuke..’ Kakashi said, and pulled me in, his arms around me.

‘Fuck off,’ I said without any spirit.

‘You’re going to be okay.’ Kakashi replied.

‘You don’t know shit.’

That’s when Kakashi breath in. ‘I do. I do, and you do too.’ I pushed him away slightly, he let me.

‘You know that, those people in the picture you saw are gone now, Sasuke. You know that your uncle died..

I did. I did and I pushed Kakashi away a little more. Just to look at his face for a second.

‘I know that.. you must think I compare you to him.’

‘Of course, I do.’ I said.

Then, Kakashi smiled sadly. ‘I don’t. I have been comparing you, and I shouldn’t have. It just wasn’t to Obito. Sasuke.. I know what it’s like to lose the people you love. I know that it seems like nothing is worth getting that feeling again.’

I stared at him, couldn’t say a goddamn thing.

‘But it is. I’ve been comparing you to me from the past. I’m sorry, Sasuke. But let me tell you; I know that there are things worth so much more than being safe. There is happiness strong enough to compensate for that sadness.’

‘Shut up.’

‘I loved your uncle.’ Kakashi said. ‘Our friendship was worth everything. And I love Iruka. He makes it right that I didn’t leave this world like all my loved ones had.’ Kakashi put a hand on my shoulder again, more careful this time. ‘And I love you, Sasuke. Even though I’m really bad at showing it; I do see you as family. You make it worth it too.’

‘That- fuck- uhm-’ Error in my mind. I looked at my feet.

‘You don’t have to answer me. Let it sink in, alright?’
‘Yeah.’ That sounded like quite a plan.

I could feel my legs trembling.

‘Sasuke.. Focus on the people you want to be with now. Right now. Regret isn’t worth shit.’

I looked up at Kakashi. He had bags under his eyes. He looked worse than I had seen him in years.

‘Maybe you’re right,’ I said. That was scary. That was maybe, the scariest thing I had ever said, and it was just a start. I knew that the real scary words would come later. Words like Yes. Like I like you too. Like Love. Or, you make it worth it, together with you I will.

Kakashi smiled at my answer, swallowed nervously. He was being careful. ‘Do you maybe want a cup of coffee?’

‘Yeah, I can’t stay too long though,’ I started, ‘I have to return Naruto’s sweater.’

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Please let me know what you think <3
As soon as we had finished our coffee Kakashi stood up and grabbed his car keys.

I stared at him. ‘Where are you going?’

Kakashi looked at me like I was crazy. ‘Dropping you off at Naruto’s. You were going to return his sweater right?’

I nodded, kind of shocked. It was no place for Kakashi to be. I didn’t want him to see how I had broken Naruto. I didn’t want him to know what kind of things I had told Naruto. ‘I think that it’s better if I go alone.’ I mumbled.

Kakashi took his phone out of his pocket, looked at the screen and smiled softly. ‘I think you’ll run into quite the problem if you do.’ A wave of panic washed over me. Iruka was already there? Kakashi pushed his phone back into his pocket without replying. ‘Quite the scary problem too.’

‘Iruka.. is he-’

Kakashi smiled, as if to calm me, walked towards the door and opened it. ‘Remember the last time Iruka said something rude about you?’ Of course I did; Naruto had thrown a massive fit. It had been the first time he called me. ‘Or when I hurt your you by lying?’ Of course. Of course. ‘I don’t think you have anything to worry about. I don’t know how, or when it happened, but it takes quite something to get Naruto away from your side.’

And I’d just have to trust in that.

That he’d forgive what I told him.

No. Not forgive. Understand. That’s what he had been doing. He always understood me and he forced others to do the same. That’s what made him special. It was never forgiveness I needed. We could save that for later.

I picked up my jacket from the chair, breathed in and straightened my back. ‘Let’s go.’
'Hell yeah,' Kakashi said excitedly. I guess he was; we were two men on a mission. Going to make things right. Making things right was more exciting than I had expected it to be.

We stopped the car right in front of Iruka’s house. Kakashi didn’t even park the car; he turned on the emergency lights. He was being a dramatic idiot. I hoped the emergency light meant that he was planning on taking Iruka and leaving as soon as possible.

Knowing Kakashi, that’s what he was going to do.

We both got out of the car at the same time. I could feel my heart beating loudly; trying to punch my chest ‘till it would break. I breathed in deeply. Kakashi gave me a worried glance. ‘Ready?’ he asked.

I swallowed, trying to find some of that confident asshole back. ‘Born ready.’ I said. Just to fool myself.

And that was enough.

I started walking.

Kakashi smiled.

Kakashi didn’t give a fuck; he opened the door with his spare key and walked into the house like he owned it. I followed behind him; not really how I thought this would go but at least I got farther than I thought I could.

I thought that I would be the hero of the story.

Turns out I’d just be accepting help. Ha.

When we walked into the living room Naruto and Iruka looked up. They were sitting on the couch, two cups of tea in front of them. Naruto’s eyes were red. His hoodie.. was black. I realized he had pulled on the hoodie I had given him when he first came over.

He’d cried in my hoodie.

The dramatic fucking idiot.

I wanted to kiss him.

But Iruka just glared, holding Naruto’s hands. Quite like an overprotective mother lion. A scary problem indeed.

‘Hey baby,’ Kakashi just said, not intimidated one bit. Fair enough; he wasn’t trying to date Iruka’s fucking son. ‘You want to go on a drive for a bit?’

Iruka looked at Naruto. Naruto didn’t even notice, he was looking at me. As soon as I noticed I was lost in those hurt eyes. I wanted to rush over and hold him. Or something. I wanted to fucking do something to wipe that look off his face. Fuck. Naruto had been the one doing the touching, the getting closer, the making up. I didn’t know how to.

‘I’m kind of busy,’ Iruka mumbled.

I wondered what Naruto read in my eyes. If he realized I was serious. ‘Iruka, let me-’ I started.
‘No.’ Iruka answered, pulling his hand away from Naruto and holding it up. As if to say; you’re not getting any closer to Naruto than that.

Kakashi snapped. ‘Iruka. Give him a break.’

Iruka stared at the two of us, confused. Kakashi and I. I wondered if he could read the changed feelings in the way we stood next to each other.

Two men on a mission.

Iruka smiled softly, it was barely to be seen.

‘We can also take a walk,’ Kakashi then said.

Iruka breathed in deeply, looked at Naruto.

Naruto just nodded. They silently talked. And so Iruka stood up and walk towards Kakashi. And so I realized that Naruto still trusted me. And so Kakashi put an arm around Iruka right away, pulled him closer in the sweetest manner. I guessed he was just being stern until Iruka gave in.

For my sake. Because he saw me as- family- yeah- that.

Then Iruka turned around. ‘Uchiha,’ Fuck. My heart dropped into my stomach. I tore my eyes away from bright blue ones and nodded. ‘One wrong step and you’re out.’

I swallowed. ‘I know.’

As soon as Iruka left the room Naruto sat up straight. He pushed his hair back, wiped his face clean. He was beautiful, and I was the one who had put those tears in his eyes.

I didn’t know what to tell him. There was too much to tell him.

‘Why are you here, Sasuke?’

‘I talked with Kakashi..’

‘Oh? Good for you.’

I looked down at my hands. That was no way to start. This wasn’t about Kakashi, or Iruka, or about our dead families or whoever the fuck this could be about. It was just Naruto and I. That was new, but I’d have to fucking deal with it if I wanted him to stop fucking hurting.

And me- if I wanted me to stop hurting.

‘No. That’s not- that’s not what I mean.’

Naruto looked up, confused. He didn’t say anything, which just made me more nervous. I couldn’t wait for Naruto to start talking again, to take over again. He seemed like he wasn’t planning on doing that.

I cracked my finger nervously, then let go again. Said: ‘I- I was stupid.’

Naruto bit his lip. He wasn’t looking at me. ‘No you weren’t. What you said is.. that’s true.’
My eyes widened. I walked towards the couch, sat down next to Naruto. I wished he’d fucking look at me. ‘What do you mean?’

‘You can’t handle another trauma. Maybe you, and me too, should look for someone with.. a real family or-’

‘What-’

‘Someone who grew up.. normal-’

‘Shut up, Naruto. We have a real family,’ Naruto’s eyes widened. He finally looked at me. Fucking finally. ‘Are you saying that Iruka wasn’t just sitting in front of you so I couldn’t hurt you? Fuck. Naruto.. That’s-’

‘Not what I mean! I- I just.. agree that you deserve better.’

‘What? That’s not what I meant. At fucking all. I never meant to give you that idea.’ Suddenly it was so easy to talk. The words just kept flowing out I was- pissed off, I realized. Just pissed off that he was putting himself down again. ‘I don’t know why the fuck you keep saying sorry, or I’m annoying, or worse that you’re not good enough, but you’re none of those fucking things. And if you are to some fucking people than they should fuck off- it works for me. I don’t fucking deserve better. There’s no better.’

If Naruto’s mouth could drop to the ground, it would have. He started nervously rubbing his hands together. I started to realize what I had said. A lot. I doubted I had ever said anything more than that at once (except maybe in a pitch or presentation but this.. this was a lot.)

For a little while we didn’t talk. Naruto looked at his hands. Wrung them together. ‘Thanks..’ He eventually said softly. And then.. More of nothing. I wondered if he didn’t know what to say, or if he was getting it through his thick skull that I meant every word.

So I went on: ‘I made up with Kakashi, kind of.’

‘Oh?’ Naruto said, confused.

‘He told me that.. uhm.. living in fear of losing people is stupid and that it sucks.’

‘And?’

‘Well, he said a little more than that, but- he’s right. If I end up losing you I- I might as well take in every little bit of having you.’ Naruto took my hands, gripped them tightly. I could feel them going numb and I didn’t give a single shit. He was holding onto me. He was holding me like he wouldn’t let anyone rip us apart and that was- that was enough. ‘I’m- I shouldn’t have said that shit about your trauma and-’

Naruto didn’t give me a chance to finish.

He took my neck, pulled me in, and clumsily pushed (punched) his lips against mine. They were warm and still salty from his tears. I opened my mouth against his, closed my eyes. Naruto licked my bottom lip once, and then pulled back to peck my lips softly. ‘I don’t give a fuck, Sasuke. Throw your insults at me, just don’t.. don’t leave again.’

I pushed my forehead against his. I could feel his deep, clumsy breaths against my face. ‘I’ll try not to do either,’ I replied, my voice not sounding at light as I hoped it would.
Naruto kissed me again, just as rough as he had done before. He climbed on top of me, and I could feel him smile in the kiss. He pulled back, put his nose to my temple. ‘Impossible for you.’

‘Idiot.’

‘There we go.’

I took his hair, caressed it and pulled him to my lips again. Before we kissed I whispered; ‘It’s a pet name.’

‘Asshole.’

‘There we go,’ I mimicked.

‘Baby,’ he joked against my lips.

I wrinkled my nose. ‘Disgusting.’ He kissed me again, as if he couldn’t stay away from my lips for more than two seconds. Honestly, I was glad he felt that way. I did too. ‘My hoodie looks good on you,’ I basically fucking purred. Fuck, fuck, fuck it all.

He chuckled, pulling me in closer. He wrapped his arms around my neck and back tightly, and just hung like that, around my neck. He was suddenly so silent, but not in the way he had been before. He felt calm. He somehow had the same energy he had always had. The one that made me feel at ease.

That made me feel at home.

I clumsily laid my hands on his hips. Holding him like that felt good, so I leaned into the touch I had initiated myself. Breathed in his scent, or maybe just this moment, as deeply as I could. Calmed myself. Tried to calm myself. Tried not to think about what was text. And just- ‘I- uh- so Naruto-’ Great, Sasuke, well done. Naruto pulled back a little, raised a curious eyebrow at me. ‘So.. Today I told you that we’re not doing this thing.’

Is that how you ask someone out? I hadn’t planned on being the one doing it. I never had to- I-

‘Hmm, you did.’ Naruto grinned. ‘So I’ll ask again: you want to do this thing?’

I looked at our legs, on top of each other. My hands on Naruto’s hips. ‘Yeah.. yeah, I really do.’

Kakashi and Iruka came back a few hours later. Naruto had put on some show we both didn’t really want to watch, and then he had fallen asleep on my lap. I loved him like that. Tired from crying, draped over my lap like it was his new pillow. I didn’t care; I was his. I had been caressing his hair for an hour and it still didn’t bore me. I didn’t even care to glance at my phone.

Iruka walked through the door with two bags from the ramen shop in the city. He was smiling brightly. I wondered how they had decided to take four meals; how they decided that I wouldn’t fuck it up. Iruka had seemed pretty convinced that I’d hurt Naruto’s feeling a few hours ago. But maybe that’s just how parents are. I wouldn’t know. It was probably Naruto’s first time experiencing it too.

They were chatting when they came in, but as soon as they saw Naruto they went quiet. Kakashi smirked, as if to prove that he was right for trusting in me, and Iruka gave me a cheeky thumbs up. The only thing I could do was smile, like that was an answer to them.
It didn’t matter. They trusted me, and soon they retreated to the kitchen so that I could be the one to wake Naruto up. I ruffled his hair, knowing that that wouldn’t do the trick, and then moved my legs slowly but annoyingly enough to wake him.

‘No..’ Naruto grumbled, and turned around in my lap. His face now inches away from my- uh-

‘Naruto, wake up.’

He turned around again, put an arm in front of his eyes. ‘Five more minutes.’

‘Iruka brought dinner,’ and when that didn’t do the trick I said, ‘It’s ramen.’

Naruto pulled the arm away from his eyes, smiled. I couldn’t help but snort at that. ‘Hey,’ he said.

‘So I’m not good enough to wake up for but ramen is?’

Naruto chuckled. ‘Must be hard to come second.’

I pulled away my legs quickly so that Naruto’s head fell down on the couch. ‘Oy, asshole!’ Naruto called out. I laughed. I wondered when I had last done that so genuinely, just because I couldn’t stop myself.

‘You’re awful,’ Naruto said.

‘You already signed up, no take backs.’

Now it was Naruto’s turn to laugh. He got up, climbed into my lap, and pushed me back a little. He was honestly like a monkey, climbing all over me. His hand against my chest felt warm. As soon as he came so close he became more silent. His eyes turned softer, smaller. It was impossible for me to think of him as a fun monkey when he.. when he was being so damn attractive.

Or maybe more like- no. Attractive is right; making it hard for me not to kiss him, making it hard to ever think I made the wrong choice, making it hard for me to breath, just- just generally making it hard for me.

‘Boys-’ Iruka walked in, stopped in the door opening, sighed. ‘Do you have to do this?’

Naruto chuckled. ‘It’s payback for all the times you and Kakashi were.. indiscreet.’ Despite saying this, Naruto climbed off my lap and sat down on the couch normally. He pulled one of his legs up and draped it on top of mine.

‘We were not!’ Iruka basically yelped.

‘You really were,’ I said, shrugging.

That’s when Kakashi came in, two bowls of Ramen in his hands. ‘They’re right. We were. Anyway, miso or beef?’

We ate on the couch. Or; Iruka and Naruto sat on the ground near the coffee table, making a big mess, and Kakashi and I ate on the couch. Naruto leaned against me legs; told us how much he loved ramen noodles every other second. Iruka joked that he wouldn’t be getting Naruto ramen ever again if he kept on talking about it.

Everything had changed in such a small amount of time.
Kakashi handed me the extra spice. ‘I know you like it’, he mumbled.

In that second I saw Itachi in him. He was so calm about everything and he kept an eye on me. Without me really noticing Kakashi has always been here. Like Itachi had been when I was just a little boy. One cry away. Some people are- or were- always in reach.

Suddenly- Naruto touched my leg. I looked at him with question in my eyes. ‘You need a breather?’ he asked.

I shook my head, silently. I wondered what gave it away. Naruto was sitting with his back to me. When had he looked at me? When had anything changed in my face?

‘It’s okay if you do. Just let me know,’ he answered.

I nodded, still feeling quite far away. Iruka and Kakashi were softly chatting about Iruka’s class. Naruto finished his bowl (mine was halfway), and put it back on the table. When he had, he put his hand on my knee for me to take. I didn’t, because I wouldn’t be able to eat then, but a soft calamity washed over me.

Was this what a family was supposed to look like? I guess not. This was different. So much different than what I once had. Then again; maybe normal families don’t exist.

I ate some more ramen, thinking about it, and then handed my bowl to Naruto. I leaned down a little, Naruto’s eyes were on me right away. They were (still) bright, curious and full of care. ‘Maybe I should get everyone some coffee..’

Naruto grinned. ‘Iruka probably wants cappuccino, so I’ll come,’ he whispered. He turned to the other two. ‘Coffee, guys?’

‘Cappuccino, please,’ Iruka said, making Naruto grin. He pulled me up and into the kitchen with him. I didn’t care to object to him, followed quietly. When Naruto closed the kitchen door I got the coffee pods out. I was placing them into the machine carefully when Naruto put his hands on my waist, leaned his head against my back.

‘Are you alright?’ he asked.

I put my hand on his, letting him know that it was okay to hold me. ‘Just needed to get away for a second.’

Naruto nuzzled his nose against me my shoulder. ‘Is it okay that I’m here? It’s alright if you-’

‘Stay.’ I pushed the button on the machine, turned around.

Naruto was grinning at me. He made my chest tight. ‘We’re in this together,’ slowly he caressed my cheek, ‘don’t shoulder things alone. It’s unnecessary and stupid.’

I chuckled. ‘You’re stupid.’

‘You’re beautiful,’ he replied without missing a single beat.

Tingles moved their way to my fingertips, and then I rolled my eyes and turned around. Like I’d know how to fucking repay those kind of things. Naruto heated some milk for Iruka, smiling cockily. I watched the coffee fall into my mug. I got two cubes of sugar for Naruto’s coffee, Naruto broke one cube into halves for Iruka. Our hands touched while taking them, we simply glanced at
When all the coffee was finished Naruto stopped me, putting his hand on my chest again. I hoped he couldn’t feel my heart beating. An impossible wish; my heart was losing it. ‘You good?’ He asked.

‘I can tell you when it’s bad myself. Don’t worry.’

Naruto grinned. ‘Cool. Of course.’

I wanted to start walking again. Naruto didn’t pull back. He was smiling up at me.

‘What?’ I asked him.

He didn’t answer me. Instead he leaned in, kissed me with a smile on his face, and then let go again. He took two cups of coffee like nothing had fucking happened.

I stared at him, waiting for some kind of explanation. He didn’t, he just grinned. ‘Can you get the door for me?’

That made me smile too. ‘Sure, idiot.’

Chapter End Notes

Wow this story was supposed to have 3 chapters, and here we are. Anyway, you might have noticed; I am going to write one more chapter. I want to focus on their relationship and not cut it off now that things are somewhat okay between them. I was planning on doing that in this chapter, but I guess it would seem a little forced. Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this!
Naruto was standing near the shop window, leaning against the wall. He was looking at his phone, biting his lip. I wondered if he was nervous. I could feel my stomach tingling. It wasn’t nerves; not really. This was just so different. Naruto and I - we had been quite safe in our bedrooms, hiding from Kakashi and Iruka. We never.. what’s the right word.. tried? Maybe that wasn’t exactly it; the weeks since I had met Naruto hadn’t exactly been the easiest one. There had been a lot to figure out. There’d been a lot of distractions, a lot things standing in our way, a lot of pulling back.

Maybe that was it; I had never met someone in the middle. I had never tried just for the sake of making someone feel *even* better. It had always been picking up the pieces. It had always been fixing stuff.

There was nothing to be fixed; just something to gain.

Naruto looked up, grinned brightly and waved. He’d been the one to ask me on a date. *’I want to do this right. Normal.’* is what he had said. Normal for him meant taking me to his favourite ramen place. Normal for him meant acting like this didn’t all start with an orphanage, a fight, panic attacks and a fuckload of crying. That was fine. He wanted to date me. No need to hop on the anxiety train right away.

When I walked towards him, Naruto pulled me in for one small kiss. Fuck. That was something to get used to.

*’That happy to see me?’* I joked, mainly to fucking calm myself.

*’Always.’* Naruto replied right away. He was grinning brightly.

*’I think you’re just happy I agreed to get ramen.’*

Naruto laughed, taking my hand and pulling me into the shop. *’Can’t I be both?’*

*’Hn.’*

That made him laugh a bit more. He easily found a spot next to the window, sat down without even thinking about it. He probably sat at the same spot every single time he came here, the idiot.

As soon as we were sitting, face to face with a cheap candle in between, someone came up to us. She was smiling brightly, glanced my way before looking at Naruto. *’Hey, Naruto! Long time no see.’* I bet that she meant a week or so. *’The usual?’*

Naruto nodded. *’You know it!’*

She now turned to me. *’And what can I get you?’*

*’I’ll have the same.’* Say what you want, but the idiot knew how to pick his ramen. It was one of the only choices I’d trust him to make. *’Do you maybe have some salad on the side?’*

The girl chuckled. *’I’ll make one for you.’*

Naruto piped up: *’He likes tomato.’*

*’Unlike a certain idiot.’* I mumbled.
The girl was looking at Naruto like he was the funniest guy in the world. ‘You two really get along.’ She mumbled.

Naruto grinned. ‘Yeah, we’re dating.’ He sounded so fucking proud of that fact. His grin was so bright that no one could hate on that; if it made Naruto so happy it was alright. Everyone liked to see him like that.

‘Oh my god, shut up idiot.’

Even though the evening was cold and grey, the date felt warm. That wasn’t much of a surprise. Naruto was telling me about everything and nothing. He cheeks were red from the steaming bowl of ramen. He laughed at me when I pulled a disgusted face when he talked with his mouth full, and kicked me under the table. After which he held my hand because he felt bad about it.

I felt.. alright. I guess some things just are easy.

‘Did’ya like it?’ He asked excitedly.

‘Hm.’ I had almost finished my bowl; so that spoke for itself. Naruto knew that, and grinned at my non-answer. Ichiraku’s was busier than it had been when we came in. It seemed to be quite the hotspot. I could see why. It was a simple place. The prices were good and there was a lot of wood. Wooden bar, wooden tables, wooden window frames. The light was quite warm, just like the air and the people working there. I doubted I could have appreciated it before I met Naruto, but it fit him. It was a place where you could feel as home.

‘We’ve got to go if we want to catch the movie on time,’ I said.

Naruto pulled out his phone, looked at the time and then waved at the waitress. The girl walked up to us with the same warm smile. It almost made me jealous; that some people are capable of smiling like that. ‘You want seconds?’ She asked.

Naruto laughed at that. ‘I wish! Can I get the bill?’

The movie theater was packed. The row towards the popcorn long as fuck. Naruto was never the most patient guy, but somehow that didn’t seem to bother him as much now. He was looking at me, smiling to himself.

‘What?’

‘This is nice.’

I rolled my eyes. ‘Waiting for popcorn?’

Naruto chuckled and pushed it into the pocket of my jacket. ‘Yeah,’ he said.

I put my hand on top of his, in my pocket, and sighed. ‘You’re weird.’

‘You like me.’

‘I take it back.’ The row moved a little. Naruto and I took one step, in sinc.

Naruto bumped my shoulder, held onto my hand so I couldn’t let go. ‘Shut up! You’re such a
dick.’

I smirked. ‘Hm.’

‘You’re just being edgy because you know I’m into that.’

‘Are you now?’

‘No.’ His fingers moved to hold mine.

‘Could have fooled me.’

More people moved away. We got closer to the desk.

‘Well, you are edge aren’t you? I bet you listen to Hozier while looking at the sky and smoking from your window.’

‘It’s French. Hozier.’

‘What?’

‘You’re pronouncing it wrong.’

‘Whatever, I’m not French.’

I chuckled. I wanted to kiss him. ‘No. You’re a barbarian.’

‘Asshole,’ he said, while moving closer to me. He kissed my shoulder, with the smile still on his lips. I wanted to kiss the top of his head. It was right fucking there. He made me more daring. Naruto made me give no fucks. Naruto- ‘Sasuke!? Is that you?’ Fuck. I turned around to see Suigetsu and Karin walking up to us. They were both holding popcorn. Suigetsu had a bottle of water in each pocket.

‘No.’ I said, which made Naruto snort loudly.

‘Shut up,’ I mumbled. Naruto didn’t stop laughing.

But- he did let go of my hand. He did so as if nothing happened, completely casual. It made my hand feel empty. Questions rushed through my mind. Mainly: does he think I don’t want anyone to know? I mean, I know he does.

‘Who’s this?’ Suigetsu asked.

Naruto piped up himself, ‘What’s up, I’m Naruto!’

Suigetsu took his hand. ‘Suigetsu. This is Karin. We’re friends with Sasuke.’

‘Bold statement.’ I said, which made Suigetsu laugh and earned me a punch from Karin.

‘Alright Sasuke ‘everyone is just a distant acquaintance’ Uchiha.’

I chuckled, moved closer to the counter again. Naruto started ordering. ‘Take one big one.’ I told Naruto, who nodded. ‘I care to object,’ I then told Suigetsu.

‘Of course you do.’ He rolled his eyes.

Naruto got the biggest fucking popcorn they had, got me a water and himself some Coca Cola.
‘Naruto’s a bit closer than an acquaintance. Just a little bit.’

‘Asshole.’ Naruto mumbled, holding out my drink.

I took the water. ‘So if you’ll excuse us, we’re on a date.’

Karín’s mouth fell open. ‘Is he the reason we haven’t seen you in forever!?’

‘Hm.’


Naruto was staring at me, a big grin on his face. So he didn’t mind me telling them. Good. That was good. What was a little less was Naruto saying: ‘I used my amazing charms and he fell for me right away.’

‘You impressed me with your amazing stupidity.’ I replied, to which Naruto made a kissing mouth at me, saying a sarcastic: ‘Sure.’

Karín and Suigetsu were now only staring. That had me nervous. They were never quiet. They were almost as loudmouthed as Naruto. I expected yelling and questions and objections from them. ‘What?’ I asked.

Karín was smiling. ‘Nothing.’

‘Out with it.’

Karín chuckled. ‘Nothing much.. It’s just nice to see that you have emotions.’ Suigetsu snorted and started laughing loudly. He clutched his stomach as if that was the best thing he had ever heard.

‘What.’ I deadpanned.

‘They have a point,’ Naruto said, ‘I was surprised too, at first.’

‘Don’t take their side.’

Karín laughed so hard that she held Suigetsu to keep upright. They were being so fucking oboxious. So, very much, them. ‘Anyway, have fun with your boyfriend, Sasuke! Don’t get too kink in the dark!’ And with that they walked away, still laughing at me but talking to themselves.

Naruto turned to me. ‘I like your friends. They’re lively.’

‘They fit with yours.’

‘Actually, yeah. I think that’s true.’

‘Is it too much to ask to have someone calm in my life?’

We started walking towards our hall. Naruto chuckled. ‘You like me.’

‘You’re enough energy for me. For a lifetime.’

Naruto dragged me to our seats. The movie hadn’t started yet, nor had the commercials. ‘Maybe you should chill with Shikamaru.’

‘Who?’
'Guy who was sleeping when we went out to eat.'

'Oh.' We sat down in the big theater chairs. ‘He was cool.’

‘He didn’t say anything.’

I turned to Naruto, smirked. ‘Which is a preference of mine.’

Naruto bumped my shoulder, kissed my jaw clumsily. ‘Shut up. Don’t hate on me.’

‘I guess you’re cool too.’

He put an arm around me, chuckled. ‘I mean, you are kissing me.’

‘Pretty sure you were kissing m-’ A lady in front of us turned around and glared at us. She put her fingers to her lips. The fucking movie hadn’t even started yet. It was just a stupid fucking commercial. I glared right back at her.

Naruto giggled as quiet as he could. Then he leaned in and whispered in my ear: ‘Maybe you could befriend her. She prefers the quiet too.’

What the fuck was that movie even about? I wouldn’t know. Naruto was leaning against me, playing with my hair. I closed my eyes from time to time, not giving a fuck about not watching the movie; I wanted to focus on him. He didn’t seem to bother watching the movie any more than I did. His attention was on me; clumsily looking for secret ways to touch me. His legs against or on top of mine, like he had done since the day we met. His fingers burned and tingled, or; it was completely impossible to ignore them.

We walked to the bus stop in silence. It was a misty evening. The dark sky had a slightly orange hue. The city lights were vague in the mist. Naruto kept close enough to bump my shoulder almost every other second. When we sat down on the bench for the bus stop, one that was surprisingly quiet, I laid my head down on his shoulder. Naruto put his arm around me, his hand on my head just to play with my hair a little.

‘I had a really good time tonight,’ Naruto said softly.

‘Me too.’

Naruto moved a little, kissed the top of my head and kept his lips on my hair. His body felt a little nervous to me. Just a little. ‘Sasuke..’

‘Hm?’

He seemed to think for a second. ‘I’ve, ehm, going around telling people that we’re dating. You’ve probably noticed that.’

‘Yeah.’

Naruto touched my ear slightly. ‘So.. do you want to be my boyfriend?’

I pulled away a little. ‘I thought I already was.’
Naruto stared at me, wide eyes, a smile on his lips. ‘Yeah! Sure, okay.’

‘You asked me if we were going to do this thing.’

Naruto nodded, swallowed nervously. ‘Eh, I did. Just.. check, check, double check. I guess... I tend to be hard to follow.’

‘Pff, idiot.’ I leaned back against him. That seemed to calm Naruto as well. ‘How long until the bus is here?’

‘Four minutes.’

I didn’t think it would be like this. I didn’t think it would be soft and easy and whatever more Naruto made it. I had expected me bringing someone home to be heartless and rough. Maybe I hadn’t expected to bring someone home at all. Maybe I had expected a bathroom stall. A place where I could leave easily. Maybe I hadn’t expected it to ever happen. I don’t know exactly what I expected.

But it wasn’t this-

It wasn’t holding hands while walking inside, whispering so that Kakashi wouldn’t hear us. Me pulling him up the stairs, a route he knew himself as well. I hadn’t expected to be pushed against the door, just so that he could kiss my neck. To be seen in the light of the streetlight outside of my window, and nothing more. His fingers caressing my ear softly. A sigh, as if he was looking at a beautiful painting.

‘Sasuke,’ He mumbled into my neck. He held my hip, pulled it towards his own.

‘What?’

I used that moment to pull him away from my neck, to kiss his earlobe. ‘Ah- just- it just feels nice to say your name.’

He nuzzled his nose against mine. I chuckled; it sounded hoarse. ‘You’re an idiot.’

‘You’re everything.’ He traveled his hands underneath my shirt. His fingers cold as hell.

I pulled back. ‘Fuck- you’re cold.’

‘Ah- uhm- wait.’ He put his hands to his mouth, rubbed them together and breathed hot air onto them. I couldn’t help but chuckle at that. He put his hands back to my skin, his nose against my jaw. ‘Better?’ he asked.

‘Hm.. a little.’

He touched my hips, my stomach, my nipples. Then he pulled out my shirt, stared at me for a second. ‘Fuckk-’ He said.

I couldn’t help but chuckle at that. ‘Like what you see?’

‘Smug bastard.’ He said, but then leaned in and kissed my lips. And then my chin, my throat, my nipple. He seemed to be enjoying how I squirmed underneath him; I could feel his smirk on my skin. ‘Like what you feel?’ He said, throwing back what I had asked him.
‘I’d feel better if you were naked too.’

No need to tell him twice; Naruto pulled out his shirt, and then let down his pants. He pulled me in. His cheeks was warm as hell, his dick pushed against mine through my jeans. He awkwardly loosened my belt, cursed a bit under his breath. I took over, pushing my pants down with ease. He grinned, pulled my hips in again, pushing out cocks together. ‘Fuck-’ I hissed.

‘Sure,’ Naruto joked.

‘Assh- nevermind.’

Naruto laughed, kissing my open lips. His laugh made my stomach turn. It was so like him, to just play around right now. To just joke, kiss, laugh some. It drove me fucking crazy. ‘You good?’ He asked.

‘I’m good.’ I mumbled, breathing in deeply.

To which he nodded, and kneeled down. My head snapped to his face. He didn’t look at me. I couldn’t see if he was blushing. Still he pulled down my underwear softly, kept it at my knees, and gave my cock an experimental lick. ‘Fuck.’ I whispered. Which Naruto apparently saw as a sign that he could continue. He took my tip into his mouth, and carefully sucked it once. My moan even surprised me. My hands automatically shot into Naruto’s hair, held it tightly. ‘Naruto-’ He took my entire dick into his mouth. He was clumsy about it, he was sexy about it. He was… so fucking perfect. I mean- no, no that is what I mean.

And I was impatient. Pulled his head against me, moaned loudly as he took me in deeper. Naruto moaned at that too. He pulled back a little, licked my tights.

‘Sasuke…’

‘Yeah.’ Fuck. I sounded so breathless.

‘Can I- will you let me-’

‘Fuck me?’ Ah- there my voice was again.

Naruto chuckled. ‘Make sweet love to you?’ He kissed my cock just because he could.

‘Whatever. Just do it.’

Naruto stood up again, pulled me towards the bed. ‘So impatient.’

I pulled him down my his hair, on top of me, said: ‘I am when it comes to you.’

Naruto kissed me into the mattress at that. I kicked off my boxershorts, making it possible for Naruto to kneel down in between my legs. Without moving away too much I took the lube from my drawer. Naruto didn’t bother me squirming, he caressed my hips, watched me with all the attention he had. He waited patiently, his cock throbbing against my leg.

I didn’t know his adhd ass could concentrate on anything; turns out he’s full of surprises. ‘Put your legs on my shoulders,’ Naruto whispered.

I did as he told me. He pushed one finger into my carefully. I breathed in, stared at him. It felt.. weird. Different from how it felt when I did it myself. It felt as if he had full power over me. As if all I could do was trust that he’d do me right.
I did.

‘That okay?’ Naruto asked. Of fucking course he did.

‘Shut up. Go on.’

He pushed another finger inside of me. Moved them around carefully. I pushed my eyes closed. I felt like I was losing my voice. Like all my emotions got stuck in my body, building up until I would explode. Or implode, maybe.

Naruto pulled his fingers out, so, so slowly. He stared at me questioningly. ‘Can I-’

‘Fuck yes.’

He grinned. Fucking grinned, and pulled me in a bit closer. He placed his cock against my entrance, watched my eyes for an answer. I don’t know what my eyes were showing. I don’t know if they were showing that he could do fucking anything to me. That he had full power over me. As long as it was him. I knew god damn well that he treated me better than I had ever treated myself.

Still, I nodded slowly at his questioning eyes. He recklessly pushed the tip of his cock inside of me. ‘Fuck! ah-’ I yelled out. I breathed heavily, trying to calm myself. Naruto held me up, biting his lip. He looked like he was holding himself back big time. I closed my eyes for a second, then nodded again.

Naruto didn’t move right away. He first said: ‘You’re beautiful.’ After that he pushes his hips forward. I yelled out. He was everything. He leaned forward, almost folding me, and stared at me intensely. I pushed my head into my pillow, pulling it closer and biting it’s fabric.

‘Sasuke-’ Naruto was breathing heavily. Small drops of sweat on his forehead, one hand around my leg and the other on my chest to hold himself up. ‘Fuck- You’re-’ He didn’t come far. He thrusted inside of me, moved so that he could touch my dick at the same time. ‘You’re so fucking-’

I bit the pillow, my scream coming out muffled. I could feel my body getting closer to his with every second. Like we were slowly melting together. He bit my neck, licked my ear. His hands touched me everywhere. From my cock to my hips, to my nipples and my neck. It seemed like touching me like that was a new thought to him, and he was discovering what he liked.

And what he liked was everything.

‘Show me your face.’ He sounded out of breath, almost pained.

I pushed away the pillow. My moans were heavy now that they weren’t muffled. Looking at Naruto- how he towered above my body, holding up my legs, stared at me- made me feel nervous. I closed my eyes with every moan. Naruto didn’t look away for even a second. He pounded inside of me, and then, when he moved a little slower again, he put his hand on my face. At first he touched me cheek. Then he pushed two fingers inside of my mouth. His fingers in my mouth felt... mind blowing. That was the weird part. I closed my eyes, turned my face towards him. This was probably what being high as hell felt like. Or maybe this was better. He pushed my tongue down, kept thrusting inside of me while pulling his fingers in- and out of my mouth.

‘Ah- fuck!’ And that did things for him. He shivered.

And that, on its turn, did things to me. I slammed my hips towards his. Naruto yelled out at that. He moaned, panted, thrusted faster and then slower again. I shivered. Felt how Naruto became thicker inside of me and- fuck. Fuck. Came with him inside of me. His blonde locks hanging in
front of his face, him watching how I came and trying not to close his eyes in pleasure. Because he
wanted to watch me.

Because we wanted to take in every second of this. ‘Holyshit..’ Naruto whispered sensually. My
legs hurt, so did the part of my chest he’d been leaning on. ‘You’re everything.’

I could feel a small, genuine smile on my lips. Naruto started leaning in for a kiss and- ‘Wait, put
my legs down.’

He stopped himself in his track, then slowly let down my legs. A pain shot through my tights.
‘Shit..’ I whispered.

‘I’m sorry,’ Naruto replied.

‘Kiss me already.’

Getting cleaned up in the middle of the night was crazy. It was about half past two by now. Naruto
kept grinning and grinning and grinning. He was grinning at the sink. In was grinning at the
mirror, at the shower, at the towels. And worst thing: he kept grinning at me.

‘What?’ I asked, turning on the water of the shower.

‘You’re awesome.’

I rolled my eyes, stepped into the shower. The water was warm on my skin. Naruto stared at my
body without any shame. Maybe that was the worst part; the fact that our boundaries were
suddenly changing so fucking much and that he didn’t seem to care. I had never showered with
anyone before. I had never had someone wanting to hold me up, get me water, give me soft kisses
in the middle of the night.

Showering together was.. really something else.

Being with Naruto was going to be like his; I had known that from the start but this.. this was…
well; a lot.

I put my head underneath the water, closed my eyes. Naruto dropped the blanket he had wrapped
himself in instead of getting dressed. Underneath that he was naked. His dick still half- hard. His
skin tan compared to mine.

Seeing him like that made my heart tight from excitement. So I pushed my head further into the
water, closed my eyes.

‘Sasuke..’ Naruto said carefully. ‘Do you, maybe.. want to shower by yourself?’

‘You’re already here.’ That didn’t sound the way I wanted it to. I wanted him there. I did.

Naruto nodded, looking away for a weird second. ‘Just, tell me if you need space. I’m not good at
reading that stuff.’

I opened my eyes again. ‘You are, though.’

‘You want a few seconds?’

I breathed in. If it was him it way okay. It would always be okay. ‘Come here, you massive idiot.’
‘There he is.’ Naruto laughed. He stepped into the shower with that same grin on his face. He pulled me into a hug right away, and you know what, that was fine too. ‘Can I wash you?’

I nodded slowly, while Naruto excitedly turned towards all the soap bottles in confusion; there were a lot of bottles. ‘The blue one is mine.’

‘You don’t share with Kakashi?’

‘No.’

‘Why are there three types of conditioner?’

‘Ask Iruka.’

That made him laugh again. He put some soap on his hand. ‘Now I’m a little jealous. Maybe I’ll put my conditioner here as well.’

‘Just use Iruka’s. You guys.. share stuff.’ I jokingly pulled a disgusted face.

Naruto smacked the soap onto my back, ‘You dick.’

‘What about my dick?’

He started rubbing the soap into my back. His hands had never felt so soft. I- I didn’t know showering or being touched could feel so- what’s the word- safe? Soft, maybe? ‘I like your dick. He likes me.’

‘Ugh, shut up.’

Waking up next to Naruto was luckily something I knew; because I would have handled it as well as showering if I hadn’t. I knew how it would go, and it was as soft as ever. I woke up at the crack of dawn, when the sky was coloured a light pink, and Naruto woke up a little later. That was earlier than I had expected him to. I was pretty content being allowed to give him kisses on his hair while he slept; especially now that he couldn’t notice. Naruto took his sweet time to wake up; but he was all grins and kisses as soon as he had. He placed kisses on my shoulder and cheek, my neck and my nose.

‘You smell like sleep,’ I said.

Naruto grinned, jokingly smelled me. ‘You do too. Hmm, so good.’

‘You’re disgusting.’

‘You like me,’ he shot back lazily.

‘Shit, what gave it away?’

He laughed, pulled me in some more. He nuzzled his nose against my cheek. ‘The cute secret smiles.’

‘I have no smile like that.’ I pushed him back.

He kissed my lips just to fight back, laughed, said: ‘See? It’s a secret smile.’
I chuckled and got out of bed, the floor was cold as hell. I walked towards my closet quickly. Took out a pair of thick socks and threw them at Naruto. ‘It’s cold.’

He pulled them on silently. His hair was a big mess. He hadn’t bothered to pull on anything except from his underpants the evening before. He had whispered how he liked feeling my warm skin against his. How laying skin to skin was something so.. so new. He had sounded breathless and giddy at the same time. Now he pulled a sweatpants from my floor, his face thick and red from sleep. I took a sweater from my closet and handed it to him. Our house wasn’t as cold as Iruka’s; but the winter was still hitting hard.

Naruto was staring at me while I made sure we didn’t freeze to death. ‘What?’ I asked.

He grinned. ‘Looking at you.’

‘Why?’

‘I’m allowed to do that now.’

That made me roll my eyes; in spite of the light feeling in my chest. I didn’t know how to answer him. He really was allowed to do that now. So I held out my hand to him. Just said a slow, ‘C’mon, breakfast.’

He took my hand- my cold, cold hand - in his warm one and jumped up. He knew I wouldn’t pull him up. He kept on holding my hand while we walked down. Walking down stairs with hands interlocked is.. quite hard. Naruto seemed excited on trying. Like walking through the busiest, smallest street without letting go of each other. It seemed like something he’d do. Something he’d want with me. Just to fucking show everyone.

Annoy the crap out of everyone including me and.. I just had to go ahead and like that.

‘You’re hands are so cold.’

‘I guess.’

Naruto opened the door to the kitchen for me. Before he could completely walk in, though, he stopped. I bumped against his back. ‘The fuck-’ I mumbled. In that kitchen, Iruka was sitting with one of Kakashi’s poetry books. He was wearing a bathrobe. His hair was a big mess, loose, his cheeks rosy like.. well like Naruto’s were right now. Or maybe like mine. Whatever; it was quite the ‘I’ve been made love to’ look.

‘Iruka!’ Naruto said.

Iruka looked up at us, laid down the books quickly. ‘Oh, hey! What- what are you doing here?’

Naruto pulled me into the kitchen now. ‘Stayed over.’

Iruka nodded, then stood up. ‘Alright.. I texted you that I’d be here. You want some coffee? Breakfast? Kakashi is still sleeping.’ Of course he was.

I watched how Iruka went into dad-mode. That was crazy to see. When Naruto was near, he’d just go protective. It was like all he could think was ‘feed, take care, feed’ when Naruto came into a room. That was cute. Cute as hell.

But Naruto was here for me now.
And Iruka shouldn’t switch out of that ‘majestic lover’ mode that quick.

‘Ah, yeah su-’

I interrupted Naruto. Said: ‘Iruka, I’ll do it.’ Because I wanted to. Fuck- Somehow.. somehow having someone fuck you really makes you want to make them some food. Make them breakfast in the morning, mainly.

Luckily Iruka listened. He sat back down, took the poetry again, and started reading. Naruto watched how I took out coffee, put it into a filter. He got up from behind me when I was waiting on the drip, put his arms around my waist. He nuzzled his nose against my sweater. I saw Iruka glance up, smile softly. Naruto was soft, happy.

That kind of stuff gets to you. Even to the most coldhearted, apparently.

I had been just that, for quite a while.

‘Naruto, could you get me the milk?’

Naruto glanced up. He knew we both didn’t drink any milk in our coffee. Then he glanced at Iruka quickly and grinned. ‘Sure,’ he said before planting a kiss on my neck, my jaw, my hair. ‘You’re the best.’

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed that! Comments are sweet.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!