

# 101 Words

## A story told in moments

Von BlueJey

### Kapitel 8: Color

**Disclaimer:** I do not own Naruto nor do I own it's characters. I make no money with this.

**Author's Note:** Another 1000+ chapter, another rather homely scene. Though I have to say, I really don't imagine Naruto as someone who gets himself drunk very often. One, because I think that he doesn't have the time or patience for hangovers, and two, because I somehow have this notion that Naruto would have a very high tolerance for alcohol, thanks to the Kyuubi and all. Don't ask me where that came from... Oo

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### Part 20 - Color

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"You're drunk," Sasuke dead-panned, his hair all tousled and sticking up in weird ways. He had that *look* on his face that made something in Naruto want to curl up and hide and act like it hadn't actually been *him* who had woken the raven, almost breaking down his front door with his erratic knocking. "Do you even know what time it is?"

"Do I look like I fuckin' care?" Naruto slurred, crossing the distance between them by simply falling forwards, for some strange reason very convinced that Sasuke would catch him. It mostly came as a surprise when he hit the floor face first, the space that Sasuke should have been occupying offering no resistance at all.

"It's just past two in the damn morning, you moron!!" the raven snapped, completely ignoring Naruto's groans and whines of pain. "And in case you forgot, I have a mission tomorrow! So if you would be as kind as to drag your sorry ass out of my fucking apartment, I would highly appreciate it!!"

"But Sas'keee... I came to see you!" From his spot on the ground, Naruto smiled up stupidly, his big, round eyes holding that glassy stare of drunkenness. "'Cause my

head hurts and the world's not helping at all." He rolled onto his back, vaguely noticing that the Uchiha's doorstep wasn't very comfortable. He just couldn't find it in him to actually care. "I mean, I like bright colors 'n all, but they're just too much when I'm drunk and I told you my head hurts. I did, right?"

Sasuke eyed him suspiciously, then crouched down next to him, carefully staying just out of his reach. "What do you mean, bright colors?" he asked calmly, although slightly confused. Of course, the moron was drunk and probably not making any sense anyways, but it just sounded strange, hearing him talk of bright colors after he'd stumbled in in the middle of the fucking night.

Naruto blinked at him a few times, with that incredulous look on his face. Like he was actually questioning Sasuke's sanity for *not* knowing what he was talking about.

"The ones outside?" he then offered, turning his head to glance down the corridor that lead back to the stairwell. There was no light at all except the one from inside Sasuke's flat and for one brief moment, he wondered how Naruto had managed to actually get this far without waking every single person in the whole building. It was nearly pitch-black out there.

"I'm not saying you're stupid, Uzumaki – I assume you're already aware of that – but I really don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm saying they're too bright and they make my head hurt and I came to see you 'cause of that... Did you know that Kiba can't sing at all?" He giggled and Sasuke closed his eyes for a moment at the sudden change of topic, taking a deep breath. "He just keeps missing the—"

"Naruto." Calmly, slowly and in short sentences. If Naruto didn't feel the need to explain himself, he didn't feel the need to listen to him. "I need to sleep. Go home, alright?"

"But I told you—"

"Yes, you told me... You're not making any sense, so just piss off, please?"

"No, I wanna stay!'" And before the raven could react, Naruto was already in motion, leaping forward in an instant.

He tackled Sasuke around the middle, throwing him off balance and making him fall flat on his back, Naruto landing on top of him, and suddenly, Sasuke found himself with a lapful of drunken shinobi, the blond's face buried in the fabric of his loose shirt and his breath tickling the sensitive skin beneath – how the heck Naruto had managed to reach him when Sasuke had believed he'd placed himself *outside* the idiots reach, the raven didn't know. He sighed in exasperation.

"Get off me, moron!" he ordered, not surprised when Naruto violently shook his head, then pressed his face against Sasuke's stomach again. The guy could be such a child at times. Most of the times.

"Don' wanna," he mumbled, arms tightening around the Uchiha and Sasuke hissed when he touched a few bruises he'd left there during their sparing match about half a day ago. "It's all warm an' cozy here and you're here, too."

"Yes, I'm here..."

Now Sasuke wasn't a very peaceful person and usually, he wouldn't have any problems with using force to remove his drunken teammate from his home. But hitting Naruto *now* would only result in a fight, which would take time. And he was tired and Naruto was drunk, meaning it would be a loud fight and his neighbors would make his life a living hell the next days... He just wanted to sleep.

Thinking his head back against the floor, he stared up at the ceiling, frustration welling up inside him.

"Listen, idiot. How about the couch?" he finally offered, patting the blond's head awkwardly. "You still need to let me get my share of sleep, but I'll let you stay over, okay?"

"Awww..." Naruto sat up, the fact that his stupidly grinning face was now *above* Sasuke's slightly unnerving but bearable for now. "I like you!"

And then, he bent down, his lips brushing against the Uchiha's for only the smallest fracture of an instant before he was up on his feet and padding into the general direction of Sasuke's bedroom, scattering his clothes as he went.

Sasuke took another deep breath as he fought down the urge to either scream girlishly or blush girlishly, then slowly turned his head to stare at the door through which the blond had disappeared. Maybe Sakura was right – maybe he would make a good academy teacher. His patience was astounding these past months... He sighed.

Shaking his head, he stood as well, rubbing his neck as he followed Naruto's tracks, kicking the blond's abandoned shirt out of the way as he went. He almost smiled when he entered the room, finding Naruto on his stomach on the bed, wearing only his pants and one sock.

"You're like an untrained dog," he murmured softly, merely standing there and watching for a while until Naruto eventually rolled onto his back and sent him an unfocused, sleepy glare that looked nothing but incredibly cute.

"Don' be a prick, 'kay?" he slurred, waving at Sasuke with one hand. "You know I'd never kick you out of my bed, right?"

"Yes, I'm aware of that..." Sasuke replied, shaking his head once more and finally allowing himself a smile. "Fine, the bed then." This earned him one of the idiot's smiles in return, blue, half-lidded eyes sparkling with happiness.

"I love you so much," the blond stated contentedly, watching as the raven walked over and bent down to help him out of his pants and rid him of his second sock. "Though

you're still a bastard sometimes..."

"I know."

Nudging Naruto aside so he could reach the blanket, he covered them both, feeling the moron snuggle up against him instantly. For a second or so, he was tempted to push him away, but knowing Naruto, it wouldn't be of much use anyway, so he settled for a warning growl.

"You know," Naruto started, "my head's better already... I told you being 'round you helps, right? 'Cause the color's outside are too bright 'n it's too loud, but you're always calm and quiet. It's like you're all black 'n white... I really like you that way. You know?"

And for a minute or so, Sasuke just smiled, enjoying the warm, fuzzy feeling Naruto's words evoked in him, and listened to the blond's breath evening out as he fell asleep, before he slid an arm around his best friend-lover-whatnot. "Yeah, I think I know."