**Anyplace, Anywhere, Anytime**

by midnightphoenix13

**Summary**

When team eight finds an unconscious teenager in the forest, they take him back to Konoha where he soon attaches himself to Sasuke, even though he remembers nothing except his name, Harry.

**Notes**

Reposted from my accounts on ffnet, mediaminer and aff
A black haired teenager walked behind his group of friends lost in thought. Suddenly he slips, falls and tumbles down the side of the hill they are walking on, flying off the edge into a ravine. He clings to the side and desperately calls out for help, but his friends do not hear him. They walk on, laughing and chatting between themselves. Even Draco, his brother in all but blood.

The raven keeps shouting, hoping someone, anyone, would come. And then he appears. A tall, lithe body in a black cloak covered in red clouds. His hair, black as night and tied at the nape of his neck. A blue headband carrying a scratched metal plate lying above eyes as crimson as blood, which turn deep ebony when focused down on him. A hand emerges from the cloak, which the teenager grabs hold of and he is pulled up easily, the man’s strength hidden by his slim frame.
The raven hugs the stranger to him and feels the hug returned slowly after much hesitation.

“Who are you?” The teenager asked curiously.

“Uchiha Itachi.” The man stated.

“I’m Harry Potter.” The raven hugged the older to him more tightly than before. “Don’t leave me Itachi.”

“Never,” The teen snuggled into the man’s chest.

In two different beds, a great distance apart, two black haired males awoke - the older in the hidden base of a secret organisation, confusion dancing in normally blank ebony eyes. The other in a white hospital room, with no idea of where or who he was.
It was the usual sunny morning in Konohagakure as Uchiha Sasuke made his way to the hospital, he had an appointment with the medic nin that healed his mind after the incident with his brother. Sasuke was walking through the stairwell door onto the third floor, the place he was assured he could find his medic nin, otherwise known as the Godaime Hokage Tsunade, when he heard a major commotion somewhere down the corridor.

The sharingan user broke into a run, but he stopped quickly when he reached the gathering crowd around a single room. In the corner bed was a dark-haired teenager curled up with his arms wrapped around his knees protectively. Objects from the room were flying around him at high speeds, preventing anyone from coming close.

“What happened?” He questioned a nearby nurse, and upon seeing the Uchiha heir she answered quickly.

“The poor dear woke himself up shouting for help, which we came to do obviously, but then he started mumbling about who he was and why he couldn’t remember anything and panicked - leading to this. No idea how he’s doing it though.”

“I heard that one of the genin teams found him in the middle of the forest on their way back from a mission.” Another nurse added.

Sasuke had heard enough. He moved towards the bed holding the shaking teen, dodging the flying objects.

“Hey!” Sasuke called softly. The teen’s head came up slightly so one bright green eye could be seen. “It’s okay, you’re in a hospital, we are here to help you.” The raven’s head came up completely, and the look of panic was replaced by a look of surprise. The objects fell to the floor with a crash as the teen jumped off the bed, ran to Sasuke and wrapped his arms around him muttering.

The Uchiha was frozen in shock, no-one hugged him. But as he saw the doctors come nearer, he felt the teen’s shaking increase as he edged around Sasuke, keeping him between himself and the doctors at all times, and noticed the objects from before starting to hover again.


“Harry.” Sasuke smiled slightly in return, shocking everyone in the room with them.

“Is that all you remember?” The raven nodded, his face downcast. “Don’t worry, I’m sure it will all come back eventually.” Sasuke stood back up, pulling Harry with him. “Now, let’s get you back on the bed so the doctors can have a look at you, okay?” Harry nodded resigned to doing what Sasuke asked of him.

The Uchiha made to move away as the doctors came forward again but a cry from the raven stopped him.

“Please, don’t leave Sasuke, don’t leave like everyone else.” The teen murmured when the sharingan user looked back at him.
“What do you mean by that Harry?” Sasuke asked a hint of curiosity in his tone. Harry shrugged.

“They all left. Don’t know why, or even who they were, I just know that they left me behind. Even… even Draco.” Harry looked distraught at mentioning that name and when the Uchiha moved closer, Harry pulled him close and buried his head in his neck, crying quietly.

“Sasuke.” The avenger turned his head, his body trapped by Harry’s arms.

“Hai Hokage-sama?” The blonde Godaime looked sadly at the now asleep raven.

“I have a new mission for you.” Sasuke looked at her steadily, waiting. “Your new mission is to look after Harry. There is nothing physically wrong with him. The memory loss was probably due to some immense psychological trauma. As you are the only person he will talk to or even notice, would he be able to stay at the Uchiha estate with you?”

“I’ll take this mission Hokage-sama, gladly.” Sasuke looked down at the teen wrapped around him. “He needs help, and I’m the only one that can give it to him. He needs me.” The sharingan user rearranged Harry on the bed so he would sleep comfortably, before sitting in a chair next to the bed, still holding one of the raven’s hands tightly. “Why does he react to me?”

“Best I can think is that he vaguely remembers someone that looks like you, someone he trusts.” The avenger nodded. “I’ll leave you be for now, he can be discharged in the morning.”

“I’ll take him to the Uchiha estate in the morning then.”

“Good luck Sasuke.” Sasuke nodded again, his eyes never leaving the prone form on the bed as the Hokage left, ushering everyone else that was left away from the two boys.

The next morning, Sasuke watched as emerald eyes were revealed from under sleep-heavy eyelids. The raven yawned and stretched cat-like, his pale skin glowing in the sunrise.

“Morning Sasuke,” Harry mumbled as he sat up. “Is there any coffee?” Sasuke smirked.

“None that’s decent.” Sasuke stood up. “Come on, you’re being discharged this morning.”

“Really?” Harry yawned again, still not totally awake, and his brain still not processing any information he was given. Sasuke shook his head.

“Get your clothes on already.” Harry rushed to obey, but only got tangled. Sasuke sighed and moved to help.

With Sasuke’s assistance, Harry was dressed quickly and they were down at the front desk in a few minutes. The raven had to wait as Sasuke signed a few papers for his release but then they were out and Harry was blinking rapidly in the bright light beaming down on them.

“You okay?” Sasuke asked quietly. Harry nodded, shading his eyes with his right hand. “We’ll get you some sunglasses or something on the way.” Harry nodded again and Sasuke realised Harry was scared. He grabbed the raven’s left hand with his right and gently tugged him along as he started to move once more, he glanced back and saw Harry was wearing a grateful smile. The avenger smiled slightly in return before turning back to look in the direction that they were walking.

They walked together in silence until they reached the market district, where Sasuke stopped in front of a stall selling sunglasses and hats. He nudged Harry gently and the raven shyly pointed towards
one of the caps, it was plain black with a peak coming out of the front. Sasuke paid the man for the hat and placed it snugly onto Harry’s messy black hair.

“Thank you.” Harry mumbled and Sasuke nodded, before leading the raven by the hand once more. It was as they were exiting the market that they met their first problem of many. There was a high-pitched scream of “Sasuke-kun!!!” and a blonde and pink head both rushing to meet them. Harry moved behind Sasuke and pulled the front of his cap down, hiding his face. Sasuke frowned as he felt the raven withdraw and turned a death glare onto his two unsuspecting victims, Haruno Sakura and Yamanaka Ino.

“Sasuke-kun, want to go out with me?” The pink one asked.

“Ha, no way that’s gonna happen big forehead, Sasuke-kun is mine.” The blonde screeched, making the Uchiha cringe inwardly. ~No wonder I hate girls~ The raven’s thought simultaneously. Sasuke felt Harry tense up even more, and a glance back showed that his eyes had widened at something under the cap. The Uchiha frowned so slightly it was nearly unnoticeable.

The sharingan user turned back to the two kunoichis and saw that they were arguing, making it easy to slip away unnoticed. He tugged the hand of Harry’s he still held towards an alley off to the side, and the dazed teen followed. Once inside the Uchiha turned the raven towards him and looked into his face, or what he could see of it under the cap.


“Same here.” The Uchiha looked out of the alley and saw that the kunoichis had gone. “Let’s go.”

The ravens moved back into the main street, with the Uchiha hoping that they would not meet anyone else on the way to the Uchiha estate. However, luck was definitely not on their side.
The two ravens did not get very far before Sasuke found that luck had truly forsaken him that day. Coming toward them was a teen wearing green with crutches, followed closely by another raven haired ninja.

“Ah, Sasuke-san! How are you this fine day?” The green-clad teen called joyfully.


“Uchiha.” The other raven nin returned with a sneer. Harry tensed slightly at the Hyuuga’s tone, drawing the pair’s attention to him. “And who’s that? Picking up strays Uchiha? Thought you were better than that, or maybe he’s for something else. Feeling a bit frustrated, Sasuke-kun?”

Harry could feel the avenger trembling in anger and the emotion rolled over him in crashing waves, so he stepped forward, snarling, somehow he knew Sasuke would not rise to the baiting from the other nin.

“How dare you!” Harry growled. “You obviously know nothing of Sasuke, so what gives you the right to say anything!” He moved in front of the Hyuuga and looked up into his blank white eyes.

“What are you going to do about it?” The arrogant Hyuuga replied haughtily.

“Neji-san…” Lee warned.

“This.” Harry slammed his palms forward into Neji’s chest, and the Hyuuga was thrown backwards, hitting a wall quite a way back with a solid force before slumping to the ground. Lee ran over to the now disorientated Hyuuga and helped him to stand. Harry crossed his arms over his chest, stood to his full height (which wasn’t much) and sneered down at the fallen nin. Sasuke smirked, but inwardly he was shocked. He needed to talk to the Hokage - maybe Harry was a shinobi; how else would he have caught the Hyuuga off guard like that?

Harry turned to Sasuke and smiled shyly, the avenger returned the smile with a small one of his own.

“Come on, we should get going.” The amnesiac moved to Sasuke and took hold of his hand, trusting the Uchiha to lead him where they were going. Sasuke squeezed the hand in his slightly and tugged Harry down the street, passing Lee and the fallen Hyuuga. Harry gave a glare towards the long-haired nin before turning his head back, obediently staying just a couple of steps behind the avenger.
It was not long before they met with the third obstacle of their journey. A loud barking alerted them to the presence of team eight before Akamaru bounded over and jumped into Harry's arms.

“Hey there boy.” Harry murmured, stroking the nin dog’s head gently and receiving a playful lick on the cheek in return.

They were soon joined by the three human members of the team, Kiba was smirking at the antics of his partner, while Shino stood off to the side, stoic as usual with his hands in his pockets. Hinata hid slightly behind Kiba, pushing her fingers together in front of her nervously.

“Hey, you feeling any better?” Kiba asked Harry, who looked up, slightly startled.

“Yeah, how…?” The amnesiac replied, his face scrunched in confusion.

“We were the team that found you in the forest and took you to the hospital.” Kiba explained.

“Oh, thank you, then.” And Harry smiled a bit more confidently at the group, his eyes shining more brightly.

“Um, ano…w-wh-what were-” Hinata broke off, blushing brightly, as Harry turned his attention towards her.

“What she was trying to ask was what you were doing in the forest in the first place.” Kiba took over for his shy teammate. Harry looked stricken as his head lowered and he stared at the dog he was holding.

“He can’t answer that.” Everyone turned to look at the Uchiha as if just realising he was there as well. “He has no memories from before he woke up in the hospital.” Harry smiled gratefully at him from under the shadow of his hat.

“Oh, that’s too bad. But Akamaru likes you so you must be a good person.” The nin dog barked happily in agreement and licked Harry’s cheek once more, making the teen giggle slightly.

“Well I like you too, Akamaru.” Harry said to the canine, before looking up. “Not to be rude, but what are your names? I’m Harry.”

“Inuzuka Kiba, that’s me, my partner Akamaru you’ve already met. This is Hyuuga Hinata, and the guy over there is Aburame Shino.” Kiba introduced them all as Hinata was blushing again and Shino hardly spoke anyway.

“Hyuuga, Hyuuga…are you related to Neji at all?” Harry inquired as he stroked a hand down Akamaru’s back.

“N-N-Neji-nii-sama? He is m-my co-cousin.” Hinata stammered quietly.

“You know Neji?” Kiba asked loudly.

“We’ve…exchanged words.” Harry replied tactfully, and Sasuke snorted. The other raven glared darkly at the Uchiha, while the others looked to Sasuke questioningly.

“Hn.” The avenger stared at Harry, ordering him to tell, and the gazes of team eight followed.
“Ugh, fine. He insulted Sasuke and I threw him into a wall, hard.” Harry huffed. Kiba burst into uproarious laughter, rolling about on the floor holding his stomach, Akamaru soon joining him. Hinata looked like she was in shock, and Shino’s right eyebrow had risen slightly above his sunglasses.

“You really did that?” Kiba asked when he finally got some breath back, but stayed seated on the floor with Akamaru.

“Yes.” The raven replied haughtily, while crossing his arms over his chest in a defensive gesture.

“Oh man! I would have so paid to see that!” The dog nin started laughing again as he pictured the scene in his mind.

“W-was Neji-nii-sama okay?” Hinata inquired shyly, and Harry waved a hand dismissively.

“Fine, fine, bit dizzy, but fine. Lee was helping him stand up when we left.”

“We should go.” Sasuke stated.

“Really?” The Uchiha nodded. “Okay. I’ll see you guys some other time, ‘kay?” And then the two ravens walked off, Harry’s hand quickly finding its way to one of Sasuke’s once more.
They were nearing the Uchiha estate now, but Sasuke knew, just knew, that something else would waylay them, this particular something made itself known as a blur of orange and yellow before dropping down in front of them.

“Oi teme, I’ve been looking everywhere for you!” The newly arrived blonde boy narrowed his bright blue eyes at the raven nin before looking, surprised, at his companion.

“Dobe.” Sasuke greeted indifferently with a nod. Harry could feel the Uchiha’s frustration at not being able to get home, but he could also feel an underlying happiness at the blonde’s presence. There was resentment, jealousy and anger too although those did not feel quite like Sasuke, instead they felt slimy and foreign, as if they had been put into him against his will. Harry frowned slightly at that, before smirking quickly and returning to his usual smile. ~No wonder Sasuke doesn’t like girls if he likes this blond instead, or is it that he likes the blond boy because girls are annoying.~ Harry shrugged inwardly.

“Who’s this Sasuke?” The blond bounced in place, his eyes narrowing in curiosity causing his face to take on the look of a fox, especially due to the three whisker marks that were present on each cheek.

“I’m Harry.” The older raven introduced himself as it did not look like Sasuke was going to.

“Uzumaki Naruto, and I’m going to be Hokage!” The blonde announced loudly. Harry’s smile widened.

“It’s nice to meet you Naruto, but I’m afraid I don’t know what a Hokage is.” Naruto looked shocked.

“You don’t know?!” Naruto shouted incredulously, Harry shook his head, still smiling softly. “The Hokage is the greatest ninja in the village. He’s also the leader and protects everyone.”

“Wow, that’s a big dream, I’m sure you’ll succeed if you put all your heart into it Naruto.” The blond smiled, and Harry noticed that this one seemed more real than the others he had before. The raven had been feeling some sadness from somewhere and had automatically assumed it was from Sasuke, but now he could see the sadness that was hidden in the depths of those sky blue eyes.

“Thanks Harry!” The blond cheered. “Sasuke, you wanna go train?”

“Not right now Naruto.” The Uchiha replied. Harry watched as Naruto’s smile fell and was rapidly replaced with a wide fake one instead, and he quickly turned to the avenger.

“Sasuke, can you do this…training…at wherever it is we’re going?” Harry asked.

“Yes.” Harry grinned towards Naruto before looking back at Sasuke.

“Yes.” Harry grinned towards Naruto before looking back at Sasuke.

“Good, because I want to see real ninjas in action, so Naruto, you’re coming with us.” Sasuke grunted in agreement, but Harry could tell he was happy, on the inside anyway.

Naruto’s true smile returned as the trio walked onward together, the blond bouncing and chatting away animatedly around the two ravens, who were listening intently; one smiling gently and the other with a blank mask.
It was a quick walk to the Uchiha estate, but once through the entrance gates, they all, well Naruto anyway, went eerily quiet as they passed the empty buildings.

Sasuke led the other two to the main house, where he had lived with his parents and Itachi, who had been the head family of the Uchiha clan. He still resided there, as a way to remember what he had lost, and they moved inside once he had opened the front door.

The trio headed to the garden, where Harry sat down on the porch, while Sasuke and Naruto stepped onto the grass before separating by five paces each, their normal positions during a sparring match.

“Rules?” Sasuke raised an eyebrow.

“Taijutsu and low-level ninjutsu only. No weapons.” Naruto nodded, and moved into his stance, ready to begin.

Harry fidgeted slightly to get comfortable, looking between the two in interest.

“Go!”

The two shinobi were still for a moment before speeding into action, charging and clashing with the other. Sasuke quickly dodged a roundhouse kick by crouching low and sweeping Naruto’s legs from under him, before following with an uppercut. Naruto flipped backwards, landing easily on his feet once again, then leaned back to dodge Sasuke’s fist heading for his chin.

This, however, was the limit of what Harry was able to see of the shinobi’s duel as the two started moving at speeds the raven could no longer follow. The most he could see were black and orange blurs colliding on the ground or in mid-air.

The next thing Harry knew, a log had appeared in a puff of smoke as the blurs hit once more, and Naruto was standing near, on the alert for anything, before leaping backward as Sasuke burst out of the ground below him. A few more blows were traded before they once again vanished from the raven’s sight.

Harry reckoned that half an hour had past when a large fireball appeared from the Sasuke blur; as he had taken to calling the black shape, followed quickly by a large jet of water from the Naruto blur; or the orange shape. The attacks met and formed a large cloud of steam that covered the entirety of the battle field.

Once the air had finally cleared, Harry could see Sasuke face down on the ground, his arms held behind his back by Naruto, who was straddling his hips.

Sasuke was in shock. ‘How did Naruto know that jutsu?’ He thought to himself, before he was forced to the ground with Naruto on top of him.

The sound of applause brought his attention back to the world around him, away from the fight, and he shifted his head slightly to see Harry on the sidelines clapping enthusiastically. He stood up when Naruto released him and turned to see a beautiful smile on the blond’s face. He froze. ‘I did not just think that.’ He mentally hit himself before forcing a smirk onto his face.

He blinked as he saw Naruto bouncing up and down in front of an awed Harry, and the Uchiha felt a pang of jealousy. He frowned slightly. ‘Where did that come from?’ He was puzzled, he hadn’t felt jealousy since…well…Hn. The avenger grunted before walking forwards, gaining both Harry and Naruto’s attention simultaneously.
“That was awesome!!” Harry exclaimed, acting similarly to a hyperactive loud dobe, while the said blond just watched him with a small smile. “Can you teach me to do that? Please?” The pleading expression on the raven’s face was so adorable that Sasuke had to smile, as well as mentally cringe at the fact that he even thought the word ‘adorable’.

“We’ll have to ask the Hokage, but I’m sure she’ll agree.” Naruto broke in, as the Uchiha had remained silent.

“Really?!” Sasuke nodded. “YES!!!” Harry hugged first Sasuke, who tensed and widened his eyes slightly, then Naruto, who returned it whole heartedly, happy with the sign of affection the excited raven had bestowed upon him. “Can we go now?"

“AAfter lunch.” Sasuke stated when he had finally come out of his shock, and he moved back into the house.

“Ramen?” Naruto asked eagerly.

“Yes Dobe.”

“Yay! Hey! Don’t call me that! Teme!!” Harry grinned at the interaction, while Naruto pursued the raven, still arguing pointlessly with a now monosyllabic Sasuke.

The amnesiac teen started to follow behind them, before he stumbled, having to catch himself with one of the porch’s support beams. Placing his hand on the wood, he tried to steady himself as a vision flashed through his mind.

Flashback:

A pale blond boy wearing a long black dress. A red machine with smoke; the number 9¾. The same boy with two large muscly boys, and a tall red headed boy. A rat biting one of the large boys. The blond wearing a large ragged, pointed hat; the word Slytherin. Lots of owls; a glass ball filled with red smoke. A chubby boy falling from the sky; flying broomsticks; the pale blond with the glass ball. In a dark forest with the blond and a large dog. A shining white horse on the ground next to a cloaked figure. The blond boy next to a near identical man. Flying books and a group of red heads. The blond all dressed in green with a broomstick; slugs. Flying with the blond and a small golden ball with wings. A large black ball; pain in his arm. The blond making a snake appear; hissing noises sounding like words. The blond in a room decorated with green and silver. Large black cloaked figures, cold and screaming. A half-horse, half-bird creature rearing above the blond. The blond with his arm in bandages; a large black bowl. The blond splattered with mud. A bushy haired girl slapping the blond. A large golden building, with a small room overlooking a green oval. The blond with a near identical man and a similar woman. The blond in dark woods; screaming and fires. A white ferret. The blond in a high-collared black dress next to a girl wearing pink. Small creatures made of wood. A short toad-like woman in pink next to the blond. Attacking the blond with two identical red heads. Skeletal green/black horses. The blond with a dark haired hook nosed man. Pointing a stick at an angry blond. The blond holding out his hand with a nervous smile; being held by the blond while he cried. Sitting by a lake and holding the blond’s hand; kissing; hugging. Watching the blond kiss a dark coloured boy. The blond next to him, a stick pointed at the nearly identical man. A man with a snake-like face and red eyes. A flash of green meeting white. Laying in a white bed with the blond sitting next to him. A name: Draco Malfoy.

End flashback.

Harry slowly came back to himself and found himself kneeling on the ground. A grin split his face and he laughed, he had remembered Draco, he had remembered his face. He laughed again. Soon,
Sasuke and Naruto appeared in his line of sight, coming towards him with worried faces.

“Harry? Daijobu desuka?” Naruto said quietly.

“Harry, what happened?” Sasuke gripped his chin and turned his face towards him, their eyes meeting. The Uchiha could see the happiness in the emerald orbs and smiled slightly.

“I remembered,” Harry said in awe. “I remembered Draco.” He shook his head, looked between Naruto and Sasuke and recalled the argument the two had been having. After relating it to his memories of Draco, he burst into laughter once more.

“What?” Naruto puzzled. Harry calmed down slightly so he could answer.

“You two care for each other, ne?” He smiled as the two shinobi blushed, although Sasuke’s was hardly visible, only a small flush across his cheeks.

The Uchiha coughed slightly and turned his head away, standing up from where he had crouched next to Harry’s form.

“Lunch is ready.” He stated, before stalking off to the kitchen. Naruto rolled his eyes and shared a look with Harry, before standing and following the raven ninja.

Harry looked after them fondly. ‘I wonder how long it will take for them to get together.’ He thought to himself, as he moved to join them for the food Naruto seemed to worship: ramen.
Chapter Five

“I can’t believe it!” Naruto ranted. Sasuke growled slightly, while Harry looked slightly puzzled.

“It was just an observation, Naruto.” Harry said placatingly. Naruto whirled round.

“But you, you said…” Naruto spluttered.

“Give it up, Dobe,” Sasuke called. “Not everyone likes ramen.”

“Don’t call me that, Teme.” Naruto retorted. “How can you not like ramen?”

The reason for this overreaction on Naruto’s part was simple. It had occurred only half an hour previously, just after they had finished a lunch of cup ramen in Sasuke’s kitchen, where Harry had commented that ramen had no flavour and wouldn’t it be better to have the pasta with a sauce. Both Sasuke and Naruto had stared at him; Naruto, in horror, while Sasuke looked slightly puzzled. Naruto had launched headfirst into a speech about the awesomeness of ramen, so Sasuke had quietly asked about this ‘sauce’. Harry had been surprised but had decided it was a culture difference from wherever he came from. He had told Sasuke that he would show him, they just needed groceries, while Naruto carried on with his speech.

Currently, they were walking to Hokage tower to see Tsunade, and thankfully, Naruto had run out of steam and only made a few random comments.

Harry, though he participated in the goings on around him, was deep in thought. Why had he told Sasuke he’d show him? Could he cook? How did he even know to say that?

Sasuke was having similar thoughts, but he was ultimately pleased. Harry seemed to be getting his memories back rather quickly, and he could eat something other than ramen. Everything was right with Sasuke’s world, temporarily anyway.

Soon, the trio stood outside the door to the Hokage’s office and as Sasuke reached out to knock, Naruto decided to burst through the door with a loud “Baa-chan!!”

“Gaki! Don’t call me that!” Tsunade shouted, her head shooting up from where it had been lying on the desk; there were slight lines of ink on her face. “So, to what do I owe this visit?” She looked straight at Sasuke, rather than Naruto, to explain.

“He has regained some of his memories.” She raised an eyebrow. “He also wishes to train as a shinobi.” Tsunade’s other eyebrow rose to meet the first.

“I suppose you want my permission.” The three nodded, although Naruto’s and Harry’s were much more vigorous. “And even if I didn’t give my permission you would probably teach him anyway.” She finished. Naruto and Sasuke nodded again, while Harry looked between the two. Tsunade sighed. “Fine, but if anything pertinent to village security comes up you let me know straight away.”

“Hai, Hokage-sama!” The two said simultaneously. Tsunade turned her gaze to Harry, who shifted uncomfortably. Her stare reminded him of someone else, he received a quick flash of an old man with twinkling blue eyes hidden behind half-moon spectacles and a long silver beard, sitting behind a desk. Harry staggered slightly, but he was caught by Sasuke and led to a chair, where he sat down gratefully.

“You’re remembering.” Harry nodded at the Hokage. “Does it seem to be coming back faster now that it’s started?” He nodded again. “Okay, you can start the basic ninja training, but when you
remember things, could you please tell either Sasuke or Naruto?” She requested and Harry agreed, it wasn’t too much to ask anyway.

“Naruto, could you take Harry outside a minute?” Tsunade was staring at Sasuke again as she said this. Naruto shrugged, before helping Harry up and supporting him as they left the room. Once they had closed the door behind them, Tsunade asked:

“What has he remembered?”

“Small things.” Sasuke started. “He doesn’t like girls, that was on the way to the estate when he met Sakura and Ino.” He sneered and Tsunade smirked.

“Continue,” She waved a hand in a ‘go on’ motion.

“He blacked out for a while when we were at the estate and he said he remembered the ‘Draco’ he mentioned earlier. It seemed to be triggered by an argument between Naruto and myself.” He paused.

“Anything else?” She had on a thoughtful expression.

“He apparently knows how to cook, and it’s not food that’s native to the area. He mentioned pasta in a sauce. Ramen didn’t seem to appeal to him that much.” Sasuke smirked, which was mirrored by Tsunade.

“Thank kami for small mercies.” She mumbled, before resting her chin on her fingers steepled in front of her. “Keep Harry’s training as secret as possible and report to me if he remembers anything else.”

“Hai, Hokage-sama.” Tsunade dismissed him, but he hesitated.

“What is it?” She asked, narrowing her eyes.

“There was an incident on the way to the estate.” The eyebrow rose once more. “Harry threw Hyuuga Neji into a wall with one push.” Tsunade’s eyes widened.

“I see. Well, keep an eye on him.” Sasuke nodded, before Tsunade went back to her piles of paperwork, groaning at their sheer size, as Sasuke moved to the door.
Chapter Six

With Harry and Naruto, a whole different type of conversation was going on. The two had sat side by side in the otherwise empty waiting area, and Harry randomly stated.

“You don’t have to hide so much anymore.” Naruto turned to him, slightly wary.

“What do you mean?” He asked, his eyes darting about the room in his panic. Harry leant forward, placed his hands on both cheeks and looked straight into his eyes.

“Calm down Naruto, breathe.” Naruto took a deep breath then slowly released it, not once closing his eyes. “I know you hide yourself; that they only see what you want them to see. But let me in, I feel that I’ve been in a similar situation to you; hated for something you can’t control. It’s okay. Let the mask drop.” Naruto took another breath, closing his eyes this time, and when they opened, Harry could see all the emotions he had felt, all the pain and sadness that had been hidden away, but that Harry could still feel.

“You poor soul,” Harry stroked Naruto’s cheeks fondly. “It’ll get better, I promise.” The face he held, nuzzled into one of his palms, Harry smiled. “I don’t ask for you tell me anything. If you want to, you can, but only when you’re ready.” Naruto nodded. “For now though, let’s build that wall up again, Sasuke is coming.” Naruto’s eyes shuttered closed, and when they came back into view, they were filled with the same fake happiness from before, although now Harry could see that a small part of it was real, due to him.

“You should try to let Sasuke in, soon.” Harry whispered. “I feel dark times ahead for you both if he is left in the dark to everything.” Naruto nodded, before pulling out of Harry’s hold on his face and standing as the door opened, mask completely back in place once more.
Chapter Seven

Naruto bounced ahead as they walked to the grocery store, but as they neared the building, Harry saw Naruto falter slightly, and was sure Sasuke had seen it too.

“Hey guys, I think I’ll just head home.” Naruto said, but Harry grasped his hand.

“It’ll be okay, Naruto, I’ll…” Harry glanced at Sasuke. “No, we’ll make sure it is.” The two ravens stepped in on either side of the blond and glared death upon all who looked in their direction with hate.

With help from Naruto and Sasuke, as Harry had trouble reading the labels, they were able to quickly collect the ingredients needed before heading back to the Uchiha estate. Once there, Harry shooed the two out of the kitchen and both were soon very curious, due to the delicious smells wafting towards them.

When Harry called them in for dinner many hours later; they had, had a spar to help time pass, they were awed at the spread of different foods arrayed in front of them.

Sitting down at the table, they helped themselves to some soft, warm garlic bread as Harry placed bowls of what he said was ‘spaghetti bolognese’ in front of them, before seating himself.

“Itadakimasu!” Naruto intoned loudly, before digging into the food in front of him. Sasuke copied the actions, but at a more sedate pace, while Harry watched their reactions carefully; eating his own meal steadily at the same time.

Afterwards, with Naruto spouting about the deliciousness of Harry’s meal, they were given the choice of dessert: toffee cheesecake, or a chocolate gateau. Naruto had some of both, while Harry persuaded Sasuke to try a small piece of cheesecake, being against sweets as he was. He thought it was fantastic; not that he’d ever admit it, so he just smiled and nodded, saying that it was good. Harry grinned happily at the praise, taking it for what it was.

“If you don’t like being a ninja,” Naruto mentioned, when he stopped for a break between helpings. “You could open a restaurant!” He went back to another slice of gateau as Harry chuckled.

“I’ll keep that in mind, Naruto.” Sasuke stood up.

“Time for bed, Naruto, you can stay here tonight if you want. I’ll go make sure the rooms ready.” He wandered out the kitchen and up the stairs.

As the main bed room was his, he had decided on the room next to it for Harry’s use. However, it happened to be his brother’s room and he hesitated at the doorway. Stepping inside, it was exactly as he remembered it before the massacre, although there was a bit more dust. Concentrating on the task he had to do, Sasuke stripped the bed, and used them to dust the furniture partially, before dumping them in the hallway and getting fresh linen.

Sasuke repeated the exercise with his old room, so Naruto could use it, before heading downstairs with the dirty sheets. He looked into the kitchen quickly and saw that Naruto and Harry were washing the dishes, so he continued on and put the laundry in the washing machine.

Sasuke met the other two in the hallway before leading them to their rooms.

“Get some sleep,” he advised Harry, outside his room. “We start your training early tomorrow.”
Harry nodded, yawning, and moved into the room, closing the door behind him.
Chapter Eight

Harry tossed and turned in his sleep, haunted by strange creatures and faces he could no longer completely recall.

He was currently trapped in the darkness, screams echoing around him emphasised by flashes of green light. The dark started to shift around him, lightening into a silvery mist; shadows darted around him, both human and animal before three sets of eyes appeared. The first was a deep crimson, with slit pupils, which were similarly shaped to his and they narrowed in fierce loathing towards him. Familiarity washed through him, and a well of anger and hate rose up, trying to swallow him whole, until a flare of bright white light caused him to close his eyes or be blinded. When he opened his eyes again that red gaze was gone.

Harry spun around trying to find where they had gone and stared straight into golden eyes, these were also slitted and reminded him of a snake. They glinted with malice, sadistic humour and a hint of scientific curiosity. Harry felt as if he was being examined and that they could see through him completely, down even to his soul. He shuddered at the desire and lust drifting from that gaze, stepping back unconsciously, and the eyes vanished.

The last pair of eyes was also familiar, but somehow Harry knew that they were not from his unknown past. The crimson orbs contained three black shapes, like commas, but were empty of all emotions. Curiosity warred with his rationality at the sight. Instinctively he knew that these were not the eyes of the person in his memory, but they had such an extreme similarity that he could not help but wonder who they belonged to. As he looked deeper and slowly moved closer, his curiosity winning out, the commas started to spin.

Startled, Harry tried to back away as he had to the golden-eyed gaze, but found himself unable to move. His surroundings started to swiftly change, a dark replica of the Uchiha estate forming around him, and the figure of a man, no, a teenager stood in front of him. He was dressed in an outfit he had seen on masked ninja around the village, jumping from rooftop to rooftop; Sasuke had told him they were called ANBU.

This one wore no mask, but his face was shadowed, his raven hair was tied at the base of his neck and the long bangs fell forward around his face. He moved forward swiftly, Harry following, drifting along behind him like a ghost, unable to stop himself.

What happened next, Harry would never have expected. Horrified, he watched as the figure killed all he found, one by one, each wearing the red and white fan, the symbol of the Uchiha. He observed how the small boy, a miniaturature Sasuke intruded on the scene of the massacre, for that was the only thing it could be. How the boy ran, but was not fast enough. The figure caught Sasuke’s gaze with his own crimson one, the commas spinning, and the boy collapsed to the ground, huddled in on himself.

The figure slouched slightly and Harry could feel the sadness, the regret flowing off the dejected teenager, before he straightened once more, blocking it all away and heading towards the Hokage tower, Harry trailing behind like a faithful shadow. When the figure stopped, Harry recognised the room as he had been there that day, but the figure behind the desk was different. The old man looked up as the teenager knelt respectfully before him, head bowed.

“Report,” the man’s voice was flat, but Harry could feel the remorse emanating from him.

“Mission complete, Hokage-sama.” The teenager replied, his voice was dark and rough, choked with hidden emotion, and Harry recognised the sound, even in its drastically changed form. The old man sighed.
“Rise Itachi,” the figure, now identified, rose to his feet. “What of Sasuke?” Itachi’s dark eyes blinked slowly.

“Alive. Using the sharingan I led him to believe I did it for my own reasons.” The Hokage nodded and picked up a scroll from the desk in front of him, Itachi’s eyes instantly focused upon it.

“Uchiha Itachi, I have another mission for you.” He handed the scroll over. “Infiltrate the Akatsuki; from now on every one of Konoha’s citizens will believe you to be an S-Class criminal, a missing nin. You will have to leave the village tonight. Understood?” The Hokage steepled his hands in front of him, as he watched Itachi read the scroll.

“Understood, Hokage-sama,” Itachi handed the scroll back.

“Dismissed,” Itachi disappeared from the office and Harry’s surroundings faded away back to darkness.

Harry awoke suddenly but didn’t move, tears streamed down his face and his body shook with grief not his own. Uchiha Itachi, he remembered the name, as well as the dream that he had while in the hospital. He did not know how, but he and this man were connected in some way. He squeezed his eyes shut, knowing he would have to talk this over with Naruto and Sasuke the next day. Harry was unsure how Sasuke would take this knowledge but as Harry was new to everything around him, he did not have much choice.

Sighing, Harry turned over, snuggling deeply into his pillow and willing himself to go back to sleep, even if he had to face more nightmarish images. But as he was taken into Morpheus’ realm, this was not the case. He was surrounded by a warm presence that wrapped itself around him and he knew instantly what it was. A whisper echoed through the still night.

“Itachi.”
Chapter Nine

The sun had only just arisen when Harry’s eyes opened, fully awake, warm and content. He vaguely remembered the last hours of sleep where he had been wrapped in the presence he knew was Uchiha Itachi. He did not know how, but he did know that it was true.

Harry sat up, stretching his arms into the air and blinking, focusing on the details of the room he was given that he had ignored the night before; when it was dark and he was tired.

It was very plain, designed for utility rather than comfort. The furniture was of a simple design and consisted of a bed, a chest of drawers, a wardrobe, a desk and a small bedside table. There was no sign that anyone had ever used the room at all at first glance.

Curious, Harry placed his feet on the floor to stand, but quickly lifted them up again. The wooden floorboards were really cold on his bare feet. He tried again, wincing at the temperature but standing anyway, and moving towards the wardrobe first. The door creaked noisily as he opened it slowly and peered inside. A lone green sleeveless jacket was all that was hanging up; Harry remembered some of the others around the village were wearing something similar. This had obviously been the room of a quite skilled ninja, as Sasuke had explained vaguely about the rankings and that the ones wearing them were higher than most of those without.

Pulling a drawer out next, Harry found it mostly empty, except for a chipped and scratched metal plate on a torn and frayed strip of cloth – a leaf was barely visible on the metal. Handling it with reverence, he placed it back in the drawer before opening the next.

This one had various types of clothing, all in black, with the Uchiha symbol of a red and white fan on the shirts. Harry picked up one of the long-sleeved shirts, with a large fan on the back, and placed it on the bed behind him, before flicking through the trousers. None of them seemed right though, so he moved to the next drawer. More clothes were in this one, but there was a wider variety of colours. He picked up the pair of ¾ length dark green combats that were on the top, and placed these on the bed as well.

Harry blinked, looking at the bed, he had a strange feeling that he should put these clothes on, and as these feelings had been right so far, he decided to do as it wanted.

While pulling the top over his head, after changing into the bottoms, he was assaulted with a familiar scent. Closing his eyes, he brought the material closer and breathed in deeply. His eyes opened with a gasp; he had only found this scent twice before, and the last time was just that night. He was in Itachi’s room, and he was now wearing his clothes.

Harry bit his lip, he hoped Sasuke wouldn’t mind. These clothes made him feel safe, like Itachi was right there with him. Maybe after he had told Sasuke about his dream, there wouldn’t be a problem. Harry sighed, and looked outside. Seeing that the sun had risen quite far, he moved to the door. He didn’t really want to go, but he had to face Sasuke sometime; he had his ninja training to start today, and a brother’s behaviour to explain. Sighing again, Harry exited the room, shutting the door behind him and headed down to the kitchen.

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