

# **New Beginnings**

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*Ino returns home after her mission with Shikamaru broken and unable to move on. Who is the one that will help her? [sequel to Ino, my motivation]*

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# 1 - one-shot

Disclaimer: I do not own anything related with Naruto or Masashi Kishimoto, although I wish I did. Heh heh.

S.Z: This is the sequel to Ino, My motivation. It may not be as sad as the last one but whatever, it's good enough for me. Not one of my strongest fics and maybe a tad cheesy but hey this is the world of anime and fan fiction!! Hee hee, anyway, here we go...

## New Beginnings

She was coming home. Emotionally drained. Who knew that the once boisterous blonde would ever be so conservative. As she walked the none-to-lively late night streets, she trailed them like a lost zombie...

Ino had lost the love of her life. Shikamaru was dead. As she looked around, everything reminded her of him. The ends of her hair still had the stains of his blood and her clothes still carried his scent. Her face looked tired, her walk strained and she never even made it back to her house. For some reason she was guided to a certain hill...

She walked up, all the way to the top and lay down. She looked up to the stars for comfort. Why had he been taken from her? It wasn't fair. She knew by morning everyone would know about his death. The back up ninja had taken his body back to the village. One had offered to take Ino home but she refused. She had refused to be touched by anyone but Shikamaru, which was quite impossible now...

She imagined different reactions. Chouji would try to be strong for her; Sakura would try to comfort her; She would be lectured by Asuma-sensei while the rest would just look at her in pity, a look that she didn't want. She didn't want to be touched, she didn't want to be lectured or pitied, she wanted Shikamaru back and only him...

She lay on top of the hill, awake all night until the stars began to disappear and the sun started to rise. She was cold, weak and her wounds weren't cleaned or closed, they were still faintly bleeding as well. She figured maybe if she stayed there she would die as well. At least it would ease the pin pricks of pain shooting through her heart. As the last star disappeared she started to do something she thought she couldn't do anymore: cry...

She turned on her side, buried her face in the soft grass and cried. At times it was loud, at times it was soft but all the tears remained ever flowing. She mourned over the death of her stolen love. It finally sank

in that he was gone when she saw no more stars. The night was finally over, time to move on but still she remained laying there crying her heart out.

“W-why...?” she said through a sob.

She was surprised to feel something warm and wet touch her arm. She gasped and tried to turn to see.

“ARF!”

“Akamaru, come back!!” called a voice from far away.

Ino didn't know who it was for a moment. The memory of any other person was gone right then.

“K-Kiba?” she finally realized to herself.

“Akamaru... what did you- oh my god! Ino!?”

Kiba ran the rest of the way and fell to his knees rolling her onto her back.

“Ino?”

“I'm alive you idiot.” Said Ino bitterly.

“You don't have to be like that!” said Kiba obviously not in the mood for attitude. “Wait hey! You must be back from your mission... besides the scrapes, how'd it go?”

“Mission complete...”

“Well that's good and it was a B-rank too, that's great money. How'd Shikamaru fare? Did he come back alive?” Kiba smirked as he joked.

Ino gave him a cold, hostile glare which made Kiba shut up. Then she no longer could be strong; she burst into tears again and cried out on Kiba's lap.

“Ino? What hap...”

“You idiot! He's dead! Do you hear me!?! Dead! Dead as a rock, dead as a starless sky, dead as my heart! Are you happy!?! He's dead!!”

Kiba was in shock. He didn't know how to handle this situation. Here was this hysterically crying girl, mourning over her first and only true love and he didn't know what to do. Akamaru cocked his head comfortingly and cuddled next to Ino.

“Good boy Akamaru...” said Kiba solemnly.

Ino's blood was getting all over Kiba's clothes and he didn't want her to stay here anymore. It was obvious that she was up all night and hadn't rested since the mission.

“Ino come on...” he said softly “I'll take you home...”

She seized him back down as he began to get up...

“No! I can't! I can't go back home yet, not yet!”

“Why? Don't you want to be with your family?”

“They'll only look at me in pity... I don't need that now!”

She tried to get up but Kiba stopped her.

“You shouldn't move anymore, At least come back to my house so we can clean those wounds...”

“I don't need your pity...”

“It's not pity, its regulation...”

He took her bridal style all the way to his house.

“Kiba! Kiba! Put me down!”

“Would you shut up Ino?”

“ARF!”

Ino looked up at him. Was he really not trying to pity her or was he just being a jerk? Either way, at that

moment, she felt that she was going to the best place she could be right now...

Kiba's house wasn't that far from the hill. They got in and he sat Ino down on a spare bed.

"Don't worry, I can put them in the wash... as for you, you need a bath..."

"What are you saying!?"

"I'm saying that you're bloody and dirty and you need to wash. Also, I can wash your clothes while you're in there."

Wash her clothes. She looked at her blood soaked clothes. It was mostly his blood. It was the last part of him she had to hold onto, she didn't want to wash her clothes, although she knew she had to...

"Ino... don't tell me that you don't..."

"No, I... will. Where's..."

"It's over here..." he took her hand and led her to the bathroom.

"Just go in and use whatever you want. Leave your clothes outside the door and you can use the robe when you're done..."

She eyed him suspiciously.

"I'm not gonna peek, now go..."

He nudged her into the bathroom and shut the door behind her. Ino gave a shuddery sigh. Item by item of clothing she removed as the bath was running. The last traces of Shikamaru's flesh were about to be washed away. Soft tears began to roll down her face as she pushed the clothes out the door.

“Nice underwear Ino...” said Kiba flatly.

“Shut up and just wash my clothes...” she managed to say through tears.

“Stop crying...” he took her clothes and left.

Ino stopped the bath from running and got in. The water was hot and burned as it touched her wounds but it soothed her aching limbs at the same time. She looked around the bathroom and found a small clock. It was 7 a.m.. Early. Just then it hit her how tired she was but managed to wash her hair and self. Once she was finished bathing she got out of the tub and dried. She grabbed the robe Kiba told her to take; it was clear that it was his for it was really big and black. She tied it around her and drained the pink hued water from the tub. She said a silent goodbye. She went to the mirror and still saw the bloodstains in her hair. She gave one last glance and then left the bathroom.

She made her way to a bedroom that wasn't the same as the last one she was in. The bed looked comfortable as she went over to it. She fell onto it. She gave a relaxed sigh as she took in the new clean scent of the sheets.

“Ino? You in here?”

“Yeah...” she said softly.

“Do you want me to dress your wounds?” he said calmly and quietly.

“Yes...”

In the dim light he put bandages on the wounds of her arms and legs.

“Do you um... want me to dress the wounds on your back?”

“Okay...”

“What? But I...”

“Just don't look at me in the front, I have no wounds there...”

“Okay...”

Ino turned around and slipped the robe off her back to reveal the biggest gash she had. Kiba patted it with a cloth and ointment. She gave a shuddery gasp.

“Did I hurt you?”

“No it's okay.”

“All your wounds should heal good...”

“Kiba... thank you...”



“Not a problem... I'm glad to help...”

Ino retied the robe once he was done. She turned around, and looked directly into his eyes.

“What?” he asked.

Ino burst into tears again and threw herself at Kiba putting her arms around his shoulders.

“Kiba I... I'm gonna miss him so much Kiba I- I...”

“Shhh...” said Kiba running his fingers through her dampened hair.

She sobbed into his sweater.

“Go to sleep for now Ino; get some rest.”

“\*sniff\*”

“It's okay... you can nap in my bed...” he smirked.

It was a smirk to match Shikamaru's. She sniffed as Kiba laid her down.

“Have a good sleep Ino...” he said patting her head.

Ino drifted off to sleep as she began to dream. She was in a dark enshrouded area as a light came towards her.

“Ino...” said the voice of the light.

“Sh-Shika-kun?” she asked.

“Yeah... hey, how's it goin'?” he said.

Ino began to run to hug him but he put up a hand stopping her.

“You won't be able to touch me...”

“Shika-kun I... love you and I...”

“Don't be sad... it's just troublesome. I love you too but I don't want you to mourn for my sake...”

“But... you were supposed to be...”

“Your first everything? Yeah, I know...”

“But now...”

“Heh, how about Kiba?”

“But he's not you...”

“No more buts, don't leave me anything to worry about okay? I love you... goodbye...” his spirit began to float away.

“I love you Shikamaru! Goodbye!”

“Ino! Ino! Wake up!”

Back in reality, Kiba was shaking and uneasy sleeping Ino trying to wake her up.

“Huh?” said Ino blinking off her dream.

“Are you okay? You were shaking in your sleep...”

“I'm fine now...”

Shikamaru was okay. He passed on in peace. She remembered his words. Kiba wasn't so bad. She kissed him on the cheek.

“What was that for?” he said blushing.

“New beginnings...”

The End

S.Z.: So what do you think? Not bad for a sequel huh? Well I hope you guys enjoyed it and who knows, if I come up with something there just might be a third part to top it all off! THX!!