

White as Snow

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At sixteen, Sakura finally gives up on Sasuke and turns to Naruto. Sasuke can't believe how he's reacting to this new relationship. He storms out of his apartment in the middle of a blizzard and ends up in the Hyuuga main house. Mainly SasuHina.

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Chapter 1 - White as Snow

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1 - White as Snow

A/N: Yeah, I wrote this awhile ago...when I didn't hate Sasuke....figured I'd see what y'all thought of it.

Disclaimer: If I owned Naruto, Sakura's head would be shaved and Sasuke would be murdered painfully.

White As Snow

The lithe, raven-haired boy frowned, his ebony eyes narrowed as he glared at the wall. Sasuke growled again, getting more frustrated by the moment. The more he thought about it, the less he understood the situation. *This is such a cliché! It should **not** even be **happening**!! Just because Sakura no longer focuses on me every waking minute does **not** mean I need to react like this!!*

"GAAH!" the aggravated ninja yelled, tossing one of his books at the wall as hard as he could. The book in question bounced off the wall, torn in half and leaving a considerable dent. The building-owner charged extra for harm to his rooms, but Sasuke didn't care about that. He was filthy rich. The only reason he rented the apartment was because he couldn't bear to stay in his huge, empty mansion brimming with excruciatingly painful memories.

Sasuke tried to calm himself down. *I'm being an idiot. Just because it's Naruto---* Taking several deep breaths, he re-smoothed his face into the impassive non-expression that the Konoha girls found so very attractive. This thought just made Sasuke's now-volatile anger explode again. This time it was a bottle of water that hit the wall and smashed all over everything, including the uncharacteristically infuriated sixteen-year-old. Sasuke barely noticed.

Deciding it would be better not to destroy his apartment, much as he'd like to, Sasuke stormed out into the blizzard, not even bothering to throw a coat on over his soaked clothes. Definitely not the most intelligent thing to do, but Sasuke was beyond thinking clearly. In fact, beyond thinking at all. He regretted his brash choice immediately, though not before the storm intensified so much that he could barely see an inch in front of him, much less find his way back to the apartment.

After wandering around for a few minutes in his thin coating of ice, Sasuke saw a vague, almost building-shaped shadow a little way off. He stumbled towards it, but passed out just as he reached what could now be recognized as an ornate front door, banging his head on it on the way down as sweet blackness completely enveloped the stark, confusing white.

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Sasuke sat up, breathing heavily. He'd just experienced the strangest nightmare he'd ever had, and that was including the ones where it had been clowns killing his family instead of Itachi. Sasuke had an extremely irrational terror connected with clowns. They'd always scared him. He remembered that time Itachi----- Better not to think about his brother. Or clowns. Both subjects tended to make him rather

jumpy.

The bleary-eyed teenager finally noticed something about the room he was in. It wasn't his own. It was bigger than his entire apartment. Then everything came rushing back. It wasn't a dream. Sakura *had* abandoned him for Naruto. He *had* cared. And he *had* stupidly run out of his apartment in the middle of a snow storm, which was probably the most half-witted thing he'd ever done.

"Uchiha. Awake, I see." an all-too-familiar voice said from the door. Sasuke had been having a bit of trouble focusing before this moment, but his mind became sharply fixed on the people in his doorway: Hyuuga Neji and Hinata. "I'm surprised you didn't break the front door with your thick skull." Neji commented, smirking.

Sasuke was out of bed and trying to strangle the white-eyed boy before he realized he was half-naked. This, however, didn't stop him. Oblivious to the fact that he was kneeling on Neji's chest in his boxers, Sasuke continued tightening his grip on the other boy's throat.

"Sasuke! Neji! Stop!" Hinata cried sternly, prying the two boys apart. She'd gotten much stronger since Sasuke had first met her. Her hair looked much better as well, since she'd started growing it out. "Neji, if you can't act like a civilized person to another guest, you can go away. Sasuke, you should be resting. You have a nasty bump on your head."

"Hn." Neji smirked at this remark but did as his cousin asked, sauntering down the corridor as if he owned the mansion. His clan *did*, but that isn't the point.

Sasuke glared after his rival, then realized he was standing in a rather chilly hallway in nothing but a pair of boxers.

As he shivered involuntarily, Hinata took the onyx-eyed boy by the hand, pulling him back into the room and gently shoving him back into the huge bed.

Sasuke sneezed. It really *had* been stupid to run out into the snow. Now he had a cold, which would impede his training for at least three days. It sounded like something Naruto would have done. Sasuke shoved that thought down, not wanting to lose control of his anger again.

Frustrated, he ran a hand through his unruly obsidian locks. In doing so, he discovered his goose egg, which began sluggishly oozing hot, sticky blood at the touch.

Hinata, seeing the dark blood on Sasuke's pale fingers, picked up the bowl of warm water on the table and sat on the edge of the big bed, gently forcing him to rest his head in her lap so she could clean him up. He would have protested, but the effects of the bump were getting to him. Sasuke now had a headache to match any he'd had while hung over. Including the one after the Christmas party Kakashi had forced him into. Then again, he'd never gotten as drunk as Naruto or Kakashi had, which, he supposed, was a plus.

"It isn't his fault." Hinata stated softly as she tenderly cleansed the bump.

"What isn't whose fault?" Sasuke asked suspiciously, thinking that, through the pounding in his head, he

sensed a trap.

"My cousin doesn't mean to be like that. It isn't his fault." Hinata elaborated. She touched a tender spot and Sasuke flinched at the lances of pain shooting through his head. "Why were you unconscious on my doorstep?" she asked, changing the subject.

"Because I wasn't thinking." Sasuke replied, staring at the ceiling.

Hinata's concerned face entered his field of vision, her warm hand resting on his cheek. "Do you want to talk about it?"

"No." Sasuke answered stubbornly, trying to pull out his icy non-expression. To his extreme surprise, he couldn't find it. *Just as well*, he thought. In a few moments, however, he found himself spilling the entire story.

"I'm sorry." he apologized, closing his eyes as Hinata stroked his ebony hair. It felt good. Sasuke was surprised by that, but even more so by the fact that he admitted it, even to himself.

"For what?" she asked sweetly, smiling down at him.

"Nothing. Everything. I don't know." he replied, opening his eyes in time to see the smile. It left him feeling strange.

"Don't be. Everything happens for a reason." Hinata stated rather cryptically, running her graceful fingers lightly down Sasuke's cheek. She'd stopped the bleeding and put the bowl of water back on the table awhile ago, but Sasuke didn't really mind her staying. He tried to tell himself that he did, but eventually stopped listening to that part of his mind. He did feel bad about reminding her of the blonde dobe, though.

"Really. Don't feel bad." she murmured, unconsciously echoing his thoughts. "I gave up on Naruto a long time ago. It no longer bothers me." she added, smiling an odd, sad smile.

"Hinata, why didn't you just leave me? I've never been very nice to you, and I know Neji wouldn't have cared." Sasuke asked, confused. He immediately wished he'd kept his mouth shut. He'd sounded like an ungrateful jerk if he ever had. He definitely had before, but now he cared.

"Because I think you're a good person. And because of this." Hinata brought her face very close to Sasuke's and tenderly pressed her lips to his. Sasuke was very surprised, but he definitely liked it. Which surprised him even more.

"I apologize." she murmured, ashamed, quickly pulling away and slipping off the enormous bed.

"Hinata, wait." Sasuke whispered, grabbing her wrist. She turned to face him, and Sasuke noticed, for the first time, how hauntingly beautiful she truly was.

Their drastically different eyes locked. A world of understanding passed between them as Sasuke stood up and gently wrapped his arms around her slight form, returning her kiss. In the moment before their

lips met, Sasuke knew he would never forget the look in Hinata's mysterious eyes.

Those beautiful, haunting eyes.

Eyes as white as snow.

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Author's Note: Yeah, it isn't the greatest...I know a friend of mine hates this pairing, and if you do, too, please don't flame me! This is my first Naruto fanfic, so sorry if they're a bit OOC. Suggestions are very welcome, but no flames please! Try and give me a break...I wrote this at one in the morning...And now I'll stop babbling so you can press that fun purple button!