

# 101 Words

## A story told in moments

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### Kapitel 19: Perfection, Moron & Fear

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

**Author's Note:** Nearing the end with giant leaps... Comparing this to the beginning, I really wonder where my "200 words per chapter" idea went... It kind of left me somewhere between the first chapter and here. \*looks back doubtfully\* But anyways. Part 47 is probably a little over the top in terms of fangirling, but I still think it describes Naruto quite well. (Give him a few years, and he'll be hot like that. >=D) And Part 48 is purely Sasuke and Naruto, no adds or buts, and Part 49 doesn't really need further explanation, I hope.

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#### Part 47 - Perfection

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Naruto was a work of sharp contrasts, inside and outside and down to the very core.

He was loud and obnoxious, a silent force at Sasuke's back, braggart about everything and nothing, yet modest when it mattered. He was dominant, yet oh so ready to submit, strong and determined and insecure like a child.

There were his eyes – those light azure depths that reflected everything that went on in the blond's heart and soul, always honest, always alive – and his gorgeous body – all lean muscle and sun-kissed skin, scarless and unmarred save for that one spot right above his heart. And there was his eye-catching appearance, his baggy clothes – hideously orange of all things! – hiding that body that Sasuke *knew* people would kill and die for and distracting from those eyes that could capture a person with one look alone. Attracting attention for all the wrong reasons...

There was his devotion to his village, to Konoha – the place where he'd grown up hated by everyone, the place where he'd been rejected and denied too many times to

still remember all of them, the place where he'd found allies, friends, a makeshift family, or simply: the place where he belonged. And there was his devotion to Sasuke, his readiness to leave himself and his dreams behind for the one person he couldn't let go of.

He was softness and raw strength, an untamed force of nature if he put his mind to it, shaky and shockingly fragile in his existence. A soul so pure – *so true* – that it hurt to see him struggle through the painful process of *learning* faced with a world of death and darkness, powerful and *aware* and oh so tainted with his sins...

There was Naruto, free and wild and unbound, a cheerful whirlwind of chaos and life, unafraid and brave in the face of danger, bright and radiant like a beagle light in the depth of night, open-hearted and tolerant and always ready to save, help and support.

And there was *Naruto* – the smile behind what had never truly been a mask – dark and dangerous and desperate and frustrated and fighting just to get through. Struggling and failing time and again. Helpless and alone, without perspective, hurt and betrayed and still *feeling* all those scars, doubting wandering, *wanting*. Needing.

Naruto was a work of sharp contrasts, inside and outside and down to the core. People just tended to overlook what should be screamingly obvious.

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## Part 48 - Moron

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"I fucking told you I'm no good with that kind of explosives!!" Naruto hollered as he jumped off the next branch, propelling himself forward at neck-break speed. Sasuke fleetingly wondered how the heck he still managed to perfectly dodge all those goddamn low-hanging branches that he himself kept *almost* running into – even with his sharingan.

"That had nothing to do with being good with them!" he yelled right back, bringing his hands up just in time to avoid losing his left eye to one of those twigs that were so damn intent on getting in his way right now. The cut it left in his skin was deep enough to bleed.

"It was not my goddamn fault, asshole!" Naruto continued at just the same volume, completely ignoring Sasuke's colorful cursing.

"Like *hell* it wasn't!"

"Just shut the fuck up! How is it my fault that you can't listen to me *for three goddamn seconds*? I told you your plan sucked and I told you so *twice*!!"

"Don't you *fucking* blame your incapability on someone else! If you had just done what

I told you to do there wouldn't have been any pro—!"

"—*You fucking know I suck at genjutsu!!!*" Naruto suddenly exploded. There was absolutely no warning – except the obvious, of course – before his next action and Sasuke knew there was no chance to dodge the moment Naruto spun around and, seemingly without losing speed in the turn, came at him.

The impact was hard – the blond could be like a wall of concrete sometimes – and oh so unexpected – at least to Naruto, it seemed. Still, the blond somehow managed to spin them around before they hit the ground, taking the brute of the fall.

"You... Fuck, what the...!?" Naruto gasped after a few seconds of staring up into the treetops, small twigs they'd broken off on their way down and stray leaves raining down on them.

"Ugh," was all Sasuke managed, suddenly lacking the strength – and the will – to go on about how no one could actually *be* this stupid. "I hate you..."

For a few blessed seconds, it didn't matter that they'd been on the run within enemy territory only seconds ago or that it was all Naruto's damn fault or that Naruto stubbornly refused to accept this. The world was just sugar and sweets and rainbows – mixed with a lot of bruises and small cuts and oh well, whatever...

Then, about twenty enemy shinobi burst from the trees surrounding them and Sasuke remembered why he was still going to kill Naruto once this was over.

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## Part 49 - Fear

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"It's not your fault, okay?" Sasuke yelled though the wooden door – locked and sealed and he was going to kick Naruto's ass just for that.

"Who's fault is it then, huh!?" Naruto's answering cry came right back, his voice *almost* breaking at the end. "It's my— It's *me*, god dammit! It's—"

"It's nobody's fault, Naruto," Sasuke tried again, pressing his forehead against the coolness of the door. Calm, Naruto needed him calm... Just this one time. "It was an accident, alright? Don't—"

"Sasuke, I *almost killed him*. I... Fuck, Kiba, I almost—"

"No, you didn't! It wasn't you, it was the Kyuubi! And Kiba's—"

"I *am* the Kyuubi, Sasuke!" Naruto exploded, so much anger and despair and whatnot in his voice that Sasuke finally decided that worry was more important than good

manners. The door never stood much of a chance, Naruto's poor sealing skills be damned, one well aimed kick solving the problem in a matter of seconds.

Naruto was sitting at the far wall, curled in on himself, arms hugging his knees to his chest. His eyes, now wide from shock and anger, were still red and swollen from crying, his clothes still dirty and bloodied and burnt in some places. But the wounds had healed.

"Get *out!*" Naruto yelled at him after what couldn't have been more than three seconds and Sasuke glared harder and crossed the room. Kneeling down in front of the moron – because he *was* a moron, jounin or not – and pulling him into a tight embrace, he completely ignored the blond's weak protests and how he tried to push him away.

"You fought him back down, okay?" he said firmly, his voice somewhat muffled by Naruto's neck. "You brought him back under control on your own, without Kakashi's help and without Yamato's help. You *saved* Kiba, okay? It's not your fault."

"I-I...–"

"And dog-face is alright. He would have told you so himself if Sakura hadn't tied him to his bed. No one else got hurt. It's alright, just trust me on that, okay?"

"It's never happened so sudden..." Naruto whispered, hands *finally* coming up to cling to Sasuke's back. "And there was no reason, I don't know why... I-I'm *scared*, Sasuke!"

And it was hard, really hard, to answer, to be reassuring, to tell him it was okay, when it was almost impossible to even *breathe* through the tightness in his chest, but Sasuke managed. He had to, for Naruto, just this once.

"I know," he whispered back, hugging the other boy—man even tighter. "But you'll get through this, Naruto. You're stronger than him."