

# False Testimony

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*[AU, SASUSAKU] The Uchiha Massacre was a cold case. But when the younger of the two survivors is found beaten within an inch of his life, new suspicions emerge...and Uchiha Sasuke is driven precariously close to the edge.*

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# 1 - Prologue: And So It Begins

**A/N:** I know I really shouldn't start another fic...but this idea has been bugging me for quite a while...and, in my (unbiased!) opinion, the plot is original. Yeah, that's hard to come by these days. By the way, this is AU.

Oh! And just to let you know, I have absolutely no knowledge whatsoever of the Japanese justice system. So, using my knowledge from Law and Order (original, CI, and SVU), we shall go by the American justice system. Not that it's terribly important at this part...

**Warning:** This fanfiction may deal with highly controversial issues (mainly child abuse) and will include negative betrayal of the character Uchiha Itachi (apologies to all Itachi fans, but I suggest you don't read this).

**Disclaimer:** I don't own the Naruto series or its characters. But I'm still pondering different ideas for fundraisers so I can purchase it for a ridiculously huge amount of money. Donations welcome. -

False Testimony

## Prologue: And So It Begins

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SMACK.

The boy smirked in grim recognition as his beaten body flew backwards.

BAM.

His back arched in a painful reflex when it connected with the hard wall.

SPLAT.

The crimson droplets glittered and shined in the moonlight like rubies as he coughed them onto the glossy wooden floor.

CREAK.

The old floorboards strained underneath the feet of the boy's attacker as he approached him again, moving slowly.

THUMP.

The boy's body slumped, landing in a broken, tangled mess of stinging tears and limbs as darkness

clouded his vision.

CRACK.

His eyes instantly grew wider as he let out a scream, filled with pure, utter anguish. His attacker had gripped his wrist harder than humanly possible, sending new waves of misery down the boy's arm.

SNAP.

Sickeningly, the limp limb finally broke under the pressure.

WHAM.

His attacker's foot made contact with the boy's chest as he tried in vain to stand. He was sent sailing through the air again.

BOOM.

His spine made contact with cement yet again as he let out another whimper, scarlet coating the pure white walls; in a similar fashion to his tainted innocence.

HACK.

He was seized by a coughing fit, his young body shaking violently and spewing ruby liquid in all directions.

CREAK.

The wood was once again moaning in protest as the attacker approached, his face covered in deadly shadow.

SLICE.

A new sensation gripped the younger of the two as a cold, silver blade was drawn slowly across his limp arms, the flesh giving way instantly and allowing beads of red to leak out once more.

THWACK.

The dull knife flew through the air, landing in the wall not centimeters away from the boy's head. It pierced the cement like the emotional dart that had lodged itself in his weak heart so long ago.

DA-DUM.

His heart thumped painfully in his chest and he became panicked. Surely his attacker could hear the frightened rhythm beating within.

CRUNCH.

His ankle was stepped on by his attacker. The poor boy didn't even allow the agony to register in his hazy mind.

THUMP.

He had fallen to the floor in an untidy heap again.

...NOTHING.

The boy finally slipped into the sweet abyss of his tortured dreams. Nightmares and dark images flitted through his slumbering mind like a slideshow.

...SILENCE.

The attacker stared at his shaking, unconscious victim. The boy's chest was heaving as it tried to work the extra air into his lungs. His pale skin was coated in slick crimson and lilac bruises bloomed over wrongly turned limbs.

RING. RING. RING.

"Hello? This is Uchiha Itachi. My younger brother...Yes, I've found him within an inch of his life."

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**A/N:**

Well, anyway, I wasn't planning on writing the prologue quite like this until I started. Things will be cleared up in the next chapter, I promise (apologies for the shortness, but prologues are usually shorter).

I've had this up on ff.net, so I'm like, 'You know what? Why not post it here?'

Now, PLEASE REVIEW!

## 2 - Bittersweet: Survival is Death

**A/N:** Enjoy.

**Warning:** See first chapter.

**Disclaimer:** I'm waiting for the perfect shooting star to wish on.... but I haven't found it yet. So I still don't own Naruto. As for Sakura's mother...yeah, I made up her entire description.

False Testimony

### **Bittersweet: Survival is Death**

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Forest green eyes snapped open, the ebony eyelashes that curled around the rim of them fluttering sleepily.

“Sakura?”

The cherry blossom's sense of alertness was numbed by drowsiness.

“Sakura.”

No. Time for sleep. Go away.

“Sakura!”

Go *away*. It isn't time to wake up yet...

“That's it... SAKURA! WAKE UP!”

The teenaged girl shot up like a rocket, her pastel colored tresses in disarray around her pale face. The crown of her head collided with the windowsill positioned above the end of her bed with a resounding crash as she flew upwards.

“*Itai!*” she cried out, cradling her throbbing skull in her slender hands.

Her mother, sitting at the opposite end of the soft mattress, looked anything but amused.

“At least you're up,” she commented dryly, “Now get out of bed. Eat breakfast and be completely ready to leave in a half-an-hour.”

Ignoring the pounding in her temples, Haruno Sakura cocked her head to one side, surveying her

mother carefully.

“Why? Your shift at the hospital is at night, ne kaa-san? And it’s only seven in the morning, on a *Saturday*,” she felt the addictive need to scold the scolder, “So I doubt we’re going anywhere else.”

Her mother’s expression became soft; her words hushed and sweet, like the lullabies she used to croon to her daughter as a small child. “Yes, dear, we are going to the hospital. I’m...I’m just afraid it isn’t for you to come and help me this time, honey.”

Sakura’s face became contorted with fear. “Is tou-san okay?”

“Don’t worry, your father’s fine. He left on his business trip about two hours ago.”

“Then, who...”

Her mother’s sigh was tired, worn out. “I think that question is better left unanswered for now. Onegai, just get ready.”

“...Hai.”

“Arigatou, my hime.” And, after standing and pressing her lips to her daughter’s ivory brow, Haruno Izumi stepped gracefully from her daughter’s bedroom.

And Haruno Sakura went through her morning routine faster than ever.

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They were in the car fifteen minutes later.

Izumi’s petal colored curls were clipped back hastily, her azure eyes clouded in grief.

Sakura wasn’t used to seeing her mother like this.

Wearing the same clothes from yesterday, no visible make-up coating her usually upbeat face.

Quite frankly, it unnerved the girl.

She reached a hand out tentatively, as though her mother may shatter with contact.

And, though Izumi didn’t crack, she did flinch involuntarily- a nervous twitch from anxiety.

And for whom, Sakura was unsure of.

“Gomen,” the woman murmured quietly, “I didn’t get much sleep last night.”

“And why is that?” The response was soft, concerned.

"I only got home from the hospital a few hours ago. I was up all night, working on...someone...at the hospital. If Tsunade-sama wasn't there, the patient wouldn't have had even the slightest chance."

Sakura nodded slowly. "So, this someone is the one we're going to see, ne?"

"...Hai."

"And this someone is lucky to have survived the night, ne?"

"Hai."

"How's this someone now?"

"...Not faring well."

"So...how was this someone hurt in the first place?"

Izumi finally sighed, lifting her hands from the steering wheel to rub her temples tiredly.

"I think," she spoke in a deliberate slowness, to dull any impact her words may have, "it would be best if I told you who it was, first. You'll find out the rest once we get there."

Her daughter nodded her head, anxious to find out.

"It was...one of your friends. One of your good friends, hime."

The young girl clenched her shaking fingers as a way of calming herself.

"It was Sasuke-kun, dear."

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Izumi's steps were fluid and quick. Her shoes slapped against the pristine tile floors and echoed off of the eggshell-colored walls.

Her daughter scurried behind her, having trouble keeping up. She wiped away the small beads of water accumulating at the corners of her eyes with a furious hand.

Other than that, it was fairly quiet.

They were heading for the Intensive Care Unit.

Sakura wished they weren't.

They turned a sharp corner and were halfway down the hall when they heard furious shouts and a resounding crash some yards behind them.

The two Harunos spun around on their heels to see the cause of the ruckus.

“SAKURA-CHAN!”

Sakura sighed halfheartedly and her hand flew to her paler-than-usual brow.

“...Naruto.”

Sure enough, the obnoxious blond skidded around the corner they had only turned only a few moments before, followed by a large crowd of angry looking hospital personnel.

They were chasing him, their fists raised and their faces red.

Naruto’s azure eyes were wide as he threw himself behind Sakura. He crouched and peeked around her waist fearfully, eyeing the various nurses and doctors warily. In turn, the girl placed her hands lightly on her hips, clearly not in the mood for the boy’s antics.

Izumi stepped forward and raised her hand, palm outwards, to stop the large mob of her infuriated co-workers.

“Haruno-san! That boy, he’s causing an uproar!” One doctor had stepped out of the crowd, pointing an accusing finger towards the cowering whiskered-cheeked boy.

“I WAS NOT!” Naruto stepped out from behind his friend, pointing right back at the shaggy-haired man.

“Naruto!”

Everyone turned as yet another person rounded the corner, huffing and winded.

His snow-white hair was wild and long, his eyes dark and momentarily angry. From the bottom lid ran a trail of red, growing in size until it ended as his face did. As though he were crying blood. He looked no older than fifty.

“Baka,” he cried dramatically, “This is a hospital, kid! Show some respect!”

Sakura could have sworn she saw her mother’s eye twitch.

Izumi spoke, “Jiraiya-sama, please lower your voice.”

“Sure, sure. Whatever you say, Doctor Haruno.”

“Domo arigato.”

Next, the petal haired woman turned to her fellow medical specialists (and one disgruntled looking day-time janitor).

“Now...what’s the problem here?”



“That kid! He ran passed the front desk! Through the halls where there are patients sleeping! He ran onto the wet floor and knocked over our janitor, then the bucket of dirty water! Then-“

“I get it, I get it! I’ll take care of it. The rest of you have work to do, ne?”

Reluctantly, the group nodded and dispersed silently (save for the janitor, who mumbled incoherent sentences under his breath).

Lastly, Izumi turned to the blond initiator. Preparing herself for his defiance and loud protests, she blinked in surprise when he only looked solemnly towards the ground.

Jiraiya sighed and stepped forward, so that he was next to the teenaged boy.

He turned towards Sakura’s mother.

“I told him.”

“Aa, I thought so.”

Sakura’s eyes were downcast.

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The cherry blossom looked from the bed and then back to her mother. Naruto’s guardian, Jiraiya, stood beside the woman; his arms were crossed, his expression unreadable.

Timidly, the girl spoke, “So...he’ll be alright...right?”

Naruto didn’t give her mother a chance to answer, having regained some of his lost vigor on the short trip to their friend’s room. “Of course he’ll be okay, Sakura-chan! It’s Sasuke we’re talking about here! He wouldn’t give up so easy...He wouldn’t...”

His voice lost conviction as he trailed off to stare down at his best friend.

Izumi spoke up instead. “His condition.... it’s bad. Lots of blood loss, internal bleeding, some head trauma, shattered bones... There’ll be pain, if and when he wakes up. Lots of pain. But there’s hope, too. He’ll recover, and things will turn back to normal eventually.”

The silence was now resolute, picking at their insides like a hungry vulture. They hoped the woman was right.

*But we hope a lot of things that are just plain ridiculous.*

All eyes were on the unconscious form before them.

The only sound in the sterile white room was the steady beat of the machine that monitored the raven’s

heartbeat.

Several tubes ran into his bruised arms, feeding into bags filled with unidentifiable fluids (one bag, filled with liquid crimson, was quite obviously blood).

His left arm was incased in a thick white cast, the rest of the alabaster skin covered in a mess of bandages and gauze.

His complexion was ghost-white, the pallor definitely more pale than usual, and his long eyelashes were merely two brush strokes of ink against his marble cheeks.

His breathing (if existent at all) was shallow. Much too shallow to be safe. Therefore, an oxygen mask was stretched across his pained face, giving him the extra air his lungs needed to work properly.

To put it quite lightly, he was catastrophe in a hospital bed.

Sakura opened and closed her mouth several times after turning towards the adults, unable to form any words with her numb lips. She finally took a deep breath, but was cut off with a knock on the door.

All heads snapped towards the sound that intruded upon their silence.

Izumi walked briskly towards the door and pulled it open by the silver handle.

Two adults stood there, looking to be in their late twenties or early thirties.

One was an ivory-skinned woman, with glistening black hair and startlingly red eyes.

The other was a tan man, with navy blue hair and a short beard lining his sharp face and firmly set jaw. An unlit cigarette was tucked neatly behind his ear and a toothpick dangled from his lips.

Izumi's tone was sharp and left no room for argument. "Gomen, but this area is restricted." The unidentified woman cocked a slender eyebrow questioningly towards the children in the room.

*Who weren't really children, with what they've seen and heard...or so they hoped.*

Sakura's mother stepped in her line of vision, eyes narrowed.

The man spoke up, pulling out his wallet and flashing a badge in her startled face, "We're aware. Sorry to be rude and bother you like this, but we have some questions. Questions that need answers."

Izumi nodded and stepped aside, allowing entrance.

The strangers' faces seemed to soften as they looked upon the barely-breathing form of the victim wrapped in hospital sheets.

Now the woman spoke, her tone warm, but still withholding its required professionalism. "I'm Detective Yuuhi Kurenai. This is my partner, Detective Asuma. We're from the Major Case Squad, considering the

boy's past, and his brother's position in the community."

The other two teens' heads snapped up at the mention of the involvement of law enforcement.

"I knew it," murmured the blond boy, nearly inaudible, "I knew that this wasn't an accident."

Asuma disregarded the boy and turned to Sakura's mother.

Gesturing towards Sasuke, he questioned, "When's the kid waking up? It's important we get his story first, as soon as possible."

But it was Sakura who answered, her eyes locking onto the male detective, her tone laced with bitterness. "He's not waking up. He's in a coma."

Her beautiful jade eyes turned to the boy, who lay unmoving. Her face was softened by sadness, her eyes brimming with the unshed tears of her anguish. Then, she abruptly turned to face the adults, her soft rosy bangs obscuring her watering eyes as she looked upon the floor.

"A fracking *coma!*"

With that, she ran from the room and away from the catastrophe in a hospital bed.

*No, she isn't really a child, with what she's seen and heard...or so she hoped.*

*But we hope a lot of things that are just plain ridiculous.*

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**A/N:** I can't tell you how many times I re-wrote this chapter. And I still don't like how it turned out. Meh.

Anyways, just so ya know, the italics are more of a voice of reason than anything. Bitter reality that everyone's gotta face, so deal.

And Sakura-chan has an extra reason for being extra upset. (I feel bad for having to torture the characters but that's how it works in this business...)

Well, don't I sound especially cheery? XD

Did you like Sakura's mother? I totally butchered her personality in this chappie, but whatever. Her role isn't terribly important. She'll fade out a little, as the story progresses.

Oh, and how do you like the title? Personally, I love it. If you're an author, you know exactly what I mean (how you're just randomly attached to certain unimportant aspects of your story).

REVIEW!!!