

Eh... **DX** sorry!! I got so caught up in the last school year and stuff that I've been neglecting my fanfiction... badly.... I finally got my Wii, the Halo 3 beta happened, and I got completely obsessed with video games again... But you guys really don't care about my boring life... So, here's the next addition to *Hazy*: Chapter 1 - Information.

Disclaimer: I don't own Naruto, or any of its characters.

WARNING(S): Fluff, insanity, language, mild violence.

[PAIRING(S)]: {NaruSaku} -- Don't like it? DONT READ IT.

Hazy

By: Rikotsu-sama

oO Chapter 1 - Information Oo

"What?! Do you love someone else? Who is he?!" Sasuke demanded, grabbing Sakura's arms roughly.

"Yes, and I'm not going to tell you." Sakura answered, staring into now blazing onyx orbs.

"Tell me, Sakura! I have the right to know!"

"It's none of your business, Sasuke!" Sakura screamed, wrenching herself out of Sasuke's grip, "Now leave me alone!" She ran. As fast as she could, back to where she felt welcome, back to the someone she knew she could trust...

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Blood-lust engulfing his eyes, Sasuke watched the cherryblossom med-nin disappear in less than an instant. As the dusty trail settled, the Uchiha turned and was swallowed up by his house once more. Ignoring the steaming kettle on the stove and the T.V. he had left on in the living room, the raven scurried up the stairs and to his room.

BOOM. CRASH. SHATTER.

He could not see the floor through the rubble, the crushed picture frames and the ripped clothing. All mementos of their relationship had been disposed of. What was he to do now? Cry? Scream? No. None of those fit him at all. There was only one thing that the Uchiha needed to know now.

"Who is he?"

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Naruto heard his front door open and slam loudly. The next thing the blonde knew, he was pounced on and his shirt was quickly becoming damp, along with long, painful sobs. His arms quickly circled around the girl's lithe waist, and he was whispering "Shhh..." and "It's okay..." in her ear.

When the majority of the sobs and tears had stopped, Naruto lifted Sakura's chin up so she was facing him. Her cheeks tear-stained and eyes blood-shot, Sakura was a mess. "What's wrong, Sakura-chan?" Naruto asked tentatively, Sakura *had* said something about telling Sasuke about... *them* today.

It took a few minutes for the pink-haired girl to reply. Her words stifled by sobs, she managed to say, 'I told Sasuke, and now he's mad at me'; or something to that affect. He patted her on the back, and stroked her cherry-blossom hair in an attempt to calm her down. He failed, only succeeding to calm her down a fraction. She continued to sob in his arms for well over twenty minutes, all the while, Naruto was trying to think of ways to make her stop crying. Any man who could make her cry this much must mean a lot to her... Maybe even more than *he* meant to her.

'I have to do something about this,' Naruto thought to himself, *'I have to talk to Sasuke and find out what happened. I know its a risk, but its one I have to take, for Sakura's sake.'* Seeing her sobbing in his arms was heart-breaking.

As soon as her sobs slowed, so did her breathing. Naruto held onto her until he was sure Sakura was fast asleep. He carried her to his bed and softly placed her there, head on one of his many velvety pillows. Hopefully she would not wake until he returned.

The blonde ninja slipped out of his home silently, so as not to wake Sakura. It was still mid-day, and in the middle of the shopping rush. Women and children bustled through the streets in search of good deals on whatever supplies were needed for that night's dinner. Naruto wove his way through the crowds and finally ended up at the entrance to the Uchiha section of Konoha.

Walking through the already-open double doors, Naruto wondered in the back of his mind if Sakura was the one who left those doors open. Sasuke was not one to neglect the order of his home, or the entire Uchiha district.

He continued on without another thought on the matter, for it was not of importance at the moment. He walked through many of the still blood-stained alleys and streets leading to Sasuke's house. Luckily, the bodies of his dead family had been cleaned up and buried on the other side of the district. Each with their own marked grave.

The last few remaining petals from the cherryblossom trees still fledged across the ground as Naruto knocked on Sasuke's front door. The door quickly flung open to a broken Sasuke. His arms and legs were scratched, no doubt self-inflicted after Sakura's announcement. His eyes were blood-shot, and his hair was messier than usual. All of these aspects about the raven-haired boy were *very* unusual. He must've taken the news badly. **Very, very** badly.

Naruto was snapped out of his thoughts when Sasuke snarled, "What do *you* want, dobe?!"

"I was just wondering what was up with Sakura," Naruto replied, "She came running to me crying about half an hour ago, said something about telling you something and you being mad at her. Did you say something mean to her?" He thought it best to act as though he wasn't the guy Sasuke had lost Sakura to. As much as Naruto wanted to flaunt it in his rival's face, Sasuke was also his best friend, and that could ruin their friendship for a very long time, if not forever.

"Why would she go to you?! I would've thought she would've gone to her new *boyfriend* for comfort," Sasuke growled.

"What?" Naruto choked, "Sakura got a new boyfriend?! Since when?" Naruto was surprised at his own acting ability as a look of pure shock covered his features.

"How the hell would I know? She just came up to me saying the 'I think it's better if we don't see each other anymore' crap and that she was in love with someone else. I guess I must've blown up at her when I heard that she preferred another guy over me." Sasuke's eyes saddened as he went on. Naruto never knew that Sasuke ever had anyone mean *that* much to him.

"Well you must still mean a lot to her," —Sasuke looked up in Naruto's cerulean eyes as those words passed his friend's lips and caressed his own ears with gentle comfort— "because she was crying for at least twenty minutes about it. Maybe you still have a chance against whomever she chose over

you; maybe she chose him over you since you were so over-protective and controlling about your guys' relationship..."

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Sakura awoke near two hours later. *'That confession must've taken more outta me than I thought.'* Sakura thought to herself, looking at the clock. It read 5:37 PM. She sat up, feeling the soft satin sheets beneath her she looked around, trinkets and pictures were scattered around the room messily, even though she knew that that was only the case in her eyes. Naruto kept his souvenirs from their many missions and pictures with his friends in order almost obsessively, each had its own spot and angle, although to an untrained eye it just looked like random piles of junk. His past with friends was very precious to Naruto considering his childhood. She giggled as she found the original picture of Kakashi-sensei, Sasuke, Naruto, and herself when they had just started Team 7. As she started reminiscing about the days when she only had eyes for Sasuke and another man was out of the question, she glanced at the doorway to see a blonde man leaning on the doorway looking at her mischievously, only to look back at the photograph in her hands. She took a double take and her gaze rested the blonde man's sky eyes. She smiled back at him as she set the picture back down on the slightly dusty table.

She ran up to the man clothed in orange and black with the sun-drenched hair, smoothly kissing him on the cheek and hugging him tightly and lovingly. "Heeeeey! I was wondering where you were, Naruto-kun!" Sakura greeted, holding out the 'e' on 'hey' for emphasis.

Naruto smiled down as his new girlfriend hugged him, snuggling her head into the crook of his neck. "Have you now?" He replied in an almost teasing way.

As Sakura leaned up and kissed him lightly on the lips, the memories of his own words, whether they were fake or real, towards Sasuke came flooding back again and again...

"Maybe you still have a chance against whomever she chose over you..."