

Kokoro goto subete nage daseta nara

By CoStanleyQueen5

Submitted: August 1, 2007

Updated: August 1, 2007

(Title: If you leave everything up to your heart) A cute little DaiGaa oneshot, inspired by something I read on FF.net...

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/CoStanleyQueen5/47504/Kokoro-goto-subete-nage-daseta-nara>

Chapter 1 - Totemo ureshikatta yo (I was so happy)

2

1 - Totemo ureshikatta yo (I was so happy)

Daisuke felt a dull throb in her side, and her frown deepened. "I don't walk away from people, Sabaku-san."

"Neither do I, Daisuke." Gaara stepped closer to the half-demon, until their faces were inches apart. Daisuke felt uncomfortable, this boy was strong, and very confronting.

This irritated her. This irritated her a lot.

Gaara, however, seemed to be thoroughly amused.

"Do I *bug* you, Daisuke?" The way the shinobi breathed her name out, and the way that breath brushed against Daisuke's cheek made her edgy, and flustered. She took a few steps back, embarrassed, but not about to show it willingly.

Eye contact was broken. "What makes you think that?" Gaara's smile thinned, and he gave the other a condescending look. There was a pause.

"Is that how it's going to be?" He muttered. He followed the shinobi in her soft steps backwards, until she was finally pinned against a brick wall.

The two of them were tired, so fighting wasn't on the regime, they both knew that, but the action made the girl *very* apprehensive.

"G-Gaara!" Daisuke cried; held between the shinobi and the cold wall by a hard stare.

"What's the problem?" Gaara persisted, placing his hands on the wall and staring the surprised girl straight in the eyes. Daisuke felt tired and flustered and agonised and embarrassed and... she felt complicated.

"You were following me." Daisuke's voice trembled, and she looked away from the dark-eyed boy. "Unlike Sasuke-san, you don't listen..." She smiled dimly. "Baka."

Gaara frowned at the thought of Sasuke.

"What's it to you?" He shot back. Daisuke's eyes widened slightly at the harsh tone of his voice.

"Besides, that's not it." The redheaded boy chided. "Something else is bothering you, otherwise you wouldn't have been so uncomfortable about it before **Uchiha** came along." The name 'Uchiha' didn't roll

off his tongue very well. It... kind of bounced off.

"It's not all about you, Sabaku-san." She looked the ever so slightly taller boy in the eyes. "What's your problem anyway? Why are you so curious as to what bothers Yugawa Daisuke, an insignificant insect in your wake?"

Her last words were sharp, and threw Gaara off slightly. The orange-haired shinobi bit her lip; she didn't mean to sound so... well, it did ward him off a bit. That *was* what she wanted. ... *I guess...*

That was when the dull throb that resided in her side chose to sharpen into a burning, repetitive stab, and unexpectedly she gasped, sinking down just below the other's chest. The boy caught her under the arms.

"Da--Dai-chan?" He mouthed as he started to lift her back to her feet. He was immediately rejected, as the shinobi pushed the hand away and stood on her own.

"D-Don't touch me!" She snapped. Shocked with her own words, she added, "I-I'm fine." Her hands covered her face, burning red as tears threatened to leak out.

"No, you're not. Seriously, tell me what happened. I won't make a fuss or anything like th--"

"I *told* you, I'm f- Ah!" The shinobi found herself pressed against the wall, actually shoved this time around.

"Like *hell* you're fine!" The other spat. "What's wrong with you?"

"What's it to you?" Daisuke shot back. "Wh-Why do you care?!" Gaara paused, clenching and unclenching his fists around the girl's blue collar.

Daisuke's eyes widened, moving furiously, taking in every aspect of the sand boy's livid expression.

He shoved the girl against the wall and backed up, letting Daisuke hit the ground. "It's got nothing to me. You're right. I *shouldn't* care."

Daisuke rubbed at her shoulder. It was already starting to ache from the training that morning.

"I don't know what's bothering you, but I was... worried anyway..." Gaara tilted his head to the side, looking over to a lamp post, *pretending* that it was of great interest.

"... Gaa-kun..." Daisuke whispered. The boy's gaze immediately shifted to the half-demon, a little shock in his eyes.

"... Did you just call me Gaa-kun?"

A pause.

"... Didn't you call me Dai-chan?"

Another pause.

Gaara laughed, and ran a hand through his hair. "Yeah..." He held out a hand, and Daisuke accepted it. As he lifted the surprisingly light girl up, he felt a blush run across his face. What... What was he thinking? What was he thinking?

"You're blushing..." Daisuke said, not thinking. The accusation made the boy blush even more.

"It... it's hot out..." He murmured. Daisuke blinked.

"Ah..." She whispered back. "Yeah, it is."

Daisuke kept her gaze downwards, but the silence was interrupted as she felt the force of the sandman's body shove her into the wall. She yelped.

"Daisuke... I'm going to ask you a few things, and you're going to answer honestly for me." Gaara said coyly.

"W-What?" She stammered, glaring at the boy, who gave her a look that said 'You know *exactly* what I mean'. She snarled as best she could. "What makes you think I'm going to comply...?" The girl gritted her teeth. The hostility aroused her power over air. Gaara smirked as a weak breeze ruffled his close-cut hair.

"Because your sensei was considerate enough to drain what little chakra you have left, that's what." He brushed some hair out of the girl's face.

Daisuke was cute. Normal cute, just like most of the girls in the village. Why was she any different? No, no. That's because she wasn't. He didn't need to give her any more attention than he did the others. But for some reason, he seemed to care for her more...

"Stop it. Please..." Daisuke begged. The air power was taking all she had out of her; she didn't have enough to do even a weak attack. Releasing chakra from her body would get Gaara off, but that would be it for her.

After all, Gaara had become stronger than her to begin with.

The veins in her temples slowly thinned away, and the sandman smirked victoriously. Daisuke growled at him in frustration, knowing exactly what the desert punk was thinking.

"Mm, let's see... first, it was about the genins, wasn't it? Your problem, that is." There was a silence, and Daisuke looked away. He pressed his body closer. "Wasn't it?"

"... N... Yes... A bit...!"

"It scared you a bit?"

"Yes."

"That's why you couldn't look at them?"

"Yes."

"And stopped speaking at all?"

"Mm."

"And they got angry."

"Ghh- YES."

"That's why you have this?" He pushed her top up to just below her chest, exposing a long, jagged cut protruding from her side and crossing her stomach.

Daisuke looked up at him, and the tears clouding her jade eyes and threatening to spill down her cheeks were enough of an answer.

Gaara looked down at her, then did something that he had never done before.

He pulled Yugawa Daisuke into a tight hug.

His breath brushed against the now sobbing girl's ear, feeling his shirt become wet with her tears.

"I'll never let them get you..."