

Lull Me to Sleep

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Submitted: February 10, 2007

Updated: July 21, 2007

First oneshot created for cloudsfan09's pairing contest. Now a collection of drabbles, short stories, poetry and oneshots. Enjoy and comments are appreciated (open for requests).

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Chapter 1 - Chase Away the Nightmares	2
Chapter 2 - *Author's Note*	7
Chapter 3 - Oblivious	8
Chapter 4 - Of Needles and Nitwits	18

1 - Chase Away the Nightmares

Disclaimer: Too tired to think of anything catchy or witty to say...so let's just go with "I don't own Naruto or any of its characters." Good, no?

Chase Away the Nightmares

“Oi, Sakura.”

“Sasuke-kun.” Breathed the slumbering kunoichi.

Propping himself up on one strong elbow, the boy next to her sighed. The soft green grass tickled his smooth, pale skin as a cool breeze swept across the shadowed meadow. The bright stars lit up his onyx orbs as though they were the night sky itself as he watched his sleeping teammate. He just couldn't take it anymore. The yelps and frightened moans coming from her mouth were nearly unbearable. It was a wonder that Kakashi and Naruto hadn't been woken up by Sakura's nightmare. And yet, Naruto's constant snoring wasn't much better.

As he gently shook her shoulder, Sasuke vaguely wondered what could be so terrifying. It was only a nightmare. He had to bear them every night, for Kami-sama's sake. He nearly snorted as he thought of the possibilities. A catfight between her and Ino, maybe. Perhaps Naruto had attempted to lure her under the mistletoe, like he had done at the academy Christmas party so many years ago.

But, quite honestly, he wasn't waking up the cherry blossom for his benefit. Even if all he could hear were the crickets' chirps from within the forest surrounding them, he wouldn't obtain a minute's rest. It was just one of those nights.

“Wake up.”

Groggily, the kunoichi's soft eyelids fluttered open. Her jade orbs peeked out from sweeping black eyelashes and she gave a small, inaudible yawn. She rubbed her tired eyes with the back of her pale hand as she sat up to face the boy next to her. For a moment, the raven stared back.

Then he had turned to stare at the vast night sky, falling back onto both of his elbows and ignoring the dew on the soft grass.

“Sasuke-kun...” came a hesitant voice.

The boy very nearly sighed again. “Nani?”

“Why did you wake me up?”

“You were having a nightmare.” he replied simply.

"I...I was?"

"Hai. Now go to sleep."

Sasuke turned onto his side, only to be nose to nose with none other than the dobe himself. If he were not of the proud Uchiha clan, he would have probably shouted. But instead he merely muttered, "Baka," and turned away. Even he couldn't handle Naruto's breath, nor could he stand his intense snoring. After changing his position, he found that Sakura was still awake, and suppressed the urge to groan when he saw the inquisitive look in her emerald eyes.

The Uchiha prodigy sat up in frustration and decided to study the stars...Funny, there was no moon tonight. A new moon.

Sakura wormed her way closer to her childhood crush, praying to Kami that he wouldn't notice. She didn't want him to know-

"Sakura?"

"H-hai?" She gulped as she looked up into his ebony eyes, searching for some sign of friendliness.

But she received none. "Might I ask what you're doing with your arms snaked around my waist?"

She mumbled something inaudibly.

"Speak up."

"Imafraidofthedark."

He lifted a slender eyebrow until it disappeared into his glistening raven bangs.

The cherry blossom sighed and said, this time more slowly, "I'm afraid of the dark."

The Uchiha's other eyebrow joined its partner as the corners of his mouth tilted down into a small frown. "But we've had overnight missions before."

The girl firmly shook her head, looking down at the shadowed grass rather than his onyx eyes. "There's no moon tonight."

"Aa."

"But Sasuke-kun.... Why aren't you sleeping?" Her jade eyes slightly widened, as realization seemed to work its way into her still sleepy mind. "I didn't wake you up, did I?!"

The raven sighed and shook his head. "Now, go to sleep. We have to continue our mission in the morning."

“But what about you?”

“I can handle myself.”

“I mean, don’t you need to rest? You have looked...tired lately, Sasuke-kun.”

“I’m fine,” he answered coldly, “And you can let go of me now.”

“Gomen.” She said softly, staring at her teammate with pity and slowly lying back down onto the moist earth.

Sasuke inched away from Naruto (who, apparently, is a very messy sleeper) and turned back onto his side. As desperately as he wanted it, he knew that sleep would never come. He merely closed his heavy eyelids.

And, quite suddenly, he heard soft, melodic words from behind him.

*Angel, my Angel, do you fear the nightmares?
I can't imagine why
They're practically harmless when I'm here
To sing you your lullaby*

*I'll watch over you, my angel
Like the stars in the sky
I'll whisper a soft word of comfort
And then sing you your lullaby*

*You deserve better, my angel
And you know this is no lie
So as I stroke your flawless face
I'll sing you your lullaby*

*Be not afraid of the dark, my angel
For it is nothing to fear
And as I sing you your lullaby
I pray you know I'm here*

His brow furrowed in deep confusion- things didn’t seem as clear when he was half asleep- until he realized it was none other than his female teammate. He slowly sat up, turning to face the (suddenly musical) cherry blossom.

“Sakura?” he asked, a little unsurely.

A small, playful smile adorned the kunoichi’s features as she paused in her lullaby. As hard as it was, it seemed she had confused the Uchiha Sasuke.

“Just trying to help Sasuke-kun.”

The boy gave her a questioning look, rather than voicing it out loud.

“It’s a lullaby.” She paused, gently tapping her index finger against her uplifted chin as she thought. “I don’t really know where it came from...I think I heard it as a child... Either way, you need your rest as much as I do, and I won’t even try going to sleep until I know you’ve done the same.”

“Hn.” replied the boy. Yet, he obliged, lying back down, making sure to hide his face from view. He didn’t want Sakura to see the small smirk that was playing at his lips.

The girl began again, her voice filled with a gentle affection.

*Angel, my Angel, do you fear the nightmares?
I can't imagine why*

Sasuke’s eyelids dropped.

*They're practically harmless when I'm here
To sing you your lullaby*

His breathing became steadier.

*I'll watch over you, my angel
Like the stars in the sky
I'll whisper a soft word of comfort
And then sing you your lullaby*

Everything was turning darker...

*You deserve better, my angel
And you know this is no lie
So as I stroke your flawless face
I'll sing you your lullaby*

All he could see was black...

*Be not afraid of the dark, my angel
For it is nothing to fear
And as I sing you your lullaby
I pray you know I'm here*

She ended the last note slowly, in an almost mournful tone. Then, very gingerly, she peered over the blue-clothed shoulder of her teammate.

“Sasuke-kun?”

2 - *Author's Note*

Dear loyal readers (ew...that sounds *too formal*)...

'kay guys, I have some good news...At least I hope *you* think it's good news...What was first a oneshot for a contest will now be a series of drabbles, poetry, oneshots, and short stories.

Yeah, rejoice.

Feel free to make any requests that you wish. I will have restrictions and don't be offended if I refuse for whatever reason.

This is my little sanctuary, I guess. It's something I don't have to totally commit myself to, unlike my (slowly updated...) fanfics. Let the creativity flow!

All genres shall be included (comedy, angst, et cetera...oh yeah, and my favorite...FLUFF!).

The title will be changed shortly, suggestions welcome.

What else to say, what else to say...

TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT! Pairings, ideas, whatever! Remember, this is here for your enjoyment as much as mine.

That's really all I have to say...

Arigatou!

Ja ne!

~cherryblossom93

3 - Oblivious

A/N: Nothin' to say (no, it's not a sign of the apocalypse). Just review, onegai.

Disclaimer: **Author:** You just like making me say it, to torture me, don't you?

Sasuke: Hn, you're messed up enough without our help.

Author: Nani? I'm insulted!

Sakura: (*sweatdrops*) It's not like he's lying...

Author: Sigh. After all my matchmaking...can you help me out Naruto?

Naruto: Hai! [cherryblossom93](#) does not own me, my manga, my show, my friends...(*glares at Sasuke*) or my enemies!

Author: Arigato, Naru-chan! Those two lovebirds could learn from you...

Sasuke: As hard as it is to believe... they're two of a kind...

Sakura: No, Naruto's much smarter...

Author: Now I'm insulted!

(My page breaks: ~xXx~)

NOW, let the *true* torture commence!

Naruto's POV.

Oblivious

They call *me* oblivious. They say *I'm* unobservant. *I* have to learn to judge *my* surroundings.

Bakas, the both of them.

Why? Because *I'm* the only one who notices!

I'm the only one who notices how his smirk looks more like a ghost of a smile than a pained twist of the lips when she pouts.

I'm the only one who notices how he has to shove his hands into his pockets when he rejects her, so she doesn't see how hard they're clenched.

I'm the only one who notices how his eyes soften when she's in pain.

I'm the only one who notices how his chuckles are a little less mirthless when she's the one telling the jokes.

I'm the only one who notices the extra effort he puts in when we're on missions to protect her from the enemy.

I'm the only one who can actually see how much pain it's causing *both* of them.

And the thought of them together? I'm the only one who perceives it as improbable, rather than impossible!

Am I really the only one who notices that Sasuke-teme just doesn't want to hurt Sakura-chan?

And I can't help but to wonder...is he trying to spare me the pain, too?

The pain...of losing Sakura-chan to him, the girl of my dreams running into the open arms of my sworn rival...He knows for a fact it would torture me, how my heart would swell to the point of exploding in a shower of red anguish if I ever saw their lips touch, in the way they both yearn for.

The teme is in pain, because he can't express his feelings without hurting us.

The girl I've loved since I first laid eyes on her is in pain, because her feelings for that self-righteous bastard can't be returned.

I'm in pain, because I just want Sakura-chan to be happy, but at the same time, I wouldn't be able to stand the sight of my teammates together.

So, we can all be miserable and in pain together, I suppose.

~xXx~

There he was, rejecting her *again*. As if it was part of some kind of... routine. Which, I suppose, it was.

Kakashi-sensei wasn't here yet. Late, as most dependable things are.

Sakura-chan was ringing her hands uncomfortably. She stared down at the wooden floorboards of the small bridge with those smoldering forest-green eyes that I loved so much, her face unable to mask the rejection adorning her perfect features.

Rejected. Like I had been after she had finished chewing me up and spitting me out so many times. But things had changed. Sakura-chan loved me now. Sure, it was more of a fond, sisterly love, but it was still a start.

Problem was, she loved Sasuke-teme in a whole different way.

Said bastard was currently leaning against the rail of the bridge, his arms folded over his chest, his cold charcoal eyes closed and the arrogance rolling off of him in dark waves.

I saw the pastel-haired kunoichi beside me swallow before she peaked up at the object of her affections through her dark fan of eyelashes.

In a soft voice, barely audible, she tried to regain some of her lost dignity. "Sasuke-kun, onegai, just this once."

He lazily opened one eyelid to assess her before responding with the expected cold, “No.”

“But I hear they have very good food, and I think you’ll enjoy it.”

Once again, *I* was the only one who noticed his pained expression as he turned away, obviously unable to keep his well placed mask from slipping.

“I already said *no*.” Did his voice just slightly crack? “Really, try training instead of wasting your time asking me questions you already know the answers to.”

“But-“

“Stop *bothering* me.” He said it in such a venomous way that both Sakura-chan and I winced (for Sakura-chan, the words cut like a knife, but for me...well, I knew they were hurting that self-sacrificing idiot even more).

I think that was when I made my decision. I don’t remember exactly if it was at that exact moment, or if I had made my mind up a long time ago. That part is, and always will be, hazy. Because it’s the least important detail. It wasn’t *when* I decided; it was *what* I decided.

I needed to get both of these unobservant retards to understand.

Yeah, not exactly Shakespeare material, but it’s probably deeper than you could imagine. I know it was the most complex thing I had ever thought about; for so many reasons that I can’t even begin to explain.

So, what brilliant thing did I do to get my hopelessly confusing point across?

I snapped.

I snapped like a rubber band stretched out across an obscenely large room for too long, like a thin tree branch under too much weight, like a small pencil gripped by two strong, frustrated hands.

I snapped. Completely and totally snapped.

So what? I have a short tolerance for stupidity (stop laughing at the irony, please).

Now, how exactly does one snap as I did?

Watch and learn.

I jumped up faster than you could say ‘ramen’, so that I was directly in front of the raven-haired, oh-so-smug asshole and I shouted as loudly as possible in his surprised face.

“WOULD YOU STOP IT ALREADY?!”

He quickly regained composure and pushed me away with one strong hand, so that there was at least

two feet of distance between us.

“I’m surprised you stayed silent for so long. I almost forgot you were there.”

“TEME!”

“Dobe.”

“LET ME FINISH!”

Sasuke-teme merely kept his piercing eyes on my contorted (from anger) face, his own remaining as impassive as ever. Sakura-chan looked on with wide eyes from the side.

I took another step forward, so that we were just as close, if not closer, than before and jabbed my shaking index finger into his chest. The bastard remained unfazed, not even blinking, with his hands deep in his pockets.

I drew in a shaky breath, lowering my voice’s volume so that I was yelling instead of screaming. That was an improvement.

“Stop. Just stop it already!”

He lifted a slender eyebrow in a questioning manner. “Stop what? Elaborate a little bit, baka.”

It took all the self-control I had to not strangle him then and there. No, strangling bad. I scolded myself for even considering it. Especially with Sakura-chan standing a few yards away from us. Having a witness would not be very helpful for my case...

I shook my head to be rid of all the thoughts that poured into my head at that statement and Sasuke-teme’s ever-questioning eyebrow rose even more, as though egging me on.

“Stop doing this to her! She doesn’t deserve all the trash you say to her!”

“Who?” Bastard knew exactly whom I was talking about.

“Sakura-chan! She only cares about you, man!”

He narrowed his eyes ever so slightly.

“Would it really kill you to say yes, just once?” *Because I know you want to.*

“Naruto.” He said my name so dangerously low that I actually backed up a little, my brain not even registering the fact that he didn’t use an insult to gain my attention.

He continued, “Shut up, before I make you regret the next words that slip out of your mouth. Acting on impulse will not result in your favor.”

I set my jaw determinedly and gave him a defiant glare, which he returned tenfold.

As though he had never spoken, I continued myself, not even thinking the words before they passed my lips. It was time to let the heart do the talking.

“And I know you would have a good time. Because I also know something else,” I dropped my voice to a whisper, giving him a cheap imitation of his own smirk. I wasn’t mean enough to let Sakura-chan hear what I was about to say next.

“And what,” he replied with disdain, “would that be?”

“You...”

“I what? Dobe, you know I’m not a patient person when I’m not in the mood. And you can probably see that I’m not in the mood as of right now.”

“Yeah, I guess I can...”

“So? Tell me what you’re so sure about, you idiot.”

I shrugged as nonchalantly as possible, fighting down a grin.

Then...

“You like her back. Duh.”

I took another step back, quickly, fearing for any display of physical combat with him at the moment.

That’s what I expected.

But instead, he snorted. As though it were amusing. A joke, I finally realized.

He doesn’t think I’m serious.

He thinks, because *I’m* oblivious, I wouldn’t notice the small slips he makes around her.

That just fueled the fire already burning in the pit of my stomach.

So, guess what that brilliant brain of mine made me do next.

No, I didn’t yell at him. Didn’t punch him in the gut, like he deserved. Nor did I strangle him (as achingly hard as it was to resist that urge).

What did I do?

I full out tackled the self-conceited bastard to the grass. And let me tell you, when I tackle, I usually hold back a little. You just want to get your opponent to the ground, not hurt them (yet).

This time, I didn't hold back. All of my power, all of my strength, all of that pent up frustration that I hadn't had an opportunity to release was in that tackle.

And Sasuke-teme? He didn't even flinch!

We landed on the ground with me straddling his hips, my left hand lifting him up by that one of a kind collar in a death grip and that damn Uchiha *smirking!*

"Stop it," cried Sakura-chan in near hysterics, "Stop fighting!"

The two of us blocked out that voice of reason, too busy boring holes into each other's eyes.

In unison, our eyes narrowed into slits as I lifted him up closer to my face and spoke.

"Don't you laugh at me. Ever."

"...Who's laughing?"

"You!"

"...I don't laugh."

"So you snorted! Happy?! Either way, it was a display of your amusement!"

"I think that was the most structured sentence I've ever heard you speak."

I growled as low as I possibly could.

"Teme, stop getting me off topic! Just admit it already!"

His amused face immediately went dark and I involuntarily swallowed. No, that's an understatement. I gulped.

"...Um...I can tell this is a touchy topic with you, but we do have to talk about it."

"Dobe. Off. Now." He lifted his hand to push me away, but my iron grip only tightened.

"No."

"Why the *hell* not?"

"I already told you! Whether you like it or not, we're talking about it!" I shook him violently with each word, now both hands gripping his dark shirt. His face remained indifferent as I did, finally cocking an eyebrow when I had finished.

Sakura-chan sobbed from somewhere off to the right. But I had to make the teme understand!

The cold bastard beneath me watched my ragged breathing for a few more moments before asking, "Finished?"

"NO! JUST LISTEN TO ME, KUSO!"

"...I don't really have a choice, considering I've lost all the feeling in my legs."

"GOOD!" My right pointer finger flew in the air, shaking as I directed it towards Sakura-chan.

"NOW, SAY THANK-YOU!"

He blinked in surprise. Idiot wasn't expecting that, apparently.

"*What?*"

"THANK HER!"

Sakura-chan blinked as well. "Naruto," she began, "You really don't have to do this."

"Yes, I do." I turned back to Sasuke-teme and glared again. "Now, do it."

He glared right back and refused to answer. So I lifted him closer, until our noses were nearly touching.

Now the command came out as a hiss. "Say it."

He hissed right back. "I don't thank *anyone*."

"There's a first time for everything, bastard."

He somehow managed to bring his hands back up and push me off of him. I landed with an "oof!" on my backside, the dirt drifting up around me.

Temme stood up and turned around, dusting off his shorts as he did so.

"There's also a line you shouldn't cross, dobe. And you're way past that." He turned towards one of the many trees and looked up through its branches. "Don't you agree, Kakashi?"

Kakai-sensei suddenly dropped down smoothly on his feet from the tree, that neon-colored novel held loosely in his hand. His dark eye scanned the page lazily as he began walking towards us.

"Finally," he said. "I was beginning to think no one would notice me. I wasn't even masking my chakra."

The worn out book snapped shut and he slid it into the pouch hanging on his hip as he stepped towards us. He looked at the dusty form of Sasuke-teme, then the teary eyed face of Sakura-chan, finally stopping on me.

“Though, I’ll admit, you did seem a little...preoccupied.”

“...”

“You three seem especially cheery today! Well, I bet this will make you feel even better.”

“What will, Kakai-sensei?”

“The fact that we’ll be training nonstop all day long.”

“...Joy,” I murmured miserably. What I was really hoping for was an action-packed mission to keep my mind off of this whole incident.

Kakai-sensei must have seen more than he let on, considering how long he worked us and the fact that he wouldn’t allow Sasuke and me to spar.

It’s not like I couldn’t control my temper!

~xXx~

Everything turned back to normal after that.

Kakashi was late

Teme and I argued.

Sakura was desperate for the baka’s attention.

I was desperate for hers.

And I was observant, while they were oblivious.

~xXx~

A couple weeks later was when Sasuke left us for Orochimaru.

I woke up, bandaged like a mummy, to realize I couldn’t keep my promise to Sakura-chan.

Call me pathetic, but I stared at Sasuke’s scratched forehead protector for hours at a time, half-expecting him to barge in and demand it back.

~xXx~

After the pain of the loss numbed a little (it would never truly dissipate until he returned to us) we, meaning Sakura-chan and me, talked.

I told her every last detail about our fight at the Valley of the End.

And then she opened up, telling me every last detail of the night she had found him on his way to the gate that would lead him out of our lives forever.

I guess you just don't forget anything about the memories that tear you apart inside.

To think, Sasuke had felt that way all along...His reason for leaving didn't seem as dishonorable as it had at first.

At one point, during Sakura-chan's account of that night, (which was down to a description of the full moon and the way the shadow's fell across the pavement) I stopped her.

My eyes wide, I asked softly, "Wha...What did you just say?"

She blinked at me. "I said, 'Then everything went black.'"

"No, before that! What did Sasuke say to you?"

She looked thoughtful for a moment as she thought about it. Then...

Her jade eyes lit up with understanding and she smiled warmly.

"He said, 'Thank you.'"

I gave her a genuine grin, the kind of smile I hadn't cracked for a while.

"I guess he wasn't so oblivious after all."

~xXx~

A/N: Hm, I don't know why, but I'm really fond of this oneshot. Yeah, I like it. It's fun writing from Naruto's POV.

Lol, Sasuke's humor is so dry. I don't even think he wants to be funny (yeah, if you squint real hard there's some comedy in this).

Ugh, I'm sick. Again. Stuffy nose, an aching throat and chills that were making me shake in the middle of class. To quote Naruto: "...Joy."

...

Okay, this is something I *really* want to hear feedback on.

So, *please* review.

Ja!

4 - Of Needles and Nitwits

A/N: Ha, all I listened to while writing this was My Chemical Romance and Flyleaf.

Lacey and Gerard should totally do a duet (Lacey is lead vocalist for Flyleaf, Gerard is MCR. They both have amazingly unique voices that I heart).

Anyways, this takes place in the heat of the Haku/Zabuza Arc in the anime/manga. Kinda obvious what part it is.

I'll admit, this will be confusing (probably easier to understand if you're somewhat familiar with the dialogue).

I'm experimenting with different writing styles, so tell me what you think. This is more...fragmented, I guess. Like staccato. Wow, I like that. Yeah, this is my Staccato Style.

Kami, I'm a loser sometimes.

This is one of my shortest oneshots ever.

Meh, enjoy while I sulk in a corner (after curling in a ball on my computer chair, rocking slowly back and forth and muttering incoherent sentences to the darkness).

Disclaimer: Only in my dreams, guys. My rich, successful, filled-to-the-brim-with-happiness dreams.

-Of Needles and Nitwits-

There wasn't a coherent thought as he threw himself in front of the prone form of his rival and felt the needles puncture his flesh.

His face contorted into an angry and pained grimace as the enemy flew towards the two young genin and he caught the masked boy by the wrist.

Swung around on the heels of his feet and released Haku's arm.

Watched the Mist shinobi smash into a glistening ice mirror and slump to the ground. Unconscious.

Felt the blood trickle down from the corner of his pale lips.

No longer felt the stinging of the shallow cuts from countless senbon.

Nor the numerous puncture wounds with the sharp needles still intact.

Dimly heard a rustle of movement from behind where he stood so unstably.

Felt the dazed azure eyes on his back.

Felt his lips move with words that were not his own; heard the blonde's smiling response cut short when he turned his head halfway and smirked.

Heard the disbelief in his rival's voice as the full reality of the situation hit him.

Sasuke had already known that this was the end, after all.

Next he heard Naruto shouting at him- venting his frustration and fear and utter disbelief that anybody, much less him, would throw away their life for a *monster*.

But Sasuke didn't really know Naruto as a monster (like the children with parents to tell them to stay away from the yellow-haired boy alone on the swing, he was *dangerous*).

The raven felt his cold lips open to speak once again- an excuse for wasting his life on the boy he hated with such a passion (but passion isn't always enough).

Heard Naruto's continuous protests stop as he strained to hear his teammate's fading voice.

Memories flickered through their minds in sync.

The two of them.

Training.

Arguing.

Pouting.

Fighting.

Hating.

Being rivals.

Being...

He felt himself fall backwards through the air like a dull blade and the last thing he remembered feeling was landing on something that wasn't quite as hard as the bridge on which he fought.

...something else entirely.

The last thing he remembered feeling was Naruto's tears falling on his face, the boy he *hated*.

Being...

The very last thing he remembered, before darkness consumed him and swallowed him whole, was telling his rival his darkest ambition and giving him the one piece of advice that was really worth listening to.

...friends.

Ironic, in a way that was anything but funny, that the final heir to the Uchiha clan would think to waste his life on that of the Kyuubi's human container.

Someone he hated with such strong passion.

Obviously, passion isn't always enough.