They Always Come Too Late, If They Come At All

by fullmetalcalculus

Summary

Naruto's childhood was hard- bouncing from one foster-home to the next, he never made lasting connections. Until he found an anchor, his first friend-turned boyfriend, Sasuke. Sasuke pulled him into the world of the rich and fabulous, where Naruto never quite fit perfectly. Now after years together, their marriage has begun to turn sour, leaving Naruto in pieces, and questioning the only person he's ever loved.

Notes

Heads up: not a happy story. The title is from Tracy Chapman's song 'Behind the Wall' which is about domestic abuse. There is only referenced violence in this chapter, and no smut until Chapter 2, but this chapter gives a preview to Sasuke and Naruto's marriage, which might be too far gone to salvage. Warning for light alcohol abuse. Also this story is currently unbeta'd and I'm only human so if you want to volunteer or just notice any errors, give me a heads up.
I Ask Myself What Am I Doing Here?

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Naruto winced as he re-wrapped the bandage around his mid-section. The x-ray had shown that the rib there wasn’t broken, just bruised, but it hurt all the same. His bandaging was sloppy, even after all these years- he had never quite gotten the hang of it, always accidentally sticking the tan tape together or twisting it so it left imprints on his skin. Not that it mattered, as long as it kept his bones in place and didn’t show through a dress shirt, no one cared.

Speaking of dress shirts, it was probably time to start getting ready. He never arrived to the parties early because he wasn’t supposed to be seen without Sasuke, but he couldn’t arrive late either because Sasuke didn’t like to enter events alone.

Naruto gave up on tying the bandage perfectly and hurried into the bedroom to get into his tux. Tonight’s outfit was the dark blue Botegga Veneta suit worn over a white button-up. Sasuke left specific instructions not to wear a tie and to leave the top two buttons un-buttoned. Naruto assumed it was to show off the tan he had gotten last week on their couples retreat to Malta.

Even though Naruto had a cast on the whole week, he still managed to enjoy the warm ocean water. He assumed the last minute trip had been timed perfectly for the week his broken arm had to remain in a sling. No one in Italy knew who they were, and when the concierge inquired, Naruto just told him he hurt it wind-surfing. Not the most plausible explanation considering it was anything but beach weather in Boston right now, but the hotel employee with broken English and a forced smile would never care enough to put the clues together. Even if the excuse was stupid, Naruto’s convincing smile as he dragged Sasuke by the hand to the beach would be (and had been) enough to fool even a close friend into thinking they had the perfect marriage.

Naruto finished putting on his suit, making sure there were no wrinkles and tried to tame his wild golden locks in the mirror, to no avail. He often went for the ‘just got out of bed’ look because there was no alternative, he didn’t have the slick naturally straight hair Sasuke did, which seemed to annoy his husband to no end. Sighing, Naruto pulled out his phone and called the driver telling him he was on his way down.

He walked down the stairs one at a time, holding the rail, trying not to wince when his stomach clenched with each step. He had to look better by the time he reached the party. He walked through the spotless living room and marble tiled foyer to the front door, making sure to lock it on his way out (he wasn’t about to have that argument again). The black town car pulled up right on time and Naruto slid into the backseat.
“Good evening, Mr. Uzumaki.”

“Hey Juugo.”

“Are we waiting for Mr. Uchiha?” The large man asked from the driver’s seat.

“No he took his own car. I’m meeting him there.”

“Okay,” Juugo replied, rolling up the partition.

Juugo had been Sasuke’s driver since he had become the managing partner at his firm. Juugo and Naruto got along very well. A little too well for Sasuke’s liking. Sasuke had demanded that rides that he was not present for (now a days most of them), would be spent in silence with the partition up.

It wasn’t a very long drive to the gala but it was still boring without a nice conversation. Naruto played Candy Crush until they pulled up a block before the building, where Naruto was to meet Sasuke so they could arrive together.

Juugo came around to open Naruto’s door, and the blonde man plastered a big smile on his face, one he had perfected over the years, and stepped out of the car, making sure the pain from his ribs couldn’t crack the carefully crafted facade.

Sasuke was waiting for him on the corner. He looked handsome as always in a black suit with a black tie, the light from the streetlamp above him cast shadows on his face, making his cheekbones appear even sharper. He looked up from his phone, but didn’t greet Naruto. Instead he nodded to Juugo, and held out his hand expectantly. Without hesitation Naruto grabbed it.

He remembered when holding Sasuke’s hand was a luxury instead of an obligation, but now was not the time for melancholy reminiscence; he could do that when he got home. Now was the time for perfect obedience, to make sure he didn’t end up with a matching set of bruised ribs.

They walked towards the entrance together; a few paparazzi were standing outside the door hoping to snap pics of Boston’s rich and fabulous. There were a lot less than usual. Naruto struggled to remember what this fundraiser was for as he and Sasuke smiled for the cameras. Luckily a large blue and white banner above the entrance to the ballroom said in large block letters “Swedish Hospital Annual Donor Gala”. This must have something to do with the new Uchiha wing being built; he remembered Sasuke and Orochimaru talking about it over dinner a few weeks prior.

They entered the room, as usual all eyes, both male and female, were drawn to the attractive couple. Sasuke bent his head a little to whisper something in Naruto’s ear. To the audience it would look like sweet nothings, especially with the small smile Sasuke sported, “Behave,” Was all Sasuke whispered before dragging Naruto towards the rest of the crowd, eager for the long night of networking to begin.

An older brunette woman Naruto sort of recognized stopped them to talk. She smiled politely at Naruto, before turning to converse with Sasuke, just like everyone did at these events. He patted Sasuke on the shoulder and left the conversation, making a beeline towards the bar. Growing up poor, he found being around these extravagantly naive people to be intolerable without a few rum and cokes. He hated their shallow conversations about fashion or gossip or politics of the oligarchy he was an unwilling part of. But he always smiled complacently and looked pretty, which was all that was required of him at these events (God forbid he share an opinion or two on what government programs should be cut to lower income tax).
Naruto was downing his first drink of the night when he was tapped on the shoulder. He turned around to find Ino, looking beautiful in a tight purple evening dress, her blonde hair piled high in a carefully constructed messy bun held tight with diamond studded hair pins.

“Hey Naruto!” She greeted with vigor, pulling him into a hug. He winced at the pressure on his ribs, but wrapped one arm around her and used the other to finish his drink over her shoulder. He was going to need the liquid tolerance.

“Hello Ino!” He matched her sugary tone. “You look lovely.”

“Awww,” she blushed playfully slapping Naruto on the shoulder. “Never as lovely as you though. The suit really make your eyes pop!”

“Where’s your husband?” Ino inquired. Of course she was looking for Sasuke. Naruto turned around and scanned the room for the familiar black spikes.

“Over there, near the entrance.” He pointed out to Ino.

“Great! We should totally get lunch sometime!” She yelled over her shoulder power walking in her manolos over towards his husband.

Naruto ordered another drink and wandered off to find the canapes.

He had just arrived at the small buffet when his phone buzzed. It was from Sasuke, of course, the only person he was allowed to text.

Remember your diet.

How Sasuke managed to make a text look so condescending was beyond Naruto, but it was true, Suigetsu would annoy him to death if he broke his diet for mini quiches and spanakopita.

Naruto downed the rest of his drink to quiet his rumbling stomach; he’d eat the protein-enriched bento Karin had left in his fridge when he got home. He stopped at the bar one more time to order a Jack and coke (this time diet), before making his way back to his husband, who was looking bored, stuck in a conversation with Ino.

Naruto supposed it was time to save him. If Ino put Sasuke in a bad mood, he would be paying the price. Naruto was almost to his husband when he felt a strong hand on his shoulder spin him around.

He turned to be face to face with Sai.

Fuck.

He hated Sai. The creepy fucker took every chance possible to hit on Naruto, even though he was engaged to Ino. He especially liked to do it in front of Sasuke which made for animalistic bedroom activities later in the evening, including deep hickies, which might as well have spelled out ‘Property of Uchiha LLC’ across his chest.

Sai smiled his creepy half smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

“Naruto,” he purred, “so nice to see you here.”

Naruto put on an equally fake smile. “You as well Sai. It’s been too long.”
“Were you on your way to your husband dearest? I’ll come with. I see my fiancée is keeping him rather busy.”

*God damn it, Sasuke was not going to be happy about this,* Naruto thought as Sai put his hand on the blonde’s lower back to guide him to where their respective partners were talking.

Naruto watched Sasuke’s face as he spotted them. He smiled politely at Sai but Naruto saw his husband’s polite mask slip a little, his eyes narrowing when he noticed Sai’s hand resting basically on the seat of Naruto’s perfectly tailored dress pants.

Ino didn’t seem to notice, or care, too caught up with her conversation with Sasuke. No doubt about something Sakura did this time or what charity her and Sai were donating to at the moment.

Naruto quickly shook Sai off, slapping his hand away, much to the amusement of the creepy bastard. He rushed to Sasuke who was quick to grab Naruto’s hand and squeeze just enough to be uncomfortable, effectively sending the promise of an unpleasant conversation sometime in the future.

“Sai,” Sasuke passively greeted the other dark-haired man.

“Sasuke,” Sai greeted back with his creepy twitchy smile. “I was just having a wonderful time with your husband here, we had a very arousing conversation. You should bring him to more events!”

Naruto didn’t miss the weird innuendo Sai put in the sentence and from Sasuke’s bone crushing hand squeeze he guessed his husband didn’t either.

“Yes well Naruto is very busy with other things at the moment. Aren’t you dear?”

Naruto racked his brain to figure out what Sasuke was talking about. Ino and Sai looked at him expectantly. Suddenly the conversation he and Sasuke had had that morning came back to him.

“Yes. Oh yes very busy. I’m organizing the HIV Walk this year.” Of course he hadn’t even had a phone call on the subject it was Karin who had done all the organizing. All he had to do was show up in a t-shirt and give a small speech at the beginning of the walk. It would be written out for him already.

He liked being involved in the community but the philanthropy was just a front. He would rather be hands-on volunteering in an orphanage like the one he grew up in, but Karin was in charge of making sure Naruto was constantly getting good press, and orphans just weren’t hot right now.

Karin was Naruto’s personal assistant, but she was more akin to a jailor. She kept tabs on everything he did, who he talked to, what he ate, and worst of all, she joined Naruto on almost all of his outings with any of the friends he had left, otherwise known as the ones Sasuke considered to be ‘socially acceptable’.

Naruto was certain Karin knew the state of his marriage, considering she was the one who made the appointments with Kabuto, but he was also certain she would never tell. She was completely devoted to Sasuke, and made sure Naruto followed each one of his guidelines as strictly as she did.

Ino and Sai made small talk about the Walk for a while, before Naruto excused himself to go get another drink. He heard Sasuke also say good-bye and felt a possessive arm wrap around his waist. It squeezed him tight and Naruto couldn’t help the pathetic whimper that left him at the pressure his husband was putting on his injury.

Sasuke was confused at the noise but almost immediately realized what had happened when Naruto doubled over, wrapping a protective arm around himself. At this point they had walked on the
outskirts of the party and were hidden from the crowd behind a pillar.

“Oh Naruto, I’m so sorry,” Sasuke said. The concern and regret in his voice were very real and Naruto felt his heart melt a little when dark eyes met his blue ones. Sasuke put a hand on the nape of the blonde’s neck, gently pulling him in for a kiss.

It was easy. Too easy to forgive Sasuke. To pretend this Sasuke was the same bastard he had fallen in love with. The bastard who saved him. And Naruto’s resolve waivered yet again as he let Sasuke’s prying tongue enter his mouth, pulling him into a heated kiss.

When Sasuke pulled away, Naruto had to gasp for air. The raven smirked at how disheveled his husband looked, and grabbed the blonde’s hand gently, pressing his lips to the knuckles, making sure to linger on the golden wedding band.

“Come dance with me.”

Sasuke hated dancing. Naruto knew this, but the way he moved was so graceful that you wouldn’t be able to tell by watching. He led Naruto through the steps flawlessly, gliding along to the quartet playing on the stage.

Naruto no longer stumbled through the steps, accidentally stepping on Sasuke’s shoes in the process, but he still felt like a foal just learning to walk compared to his husband’s ease on the dance floor. He felt eyes on them and he leaned his head on Sasuke’s shoulder, letting the drinks and the stress of the night take its toll on him.

“I love you, dobe,” Sasuke whispered in his ear. And it was so easy to believe. It was so easy for those to be the same words that used to make Naruto feel like he wanted to cry tears of joy. It was too easy and Naruto blamed it on the rum when he replied as he always did.

“I love you more, teme.”

Chapter End Notes

My tumblr is trapquinn if you wanna talk about anime! My irl friends won't.

Leave a kudo or a comment if you enjoyed it!

Title of the chapter is from Here by Alessia Cara, a song that resonates deeply with me.
Naruto was just about falling asleep on his feet when Sasuke suggested they go home. It was an
earlier night than usual, but the guests weren’t as important as Sasuke had anticipated.

Naruto was pretty sure Sasuke had wanted to see the Chief of Medicine, but she hadn’t made an
appearance. It was too bad. He really liked Dr. Tsunade; she treated him like a real person unlike all
the other elites in the city who saw him only as Sasuke’s eye-candy.

Naruto finished his drink and took Sasuke’s hand, following him out the door. They inevitably got
stopped a few times on the way out, but the room was sort of a blur at this point. Naruto just nodded
politely at the hazy outlines and hoped no one had asked him any questions.

The valet had already pulled Sasuke’s Bentley around. Naruto sent a little thanks that it wasn’t the
McLaren, he really couldn’t handle the loud hum of the engine and the sharp turns Sasuke liked to
take when he was driving ‘the batmobile’.

He also was not in the mood for the giving road head, which the batmobile always seemed to incite.
Naruto was surprised he hadn’t walked in on his husband trying to fuck the car itself, although he’d
bent Naruto over every flat (and sometimes not) surface on the black sports car.

He got in the Bentley and reclined his seat all the way back. Sasuke’s weird electro music lulled him
to sleep.

“-ruto. Naruto. Oi! Dobe!”

Naruto jerked up, suddenly awake at Sasuke’s not so gentle shove.
“We’re home.”

Naruto nodded groggily and followed Sasuke into the house. He knew his husband would be spending some time in the study before he made his way to the bedroom.

Naruto trudged up the stairs; he’d take the time to change his bandages. Sasuke hated seeing damage on Naruto’s skin. The blossoming bruises across his side would be sure to put the raven in one of his weird guilt moods.

Sometimes Naruto almost preferred Sasuke’s ire.

Guilty Sasuke was too similar to high school Brooding Sasuke, and it unnerved Naruto to no end.

It also almost always ended up in some extravagant gift Naruto had no use for, and then gentle love making that Sasuke called ‘make-up sex’, which was boring as fuck and something neither of them got off on. But for some reason, taking Naruto gently always eased Sasuke’s guilt, which put him in a better mood.

After all these years Naruto should have been able to predict Sasuke’s cycle, but his husband always managed to surprise him.

One week it would go guilty to doting, doting to suffocating, which would trigger a fight, which would trigger angry Sasuke.

The next week would be cold Sasuke who didn’t even look at Naruto, then emotional Sasuke who just didn’t understand how Naruto could be so bitter. It was like some sort of sick acting exercise, and honestly trying to predict what his husband would do next gave Naruto whiplash.

Naruto finished his half-ass job with the bandages, which were even harder to manipulate with enough alcohol to kill a lesser man in his system. He avoided looking in the mirror. He knew his eye bags were a scary deep purple, and he probably looked gaunt considering he hadn’t eaten in awhile.

He’d eat that smoothie shit Suigetsu called breakfast in the morning, but there was only one way to fix the eye bags. He opened the medicine cabinet and grabbed the Vicodin bottle.

Sasuke would throw a fit if he knew Naruto was mixing painkillers and alcohol again, but what Sasuke didn’t know couldn’t hurt him. There was only one pill left in the bottle, but he knew he could just get Kabuto to write him another prescription.

He wasn’t able to bring any drugs with him to the party because he knew Sasuke would watch him like a hawk, and the one he had taken before he left had worn off a while ago.

He was tempted to crush it up and rail it simply to get it in his system faster, but he swallowed it like the bottle suggested and changed into his pajamas, ready to go down hard for the night.

Unfortunately, Naruto had predicted Sasuke’s mood incorrectly once again. Just as his blonde head hit the pillow, Sasuke yelled from down the hall.

“Naruto you better not be going to sleep right now!”

“Fuuuuuuuck,” Naruto groaned into the pillow.

Sasuke was horny. Of course Sasuke was horny.
He had that weird testosterone kick from the Sai incident, and a night of being praised for his charity work always made him feel entitled to some reward.

Naruto calculated his chances. He could pretend to be asleep and deal with blue-balls Sasuke in the morning, which hurt like a motherfucker.

Or he could suck it up. The mix of pills and rum had rendered him pretty much numb, which would be good.

But on the other hand he’d have whiskey dick. If he couldn’t get it up Sasuke would take it personally and that would end in some sort of marathon sex later on where Sasuke would do something weird like make him come 4 times in a row. Which actually could be good.

Alright, tonight it was then. Sasuke entered the room and carefully took off his suit jacket, hanging it in his half of the closet on the wire hanger for the dry cleaners to take- then pounced on the bed. Naruto propped himself up on the pillows as Sasuke crawled up his body.

Naruto initiated the kiss, hoping it would make him seem more into it, when really he was just using Sasuke to anchor him and make the room stop spinning. The raven seemed to believe Naruto’s fake enthusiasm and sat up, breaking the kiss to unbutton his dress shirt and take off his belt, never breaking eye contact with his husband.

Naruto watched the strip tease with rapt attention, letting out a small breath of relief when Sasuke threw his belt aside. No restraints tonight.

Sasuke got off the bed to take off his pants until he was only in his tight boxer briefs, the beginning of an erection tenting the black material. He shimmied out of those too and got back on the bed. Naruto put his arms up, expecting Sasuke to take off his sleep shirt, but Sasuke went for the drawstring of his pajama pants instead.

That’s right. Sasuke wouldn’t want to see the bandages. Sasuke pulled down Naruto’s pants and boxers in a swift motion; Naruto finished the job, kicking them to the side.

“Turn over,” Sasuke whispered in his ear.

Naruto obediently flipped to lay on his stomach, the side of his face pressed into the goose-feather pillows, his ass in air, looking like a lewd inch worm, but putting his weight on his chest and knees to avoid straining his ribs.

This kind of stuff used to embarrass him, showing Sasuke all of himself, no part of his body he could hide from the intense, onyx gaze. But Naruto preferred this position now. Especially because it let him fake his arousal more convincingly. Something he honestly never thought he’d have to do with his sex god of a husband.

While he assumed the position, Sasuke grabbed the lube from the nightstand. Naruto heard the telltale squelch of the bottle, and then felt a slimy digit circling his hole. He didn’t have to fake the gasp at the cold touch of his husband on such a sensitive spot.

Sasuke pressed his finger in. Naruto took it easily. Another finger joined the first one and they both crooked, pressing straight into Naruto’s prostate with practiced ease. Naruto didn’t fake that gasp either, and he felt his cock stirring to life. Thank god.

A third finger joined the first two. All of them scissoring in and out of him. Naruto couldn’t feel a lot of pain (or anything) right now. He knew if Sasuke didn’t prepare him correctly he’d be sore as hell.
in the morning, but Naruto was ready to sleep and three fingers were more than sufficient.

The blonde put his neck at a weird angle to look at his husband over his shoulder, hoping it would convey his impatience. Sasuke met his frustrated gaze and chuckled. Removing his fingers with a loud noise, and swiftly replacing them with his cock.

Naruto buried his face back in the pillows groaning at the intrusion. Sasuke let him get used to the pressure, before pulling back. He gripped Naruto’s tanned hips firmly and snapped his hips, thrusting ruthlessly back into his husband, hitting the blonde’s prostate straight on.

Naruto was not proud of the moan that escaped him. Sasuke chuckled and picked up the rhythm, moving Naruto’s hips back to meet him.

“Touch yourself,” Sasuke demanded.

The blonde complied, putting his weight on his left shoulder, reaching underneath himself to jerk off. Sasuke usually liked to tease him, but tonight seemed like a quick and dirty sort of night. He collected the pre-cum beading at the head of his cock and masturbated in long strokes that matched Sasuke’s thrusts.

The extra weight on his left required some abdominal clenching that disturbed his injury, but he ignored the pain and stroked faster, concentrating on his prostate and how full and good he felt. He made sure to let out a grunt or moan every time Sasuke bottomed out, and ignored the painful grip his husband had on his hips in favor of stroking himself to completion. It wasn’t the best orgasm he’d ever had but it caused him to clench around Sasuke, which in turn instigated the raven’s orgasm that he rode out with short sharp thrusts into Naruto’s sensitive hole.

Once Sasuke pulled out and let go of his hips, Naruto collapsed onto the bed, not even caring about his ribs anymore. His eyelids felt like lead and as he was drifting off he felt a warm washcloth between his legs, then a weight settle beside him in the bed.
Only Fuck With Hoes Who Rock Tie-Dye Dolce & Gabbana

Chapter Summary

Hey so this one is
1. hella long
2. actually way darker than i anticipated

i fucking love Neji his death was one of the only times i actually cried watching the show (i'm lying Asuma, Minato and Kushina made me bawl like a fucking baby).

I'm trying to figure out some of the more complicated plot points right now and ways to introduce some more of my favorite characters. I know that Naruto is pretty OOC, but honestly if he couldn't hurt Sasuke after he tried to kill him it's pretty safe to assume he wouldn't fight back in this relationship.

Also sorry if you like Sakura.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Naruto woke the next morning to an empty bed with violent tremors. *Earthquake*, was his first groggy thought until he heard his name in a shrill voice.

Karin was shaking the king-sized bed with all her strength; an impressive feat considering it was made from solid oak.

“Mr. Uzumaki! Get up! You’re late!”

Naruto rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and sat up, knowing there was no avoiding hurricane Karin.

“Late for what?”

“Late for what?! I specifically told you to set an alarm! It’s been on your calendar for over a week!”

“Aw, Karin I thought the calendar was your job.” That earned him a hard pinch on the ear, while Karin basically dragged him out of bed.

Much to both of their embarrassment, it appeared his husband hadn’t bothered to redress his bottom half last night.

“Put on some pants right now!”

“Nothing you haven’t seen before, yeah Karin? At least there’s no cum this time.” Naruto delighted in watching Karin turn a violent shade of red that matched her hair as he made his way to the bathroom.

He started undoing the bandages, started the shower, and yelled out the door, “What am I late for?”

“AIDs Walk meeting!” Karin yelled back.
He could tell she had to bite her lip not to swear at him on that one, but Sasuke had heard her call him “big stupid dumb blonde idiot” once and had a stern half-hour talk about respect with her, much to Naruto’s amusement.

Naruto rushed his shower and re-bandaging, not wanting anymore scolding, and tied a towel around his waist.

He opened the medicine cabinet and took a Percocet quickly. Karin was still in the bedroom, typing away furiously on her phone. She had laid out an outfit for him though, a casual pair of brown slacks and a blue striped button-up.

He went into the walk-in to dress and slipped on his black leather loafers. As he returned to the bedroom Karin gave him a once over.

“Brown shoes, Mr. Uzumaki! No brown with black! Not ever!”

Naruto had never gotten the hang of the fashion thing, but he supposed that was what Karin was for.

He changed his shoes, and Karin handed him his wallet, phone, and Rolex as they walked out.

“Hey, Karin I’m hungry. Let’s stop and get breakfast.”

“No. There’s a protein shake for you in the car already. Suigetsu texted me your diet for the day.”

Naruto sighed and got in the back of the town car, Karin got in next to him.

“Okay I texted you your schedule for the day, but I’ll read it to you anyway because I have no definitive proof you are actually literate.”

Naruto rolled his eyes, thinking how easy it would be to shut her up by mentioning the Sasuke Respect Talk, but he didn’t bother. Instead, he picked up the protein shake in the cup holder and tried to choke it down.

“Ok, first off we have a meeting for the AIDs Walk. It’s in the Hyuuga business building-”

“Hyuuga?” Naruto cut her off.

“Yes. They are the other sponsor and work often with Uchiha LLC. You know that.”

“Okay yeah Hyuuga… um… Neji?”

“Yes he’s CEO. You also know his cousin Hinata.”

“Okay, right, the shy one. Aw I like her is she gonna be there?”

“No,” Karin replied tersely, “Neji will be there. We’re lucky he’s meeting with us personally so you are going to be on your best behavior.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Karin chose to ignore his sarcasm over finishing his schedule.

“Okay this meeting should go until about lunch. Then we are coming back and you’re going to go work out with Suigetsu-”

Naruto groaned.
“-It’s an easy workout today. After that around 4 o’clock you have tea with Ms. Haruno.

“Five-thirty you have your art class. Sasuke will pick you up, and you guys are going to dinner. I’ll leave the suit with you so don’t get paint or clay or whatever on it.”

Both Sasuke and Karin didn’t approve of Naruto’s little ‘hobby’.

Naruto had always loved art; he started with photography and worked for his high school’s yearbook, then continued on to drawing, then painting when he could afford the supplies.

After he graduated school he had wanted to go to Boston University to study art, but Sasuke needed him at home. Sasuke had been on a lot of stress to fast track his law degree at Harvard.

He had refused to take money from his family and wanted to work for it himself like his brother did, so he needed Naruto to take care of the domestic stuff while he worked to surpass Itachi.

Which Naruto had been perfectly happy to do. But he found himself missing having a paintbrush in his hand.

He begged Sasuke to let him take a class at the local community college, which had led to their first large fight.

It ended with a backhanded slap that bruised Naruto’s cheekbone for days.

After that Sasuke had relented, allowing Naruto to take painting twice a week. He had been so grateful for the small freedom, that he forgave Sasuke immediately.

Naruto still went to the classes twice a week, it was the one thing he had been able to hold onto, and the only time in his day he was out from under the oppression of his duty as perfect aristocratic husband.

An unspoken promise between him and Sasuke that as long as Naruto could paint he would continue to forgive.

Naruto was just finishing up his disgusting shake when they pulled up to the Hyuuga building. It was almost as tall as Sasuke’s, less old brick stone and more blue-tinted spaceship glass.

The doorman let him and Karin in. Naruto immediately recognized the man waiting for them at the reception desk. He wore a tan suit, his long brown hair pulled into a ponytail, and his pale eyes fixed intently on Naruto.

“Mr. Uzumaki, so nice to see you,” Neji said, in a seemingly genuine manner.

Neji and his cousin had been to many dinners at Naruto’s house, but he hadn’t seen them lately.

He was also pretty sure he had heard Sasuke complaining about the Hyuugas to Orochimaru the other day, but he wasn’t positive.

“Lovely to see you as well, Mr. Hyuuga. Please call me Naruto!”

“Well feel free to call me Neji as well.”
Neji turned to the redhead standing at rapt attention, “And you must be Karin? Let me show you to the conference room.”

Naruto and Karin followed Neji to the elevator. When they got off on the top floor, Naruto let out a low whistle at the view. The conference room was floor to ceiling glass with a great view of the city.

When they were seated at the large conference table. A blonde woman came in and asked if they needed something to drink or eat.

Karin anticipated Naruto’s request for a muffin and shut it down immediately.

“Shall we get started?” Neji asked, pulling some notes and mock-up posters from his briefcase. “We need a final date before I can book a place.”

This was Karin’s time to shine. Naruto let them talk about various venues and scheduling conflicts and tried to stifle his yawns.

“Now about the logo, I had our graphic design department come up with some mock-ups—”

“Actually,” Naruto interrupted, “I have some ideas for that.”

Karin handed him his sketchbook, her look making it very clear she did not approve of his involvement. Naruto flipped to the most recent page.

Neji scooted his chair closer until he was looking over Naruto’s shoulder. It was a design he had done in Photoshop the day before.

It was the world ‘Walk’ in bold block letters across a simple grey background with a bright red shoelace looped into an AIDS ribbon in the middle.

“I know it’s a little rough but I put it together pretty quickly—”

“No,” Neji cut him off, “It’s perfect. You did this yourself?”

Naruto rubbed the back of his head bashfully,

“Yeah. Just a little photography and Photoshop, nothing too difficult. I’ve done stuff like it before—”

Neji’s gaze caught him off-guard.

His pale eyes were fixed on Naruto with a sense of admiration.

Naruto couldn’t remember the last time someone had looked at him like that. He realized he had stopped talking mid-sentence and coughed.

Karin was looking at him over the frames over her glasses, eyebrow cocked.

“What do you do a lot of this?” Neji asked, ending the awkward silence.

“Yeah! I do a lot of photography, but painting is my true passion—” Naruto caught himself from rambling. It was just nobody had wanted to talk to him about his art in a long time.

“What do you like to paint?”

Naruto was shocked. Neji Hyuuga was still interested in his dumb hobby?

“Well I’m actually taking a still-life class right now so it’s mostly been fruit lately.”
“You take classes?”

“Yeah! Every Monday and Wednesday at Roxbury Community College. They are open to the public, so it’s a really fun mix of people. They take beginners if you are interested.”

Naruto kicked himself. Why would Neji Hyuuga be interested in painting? Even if he was, he could probably have a master tutor him or something.

Why was he telling Neji this anyway? It was supposed to be his escape from this life.

But something about the kindness in Neji’s gaze made him want to talk to the man outside of a stuffy office. And maybe he could be a friend that Sasuke actually approved of.

“That sounds fun. Maybe I’ll join you tonight.”

“What?” Naruto asked, shocked.

“Well today is Monday correct?”

“Yeah. Really you want to come?”

Neji nodded.

“Well it starts at 5:30. And you should wear something you don’t mind getting dirty. I can loan you some supplies I have plenty.”

“Great,” Neji gave him a small smile, the first one he’d ever seen on the man.

“Well if that’s all for today Mr. Hyuuga, I’m afraid we have another engagement to get to.” Karin grabbed Naruto’s shoulder, telling him silently to get his ass in gear.

“I guess I’ll see you later,” Neji gave him a firm handshake. Naruto could only nod.

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When he arrived at the gym Suigetsu was visibly annoyed at his tardiness. Lucky for Naruto, he had Karin with him. Suigetsu and Karin fought like a cat and a dog in a death match at an underground Yakuza fighting ring.

“Karin. I see you’ve let your calendar get the best of you, if you ever need help telling time just give me a ring,” the white haired trainer taunted.

“Please Suigetsu, my watch is analog and I’m not sure you know how to read numbers.”

Naruto sat on the closest bench press and enjoyed the show.

“Oi, Mr. Uzumaki! Let’s go we are starting with the treadmill,” Suigetsu did not tolerate sitting while he was on the clock.

Naruto wasn’t sure how much Sasuke paid this guy but honestly it must be a fortune. Naruto grumbled about every single meal and exercise and had been known to try to bribe the trainer.

Karin went to sit in the lounge and use her phone. Sometimes Naruto wondered what she was doing on it all the time. Maybe she liked Candy Crush too.

Naruto got on the treadmill and groaned when Suigetsu put it on hill plus. It wasn’t the running he
minded but he hated the treadmill. Unfortunately it was too cold outside for jogging right now, leaving him no choice.

“Suck it up,” Suigetsu smiled, showing his scary sharp teeth. The man was fit looking but in a wiry way. However, he had impressive strength and could bench two Narutos.

Naruto hated having a personal trainer but Sasuke had a very precise image of what kind of body his husband should have.

Right now he was too lean for Sasuke’s taste, so Suigetsu put him on the high protein diet and they were working on building muscle.

Before that Naruto had been too muscular so he had been put on a low carb-diet and had been forced to do cardio until he almost went into arrest.

Naruto knew that it was weird how invested in his body Sasuke was, but it was probably for his own good.

He had been emaciated in high school when he wasn’t getting regular meals, which was when Sasuke started taking care of his diet.

Then when Sasuke went to college, Naruto started living on instant ramen after quickly learning he had no kitchen skills. This led to a large weight gain.

Sasuke wasn’t as blunt back then and would drop small hints.

“I’m not sure that sweater fits anymore, you might be a size too big.”

or

“Are you sure you want to finish that? It’s a rather large serving.”

Eventually Naruto got the drift and asked Sasuke to buy him a gym membership. After all without his looks, Naruto would be almost invisible to Sasuke’s friends.

It had escalated from there. Sasuke took a strict control over Naruto’s diet and had him keep a journal until Karin started doing it for him.

Then Sasuke hired Suigetsu, who was now responsible for Naruto’s body.

After treadmill came weights.

Today was arms and back day, meaning Suigetsu had probably gotten a heads up from Kabuto about his ribs.

The workout wasn’t so bad; they actually finished a half hour earlier than usual. Part of that could also be Karin’s griping about tea with Sakura, which sent Suigetsu to his breaking point.

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Soon Naruto was freshly showered and back in the car with the protein bento Suigetsu brought, and on his way to tea.

He had been reminded not to be tempted by fancy tea scones (as he was prone to be).

“Ok Mr. Uzumaki, remember to be very polite to Ms. Haruno today.”
“I’m always polite to Sakura.”

“Mr. Uzumaki please don’t lie to my face. You were very rude last time you guys got lunch together, asking to leave early and on your phone the whole time.”

Naruto got comfortable in his seat waiting for the nagging to be over.

“She has some important news. I don’t want to spoil it because you are the worst actor in the world and I need you to be surprised, but it is imperative that you keep good relations with her for the firm.”

“Okay, Karin,” He sighed; sounding like the petulant child he was acting.

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“Naruto!” Sakura squealed and pulled him into a bone-crushing hug that he was sure may have cracked some more ribs.

“Hey, Sakura.”

It appeared Sakura had already ordered for both of them. Dainty cakes were piled high on a silver tray and a pot of tea was steaming.

Naruto didn’t know why she ever bothered with the food, neither of them ate it.

Naruto because he was following rules and Sakura because she was some type of masochist who actually chose to diet.

Naruto poured himself some tea. He knew if Sakura had news she wouldn’t need prompting.

Sakura had gone to undergrad with Sasuke, and was one of Naruto’s first ‘Friends’. He like to air quote the word in his mind.

These were people like Ino and Sakura, non-threatening female friends who were in equal social standings. It was all very calculated and he was sure they all hated each other with the same intensity.

Sakura’s father was the biggest provider of medical supplies to private and public hospitals in the nation.

Sakura had actually wanted to be a doctor, she told Naruto in a drunken confession one night, but her mom had dissuaded her, telling her she wouldn’t have time to socialize and network.

It was probably for the best because Sakura would have terrible bedside manner.

“So Naruto, as you’ve probably heard, I have some big news.”

Naruto leaned in faking intense interest.

“I’m engaged!” She yelled, blowing out Naruto’s eardrums.

She held up her left hand and wiggled her fingers. Sure enough, there was a diamond the size of a penny on her finger.

“Congratulations, Sakura! Who’s the lucky man?”

“Well he owns a chain of extremely popular sporting goods stores-”
Of course Sakura had started with his monetary standing first
“- and he’s really just the sweetest guy. Always making me laugh. We’ve been dating in secret for awhile now, trying to keep it out of the press.”

“Have I heard of him? What’s his name?”

“Yes, you’ve probably seen his ad on television, Rock Lee?”

“...” Naruto’s face was void of recognition.

“Of Fountain of Youth Sporting Goods?” Sakura tried.

“Oh! Yeah! I know him he’s the guy in the green tracksuit who like did a charity walk on his hands. I love his ads! He’s hysterical!” Naruto had to bite his lip to keep from asking if she would be wearing green on her wedding day.

“Yeah, he’s so great. Really cares about his charity work too. He wants me to take over the philanthropy decisions of his company, so I’ll be very busy.”

“I’m so happy for you Sakura.”

“Of course, we’ll have to have you and Sasuke over for dinner sometime! Lee and Sasuke can talk business, I’d love your opinion on repainting some of the walls.”

“What colors were you thinking?”

“Anything that’s not green,” Sakura sighed.

As usual Sakura did most of the talking, except for a few questions about Sasuke here or there.

Naruto didn’t mind, he was counting down the minutes until he could go to art class.

Eventually Sakura probably got the hint considering Naruto’s foot was tapping violently enough to slosh the tea around in the pot.

“Well this was lovely, Naruto.”

“Yeah, so great to see you as always, Sakura!”

They exchanged their bullshit social niceties and he was out the door and in the car where Karin was waiting.

“Were you nice?”

“Karin I’m always nice. Let’s hurry though, I need to get there early to get the same angle I had last time.”

“The fruit will still be there, Mr. Uzumaki.”

It felt like an eternity before Naruto was dressed in his crappy jeans, a tie-dye Grateful Dead t-shirt and sitting in front of his easel.
He was just getting settled; pulling out the paints he would need when he heard someone clear their throat.

He turned around to see Neji. He had completely forgot. Fuck he was wearing a Grateful Dead shirt. Obviously Karin didn’t believe he would show up, otherwise he would end the night in a paint splattered Versace.

“Hello, Naruto.”

“Hey, Neji!” Naruto got up from the stool and shook the man’s hand.

Neji was wearing the same slacks he had been earlier in the day, but he had lost the jacket and tie and his white button-up was rolled up to his elbows.

Naruto couldn’t ever remember Neji not wearing a tie, much less a jacket. Were those tennis shoes?

“I’m not sure how to dress for this I hope my outfit is appropriate.”

Naruto snapped out of his reverie and turned bright red.

“Yeah! It’s fine. I’m just wearing this because I tend to get a little messy,” He laughed nervously, rubbing the back of his head.

“Well it is certainly eye-catching,” Neji smirked.

Wait. Was that flirting? Was Neji Hyuuga flirting with him? No, he was reading too much into it.

Neji took the stool next to Naruto. And they both sat down.

“So it appears my secretary has a daughter in art school and told me what I needed,” Neji said as he put his canvas on the easel, “She also said that I should draw what I want to paint first so she didn’t get me any paint.”

“Well she knows what she’s talking about! I’m pretty far into the piece, so I’m using the oils right now, but if she got you charcoal or a pencil you could just start an outline today. It’s a two-hour class.”

Naruto put his own canvas on the easel. It was the bowl of fruit they had been working on for a while, but to challenge himself a little he changed the time of day.

The room was lit only by a ray of sunshine poking through the blinds, making the shadows dramatic. It looked a lot more interesting than the fruit in the fluorescent lights.


Naruto turned a proud smile towards the other man.

“I’m not sure if I can sit next to you with whatever atrocity I’m about to draw.”

“Well I’ve been doing it for a while. Don’t let it stop you though! I’m sure there’s plenty of artistic talent in you.”

Was that patronizing? Did he just patronize the CEO of a Fortune 500 company?

Neji just smiled and didn’t seem offended at all.
The teacher came in. Kurenai was a beautiful middle-aged woman who had been teaching the classes for as long as Naruto had taken them.

She placed the bowl of fruit in its usual spot on the stool in the middle of the class and clapped to get everyone’s attention.

“Hey guys, I see a couple of new faces. We’ve been working on still-life and everyone is in various stages so just start off with your outline and a medium of choice. The class is two hours and I’m starting the clock now.”

Naruto started mixing the paints and began to work on the coloring of a banana with long brushstrokes. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Neji had begun drawing with a pencil.

He smiled and concentrated on his own piece. The two hours flew by and when the timer rang, Naruto jerked in surprise.

He started putting his supplies away, but curiosity got the better of him and he turned to look at Neji’s canvas. A very impressive start to a sketch of the bowl adorned the middle of the canvas.

“Wow! That’s great Neji!”

“Thanks. I actually found it rather therapeutic,” Neji replied.

When they had finished packing up Neji took a phone call in the hallway and Naruto rushed to the bathroom with the garment bag holding his suit for dinner with Sasuke.

Kurenai caught him on the way.

“Naruto, your painting is looking great.”

“Thanks Kurenai! It was all your teaching of course,” Naruto blushed.

“Well I think you might be outgrowing my teaching a little. There is a pottery class that is offered on Tuesdays and Thursdays here if you’re interested. I think you would do very well with clay.”

“Yeah,” Naruto deflated a little, “I’ll think about it.”

There was no way Sasuke was going to go for it.

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He walked out of the bathroom; paint washed off his hands and in his suit, and was surprised to see Neji was still in the hallway on his phone.

He looked up at Naruto.

“Wow you sure cleaned up.”

Naruto definitely did not blush. It wasn’t even really a compliment. Just an observation. Why would he be blushing?

“I was going to offer you a ride, but it looks like you might have plans,” Neji said.

“Yeah I’m having dinner with Sasuke tonight, he’s coming to get me.” Naruto said quietly.

He waited for the “What is Sasuke doing?” or the “How is his business?” “Could you give him a
“message for me?” to come.

“Well I guess I’ll see you later then, I had a wonderful time.”

This reply confused Naruto. Neji didn’t want to talk about Sasuke then?

“Hey Neji? I hope you don’t mind me asking, but why did you come today?” Naruto was dying to know why the important man had decided to attend the class. Or why he was interested in it at all.

“Well work has been very stressful lately and my cousin informed me that a hobby is a great stress reliever.”

Naruto nodded. That made sense, just a nice way to let off some steam-

“And I thought I would like to see more of you too.”

Wait… what?

Before Naruto could craft a response Neji was out the door.

Naruto tried to process what had just happened. He had hung out with someone who was interested in what he had to say and didn’t even ask once about Sasuke?

It was a foreign feeling.

His phone rang. Shit had he kept Sasuke waiting? His husband was not going to be happy.

He rushed outside just in time to see the McLaren pull in. Naruto usually liked to wait on the sidewalk so people leaving the art class wouldn’t see him get picked up in whatever ridiculous car Sasuke was driving that day.

The McLaren definitely drew stares. Naruto quickly hopped in, closing the door as fast as he could.

“Hey, babe,” He kissed Sasuke on the cheek as he put the car in gear.

“Hn,” was the reply.

“How was your day?” Naruto asked, trying to ease the tension in the car.

“Fine.”

“Well I had a busy day.”

“Yes, Karin and Suigetsu both sent me updates. You met with Neji Hyuuga today right?”

“Yeah,” Naruto hesitated on whether or not he should say anything about the art class.

Sasuke would either be glad that Naruto was networking, or would be jealous. He wasn’t willing to take the risk of an argument.

“I need you to be very civil with him. Our partnership is fragile right now.”

“Oh?” Naruto was surprised, “In what way?”

“Just some legal stuff.” He patted Naruto’s leg, “Don’t you worry your pretty little head about it. Just make sure not to offend him in anyway, and don’t talk about the business next time you meet with him.”
“Okay, Sasuke.”

When they got to the restaurant Naruto was not surprised that the chef came out to take their order personally.

It was a new sushi place. Naruto didn’t love sushi, but the restaurant was close to Sasuke’s office and he wanted to see if it was an acceptable place to bring potential clients.

As usual, Sasuke ordered for both of them.

Suigetsu had Googled the menu in advance and had planned out the meal for Naruto. It actually wasn’t just salad for once.

Naruto tried not to salivate when the people at the table over got their ramen delivered. He was going to eat sashimi and brown rice and he would be happy about it.

They ate quietly until the check came and Naruto interrupted the silence.

“Hey, Sasuke?” He asked meekly, trying to test the waters with his quiet husband.

“Yes, Naruto?”

“I was wondering if I could sign up for another art class. Kurenai told me that there’s a pottery class I could consider taking, because my painting is getting too high of a level for the class I’m in now.”

“Let’s talk about it when we get home.”

Well, it wasn’t a no…

When they got home Sasuke immediately went to his study. Naruto followed him, working up the nerve to ask again.

“Hey Sasuke, so what we were talking about earlier…”

“I don’t have time for this, Naruto,” Sasuke poured himself a drink from the canter on his desk.

“I know, but I think it’s a really great opportunity for me to learn-”

“Did you not hear what I just said?”

Naruto persevered, “I know you’re busy Sasuke! I just am sick and tired of never having time to myself. I hate going on these stupid meetings, and I can’t go anywhere without Karin. I can never say how I really feel, and art lets me express-”

Naruto was cut off when a glass sailed past his face and smashed on the wall behind him.

Before he had time to flinch Sasuke was in front of him, hand raised.

The slap wasn’t the worst he’d ever had, but the surprise made it hurt more.

Naruto felt his cheek begin to bleed where Sasuke’s wedding band had cut him.

“You are so ungrateful!” Sasuke yelled.
Naruto tried to back away from his husband, but found himself trapped in a corner.

“I give you everything! You were nothing without me!”

Naruto flinched at his tone, ready for another hit.

Instead Sasuke grabbed his arm tightly and pushed him face first onto the desk in the middle of the room. Sasuke put a hand on the back of Naruto’s neck, rubbing his sore cheek into the wood, and pressed the rest of his body weight up against Naruto’s back, causing the side of the desk to dig into his ribs.

The blonde choked back a groan and tried to stay still, until he felt his belt being unbuckled.

Sasuke had gotten rough with him before but never like this.

“Sasuke, what are you doing?” Naruto tried to keep the fear out of his voice.

“Shut up, Naruto. I’m taking what’s mine. You owe me for everything I do for you so how about I cash in a favor now, yeah?”

Naruto felt his pants and boxers being pulled around to his knees and the bulge pressing into his lower back was unmistakable.

When Naruto heard the sounds of Sasuke’s belt coming off, he really started to panic.

“Sasuke please don’t do this!” Naruto yelled.

“Give me your hands, Naruto,” Sasuke said calmly, like was just asking to pass the salt or something.

Naruto grabbed the edge of the desk above his head hard, hoping Sasuke wouldn’t be able to pry his grip loose without easing the pressure on his neck.

He was wrong.

The raven put more of his weight on the blonde’s back, knocking the wind out of him and grabbed both arms.

Before he had his breath back, Naruto’s hands were cinched in the belt at his lower back, shoulders bent at a weird angle that put all of his weight on his chest.

One of Sasuke’s hands was still wrapped around the back of his neck. He watched the other reach past Naruto’s head to grab at the hand lotion resting on the desk.

Naruto started to struggle, ignoring the complaints from his ribs and the stress on his shoulders. But Sasuke’s grip was solid, and just as Naruto realized he wasn’t going anywhere, a slick finger probed his entrance.

Naruto cried out, but Sasuke just added another finger, apparently deaf to his husband’s complaints.

It was only a little scissoring with two fingers before Sasuke pulled out. Naruto wasn’t sure if he was glad the probing was over, or if he should pray for a little more preparation.

“That’s good enough, yeah Naruto? You’re probably still loose from last night. You’ve been loose for a while now. I remember back in high school how tight you used to be. Maybe I’ll have Suigetsu add some kegels to your routine. He’ll know how much of a slut for me you are. How much you
love it when I force you.”

Naruto couldn’t believe the words coming out of Sasuke’s mouth.

He had never spoken like this before. Was this his idea of dirty talk? Naruto’s stunned silence ended when Sasuke pushed his barely lubed member in.

It burned ridiculously. Naruto was sure something was going to tear. Sure they had been rough before, but Sasuke never left any permanent damage.

The raven gave him almost no time to adjust before he started a punishing rhythm, each thrust pushing Naruto’s ribs further into the desk, and rubbing his cheek against the wood.

He could feel Sasuke’s fly digging into his asscheek, the teeth were sure to leave a mark.

All of the other pain in his body took a backseat to the burn Sasuke caused with every snap of his hips.

Naruto could hear Sasuke’s heavy breathing and grunts with every push, he also heard the wood of the desk creaking and the disgusting sounds Sasuke’s member made every time he pounded back into Naruto’s hole.

The only sound he couldn’t place was a low whining. It was a weak noise, like a baby about to cry or a wet kitten.

He realized he was making that noise. Pathetic. He was pathetic. He could never please anyone. Sasuke had to take what he wanted because Naruto was such a shitty husband.

Sasuke seemed to feel the struggle go out of Naruto, because he loosened the hold on the blonde’s neck.

He began to thrust faster, with no aim. Obviously the point of this was not to bring Naruto pleasure. It seemed like he had been there forever when his husband finally finished.

Naruto felt Sasuke’s dick twitch inside him, and when he pulled out, Naruto felt the telltale warm drip running down his balls.

Sasuke pulled Naruto’s pants and underwear back up from around his knees and undid the belt keeping his hands together, then put a hand on Naruto’s chest to help him up slowly.

Naruto looked at the notepad his face had been pressed against. It was covered in blood, but no water.

There were no tears in his eyes when he turned to meet the onyx gaze.

“I am the only person who has ever loved you,” Sasuke cupped Naruto’s cheek gently in his palm. Naruto leaned towards the warmth, “No one could ever love you as much as I do.”

He pressed a chaste kiss to Naruto’s lips, zipped up his fly, buttoned his suit jacket, and left the room, not a hair out of place.

Leaving Naruto in the silence of the study, sure of only one thing: he didn’t deserve the love Sasuke had for him.

That’s when the tears began to fall.
Chapter End Notes

My tumblr is trapquinn if you want to hmu.

Title of the chapter is a butchered lyric from DOLCE AND GABBANA by RiffRaff

Leave a kudo and comment if you enjoyed! Hearing what you guys think literally makes my day :)

Dr. Feelgood

Chapter Summary

Naruto reflects on his drug problem with a mid-morning cocktail. Enter Kabuto.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! So a few notes about this chapter, it's shorter than usual and just a little bit of filler.

I introduced a lot of characters in the beginning so I thought I'd take a chapter every now and again to shed light on the relationship Naruto has with each one.

Next chapter will have a lot of plot and if I can find a place to jam some smut you know i will!

Also sorry to make Haku Sasuke's secretary, but I ran out of Taka characters. It's actually surprisingly hard to find characters that aren't highly attached to Naruto and could conceivably be keeping their relationship problems secret.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Naruto woke up the next morning with no memory of how he managed to make it to bed. But the numb sensation in his body told him he had taken some painkillers the night before. The bed was empty; with no sign another person had slept there the night before. Naruto looked at the clock.

He had slept late. Sasuke was definitely already at work. Where was his ginger alarm clock?

He reached for his phone on the side table, expecting several missed calls from Karin. Instead there was just a text message from his husband.

*Take the day off.*

Ok yeah. He could do that. He settled back into bed and didn’t wake up till noon. When he woke up he avoided getting out of bed for as long as possible, playing around with his phone, until the morning taste in his mouth was too bad to handle.

He walked to the ensuite bathroom to brush his teeth, and caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He looked fucking awful.

His cheek was a deep purple, with a red cut running diagonally down his face. He could see fingerprints on the sides of his neck, and assumed there were bruises on the nape shaped like a palm.

Curiosity got the better of him and he went to the full-length mirror in the walk-in to see the full damage. He took off his shirt, and what he saw made him gag.

The old bruises on his ribs were a faded yellow color, but a new dark purple line showed just above
his belly button, where the desk had pressed in.

There were fingerprints on his left hip and when he went to remove his pajama pants, he saw the obvious signs of restraint on his wrists.

No wonder he had been given the day off.

Naruto healed weirdly quickly, but this would take a few days at least. There was no way make-up could cover his cheek completely, and he would be wearing long sleeved shirts for a while.

He didn’t want to remove his boxers. He really didn’t. He didn’t want to see dried cum staining the cotton and really didn’t want to see dried blood. So he didn’t look.

He put the shower on the hottest setting. Adding bright red burns to his skin would make him look more like a Jackson Pollock. Splatters of blue and purple and yellow running around his tanned skin. It was modern art.

When he decided to finally get out of the shower, his fingers had turned to prunes and the bathroom was shrouded in a thick cloud of steam. He put on a robe and opened the medicine cabinet. Only Percocet, Xanax, Ambien and plain old Advil.

He knew how he would start his day off: a house call to the purple haired creep who just happened to have a medical degree and a strange devotion to his husband.

Naruto went into the kitchen and picked up the home phone. There was a very short contact list programmed into it. The only people that Naruto was allowed to call from home:

1. Sasuke
2. Haku (Sasuke’s assistant)
3. Karin
4. Juugo
5. Suigetsu
6. Kabuto
7. Orochimaru (not that Naruto had ever contacted him voluntarily)

His cell phone contact list was slightly longer, including people like Ino and Sakura, who loved to text. Sasuke had deleted Sai’s number in a fit of jealousy. Naruto didn’t care.

Naruto pressed six and waited for the dial tone.

“Mr. Uchiha? I wasn’t expecting a call today,” the smooth voice came over the line.

“No, it’s Naruto. I need a house-call.”

“Well Mr. Uchiha didn’t say anything about medical attention-”

“I don’t care. We can drag him into this if you really want, or you can just make your way here and do your fucking job,” Naruto channeled his inner Sasuke, copying the man’s intimidating voice.

“Yes. Be right there.”

The line went dead.

Naruto suddenly felt very hungry. He opened the fridge expecting a gross protein shake with some sort of note from Karin. Instead there was a plate with a blueberry muffin and what looked like an
omelet.

Happy Cheat Day

Was written on the sticky note attached. It was Suigetsu’s writing. Obviously Guilty Sasuke had something to do with this, considering cheat day wasn’t for another week (Naruto had it circled on his calendar).

He put the omelet in the microwave. Considering Kabuto’s office was around an half-hour away in lunchtime traffic, Naruto decided he needed something to take the edge off his aching body.

He dug through the fridge. There was no orange juice because he had finished the juice cleanse two weeks ago and he “didn’t need the extra sugar,” he also didn’t know how fancy the champagne in the fridge was and he didn’t want to risk drinking a 500 dollar mimosa.

He dug around more. There was always celery because Sasuke was a firm believer in having a snack with negative calories. Sasuke also really liked tomatoes, which meant there was definitely some V-8 somewhere in the fridge.

Naruto located the tomato juice, Worcester sauce, Tabasco, lime and pepper. They didn’t have any horseradish but that was fine. Naruto made his way to the liquor cabinet. It was a fancy oak piece that didn’t really fit into their white granite kitchen, but it had been Sasuke’s father’s.

It also happened to have a lock.

One night at a dinner party, Naruto had a little too much to drink, and may have been a little too honest with some of their guests.

No, Naruto did not care to talk about the theme of Sakura’s upcoming birthday party.

No, Naruto did not want to see pictures of Ino’s new dog.

No, he did not want to listen to Kakazu talk about the stock market.

And he was vocal about it.

That was a bad fight. Ending with a locked liquor cabinet, his arm in a sling, and Guilty Sasuke (or Culpable Sasuke) planning a trip to Malta.

Sasuke hadn’t locked the cabinet since. Naruto wasn’t quite sure why, but sometimes he suspected that his husband just wanted a reason to fight.

Naruto found the vodka on the top shelf and made himself a bloody mary with a little less blood than the recipe called for.

He ate the omelet, saving the muffin for later. And when the doorbell rang, he was sitting at the kitchen counter in his silk robe just finishing up his afternoon cocktail.

He buzzed Kabuto in. If Sasuke found out that he had let another man see him less than fully clothed (it didn’t matter that Kabuto was a doctor and saw him naked regularly) he would throw a bitch fit.

But Kabuto was smart enough to know he’d be caught in the crossfires. Honestly he was the best confidant that Naruto had, which was pretty sad.

“I’m in the kitchen!” Naruto yelled, refusing to get up.
Kabuto was carrying his medical bag, and still wearing his lab coat when he came in.

“Are you drinking? It’s barely noon.”

“Are you judging me? Or are you going to earn your ridiculous salary and cure me?”

Naruto didn’t actually know how much Kabuto got paid, but he knew he also worked for Orochimaru, so between The Snake and his husband, Kabuto probably made a good wage.

The doctor got to work.

He cleaned the cut on Naruto’s face and taped an icepack to his cheek, giving him a bandage going all the way around his head.

He also taped soft icepacks to Naruto’s midsection, foregoing bandages because there were no bones out of place.

He put anti-inflammatory cream on the cuts and bruises around Naruto’s wrists.

“Anything else?”

Naruto dropped the robe. He couldn’t even muster up the embarrassment at standing naked in his kitchen. Instead he finished his bloody mary.

“Your hips will be fine, that bruising should go away quickly so I’m not going to add anything…” Kabuto paused.

“But?”

“I’m going to need to you bend over.”

Naruto would have made a joke about Kabuto’s weird ass porn line, but it wasn’t really funny.

He felt a gloved finger put cream around the outside of his hole. Naruto hissed.

“You should take it easy on this area of your body for awhile. There’s a little tearing but nothing too bad. I’ll give you some of this cream, you can apply it yourself if you can find a mirror, but I would recommend having someone else do it, it will be easier to see the damaged parts.”

Naruto shuddered at the idea of asking Sasuke to come anywhere near his ass in the near future. He would figure it out himself.

“Thanks,” Naruto put his robe back on and took a deep breath, “I’m also out of Vicodin could you prescribe me more?” Naruto rushed the last words, hoping Kabuto wouldn’t feel the need to have another talk about ‘proper dosage’ with him.

“What?” The doctor asked.

“Vicodin. I need more of it. And Codeine. Preferably liquid.”

Kabuto didn’t have the energy to fight about it. He also probably didn’t want Sasuke on the phone asking why Naruto couldn’t move.

“I’ll write you a prescription for more Vicodin. But that’s a no to the Codeine. Especially liquid. I don’t want to come back to the house because you overdosed on ‘sizzurp’ or whatever.”
Naruto still considered it a win.

“Can you put the prescription in Karin’s name? I don’t want to leave the house, she can pick it up.”

“Yeah sure, I’ll send it to the pharmacy now.”

Kabuto handed Naruto a paper bag with new bandages, antibacterial cream and some ibuprofen for the swelling.

“See ya later, Doc,” Naruto sat back down at the counter, not bothering to see Kabuto out.

Kabuto walked towards the door, but turned around.

“Look, I know you… trip and fall a lot. Which is consistent with your injuries,” (a blatant lie that Naruto appreciated), “But… the human body can only handle so much. I can write a referral to a psychiatrist… maybe one who could figure out the root of your falls?”

Naruto could do nothing but laugh.

The idea of Sasuke letting him talk to a professional about their marriage was fucking hilarious.

Or maybe Kabuto was suggesting couple’s therapy? Go to a shrink and work out their issues?

Sasuke... I really want to make this marriage work, but you have to meet me halfway. Maybe take off your wedding ring before you backhand me?

Kabuto looked scared at the manic hysteria overtaking the blonde, and took it as his cue to get the fuck out.

When Naruto finally stopped laughing, the doctor was long gone.

There was nothing a shrink could do for him.

He would just have to behave. Be a better husband, then he wouldn’t have to trip and fall anymore.

Sasuke loved him, and if he had to take a spill every now and again to be reminded, that was fine.

He was strong.

He picked up the phone and pressed 3.

“Hey Karin, Kabuto sent a prescription in your name to the pharmacy. Can you bring it to me ASAP?”

Chapter End Notes

My tumblr is trapquinn and if you enjoyed it leave me a little note! :)
Comin' Out of My Cage and I've Been Doin' Just Fine

Chapter Summary

Sasuke decides that Naruto is ready to be back in the limelight.

Chapter Notes

Introducing: the blow job!

Really you'd think with all the smut I read and all the dick I suck I'd be a little better at writing it.

5 chapters in 5 days guys! I really appreciate your kudos and comments. And if you're itching for something in particular hmu! Sometimes all it takes to write something hella kinky is a prompt.

Also if you guys haven't figured it out yet I have never been to Boston. Or even like near Boston. Hope I'm getting some of the geography right!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was two weeks later when Naruto was deemed acceptable for the public eye.

Sasuke had barely been in the house, always coming home late and leaving early in the morning. Some nights Naruto wasn’t even sure if he had come home at all. But every morning there was some sort of fancy breakfast with a note waiting for him.

He had run out of cheat days, so every meal was laced with protein powder, but it could’ve been laced with Rophynol for all he cared, he had missed carbs something fierce.

Suigetsu started bringing his meals in person, which unfortunately meant at home workouts. It was just cardio, because literally the only part of Naruto’s body that didn’t ache every time he moved were his legs.

That’s why he wasn’t surprised when he walked into one of the guest bedrooms one morning and discovered a treadmill all set up for him.

He also wasn’t surprised to wake up to a bouquet of roses in the kitchen on his last day of house arrest. Looks like Guilty Sasuke was making an appearance.

However the note attached did surprise him:

Go to the rec room

The rec room was just a room Sasuke used to store old files for cases he was working on. It was adjoined to the garage, and actually had very nice latticed windows that were usually shut by blackout curtains. However, when Naruto entered the room he saw it had been renovated.
Naruto stepped into the room to find a large plastic sheet covering the expanse of the hardwood floor. The blackout curtains had been removed, and beautiful rays of light filtered through the large windows.

The room was completely bare, except for an easel and a stool that sat in the center, facing the windows.

For some reason Naruto’s first thought was how did he renovate the room without me noticing?

His next was that he was going to have to buy some new canvases; he would be busy for a while.

He spent the day moving his art supplies from the closet they had been banished to into the new room, only taking a break when Suigetsu texted him

*One hour on treadmill. Incline 5.*

He was so caught up in hanging his half finished pictures and finding places for his paint that he didn’t notice Sasuke come home.

Until he felt strong arms wrap around him and a chin rest on his shoulder.

“Honey, I’m home.”

Naruto spun around and grabbed Sasuke’s face, kissing him full on the lips.

Sasuke smiled into the kiss, and wrapped an arm around his waist when the blonde decided to deepen it.

When Sasuke broke for a breath, Naruto took the chance to start unbuttoning the raven’s shirt. Once he had finished, he dropped to his knees.

Sending a coy smile at his husband, he undid the belt and unzipped the designer slacks.

Naruto ran his hands down the pale abs, admiring the muscles; He stopped just at the band of Sasuke’s boxer-briefs, snapping the elastic teasingly.

He hadn’t seen his husband in nearly two weeks. He was going to take his time.

Naruto pulled Sasuke’s pants down further and licked the beginning of an erection through his underwear, getting the crotch damp. He then blew a hot breath over the bulge, watching it twitch.

Finally, when Sasuke began to tug at his hair, Naruto pulled down the boxers and pressed a soft kiss to the tip of his husband’s dick, before taking it completely into his mouth in one swift motion.

Sasuke moaned, spurring Naruto on with a hand placed on the back of the blonde’s head.

Naruto swirled his tongue around Sasuke’s head, digging it into the slit a little while moving a hand up and down the shaft.

Sasuke made a frustrated groan, so Naruto quit the teasing and took Sasuke all the way to the root, until his nose was pressed into trimmed dark hair. He had missed the salty taste of his husband, and the satisfying weight on his tongue.

Sasuke had been very good about not moving his hips, but Naruto could feel his restraint slipping.

He slackened his jaw and grabbed Sasuke’s ass, giving him the go-ahead.
Sasuke began fucking his husband’s mouth in earnest, moaning on every thrust.

It was messy; Naruto felt drool dripping onto his shirt, and tears forming in his eyes. But the wet sounds of Sasuke thrusting into his mouth and soft tugs on his hair were more than enough to get him hard.

He let Sasuke use him, and tried to keep as much suction as he could going as he dipped a hand into his sweatpants and began quickly stroking himself in time with Sasuke’s thrusts.

It seemed to go on forever. Tears were now streaming down Naruto’s face and his spit was flying everywhere. His jaw started to cramp up, but he ignored it all for the feeling of his own impending orgasm. Just as he swiped a finger over his head catching all the precum, Sasuke pulled his chin up, to meet the onyx gaze.

“Come, Naruto.”

Was all it took, and Naruto was creaming his pants like a goddamn teenager, the sounds that escaped him vibrated up Sasuke’s dick.

“Hold on, I want to come on your face,”

Sasuke pulled out of Naruto’s mouth, gave himself a few strokes and gave his husband a thorough facial, only getting some of it in his waiting mouth.

“Wow,” Sasuke breathed.

Naruto licked the cum off his lips.

“Thank you for the room, Sasuke,” Naruto looked up at his husband, still on his knees.

“Of course, dobe,” His husband gave a small smile, before zipping himself up and leaving.

Naruto took a few deep breaths, and then headed for the bathroom down the hall to clean up.

Sasuke had gotten him his own art studio. Sasuke cared. Of course Sasuke cared!

Naruto was filled with gratitude for his husband.

As he started to wash up he tried not to notice that a majority of Sasuke’s cum had landed on his cheekbone, the stark white liquid contrasting the fading bruise. He knew his husband hadn’t aimed for that part of his face or anything.

It was just a coincidence.

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For the first time in two weeks, Naruto went to sleep with Sasuke pressed up against his back. And for the first time in two weeks, he didn’t sleep very well.

But that could have been for any reason. He stayed very still and listened to Sasuke’s slow breathing, hoping it would lull him to sleep.
Eventually after counting around 3,000 breaths Naruto finally slept. When he woke up Sasuke was gone.

He walked down to the kitchen, still in his pajamas, rubbing his eyes at the brightness.

“Good morning, Mr. Uzumaki.”

Naruto jumped at the sudden voice.

“Karin! Don’t scare me like that!”

“I have been here the whole time. You just aren’t very perceptive.”

Naruto rolled his eyes and headed for the fridge, excited to see what delicacy was waiting for him.

“Nuh-huh,” Karin clicked her teeth, and handed him a protein shake.

“Nooooooooo,” Naruto groaned.

Karin ignored him.

“We need to go shopping today.”

The hits just kept coming.

“Why could we possibly need to go shopping?”

“You’re throwing a dinner party tonight and you don’t have enough formal-casual.”

What the fuck even is formal-casual. That was the oxymoron of the century.

“What’s the occasion?” Naruto asked. They hadn’t had a dinner party for a while.

“Your recovery from pneumonia. No one has seen you in two weeks because of how sick you were. Very contagious. Ino couldn’t even bring you her Yamanaka Specialty Soup because of how sick you were.”

Naruto understood immediately.

“So we need a new outfit for my entrance back into society?”

“Ah, I see you caught on. Miraculous.”

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Naruto changed quickly and was in the car finishing his protein shake in record time. He wanted to get this over with so he could get to art class on time.

“Who’s coming tonight?”

“I’m glad you asked. I’m going to give you the rundown right now. It will be like you were never sick and you actually pay attention when people are talking to you,” Karin picked up her clipboard,
“Sai and Ino, of course. They are discussing wedding dates right now.

Sakura and her fiancee, Rock Lee, will also be coming. They are disputing wedding dates with Sai and Ino.

Sai recently sold a Picasso to a Spanish museum for a large sum of money. Sasuke handled the legal documents and finances.

Ino’s father is considering putting another firm on retainer. I guess an old friend’s son just got out of law school. Last name: Nara.

Ino’s father will not be attending, but you will woo Ino, do not let on you know about her father, subtlety is not your strong suit.

Sakura’s father is still a faithful client and will remain that way as long as you are civil.”

It wasn’t a hyperbole, Sakura was the apple of her father’s eye and he took her whimsical advice very seriously.

“Rock Lee just agreed to put Uchiha on retainer. He is a very important corporate client that will require imminent litigation in a lawsuit that doesn’t matter to you. Again, be polite.

Also joining us will be District Attorney Yamato. He is working with Mr. Uchiha on a high-profile criminal case.

He RSVP’d for two, but has not told us the identity of the guest.

Dr. Tsunade may or may not show, she RSVP’d ‘maybe’, but she will be excited to see you. Do not let her examine you for remaining pneumonia in any way. Also do not get into another drinking contest with her.”

Karin put her clipboard down.

“Is The Snake going to be there?”

“No, Dr. Orochimaru will not be attending. Please stop referring to him as ‘The Snake’.”

Naruto was satisfied with the guest list. Not too many new faces.

They pulled up to the mall and he started to get out of the car, but Karin grabbed his arm.

She pulled a tan bottle out of her purse. Naruto recognized it.

“Stay still.” She pumped some of the concealer onto her hand, and gently rubbed it over his cheekbone. When she was content with the cover, she pulled out his rolex and two livestrong yellow bands.

“Put these on your wrists.”

Naruto complied, they covered the bruises nicely

“I’ll make sure you don’t have to take off your shirt in front of the tailor.”

And then they were on their way to find some formal-casual.
In the end they (Karin) settled on a pair of khakis, a blue button-up and a brown cashmere sweater to pull over it.

“I thought you hated khakis.”

“No, I hated your khaki shorts these are nicely fitted pants for a casual occasion.”

He really didn’t get it. But it had only taken about three hours, which might have been a record where Karin was concerned.

If it were up to Naruto it would be jeans and hoodies always.

“Karin, we gotta go. I’m gonna be late to art class.”

“No you’re not,” Karin said as they got in the car.

“Well I mean not if we drive fast-”

Karin cut him off, “No, you’re not going to be late because you’re not going.”

“What?” Naruto was shocked. He assumed his house arrest was ending on a Wednesday so he could go to art class.

“Mr. Uchiha had art classes removed from the schedule. I just follow the schedule.”

Naruto didn’t even know what to say. Didn’t he have a deal with Sasuke?

“You have some time for your studio when we get back,” Karin said softly, actually seeming to feel pity for Naruto, which was a new one.

That’s when it hit him.

He had asked for more art classes. It spurred a fight. Sasuke got him his own art studio. This wasn’t Guilty Sasuke! This was Manipulative Sasuke! Fuck! How could he not have seen this sooner? He thanked Sasuke! He gave him a blow job!

Naruto sat quietly staring out the window for the rest of the ride. It looked like it was going to snow. Hopefully all the dinner guests got stuck in a blizzard and they’d have to cancel.

Naruto sat in front of his easel. He had been sitting there staring at the blank canvas for the better part of an hour. Never in his life had he been so art blocked.

He didn’t want to paint in this room.

Not anymore. It felt dirty, like bribe money. Which it essentially was.

He wanted to go back to the dingy room in the community college. He wanted to see Kurenai and
paint dumb bowls of fruit.

He gave up and went to the kitchen looking for a snack.

There were some Suigetsu approved granola bars in the cupboard.

Sasuke would be home soon.

Naruto didn’t know how he was going to pretend tonight. He felt such a combination of anger and hopelessness. His one escape had been taken from him. His passion confined to a single room like he had been.

Suddenly, he couldn’t breathe. His body froze and he felt intense fear grip him. It was a panic attack. He had only had one before, when he had first moved in with Sasuke in high school. He woke up to strange surroundings and he was so scared.

He tried to remember what he had done to calm down.

It was Sasuke, Sasuke had heard him hyperventilating. Sasuke had run to the room and held him. He could almost feel the comforting pressure, the security that he had felt in Sasuke’s arms.

*Shhhh. It’s gonna be okay. You’re going to be okay, dobe. Breathe with me.*

That was too clear to be a memory. When Naruto could breathe again he opened his eyes. He was sitting on the kitchen floor, panting. His back was pressed against Sasuke’s chest; both of the raven’s arms were circled around him. One was over his heart and the other wrapped gently around his midsection.

“You’re okay, Naruto. Everything’s okay.”

Everything is okay. Sasuke was right. Naruto was being a baby. He could barely remember what he had been so anxious about. He settled back into Sasuke’s chest, not quite trusting his legs to stand.

He didn’t have to.

Sasuke picked him up and carried him bridal style down the hall. How his husband managed to carry a grown man close to his own size so far was beyond Naruto, but before he knew it he was in the bathroom and Sasuke was stripping him.

Naruto couldn’t bring himself to be nervous and the touches didn’t feel sexual.

He heard water running and Sasuke helped him into the warm bath, and then got in behind him, tugging Naruto close to his chest, and running his hands gently up the other’s arms.

All Naruto felt was overwhelming warmth. His throat was warm with choked back tears, the water blanketed him, and he was stunned with affection and love for his husband.

He felt safe. For the first time in a long time he was safe. Safe with the man he loved.

Naruto wasn’t sure how long they had been sitting in the bathtub, but the water had gone tepid and when he started to shiver Sasuke got out.

Naruto stood up and let Sasuke wrap him in a towel.

“Do you want me to cancel the dinner tonight?” Sasuke asked.
“No.”

“Are you sure? I will.”

“I’m sure. It’s important we see Ino tonight.”

The ‘hn’ he got in response was affectionate.

He pulled Naruto into a hug, resting his chin on the slightly shorter man’s head.

Naruto wanted to stay in the moment forever.

“We better get ready.”

Sasuke let him go and they both headed up the stairs to get changed.

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Ino and Sai were first to arrive. Sai was wearing a tweed sports coat over a sweater, an outfit creepily similar to Sasuke’s.

He slung an arm over the taller man’s shoulder.

“Great minds think alike, huh Sasuke?”

Sasuke looked like he was doing everything he could not to break Sai’s arm.

Ino and Naruto headed towards the living room. Naruto looked over his shoulder, Sasuke and Sai seemed to have come to a standstill in order to watch Naruto’s ass as he left the room.

What could he say? The khakis were well tailored.

-----------------------------------------

Naruto started mixing Ino and himself a drink.

He wanted a martini. She wanted a martini but with dragon fruit vodka instead of gin. He wasn’t surprised.

He also poured Sasuke some whiskey.

He heard Sasuke greeting more people in the foyer. It was a female voice so it could be Sakura. Naruto’s suspicions were immediately confirmed when a loud boisterous voice made its way to the living room, unmistakably Rock Lee’s.

Ino started to snicker. They couldn’t quite make out what the man was saying, but it was loud and definitely grating.

Naruto slapped her on the shoulder.
“Be nice!”

“Okay, okay,” Ino took a big breath and put a neutral face on. She turned to look at Naruto.

“Oh my god! Are you wearing makeup?”

Fuck.

And to make matters worse Sakura happened to walk into the room at that exact moment. She rushed over to see as well.

“Oh my god! He totally is!” Sakura squished his face in her hands, trying to get a better look.

“Like I knew you were gay, but not that gay! Do you have eyeliner too?” Ino giggled.

Naruto slapped Sakura’s hands away, praying she didn’t get too good of a look. Curse women and their crazy observant eyes. Naruto had to squash this situation before Sasuke heard.

“Yes… I had um a really bad pimple.”

Sakura and Ino nodded knowingly, and dropped it to spare Naruto the embarrassment.

Sakura grabbed Naruto’s hand, “It feels like I haven’t seen you in forever!”

“We need to have a girl’s night out! Just the three of us!” Ino squealed.

“I’m not a girl,” Naruto muttered under his breath, just as Sasuke walked in the room.

“That sounds like a great idea,” his husband replied for him. “Naruto has been so bored these past two weeks.”

“Let’s go dancing!”

“No! We need to go shopping!”

Sakura and Ino went back and forth for a while and Naruto finished his martini.

He was about to mix another one, but Sasuke grabbed his arm firmly from where it was reaching for the gin.

Naruto got the message. He grabbed a Perrier instead. Sasuke sent him an approving smile.

“Oh my god! I forgot to introduce you to Lee! Naruto, this is Lee. Lee, Naruto”

Lee, who had been standing awkwardly behind Sakura for awhile, grabbed Naruto’s hand in an enthusiastic handshake.

“It is a pleasure to meet you!” Lee said in what Naruto assumed was his inside voice.

The man was wearing a light green shirt, with dark green slacks and a bright orange tie. His black hair was slick and gelled down into a bowl shape. How he had managed to leave the house in that outfit with Sakura as a fiancée was mind-boggling.

The doorbell rang.

“I’ll get it,” Naruto offered, hoping it was Dr. Tsunade.
Instead it was a brunet man who looked slightly familiar, along with another man Naruto had never seen before.

The stranger had an eyepatch, and silver hair that spiked up, although he only appeared to be in his late thirties. It was kind of hard to gauge how old he was because he was wearing a surgical mask.

He hadn’t heard Sasuke come up behind him, but was glad when he greeted the men.

“District Attorney Yamato, nice to see you.”

“You as well Sasuke. This is a good friend of mine, Police Commissioner Kakashi Hatake.”

“Please, just Kakashi.”

“Hello, Kakashi, I’m Sasuke and this is my husband, Naruto.” Sasuke sent him a jab in the ribs and Naruto had the acute realization he had been staring.

“Nice to meet you.”

“And you are the pneumonia patient?”

Naruto remembered his cover story, “Yep. No longer contagious though!”

“Well then, I won’t be needing this,” Kakashi pulled off the mask and put it in his coat pocket. He had a completely normal face, no crazy buckteeth, much to Naruto’s disappointment.

Sasuke let the men in. Naruto took their coats and hung them next to the others’, and led them to the living room.

Everyone was milling about. Ino and Sakura were on the couch, chatting, and Sai was making himself a drink while trying to ignore Lee, who was going on about the Red Sox.

“Everybody, this is District Attorney Yamato, and his guest, Police Commissioner Kakashi Hatake,” Naruto announced.

Kakashi put up a hand in greeting, “Please, just Kakashi.”

Sasuke immediately pulled Yamato and Kakashi into a discussion. And Naruto made his way back to the women on the couch.

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By the time the chef had dinner ready, Naruto was completely out of small talk. He had talked art with Sai, made plans to go out with Ino and Sakura, and listened to Lee talk enthusiastically about his ‘beautiful blushing bride’.

Naruto sat down on Sasuke’s right and found himself facing Kakashi. Hopefully the man wouldn’t want to talk. Naruto was ravenous, and dinner parties didn’t count in the diet.

The meal went by in a blur, even though it was four courses. Naruto didn’t engage in any of the dinner conversation. He was rarely invited to talk business or politics, and Ino and Sakura were at the end of the table, so he wouldn’t have to converse with them either.
It during the after dinner drinks when Kakashi cornered him next to the bar.

“So should I call you Mr. Naruto Uchiha?”

“Well Naruto is fine, and I kept my last name in the marriage. It would have been too confusing. It’s Naruto Uzumaki.”

Kakashi nodded. “And are you from here?”

“More or less. I used to live in Lexington, but we moved into the city when Sasuke went to school.”

Naruto wasn’t sure why Kakashi was so interested in his past, but was glad to have a conversation that wasn’t about wedding dates.

“Is that where your parents are from?”

Time to end the conversation.

“No. If you’ll excu-”

“Where are they from then?” Kakashi cut him off. Could this guy not read social situations at all?

“They died when I was young, I don’t know anything about them,” Naruto tried to leave again, but Kakashi shifted so the younger man was trapped behind the bar.

“Ah so you were adopted?”

“No, I lived in various foster homes before I moved in with Sasuke. If you’ll excuse me, I think my husband wants to speak with me.”

His husband did not, in fact, want to speak to him. When he rushed to Sasuke’s side the man was talking to Ino about her father’s business.

“Sasuke-” Naruto began.

“Ino, give me one second,” Sasuke cut him off, grabbed his arm tightly and dragged him back behind the bar.

“Naruto, it is very important that I speak to Ino right now. I thought Karin told you that.”

“She did, but-”

Sasuke’s grip on his arm tightened. “That’s what I thought. Try to fucking think before you act and go talk to Sakura. You housewives have so much in common.”

Sasuke walked back towards Ino, and Naruto rubbed his sore arm. Time for another drink.

Unbeknownst to either of the men, someone had overheard their quiet conversation. Kakashi had been perusing the bookshelf, and appeared to be quite engaged in an antique edition of Don Quixote. But he had been listening, and his sharp gaze caught Sasuke’s threatening posture and the fright in Naruto’s eyes.

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Naruto was eternally grateful when Sasuke called it a night. They said their goodbye to the guests, each of them getting in their respective luxury vehicles. All except one.

Yamato was sitting inside the car waiting impatiently for Kakashi to make a phone call. He tried to make out what the older man was saying, but the conversation was muffled. He only heard one line:

“Yeah, it’s me. I think I might have found him.”

Chapter End Notes

Kakashi!!!1!

Not gonna lie the whole Kakashi-Senpai thing Tenzo has going on in the show is my aesthetic. Unfortunately Kakashi has other romantic plans in the fic.

I'm planning on writing a flashback sometime in the near future, showing how Naruto and Sasuke got together. I'm not sure if I'll make it a side story or a chapter though.

Also for those of you wondering, I see Naruto and Sasuke as around 26 or 27.
Get In, Bitch

Chapter Summary

*Insert shopping montage* Naruto connects with the past and remembers some things he'd rather forget.

Chapter Notes

So no smut in this chapter, but the set up is definitely there and next week has great potential. I added some flashbacks because I wanted to show things from a different perspective, one that Naruto didn't get to have.

Because Naruto is so clueless, I'm thinking about playing around with different perspectives in other chapters, to see if a more reliable narrator can further the plot.

Also lmao at my google search for 'fancy stores'

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The day after the dinner party, Naruto was sitting in bed watching Netflix. Karin was sick and Suigetsu was out of town, leaving Naruto with very strict instructions that he immediately decided not to follow.

In a perfect world, he would have his own car and maybe go visit an art gallery (one not owned by Sai), or call up one of his friends and get a drink or something.

But he wasn’t sure he even remembered how to drive. And he hadn’t talked to his real friends in years.

So Netflix it was.

He was just turning on the next episode of Criminal Minds, when his cell phone rang. It wasn’t a number he recognized, and if he picked it up Sasuke would see it on the phone records. So he ignored it.

About 15 minutes later the home phone rang. Now Naruto had a dilemma. There weren’t a lot of contacts stored in the home phone, so Naruto was always supposed to pick it up in case it was a client or something (it was usually telemarketers). But the number was the same one that had just called his cellphone.

He stared at the phone until it was on its last ring, and curiosity got the better of him.

“Hello?”

“Naruto?” An unfamiliar voice came from the other end.
“Speaking.”

Someone was calling for him? With his first name no less.

“Oh thank God. I can’t believe I found you.”

“I’m sorry, who is this?” Was it some creepy stalker who had been following him around? Maybe he should call Juugo.

“Oh I should have led with that. It’s Iruka. Iruka Umino.”

Naruto almost dropped the phone.

“Iruka? How did you get this number? Why are you calling?”

Naruto had so many questions.

“Whoa slow down,” Iruka laughed warmly, “I’m calling because I miss you and I want to see you. And it’s not hard to get a cell phone number when you’re dating the Police Commissioner.”

“You’re dating Kakashi?”

“Yeah. I am.”

“What’s under his eye patch?”

“Really? I haven’t talked to you in nine years and you’re gonna ask me what’s under my boyfriend’s eye patch?”

“Sorry, I just really wanted to know,” Naruto laughed sheepishly.

“Well I want to see you! Is there somewhere we could meet? I could come to you.”

Naruto paused. There’s no way Sasuke would want him to meet with Iruka. Sasuke had never forgiven the man, but Naruto was desperate to see him.

Maybe seeing someone from his past would help him remember how much Sasuke had done for him. Their relationship could go back to what it used to be.

“Iruka? I’ll have to get back to you on that. I’ve been very busy. But call this number again at exactly the same time tomorrow.”

“Ok, Naruto. It was nice to hear your voice again.”

“You too,” And Naruto really meant it. The line went dead and the blonde began to map out his elaborate plan.

--------------------------------------------------------------

First was a group text to Ino and Sakura.

Need to buy Sasuke an anniversary present. Shopping tomorrow?

Naruto hoped they weren’t clever enough to be suspicious that he was instigating a shopping trip.

Ino: Fuck yeah!
Sakura: *I’ll come pick you up! Lee got me a new car.*

Ino: *What store do you want to hit first?*

Uh-oh. Naruto’s anniversary was actually that weekend, and he hadn’t begun planning what to get his husband. What do you get the man who has everything?

Sakura: *La Perla. Duh. I’m thinking black lace. ;)*

As much as he was loathed to admit, it was a pretty good idea.

Naruto: *It’s a date! How about 12?*

Sakura: *Sounds perf*

---------------------------------------------

Naruto was asleep by the time Sasuke got home. He had left a sticky note for his husband on the mirror before he had gone to bed.

*Called Karin, she’s still sick. Going out with Ino and Sakura tomorrow, Sakura is picking me up, give Juugo the day off. <3 N*

He knew Sasuke would be a little suspicious that he was going shopping, but he had also overheard their conversation at dinner so he could think that Naruto was coerced into going. Also if he called Sakura and Ino about the outing, they would cover for him, so he could keep the present a surprise.

---------------------------------------------

When Naruto woke up, Sasuke was gone. But his side of the bed was warm, so he had come home last night. There was a short reply on the sticky note:

Iruka called again at 10. Naruto would never tell, but he had spent his waking hours sitting by the phone in case the man called earlier than planned.

“Naruto?”

“Yeah, it’s me! Can you meet today?”

“Sure! I get off work at 3, so anytime after that.”

This was the tricky part. He couldn’t let on to Iruka that he wasn’t allowed to go out whenever he wanted. Somehow he would have to sneak away from Sakura and Ino, but he had an idea.

“Will you meet me at the shopping plaza? The Starbucks on the second floor?”

The second floor had shops like Forever 21 and Old Navy, nothing Ino and Sakura would want to go near, so there was no chance of running into them.

“Yeah. How about 3:30?” Iruka asked.

“Perfect. Look I have to go, but I can’t wait to see you.”

“Me too, Naruto.”

Naruto hung up the phone with a big smile plastered on his face.
Time to go shopping.

Naruto was just finishing getting ready when he heard the blare of a horn. And his phone started to ring.

“Yeah, yeah I’m coming.”

He opened the door. Sakura was parked outside the gate in a BMW 6 series convertible painted a dark shade of pink that probably clashed horribly with Sakura’s light pink hair.

Sakura and Ino were sitting in the front seat. Sakura had a driving scarf wrapped around her head and was wearing large round sunglasses in what she probably thought was a Jackie O. fashion.

Ino was wearing a full coat and had what looked like three scarves wrapped around her neck. Naruto got in the back. It was then he realized why Ino had three scarves on. Sakura was driving with the top down, in what had to be the 38-degree weather.

“Naruto, tell her to put the top down!” Ino yelled.

“Not gonna happen.” Sakura took off with a screech of tires. The wind bit into Naruto’s skin, he could barely hear the dubstep that Sakura was playing, but he could feel the bass. The new car did have nice speakers.

Luckily, it was a short drive to the mall. When the pulled into the parking lot Ino and Naruto let out a sigh of relief.

The heated mall felt like heaven.

“To La Perla!” Sakura yelled, giving Ino and Naruto no time to defrost, she dragged them towards the escalator.

Naruto wasn’t exactly sure what shopping for lingerie with Ino and Sakura entailed, but it was bound to be embarrassing. Before he left, he had made sure to put some concealer on the last of his bruises around his midsection. They were barely noticeable to begin with, but now they were invisible.

There wasn’t much he could do for his wrists though. The cuts looked a little better but the skin was still a dark purple. Naruto put on his watch and the Livestrong bracelets and hoped nobody would notice.

When they entered the store, a woman immediately came to help them.

“Hello ladies,” She completely ignored Naruto, “How can I help you today?”

“Do you have any male employees who could help us?”

“Male employees?” The woman was confused.

“Yes, you see he is very gay,” Ino pointed at Naruto, “Like never seen a vagina gay. We would like a man to help him get into the underwear, in the hopes he would enjoy himself a bit more.”

“Yes we would like to see him flustered in some kinky lingerie and I’m afraid you just wouldn’t do it for him,” Sakura added.

Had they practiced this dialogue?
The employee looked terrified.

“Yes we have Sergio working today. I’ll go get him now.”

The woman returned with a gorgeous Hispanic man, who spoke in a sexy as fuck accent,

“Hello sir,” he sent Naruto a dashing smile, “How can I help you today?”

Naruto tried to stop from blushing.

“Perfect. We’ll take him,” Ino declared and made her way deeper into the store.

“Sergio, this is Naruto. If you would be so kind as to take his measurements, my associate and I will be in the garter belt section.” Sakura grabbed Ino’s arm and they headed to the back of the store.

Garters? Naruto shook his head. What had he signed up for?

Twenty minutes later and Naruto was in the dressing room trying to figure out how to clip his stockings to the garter belt.

Apparently Sakura and Ino had annoyed Sergio enough to get the key to the dressing room, because they both barged in without a care for Naruto’s modesty.

“Oooh Naruto! Where did you buy this great tan? I didn’t know it went all over!” Ino asked.

“Actually it’s natural-” He tried to answer, but Sakura grabbed his ass through the satin panties he was wearing, causing him to let out a little squeak.

“I don’t like it. More lace!” She declared. Ino nodded in agreement.

Sakura opened the door to where Sergio was waiting, holding what had to be a dozen different pairs of underwear. Naruto was in full view, wearing only a skimpy pair of panties and a half done garter belt. He blushed bright red.

“More lace Sergio!” She yelled at the man.

Sergio handed Sakura a scrap of black lace that would really leave nothing to the imagination.

Naruto was shocked when Ino and Sakura turned their heads away to let him change. Who knew the girls were aware of the concept of ‘privacy’.

He pulled the black lace up over the stockings, and was surprised and embarrassed at how good it felt against his skin.

“Okay…” Naruto said nervously.

Ino and Sakura turned around and both let out ungodly squeals.

“Oh my god! Perfect! They’re perfect!”

“Wait let me do the belt!”

Sakura clipped the stockings to the lacy belt around his stomach.

The stockings, belt and panties were all black and the same kind of lace. However, panties had a little pink bow in the front.
They really did leave nothing to the imagination. Naruto could see the full outline of his junk in the mirror. He wasn’t sure they would stay on if he got an erection.

“So hot oh my god,” Sakura fanned herself melodramatically.

“Do you think I could get Sai into something like this?”

“I think Lee would do it… but I’d have to get green.”

God, Naruto was going to need bleach to get the idea of Lee in green panties out of his head.

Ino and Sakura handed Sergio the leaning tower of rejects and dragged Naruto to the counter.

500 dollars worth of underwear. Naruto pulled Sasuke’s black Amex out of his wallet. Hopefully his husband wouldn’t check the credit card statements anytime soon. Naruto desperately wished he had some money of his own he could spend on Sasuke, but Sasuke wanted to be the sole provider for their family, and lord knows he made enough to do so.

Sakura seemed to notice his hesitation and pushed him away.

“I’m gonna buy it, so Sasuke won’t see it on the statements.”

Naruto went to argue but Sakura cut him off, “You can just cut me a check later. Happy anniversary!”

Ok so maybe Sakura and Ino weren’t the worst friends he could have.

Naruto still had an hour to kill before he had to meet Iruka.

“What now?” He asked.

Ino hit him in the side with the black bag full of underwear.

“Heels, stupid!”

Oh hell no. Naruto would not be buying heels! There’s no way anyone even carried his size!

Ino seemed to read his mind.

“They’ll sell it at the costume place. Along with the maid costume.”

Before Naruto had time to argue Ino had taken off, Sakura with her, in the direction of the costume store on the other side of the mall.

It took exactly one hour to annoy Naruto enough that he let Ino buy him a maid costume to go along with his lingerie.

He didn’t want to explain the lingerie shopping bags to Iruka, so he asked Ino to hold them.

It was time to make his escape.

Ino and Sakura were arguing about which jewelry store to hit first. They wanted to look at wedding bands, which would take at least an hour.
Naruto cleared his throat; “I had another motive coming to the mall today.”

Ino and Sakura both cocked their heads like curious dogs.

“I need to get you both engagement presents!”

This wasn’t technically a lie. He had been planning on just getting them wedding presents off the registry, but neither of them had come up with a decisive list.

The confusion was wiped off their faces immediately.

“Go, go, go, go!” They pushed him towards the up escalator.

Naruto took that as a hint. The floor above them was Barney’s, Neiman Marcus and Williams-Sonoma (not that either of them cooked).

He got on the escalator. They waved at him enthusiastically until he was out of sight.

When he got to the fourth floor he immediately headed towards the elevator and took it to the second floor.

He ordered an unsweetened iced tea at Starbucks (Suigetsu would be so proud), and waited for Iruka. The man had to be in his mid-thirties now; Naruto hoped he would still be recognizable.

And he was. Iruka didn’t look like he had aged at all. He rushed to Naruto and brought him into a big bear hug.

“Hey, Iruka,” Naruto breathed. He was taller than the older man now, and the dark-haired man’s head fit perfectly in the crook of his shoulder.

It had been a good thirty seconds before Iruka finally pulled back.

“Are you crying?”

“No! I’m just happy to see you,” Iruka said defensively.

The man was definitely misty-eyed.

Iruka sat down at the table. Naruto had snagged a small one in the back. Even if Ino and Sakura happened upon no-man’s land, he wouldn’t be visible from the front of the café.

“Nine years, huh? You look so different Naruto.”

“You don’t look a day over 26, Iruka,” Naruto laughed.

“Tell me about you and Sasuke! I never got a wedding invitation.”

“There’s plenty of time for that,” Naruto evaded, “tell me about Kakashi? How’d the innocent schoolteacher get with a cop? Pretty kinky Iruka.”

“Stop it! He’s a very nice man.”

“How’d you meet?”

Iruka picked at his nails, a habit Naruto remembered clearly.

“Well he was covering a shift for another officer at the front desk one day.”
“At the police station?” Naruto was surprised; it didn’t seem like a place Iruka would visit.

“Yeah. I was in pretty bad shape after you moved to the city. You leaving kind of put things in perspective for me.”

“You left him?” Naruto had assumed Mizuki had just died or something. Iruka was so devoted to the man when they took Naruto in.

“Yeah. Kakashi helped give me the strength. I had gone to the police station every day for a month, hoping to work up the courage, but I wimped out every time.

“Kakashi saw me peeking in. I guess the cop who normally worked the desk, Raidou had told him about me.

“I had lost my nerve again, and was about to walk away, but Kakashi followed me to my car.

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“Hey Iruka-Sensei,”

Iruka turned his head sharply. The silver-haired man working the desk had followed him. How did he know his name? And that he was a Japanese teacher?

“Do I know you?” Iruka wasn’t normally so rude, but the man was standing between him and the car. Cop or not Iruka’s flight instinct was kicking in.

“No. But I know you. How’d you get the shiner Sensei?”

Iruka put a hand up to his eye, the swelling had gone down and he thought he had done a good job covering it up with makeup, but the cop’s uncovered eye had caught it with a sharp gaze.

That could be the moment. It would have been so easy. The stage was set; all Iruka had to do was tell the truth.

“I fell.”

“Ok, Sensei.”

The cop walked back to the station, hands in his pockets, whistling a song Iruka didn’t recognize.

What the heck was that?

It was a week before Iruka found time to go back to the station. Today was going to be the day, he told himself.

He walked up the cement stairs to the large glass doors of the Boston Police Station, grabbed the door handle. Then promptly let go and walked back the way he came.

His car was in the shop, and as he sat at the bus stop, fat, cold raindrops started to fall. Great.

Iruka had resigned to getting pneumonia when he heard a whistle.

A black Lincoln had pulled up next to the curb in front of him. The passenger window was rolled down and the silver-haired cop was waving a hand at Iruka.

“Need a ride Sensei?”
Iruka wanted to turn him down. The last thing he wanted was to be in a car with a cop who may or may not know everything about him. But the rain started to fall faster and Iruka, for the second time that day, gave up.

He opened the car door and got in. The heat was blasting, and Iruka had made the right decision.

“625 Elm Street, right Sensei?”

“How do you know where I live?”

“I know a lot of things,” the silver-haired cop shrugged.

“Can I at least know your name?”

“Kakashi.”

“Kakashi…?” Iruka asked, wanted to know the man’s last name as well.

“Just Kakashi to you, Sensei.”

They pulled into traffic. It was rush hour and they were about a half-hour from Iruka’s house. It was going to be plenty of time for the cop to try to squeeze a story out of him.

But to Iruka’s surprise, Kakashi didn’t ask him a single question besides:

“Do you like country music, Sensei?”

And proceeded to play an entire Blake Shelton album at full volume without even waiting for Iruka’s reply.

He came out to talk to me every time I went to the station. Soon I started going every day, just to talk to him. He never asked another question about my bruises or my love life, but he seemed to already know everything about me.

“I knew nothing about him except for his first name and where he worked until three months later.”

Kakashi’s radio went off. Some police jargon, but Kakashi’s face went from gentle and humorous to serious.

“Copy.”

He stood up quickly, as other cops came running from various parts of the station.

“Chief Hatake! I’ll pull the car around!” A young cop yelled, running by.

“Be right there, Genma,” Kakashi replied. “

Well Sensei, duty calls.”

Kakashi saluted at Iruka and took off down the hallway. He was halfway out the door when Iruka processed what was happening. Wait. Chief? Did that cop just call Kakashi chief?

Iruka went to work early the next morning to use the computer at the school library. He typed in the
man’s full name and the results were endless.

“Officer Kakashi Hatake Promoted to Chief of Police After Negotiating With a Suicide Bomber in Local Train Station”

There were dozens of headlines, telling daring tales of the man. They read like a TV drama, each one more unbelievable than the next.

Iruka was almost late to class; he was so caught up in the stories.

That’s when it hit him.

He had been talking to the Boston Chief of Police. This whole time he had been telling his dumb stories about kids at school and how his mother had taught him Japanese to one of the city’s most important men.

Iruka was beyond embarrassed. But another feeling hit him as well, gratitude. This important man cared about him. This important man met with him every day. And he would be there when Iruka was ready to talk, the younger man was sure of it.

Today he would not wimp out. He would go in there and tell the truth. He would show Kakashi the bruises, and have them search the social work system for Naruto. He would tell Kakashi the threats that Mizuki made, and have them look through Iruka’s medical records.

Finding proof wasn’t the problem. There was a plethora of that. It was working up the courage to leave the man he had called home. And he was ready.

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“That day I went to the station and told Kakashi everything. He took my statement and sent someone to my house immediately. I wasn’t there when Mizuki got taken in, but I had never been happier to come home to an empty house.”

Naruto put his hand on top of Iruka’s, giving the man a small comfort.

“Kakashi really helped me, especially when I had to testify at trial. It was so hard Naruto. Kakashi was great, but I missed you more and more every day, and you were why I was strong enough in the end.

“I wanted to look for you but I knew you were happier with Sasuke and Itachi. They could give you so much more. I came to meet with you today because I wanted to tell you how important you are to me. I don’t expect you to forgive me. Not ever. But I need to know you’re okay and happy and loved.”

Now it was Naruto’s turn to get misty-eyed.

The memories came flooding back to him. Catching glimpses of bruises on Iruka’s stomach when he changed, listening to Mizuki talk down to the teacher all the time. The way Mizuki controlled everything, from finance to who Iruka was allowed to talk to.

Mizuki fought with Iruka a lot, mostly about Naruto. He made it clear he didn’t want another mouth to feed.

Even with all the arguing, Naruto had only seen Mizuki hit his foster father once.
But once was enough. Some part of Naruto had known all along, and watching Mizuki’s open palm hit the side of Iruka’s face was all it took.

The sound of a solid hand hitting soft flesh, and the whimper that Iruka tried to hold in was all it took for Naruto to run across the room and deck Mizuki right in his ugly mug.

He almost died that night. He was so small and useless back then. Before Sasuke. Mizuki had him in a chokehold and he felt so faint. The realization he was going to die didn’t hit him like a truck, so much as dawned on him slowly, like falling snow. He couldn’t hear Iruka begging Mizuki to let him go, he just felt numb.

It seemed Mizuki thought the better of murdering a teenager in his living room, and dropped Naruto. The boy hit the ground hard, and gasped desperately for breath.

“Get out,” Mizuki said coldly.

That was all it took. Naruto was out the door that night. He wouldn’t be a burden on his foster father anymore; he would never give Mizuki another excuse to raise his hand to Iruka again.

“Anyway, I’m still teaching, but in the city so we can be closer to Kakashi’s office.”

“That’s so great Iruka.”

“Anyway, enough about me! How are you and Sasuke? Kakashi told me how nice your house is!”

“Yeah. We’re really good! He’s the managing partner at Uchiha LLC, the firm is doing really well.”

“That’s great. What about you?”

“What about me?”

“Yeah! What are you doing?”

Naruto had to think about that. “Well I don’t work porque I don’t really need to, you know? Sasuke takes good care of me. I have been painting a little more lately, so that’s nice.”

That was it. That was really all he had to say about himself. All he did was workout, socialize, and look pretty. Being a socialite was a fulltime job, but it wasn’t work he could be proud of.

“That’s nice he takes care of you. You were always such a hard worker! You deserve a break.”

Hard worker. Had he been a hard worker? He had worked two jobs when he moved in with Sasuke.

Naruto remembered how much he hated the work, he grumbled the whole time. But his hands had been calloused, and the sweat on his brow felt good. And no matter how small the wage he always left with hard earned money in his pocket.

But he didn’t have to work anymore. He was lucky. Lucky to have someone like Sasuke to take care of him.

Distractedly, Naruto had started playing with the Livestrong bands around his right wrist. He didn’t even know he was doing it until Iruka grabbed his hand, and pushed the bands up around his
Iruka gently traced the bruises and welts with his thumb.

“Oh yeah. Well Sasuke and I wanted to spice it up a little. Just some handcuffs, nothing you don’t know about huh, Mr. Dating a Cop?” Naruto tried to cover the fear in his voice.

Iruka looked up at him with profound sadness.

“Iruka, it was great to see you, but I gotta go.” Naruto got up, it was time to rejoin Ino and Sakura, the blast from the past was no longer fun.

“Hey Naruto,”

Naruto turned around to look at his former foster father.

“If you ever need anyone to talk to, I’m here, yeah?”

Naruto nodded.

“Don’t wait outside the station for too long.”

But the younger man was already out the door.

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Chapter End Notes

Ok, Kakashi saying "Iruka-Sensei" is very important to me and I will make up Iruka's whole profession to justify it.

Also Kakashi definitely likes country music. Fight me about it.

Ino and Sakura are the fabulous fair-weather friends I wish I had. They would probably edit my fanfiction for me (@ my irl friends).

Let me know if there's anything you'd like to see in later chapters! I have a good outline of the plot, but suggestions are always welcome.

Also lmk if you want to beta for me. We can be best friends and stuff. I'm pretty cool.

My tumblr is watashiwakaflocka but i change it like everyday. hmu!
Naughty Maids and Fire Alarms

Chapter Summary

Naruto and Sasuke celebrate their anniversary a little early.

Chapter Notes

smut!
And man if you thought writing a blowjob was hard, try a rimjob!
I tried to keep this chapter pretty light. I think an important part of the story is showing the good times they have together, and why it would be so hard for Naruto to leave.
I'm also going to add a flashback to high school so you can see how they fell in love in the first place. Also who doesn't love a highschool AU?
Hit me up with some suggestions for the story! Every writer loves Kudos and Comments <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Naruto put on the panties, admiring himself in the mirror. The black lace really did look nice. He put on the dress. It was so short Naruto could see the bottom of his butt poking out. It didn’t even come close to covering the stocking clips.

He tied the white headpiece on. It was a trite Sexy French Maid costume (exactly what it was called on the box), but the frilly white apron did look kind of cute. After their foray to the mall, Sakura and Ino dragged him to a tailor.

Getting the dumb dress fit cost more than the whole costume, but it was a big improvement. The bust of the dress no longer sagged around his chest, and the sleeves had been extended so as not to burst if he flexed even in the slightest.

And the outfit was complete. Ino had tried to get Naruto into heels but not even the costume store carried sizes large enough for his feet.

She consoled herself with, “Well, you know what they say about men with big feet,” and shot a wink at Naruto.

Technically, Sasuke and Naruto’s anniversary wasn’t until the next day. But they had dinner plans, and Naruto wanted a long night with his husband first.

Sasuke would be home from work any minute, so Naruto milled around the kitchen. He hadn’t cooked in a very long time, but when Sasuke was at school he had learned some of the man’s favorite meals. Tonight he was making pasta ziti. It was easy enough, and he would look damn cute doing some domestic chores in the costume.

He heard a key in the lock and turned to look at the entrance to the kitchen.
“Honey, we’re home!”

We? That was definitely not Sasuke. Fuck.

“Anyone home?” Suigetsu yelled.

Naruto grabbed for cover, the closest thing being an oven mitt he quickly covered his crotch with.

“Wow. For me?” Suigetsu smirked at the blonde man.

Naruto hunched over trying to protect his purity. He knew that Suigetsu was 100% straight, but it didn’t mean he wanted the man to see him practically naked. Or worse than naked.

Suigetsu was still coming closer, and Naruto was about to tell him to get the fuck out when someone else stole the words right out of his mouth.

“Suigetsu, GET THE FUCK OUT!” Sasuke roared.

The white haired man let out a terrified squeak and dashed out of the house, not even bothering to explain why he was there in the first place.

Sasuke walked into the kitchen.

Naruto could only imagine how he looked. The dress was slipping off one of his shoulders and his face was bright red from the encounter with his trainer.

Sasuke looked him up and down, a predatory glint in his eye. Time slowed down as the raven stalked towards him.

Sasuke ran his hands gently along the elastic of the stockings, brushing his finger just a little under the short skirt, then he snapped the straps connecting the stockings to the garter, surprising Naruto, who let out a small moan.

Sasuke’s eyes promised dirty things, and Naruto felt himself getting excited, the skirt beginning to tent a little.

Sasuke walked even closer to Naruto, pushing the man against the kitchen island.

“Welcome home, Master,” Naruto said in what he hoped was a sultry voice. He had practiced in the mirror for a half hour.

The raven brought his head down, Naruto closed his eyes, anticipating a kiss, instead Sasuke whispered against his lips,

“What are you wearing underneath?”

All of a sudden, Sasuke was lifting Naruto up by the hips, and dropping him onto the counter. Naruto sat at the edge of the island; Sasuke wedged himself in between the other man’s legs, flipped the skirt up, and let out a low groan.

He looked dirty as hell. His semi was pushing at the lace of the panties, pulling them even tighter.

Sasuke grabbed Naruto’s face and turned it to the side, licking the man’s ear and then blowing a hot breath before whispering,

“Here’s what I’m going to do to you. You’re going to get on your hands and knees on the counter,
and stick that perky ass at me. Then I’m going to eat you out until you cry, and you’re going to ride my dick in your pretty little dress until your thighs give out."

Naruto had begun to quake; the combination of Sasuke’s warm breath on his ear, and the dirty words his husband was spewing was enough to get him to full mast, his cock almost tearing a hole in the panties.

“And Naruto? Let’s keep the master thing going, okay?”

Sasuke gave him a quick kiss before flipping him.

The blonde got on his hands and knees. The kitchen island was the perfect height, so when Naruto shoved his ass in the air, it was right in Sasuke’s face.

Sasuke ran his hands up and down the back of Naruto’s thighs, pinching the lace of the stocking together.

Naruto expected Sasuke to pull the panties down, instead a ripping noise came from behind him, and his ass was exposed to cold air.

“These are staying on,” Sasuke said matter-of-factly, before putting one hand on each of Naruto’s cheeks and pulling them apart, giving him a great view of the pink hole.

The first swipe of Sasuke’s tongue took him by surprise, and he couldn’t hold back the small yelp that escaped.

Sasuke gave his hole another lick, flattening out his tongue to lick flat stripes from Naruto’s perineum to the waistband of the panties.

Then the raven got serious. He gripped Naruto’s cheeks tightly, his blunt nails digging into the tan skin, and spreading them apart, ripping the lace even further.

He teased the rim of Naruto’s hole with the tip of his tongue, tracing the circle lightly, before spearing it.

Sasuke tongue-fucked him fast, thrusting his tongue in and out of Naruto’s hole quickly. Naruto forgot how to breathe. He bit his fist, but there was nothing he could do to stop the moans from escaping.

Naruto felt Sasuke’s saliva dripping down his balls as the man wriggled in tongue inside his hole.

Sasuke alternated between fat licks to the outside and precise jabs that breached Naruto’s hole deeper than he thought possible.

Naruto’s elbows gave out, and he fell, his cheek and chest pressed against the counter. His laced covered knees also began to slide, but Sasuke caught them, widening his grip to encompass the blonde’s hips as well, and pulling him close enough that Naruto felt his husband’s nose press against his tailbone.

Sure, Naruto was moaning ridiculously loud, having give up on holding it in, but so far his husband hadn’t made good on the promise to make him cry.

Until the man worked a finger in with his tongue. Sasuke gripped Naruto’s left cheek tightly, while his right finger penetrated alternately with his tongue, leaving Naruto full at all times. Naruto was screaming, just a little pressure on his dick would have him coming like a racehorse. But, his hips
thrust at empty air. He didn’t think it could get any more torturous, but Sasuke extracted his finger and tongue, leaving Naruto clenching around nothing and feeling empty as hell.

But he wasn’t empty for long. Sasuke pressed the tips of both thumbs past Naruto’s rim and pulled, spreading his hole wide. Wide enough that Sasuke could fit his whole tongue inside. He held Naruto open as he thrust his tongue in and out at it’s full length.

That’s when the tears started. Naruto was crying and hiccupping.

“Please Sasuke!” He begged, needing any sort of friction on his dick. Sasuke withdrew his tongue but kept his thumbs inside the other man.

“Please who?”

Naruto could barely think, but he knew what Sasuke wanted.

“Please Master!” Naruto yelled, almost incoherently. He was dripping precum through the panties, and he needed something, anything.

“Good,” Sasuke replied. He let Naruto’s hips go and the man landed flat on top of the counter, unsure if he would be able to move, but Sasuke flipped him so he was on his back and put Naruto’s legs over his shoulders.

He shoved two fingers in Naruto’s spit slick hole, and began to finger fuck the man without mercy.

“Master, please!” Naruto cried, tears mixing with drool and running down the sides of his face.

“Since you asked so nicely,” Sasuke pulled the panties down around the base of Naruto’s dick and grabbed it with his right hand; his left fingers still pistoning in and out of his husband. It only took three strokes before Naruto was coming.

He felt tears stream down his face and he screamed. His cum shot out in thick ribbons, landing all over the costume, reaching almost to his chest.

Sasuke waited until Naruto could breathe again, the man panting loudly, his chest rising and falling heavily, before running his fingers through the cum on the costume, and bringing them to Naruto’s mouth.

The blonde licked his own cum off his husband’s fingers, then sucked. Hard.

Now it was Sasuke’s turn to moan. He hooked his arms under Naruto’s armpits and helped the shorter man off the counter. Naruto wasn’t sure he could walk but Sasuke didn’t really give him a choice, grabbing one of his arms and walking him briskly down the hall.

Naruto was confused, shouldn’t they be headed up stairs to the bedroom?

“Where are we going?”

When Sasuke didn’t answer Naruto tried again.

“Where are we going, Master?”

“Living room.”

Sasuke let his arm go and sat down on the couch.
“Well?” Sasuke asked impatiently, spreading his legs.

Oh fuck. On the couch?

Naruto needed a second to take in how Sasuke looked right now. The man was still wearing a suit, though he had shed the jacket, loosened the tie, and rolled his sleeves up. His raven hair was a little mussed and he looked flustered. His erection was pressing against the fly of his slacks and Naruto licked his lips, then made his way to the couch.

Sasuke may look hot as hell, but Naruto was the one wearing the lingerie and he could play that game as well.

He kneeled on the carpet between Sasuke’s knees and looked up at the man with big blue eyes full of fake innocence.

“How can I help you? Master?”

Naruto tried not to smile when Sasuke’s breath hitched.

Naruto began undoing Sasuke’s fly, glad that the man had foregone a belt today. He pulled the boxer briefs down just enough to free the man’s erection.

Naruto leaned in to lick the head, but a hand twisted into his hair and yanked his head back.

Naruto was confused; did Sasuke not want a blowjob?

But then the dark haired man patted his lap, telling Naruto with no words exactly what he wanted.

“Leave the dress on,” Sasuke demanded and Naruto straddled him, putting his knees on the couch next to his husband’s thighs.

Sasuke licked his fingers, and then reached under the dress to find the rip in Naruto’s underwear. The blonde’s hole was still stretched and slick from the rimjob so Sasuke fit two fingers in easily, and worked in a third one before he deemed Naruto prepared.

At this point Naruto’s erection had started returning, twitching hard when Sasuke pressed a finger against his prostate.

Sasuke leaned back into the cushions of the couch and folded his arms behind his head. Looks like Naruto would have to do the work here.

He grabbed the base of Sasuke’s cock and lowered himself onto it slowly. When he was fully seated on Sasuke’s lap he brought himself up again, coming down quicker this time. He put his hands on Sasuke’s broad shoulders to help get leverage.

“I want to see.”

Sasuke unclasped his hands from behind his head and lifted up the skirt, exposing Naruto. The panties were only covering his balls at this point, his erection having freed itself long ago, but the straps from the stockings kept them in place.

“Bite,” Sasuke commanded, pulling the skirt up to Naruto’s mouth.

Naruto bit the hem of the skirt, holding it up to bare everything to his husband.

Sasuke twitched inside of him, but kept his passive face, peering, with what looked like scientific
observation, at where his dick was disappearing into Naruto.

More than anything Naruto wanted to take his husband apart, make him unravel, paint those aristocratic cheekbones red and leave him panting for breath.

So he picked up the pace. He practically bounced on Sasuke’s cock, straining his thigh muscles and pushing down hard on Sasuke’s shoulders. His dick was trapped between their bodies, slapping against the garter belt with every drop up his hips.

Sasuke was having a harder time hiding his arousal now. Naruto could see it was taking a lot of effort for his husband to stay still, and the man had started breathing heavily.

Naruto dropped himself onto Sasuke’s lap one more time, then stopped. He swiveled his hips a little, feeling Sasuke brush up against his walls.

Apparently that was all it took.

In a moment Sasuke was gripping Naruto’s hips hard enough to bruise and with all of his arm strength, picking Naruto up, so only the tip was inside, and dropping him back down.

Naruto opened his mouth to let out a long moan, and dropped the skirt. Sasuke didn’t even seem to notice.

He was holding Naruto still and thrusting into him at a brutal pace, each jab hitting Naruto right in the prostate.

“Touch yourself.”

Naruto complied, shoving a hand under his skirt to fist his dick. He was almost there, and so was Sasuke by the sound of it. Naruto was cresting, right at the peak and he stuttered out,

“Maa-aa-ster!”

That did it for Sasuke, he dropped Naruto straight onto his lap and they came together. Naruto came all over the inside of the dress, and Sasuke worked through his orgasm with a few more little thrusts.

They both took a minute. Naruto rested his head on Sasuke’s shoulder and listened to the man’s heart beat erratically.

Sasuke pulled Naruto’s head closer to his chest,

“You hear that? That beats for you.”

Naruto listened for a few beats, but couldn’t hold in his laughter.

“Oh my god that’s so corny!” He threw his head back. Sasuke rolled to the side, dropping Naruto on the couch, so he was lying on his back, then straddled his husband’s hips.

“I was trying to be romantic!” Sasuke looked down at him with dark eyes.

Uh oh. Naruto knew that look, and the first jab to his side came as no surprise.

Naruto wasn’t sure when Sasuke found out how extremely ticklish he was, but he hadn’t taken advantage of the knowledge in years.

The raven hiked up the basically ruined skirt, and ran his fingers quickly up and down Naruto’s
Naruto squirmed trying to get away, but Sasuke had him pinned.

There was only one solution. To fight back. He grabbed behind him for a decorative pillow, and brought it up with all his might, slapping his husband on the side of the head.

Sasuke stopped the onslaught, surprised at the sudden attack. But came back even stronger, doubling his efforts. The pillow fell out of Naruto’s hand and he kicked his legs uselessly.

His loud laughter pealed around the room, and eventually, when tears began to fall, Sasuke stopped. He sat back down on the couch, and put Naruto’s legs over his lap.

“The stockings are a nice touch.”

Naruto looked at his legs and laughed. The stockings were destroyed, ripped at the knees from sliding on the counter and runs in the shins from friction against the couch.

“Guess I’ll need to buy a new pair.”

Sasuke unclipped the straps attached to the garter belt, and began to roll them off Naruto’s legs slowly.

“Holy fuck,” his husband exclaimed, “did you shave your legs?”

Naruto laughed sheepishly, “Yeah, I didn’t think you’d want me to leave them on for so long.”

Sasuke pulled the stockings all the way off and threw them to the side, then ran his hands up and down Naruto’s smooth legs.

Naruto enjoyed the touch, until it started getting a little too high on the inside of his thighs.

“Sasukeee,” he whined, “There’s now way I can go another round right now.”

“Alright, alright,” The raven replied.

He lifted Naruto’s legs off the couch and got up. Naruto pouted at being forced out of his comfortable position, but Sasuke offered him a hand and yanked him off the couch, then crouched down, jamming his shoulder in Naruto’s midsection and wrapping an arm around his ass, lifting his husband like he weighed nothing, into a fireman’s carry, and made his way towards the stairs.

Naruto couldn’t stop laughing at the picture they probably made. Him bent over Sasuke’s completely clothed shoulder, maid skirt flipped all the way up to his head and his ass exposed to the cold air thanks to the large rip in his panties, and he was sure Sasuke’s cum was dripping slowly out of him, onto the black lace.

Naruto laughed the whole way up the stairs and Sasuke threw him onto the bed, then leaned down swallowed Naruto’s laughter, kissing his husband slow and deep. When they finally broke apart, the need for a hot shower hit Naruto, and Sasuke seemed to understand.

“As loathed as I am to say it, let’s get you out of that dress.”

Just as Sasuke finished pulling the dress over his head, a shrill beeping noise came from downstairs. The fire alarm.
“Shit the pasta ziti!” Naruto yelled. Sasuke sighed and walked out of the room.

“Worst. Maid. Ever.” Sasuke called over his shoulder as he walked down the stairs.

Naruto could do nothing but giggle.

Chapter End Notes

Love you mom!
Chapter Summary

Flashbacks galore! Why Sasuke and Naruto's marriage couldn't possibly be irreparable.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I hope you're enjoying the story! Thanks for the kudos! I would also love some comments, just so I could get some feeling for what you guys are liking, or what you want me to change.

This chapter took me a little while to write. Itachi is one of my favorite characters, and is so complex. I wanted to keep the complexity, while trying to fit him seamlessly into the story.

Hope this chapter starts to help you understand how things ended up this way.

The weekend had been amazing. Sasuke had put work on hold and spent the whole weekend with Naruto. The raven let his husband drag him to gallery after gallery and even went to the art supply store with him to buy canvases for his studio. They went out to dinner and Naruto ordered whatever he wanted. They celebrated their anniversary in every room of the house, including the garage.

Naruto was covered in bruises, and for once he didn’t feel the need to cover them up. Hickeys were childish, he knew, but for some reason the weekend felt like a spark to the marriage, proof that the fire between them was still burning strong, and the bite marks all over his body proved it was real.

But eventually it had to end. Sasuke went back to work on Monday after waking up to Naruto sucking on his morning wood.

Naruto decided to take the day in his studio. Lately he had just been exercising at home and Suigetsu didn’t mind, maybe he still needed some time after his encounter with Naruto’s private parts.

This weekend had lifted Naruto’s art block. He decided to leave his fruit painting unfinished. It wasn’t right to continue, and the half painted still life reminded him of where he learned to hold a brush correctly, and where he was praised for a talent that was drawn out of him by Kurenai, and he didn’t want to remember the classes he could no longer attend.

But it was true he had outgrown the classes at the college, and it was time for him to come up with inspiration on his own.

And he knew exactly what he wanted to paint.

Naruto dug around in the storage room all morning, passing over dozens of Sasuke’s boxes full of files. They were all labeled very precisely, with a company name, a case number, and the invoices of
Naruto couldn’t believe his luck. As he pulled a box out from the mountain pile, he pulled a random box out of the pile to look at what Sasuke was working on.

“HYUUGA

Case No. 14-001-5680

Inv: Charge to District Attorney’s Office”

Was printed on the box in big block letters.

Naruto’s interest peaked. What could Sasuke be working on for the Hyuuga Corporation that involved the DA’s office? He opened the box and pulled out one of the hundreds of manila folders inside, it was just a list of expenses and notes, nothing interesting. Naruto gave up trying to understand the legal jargon and put the box back.

After nearly an hour of looking, he finally found the cardboard boxes he was searching for. They were nearly falling apart, their age showed in rounded edges, and where they had been duct taped over and over.

He dug through the one labeled

_Naruto_

It was pretty much all he owned when they moved into the house. They bought all new furniture, even though they had a gorgeous antique set at the apartment, because Sasuke didn’t want to be reminded of the apartment he had grown up in in the slightest.

All he had kept was his father’s liquor cabinet. The only piece that made it in the move, besides this one box.

Naruto and Sasuke had plenty of pictures. Framed ones taken out of newspaper articles, professionally taken ones on various vacations, and their wedding photos, of course. But the photos Naruto was looking for weren’t polished or posed like the others.

They were candid, in an album that was bright pink and said, “It’s a Girl!” on it because the baby albums had been on sale at the craft store.

Naruto hadn’t felt nostalgic for the pictures in ages. He used to look at them all the time when Sasuke was at work and he felt lonely, but now thinking about the simple times they reflected seemed to hurt him instead of keep him warm.

But Naruto needed the reminder the pictures gave. He now had proof their marriage could be fixed, and he needed it to be back to what it used to be.

He found the album towards the middle of the box, underneath some old art supplies.

The first picture in it was a picture he knew well. It signified the start of his new life.

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Naruto had found an old Polaroid camera in the spare room that was to be his bedroom. He wanted to know if it still worked.

Itachi and Sasuke were bickering in the kitchen, and Naruto whistled sharply to get their attention. Both brothers turned their heads, ready to snap at Naruto for getting involved, but he took the picture too quickly for them to react. The grey Polaroid came out of the slot in the bottom, and
Naruto shook it quickly, waiting for it to develop. When he saw the picture, he laughed.

Itachi’s head had whipped so fast towards Naruto that his ponytail was still in motion and was a black blur around his head. Sasuke had been in the middle of yelling at Itachi, so his mouth was open and brows furrowed. The two pristine brothers, always so beautiful and cold, looked fucking ridiculous. Naruto had captured them in a moment of mortality, and it made him want to laugh so hard he cried.

Sasuke stared at Naruto like he had gone crazy, but Itachi held out his hand, wanting to see what had made the blonde go into hysterics. Naruto gave Itachi the picture, and Sasuke looked over his brother’s shoulder, wanting to see as well. Itachi started to chuckle, and looked genuinely surprised at the laughter coming out of his mouth. Sasuke looked up at his brother in shock, and started to laugh too.

Before either of them could put their cold demeanors back on, Naruto took another picture.

The first page of the album had the two Polaroids side by side. The header on the page said “Just Born!” which Sasuke had found amusing, but that Naruto found surprisingly fitting for the two pictures. It felt like a birth, the first day he was a part of a family.

The next picture was taken a year later.

The first present Naruto ever got from Sasuke was a DSLR camera. He had used the yearbook club’s camera, but had always wanted his own. So the Christmas their senior year of high school, there had been a Nikon for him under the tree.

The photo he was searching for had been the first thing Naruto had taken on the camera. It was December 26th, 2002 at 10 am, and Sasuke was tangled up in the sheets in their queen-sized bed. They had finally convinced Itachi to let them share a room (considering Sasuke just snuck into Naruto’s every night anyway).

Naruto woke up to sunlight filtering through the sheer curtains on their window. Sasuke was turned towards him, shirtless, tangled up in their white sheets, sleeping soundly.

As quietly as he could, Naruto went to get the camera he had spent all night setting up. Sasuke’s eyes were closed and his black hair fanned out around him, no longer in spikes, but more of a dark halo. The lines that usually marked his face were gone, no smirk or sneer or scowl in place. His lips were slightly parted, and his chest rose and fell steadily.

Naruto took off the lens cap and put it on an auto setting (he had yet to figure out the more complicated features on the camera). He shifted closer, and a floorboard creaked under him.

Sasuke’s eyes opened slowly, and he looked straight at the camera right as Naruto snapped a picture.

“Dobe!” Sasuke sat up, “What are you doing taking pictures of me sleeping! You’re so creepy!”

“But Sasuke,” Naruto giggled, “You looked so pretty!”
Sasuke made a grab for the camera, but got stuck in the sheets and Naruto ran away, laughing maniacally.

Naruto rushed into the living room and put the camera away, hiding it behind a chair.

Sasuke came into the room, but had apparently given up. He sent a sleepy scowl Naruto’s way and walked to the fridge, still wearing nothing but his pajama pants.

The next day, when stores opened again, Naruto went to the closest drug store and had the photo developed. He put it in a journal, and vowed to keep it forever.

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The picture was just as beautiful as he remembered. 18-year-old Sasuke’s flawless, pale skin almost the same color as the white sheets that covered the bottom half of his body. His eyes were just opening, squinting a little at the light, but the dark gaze was directed right at the camera, and his pink lips were still slightly parted.

The photo showed its age. It was a little torn in one corner, and some of the color had faded. However, its only real imperfection was a smudge of red going horizontally along the bottom of the picture. It stuck out against the white of the sheets, and drew the attention away from the deep black stare.

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It was another bad fight. Sasuke had been on edge since he came home from work, nothing he would be willing to talk about of course, and Naruto had broken a plate while putting the dishes away.

It wasn’t a special plate or anything, there was no value, but it was just enough for Sasuke to snap. Sasuke screamed, and Naruto didn’t know any better back then so he screamed back.

They hurled insults and annoyances that had been building up for months, since their last fight. It ended quickly when Naruto gave Sasuke a small shove, and in retaliation, Sasuke gave him a right hook to the nose.

It wasn’t the first time, but it didn’t usually take so little to set his husband off. Naruto sprinted down the hallway and locked himself in the storage closet. Sasuke came after him and knocked on the door, whispering small apologies.

Naruto curled himself up in a ball and waited for Sasuke to go away. What did it take to set his husband off now? Naruto was afraid of Sasuke; afraid of the man he loved.

He heard his husband walk down the hallway, leaving only dark silence. Naruto flipped the light switch, and opened the box near his feet. There was the pink photo album.

He turned to the page with his favorite picture on it, and removed it from the plastic covering. The gaze young Sasuke sent at the camera was so full of peace compared to the constant anger his husband’s eyes reflected now.

The picture began to blur as tears formed in Naruto’s eyes, but suddenly a drop of red was adorning the white on the photo. Naruto reach a hand up to wipe his nose, it came back bloody.

For some reason it was very important to the Naruto that the picture not have any imperfections, and he rubbed at it with his t-shirt, but only succeeded in smearing the blood across the bottom.
That’s when the tears began to fall. Even his perfect memories were being tarnished by what he and Sasuke had become.

It would be easy enough to ignore the stain, and paint what he remembered being underneath it. This painting would perfectly capture the feelings that he shared with his husband, the feelings they had shared for almost a decade.

Naruto decided to look through the album a little more, for reference, and flipped to a random page towards the end, then immediately regretted it.

“Baby’s First Birthday!” Was printed at the top in the same glittery cursive that decorated the book. The picture on the page put a lump in his throat.

If the first two pictures were the day his family was complete, this picture was the day his family broke, and the day a deep-seated rage filled his husband.

It was Sasuke’s graduation. The picture was taken on a nice camera with a steady hand, and was much better quality than the earlier ones in the album, except for the finger that was just barely visible in the top left corner. Shisui had never been very good at taking pictures, even when Naruto set the whole thing up and just asked the man to press the button.

Sasuke was centered in the picture, wearing his crimson and black robe, a freshly printed diploma from Harvard Law held up in his left hand. He was holding Naruto’s hand in his right, Naruto’s engagement band visible through the loose grip.

On his other side stood Itachi. The taller Uchiha and an arm slung over Sasuke’s shoulder, and was in the middle of mussing up the perfectly spiked black hair, which seemed to annoy the younger man.

Sasuke’s face had a small scowl, and his arms would have been crossed if his hands weren’t full, but Naruto could see a smile in his eyes. Itachi had a big smirk on his face, as if he knew he was annoying his brother, and Naruto’s head was thrown back, laughing loudly at something Shisui had said.

That was the last picture of the three of them in the album. It was the last picture of the three of them ever taken.

“I have something to give you, Sasuke.”

Itachi handed his younger brother a small box with a bow on top.

Sasuke took off the lid. Inside was just a plain silver key.

“A key to the office?” The younger man asked, “I already have one.”

“This is the master key Sasuke. Dad gave it to me and I’m giving it to you.”

Naruto saw the confusion on Sasuke’s face.

“Don’t you need the master?”

Itachi turned towards Naruto,
“Naruto, could you leave us for a minute?”

“Sure Itachi.”

Naruto sent a worried look at his husband who was staring at the key. He left the study and Itachi shut the thick oak door behind him. Naruto wandered into the kitchen where Shisui was making coffee.

“Are they talking?” Shisui asked.

“Yeah.”

“Do you want to know what they are talking about?”

“Is it my business?” Naruto didn’t want to intrude. Even though Itachi and Sasuke called him family, he didn’t have the blood ties they did, or the shared childhood. Itachi had practically raised Sasuke after their parents died.

“More or less,” Shisui shrugged.

Did he want to know? If it was something he had to help Sasuke with, he would need the details.

Shisui saw the resolve on his face.

“Itachi is making Sasuke the managing partner of Uchiha LLC.”

Naruto was shocked. Itachi put his blood and sweat into the firm, restoring its grandeur after his father’s death, why would he give that up?

“He’s leaving, Naruto.”

“What do you mean, leaving? Leaving the firm?”

“No. Me and him. We’re leaving Boston. We won’t be coming back.”

Naruto couldn’t breathe. Itachi and Shisui were the only family Sasuke had left. How could they be leaving?

“I need you not to look for us,” Shisui continued.

“Why?! Why are you leaving?!” Naruto yelled.

“That’s not my story to tell. Itachi is explaining it to Sasuke right now, and Sasuke may decide to tell you the reasons, or he may not. But this is going to be a hard time for him, and I need you to help him no matter what.”

“Of course. Of course I’ll help him, but you’re all he has left! How can you abandon him like this?”

“No he has you Naruto. That will always be enough.”

Shisui continued making the coffee in silence. He handed Naruto a cup, but the blonde didn’t drink it. He just stared at his reflection in the brown liquid and wondered if he was cursed to never have a complete family.

Naruto doubted he could be enough for Sasuke. Sasuke had been lonely, but he’d never been completely alone. The man was strong, but Naruto was stronger, and the crushing loneliness would
have broken him, had almost broken him. And although he was in the heated kitchen, he felt cold snow falling on his shoulders, the same snow that had fallen when he had sat on the curb outside his foster home, a young man with nowhere to go, ready to let the ice and wind put him to sleep.

It was almost a half hour later when Itachi came into the kitchen. Naruto stood up, he had so many questions to ask, but Itachi pulled him into a hug. The man almost never initiated contact, and something in the way Itachi smoothed circles into his back told him this was goodbye.

“Take care of him,” Itachi whispered into Naruto’s ear. Naruto choked back tears,

“Always.”

When Itachi let go, Naruto’s body went limp, as if the taller man was all that had been keeping him standing. Then without another word Itachi and Shisui walked out the front door.

Naruto stood there, staring at the door for what could have been hours or seconds.

All of a sudden, Naruto felt a sharp pain in his gut. He needed Sasuke, or more likely Sasuke needed him.

Naruto opened the door to the study. Sasuke was sitting in the office chair behind the large desk. Staring blankly ahead. His dark eyes were rimmed with red and it was obvious he had not moved in a long time. He didn’t even blink when Naruto entered, showed no sign of recognition.

Naruto sunk into one of the armchairs on the side of the room. They both sat there for a very long time. Saying nothing, barely breathing.

One week later, they had moved out of the apartment. The place they had called home for years.

One week later, Sasuke was named managing partner of Uchiha LLC by the board.

One week later, Sasuke hit Naruto for the first time.

One week later, Naruto forgave Sasuke, because he missed Itachi too.

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Naruto pushed the memories out of his head. There had been too much remembering, first Iruka, now this. It was not what Naruto needed right now. What he needed was the picture on the second page. The idealistic picture of their relationship, taken through a rose-tinted lens. Naruto needed the memories that would fix them, not the ones that had broken them.

He took the photo out of the sleeve and brought it into the studio, placed it gently on the easel, then began to draw.

Chapter End Notes

Some pretty heavy shit. I have basically the whole plot worked out, but if you have any suggestions, or things you want to see let me know!
Plan on this fic being quite a bit longer, cause it's all just starting to kick off!

Also please leave some comments, I love hearing what you guys are thinking! It makes my day.
The Hyuuga Hierarchy and Their Tea

Chapter Summary

Naruto has another weird encounter with the Hyuuga family.

Chapter Notes

Here I am, casually setting the stage. Love your Kudos! If you would comment that would be dope, I love to hear what you guys are thinking.

Also my new tumblr URL is trapquinn if you wanna talk there.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Karin came back perfectly healthy, like the weird robot person she was (Naruto was surprised she could even get sick in the first place), and the schedule started again.

Naruto hadn’t really seen Sasuke in over a week. It had been snowing too hard for there to be any events because the roads were frequently closed, so they hadn’t been out in a while.

Naruto often went to bed before Sasuke came home, and woke up after he left. Sometimes there wasn’t even a dent in the bed beside him, and Naruto wasn’t sure his husband had come home at all.

He tried to think nothing of it. Sasuke was probably very busy, and they had gone longer without seeing each other.

Because he didn’t have to socialize all week, he had plenty of free time in the studio. The less he saw his husband, the more time he spent with the Sasuke in the photo. The sketching was almost finished.

After a week without even a text conversation, the cold crush of loneliness started to fill the large house. Naruto warmed it back up with liquor. He put himself to sleep in the cold bed, with only the spins as company.

Then when the dreams started, he opened the medicine cabinet.

Every day he didn’t see Sasuke was another day he spent in the studio, painting his marriage white.

Finally, after a week and half of going stir crazy, the weather let up.

“Roads are open, you have a meeting with Mr. Hyuuga.” Karin’s shrill voice called from outside the bathroom.

Naruto had just gotten out of the shower; he hadn’t even heard the woman come in. Not that she would ever announce herself anyway.

Naruto wasn’t very interested in the AIDS walk, but he was excited to get out of the house in any capacity. He was also curious to know what Neji thought about his logo.
He got ready and they got in the car, destination: Hyuuga Tower.

Naruto read the sign to the building as they pulled into the parking lot, and suddenly remembered the box he had found in storage.

“Karin?” The woman didn’t reply but she was listening, “I saw some files Sasuke had about the Hyuuga Corporation. Are they in legal trouble?”

“Big companies are always in legal trouble, and Mr. Uchiha happens to be a corporate lawyer. I wouldn’t read into it,” Karin paused, “And don’t bring it up with Mr. Hyuuga!” She added.

Naruto consented. He didn’t really want to bother Neji with legal stuff anyway. The man probably had enough on his plate.

Again, Neji himself was waiting for them in the lobby.

“Why is he always here?” Karin muttered under her breath.

Naruto wasn’t sure what about the man rubbed her the wrong way, but it didn’t take much to rub Karin the wrong way so he ignored her comment.

“Naruto,” Neji held out his hand.

“Neji,” Naruto replied, taking it and giving the man a firm handshake, he moved to let go, but Neji held his hand for a bit too long.

Karin cleared her throat, “Thank you for meeting with us personally Mr. Hyuuga.”

“Of course. I wanted to talk to Naruto about his logo, and just confirm some details. Philanthropy is very important to Hyuuga Corporation.”

Neji was talking to Karin, but still keeping eye contact with Naruto.

The pale purple gaze trapped him, almost daring him to look away first. Suddenly Neji was walking towards the elevator, and Karin was following.

Naruto almost tripped on his own feet trying to keep up.

They went to the same conference room as last time. Neji had a projector setup, projecting the words ‘AIDS Walk’ onto the wall.

“I wanted to have the meeting in my office, but I’m afraid it’s a mess of papers right now.”

“This is fine,” Naruto assured the man.

“Yes, but I would prefer something more… intimate.”

Ok that was definitely flirting. Neji knew he was married right? He looked at Karin for help, but she avoided his gaze and started typing away on her phone instead.

Naruto was thinking of how he could possibly reply to that, when Neji picked up the projector remote.

Naruto’s breath caught in his throat. The entire wall was filled up with the logo he designed.

It looked like someone had smoothed out the edges a little, and the font was different, but his art
remained untouched.

“My graphic designers loved it, so you’re looking at the new logo of the 2015 Boston AIDS Walk.”

Naruto couldn’t hide his wide smile, “They really liked it? Oh I’m so glad! Thank you Neji!”

Neji sent him a small smile.

Then he and Karin got to the real work, again leaving Naruto to just stare at his design displayed on the wall. His art had been recognized by an actual company. He had branded something! Maybe his dumb hobby wasn’t so dumb after all…

Whatever Neji and Karin were talking about didn’t seem to take very long. They had decided on a date sometime in April, and were working on a list of guest speakers.

Karin was already waiting for the elevator when Naruto got out of his seat.

“Thank you for having us Neji. And thank you for using my design.”

“Of course. Your talent should not go to waste. I’ll bring you both down to the lobby.”

To Naruto’s surprise Neji put a hand on his lower back and steered him to the elevator. And also to Naruto’s surprise the touch wasn’t completely unwelcome like it would be with Sai.

When they got to the elevator, Neji removed his hand and Naruto almost missed the warmth he could feel through his shirt.

They descended and when the doors opened, and Karin’s phone began to ring. She made a quick break for the lobby and answered it.

“Naruto? Are you still doing the art classes? I’d love to join you for another one. I had so much fun last time.”

Naruto’s heart sank a little. “No, I’m not doing them anymore.”

“Can I ask why?” Neji asked.

“Well they were taking away too much time with my husband. Sasuke has a very limited schedule, and he needed me to be home,” Naruto cringed at how controlling that made his husband sound, “Also I had grown out of the classes, so it made sense to quit and start working on my own,” Naruto quickly followed, trying to cover up his negative words.

Neji sent a small smile at Naruto. “Just don’t let that talent of yours go to waste.”

Naruto smiled brightly at the other man, just as Karin returned from her phone call.

“Please excuse us Mr. Hyuuga, I’m afraid we have another engagement to get to.”

“Of course. Mr. Uzumaki must be a very busy man. I’m sure we’ll see each other soon enough.”

Naruto wasn’t sure why that made him blush. He looked back over his shoulder as Karin steered him out the door, just in time to catch Neji staring at his ass.

The man really did have no fear.

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They got back in the car, but Juugo missed to turn to their street.

“Karin, where are we going?”

Naruto had thought Karin was just making up an excuse to leave the Hyuuga building.

“Ms. Haruno called, you’re having lunch at her house.”

“Who’s going to be there?”

“As far as I know, just Ms. Haruno and Ms. Yamanaka.”

It had been a while since Naruto had seen anyone, and he was craving human contact enough that even lunch with the real housewives of Boston seemed appealing.

“We’ll drop you off, I have some errands to run so text me when it’s over,” Karin continued.

The gate opened for them as they arrived at Sakura’s house.

The pulled up in the roundabout next to Ino’s gold Audi, and a silver Mercedes Naruto didn’t recognize. It could have been Lee’s car, but he doubted the man would drive something so inconspicuous.

Juugo opened the door for him and he stepped out.

“Behave!” Karin called out as he made his way to the front door and rang the bell.

The door opened and all he saw was a flash of pink before he was being pulled into a crushing hug.

“Naruto! Where have you been?”

“Hey Sakura,” Naruto laughed.

She led him into the living room where Ino was sitting on a couch talking to a dark haired girl.

They both looked up as he entered, and the girl’s eyes took Naruto aback. A light purple, just like Neji’s.

Hinata Hyuuga. Neji’s cousin. Naruto’s brain provided, in a voice that sounded suspiciously like Karin’s.

“Hey Ino, Hinata,” Naruto nodded at them.

Hinata’s eyes widened. She seemed surprised Naruto remembered her name.

“Naruto you know Hinata?” Ino asked.

“Yeah, we’ve met at various events, but it’s been awhile.”

“Yes, well I haven’t been to one recently,” Hinata said quietly.

“Well I saw her at the mall and I invited her over.”

Naruto sat down on the couch across from them. Sakura came out of the kitchen holding a tray full of espresso cups.

“Fresh from your house warming present Naruto!” Sakura exclaimed.
That’s right. Karin had bought Sakura an espresso machine from Sasuke and him.

“I’m glad you like it.”

When they all had their coffee, Sakura settled into the chair sat perpendicular to the couches.

“Why haven’t you been to any events recently Hinata? I used to see you all the time.”

Hinata blushed a deep red, “Well… my boyfriend doesn’t like them very much.”

_Uh oh, _Naruto thought.

“Boyfriend?!” Sakura and Ino both yelled at the same time. The leaned uncomfortably close to the girl,

“Tell me everything!”

“What’s his name?”

“Do I know him?”

“What does he do?”

Came the rapid-fire obligatory bourgeois questions.

“Well, I doubt you know him,” Hinata practically whispered.

Ino scoffed, “I know everyone. What’s his last name?”

“Inuzuka.”

Ino stroked her chin ponderously. “Okay you’re right I don’t know the Inuzuka family. What does he do?”

“Well… he’s a cop.”

Sakura and Ino both looked puzzled, as though they had never heard the word before.

“A cop? Like police officer?” Sakura asked.

“Yeah.”

“Wow.”

Naruto could practically see Ino holding in a comment about ‘slumming it’ or something equally rude.

“Is it serious?” Naruto asked, trying to prevent Sakura and Ino from doing any more damage.

“Well, we are living together.”

Ino jumped back in, “That’s great! Apartment or house?”

“Apartment,” Hinata murmured.

“What building?” Sakura asked.
Hinata looked to the side. “Well, it doesn’t really have a name. It’s not around here, it’s closer to where he works, by the police station.”

Ino and Sakura had no idea where the police station was.

“It must be nice if you moved out of the Hyuuga manor for it.”

Hinata shifted, getting more uncomfortable by the second.

“Well I more got kicked out than moved out…”

Ino and Sakura’s interest hit an all time high, and suddenly, although he tried not to show it, Naruto was fascinated as well.

Hinata took their silence as a sign to continue.

“Well… I was walking to my car one day and a man snatched my purse. Kiba was off duty, but chased him down and got it back. I offered to pay him but he told me he was a cop, and asked for my number instead. We started talking, and then dating.

“But Kiba isn’t exactly what Daddy had in mind for me. He’s not an heir to anything and doesn’t own a company, but he can provide for us, which is what I tried to tell my father. He got angry and forbid me from seeing him, so I started sneaking out.”

“Oh you naughty girl!” Sakura exclaimed.

“Shut up!” Ino slapped her arm.

“One night I snuck out, and Kiba had come to pick me up, but I wasn’t careful and security caught me and then him. Daddy was furious and threatened to press charges. I said I would never forgive him, and he asked me to choose between living with the family and dating Kiba.

“I was so mad that he was going to make me choose that I chose Kiba and got kicked out that night. Then I moved in with him and we’ve been living together for around 4 months.

“The only person who still talks to me is Cousin Neji.”

Naruto’s fondness for the man almost doubled.

“Well he is CEO, so that’s all that really matters,” Sakura mused. She could never understand what losing family meant.

“Anyway, enough about me.” Hinata seemed to be at her limit of talking about herself, but Ino wasn’t ready to let it go.

“Oh you guys must be in the honeymoon stage. I remember that! Sai couldn’t keep his hands off me!”

Naruto sighed. He wished he could go back to when his and Sasuke’s relationship was still new and exciting. They were rarely apart.

“What was that sigh Mr. Grumpy pants? Trouble in paradise?”

Naruto didn’t see the point in lying, “I haven’t seen Sasuke in weeks,” He whined uncharacteristically.
He rarely said anything negative about his marriage for fear of opening a can of worms he really did not want Ino and Sakura near.

So Ino jumped on the chance.

“It’s about time you guys show some mortality!”

“What are you talking about?” Naruto asked.

“Oh, I’m sick and tired of hearing about how perfect your marriage is. Look at you, it’s obvious you haven’t had sex in at least week.”

How did she know that?

“Is it time?” Sakura asked Ino.

“Oh, it’s definitely time. Way overdue if you ask me.”

“Time for what?” Naruto asked.

“Time to tell you how wealthy marriages really work,” Sakura replied.

“See, you have to understand we aren’t all as lucky as you, finding our soul-mate early and all of that. If you met Sasuke now, he’d be married to some socially acceptable girl or guy who was boring as hell, but connected.

So what do you do when you’re getting married to someone ‘appropriate’ who hasn’t been able to make you cum in months?”

It seemed like a hypothetical, but Ino paused for Naruto to answer.

“Talk it out?” He guessed.

“Fuck no!” Sakura yelled, “You cheat, Naruto!”

“Cheat?”

“Yes! They all do it to. Husbands or fiancees or boyfriends whatever are absolute dogs after you have a ring on your finger and your father’s approval.”

Ino nodded.

“You’re cheating on Sai?” Naruto asked, genuinely surprised. Of course they bickered but he never imagined infidelity.

“Yeah, well, he started it,” Ino said defensively.

“She’s sleeping with Shikamaru,” Sakura provided matter-of-factly.

“Shikamaru?” Naruto vaguely recognized the name.

“Shikamaru Nara.” Sakura finished.

“Oh my god, the guy your dad was going to hire?”

“Yep,” Ino replied.
“Isn’t he like your good family friend?” Naruto asked.

“Oh yeah totally, we basically grew up together. But we always fought. Our dads wanted us to get married but I totally rejected the idea.

“Sai was a good alternative and Daddy approved. But then I found out Sai was cheating, and one day Shikamaru was at the house and we had a little to drink, and all of a sudden all of that bickering and rage turned into super steamy hate sex.”

“Sai is cheating on you?” The hits just kept coming.

“Oh yeah. Big time. I’m surprised he hasn’t approached you, probably too afraid of Sasuke.”

“He’s bisexual?” Naruto had always thought Sai was just teasing him, not that the man was genuinely attracted to him.

“Yeah. Do you remember that guy Yamato who was at dinner the other night? They’re sleeping together.”

“He’s sleeping with the District Attorney?”

Ino nodded, looking almost proud. Was she proud her fiancée had such an important lover?

“I found the sexts myself. If Yamato’s eyes didn’t creep me out so much, I’d probably suggest a threesome.”

Naruto shuddered at the thought. And Sakura stuck out her tongue, making a gagging noise.

“Oh don’t get all high and mighty on me Miss Haruno!” Ino punched her shoulder. “Sakura here is slumming it big time. Maybe your lover knows Hinata’s boyfriend?”

Hinata gasped.

“You didn’t know Hinata?” Ino continued, “Sakura is sleeping with Genma. He’s a police officer too. Believe it or not she met him when we were staking out Yamato’s office, trying to catch Sai in the act.”

“There’s just something about cops,” Sakura sighed dreamily.

“You’re cheating on Lee?” Naruto asked, still playing catch-up.

“Yeah, well I don’t think he ever broke up with Ten-Ten, but we aren’t as open about it as Ino and Sai.”

“How about you Hinata?” Naruto asked. He knew it was probably rude, but was this really a pattern in his social circle?

“Oh no, I’m not really like that.”

Sakura smiled, “You sweet naïve summer child, nobody’s like that when the relationship starts.”

“So do you have anyone in mind? I know a couple of bachelors who can keep a secret,” Ino said, turning her attention back to Naruto.

He laughed nervously, “No I don’t think it’s really for me and Sasuke. We wouldn’t do that to each other.”
Hinata let out a pained noise, and blushed. Everyone turned their attention to the shy guest.

“Well…” She murmured, “It’s just that I’ve heard different…”

Hinata obviously didn’t want to finish, but Naruto had to know. Had someone spread a rumor that he was cheating on Sasuke or something?

“I heard he was sleeping with his secretary…”

‘He’? Was she talking about Sasuke? Sasuke was sleeping with Haku? That was ridiculous; Haku was just a loyal worker. Sasuke had never even looked at another man as long as they had been together. He knew better than anyone their marriage wasn’t perfect, but it wasn’t that broken either.

Naruto’s mind was going a mile a minute.

The pity Ino and Sakura were sending his way was almost tangible. Naruto wanted to throw up. Just because their relationships were broken, doesn’t mean his had to be.

“I could be wrong though,” Hinata added.

“You most definitely are. I don’t know who the fuck told you that, but tell them they shouldn’t talk about shit they don’t know,” Naruto didn’t know when he stood up, but he was staring the poor girl down.

“Sasuke and I aren’t broken like the rest of you,” He turned to face Ino and Sakura, “None of you know what our love withstood! You could never understand!”

The three girls sat in shocked silence; he had never gone off like that before. And with that, he turned on his heel and stormed out of the house.

He knew how defensive he had sounded in there, and how he had no doubt hurt the women, but he didn’t care. He had to see Sasuke; he had to see his husband.

Before he knew it he was out of the gate. He couldn’t wait for Karin. He had to go now. He started the ten-mile walk home through the cold, hoping maybe it would clear his head.

Chapter End Notes

Gonna try and write some smut for the next update. This chapter is pretty much setting up some of the larger plot points. (Check the tags)

Please comment! I love constructive criticism, or guesses for what happens next, or requests. I have the fic planned out pretty well, but I definitely don't want the plot moving too quickly so if there's anything you want to know more about or any kinky shit you would like to see let me know!
It was dark when Naruto got home, but that wasn’t indicative of the time, it got dark so early. He had been walking in the cold for so long that he couldn’t even feel it anymore. It wasn’t snowing, but Naruto’s shoulders felt heavy like cold was collecting on him, weighing him down.

His legs kept moving. He wasn’t sure they could stop even if he wanted them to.

He got to the gate of his neighborhood. The security guard took one look at him and picked up the phone.

Naruto couldn’t hear what he was saying through the Plexiglas of the guard booth, but Karin probably told the man to look for him. Hopefully she hadn’t called the police yet.

The security guard buzzed him in.

“Mr. Uzumaki!” He yelled, “I have to drive you home!”

Naruto wasn’t listening. He couldn’t stop walking. If he stopped he wasn’t sure he’d be able to start again. He kept heading for his house.

The security guard got in his truck and drove up next to him.

“Please Mr. Uzumaki, you have to get in!” He yelled out the open window.

Naruto looked up at the man. There was legitimate fear in his eyes. Not fear for Naruto’s sake. Probably more fear of what Karin had threatened to do to him if Naruto wasn’t found.

He didn’t want to subject someone else to Hurricane Karin, so he got in the truck.

He knew the heat was blasting. He could feel the air on his face, but he had no gauge in temperature. He just stared straight ahead, watching his house loom closer through the windshield.
They pulled into the driveway and the door to the house opened. Naruto closed his eyes, waiting for some yelling and a lecture from Karin, instead he got a

“Get out of the fucking car Dobe.”

Sasuke? Naruto opened his eyes. Sasuke was holding the truck door open.

It took Naruto a second to move his sore muscles, but he unfolded his legs and got out of the car. Sasuke put an arm around his waist, and helped him to the front door.

Naruto had walked ten miles home, but for some reason the few yards to his house felt like an impossible feat. It could have been that when he stopped moving, his exhaustion caught up with him. But more likely it was the too tight pressure of Sasuke’s arm around his waist that suddenly made Naruto wish he hadn’t come home.

It was only then that he started to feel cold.

The shivers were violent, his teeth chattered and his knees knocked together. Even the heating in the house wasn’t enough; it just burned his oversensitive skin.

“What the fuck were you thinking?!” Sasuke turned to yell at him the second the door closed behind them.

Naruto didn’t know if he could answer. Even his tongue felt cold.

Sasuke put his hands on Naruto’s shoulders and shook him. Hard.

“Answer me! Why do you think it’s okay just to disappear like that?!”

That snapped him out of it,

“Why do you think it’s okay to disappear Sasuke? I haven’t seen you in weeks! I’m not sure if you’re even coming home anymore!”

“I was working Naruto! I was providing for my family! Providing for you!”

“It’s not enough Sasuke!” Naruto regretted the words the second they came out of his mouth.

Sasuke didn’t seem to like them either. He held Naruto’s shoulder steady with his left hand, and socked him in the stomach with his right.

Naruto hunched over, coughing. Unable to catch a breath, he sank to his knees on the tile floor of the foyer.

He may not have been able to say anything, but he knew enough to curl into a ball, protecting his organs from any other hits that might come his way, instead he felt a tug at his arm.

He looked up at his husband, who was looking at him with an unreadable face.

“Get up Dobe.”

Sasuke held out a hand. Naruto very hesitantly took it, and the other man pulled him to his feet, and into a tight hug.

Sasuke put a hand on the back of Naruto’s head, pulling him into his collarbones. His other snaked under Naruto’s shirt to rub circles around what was probably already a blossoming bruise.
“I wish you didn’t make me do this to you,” Sasuke whispered into Naruto’s temple before placing a soft kiss there. “Everything I do, it’s for us. For you, Naruto.”

Naruto felt like crying but the tears wouldn’t come. He nodded and wrapped his arms around Sasuke’s lower back loosely, avoiding pushing his sore stomach against the other man.

“I know, Sasuke.”

----------------------------------------------

That night Sasuke took Naruto from the front, tan legs slung over pale shoulders, and saccharine “I love you”’s whispered into the juncture of shoulder and neck, leaving Naruto’s thoughts syrupy and slow.

Sasuke didn’t notice that Naruto didn’t orgasm, or if he did he didn’t care.

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When Naruto woke up, Sasuke was gone. He grabbed the other man’s down pillow and hugged it close. It smelled like Versace cologne and hair gel.

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“Is that Itachi’s cologne?”

Naruto had his nose buried in the nape of Sasuke’s neck. Naruto was sitting up against the headboard, with Sasuke in between his legs, resting his back on Naruto’s chest.

“No! I bought it myself!”

“But is it the same brand?”

“Yeah maybe…”

“Why can’t you just wear Axe or Old Spice like a normal teenage boy? It doesn’t have to be Gucci.”

“It’s Versace asshole. And you said you like the way Itachi smells, which was very creepy by the way.”

“Aw you did it for me?”

“Shut up Usuratonkachi.”

“Wow pretty big word there Teme.”

“Yeah Iruka-Sensei taught it to me just for you.”

Naruto laughed. He doubted his foster father actually taught Sasuke the word; the other boy had probably looked it up specifically for insults.

“Now shut up, I’m trying to work,” Sasuke pinched his thigh.

Sasuke had his Japanese homework on his lap and was copying down characters. Naruto was looking over his shoulder, checking for mistakes, but like most things, his boyfriend excelled at the language. Naruto was practically fluent and Sasuke could easily hold a conversation. But it still pissed Sasuke off when Itachi and Naruto would speak rapidly, daring him to try and follow along.
“I don’t think you need my tutelage anymore,” Naruto said, eyeing Sasuke’s most recent sentence, which was grammatically perfect.

“Wow pretty big word there Dobe.”

Naruto laughed, “Yeah well Teme-Sensei taught it to me so I could pass my English class.”

Sasuke hadn’t actually taught Naruto the word. Naruto had never really had a problem with writing or reading; it was math that always got him.

It was actually how they had met. Sort of.

Naruto had been failing Pre-Calculus and Sasuke was assigned to him as a tutor, much to the other boy’s displeasure.

Naruto and Sasuke had met before, and Naruto had not liked the other teen one bit.

----------------------------------------------

Sasuke was captain of the swim team and Naruto was the yearbook photographer. Every year the team planned a ridiculous picture, last year they had snuck into a rival school’s pool and took a picture dressed in bikinis. The year before that they went completely naked and just held kick boards over their junk.

This year they had built an impressive balsa wood boat with a mast, at the top of which flew a flag that had an obvious resemblance to a sperm. All of the boys were wearing just captain hats and speedos. On the side of the boat “Kennedy Semen” was painted in bright red letters.

Naruto knew the team often took crazy pictures, but he was just expecting maybe some swim floaties or something, not a large boat floating in the middle of the pool, with the captain standing proudly on it, hanging from the mast, and the other members spread all over, on the boat, floating in the water, and standing on the deck behind.

Naruto took one look at the set up and turned on his heels.

“Wait!” The captain called, “Where are you going?”

Naruto turned around, “I can’t take this picture!”

“Why the fuck not?”

“Well for starters, you guys aren’t even close to being in the frame. I’m not sure the word ‘semen’ can be printed in the yearbook,” a few swimmers snickered at this, “And I actually take my job seriously.”

The captain rolled his eyes fantastically, took off his hat and dove into the water, swimming the length of the pool ridiculously quickly, and pulled himself onto the deck right where Naruto was standing.

“This is a tradition okay? We fucking built a boat,” The raven-haired boy said gesturing at the monstrosity taking up most of the pool.

Up close it was a little hard for Naruto to concentrate on what the other teen was saying. He recognized the boy as Sasuke Uchiha. They took Algebra together freshman year. The other boy was some sort of math prodigy and had been moved up a level. Naruto didn’t understand Algebra at all
and had always asked what his classmates considered to be ‘stupid questions’.

His classmates had called him “dead last” always complaining that his questions made class go long. About halfway through the year they had started calling him “curve.” Naruto wasn’t exactly sure why, until he realized their mid-term had been graded on a curve. The teacher had written the test scores on the board, and one was significantly lower than the others, averaging the curve nicely for the other students.

It wasn’t exactly hard to guess just which student had gotten the lowest score. And the students thanked Naruto enthusiastically for raising their grades.

Sasuke had grown quite a bit since then. His wet black locks were stuck to his face, and water droplets rolled down between his pecs and perfect six-pack.

Naruto realized the other boy had finished talking and snapped his gaze back up. The captain was smirking at him, obviously recognizing the lustful up and down Naruto had given him.

“You should take a picture. It’ll last longer.”

Naruto turned an unfortunate shade of red.

“Fine I’ll take the picture.”

The dark-haired boy saluted him and dove backwards into the pool, making his way back to the ship.

“Don’t blame me if they blur out the name!” He called after the boy, who was already climbing back on the boat.

“Whatever you say, Dead Last!” He called back.

Naruto grimaced. He really hated that nickname. But he set up his tripod and mounted the camera to it. The team members all struck ridiculous poses and Naruto snapped a few pictures. Hopefully Fuu could edit them to be halfway decent.

Naruto began packing up and was almost out the door when he heard Sasuke call:

“What do we say to the photographer team?”

“THANK YOU DEAD LAST!” They all yelled in unison.

Naruto quickened his pace. He wouldn’t give Sasuke the satisfaction of seeing his hurt expression.

So when Naruto found out his assigned math tutor was Captain Asshole himself, he was not very happy.

“No way!” He yelled at Iruka, which got him some serious side-eye from the librarian sitting nearby.

“I’m not letting that asshole teach me anything,” He pointed at Sasuke accusingly.

Sasuke rolled his eyes.
“Calm down Naruto.” Iruka replied calmly in English, but then switched to angry Japanese, “If you don’t get a tutor you are going to fail this class. The only reason you can attend Kennedy Prep is because I teach here, and if you fail they won’t have qualms with kicking you out. Sasuke-kun is a very good student, and he’s offering to help you.”

Naruto sighed. Iruka was right as usual. He didn’t understand why he couldn’t just get another tutor, but he wouldn’t put his foster father through that trouble.

The past two years with Iruka had been arguably the best of his life. He didn’t have many friends at school, just a few he’d made in the yearbook club, but he had someone who cared about him at home, which was more than he ever had before.

Naruto sat down at the table with Sasuke who was looking at his nails, pretending to be uninterested in the argument.

“All right Dead Last,” Sasuke began, opening a book.

“Don’t call me that!” Naruto yell-whispered, trying to avoid getting kicked out of the library.

“Well I won’t be calling you that for long. Let’s get you out of dead last so I can get my community service credit.”

Naruto couldn’t believe Sasuke was getting community service hours for this. How hard could teaching Pre-Calc be?

Apparently very hard. After the two hours they had allotted, Naruto had only done two problems on his own.

Sasuke was basically pulling his hair out.

“How have you still not gotten this?!” He yelled.

The librarian sent a glare their way, “The library is closing. Please leave.”

Naruto whined, “I have a test tomorrow!”

Sasuke had already begun packing up.

“Okay, if you fail I won’t get credit for this. So one-time thing only, I will study two extra hours with you.”

“Really?” Naruto was practically jumping up and down. He didn’t exactly enjoy spending time with the stuck-up swimmer, but he really did need help.

“Yes. Give me directions to your house, I can give you a ride.”

Naruto paused. They couldn’t go to Iruka’s place. Mizuki would be home around this time and he had forbidden Naruto from bringing friends over, which had never really been a problem before.

“We can’t go to my house!”

Sasuke arched a brow at the obvious panic in Naruto’s quick reply, but didn’t prod.

“Fine let’s go to the coffee shop down the block.”

Sasuke had stayed there until late in the evening with Naruto. When he was finally confident Naruto
Naruto had ended up passing the test. He was ecstatic, and brought it to show Sasuke at their next tutoring appointment.

Sasuke was sitting on the other side of the table as Naruto bent over it waving the test in his face.

“I’ve never seen someone so excited over a C,” Sasuke scoffed, but he looked a little proud too.

Naruto was just about to come up with a snarky reply, when someone running by bumped him forward.

His lips made contact with Sasuke’s, and he stayed there, frozen in shock.

Sasuke was going to fucking punch him; there was no way this jock was gay no matter how well he dressed, and even then he would never look at Naruto like that.

Sasuke pulled back, and looked away. Naruto was surprised to see a deep blush on the other boy’s cheeks and instead of angry he looked a little bit... pleased?

Of course Naruto didn’t realize this until later, and immediately freaked out, grabbing his test and booking it out of the library without another word.

Naruto giggled at the memory. Their first kiss hadn’t really been the most conventional.

“What are you laughing about?” Sasuke asked, finishing up his Japanese homework.

“I was thinking about our first kiss.”

“What was so funny about that?”

Sasuke was obviously thinking about the kiss they had shared on their first date. It was a quick peck in the car when Sasuke dropped him at home.

“No, our real first kiss. You were talking about tutoring and it made me think of when you got assigned to be my tutor and I passed the test and we kissed.”

“We did not kiss! You fell onto my face!” Sasuke protested, closing his books and craning his neck to look at Naruto.

“You mean like this?” Naruto grabbed both of Sasuke’s cheeks and tugged him into an awkward kiss, noses bumping and not quite getting it straight on the mouth, much like their first kisses had been.

Sasuke let out a surprised noise, and Naruto smiled into the kiss, finally breaking it to let out a laugh.

“Idiot,” Sasuke said, matter-of-factly, and turned back to his homework.

Naruto buried his nose in Sasuke’s hair again.
“I like the cologne.”

“Oh, okay,” Sasuke replied.

“Will you keep wearing it?”

“Whatever you want, Dobe,” Sasuke muttered, opening up a Chemistry book and getting back to work.

“Wear it forever,” Naruto whispered into the back of Sasuke’s head.

----------------------------------------------

Naruto let the pillow go. What time was it? He grabbed his phone from the nightstand.

10 AM.

How had he slept so late? He didn’t have any missed calls or alarms so the schedule was probably pretty light for the day.

He sat up, wincing when his stomach clenched. He put on a robe and made his way downstairs, stopping by the medicine cabinet to self-medicate.

He walked into the kitchen and started making coffee.

“Good morning,” Came a smooth voice from behind him.

Naruto jumped straight into the air, whipping around to see where it came from. Kabuto was sitting at the kitchen counter, smiling his weird creepy smile.

“Jesus, Kabuto! Don’t scare me like that,” He returned to making coffee.

“I apologize, I thought my presence was perfectly clear considering you walked right by me.”

Naruto ignored him.

“Anyway, Mr. Uchiha asked me to make a house visit, but I was also told not to wake you.”

“How long have you been here?” Naruto asked.

“Only an hour or so.”

“You could have woken me up you know,” Naruto, sighed, actually feeling a bit sorry for the man.

The coffee machine started.

“Never mind that, take off your robe and let me take a look at you.”

“Phrasing, Kabuto. Jesus do they not teach you normal ways to talk to patients in med school?”

Naruto made his way over to where Kabuto was sitting, untied his robe and removed his shirt, leaving him in only boxers in the chilly kitchen.

Naruto looked down to assess the damage. It was his right side, slightly above the navel. The bruise was almost a perfect circle, the coloring a consistent dark purple. It stained his abdomen, drawing the eye away from the light yellow blooming across his tanned ribs. It would have been the perfect decoy, if the new bruise didn’t have such an obvious shape and location.
“No permanent damage,” Kabuto said without even needing to touch it.

Naruto didn’t trust Kabuto with a whole lot, but he knew the man was a good doctor and trusted his medical advice implicitly.

“Pills?” Naruto asked.

Kabuto sighed, “I already phoned in a prescription. Text Karin it will be ready in an hour or so.”

“Vicodin?” Naruto asked.

“Percocet. It shouldn’t be painful for too long.”

Naruto shrugged. He could just double the dose; they were around the same at that point.

Naruto pulled his shirt back on and tied his robe, and poured himself a cup of coffee.

“Later, Kabuto,” Naruto called over his shoulder. He was going to lock himself in the studio until Karin dragged him out by his hair.

He didn’t bother to see if the other man actually left or not, he just made his way to his sanctuary.

The painting and picture were just as he had left them.

He sat down on the stool and picked up the picture. He covered the blood-smeared spot with his thumb and admired the look in Sasuke’s eyes.

There was no way this man could be cheating on him. He looked at Naruto as if nothing else existed.

He was Naruto’s everything, and no other person could possibly come between them.

Naruto put the picture back and started on the canvas. He had finished painting the sheets and was starting on Sasuke’s hair. The first stroke of blue-black seemed to eat through the canvas. It was impossible to look at the perfect white everywhere when the stark black drew the eye so easily.

That’s what it was about his husband. All angles where Naruto was rounded, and dark where he was light. Creamy and tan pale arms and legs and hands entwined. Ice blue meeting onyx black. His husband was a work of art, their marriage was a masterpiece, and Naruto would capture it on canvas. He would have physical proof when the painting was finished.

----------------------------------------------

Karin had eventually pulled him out of the studio, but not before he got a lot done. The red haired woman still hadn’t forgiven him for running out on her and they sat in stony silence on their way to a hair appointment. His schedule was free because neither Ino nor Sakura had called.

He imagined they were still upset. He would have to make it up to them eventually, but they deserved it for believing Hinata’s lies.

----------------------------------------------

Naruto got home after the world’s iciest shopping trip around seven.

He was just heading towards the studio when he heard the front door open.

Was it Sasuke? He hadn’t been home this early in a long time. Naruto walked to the front door, and
there was his husband, with perfectly shined shoes and a perfectly pressed suit and perfectly spiked hair and a perfectly purple bruise surrounding his right eye, and bleeding onto his high cheekbone.

Sasuke had… a black eye?

Chapter End Notes

I'M ALWAYS A SLUT FOR FLASHBACKS AND HIGH SCHOOL AU's
my new tumblr name is trapquinn if you want in on some quality cat videos.
Let me know what you thought!
Chapter Summary

Naruto does a little detective work, then gets a little wasted.

warning for explicit drug mentions

Chapter Notes

ok i do know this isn't a perfect description of rolling but I took some artistic license. Enjoy and leave a kudo and comment!

“Sasuke what the fuck happened to your face?”

“Ran into a door,” Sasuke replied, hanging up his coat and walking into the kitchen.

Naruto may not have gone to law school, but he definitely knew what a punch to the face looked like, and Sasuke’s face was the textbook definition.

“Did somebody hurt you? We need to call the police!” Naruto followed his husband into the kitchen, unwilling to drop the subject.

“No!” Sasuke yelled, surprising Naruto, “No police. As previously stated, it was an accident.”

The irony was not lost on Naruto. His husband was pulling words straight out of Naruto’s little book of excuses and lies, and he actually believed Naruto wouldn’t see right through it?

But if Sasuke was going to make up excuses like Naruto, Naruto would drop the subject like Sasuke.

He was upset that someone had obviously hurt his husband, but there was no use in trying to get information out of Sasuke.

“Okay Sasuke,” Naruto said, and headed to the bedroom.

Naruto really tried to drop it, but he was worried about his husband. Who could have hurt Sasuke? Why was he protecting their identity, or at least lying about it to Naruto?

Naruto tried to make a list of people in his head who had something against Sasuke. It could have been someone who lost a case against a company Sasuke was representing, but Naruto doubted it. Sasuke would be all over that, probably getting the police involved. Getting punched in the face by a sore loser would be good for the company that won the case, so Sasuke would make a big deal over it.

Naruto doubted his husband had been mugged or attacked by a stranger, considering Sasuke spent his childhood mastering tae kwon do at the behest of his older brother. An attack would also have the
police involved, and there would be no reason to lie to Naruto.

Even if some people in their social circle weren’t the biggest fans of Sasuke, Naruto couldn’t think of one person who would resort to physical violence. They liked to play their weird power games too much.

Who did that leave? Who else knew Sasuke and might have a large enough problem with him to fight him, but a connection with him that would cause Sasuke to lie to Naruto and avoid legal measures?

Naruto was not happy with the answer he came up with. Iruka. Iruka had seen Naruto’s bruises and probably knew Naruto would never do something like go to the police. Sasuke wouldn’t prosecute Iruka because it could shed some light on the problems with their marriage.

But wouldn’t Sasuke be curious how Iruka knew about their marriage if he hadn’t seen them in almost ten years?

Naruto also couldn’t imagine the gentle man resorting to physical measures.

Naruto resolved to call Iruka the next day. Sasuke probably wouldn’t notice one outgoing call from the home phone, and if it had been Iruka, Sasuke would already have a suspicion that Naruto had met with the older man, meaning he would be mad either way.

The next day, Naruto waited until lunchtime to call Iruka. He had gone to the gym in the morning, and Karin had gone on some errands that would take a couple of hours.

After Iruka called him the first time, Naruto had written down the number on the back of a business card for his hairdresser. It was hiding in plain sight, tacked on the bulletin board next to the phone, surrounded by countless other miscellaneous business cards and memos.

Naruto didn’t think he’d ever need the number, but he wanted it close by the phone just in case there was an emergency.

He pulled the card down. It was lunchtime at school so Iruka was probably on a break. He dialed the number.

“Hello?” came a voice after three rings.

“Iruka?”

“Naruto? Is that you?”

“Yeah it’s me.”

“Is everything okay? Are you hurt? Do you need me to come get you?” Leave it to Iruka to jump to the worst conclusion.

“No, no I’m fine.” He heard a sigh of relief come over the line.

“What’s up?”

Naruto took a large breath, he would have to word this carefully, “Iruka… have you had any contact with Sasuke?”
“Sasuke? No I haven’t seen him. What is this about?”

Naruto was pretty sure Iruka was telling the truth, but maybe someone else had heard the story from
the schoolteacher and decided to go vigilante on it.

“Well he came home with a black eye last night.”

“Oh my god! Was he attacked?”

“Well, he says it was an accident, but it definitely looks like somebody punched him. I -- I don’t
really know how to ask this-- did you tell anyone about some of the small problems Sasuke and I are
having?”

“Well they aren’t just small problems Naruto. But no, I didn’t tell anyone.”

Naruto let out a sigh of relief, “Okay thanks. I just wanted to make sure it wasn’t someone trying to
get revenge on him over something so trivial.”

“It’s not trivial Naruto! And honestly, I’m glad he got punched in the face. He deserves it.”

“Iruka!” Naruto was shocked at the usually mild-mannered man.

“I’m sorry, I just don’t like it that you’re still with him, but it’s not my decision to make…”

The line was quiet for a second, and then Iruka continued,

“Well I think one other person may know about your… problems.”

Naruto’s heart stopped, who else could possibly know?

“Who?” He asked weakly.

“Well, Kakashi was actually the reason I was suspicious of him in the first place.”

“Kakashi?” What could the Chief possibly know about their marriage?

“Yeah, you know he’s seen a lot of these cases. He saw you and Sasuke arguing at the party, and I
guess he noticed Sasuke was a little rough. He told me, and that’s how I knew to look for the signs.”

“We aren’t ‘one of these cases,’ Iruka. This isn’t like you and Mizuki,” Naruto felt himself getting
angry. Who was Kakashi to come into his home and do detective work?

“Okay Naruto,” Iruka sounded very incredulous, but was obviously just placating the younger man,
“Look, I don’t think Kakashi had anything to do with this, but if you feel unsafe, or you’re worried
about Sasuke, you can contact him. I’d like you to have his number anyway, in case of emergency.”

Naruto knew what type of emergency Iruka was talking about, but he and Sasuke really weren’t like
Iruka and Mizuki, they had been together much longer, and he knew Sasuke would never seriously
hurt him. Police had no place in their marriage. But it would be good to have Kakashi’s number in
case someone tried to hurt Sasuke again.

“Let me give you his cell,” Iruka read off some numbers and Naruto copied them down onto the
same business card. “Naruto, I have to go class is going to start soon.”

Naruto could hear the sound of children in the background.
“Okay Iruka. Thanks for talking to me.”

“You call me anytime, you hear?”

“Yeah,” Naruto really wished he could.

Naruto spent the rest of the day in the studio, working on his painting. He wasn’t getting very far though, every time he looked at the picture all he could see was a bruise over Sasuke’s eye. He obviously wouldn’t get much done with the whole business still on his mind. He might accidentally end up painting Sasuke’s face purple.

He considered calling Kakashi, but he doubted the man would know anything. It wasn’t exactly police M.O. to punch somebody in the face.

Naruto was almost glad when he heard Karin calling his name from the front of the house. She had almost forgiven him for his stunt the other day, and whatever she was yelling about could probably take his mind off of the mysterious black eye.

He walked into the kitchen.

“There you are,” Karin gave him a once over, her disgust at his paint covered outfit was painfully obvious, “You need to shower and change, Ms. Haruno and Ms. Yamanaka seem to have forgiven you for your unseemly outburst.”

Naruto never thought he would actually be happy to see Sakura and Ino again, but he had been so bored without Sasuke around.

“Where are we going?”

“Clubbing.”

“We’re going clubbing?” Naruto couldn’t remember the last time he’d gone clubbing. Definitely before he got married, maybe when Sasuke was in college?

“Do they know how old we are?” Naruto asked. Ino was nearly 28; with Naruto and Sakura not far behind, they were a little old for clubbing.

“Just be glad they invited you. I’ll pick out an outfit, you’re meeting them at The Leaf in an hour.”

“That’s a dumb name for a club.”

Karin swatted him, and he ran up the stairs, hoping to stay in her somewhat good graces.

He got out of the shower and found an outfit lying on his bed. His True Religion skinny jeans, a blue button-up he hadn’t fit into in years, and a brown leather jacket. He tried on the shirt. It buttoned, but it was ridiculously tight, stretching taut over his pecks and leaving nothing about his arms to the imagination, but he supposed that was the point. The jeans were equally hard to get into, but they did hug his ass nicely.

Here came the difficult part. Shoes. The jacket was brown. Brown and black don’t go together. He could do this. He went into his closet.

Wait. Do brown and brown go together? Most of his brown shoes were slightly darker than the leather jacket. He wasn’t sure if there was a rule about grey and brown or not. In the end he went
with navy blue, felt wingtips that were a slightly darker color than the shirt.

He made a solid attempt at styling his hair, and went back downstairs.

Karin eyed him as he descended like some sort of debutant. She didn’t say anything so he assumed she approved of his shoe choice.

“Okay, Juugo is waiting for you outside. I have some stuff to take care of here. Try not to drink too much. It’s inconsiderate to Juugo when he has to clean your vomit out of the car.”

Naruto rolled his eyes, “That was only, like, twice.”

Karin shook her head and Naruto left the house. He got in the car as fast as he could, the cold easily biting through the thin leather jacket.

“Hey Juugo!” He said brightly.

“Mr. Uzumaki,” The larger man greeted from the front seat.

They were headed out the gate when one of the security guards in the booth waved the car down.

“Juugo!” The man called.

Juugo rolled down his window. The partition was up, so Naruto couldn’t hear the conversation. Naruto surreptitiously rolled down the window a little, curious about what the security guard and Juugo were talking about.

“I got the picture you texted us,” The guard said, “We posted it in the booth, we’ll make sure to alert Mr. Uchiha and yourself if we see him on the premise.”

“Thank you,” Juugo said, and took the car out of park.

Naruto rolled up his window again. What picture had Juugo sent the security guards? Who was Sasuke trying to keep out?

Naruto knew better than to ask the driver.

They pulled up at the club and Juugo got out of the car and opened his door. Naruto stepped out of the car. He had texted Ino when they arrived.

>You're on the list. Just give the bouncer your name. We are at the bar.

She had replied.

Naruto looked at the long line of people waiting to get in the door. The girls were wearing impossibly high heels, and skirts that looked more like belts. They also looked like they were freezing.

He felt like kind of a douchebag just walking up to the bouncer, but he really didn’t want to wait outside in the cold.

“Name?” The large man asked.

“Naruto Uzumaki.”

“ID?”
Naruto handed him his driver’s license.

“Okay you’re on the list, go ahead inside.”

Another bouncer lifted the rope for him and he made his way into the club, glad to be in heating.

The place was packed. Strobe lights flashed everywhere and a techno was pumping from a large DJ booth in the middle of the dance floor, lit up with green lights made to look like leaves and vines.

Naruto made his way to the bar, trying not to step on anyone. He spotted Sakura’s bright pink hair and shoved his way through the crowd.

“Naruto!” Sakura yelled over the loud bassline and practically jumped into his arms.

“Is she already drunk?” He asked Ino.

“Yeah. We better catch up!” Ino yelled and waved the bartender over to order two “rasengans”.

Naruto was glad Ino and Sakura were acting like nothing happened. He really didn’t feel like talking about his marriage with them.

The bartender came back with two bright blue shots.

“What is this?” He asked Ino as she handed him one.

“I’m not sure, but they’ll knock the wind right out of ya,” She winked, and then threw the shot back.

Naruto did the same. It burned real bad, but it was also sure to get him drunk quick.

Ino ordered another round.

“I wanna daaaaance!” Sakura whined as Naruto drank his fourth rasengan.

Sakura tugged on his arm trying to drag him onto the dance floor. He resisted.

“Come on! You owe us!” Ino took his other arm and her and Sakura pulled him onto the concrete floor.

Sakura immediately started swaying, putting her hands in the air in perfect white girl wasted fashion, rocking back and forth dangerously in her pumps. Ino joined in, whipping her long blonde ponytail. Ino’s curves were nothing to scoff at and the way she gyrated in her skintight dress was catching the attention of many men around them.

Naruto was just buzzed enough to want to join in. He rocked awkwardly from side to side for a while, just shifting on his feet, but Ino wasn’t having it. She put her arms around his neck and pressed herself into him, forcing him to move with her.

If Naruto had ever looked twice at a woman, there was no doubt he would be incredibly turned on right now. But he was still very gay, and this type of dancing was more than a little awkward for him.

Then he felt a pressure behind him. He saw Ino smile flirtatiously at whoever had come up behind him. He looked over his shoulder. Pressed up against his back was a tall man with slicked back light hair.

The man took a step back as Naruto turned around, getting a good look at his chiseled body. He was
at least the same height as Sasuke, and as Naruto noticed almost immediately, wasn’t wearing a shirt under his unzipped jacket. He looked a few years older, maybe his early thirties.

“Why don’t you stop pretending with her-” he nodded at Ino, “-and I’ll give you what you really want.”

He looked behind him, Ino was already dancing with another guy and Sakura was grinding with a boy who didn’t look old enough to drink. They would be fine.

Mystery man held out his hand in an obvious invitation to dance. The liquor told Naruto it was a great idea and he took the hand, letting himself be pulled close to the bare chest.

The man leant down to whisper in Naruto’s ear, “I’m Hidan.”

“Sai.” Naruto wasn’t sure why he lied about his name; he just didn’t really want to be Naruto for a little while. He put a hand on Hidan’s shoulder and gripped the back of the man’s neck with the other.

Hidan put one hand on Naruto’s lower back and one on his hip, pulling him even closer.

Naruto wasn’t sure how long they danced for, the thumping songs bled into each other. Hidan’s hand had long since abandoned Naruto’s lower back and was now gripping his ass tightly.

Naruto was rolling against Hidan, pressing as tight to the other man as he could. Hidan had a thigh between Naruto’s legs, putting delicious pressure on Naruto’s cock, which was beginning to stir inside of his skinny jeans. The start of Hidan’s arousal was obvious through the man’s leather pants.

The hand on Naruto’s hip snaked up the front of his shirt, lingering on his abs, and then moving to brush lightly over a nipple. Naruto gasped, surprised at how forward the man was.

Just when Naruto was thinking of pulling away, Ino came by and pressed another shot in his hand. He downed it.

When he turned back to Hidan the man was holding a small bag in front of Naruto’s face.

“Want something a little stronger?”

Inside the baggie were a few small pills, each with a happy face printed on them.

Molly. How long had it been?

“Sure,” Naruto said.

Hidan smiled and opened the bag and put one of the pills on his tongue. He grabbed the back of Naruto’s head and pulled him into a wet kiss. Naruto let Hidan’s tongue pry his mouth open, and swallowed the pill as it transferred between them.

Naruto tried to remember how long it usually took.

“Twenty minutes, right?” He asked Hidan.

Hidan just smiled and nodded.

Naruto felt someone tug on his sleeve. It was Sakura. She looked a bit green.

“Come to the bathroom with me!” She whined.
Naruto looked at Hidan with an apologetic face.

The man shrugged, “Come find me when it hits.”

Naruto smiled widely and allowed Sakura to pull him away.

They went in the gender-neutral bathroom, which was suspiciously large as though ready to accommodate more than one person. Sakura tied her hair up then dropped to her knees in front of the toilet and stuck her fingers down her throat. She made a few terrible retching noises, and Naruto looked away.

“Much better,” She got back up to wash her hands, apparently having got some of the alcohol out of her system.

She looked in the mirror and patted her hair back down, wiping away some stray mascara.

“Do you have your keys?” She asked Naruto.

He shook his head. It wasn’t like he had a car or anything.

“Any cash?”

“Yeah, I think so.”

Naruto fished a fifty out of the pocket of his leather jacket.

Sakura reached in her bra and pulled out her iPhone. Naruto was always amazed at what girls could fit in there.

She pried the protective case off her phone, exposing a black Amex and a small bag of white powder.

She flipped her phone over and poured some of the powder onto the screen, then began sculpting it into a line with the Amex.

She put her hand out and Naruto handed her the fifty.

She rolled it up into a neat tube and snorted the impressively fat line of coke decorating her phone screen.

She stood up and wiped her nose, “Good stuff.” She handed the fifty back to Naruto, already starting to cut up another line, “You want some?”

“I’m good. I already got something else going,” Naruto replied.

Sakura’s phone buzzed, shaking the powder out of its perfect formation.

_Just got home. Where is my beautiful bride?_

The text showed on her lock screen, under the name “Lee” with two heart emojis next to it.

Sakura pressed the lock button and started to cut the line with her card again.

She took another bump, then straightened herself up, unlocked the door and dragged Naruto out back onto the dance floor.
Naruto blinked. The molly had started to kick in. He was starting to feel warm.

“Are you okay?” Sakura asked, suddenly much more sober than he was.

“Can you take my jacket to coat check for me?” He shed it, and shoved it into Sakura’s arms, then cut through the crowd, trying to spot the tall man.

Hidan was near where they had been before, dancing with another much younger guy.

Hidan looked up and saw Naruto.

“Been waiting for you Sai,” he leered.

Naruto momentarily confused then remembered he had given the man a fake name.

“Well I’m back,” Naruto smiled prettily at Hidan.

The younger man Hidan had been dancing with looked confused at the exchange, but took a hint when he practically pushed him out of the way to walk towards Naruto.

Naruto opened his arms, glad to have Hidan back. The man felt electric, and everywhere he grabbed Naruto was hot.

They picked up the rhythm they had going before Naruto’s little bathroom break. This time the blonde was much more into it. The music going straight to his bones and the feeling of Hidan pressed against him was the best feeling in the world.

He felt euphoric, and met Hidan halfway when the other man bent down and locked lips with him.

Naruto kissed back fiercely, running his hands up and down Hidan’s back under his jacket, leaving some scratches that would stick around for a while.

He started to feel unbearably hot, sweat beading at his temples, and Hidan’s added body heat wasn’t helping, so he didn’t complain when Hidan starting undoing the buttons on his shirt.

One of Hidan’s hands had moved lower on his ass. He began pressing his fingers between Naruto’s cheeks, basically fingering him through the denim.

Naruto moaned. It was so much. Too much. The music, the lights, the hands all over his body.

He tried to remember the last time he did Molly, and how to calm down.

Bits of hazy memories came back to him. Going clubbing with Sasuke, making out with him on the dance floor, doing drugs in the apartment with his college friends.

It had been so fun.

Suddenly he wasn’t euphoric anymore. It was too hot, he was sticky and uncomfortable.

Hidan was pressing at him too tightly, and the lights were hurting his eyes. The taller man began planting kisses down his neck. Suddenly it was imperative that Naruto not be there anymore. Marks. Hidan was going to leave marks.

“I gotta go,” He said suddenly, pushing at Hidan. He wanted to see Sasuke. He wanted to go home.

Hidan wasn’t so willing,
“Hey, hey let’s calm down.”

Naruto started to wiggle more; trying to break out of the tight hold Hidan had him in.

“Let me go,” He said loudly.

“These drugs weren’t exactly free you know,” Hidan said, grabbing at Naruto’s hip harder.

“Hey asshole!”

Naruto had never been so glad to hear Ino’s high-pitched voice.

“He said let go!” She yelled at Hidan.

“Hey, he owes me something for the shit I gave him,” Hidan said, not loosening his grip on Naruto.

Ino rolled her eyes and held out a hundred dollar bill.

“This should cover your shitty drugs, give him back.”

Hidan took and bill and let go of Naruto, who rushed to Ino’s side. Ino grabbed his hand and led him off the dance floor.

Sakura was waiting by the exit with their jackets.

“I’m too high to call Lee,” She said.

“Yeah. I don’t know where the fuck Sai is,” She turned to Naruto, “Honey, can you call Juugo?”

Naruto nodded, unsure he could make a coherent sentence. Sakura dug around in his jacket pocket and handed him his phone. Naruto stared at the lock screen for a while; he was having trouble typing in the passcode.

Ino sighed and after the third try took Naruto’s phone from him.

“Passcode?” She asked.

“0723.”

Sakura rolled her eyes, “Sasuke’s birthday of course.”

Ino punched it in and sent Juugo a text.

They walked outside. Naruto knew it was cold but he couldn’t feel it.

“Naruto honey, put your jacket on.”

Sakura handed him his jacket and went to button his shirt back up. Hidan had undone every button except the last one, leaving his chest and stomach completely exposed.

“Oh my god!” Sakura exclaimed, scaring Naruto.

She was looking at his stomach.

Naruto looked down. Even in the dim light of the street lamps, the bruise was spectacular.

Ino turned to see what the commotion was and let out a gasp.
Sakura ran her fingers over the bruise. Naruto quickly slapped her hand away, and started buttoning his shirt as fast as he could.

“What happened?” Sakura asked, eyes full of concern.

Naruto had yet to come up with a lie for this one, and his drug-addled mind was pulling up blanks.

“Kickboxing!” He blurted out.

“Kickboxing?” Ino repeated.

“Yeah me and Suigetsu.”

Sakura arched a brow, but seemed to accept the excuse, as did Ino. Naruto relaxed; glad they didn’t have more questions. He was way too high to be making up convincing stories.

Just then the car pulled up, and Juugo got out to open the door for them.

They all piled in the backseat.

Juugo started the car. “Am I taking you home?” He asked through the partition.

“Yes please!” said Sakura.

Juugo nodded and drove towards Ino’s house, which was the closest.

Naruto was zoned out the entire ride, enjoying the plush leather seat and playing with the smooth satin that lined the inside of his jacket.

“God, you are rolling balls,” Sakura snickered as he wound a finger in her pink hair.

Soon he was in the car by himself and they were pulling up to his house. Naruto felt around for his phone, he wanted to text Sasuke to see if he was home, but it wasn’t in his pockets.

He tried to remember the last time he’d seen it.

Ino. Ino had used it to text Juugo.

He rapped on the partition.

“Juugo, can I borrow your phone? Ino has mine.”

Juugo handed his iPhone over his shoulder, keeping his eyes on the road.

Naruto unlocked it and opened up a new message to himself.

_Hey it Narto u hav my phonw_

Why did Juugo have autocorrect off? It didn’t matter Ino would get the message. He pressed send, and returned to Messages.

He didn’t really mean to snoop, but his clumsy fingers pressed on Sasuke’s conversation. It opened to a picture of a dark-haired man. It was a mug shot, with the man facing towards the camera holding up a sign.

‘Momochi, Zabuza’
The sign read.

But it was the text that preceded it which caught Naruto’s attention.

_This is the man. Please send this picture to the security booth and tell them to alert me if they see him. Also tell them not to get the police involved._

Naruto knew this text was probably important, but he couldn’t remember why, so he burned the image into his brain.

Dark haired, tan man, Momochi Zabuza.

Juugo opened his door and Naruto quickly quit out of Messages and locked the phone, handing it to its owner on his way out of the car.

The lights were out in the house, so Naruto wasn’t sure if Sasuke was home or not. But it was 2 in the morning so it was possible the man could just be sleeping.

Naruto made his way upstairs, trying not to let the dark scare him. The drug had started to wear off a bit, but he was still feeling the effects.

When he got to the landing he saw light coming out of the bedroom.

Sasuke was home.

He smoothed down his hair and tried to put on a sober face, walking calmly into the room. Sasuke was sitting in bed reading a book.

He looked up when Naruto entered.

“Good evening, Sasuke,” Naruto said. Then cringed. He never talked like that and he had slurred the ‘s’ a little.

“Hn,” Sasuke replied, going back to his book.

Naruto began to strip, heading towards the bathroom. He wanted to wash the club off of him. He was still a little sweaty and there was glitter all over his skin. He took a hot shower then went to brush his teeth.

His looked at his reflection in the mirror. His pupils were absolutely blown, blue just barely visible behind the black.

He inspected his neck, but luckily Hidan hadn’t left any marks. He did not feel like explaining that to Sasuke.

He walked back into the bedroom with a towel wrapped around his waist.

The soft light emanating from the lamp next to their bed made Sasuke’s normally pale skin appear golden. And he looked very peaceful reading his book.

Naruto needed to touch him. He leapt onto the bed, reveling in the softness of their comforter, and crawled towards Sasuke.

He put a hand on his husband’s cheek, just feeling the skin under his fingers.

Sasuke looked up at him with a confused look and Naruto’s heart swelled when their eyes met.
“Jesus. You’re high as fuck.” Sasuke said.

Naruto laughed. He felt euphoric. And, yes, high as fuck.

Sasuke put his book down and grabbed Naruto’s face in both hands.

“What is it?” He asked, looking a bit concerned, but mostly amused.

“Molly.”

“Who gave it to you?” This took some quick thinking he didn’t know he had in him.

“Ino.”

It was plausible.

Naruto crossed his legs and ran both his hands through Sasuke’s dark locks. They were soft, without any of their usual product in them.

Sasuke’s lip twitched.

He kicked off the covers and sat cross-legged in front of Naruto, mirroring him perfectly and allowing the blonde man to get a better grip on his hair.

“I want some of whatever you’re on.”

Sasuke reached out a hand and ran it across Naruto’s cheekbone. Fuck that felt good. The simple touch left tingles in its wake and Naruto began to laugh. He laughed freely, like he hadn’t in awhile. He was so happy to be in this moment with Sasuke.

Sasuke got up, leaving Naruto alone, but came back with a glass of water.

“Don’t get dehydrated.”

Naruto drank the whole thing. He had no idea how thirsty he was.

Sasuke got back on the bed, and leaned in to kiss Naruto.

Naruto suddenly felt very hot again.

“Sex,” He said, interrupting the kiss.

“What?”

“Sex,” he repeated, “We have to have sex.”

How long had it been? Naruto couldn’t quite remember but he needed it. He wanted to get the feel of Hidan’s hands off him, and the drug left him craving Sasuke’s touch.

“Okay,” Sasuke replied, and flipped Naruto onto his back, removing the towel that was the only thing covering him.

Sasuke gave him a chaste kiss on the lips, and then started lower, placing kisses in a straight line until his belly button where he strayed a little to the left.

*Avoiding the bruise*, Naruto’s brain provided him.
Naruto was having trouble getting hard. It was probably a combination of whiskey dick and rolling. Sasuke seemed to understand, and just gave his twitching shaft a little lick.

“Lube,” Sasuke said from between his legs.

Naruto reached over to the bedside table opening the drawer, and clumsily feeling around for the bottle.

He got a hold of it and tossed it to Sasuke who caught it effortlessly.

Sasuke coated two fingers with it and spread the cool jelly around Naruto’s hole. Naruto planted his feet flat on the bed and spread his legs, giving Sasuke more access.

Sasuke lay on his stomach and inserted a finger. Naruto watched him watch the finger go in, a weird combination of lust and fascination on his handsome face.

Sasuke started pumping the finger in and out, then quickly adding another one, leaving Naruto breathless. It wasn’t anything new, but the drug made it feel as though Sasuke’s fingers were on fire and leaving a wake of searing warmth inside of him.

Two became three and soon Sasuke was finger fucking him in earnest, the loud squelching noises reaching Naruto’s ears sounded like music.

“Enough. Enough!” He said.

Sasuke complied and removed the fingers, getting off the bed to take off his shirt and pants.

He returned, “How do you want to do it?”

Naruto pondered the question. He wanted Sasuke deep, but he wasn’t really up for riding right now.

“On my side.”

Sasuke nodded as Naruto turned onto his right side. Sasuke got in bed behind him and skimmed a hand up and down his left leg before lifting it.

Naruto’s right side was planted firmly in the bed, while his left leg was bent, Sasuke’s forearm hooked behind his knee, keeping it raised and perpendicular to his body.

Naruto sent out a small thank you to Sakura for the yoga classes she made him attend.

Sasuke entered him swiftly and let out a low groan.

Naruto reached blindly behind himself with his left arm, burying a hand in Sasuke’s hair.

Sasuke began thrusting. He hefted Naruto’s leg even higher, gripping his thigh tightly, until nails bit into the tan skin.

Naruto felt amazing. Sasuke was hitting his sweet spot with practiced ease, and getting so deep inside of him Naruto swore he could feel it in his stomach. His body was vibrating with pleasure, and the room seemed to be sparkling.

His dick made another solid attempt, but he just couldn’t maintain an erection. It didn’t lessen the intense satisfaction his body felt though, and Sasuke moaning right into his ear was almost as good as an orgasm.
Naruto was practically writhing around in the sheets when Sasuke came. The dark-haired man gave a few more thrusts, then pulled out, letting go of Naruto’s leg which had long since gone to pins and needles.

Sasuke was pretty much asleep the second he hit the pillow. Naruto hadn’t completely come down yet, and he knew he wouldn’t be able to sleep for a while so he went to the bathroom to clean up, and came back.

He turned to face Sasuke and watched his husband sleep peacefully until his body stopped vibrating and he was able to drift into a peaceful sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I feking love Hidan. The fight between him and Shikamaru will forever be my favorite. I hope the drug thing didn't freak everyone out. I just think it's important to show Naruto's unraveling and also I love writing drug scenes....

Leave a comment with an opinion or suggestion or whatever! my tumblr is trapquinn if you want to hit me up on there.
Naruto felt like shit. His head was pounding, his ass hurt, and he felt like throwing up.

He had woken up around noon, a bad taste in his mouth that could have been regret. Or morning-breath.

He probably would’ve slept until much later in the day, but he had been woken by the sound of his doorbell being pressed rapidly and repeatedly.

Naruto didn’t bother to put on real clothes, it was probably just Suigetsu.

The second the door was unlocked it swung open to reveal a visibly annoyed Ino.

“Here’s your phone idiot.”

She tossed it in his direction and he scrambled to catch it.

“Wow you look like shit,” She made her way towards the kitchen, blonde ponytail swinging like a pendulum behind her. Naruto knew for a fact she had a lot to drink at the club, but she didn’t have a single hair out of place and her makeup was perfect.

“Come right on in,” Naruto said sarcastically as Ino glided past.

“I need a fucking drink,” She said and made her way towards the fridge.

“Wow, who pissed in your coffee?” Ino could be ill tempered at times, but she seemed off today.

She pulled out orange juice and a bottle of champagne.

“Well, Sai is being weird about the wedding plans. He is so apathetic about it all. Just for once I want him to have an opinion about something!”

She popped the cork on the champagne. Naruto prayed it wasn’t anything too expensive.
She grabbed a flute out of the clear cabinets and turned to look at Naruto, “You want one?”

One good way to cure a hangover.

“Yes,” Naruto replied and she grabbed another flute, pouring them both a mix of champagne and orange juice.

“I’m sorry about the wedding thing,” Naruto said. He knew the stress a wedding could put on a relationship. Naruto had just wanted a simple ceremony for him and Sasuke, but Sasuke insisted on a large reception and invited everyone who was anyone, most of whom Naruto didn’t know. They did get some nice wedding presents though.

“It’s not just that. Everyone had just been so fucking rude to me today. Like my hairdresser canceled my appointment, and Sakura totally blew me off. And your security guards took forever to let me in the gate, like I was some sort of vagrant. Do vagrants drive Porsches?” She asked redundantly.

“Security was rude to you?”

“Yeah the second I gave them your address they went on, like, lockdown or something, demanding my ID and asking why I was visiting you. Who do they think they are? The secret service?”

That was strange. Security was normally very nice to visitors, and they were definitely familiar with Ino.

“Anyway they finally cleared me after I threatened to have them all fired. Their manager walked out and apologized saying they were on high alert or something. Did somebody try to break in?”

“No.”

Why would security be heightened? Naruto knew there was a reason. He was getting hazy memories from the night before.

Momochi, Zabuza.

The name popped into his head.

Where had he seen that? He closed his eyes, trying to follow what had happened last night. He had been in the car. Ino had his phone, he needed to text her. How did he contact her?

“Ino, how did you know you had my phone?”

“Wow you were really fucked up, huh?” The woman said between pulls of her mimosa, “You texted your own phone from someone else’s and it buzzed in my purse. It was a pretty funny text.”

Whose phone had he borrowed? He thought back, Sakura had already been out of the car, which just left Juugo.

He had borrowed Juugo’s phone. Momochi Zabuza. A mugshot. The text from Sasuke.

Send this to security

Was that why security was suspicious when Ino said she was coming to their house? Were they on watch for this man? Was he the one who hurt Sasuke?
He needed to know who this guy was. But whom could he ask? All he knew about the man was his name and that he had been arrested at some point.

Kakashi.

Iruka had given him Kakashi’s number in case of emergency. This was an emergency in Naruto’s mind. But he couldn’t just call the man, Sasuke would see the outgoing calls to a police station and that wouldn’t end well at all. He wasn’t sure what to say over the phone too, he had only met the Commissioner once.

He couldn’t leave the house, unless it was a social event and the posse accompanied him.

“Hey Ino, you said that Sakura blew you off right?”

“Yeah we were supposed to get breakfast but she wants to hang out in the afternoon instead, I guess her dad was taking her out or something.”

“Well I could use the both of you.”

“What? You need us?” Ino was obviously excited that Naruto was voluntarily inviting them to hang out.

“Yeah. See I thought about what you said…” This was going to be a difficult lie, “and after going to the club last night, and dancing with that guy… well Sasuke just isn’t cutting it for me in bed anymore.”

The words physically hurt Naruto, but the lie was a necessary evil. And more than anything Ino and Sakura liked being right. The idea that they had been right about his marriage would make them willing to do anything to help.

“Oh my god, I knew it! An eye for an eye right? Cheating bastard!” Ino threw back her mimosa, “Okay I have some people in mind. Have you ever met Gaara Sabaku? He is the CFO of an army contracting business, he invented, like, sand colored camouflage or something.”

Ino apparently saw the disinterest in Naruto’s face, and tried again.

“Oh okay how about Shino Aburame? He’s a little weird, he’s CEO of a pharmaceutical company that works with my dad, they make medicine out of bugs or something gross like that.”

Before Naruto could interrupt her with his candidate she switched to another bachelor.

“Ok how about Neji Hyuuga. You know Hinata’s cousin? He’s super philanthropic and like really rich,” Ino said animatedly.

Naruto paused.

“Neji’s single?”

He was sure the man was married or something, attractive and important men like him were rarely single.

“Oh yeah. And he’s totally gay, I’ve tried to hit that so many times,” Ino pouted.

So maybe Neji had been flirting with him for real? Wait. Naruto had let himself get distracted.

“I actually already have an idea…” He said, not having to fake his hesitancy.
“Do tell.”
“You remember our dinner party the other night?”

Ino nodded.

“Well, the police commissioner? Kakashi Hatake?” Naruto continued.

“What about him?” Ino asked, obviously not catching on.

“He gave me his number… and I don’t know he was kind of hot…”

“Naruto he was so old. Are you sure he’s even gay?”

Naruto hadn’t thought the man was that old, and he knew for sure that he was gay.

“Yeah I’m sure.”

“Alright, why don’t you call him?” She asked.

“Well I already did, he wants to meet at the station today.” Naruto lied.

“Ooo! You should go! Sakura says police station sex is hella hot.”

Naruto had forgotten Sakura was banging that other cop. And they had sex in the station? Gross.

“Well I can’t exactly ask Juugo for a ride, and I need an excuse to blow Suigetsu off today without making Sasuke jealous.”

“You want us to cover for you?” Ino seemed excited.

“Yeah. Could you and Sakura pretend I went out with you guys? Just like drop me at the station and pick me up after. I’ll owe you big time!”

“Of course, anything to help corrupt a friend! Go change though, you look super shitty. I know you’re used to boring married sex or whatever, but it’s not okay to walk around like that.”

Naruto was giddy. He kissed Ino on the cheek and ran upstairs to get ready. He would have to make it look like he was really going on a date or at least meeting someone for a hook up. He took a fast shower and put on some tight-fitting clothes that he hoped matched, and then skipped back down the stairs.

He was finally going to get some information on what was going on with his husband.

Ino let out a wolf whistle when she saw him. “Alright Casanova, let’s head out. I’ll drop you off before I pick up Sakura. We’re getting lunch for like three hours, so be done by then, yeah?”

It was a little weird the way Ino was treating this like she was dropping her kid off for soccer practice or something, but they left the house and got into Ino’s Cayenne.

He sent a quick text to Karin.

*Going to lunch with Sakura and Ino, Suigetsu sent me the diet already.*

She replied immediately:

*Picture*
Of course she would need proof. He opened the camera app and put it on video.

“Going to lunch with Ino and Sakura!” He yelled to the camera, then turned it towards Ino who nodded vigorously in agreement.

He texted the video to Karin.

Be good.

Came a quick reply. God she was so annoying.

There was generic electro music playing in the car but as they pulled out of the neighborhood, Ino fiddled with her phone. The first notes of the Piña Colada song started playing and Naruto groaned.

“Do you have a playlist for infidelity?”

Ino ignored him and turned the music up, singing along off key.

They pulled up at the station and Naruto hopped out of the car.

“No hickeys and use protection!” Ino yelled out of the open door.

A few people outside the station looked their way with confusion, and Naruto blushed a bright red.

“See you in three hours!” And she sped down the street, cutting of a police cruiser.

The station was bustling when Naruto entered, people cuffed to benches were whispering to each other, and the sound of police scanners crackled around the room. A woman was crying next to the magazine rack, and the man next to her was yelling on his phone.

He walked up to the front desk where a bored looking police officer was leaning back in his chair.

“How can I help you?” He asked, apathetically.

“Hi I’m here to see Commissioner Kakashi Hatake.”

“Do you have an appointment?”

Fuck. That probably would’ve been a good idea, he could’ve borrowed Ino’s phone or something.

“No, but can you just tell him that Naruto Uzumaki is here, and it’s urgent?”

The man sighed and picked up the phone on his desk and pressed a button.

“Anko? Hey it’s Raidou, there’s a guy here who wants to see the Commissioner… I don’t know he didn’t say… Naruto Uzumaki. Can you just ask him for me?” The man, Raidou, put a finger up at Naruto in a ‘one second’ gesture.

“Hi Sir, there’s a Naruto Uzumaki here to see you, he says it’s urgent… Okay I’ll send him in.”

Raidou hung up the phone and opened the small wooden door keeping Naruto on the other side of the desk.

“Last office down the hallway. He said to just go in.”

“Thank you,” Naruto said, and walked through the busy station to get to Kakashi’s office. There were officers everywhere and Naruto idly wondered if one of them was Hinata’s boyfriend. Or
Sakura’s lover.

He pushed open the door. The office was a lot nicer than Naruto had expected it to be, with a plush maroon carpet and wood paneled walls. But it was filled with paperwork, manila folders covering every surface. Naruto marveled at the mess, how could he get any work done?

Kakashi was leaning back in a large chair, his feet propped up on the desk. He was reading a small orange book, completely out of it. Or that’s what Naruto thought.

“Hello, Naruto,” Kakashi said without lowering the book.

“Hi Commissioner Hatake.”

“Please, it’s Kakashi,” He said from behind the pages, “I’m basically your dad.”

“You are not ‘basically’ related to me in anyway!” He said agitatedly to the man.

“Well I’m going to marry your dad so I’ll be your stepdad. I promise I won’t ground you.”

“Iruka’s not my dad!”

Kakashi put the book down and leaned forward in his chair. “Why are you here Naruto?”

“I wanted to ask you something.”

Naruto knew that Kakashi probably thought he was in the office to talk about his relationship and Sasuke. He felt a little guilty exploiting that to get an appointment, but it was important he get information.

“What is it?” Kakashi asked expectantly.

“Well Sasuke was attacked the other day.”

“Did you file a police report?”

“No, that’s the thing. Sasuke won’t tell me who’s involved. I think he’s trying to protect me, but I need to know who could have done this to him. Iruka told me to call you if I ever felt unsafe.”

Kakashi was obviously ambivalent about the statement. He probably didn’t want to help Sasuke, but Naruto had used Iruka’s promise. The man gave him a penetrative stare for a few seconds. Naruto tried not to fidget, and he finally spoke.

“Fine. Do you have a name?”

“Yes,” Naruto let out a sigh of relief, “Sasuke asked our neighborhood security to be on the watch for a man named Zabuza Momochi. I know he has a criminal record because Sasuke had his mugshot.”

Kakashi let out a large sigh. “I really shouldn’t be doing this...”

He jiggled the mouse on his computer to wake it up, and began typing. Naruto couldn’t see what he was doing, but it was probably a search through the police database.

“Wait!” Naruto cut Kakashi off, “He’s married to Haku Yuki?”

“Yep.”

So that was the connection. Why would Haku’s husband punch Sasuke?

Haku was a great secretary and Sasuke always gave him large bonuses and vacations. So it wouldn’t be in retaliation for termination or anything.

What could cause Zabuza to get so mad he punched Sasuke? The answer hit Naruto like truck.

Naruto had been so stupid. Hinata was right; of course Sasuke was cheating on him. Sasuke was never home, spent long nights at the office and rarely initiated sex anymore. Zabuza had found out. He had caught them in the act or something and in a jealous fit of rage he had punched Sasuke.

Fear for his husband suddenly transformed into an all-encompassing sort of anger. Suddenly, Naruto wanted to shake Zabuza’s hand. And maybe give Sasuke a matching black eye.

He had put up with so much. He thought it was for the sake of his marriage. He could get Sasuke back if he played the part of punching bag. He just had to try harder, be better.

And this whole time Sasuke had been screwing around behind his back. Was Haku the first? Did other people know?

Naruto’s fists balled up at his side and he was sure the anger was visible in his eyes. If he had been a little more clear-headed, he might have heard his phone chirp from his pocket. And he might have read a text from Ino:

_The jig is up! Get out now!!!_

But all he could hear was blood rushing to his head.

“-ruto? Naruto?” Kakashi had approached him and was waving a hand in front of his face.

“I’m sorry Kakashi, I have to go.” With that Naruto took off, sprinting full speed out of the station, not bothering to thank the Commissioner.

He couldn’t wait for Ino. He had to get home now.

Naruto hailed a cab, and gave the cabbie his address. He sat in the backseat trying to get his thoughts in order. When they pulled out of the gate Naruto threw a twenty at the man and ran towards his house, ignoring the calls of the security guards.

It was almost five. He had to get home before Sasuke did.

He almost tripped on the steps in his haste and unlocked the door clumsily.

He had made a list in his head. He needed a few pair of normal clothes, a jacket, his phone charger, and some of the cash that Sasuke kept hidden in a shoebox in the back of the closet. If he had time he also resolved to grab the photo album from the storage closet.

He sprinted up the stairs and into the master bedroom making a beeline for his wardrobe. He grabbed a backpack and was just pulling some shirts off the hanger when he heard a throat being cleared behind him.

He froze. There was no way. Why was this the one day Sasuke was home early?
Naruto turned around. His husband was still wearing his work suit, minus a jacket, and was sitting in
the armchair next to the door.

“Sasuke! You’re home early,” Naruto tried to say nonchalantly, but he was shaking, and his voice
waivered, whether in fear or anger he wasn’t sure. All he knew was that he really didn’t want to
have a confrontation with his husband at the moment.

“Going somewhere?” Sasuke arched a brow, looking pointedly at the bag Naruto was holding.

Naruto didn’t know what to say.

Sasuke got up out of the chair and started pacing in front of the door.

“You see, I was eating lunch and Ino and Sakura walk in. I thought what a coincidence! I should
invite them to eat with me. And at that moment I received a text from Karin, saying you were eating
lunch with Ino and Sakura. But there I was looking at the girls and you were nowhere to be seen. So
I thought I should ask where Naruto is, and when they noticed me making my way over, they
immediately tried to exit the restaurant. They hadn’t even picked up the menus yet.”

Naruto gulped. He might have the worst luck in the entire world.

“So I caught them on their way out and I asked them. I said ‘Ladies, I heard my husband was with
you’. And they denied it vehemently. Said they hadn’t seen you all day. I didn’t want to press much
more because I would hate to be rude, but as a lawyer you learn to spot a lie. Which left me with
quite the mystery, where was my dear husband?”

Now Sasuke had stopped pacing back and forth, and was making his way towards Naruto.

The look in Sasuke’s eyes was terrifying. They were narrowed, and so angry. The pink light from
the setting sun hit the black, giving them an almost red coloring.

Naruto took a few steps back, but found himself pressed against the wall.

“So. Where were you, dear husband?” Sasuke whispered, inches away from Naruto’s face.

Naruto hunched in on himself, trying to find the lie to exonerate him. He had betrayed Sasuke’s trust,
made contact with Iruka, talked to Kakashi, danced with Hidan, had Ino and Sakura lie for him. He
was a terrible husband.

But so was Sasuke. Sasuke wasn’t the only one who had been betrayed.

Naruto looked at the bruise around Sasuke’s eye and felt his anger returning. Naruto straightened up,
steeling his spine so he could look Sasuke evenly in the eyes. His husband suddenly didn’t seem as
tall as usual.

“Well?” Sasuke asked impatiently, just waiting for Naruto to say something before he beat him to a
pulp.

“Your dear husband was learning a few things about you,” Naruto said. His voice didn’t crack this
time, instead it was full of bravado and confidence.

“What?” Sasuke snapped, but Naruto could sense the surprise in his voice.

“You beat me Sasuke.”
Sasuke flinched. Naruto had never said it out loud. He had never even mentioned it, and the words were strange in his mouth. Drunk, poor hillbillies beat their spouses, not rich respectable people like Sasuke. But as strange as the words felt, they were true. He couldn’t stop now.

“You beat me. You lock me away. You don’t let me talk to my old friends. You took me out of art class.”

Naruto took a step forward getting in Sasuke’s face. The other man didn’t back down either.

“You control every part of my life. What I eat, who I see, what I wear, where I go. And I’m fucking sick of it Sasuke. I’m a human being. Have you forgotten that? I’m not a pet, I’m not your plaything.”

Sasuke took a breath, as though he was going to say something, but he didn’t have the right.

“No! Don’t you dare cut me off! You will listen to what I have to say!” Naruto was shouting, shouting the loudest he had in a long time. He didn’t want to be quiet anymore. He couldn’t stand one more second of the meek housewife act he put up.

“You abuse me! You control me! You raped me!” Sasuke hissed at the last one, but Naruto persisted. He wasn’t sure he could stop if he tried.

“None of that is okay Sasuke! I am your husband, the person you’re supposed to protect! But it was all right. Because I knew you loved me. Because I loved you too. And you work so hard Sasuke. So I took a few punches, I let you have your way with me, because it’s what you needed, and I’d do anything to make you happy.”

Naruto felt tears pricking at his eyes, but swallowed the sob swelling in his throat.

“And I did it for our marriage. Because I knew it was the most important thing to both of us. But not anymore, Sasuke. You disrespected our marriage and you broke your vows to me. You told me I was it. I was the one you chose forever. And I believed you!”

Sasuke cocked his head, “What are you talking about Naruto?!”

“Haku! I know about Haku, Sasuke!” Sasuke’s eyebrows furrowed, but Naruto wasn’t buying it. “How many others have there been? Do you laugh at me when you’re in bed with them? Do you think about your stupid gullible husband, waiting at home for you, wondering if he’ll see you this week?”

“What does Haku have to do with anything? What are you saying?!”

“You cheated on me, Sasuke! I know that it was Zabuza who punched you! I heard, I heard from other people about you and Haku, and I didn’t want to believe it, but it’s true isn’t it?”

“Who did you hear that from?!”

“It doesn’t matter, Sasuke!”

“It’s a lie, Naruto!”

Naruto shook his head sadly. He wanted to believe that so bad. But he didn’t even recognize the man in front of him, the man who wore a ring around his finger that was supposed to tie them together forever.
“I’m leaving Sasuke,” Naruto said quietly. Suddenly he didn’t want to argue anymore and he wasn’t sure he had it in him to raise his voice again. He hoped the man would just let him go, but nothing in his life could be that easy. Sasuke grabbed Naruto’s shoulders and pinned him to the wall hard enough to break the plaster.

“I’m not cheating on you Naruto.”

Naruto just looked down at the carpet. It didn’t matter. Nothing Sasuke said could make him change his mind, not even-

“I love you, Naruto.”

Not even that.

“I love you too Sasuke. But I’m leaving.”

The grip on Naruto’s shoulder loosened as Sasuke deflated, as though he finally understood there was nothing he could do short of barricading the doors. Naruto gently shook out of Sasuke’s grip and started towards the door.

“Where are you going to go?” The raven asked, still facing the wall.

It wasn’t actually something Naruto had thought about. But all he knew was he had to get out of the house, away from Sasuke.

“I don’t know.”

Sasuke whipped around, “You don’t have any money or friends! Ino and Sakura will never take you in! I’m the only person who loves you Naruto! No one would ever put up with you!”

The words hurt, but Sasuke had used them too many times before. No matter how true they were, they couldn’t cut deeply anymore. They were dulled blades, and Naruto was strong, and Naruto was leaving.

Naruto went to go pick up the backpack, but Sasuke slapped it out of his hand.

“You don’t get to take anything I bought you. I own everything, Naruto.”

It was true. Naruto couldn’t think of one thing he owned independently from Sasuke. So he walked down the stairs and opened the front door, taking the first step out into the brisk winter air.

“Fine! Leave like everyone else!” Sasuke called petulantly from the top of the stairs.

It was maybe the only thing he could’ve said to give Naruto pause, but he had expected the words. Itachi’s absence hung like a shadow over their relationship.

“I’m not Itachi, Sasuke,” He said the words quietly but firmly and he knew they would reach his husband. He could never replace Itachi, he could never be enough family for Sasuke, and Sasuke hated him for it.

So Naruto walked out the door, no destination in mind and no money in his pocket.

He knew Sasuke wouldn’t follow. Uchias were proud men and proud men did not grovel at their husbands’ feet.

He made it as far as the street outside their neighborhood. He sat down on the curb and put his head
in his hands. He had nowhere to go, it was getting dark and the last rays of light were filtering through the leafless trees as the streetlamps clicked on one by one.

He didn’t have a phone or Iruka’s number, and he didn’t want to get the man involved in case he was caught in Sasuke’s inevitable wrath. He didn’t have any family to stay with, or friends who might take him in.

He hadn’t grabbed a coat and the heat of rage was beginning to fade, letting the cold start to seep into his static body. His eyelids were heavy and releasing the pent up stress that had gathered for years left his body tired and mind groggy.

Naruto was sitting on the curb a few blocks from his foster home, well, previous foster home. He wasn’t sure how long he had been sitting there, but snow had begun to gather on his shoulders. He supposed he could sleep at school, but it was a half hour drive and he didn’t have money for the bus or a taxi.

It wasn’t the first time he had been kicked out of a foster home, but it would be the last. He was too old to go back into the system. Who wanted a 17-year-old foster child?

His eyelids started to droop. More than anything he just wanted to sleep.

“Naruto?”

He heard a voice call. He looked up. A black SUV had pulled up in front of him, the back right window was rolled down and a familiar face was poking out of it.

“Itachi?”

“Why are you sitting on the curb?”

Naruto wanted to lie. He wanted to pretend he was okay and put on a stupid smile and laugh about how he had forgotten his keys and was locked out and just waiting for Iruka to come home. But Itachi would see right through it anyway.

“I got kicked out.”

Itachi opened the door and Naruto could feel the heat from the car.

“Get in,” Itachi said.

Gathering what small shards of pride he had left, he got in the car.

“Naruto?”

Naruto looked up, half-expecting to see a large black SUV.

Instead it was a silver Mercedes.

“Naruto?” The voice called again, and a familiar face poked out of the passenger side window.

“Neji?”
Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it! This story is getting harder and harder to write as the plot thickens. Anyway if you have requests for anything (I know I've been stingy with the smut), let me know!

Also feel free to follow my tumblr: trapquinn and we can talk about anime or fanfiction or existentialism (I'm a Sartre fan)

Leave a kudo or a comment or a kudo and a comment!
I Realized I Need You Here, as Desperate as That Sounds

Chapter Summary

Neji takes in a stray.

Chapter Notes

Title of the chapter from my new favorite song: Woke the F*ck Up. It's d0pe.
Anyway I hope you enjoy the chapter!

Please leave comments and kudos or comments or kudos! Comments literally make my day!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It would have been an awkward ride to Neji’s apartment, if Naruto had been more lucid.

After the heat of the car had warmed Naruto up, it was a battle to keep his eyes open. He felt so tired.

Neji seemed to sense this, and kept quiet, turning up the classical music that was playing in the car. Naruto recognized it as Bach, and tried to keep his mind on the melody to keep from falling asleep. It was a long drive, but Naruto didn’t mind. Every block that flew by was another block away from his house and away from Sasuke.

It wasn’t until they were in Neji’s penthouse that the man posed a question, something Naruto was eternally grateful for.

“Would you like some coffee?”

Naruto nodded his head vigorously, not trusting his voice to stay steady with the amount of gratefulness he felt for the other man.

He sat down on a stool at the kitchen bar.

It had taken so much for Itachi to get him into the car ten years ago. What had happened to Naruto’s pride that he would accept help from someone he barely knew? He hadn’t known the cold loneliness that was a constant presence in his childhood in a long time. He would have to rebuild those barriers, to keep from letting someone hurt him again.

But for now he really just needed a place to crash.

Neji put a mug in front of him. Just the smell made Naruto feel better.

“Thank you,” He said quietly, but it still echoed awkwardly through the marble kitchen.

“You have a beautiful home, Neji.” Naruto said, looking around the apartment. It had a great view of the city. The interior design was minimalist and modern, very different from his own home that had
art hung on every wall and a mix of antique furniture.

“Thank you. It’s rather large for one man though.”

It was true. The penthouse was huge.

“You are welcome to stay here as long as you like. I’ll set up the guest bedroom for you.”

“Thank you so much, Neji. I won’t stay long, I just need somewhere for the night.”

Neji nodded curtly. There was no pity in his eyes, just a gentle understanding and Naruto once again felt grateful to the man for not prying.

Naruto sipped his coffee idly and tried to get his thoughts together as Neji walked down the hall, presumably to set up the guest bed. He really didn’t want to be a burden for the important man; he would have to find his own place soon.

Maybe he could get a job at the community college. He never ended up getting a degree, and art was pretty much his only area of expertise.

However, as loathe as he was to admit it, Naruto had become accustomed to a certain lifestyle. Even though he lived in poverty for most of his childhood, he wasn’t sure he could go back easily, especially starting from scratch.

He had no coats for the remainder of winter, and there was no way he could afford to buy new clothes.

He’d need to get back to the house eventually to collect some belongings. He would send Ino or Sakura, but he didn’t have his phone, and there was no way he would be able to tell them where he was staying. If Sasuke found out where he was, he had no doubt he would be dragged back to the house and Neji would pay the price.

Neji came back to the kitchen and showed Naruto to his room.

It was spacious, and he noticed a pair of pajamas had been folded and placed on top of the dresser as well as a towel and toothbrush.

Naruto was too tired to express its immense gratitude, so he settled with a simple, “Thank you so much Neji.”

The other man nodded and left the room, shutting the door behind him.

Naruto took off his clothes and changed into the soft cotton pajamas. He was asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

Naruto heard a soft knock on his door.

“Come in!” He called, not looking up from his math textbook.

The door opened. Itachi entered the room, a serious look on his face.

“Hey Itachi. What’s up?”

“Naruto, I don’t know how to say this…” Itachi paused, searching for words. “You’re going to need to move out.”
Naruto’s face fell. Why was he getting kicked out? Was Itachi unhappy with his and Sasuke’s relationship? Did he not approve?

Another figure stepped into the room. A boy around Naruto’s age, his long dark hair pulled into a high ponytail with loose strands framing his face. He had beautiful large green eyes and pale skin. The boy wore a very familiar outfit, an orange hoodie and dark blue jeans, both of which Naruto was sure were hanging in his closet at the moment.

“Hi, I’m Haku,” The boy said in an almost feminine soft voice.

Why was Haku wearing his clothes?

“Naruto, you’re going to have to go now. Haku needs the room.”

Naruto suddenly understood. Itachi had taken in a new stray. Someone more beautiful, someone probably more suited to the Uchiha lifestyle. Some part of him always held the assumption this day would come.

And Naruto was back on the street in the cold, sitting on the curb.

“Naruto?”

Naruto looked up, expecting a black SUV. Instead it was a black limo. The tinted window in the back was rolled down and Sasuke had his head poked out.

Naruto couldn’t see much of the man, but he was wearing a familiar tux.

“Do you need a ride?”

Naruto did actually need a ride. “Yeah. Where are you going?”

“Well I’m on the way to the airport.” Sasuke smiled gently, something Naruto hadn’t seen in a long time. “I’m going to Hawaii.”

Hawaii. Honeymoon. Sasuke was going on their honeymoon.

Another head appeared next to Sasuke’s in the window. There was Haku.

“We just got married!” Haku lifted his hand up and wiggled his fingers, a familiar wedding band catching the light and reflecting it right into Naruto’s eye.

This was all wrong. Naruto was supposed to be in that limo.

The limo pulled away from the curb, and accelerated down the street.

“Wait!” Naruto called, getting off the curb and running after the disappearing black vehicle, but his legs wouldn’t move fast enough. “Don’t leave me!” He yelled.

“Come back! Come back to me!”

Naruto jerked awake. He was covered in sweat, and light was just beginning to filter into the unfamiliar room.

Right. He was at Neji’s. He left Sasuke. Sasuke cheated on him.
Naruto was almost glad when his anger returned. He had felt numb and helpless since he left the house, and he needed to get his shit together.

He got up, and opened the door to the room softly, crossing the hall to the bathroom. He needed a shower; the dream had left him groggy and sticky.

Naruto felt much better after a scalding shower, and brushed teeth. He attempted to flatten his hair and gave up.

He left the bathroom, just a towel wrapped around his waist. He didn’t have his phone so he didn’t know what time it was, but it couldn’t be after 6:30. He was hoping that Neji wasn’t awake yet. However, he wasn’t so lucky. He walked briskly across the hall, not watching where he was going, and slammed into something. Well, not something, someone. Neji was wearing a suit, hair pulled back meticulously and looked surprised when Naruto collided with him in the dimly lit hallway.

“Neji!” Naruto squeaked. “I’m so sorry!”

The older man looked Naruto up-and-down, causing the blonde man to pull the towel tighter around his waist.

Neji smiled, “No problem, I wasn’t paying attention. I’m going to make some breakfast. There should be clothes in the dresser in your room, feel free to join me when you’re ready.”

Naruto made it to the guest room and went to the dresser. Sure enough, it was full of clothes that were actually pretty close to his size. Neji was a few inches taller than Naruto, so he was surprised when the sweat pants he pulled on fit him in length. He pulled out a shirt with Boston College School of Business, printed on it. It was a little long, but comfortable.

He wandered down the hall following the smell of brewing coffee. Neji was just placing two plates of something on the kitchen bar.

Neji looked up as Naruto entered.

“I didn’t have much in the fridge, I hope this is okay.”

The plates were full of scrambled eggs and bacon. When was the last time Naruto had had bacon? Was he allowed the protein?

Naruto suddenly remembered that he wouldn’t be seeing Suigetsu today. He wouldn’t be seeing Karin either. He could eat whatever he wanted.

“Looks great!” Naruto smiled brightly, partly because the food did look great, but mostly because of his newfound freedom.

They settled down to eat. Naruto scarfed his down; he hadn’t eaten since breakfast the previous day.

Neji took the plates to the kitchen after he was finished.

“I have to go to work now, but I’ll be back around five. Feel free to just hang out here. The remote for the TV is next to the couch and there’s a gym in the basement. There should be some exercise clothes in the dresser for you. I let the front desk know you were staying with me so they will be able to let you into the elevator.”

“Thank you so much Neji. I promise I’ll be out of your hair soon,” Naruto was beginning to feel guilty at the man’s kindness.
“Really, it’s no problem. It’s pretty obvious you need a place to stay for a while. I won’t ask what happened, but if you want to talk about it I’m here.” Neji put a hand on Naruto’s shoulder, then turned and left through the front door.

Naruto definitely wouldn’t be telling Neji the problem. But it had put his mind back on what Sasuke had done, and the anger started festering again.

And for the first time in a long time, Naruto voluntarily went to the gym.

He finished his workout around lunchtime, and went back up to the penthouse with a rumbling stomach. He would hate to go through Neji’s kitchen, but he didn’t have any money to buy food.

To his surprise, there was a plastic bag sitting on the dining room table. A sticky note was attached with his name written on it neatly. Inside the bag was a Styrofoam container with a burger and fries.

Neji had obviously asked the front desk to deliver the food. Naruto dug himself a little deeper into the guilt pit, but he was glad to have the food.

He decided to eat before his shower. The burger and fries were delicious. He had forgotten what red meat tasted like.

After he was showered and back in the comfy sweats, he decided to check out Neji’s huge flat screen. It was opposite a white leather sectional that was definitely not something Naruto would drink red wine on.

He flipped on the TV. It was an Animal Planet documentary and Naruto was lulled to sleep by the narrator’s peaceful voice.

The sound of a door closing woke him up. He looked at the clock on the cable box, it was 6:07.

“Well, I brought some food for dinner. I hope your lunch was okay.”

“It was great! You really didn’t have to do that you know,” Naruto assured the man.

“Well I don’t get many guests, so I guess I have some hospitality building up.” The man smiled and put an extremely full plastic bag on the dining table.

Whatever it was, it smelled amazing.

Naruto sat down at the table and Neji brought plates over, and then went to get silverware.

“Chopsticks okay?” Neji called from the kitchen.

“Yeah!” Naruto actually preferred them to forks, but Sasuke was never good at them and only used them when they were at Asian restaurants. They were the main utensils of his childhood. The orphanage was run by a strict Japanese woman all the kids called Granny Chiyo, who insisted the children learn about Japanese culture and language. And Iruka hadn’t even owned forks.

The dinner was a delicious mix of Chinese take-out. Naruto binged on the orange chicken and chow mein, excited to have his greasy favorites.

When they were finished Neji cleared the plates.
“I can do the dishes,” Naruto offered, feeling guilty as Neji rinsed them and loaded them into the dishwasher.

“Don’t worry about it,” Neji replied.

Naruto sat at the table and fiddled with the hem of his shirt. He hadn’t thought about his next moves at all, the whole day had been spent with him just trying to push the whole situation out of his mind, but the kinder Neji was to him, the guiltier he felt about his stay.

Neji returned to the table with a bottle of brandy. “I forgot to bring this out with dinner, but how about an after-dinner drink?”

Naruto tried to keep his excitement under wraps. Some alcohol was just what he needed to get his mind off of Sasuke.

Neji poured them both doubles in crystal glasses, and Naruto tried to sip his slowly, so as not to raise suspicion, but Neji was pouring him another in no time. The alcohol was smooth and warmed his throat. He felt better already; his gym-sore muscles relaxed, and a comfortable haze clouded his mind.

They moved to the living room, and Neji lit a fire, and then joined Naruto on the couch.

“So do you feel like talking?” Neji asked.

Naruto had expected it, but he hadn’t been looking forward to it.

“I’m going to need another drink,” He replied and subsequently downed the refill Neji had given him.

He’d just rip it off like a Band-Aid.

His buzzed mind put together a vague enough explanation to why he was sitting on the curb in the middle of winter, looking like a homeless person.

“Sasuke and I had a fight, and I just needed to get away for awhile.”

Was that all he could really come up with? Neji nodded, obviously wanting more. Naruto trusted that Neji wouldn’t abuse the knowledge that Sasuke was cheating on him, but it was embarrassing and Naruto wasn’t ready to share it yet. He expected the man to ask another question, press for some more information as to why Naruto was sitting in his living room, wearing his clothes, so he was surprised when Neji leaned forward and pressed soft lips against his own.

Naruto didn’t know why he started kissing back. There were a multitude of things he could blame it on. He could blame it on Sasuke’s infidelity. He could blame it on a want for revenge or jealousy. He could blame it on the alcohol that clouded his brain and that flavored Neji’s lips. He could blame it on loneliness and the need to just connect with another human being. Or it could be a latent need he felt to pay Neji back. It wouldn’t be the first time he kissed someone out of obligation.

So with the comfort of a thousand justifications, he opened his mouth to Neji’s probing tongue, and tangled a hand in long brown hair.

------------------------------------------

Sasuke looked at his bleeding knuckles with mild interest. The blood dripped off his hand and into the sink. The dark red was reflected a thousand times in the shards of broken mirror scattered on the
bathroom counter.

Sasuke hadn’t bled in a while. He was an Uchiha, and Uchihas were graceful, never stubbing a toe or skinning a knee. He was an Uchiha, and Uchihas didn’t cook their own meals, never handling a knife except with deadly intent. He was an Uchiha, and Uchihas didn’t punch mirrors because they couldn’t stand to look at their reflections.

Uchihas didn’t let the things they cherished go. His father was buried next to his mother, as were his grandparents and his great-grandparents. He and Naruto would be buried next to each other, and Sasuke wouldn’t let go of his husband even in death.

But he had let him go. He had watched his husband walk out the door, unclear whether or not the man had intent to come back. He had let Naruto go and he didn’t know whom he was more furious with, his husband for daring to leave him, or his mirror for echoing a reflection of a coward, a dastardly man Sasuke hardly recognized.

Sasuke turned on the faucet, letting it run over his hand, the pink water trickling down the drain matched the color of the marble.

He was pathetic. He needed a plan.

He closed his eyes and thought. Where would Naruto go? Where could Naruto go? He cursed his perfect memory as he replayed the view of his husband walking out the door without a glance back. But blonde hair started to blur into black. Was he on the staircase? Or in his office? Was it blonde spikes? Or a black ponytail? Naruto or Itachi?

Naruto and Itachi. He had no one. But he wouldn’t let go this time.

He opened his eyes and turned off the water, wrapping some toilet paper around his knuckles as a makeshift bandage, he dug around in his pockets for his phone and pressed 1.

“Orochimaru? I require some assistance.”

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Naruto pressed his head even further back into Neji’s down pillows. He let own a low moan as Neji swallowed around his dick again. God, he had missed blowjobs. But he wasn’t going to let himself come yet. He tugged at Neji’s hair, which had come undone and was spilling over his shoulders.

The man removed his mouth from Naruto’s dick with a lewd pop, then followed the tugging, letting Naruto guide him into a heated kiss.

Their tongues danced around each other, and Neji ended the kiss to reach off the bed and into the drawer on the nightstand. He returned with a bottle of lube. A finger was thoroughly coated in the substance, before gently probing at Naruto’s hole. He let himself relax and the digit slipped inside of him, thrusting in and out gently, another was added, and then another, until Neji had four fingers inside of Naruto, all of them pistoning in and out, occasionally crooking and searching for his prostate.

“Neji,” Naruto grabbed the man’s arm, “I’m ready.”

Neji removed his fingers and pressed a quick kiss to Naruto’s lips before reaching into the bedside table again. He came back with a strip of condoms. Naruto thanked God that Neji had the foresight to use a condom. He couldn’t remember the last time he had had protected sex. Well, actually he could.
“Does it hurt?” Sasuke asked, obviously trying to mask his uncertainty.

“It feels kind of strange.” It did hurt, but Naruto wasn’t going to worry Sasuke. The finger moving around inside of him was a welcome intrusion, and he wouldn’t let a little pain deter their special night. He knew if he said anything his boyfriend would probably refuse to go further.

“Add another one,” Naruto commanded, rather happy with his position as pushy bottom.

Sasuke complied and another finger joined the first.

Sasuke had his concentrated face on, the one he had before he dove off the starting block, or when he was practicing an oral presentation in Japanese. Naruto didn’t know if he should be flattered that his boyfriend was paying him so much attention, or if he should be worried that Sasuke was approaching this as though it were an exam.

The fingers were thrusting in and out. Naruto knew it would take some getting used to, but his erection was long gone and he felt discomfort more than pleasure. Until Sasuke crooked his fingers. They brushed lightly against something that made Naruto jolt, and his dick stand back at attention.

“Sasuke, right there!”

Sasuke pressed in the same spot, harder this time, and slowly the pain began to morph into pleasure. Apparently noticing Naruto’s calmer demeanor, Sasuke slipped another finger in, making every effort to keep his other two on Naruto’s prostate.

Sasuke looked like he was going to slip out of his skin. His boyfriend had been sporting an impressive erection from the second Naruto whispered “tonight” in his ear at dinner, but he had been diligently preparing Naruto without a complaint.

“Sasuke, I’m ready.”

Sasuke nodded and grabbed for the condom on the nightstand. It was both of their first time, but they wanted to be safe until they could get tested, just in case.

Naruto tried to suppress a giggle as he watched his normally calm and collected boyfriend struggle to get the condom on.

“Shut up. We go to Catholic school okay? I didn’t get Sex Ed.”

Naruto didn’t get a chance to retort because Sasuke’s dick was prodding his hole before finally sliding into him slowly.

Naruto shifted around trying to get comfortable, but the stretch was unbearable.

“You need to relax your muscles.” Sasuke’s face was pinched, obviously trying very hard not to move too quickly, giving how tight Naruto was probably squeezing him.

“Okay,” Naruto breathed, willing his muscles to loosen.

Sasuke slid all the way in. Then pulled back a little, then right back in, giving small thrusts until he picked up a rhythm.

Naruto’s eyes closed tightly, and he was taking deep breaths, trying to accept Sasuke into his body. He felt a warm hand on his cheek, and opened his eyes to find Sasuke hovering just above him.

“Look at me,” Sasuke whispered, as though Naruto could look anywhere else while the intense
black gaze held him captive.

Then he felt a hand wrap around his dick and start jerking him slowly, matching Sasuke’s clumsy thrusts.

Naruto let out a strangled noise and a high pitched, “S-Sasuke!”

“N-Neji!”

Neji had folded Naruto almost in half, strong hands purchased in the crook of his knees, bending them up to his shoulders.

Naruto’s head was swimming, the alcohol making his body feel light, and Neji’s fast paced rhythm lighting a fire in his stomach.

Neji mouthed at his neck, leaving little bites everywhere and Naruto knew he should ask the man to stop, but he couldn’t find the words, especially when Neji let his knees go in favor of wrapping a hand around Naruto’s erection, and jerking him quickly, occasionally digging his thumbnail into the slit and spreading the precum around to ease his strokes.

It only took a few minutes and a well-placed thrust to his prostate before Naruto was cumming. It was quick, but he couldn’t find it in him to be embarrassed. Neji wasn’t done yet and Naruto went boneless as Neji took a few more thrusts before groaning into Naruto’s ear.

Neji pulled out and rolled the condom off, tying it before tossing it in the direction of the trashcan.

“Sleep here tonight.”

Naruto wasn’t even sure if he could walk so staying in Neji’s bed was probably a good idea. But when the man covered them both with the comforter and wrapped an arm around Naruto’s midsection he suddenly wished he could be back in the guest room.

He felt dirty and sticky and he didn’t want Neji to touch him. He didn’t want to sleep in Neji’s bed and wake up by his side as though they were lovers. But he let Neji pull him close and closed his eyes, praying for sleep, ignoring the unfamiliar breaths tickling the hair on the back of his neck. And tried to keep his yearning for home at bay.

Chapter End Notes

hmu! my tumblr URL is trapquinn and I am a friendly person.
Dirty Little Secret

Chapter Summary

Anko does some digging, and Kakashi does some damage control.

Chapter Notes

guess who's back back back back again again again again

sorry for the long break guys! Just got back to school and things are a little hectic, but sitting through physics for 90 hours builds up my creative juices! I'll try to get back to a faster paced schedule!

Leave a comment or a kudo whatever you feel~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Anko hadn’t eaten all day. Usually she would be out having burgers and beer with some of the force, but here she was, sitting in a dimly lit Italian restaurant, wishing she could be anywhere else.

It was typical of him to keep her waiting. Punctuality was not so much virtue to him as it was conceding defeat by showing another human being respect. Keeping people waiting was a sort of power move, unfortunately he had used it one too many times and Anko was just annoyed rather than intimidated.

She was just reading the menu for a third time when Orochimaru sat down across from her. He was wearing an ugly pale purple suit and his long hair hung loose around his shoulders.

“Hello Anko,” He said, stressing the ‘a’ in her name for an obnoxiously long amount of time.

“Why am I here?” Anko had never been accused of having good manners, but being around the snake of a man made her even snappier.

“Nice to see you too, my dear.” Anko shuddered at the pet name. “You are here because I have a proposition for you.”

“I paid my debt to you. I don’t owe you anything anymore.” It was true. Anko hadn’t seen Orochimaru since Hayate had gone into remission and he didn’t need hospital care.

“Call it a favor for an old friend?”

Anko looked at him incredulously and moved to stand up.

“I’ll give you five thousand dollars.”

Anko sat back down.
“For what?” She said flatly.

“I have an associate who requires some information. Information that can only be accessed from the main database of the computer.”

Anko was torn. She really enjoyed working directly with Commissioner Hatake, and having the man’s trust, but Hayate was still too sick to work and the BPD benefits didn’t extend to spouses. Honestly, she could use the money.

“What is it?” Orochimaru had asked for extremely malevolent favors in the past, but now that she was no longer indebted to him she would decide whether it would be worth it.

“Nothing too awful, I promise. But I’m afraid I can’t tell you until you agree.”

Anko highly doubted he was just asking her to delete a speeding ticket, but she really did need the money.

Orochimaru saw the resignation in her face and stuck his hand out. She shook it and he gave her a sinister smile.

“I need the whereabouts of Naruto Uzumaki, my associate has reason to believe he has been in contact with Hatake. As well as any information you can dig up on Iruka Umino that could be of use to me.”

Naruto Uzumaki… She had heard that name before. The young man that came to visit Kakashi? Was he in trouble? And Iruka…

“Iruka Umino? Kakashi’s boyfriend?”

“Interesting…” Orochimaru replied.

Uh-oh. Had Anko let something slip?

“My associate was under the impression he would be living with a man named Mizuki in the suburbs…” Orochimaru seemed pleased with the new information and Anko cursed herself.

“You’re doing a very good job already, Anko. Get back to me with more.” With that he stood up, buttoned his jacket and left.

He didn’t even let her order food.

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Naruto woke up in an empty bed. He was disoriented and hung-over so it took him a second to remember where he was. Neji’s apartment. Neji’s room. Neji’s bed. Naruto wanted to go back to sleep and never wake up. He had cheated on Sasuke. He had done the very thing that he had admonished his husband for not three days earlier.

But part of him was rather satisfied with this turn of events. He had got Sasuke back, and then some. Seeing as Neji was having business troubles with Sasuke right now, his husband would be furious at Naruto’s choice in partner.

He was then hit with a wave of guilt. He didn’t want Neji involved, the man was so kind to him. Naruto also didn’t want to go back to Sasuke just yet. Maybe he could explore whatever it was him and Neji had. The sex last night made it obvious there was chemistry, and it was clear Neji had some
sort of feelings for him, ones that Naruto wasn’t sure he would be able to return anytime soon, but it was nice to feel wanted again.

He got out of bed and into the shower, grimacing when he saw all the hickeys in the mirror. He wouldn’t be able to go back to the house anytime soon. He washed the evidence of last night off of his body and tied a towel around his waist, then wandered into the living room following the smell of something baking. He came out of the hallway, hoping to find Neji making breakfast.

And there was a Hyuuga in the kitchen making breakfast. Just the wrong one.

“Good morning!” Hinata called when she saw Naruto enter the room, then immediately turned bright red, noticing he wasn’t completely dressed.

“Whoa, dude! Put a shirt on!” Naruto followed the voice. A man with shaggy brown hair was sitting on the couch, squinting at him accusingly. “Hinata! Don’t look!”

The blushing girl squeaked and averted her eyes.

“I’ll just go do that then…”

After Naruto was dressed he came back out into the living room. He had considered staying in the bedroom and just going back to sleep, but breakfast did smell really good.

Hinata’s back was turned as she pulled something out of the oven and the man on the couch eyed him like he was an intruder in the home.

“I’m Kiba, Hinata’s boyfriend,” He stressed, needlessly suspicious of Naruto.

“I’m Naruto,” He gave a cheerful smile.

“Yeah, I know who you are.” The man turned back to the TV, uninterested in any more small talk.

Naruto sat at the kitchen counter, trying to see what Hinata was cooking.

She stood up, carrying a tray of quiche, which she almost dropped in surprise at seeing Naruto.

“Hi, Hinata!”

“H-hello!”

“Are you making breakfast? It smells delicious!” Naruto desperately hoped that was the case, the quiche looked amazing.

“Actually, Neji didn’t tell me you were here. I’m just using his kitchen to make food for the police potluck later. Our kitchen’s oven doesn’t work very well.”

Naruto must have looked crestfallen because Hinata quickly added, “But I can cook you something right now!”

She set the quiche to cool and grabbed ingredients from the fridge for scrambled eggs and bacon.

-----------------------------------------------

Anko sat down at her computer, trying to avoid looking over her shoulders like the cartoon criminal she felt. She wasn’t doing anything suspicious, just looking up a few records.
Uzumaki, Naruto she typed into the database, and waited for the slow system to pull up his rap sheet. It was surprisingly short, only a few parking tickets from almost five years ago. He did have a juvie record, but it was locked and it would take a higher clearance to unseal it. She was hoping to find a more recent ticket, maybe a red light photo that could give her some information of his whereabouts.

Orochimaru probably wouldn’t be happy with her failure here, so she typed in Umino, Iruka. Iruka’s rap sheet was even shorter than Naruto’s. He had one parking ticket and a speeding ticket from three years ago. Iruka had never been married and had moved eight years ago, if Anko remembered correctly that was when the Commissioner had said they’d started dating.

She then looked up filed grievances, and was surprised to find that Iruka had not filed anything with the police, not even a domestic disturbance. She remembered him often coming to the station, and had assumed he was there to file a report. Maybe he had just come to see Kakashi? But she remembered Genma mentioning the man before Kakashi had even started working in the building.

Iruka had owned a house before, which he had sold around the time he moved in with Kakashi. Iruka was listed as a foster parent in the Social Service records with another man as the cosigner. The man had only had one foster child, the records of whom were sealed, being a juvenile.

She typed in the other man’s name, curious as to where Iruka’s partner had gone after the house was sold. She had been expecting a short record, but was surprised at the warning that popped up. It appeared that Mizuki was a wanted criminal in the state of Massachusetts. The man had skipped bail after being arrested for a drunk and disorderly around eight years ago, and didn’t appear in the record after that.

Mizuki’s address was not listed as Iruka’s house, but instead an apartment building far away from the suburb where the teacher had lived. Anko found records of the police going to search the man’s apartment, but there were no notes on it. Had the notes been erased? Their department tended to be very good with procedure. She googled the apartment building, thinking maybe she should pay a visit to see if anyone knew about this ‘Mizuki’, but was surprised to find it had been bulldozed almost a decade earlier.

How had Mizuki been living in a building that no longer existed for two years before he was arrested?

Although Anko couldn’t put the clues together, she guess that Orochimaru had information that she did not.

Anko sighed as she wrote the addresses down on her notepad. She hoped the Snake’s intentions weren’t too bad.

----------------------------------------------------

Kakashi’s email dinged, and he reluctantly looked up from his book. It had been a slow day in the station, so he supposed he should log a few minutes of work in. It was an alert from the IT system. The name Uzumaki, Naruto had been searched in the system.

He read through the report trying to figure out where the search had come from. He had tagged the name nearly a decade ago, when Iruka was trying to contact the boy. Kakashi wanted to make sure that the kid was okay after leaving the home like that. He had never told Iruka, but Kakashi would be aware of every parking ticket Naruto got. He hadn’t had an alert in almost five years.

And the search had come from Anko’s computer. Kakashi wasn’t dumb, he knew that the woman had worked for Orochimaru while he was Chief, but now that Hayate was in remission, he hadn’t
expected her to do any more freelance. She was a good cop, and Kakashi understood her position, so he let her work for the creep, but kept an eye on her to make sure it was never anything too malicious. It seemed that she had mostly done background checks on possible clients, and if Orochimaru was using the information for blackmail, well, the people usually deserved it.

But this was something else entirely. Orochimaru had to have offered something big to take Anko out of retirement. Why would the man be willing to pay for information on a socialite with a rap sheet shorter than Kakashi’s thumb?

He’d have to keep an eye on Anko’s searches to make sure she wasn’t digging up anything else.

-----------------------------------------------

“Thanks for having us to your house. I would’ve asked Neji if we could have the barbeque at his place. He’s at work all the time ya know? And his apartment building has that great courtyard. But he had someone staying with him.”

Kakashi was flipping the burgers on the grill, and had tuned Kiba out a while ago.

“The guy was a real jerk, walking around like he owned the place. Hinata even saw him shirtless! Just ‘cause he is someone important or something, I swear some of Neji’s friends-” Kiba took a sip of beer and shook his head. “I ought to beat him up, scared the innocence right out of Hinata.”

Hinata looked up from cutting the quiche she brought, “Kiba, Naruto’s not like that!”

Kakashi tuned back in.

“Naruto?”

“Yeah,” Kiba replied, obviously annoyed that his girlfriend was on a first name basis with the man. “He’s staying at Neji’s. Isn’t he like married or something?”

Hinata blushed. It was obvious she was keeping some sort of secret, but Kiba wasn’t known for his interrogation skills.

Kakashi took the information in and feigned disinterest, and looked around the yard for Anko. She was out of earshot, deep in conversation with Genma.

It was important she didn’t get this information. It was obvious Naruto had run away from home, so it easily could have been Sasuke who had hired Orochimaru, maybe to find out where he had gone? Kakashi didn’t know much about Neji, but anywhere would be better than staying with Sasuke.

Kakashi decided not to tell Iruka. The man would probably be sad that Naruto didn’t come to them, but it was for the best, Sasuke would have found him easily.

Kakashi had to get Kiba to shut up about Naruto’s location, but he couldn’t rouse suspicion in the man.

“So you found a shirtless man in your cousin’s apartment.”

Kiba seemed surprised that Kakashi was weighing in on the subject, and Hinata squeaked a little.

“And I’m assuming this is Naruto Uzumaki? The man married to Sasuke Uchiha?”

“Maybe…” Kiba said, obviously unsure where the commissioner was going with this.
“And Neji Hyuuga runs a very important business, which hinges on his public image.”

Kiba nodded.

“Then I would keep your mouth shut if I were you. Loose lips sink corporations.” Kakashi sent the man a wink

Kiba paled a little and Hinata dropped a hamburger bun.

That would probably do it. Kakashi turned back to the grill and began flipping the kebabs.

============================================

Naruto leaned against the railing on the balcony, admiring the sun setting behind the skyline. He didn’t hear anyone behind him until there were strong arms wrapped around his waist.

Naruto’s mind went blank and his body took over. He dug his nails into the arms, struggled free of the grip and twisted his torso, ready to run, but he was met with surprised pale eyes instead of the angry black ones he had been expecting.

Sasuke hadn’t found him. It was Neji. It was Neji giving him a hug during a romantic sunset and Naruto had acted like a caged animal.

His heartbeat slowed and he tried to find the right words to apologize.

“It’s okay, Naruto,” Neji said, putting his palm up slowly, like one would to calm a bucking horse.

“Neji…” Naruto bit back the tears. How much had Sasuke fucked him up?

He let the taller man pull him into a hug.

“You’re staying here,” The brunette whispered into his ear. “You can’t go back.”

Naruto nodded, hiding his face in Neji’s shoulder. He could stay a little longer.

Chapter End Notes

Comments are greatly appreciated and are sort of like bribes in getting me to update more :) I hope everyone is enjoying and things are about to kick off. Next chapter actually.
Too Busy Being Yours to Fall For Somebody New

Chapter Summary

A strange homecoming.

Chapter Notes

Writing this physically hurt me :))) enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sasuke sipped his scotch and read over Orochimaru’s email for the third time. He had skipped work today, finding he was too distracted to be productive. Iruka was no longer living with Mizuki? Sasuke was sure the weak-willed man would never get the courage to leave.

He was displeased with the fact that Orochimaru couldn’t locate his husband. It wasn’t like Naruto was a ninja or anything; there should be no reason that such a well-connected man couldn’t find the idiot. He had been sure that Naruto would hide out with someone from their past, but if not Iruka, he didn’t know whom.

He knew Naruto would come back. He had nowhere to go and his welcome wherever he was would be wearing out soon. Sasuke just had to be patient. Maybe dig some more up on Iruka while he was at it, in case he needed something to hold above his husband’s head.

He swirled the amber liquid around, the silence of the house making his ears ring. Suddenly, a quiet click pulled him out of his trance. Was that the front door? Was Naruto home?

Sasuke ran down the stairs, expecting to find a groveling blonde waiting in the foyer for him, but no one was there. Had it been someone going out instead of in? The alarm hadn’t gone off so it would have to be someone with the code.

He flung the heavy door open, but the cul-de-sac was empty. He rushed back inside to call security.

“Mr. Uchiha?”

“Yes! Are there any visitors exiting the neighborhood!? Stop them right now!”

“I’m sorry Mr. Uchiha, no visitors have checked in this evening.”

That was impossible. It would have to have been someone with the door codes, and a pass to get in through the front gate.

“Mr. Uchiha?”

Sasuke hung up. What had the person taken? The TV was still there along with the art hung along the walls. There was no way the intruder had come upstairs, Sasuke definitely would have noticed movement in front of his office. He ventured further into the house, until he found something amiss.
The closet door was open and the light was on.

Sasuke knew who the intruder must have been. Who else would want something from storage? Naruto always was so damn nostalgic. He walked into the small room. Boxes had been turned over in haste, clearing a path to a box Sasuke hadn’t seen in a long time, Naruto’s name was fading, but still clear, written in Itachi’s impeccable handwriting.

He had expected Naruto to take the whole box, but it would make more sense to just pick what he needed out of it. Sasuke flipped open the lid, and his brow furrowed.

Nothing was missing...

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Neji kissed up Naruto’s spine to the back of his neck, then skimmed his hands up Naruto’s sides. The younger man sighed into the pillow he was face down in. The gentle hands felt good on his body.

Neji continued to kiss down his body, taking his time on each vertebra, until he got to Naruto’s lower back where he pressed a kiss in each dimple.

“Turn over,” he whispered into Naruto’s skin.

The younger man complied, turning onto his back. Neji’s face was right in his crotch and Naruto could feel the other man’s breath on his cock, which had started to take interest in the ordeal. But instead of taking him into his mouth, Neji kissed all around the area, giving little nips to the soft skin.

“Stop teasing,” Naruto whined, grabbing at Neji’s silky hair. After what felt like a decade, Neji finally swiped his tongue up the underside of Naruto’s erection, earning a moan from the other man.

“Pass me the lube,” The older man said, and Naruto grabbed it from the bedside, tossing it to Neji who caught it without even looking up from Naruto’s pelvis where he was pressing soft kisses. Naruto grabbed a condom as well and placed the unwrapped package on his stomach for easy access.

The man sat up and coated his fingers in the slippery substance, and Naruto spread his legs, feet flat on the mattress. Neji rubbed his thumb against his coated fingers, trying to warm the lube up before inserting them. Naruto gasped at the cold anyway, while Neji worked his fore and ring fingers in and out, scissoring them to stretch Naruto as much as possible.

Neji always took care to prepare him well before sex, something that Sasuke rarely did anymore. Naruto wanted to tell Neji that he liked it a little rough, he wouldn’t break, after all Sasuke was bigger than Neji and he had taken that just fine. But there was time for rough, for now he would let Neji spoil him with soft touches.

Neji crooked his fingers and Naruto let out a small gasp. The other man smiled and opened the foil with his teeth, pinching the tip of the condom then rolling it over his length.

He got on his knees and lifted Naruto’s legs over his shoulders, before aligning himself and pressing in slowly.

He gave a few experimental thrusts, before picking up a deep and slow rhythm that made Naruto squirm. Neji leaned down bending Naruto almost in half to press a kiss to the man’s lips. He returned to the previous position, and sucked a considerable hickey into Naruto’s upper thigh.
The pace felt nice, and Naruto could understand Neji’s hesitation after his little freak-out on the porch, but Naruto needed more.

“Neji, faster!”

The man complied, picking up the pace, the sound of skin against skin turning Naruto on, his length beginning to leak onto his stomach.

Neji bent him more, finding a better angle that hit Naruto’s prostate dead-on.

“You like that?” Neji asked, a predatory smile on his face.

Naruto moaned in response, each thrust forcing him to let out another embarrassing sound. He could tell Neji was close when the perfectly timed thrusts stuttered. Naruto wrapped a hand around his erection, pumping it. He came and his walls tightened around the older man, forcing his orgasm.

Neji leaned over, still coming into the condom kissed Naruto’s ear.

“I love you,” He whispered.

Naruto froze, but Neji didn’t seem to notice. He collapsed on top of Naruto, panting heavily.

“Neji you’re heavy,” Naruto complained, and Neji rolled off of him, peeling off the condom and tying it, throwing it in the general direction of the trash, but missing by a few feet.

Neji’s breathing evened out not even a minute later.

He loves me? Naruto thought. It must have just been in the heat of the moment. People said stuff like that all the time.

Or maybe it wasn’t. Maybe Naruto could be loved. Maybe he could learn to love Neji back. Someone who wouldn’t hurt him.

“He loves me…” Naruto whispered into the dark room, and turned on his side, throwing an arm over Neji, and entwining their legs.

He didn’t sense the older open his eyes, a small sneer on his face. Could his timing have been more perfect? I deserve an Oscar, Neji thought, before evening out his breathing again, dreaming of what tomorrow would bring.

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“You must need some things from home.”

Naruto groaned. He was too sleepy to think about the whole ordeal.

“Come on. It’s almost dinner time.”

Neji gently shook his shoulder. Naruto winced. His whole body was sore.

“I want you to stay here longer. Let me get you some things from home.”

Naruto sat up. The gentle smile Neji was giving him warmed his heart. It felt like every minute he spent with Neji was another minute he was becoming more like himself, and less like the man Sasuke had spent years forcing him to be.
He replayed Neji’s words last night. Wondering not for the first time if the man had really meant them.

“I don’t need anything.” It was true; Naruto didn’t have any belongings he held dear. Except…

“Well…” Naruto added.

Neji looked at him expectantly.

“There’s a photo album I’d like to have. It’s pretty much the only thing I have from my childhood.”

Neji patted his hand; “I’d like to get that for you. I want this to feel like your home.”

Naruto didn’t want to tell Neji that a majority of the album would just be reminders of Sasuke. But he firmly believed that it would be okay. He had someone who cared about him, Naruto was sure if he had Neji by his side he could look at those pictures and just see remnants of the past. It was time for him to make a new future.

“It won’t be easy.” Neji would need to get past security and into the house without raising suspicion, and it wasn’t like he could just show up to the house and ask for Naruto’s belongings. Sasuke would honestly probably kill the man.

“I know.”

Naruto sent a blinding smile Neji’s way. “Let’s get started then.”

Neji made cooked them both dinner, while Naruto drew the layout of his house on a napkin. Neji had been there before, but never to the back rooms where the album was.

“You’re going to download an app,” Naruto said as Neji put a plate of delicious looking pasta in front of him.

“Why?”

“It’s app in it that can open the gate without you needing to check into security. You just punch in the code on the phone and the gate will sense it.” Naruto wrote the code at the top of the page under **Gate**.

“Then there’s the security code to get inside the house,” Naruto marked that down too. “The biggest issue is that you’re going to have to go while Sasuke is home.”

“What?”

“Yeah. He leaves the door unlocked at night time so the chef can make breakfast for the next day as well as clean up dinner, but the alarm is always on.”

Neji nodded, asking him to continue, and Naruto felt silly, like they were in *Ocean’s Eleven* or something.

“The chef leaves at 9 and Sasuke comes and locks the door before he goes to bed which is usually around 1 in the morning. I know he’s home tonight because he has a deposition tomorrow, and he always comes home the night before to go over case files.”

“Will he be with the case files in the house?”

“No probably not. He keeps files he’s working on in his study, and the rest are actually where you’re
going to be heading.” Naruto drew an arrow through the kitchen, to where the storage closet was. “The album will be in a box with my name on it. It’s towards the back of the closet but you will see it because I took it out the other day. The album is bright pink.”

Neji snatched the napkin off the table and pressed a kiss to Naruto’s lips.

“I’ll be back before dessert!” Neji called over his shoulder.

The photo album was sitting right at the top of the box, the pink even brighter than Sasuke remembered it being. Was this not what Naruto had come for?

He looked around the closet. Something was definitely missing. He could sense it. The other boxes were just old files, nothing that his husband would be interested in.

He righted the boxes, each labeled with a case number and the name of the defendant. He would organize them later. But while he was down here, there actually was one box he needed, he combed through them looking for the case number, but it wasn’t there.

He was sure he hadn’t moved it. It had definitely been in the closet earlier in the week when he was grabbing other files. He went through them again, looking by name this time incase it had been improperly filed.

It wasn’t there. Where could it have gone?

The night was full of mysteries. First Naruto breaks in, but doesn’t actually take anything, and now it seemed an Uchiha had made a filing error, which never happened.

Unless…

Oh shit.

Sasuke sank to the closet floor, and put his head in his hands. He was going to need another drink.

Naruto was sitting on the couch, trying to watch TV to calm his nerves, but it was just background noise. Why did he let Neji go? Scenarios of everything that could go wrong were running through his mind. Why was the man taking so long?

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of keys in the lock.

He turned around as the door swung open revealing a triumphant looking Hyuuga.

“Did you get it?” Naruto stood up.

“What?” Neji seemed distracted, not even looking up at Naruto. “Oh… you’re still here…”

Naruto stilled. There was no pink album in Neji’s hands. Instead it was a white filing box, the kind he recognized from Sasuke’s work. Printed across the front in large block letters was HYUUGA.

“Neji?” Why did Neji have the box from the storage room?

Neji set the box down on the table and opened the lid, rifling through the pages with a small looking smile on his face before turning back.
“You have to go.”

“What?”

Neji put the lid back on the box and sighed, running his hand through his hair, before making his way across the room.

Naruto leaned into the familiar soft touch of Neji’s hand on his cheek. What was the man saying?

“Look Naruto… I took this a little further than I was meaning to.”

Neji’s other hand came up and squeezed the tan cheeks together, leaving Naruto unable to ask what was going on.

“You were a great fuck,” Neji gave a small slap to his cheek, “But you’ve served your purpose here.”

Neji turned his back to Naruto and went to open the box again.

“You said you love me.” Naruto was still confused. What purpose had he served?

“I said a lot of things. I guess you could call it the long con.” Neji didn’t even look up from the papers he was rifling through.

“…Long con?” Naruto still hadn’t caught up, was this a joke?

Neji let out an exasperated sigh and turned to face the younger man. “Look, Naruto, you’re hot, and maybe if we had met before Uchiha fucked you up it could have been different. But now you’ll go back to him, and I’ll find another warm body and we can forget about this little tryst.”

Suddenly, Naruto understood. He thought back to when he and Neji first spent time together. He had been right to be suspicious of the man, and suspicious of the interest he showed him. Neji had used him to get into his house and steal the documents Sasuke had on him. Naruto felt physical pain at the next thought. Sasuke was right. Sasuke was always right. Nobody could love him.

Naruto opened the door and closed it behind him. He didn’t bother turning around for a last glance because he knew Neji hadn’t either.

Naruto stepped out of the lobby into the cold air. The pieces were all starting to come together. Neji had built a relationship with Naruto all in the hopes that he could get the evidence. Was it just pure luck that Neji had found Naruto on the curb?

No it couldn’t have been. How was he supposed to know Naruto would have marital problems with Sasuke?

Unless…

It was Hinata who had told Naruto about Sasuke’s infidelity. The man doubted she would be in on the plan, but it was possible Neji could have just planted the idea in passing, hoping she would mention it to him.

Neji had probably contacted Zabuza as well, trying to make the story as convincing as possible. Naruto wondered what Neji had done that made him so desperate to ruin two marriages.

Sasuke hadn’t cheated on him at all. He had fallen for the Hyuuga’s trap.
Naruto’s tears froze before they fell. His body was heavy with remorse, and he felt dirty, as though he could still feel Neji’s touch.

It was time to go home.

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It was either very late evening or very early morning when the home phone rang. Sasuke checked the caller ID, ‘Security’. Maybe they had information about the break in. He picked up the phone.

“Yes?”

“Mr. Uchiha…” The man on the other end paused, “Your husband is here.”

Chapter End Notes

feel free to leave a comment about how much you hate me or follow me on tumblr @trapquinn to leave me hate mail <3
He'll Never Love You Like I Can

Chapter Summary

Home coming! Smut! Sadness! Self deprecation!

Chapter Notes

sorry my updates have been slow guys i'm so fucking busy! imma try and update more regularly but i've been hella sick and i'm busy planning revenge on my lacrosse team cause they all went to a frat party and didn't invite me so my roommates and I have been systematically fucking all the boys they have crushes on which actually takes a lot of effort (i'm a petty hoe), if any of you need to get laid and live in the greater seattle area let me know.

also enjoy the smut I so painstakingly wrote for you idk why i'm so bad at it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Sasuke?”

Sasuke stood at the top of the stairs, an unreadable expression on his face. As he descended, Naruto steadily became more nervous, what if his husband wouldn't take him back? Sasuke reached the foyer and pulled Naruto into his arms. Naruto took a deep breath and let Sasuke’s scent cloud his head with the feeling of home.

“I'm so glad you're back,” Sasuke whispered.

“Me too.”

They walked up the stairs. Naruto was ready just to get in bed but Sasuke pulled him into his study instead.

Naruto saw the floor was littered with case files, and his was hit with a wave of guilt. Could Sasuke lose the case because of his blind trust in Neji?

“Sasuke, there’s something I need to tell you…” Naruto had hoped he could tell his husband when everything had calmed down. He wasn’t sure how Sasuke would react.

“Naruto, I already know the case file is missing.”

“You do?” Why hadn’t he yelled about it yet? It wasn’t like Sasuke to keep calm about something this big. Sasuke came closer and Naruto braced himself for a hit. Instead Sasuke stroked his cheek with the back of his hand.

“Yeah, I noticed right after he took it. You were staying with Hyuuga, weren’t you?”

Naruto nodded, shame tingeing his cheeks red.
“It’s okay. I know he used you Naruto. I could’ve told you that.”

Naruto looked away, swallowing the sob on the tip of his tongue. He refused to shed a single tear over the man that had betrayed him.

“You were right Sasuke.”

“Hm?”

“No one will ever love me like you.”

Sasuke smiled and took Naruto’s hands in his. “There’s something I want to show you.”

He sat down on his desk chair and Naruto made to follow him but Sasuke shook his head.

“I’m about to get a fax, can you grab it for me?”

Naruto was confused, but the dial tone began and he walked to the fax machine to get the pieces of paper being printed. After around ten pages, the fax finally stopped. He picked up the papers, still warm from the machine and put them on the desk.

“Come here.”

Naruto knew that tone of voice. He wasn’t really in the mood, but he hadn’t felt his husband’s touch in a while and it was the least he could do to begin to apologize.

Naruto set the papers down on the desk and walked over to Sasuke’s chair, ready to sit on his lap. Sasuke kissed him hard, grabbing both sides of his face. Naruto felt all the emotion in the kiss and tried to put his feelings into it as well. The regret and shame and utter devotion translating into his lips.

“Bend over the desk.”

The kiss had begun to get Naruto excited and he willingly bent over the desk, undoing his fly and pulling his pants and boxers around his knees.

He heard a zipper being undone, and a drawer being opened. Apparently Sasuke kept lube in the office now. A finger probed at his entrance, and Naruto braced his hands on the edge of the desk. He could tell this wasn’t going to be gentle reunion sex. He needed it rough. He needed enough Sasuke to wipe the traces of Neji away.

“Hey, grab the papers,” Sasuke said as he worked another finger in.

Naruto moaned when Sasuke probed his prostate, but complied, grabbing the papers

“I want you to read them.”

They just looked like service papers calling someone to court. Why would Sasuke want him to read them?

Sasuke gave him a slight slap on the ass. “If you want me to fuck you, start reading. Out loud. And don’t stop until I finish.”

Naruto wasn’t sure he would be able to keep his voice steady enough to read out loud, but he could
try. He picked up the first sheet of paper,

“The United States District Court of Boston, Massachusetts,” He began, his voice cracking a little on the word ‘court’ as Sasuke pressed his prostate again.

“Case number 13-007-783,” He gasped as Sasuke entered him in a swift motion. Sasuke didn’t move, waiting for Naruto to continue.

“The United States Government,” Sasuke gave a languid thrust, hitting deep inside Naruto, “Plaintiff, versus-” Naruto stopped, and so did Sasuke, stilling all movement.

“Keep reading, Naruto.”

Naruto shook his head. He was caught between wanting Sasuke to continue and how much he didn’t want to read the next line. He felt Sasuke’s nails digging into his hips. He took a deep breath and continued to read.

“Plaintiff, versus Hyuuga, Neji, defendant.”

Sasuke gave a powerful thrust into his prostate, making him moan.

“Next page,” Sasuke commanded, and Naruto complied, turning to the next page.

“N-Neji Hyuuga, and all p-p-parties concerned, are officially summoned to the US Federal Court to d-d-defend against all charges of corporate espionage, brought up b-b-by the American People,” Naruto managed to stutter out.

Sasuke picked up the pace and wrapped a hand around Naruto’s cock. The text was swimming in front of Naruto, tears of pleasure and pain blurring his vision. He blinked them out of his eyes and locked his elbows; neither Neji nor Sasuke would make him cry.

“Charges against the Hyuuga Corporation will be presided over by a jury of peers-”

Sasuke swiped his thumb over the head of Naruto’s cock, and a moan cut off his sentence.

“You know what he did Naruto?” Sasuke whispered in his ear, “He stole information from the US Government.”

Naruto shook his head, yesterday he never could have believed something like that to be true, but now he had seen a darker side of the Hyuuga.

“That’s a federal offense.”

Sasuke sped up his thrusts and the hand on Naruto’s cock. Naruto moaned and Sasuke gave a long swipe of his tongue to shell of Naruto’s ear.

“I’m going to put your boyfriend in prison for the rest of his life.”

“N-not my b-boyfriend-”

Naruto let out a gasp as Sasuke bit into the tan skin of his neck.

“He’s got an awful pretty face, huh? Lot of serious criminals in fed. We’ll see if he takes it up the ass as well as you do.”

And with one final jerk Naruto was coming all over the desk and the papers fanned out in front of
him. Sasuke finished soon after, stilling inside Naruto, before pulling out and zipping his pants back up, leaving the other man pressed flat against the desk, chest heaving.

Naruto had no doubt that Sasuke would prove Neji guilty. If the government had gone so far as to hire an expensive corporate lawyer as a consult instead of the many they must have on retainer, the case must be very serious.

He pushed himself off the desk, turning around to meet Sasuke’s gaze.

“I’m glad you’re home,” The other man said, and gave Naruto a peck.

Naruto pulled up his boxers and pants, grimacing when some of Sasuke’s release trickled out of him. He wasn’t sure how Sasuke had known he was staying with Neji, but he hoped to God that Sasuke didn’t know about the infidelity. At least Neji couldn’t get the death penalty in Boston, Naruto had no doubt that Sasuke could make it a capital offense somehow.

Kakashi watched Naruto leave the apartment building. He had been parked outside of the building for almost four hours, waiting for Naruto to make an appearance. He had seen Neji leave in the car registered to the Hyuuga Corporation twice, but no sign on Naruto in the car.

The blonde man looked extremely downtrodden, his coat much too thin for the weather outside. He wanted to offer the kid a ride, but he was there strictly for surveillance. Kakashi took a guess that Naruto was headed back to Sasuke. He drove towards the gated community, and parked a block outside, waiting for Naruto to get home.

It was a few hours later when the blonde arrived, shivering.

Kakashi didn’t know if he was relieved to see that Naruto hadn’t frozen to death, or disappointed that he had come back to Sasuke after all. He would have to tell Iruka about this. He assumed Sasuke wouldn’t be happy about Naruto’s little vacation, but without a warrant he couldn’t even get in the gate, much less the house.

He sighed and started the drive home, rehearsing what he would tell his husband.

Naruto woke up shivering. The blanket had been pulled off him and cold hands were pulling down his pajama pants. He smiled and lifted his legs so Sasuke could pull them completely off, keeping his eyes closed to avoid the morning light filtering through the curtains.

“How cold Sasuke.”

The hands spread his legs apart, and he felt a warm breath on his inner thigh, then a soft kiss was placed there.

Naruto let out a soft moan, his eyelashes beginning to flutter. Then his eyes shot open. A strong hand was wrapped around his throat, cutting off his air supply.

“Did he leave that hickey there?”

Naruto gasped, trying to get oxygen to his brain so he could figure out what Sasuke was talking about.
“The hickey Naruto. Was that Neji?”

Naruto shook his head, and brought both hands to Sasuke’s arm trying to pry him off, but Sasuke’s full weight was on Naruto’s body.

Naruto’s vision was fuzzy and he could hear Sasuke talking, but the words were garbled. Then the hand was gone and Naruto took a big breath in, coughing violently.

“You fucking slut.”

Memories started flooding into Naruto’s head. He legs thrown over Neji’s shoulders, Neji thrusting into him while leaving a deep bite mark on the inside of his thigh.

“Sasuke…” His voice was raspy, and he could barely get the word out.

His husband rolled off his body, sitting beside him on the bed, back against the headboard, head tilted up to look at the ceiling.

Sasuke’s body was shaking, Naruto assumed in anger, but when dark accusatory eyes turned towards him, he saw they were dewy with tears threatening to fall.

“Sasuke?”

“You are my only.”

The words stabbed Naruto in the chest. He almost preferred the feeling of being choked to the guilt that was caught in his throat now. He had been Sasuke’s first. Sasuke’s only lover.

“I know,” Naruto said, shame weighing heavy in the words.

“Am I not enough?”

The question shocked Naruto. Never had he heard Sasuke be so self-conscious. The proud man always held his head high, refusing to show weakness even when Naruto knew he felt it.

Naruto reached out a hand, and turned Sasuke’s face towards him, cupping the pale cheek.

“You are more than enough, Sasuke.”

Naruto trained his eyes on Sasuke’s, hoping to convey the devotion he felt for the other man.

“Why did you do it then?” Sasuke’s voice was shaky, and the quiet tone broke Naruto’s heart.

“I- I thought you had cheated on me Sasuke. It hurt so bad- and- and I was so angry. And Neji… well, Neji pretended to be there for me. He pretended that he cared and I fell for it. You were gone all the time and I was so lonely-”

Sasuke took in a choked breath.

“But it’s not your fault! None of it was your fault. Neji tricked me, and I wanted to believe that I was good enough for someone, because I thought that you had been with Haku…” Naruto trailed off, trying to find the words that conveyed how he had felt.

“It was so stupid. I’m so stupid Sasuke. I fell for it all... “ Now Naruto’s eyes began to fill with tears. “You were right; no one will ever love me like you can Sasuke. And you have every right to be angry, I get it if you don’t want to see me ever again-” Naruto’s words were cut off by a kiss.
Sasuke pulled back, his eyes now dry and determined.

“I forgive you Naruto. I know Neji tricked you and it’s not your fault. I’m going to get him back for that.”

Naruto nodded silently, no doubt in his mind that Sasuke would have his revenge.

“But you can never leave me again.”

Naruto nodded. “Never again, Sasuke. I’m yours forever.”

Sasuke smiled and pressed Naruto’s cheeks in, forcing his lips into a fish face.

“Let’s get breakfast, Dobe.”

Chapter End Notes

leave some kudos or comments! hmu at my tumblr trapquinn if you wanna fight :3
also are my law firm days showing?
He Don't Wanna Be Saved

Chapter Summary

Confrontation and the start to some real introspection.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, been awhile. Sorry I haven't been writing I'm so busy with school and it's hard to find the motivation when Shippuden sucks so hard. Enough with the filler already! But I swear I have the ending all worked out, I just need some free time!

Kakashi woke up to the smell of bacon. He wandered into the kitchen, wearing just his boxers. Iruka was at the stove, dressed in the ‘Kiss the Cook’ apron Kakashi had given him.

He had promised to himself that he would tell Iruka today. The man had a right to know, and maybe they could come up with something together to help Naruto.

“Smells good.”

Iruka jumped, obviously not having heard the man come in.

Kakashi chuckled and put his hands on the other man’s hips, pulling him close for a kiss.

“I kissed the cook.”

“Shut up.” Iruka blushed. No matter how long they’d been together, Kakashi’s displays of affection embarrassed the other man. Kakashi tried not to think about what Iruka’s previous relationship was like, one where he rarely got affection.

Kakashi sat down at the table and Iruka put a plate of eggs, bacon and rice in front of him.

“Itadakimaso!” Kakashi shouted.

“Masu dummy.” Iruka rolled his eyes. Kakashi’s Japanese was hopeless, no matter how much he pleaded Iruka to teach him.

Iruka sat down across from the Commissioner with his own plate.

“I’m thinking of trying to contact Naruto today,” Iruka said quietly between bites.

Kakashi coughed, the eggs going down the wrong pipe.

Iruka looked concerned at his boyfriend’s hacking.

When his coughing fit had stopped Kakashi spoke, “Are you sure that’s a good idea?”
“Why?”

“I don’t know… maybe it will piss Uchiha off…”

Kakashi could see that his excuse wasn’t working. Kakashi was an interrogation expert and he still couldn’t read people like Iruka could.

“Do you know something?”

Kakashi sighed. This isn’t really how he wanted to break the news, but it couldn’t be helped.

“Naruto ran away.”

A hundred emotions passed over Iruka’s face, pride, happiness, and anger, before he finally settled on concern, his eyebrows pushed together, and his mouth in a firm line.

“Where did he go?”

“Neji Hyuuga’s apartment.”

“Hinata’s cousin?”

“Yeah.”

“I didn’t even know they knew each other. Is he still there?”

“Well-” Kakashi stalled, trying to find the words, “He went home again.”

“To Sasuke?”

“Yeah.”

“Why wouldn’t you lead with that idiot?! I thought he got out!” Iruka pointed a fork at Kakashi accusingly.

“Something happened. I’m not sure what, but it looked like Hyuuga kicked him out or they had a fight or something.”

“And it drove him back to Sasuke.” It wasn’t even a question. Iruka knew the sentiment far too well, the desperation of being alone after having been controlled for so long. It was what he had felt before Kakashi offered him a place to stay.

“I need him out of that house.”

Kakashi knew the look in Iruka’s eye. It was the look of firm determination, the same one he had when he walked into the police station for the last time.

“Okay. I’m not sure Sasuke will let him go so easy.”

“We can blackmail him! Tell him we’ll go to the press with the story!”

“You do know I’m a cop right?”

“Do you have any better ideas?”

Kakashi shook his head.
“Blackmail it is then,” Iruka said, and continued to eat his breakfast.

“One more thing.”

“Yeah?”

“Sasuke hired Orochimaru to look for Naruto.”

“So? That seems like an Uchiha move.”

“Anko started digging around.”

Iruka’s face went pale.

“Look she couldn’t access the locked juvenile files, so she doesn’t know your relationship to Naruto, but I can’t have her digging into you.”

“You said it was airtight!” Iruka stood up, his voice high and full of panic.

“There are some… inconsistencies…”

“How?!”

Kakashi stood too, “I can’t just make a person disappear Iruka! She probably remembers you coming to the station and I couldn’t fake a police report without making you a suspected accomplice in his disappearance!”

Iruka flopped back into his chair. Kakashi sat down as well, and lowered his voice. “Look, Naruto’s back and Sasuke will have stopped digging. Anko and Orochimaru won’t be able to put the pieces together without the information that only you, me, Naruto and Sasuke know.”

Iruka knew his boyfriend was right, they had been safe for this long. But he really didn’t want to leave his and Kakashi’s future in the hands of Naruto’s abuser.

“What do we do?”

“I think we need to be careful about how we contact Naruto. We don’t want to give Sasuke a reason to keep digging.”

Iruka nodded, pushing the eggs around on his plate.

“How about we go out with both of them. Sasuke doesn’t know that you know anything about their relationship, and I run in his social circles so it wouldn’t be that strange.”

“I don’t want to have brunch or tea or play tennis or whatever with that monster.”

“I know, but it’s how we help Naruto. If we go into his life and threaten his relationship, he’ll side with Sasuke. You know that better than anyone.” Kakashi put his hand over Iruka’s.

“You’re right.”

“How about we throw a party here? I can call Tenzou and ask him to invite Sasuke. Then we’ll have the home turf advantage.”

Iruka perked up. It would be easy enough to get Naruto alone in his own house.
“I’ll text him now,” Kakashi said, glad that his boyfriend had started to see some reason.

“Wake up.”

The cold hand patting his face was an unwelcome alarm. When the pats turned into light slaps Naruto finally opened his eyes.

Karin was standing next to the bed, checking her phone in one hand and slapping Naruto with the other.

“Hey Karin, long time no see.” Naruto shot her a smile, hoping to win a few more minutes of sleep.

“Yeah and longtime no work out. We need to get to the gym.”

“Missed you too Karin,” Naruto grumbled, dragging himself out of bed and towards the shower.

Naruto had an uncomfortable feeling, and it wasn’t just the protein shake. It was the old routine, Karin on her phone, Juugo driving them to the gym, Naruto’s diet out of his own hands.

He thought, maybe, something would be different. It had only been a few days, but it felt like a giant shift in his life, a break of the routine. But like rubber it bounced back, disgusting shake and all.

“So what’s on the schedule for today?”

“Nothing today, but a dinner party tomorrow.”

“Sakura’s?” Naruto wasn’t sure how Sasuke had explained his absence, but he hoped no one had found out about his little vacation.

“No it’s...” Karin paused to scroll through her phone. “Police Commissioner Kakashi Hatake. He came with the Captain to your last party.”

Naruto quickly wiped the look of surprise off his face when Karin turned to him and replaced it with one of indifference. Karin didn’t know how acquainted they actually were. She didn’t know about his relationship with Iruka. Well, she didn’t know about Iruka at all.

“Anyway, it’s casual dress so slacks, sparrys and a sweater.”

“Nice alliteration.”

Karin rolled her eyes as they pulled up at the gym. Juugo opened the door for Naruto, but Karin didn’t move from her seat.

“Aren’t you coming in to see your boyfriend?” Naruto stretched the ‘y’ in a teasing manner.

“If you are talking about Suigetsu, I’d rather have a root canal than date that creature.”

Naruto chuckled, “Thou doth protest too much.”

Karin reached over and slammed the door in Naruto’s face.

He headed into the gym where Suigetsu was leaning against the counter.

“Karin not here?” The trainer asked.
Naruto smirked, “She stood you up, huh?”

Suigetsu sent a very serious glare his way, “I’d rather die.”

“Thou doth protest—”

Naruto barely had time to catch the medicine ball tossed his way, cutting off his sentence.

“Abs today.”

So they were back to building muscle.

They walked into the mirrored room full of free weights and yoga mats.

“Take off your shirt.”

“Suigetsu you dog.”

Suigetsu rolled his eyes and leaned against the wall as Naruto stripped.

“What have you been eating?”

“Your diet book is my bible.”

Naruto flinched when Suigetsu stepped forward and jabbed at his stomach.

“Burgers. Chinese food.”

“How did you—” Suigetsu cut Naruto off with another poke at his abdomen.

Okay,” Suigetsu took a large breath, “this is fine. I can work with this.”

Naruto fidgeted, the cool air of the gym making his bare chest cold.

“On the mat, fifty sit-ups.”

Naruto groaned but complied, dropping to the ground on his back as Suigetsu held his feet.

“One- two—”

Naruto walked into the house, fresh from the shower at the gym and a little cold. He toed off his shoes at the front entrance and his feet were silent on the tile and wood, but his steps sounded loud in the empty home.

He sat down on the couch and turned off the TV just to have something to listen to, but he quickly became restless again.

His hands began to twitch and he tapped his foot. He tried to remember what time Sasuke said he would be home. The emptiness of the house made him feel weightless, like if he didn’t have another person to hold him down he could end up in the rafters.

He quickly got up, the sound of the TV just a murmur in the background.

The art studio was just like he had left it. For some reason he had expected upturned easels and slashed canvases, something that wasn’t so far-fetched considering the anger Sasuke had probably
felt when he left.

He pulled the sheet off of his work in progress.

Sasuke’s gaze was softer than the sheets he was swaddled in. Naruto picked up the original picture. His hands had stopped trembling and the blood crusted image calmed him down.

“I love you Sasuke.”

Sasuke just looked at him, a barrier of film stuck between them.

Naruto picked up a paintbrush and started on Sasuke’s hair, long black strokes louder than a crowd, and heavy enough to anchor him to the ground.

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Naruto had spent the day in a panic.

He wanted to see Iruka and Kakashi, but it was a dangerous situation. Naruto had to act like he didn’t know Iruka had been dating Kakashi. He had to act like he hadn’t seen Iruka in ten years. As far as Sasuke knew, Iruka was still living in the suburbs with Mizuki.

There was definitely an ulterior motive to this party, and Naruto was sure it had to do with him and Sasuke. He knew Iruka meant well, but Sasuke wasn’t like Mizuki. Mizuki was brash and a drunk. Always getting in trouble with the law and mooching off Iruka because he couldn’t hold a job down.

Sasuke was refined and intelligent. He cared for Naruto and never let him want for anything. They were perfect and he was perfect and he wouldn’t let Iruka try to poke holes in that.

Sasuke came home at five and they got dressed together.

Sasuke was slipping on his jacket, tie slung over his shoulder, when Naruto got an urge to touch him. He was so still and Naruto wanted to be still with him.

“Let me tie your tie?”

Sasuke lifted an eyebrow, but dropped his arms to let Naruto slip the silk under his collar. He circled the ends around and pulled the tail through.

“I’ve taught you well,” Sasuke whispered, the air tickling Naruto’s ear. He gripped the tie tighter.

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“Where’s your tie?”

“Do I look like I own a tie?”

Naruto was wearing one of Iruka’s old suits, their builds were similar, though Naruto was a bit taller and the pants ended around his ankles, showing his mismatched socks. He wore a white dress shirt underneath, one that had a rip in the side seam, but wasn’t visible with the jacket on.

Sasuke had demanded that Naruto try on the suit before the actual night of prom so he could coordinate their outfits.

“What is with your socks too? How am I supposed to match to this?”
“Oi teme, I know you’re gay but you don’t have to be so gay.”

“Shut up idiot. If I’m going to be seen with you in public you will at least be wearing matching socks.”

Naruto looked down at his socks, one orange, and one blue. He sighed, it was pretty bad. He straightened his jacket in the mirror, annoyed that the sleeves were too short.

“I can put on matching socks, but the suit is all I have Sasuke.”

Naruto wished he had money like Sasuke. Then he could buy the other boy fancy presents and take him out to eat. He wouldn’t have to work and they could spend more time together.

A hand hit him on the back of the head.

“Whatever you’re thinking, stop.”

Naruto looked in the mirror and saw Sasuke smiling at him, the fondness in his eyes almost overwhelming.

Sasuke opened the door and poked his head into the hall. “Iruka-Sensei?”

“Yeah?” The other man called from the kitchen.

“Do you have a tie Naruto could borrow?”

“Let me check.”

A minute later Iruka showed up with a dark blue tie.

“It’s not silk, but it matches the suit.”

Sasuke took the tie from Iruka, “It’s perfect.”

He looped it under Naruto’s collar and began to tie a square knot, his nimble fingers looping the ends in and out.

“You should learn how to tie your own tie,” Sasuke said, straightening out the knot.

“Why would I do that when I have you?” Naruto grinned broadly and Sasuke yanked on the end of the tie, bringing Naruto face to face with him and kissed him quickly.

“I’ll teach you one day.”

Naruto felt immense gratitude and relief. He wasn’t used to having nice things and he hated it when Sasuke bought expensive gifts for him. It felt like charity. He had always been able to take care of himself and he always would be, Sasuke would never have to provide for him.

--------------------------------------------------------

“What are you smiling about Dobe?”

Naruto straightened out Sasuke’s tie. “Nothing.”

“Hn.”

“Well it was the time you had me try on Iruka’s suit for prom and it was too small and you tied my
“Iruka’s suit?”

“Yeah before prom.”

Sasuke furrowed his eyebrows. “I bought you a suit for prom.”

Naruto laughed. He didn’t know why Sasuke was joking, but he recalled wearing that too-small suit to prom, holding onto Sasuke’s arm proudly, and letting the other boy teach him how to dance.

“We should go,” He said, putting on his jacket.

“Okay.”

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Naruto had no idea being Police Commissioner paid so well. Kakashi’s house was beautiful, and old-style brick home in stark contrast to the new mansions built around it. It had ivy growing up the walls and large bay windows, lit welcomingly.

Sasuke parked along the street between Lee’s green Audi and Sai’s black Tesla.

They walked up to the front door and it swung open, a drunk Lee waved them in like it was his house.

Sasuke grabbed Naruto’s hand and pulled him inside, ignoring Lee’s ecstatic greetings. “Let’s find Commissioner Hatake.”

Naruto eyed the bar longingly as they passed it, but he needed a clear head for the conversation they were about to have.

Kakashi was in the living room, chatting with someone Naruto didn’t recognize. When the older man spotted the pair he excused himself from the conversation.

“Sasuke, Naruto. glad you could make it!”

“Thanks for having us Kakashi.”

Sasuke looked surprised at the familiarity in Naruto informal greeting.

“Oh, there’s someone who wants to see you. I think you may have met before?”

Iruka walked into the room just in time to have Kakashi pull him into the conversation.

“Hi Naruto, Sasuke.” The ponytailed man gave them both polite nods. Naruto wanted nothing more than to hug the other man but he knew he had to keep a distance while he was with Sasuke.

“Iruka-Sensei?” Sasuke said, the surprise more than evident in his tone.

“You don’t have to call me Sensei anymore Sasuke.” Iruka sent the younger man a gentle smile, though it seemed a bit forced.

Sasuke looked between Kakashi and Iruka, obviously trying to figure out the connection.

Kakashi put an arm around Iruka’s shoulders and tugged him close, making it obvious what their
relationship was.
Sasuke turned to look at Naruto and he fidgeted under the intense scrutiny. He had to say something.

“Hi Iruka.”

“Hi Naruto.” The smile this time was genuine.
Sasuke’s eyes narrowed. “Why are we here?”

“For the party, of course.” Kakashi smiled.

“Naruto we’re leaving.” Sasuke pivoted, grabbing his husband by the arm and pulled him towards the door.

“Sasuke wait!” Iruka yelled, squeezing through the crowd of people to catch up to the couple.
Sasuke started walking faster, Naruto trailing behind him. This is about what he had expected. There was no way Sasuke was going to have a pleasant conversation with his foster father.

They brushed past Sakura, who tried to say hi, but Sasuke paid no heed.

They were just out the door when Sasuke was jerked to a halt.

Iruka had grabbed Naruto’s other arm, stretching the man in between them.

“You can’t take him Sasuke.”
Sasuke laughed. “Really? After all this time you think you can come between us? We’re married Iruka. Where were you when he needed you? You left him in the cold and I saved him.” He tugged Naruto closer.

“Saved him? You think you saved him? I know all about your marriage, Sasuke. I know how you treat him, why he ran away. I look at his face and all I see is me ten years ago. Afraid, always afraid.” Iruka tugged Naruto’s other arm bringing him back towards the house.

“Don’t project your shitty relationship onto us Iruka! Naruto isn’t weak like you. I’m surprised you even got the balls to leave Mizuki. He isn’t afraid of me! He loves me!”

They both turned to Naruto, who wanted to laugh at the comical situation, but it felt like he was being torn in half.

“Naruto, come stay with Kakashi and me for a while. You won’t have to be afraid. I know what it’s like and leaving is the best thing in the entire world.”

“Naruto tell him to fuck off. Let’s go home okay?” Sasuke looked at him softly.

Going home did sound nice. He had promised Sasuke he would never leave again. He wasn’t Iruka and Sasuke definitely wasn’t Mizuki.

Naruto shook out of Iruka’s hold and let Sasuke lead him towards the car.

“Naruto!” Iruka yelled from the front step. Naruto got in the car and shut the door, drowning out Iruka’s pleas.
Chapter End Notes

My tumblr is still trapquinn. Feel free to bother me and motivate me to write because I just cannot find it in myself rn :( 

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