

# Heal

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*[When she opened her eyes, her first thought was that he was beautiful. The second was not a full thought, just an awareness. They were safe.] An ItaSaku drabble on love and death. Fluffy.*

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## 0 - Heal

For some unknown reason, my muse appears to be taking a break, and has left a very strange beast to fill in. I think it's some kind of angora plot-bunny, as it's encouraging me to produce ridiculous amounts of fluff...still, it's probably good to have a change. Anyway, all this has resulted in a fluffy little drabble about a pairing who have decidedly too little fluff in their world; Itachi and Sakura.

This was inspired by a song - Naked As We Came, by Iron and Wine - and written for the 100 Themes Challenge over on deviantART. Enjoy!

83) Heal

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She squirmed sleepily amongst luxurious sheets, hair making a pale pink cloud against white pillows as she nuzzled into the warm body beside her, not quite ready to wake up yet. But the sun was up now, and there were golden rays on her cheeks, forcing her to consciousness and making her partner's few white hairs shimmer.

When she opened her eyes, her first thought was that he was beautiful.

The second was not a full thought, just an awareness. They were safe.

They had been safe for years now, tucked away in a little village beneath the mountains to the west. It rained more often than in Konoha, and the spring brought different flowers – better ones, if you asked Sakura, because they mostly had medicinal properties. She was the village doctor, respected by all and loved by many. He had given up on killing as she had, and acted as house-husband.

But no matter how long this peacefulness lasted, some of the fear drilled into her from birth remained in her subconscious, and it was always a relief to wake up with no unknown chakra within range.

He was awake too, she could feel it, but he feigned sleep even as he woke; he'd lived a life of danger much longer than she, and much less predictable. She shifted to whisper in his ear.

“Wake up, it's no use pretending.” And she kissed his skin where wrinkles were just starting to form.

His arms wrapped around her and a lazy kiss pressed against her neck. She could envisage the smile he was stretching across her skin, the one that had taken years of love and safety to conjure up, the one that matched the moment he first saw their son – Akane for his red hair and memories of what they'd lost.

It didn't hurt to remember any more, not now they had friends and reports of war had stopped filtering

into the village. They were too changed to let the past be the sole guide to them now, though she could see it hurt him when their little girl Miko opened up red eyes at the breakfast table one morning.

She'd asked him about it; he'd quietly said that he had memories of Sasuke sitting at the table just like that, unable to do the same thing and growing frustrated as days turned to weeks turned to years. She held him close then, knowing that even though his training went against it he still needed human touch. He'd shed that training now, become warmer and open, and he held her at night rather than leaving a safe foot of space between them.

His eyelashes were still impossibly long as he blinked, eyes bleary onyx but happier than they had been all that time ago. But the past wasn't for mornings, she could brood later. Feeling another heady rush of contentment, she pulled him closer, skin brushing warm skin along the length of her side, legs tangling lazily against one another.

He exhaled in an almost-sigh, curling his fingers in the hair at the nape of her neck, over an improbable scar, in an absentminded motion. She'd nearly died when he dealt her that wound, but that was long forgiven, just like they had forgiven life from taking so many innocents during the war. Neither of them would die in combat, they were the lucky ones. At least, that's what she thought.

"Tachi...if I die before you, don't waste your time mourning. Live, and I'll do the same for you." He just nodded, knowing what she meant. One of the things she loved about Itachi was that he never closed his eyes to facts that he didn't like. One of them would die eventually, it was inevitable.

But they weren't ninja now, they would die in an embrace, not a forest, in sheets and the sounds of their sleeping children. One of them would spread the ashes of the other on the vegetable beds, and the family would dine like kings.

They weren't ninja any more, they were just people, and all those wounds of the past were healing, all the scars fading. She brushed his hair away from his eyes to kiss him, looking at the skin of his cheekbone, feeling that smile on his lips even as they kissed a toast to death and love and peace.

She could walk into that truth with her eyes wide open.

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I might, someday, write a bit about how they got to this idyllic stage in life, but right now I want to leave it happy and non-grim.

Feedback?