

Clouds Aren't Good Listeners

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Submitted: May 16, 2004

Updated: May 16, 2004

One shot. Shikamaru tells about his odd conversations with Sasuke. Hints of one-sided SasuNaru.

Provided by Fanart Central.

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1 - Untitled

Uhm, I'm sure you've already guessed, but Naruto does not belong to me. I do however, have a shrine dedicated to worshiping my sexy little Naru-chan. If you are a virgin, I'd love to meet you and sacrifice- I mean... show you the shrine. *Cough* It's not like I would use your blood for psychotic, Naruto-worshiping rituals or anything...

I barely have even a vague idea of what this fic is going to be about, since I plan to make it up as I go along... Maybe I should stop doing that. Anyway, let's cross out fingers and hope it doesn't suck, okay? Oh, and it's not my fault if the stuff that's supposed to be in italics, well... isn't. FF.net hates me, I think, and makes all the italics go away. Maybe I'll get lucky, and it'll work this time.

Clouds really are nice, you know. They really have it lucky. All they do is float around all day, doing nothing. Clouds never have to listen to annoying, hormonal boys ask stupid questions. I wish I was a cloud. Clouds just don't appreciate how good they have it. Why am I talking about clouds and hormonal boys? I'd tell you, but it's just too troublesome. Come back after I take a nap. ...Ugh, fine. Just leave me alone when I'm done telling you this.

I was just lying around one day, staring up at the sky. The clouds were nice that day too. I was just about to fall asleep, when I got kicked in the side.

"Oof! What the hell is your problem?" I looked up to see that my assailant was Uchiha Sasuke. When did I ever do anything to him?

"Have you seen that idiot, Naruto around anywhere?" He just glared at me, waiting for an answer. Why was he glaring at me?? I didn't kick him while he was trying to nap!

I just sighed deeply and scowled at him. It was too much trouble to complain. "Why are you asking me?"

"I've seen you talk to him before."

What, does that make me his baby-sitter? "Well, I haven't seen him." I laid back down and shut my eyes, waiting for him to walk away.

I could hear him curse under his breath, but instead of leaving he stood there a little longer as if he was contemplating something. I cracked one eye and saw that he was staring at me. It was weird having him even talking to me, let alone staring at me like that.

"What?" I asked almost defensively. The way he looks at you makes you feel like you did something wrong.

“Do you have any idea where he is?”

“No, I don’t.” You would think a simple answer like that would get him to go away, but it didn’t. He just kept staring at me. What, did he think that maybe if he stared at me long enough, I’d suddenly know where Naruto was? I was relieved to see him turn and start to walk away. Thank god that’s over, I thought. Then he stopped a few feet away and sat down on the ground. To say the least, I was startled.

He didn’t look at me or say anything. I think he might be the only person who can be that distracting without moving or making any sound at all. It stayed like that for several minutes. I think he was waiting for some kind of response from me. I wasn’t about to give him one. I figured that maybe if I ignored him, he’d go away. If I had had a blanket, I would have covered my face. It works when you’re trying to get rid of boogie men, right?

When he finally did move, it was just to bring his knees up, then rest his arms and head on them. Well, at least he wasn’t staring at me anymore. I tried really hard to pretend he wasn’t there and hopefully fall asleep, but it was completely useless. I considered pointing at him dramatically and shouting ‘Why won’t you leave me alone?’ I don’t know how it would have helped the situation, but it certainly would have been entertaining to see his reaction. I didn’t of course, but I did forget my discomfort for a moment as I thought about it.

It must have made me smile a little bit, because it was then that he looked at me and asked “What’s so funny?”

‘So’ funny? I barely raise the corner of my lips, and something’s ‘so’ funny? “Nothing. I was just thinking about something.”

“About what?”

Do you know how odd it is to get that ‘What are you thinking right now?’ question from Uchiha Sasuke? “Nothing important.”

I could tell he wanted to say something. The whole time he’d been there, he had been practically emanating that ‘please ask me to talk’ aura. But it would be a cold day in hell before I did something as stupid as ask someone to bore me to death. If he needs someone to talk to, he should just go to one of his countless (frightening) fans. I would say he should have gone to Naruto, but apparently that plan hadn’t worked, so I was stuck with him. I made a mental note to throw something really heavy at Naruto the next time I saw him. I haven’t yet, but I’m getting around to it.

And then, just like that; He got up and walked away.

His sudden departure was almost as startling as his appearance. This time I waited a full ten minutes before I allowed myself to think ‘Thank god that’s over’ again. I didn’t want to jinx it like the time before.

The next time I saw Sasuke, he was with Naruto and Sakura. Neither of us acknowledged each other any differently than we normally would, meaning not at all. I couldn’t help but wonder what he had wanted with Naruto that day in the first place. I figured it probably had something with training. He seems

like the type who trains a lot. Him and Naruto. I don't see why they make such a big deal out of training. I hate training and I avoid it whenever possible.

Naruto was the only one in the trio to say anything to me. We were only just passing by each other, so he said hi. I acknowledged him with a nod and an almost smile and went on my way. Sakura was too busy gazing at '~Sasuke-kun~' to even see me. Not that we ever talked much to begin with. I mostly just knew her because Ino was always talking about her. That girl is bad at handling jealousy. It usually means Chouji and I have to handle it for her, in the form of frightening rants and beatings. I feel sorry for us.

It was a few weeks before I really even saw Sasuke again, aside from maybe crossing paths or catching a glimpse of him here or there. When I did see him again, it was at the same spot as the first encounter. Damn him, for invading my napping spot!

I had my eyes closed as he approached, but I knew deep down in the pit of my stomach that it was him. He wasn't trying at all to be quiet. He stopped just above me, this time refraining from kicking me. I refused to open my eyes. Maybe if he thought I was asleep, he wouldn't bother. (Not that it stopped him last time...) My efforts only earned me another kick in my side. Dammit!

I opened my eyes, and sure enough, it was him. I swear he almost looked amused.

"What?" If you ask me where Naruto is, I'm going to slap you across the mouth.

"What do you think about Naruto?"

Dammit, he ask- no wait... "What?"

Instead of repeating the question, he sat down. He was sitting closer this time, but still not too close. He stared off at nothing and asked me again. "What do you think of Naruto?" It's amazing the way he can still sound so angry while asking such a strange question.

It took me a minute to register what he asked. He sounded like a teenage girl trying to set up a date for her friend. Either that or...

I slowly sat up. "Why?"

"..."

"I don't know... He's loud."

"Is that all?"

"Why the hell are you asking me this? I barely even know you, and you just sit down next to me and ask me stupid questions. What do you want me to say?"

He didn't answer, and I was getting the feeling that I was pissing him off. That guy really has some nerve. Asking me dumb questions, and then getting angry at me for not giving him the answer he

wanted.

I let out a long sigh. It wasn't like me to get worked up. "I think he's loud, annoying, stupid..." I began ticking off his bad attributes with my fingers. "Loud, obnoxious... did I mention loud?"

"So you don't like him, then?"

My eyebrow twitched. Even with his cool tone and nonchalant attitude, he still sounded like a teenage girl.

"Nah, he's alright. ...Just loud."

He made a sound that I'm guessing meant he agreed.

"Why are you asking me this?"

He shrugged slightly. "You were the only person I've seen who never seemed to hate him."

This was surprising. Actually, it was surprising to get an answer out of him at all. Even though I already knew, I asked "What do you mean?"

He looked at me from the corner of his eye. "You never noticed?"

"Noticed what?"

"The way everyone looks at him?"

I had noticed. I may seem pretty out of it most of the time, but I'm not stupid. I can actually be pretty observant if I want to. I had noticed the way most people avoided Naruto. And the way they looked at him. I just ignored it. I had wondered why once or twice, but it was none of my business. Let them do as they like, it's not my problem.

"Yeah, I noticed."

He turned his head a bit toward me, looking at me more directly. "So why didn't you ever look at him like that?"

I shrugged and lay back down on the grass. "Why should I hate him? He never did anything to me aside from annoy me. He's just another person I happen to know. Nothing more, nothing less."

In response, he leaned back on his arms and looked up at the sky. We spent the next half hour sitting there silently. At least this time it wasn't so damn uncomfortable. Then he got up and left.

The next few times I went out to my spot, I half expected that he'd show up. I was relieved when he didn't, but after that conversation I began to wonder about him. Did he have a thing for Naruto? It would be hilarious if the girls in his fan club found out. I would really, truly pity Naruto if he had to deal with them again. It still sent chills down my spine remembering what they did to him when he accidentally

kissed Sasuke. Those girls were a force to be reckoned with. A terrifying force.

Knowing that idiot Naruto, he never suspected that his teammate cared about him at all. Not that Sasuke showed it very well, from what I've seen. I suppose it would have been scarier if he had shown it. The thought of Uchiha hitting on Naruto makes me want to retch. It's not that I have anything against gay people. (I really couldn't care less what people have sex with, be it men, women, or anything else some sick bastard might decide to have his or her fun with.) It's just disturbing picturing Sasuke giving Naruto things like chocolates and flowers. I guess it would make sense though, if he was gay. It would explain why he never fell for any of his fans. Though I wouldn't want to go out with some crazy stalker either. Those girls would probably steal his sock worship it. Speaking of stalkers, Sasuke does sort of give off that vibe. There's another disturbing image: Sasuke sneaking into Naruto's house and sniffing his underwear. Why do I have to have such a vivid imagination?

It was just when I thought I'd seen the last of him, when Sasuke appeared once again at my spot. I new better than to ignore him, so I sat up as he approached, and managed to avoid being kicked.

"What do you want?" Please, god. Don't let him ask for romance advice or anything stupid like that.

"Have you seen Naruto?"

Oh god, it's back to this now? "No, I haven't seen him." Before he could open his mouth again, I added "And I don't have any idea where he might be."

He sat down a few feet away, just like I thought he would. Then he stayed silent for a few minutes, just like I thought he would. It felt surprisingly natural for him to there, annoying me, even though it was only the third time we had sat together like this. Since it seemed like he wouldn't be talking any time soon, I decided to do something out of character, and start a conversation for once.

"So... What do you think of Naruto?"

I surprised him a bit by talking. I guess he had gotten used to the way I usually don't speak unless I have to. He looked as though he was thinking hard for a good answer. He was probably trying to think up a good lie. After a while, I just assumed he wasn't going to answer, so I collapsed back down on the grass. Shrugging inwardly, I thought 'I tried... sort of.'

"He's..." Sasuke began.

I lifted my head a bit, waiting for him to finish his sentence. It was also out of character for me to give a crap about what he was saying.

"He's... just a loud-mouthed idiot." He finished, looking a bit angry.

I closed my eyes and sighed. "Idiot..."

He glared at me. "What did you say?"

"You're an idiot. Why do you even bother coming here? It's obvious you have some kind of thing for

Naruto. I'm not stupid enough to think you don't. Why don't you just go talk to him about it instead of wasting my time?"

I never opened my eyes, but I knew he wanted to hit me. Hard. And then he did. He grabbed me by the collar of my shirt and punched me in the side of the face. It really hurt. I knew I shouldn't have opened my mouth...

"Dammit!" I rubbed my cheek and scowled at him as he let go of my shirt.

He quickly got to his feet and disappeared.

He never came out to my spot again after that. Neither of us has ever mentioned what happened. We still don't acknowledge each other if we ever happen to pass one another on the street.

I doubt he ever said anything to Naruto about what he thinks of him. Actually, I know he hasn't. I don't really care; it's his business, after all. Anyway, it's probably best for Naruto if he never finds out. Not only would he have to deal with the Uchiha fan girls, but he'd have to deal with Sasuke, who I now believe is a wife-beater. Dammit, he hit me hard enough to leave a bruise!

So, what do you think? I think I made Sasuke sort of out of character.

If you read my other Naruto fic, "I Was Always Watching You" I guess this is sort of sequel-ish. Well, I just sort of think of that as the way Sasuke thinks of Naruto, and chances are, I'll always consider those his thoughts and feelings in any fic I write that he's involved in. Yay, this one had Shikamaru! I love my Shika-baby! It was surprisingly easy to write in his point of view. I guess it's my lazy side coming out as I write (which isn't saying much, 'cause I'm really lazy).

I'm contemplating whether or not I should post this fic tonight, after re-reading it myself, or just wait 'till morning, when my sister wakes up, so she can read it. Why is it that I only write in the middle of the night?? Well, if there are a bunch of mistakes, you'll know if I waited for her or not, heh. Anyway, reviews greatly appreciated!! Thanks much!