

Chasing Pavement

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Ever Since Asuma's death, Shikamaru has found life to be very dull. But a certain blond is about to change that. FLUFF (But a good kind, I promise) ShikaTema. Can be taken as a friendship

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Chasing Pavements

A/N: I absolutely love the song 'Chasing Pavements', by Adele. Playing the song while reading this fanfiction really helps! Oh, and this isn't a song fic, but more of a song inspired fic. Hope you like it, RandR.

A small formation of clouds appeared overhead, oddly resembling a pair of tube socks--the third one this week. Nara Shikamaru sighed, finding the peculiar, yet ridiculous shapes everything but amusing. Ever since Asuma's death, nothing seemed to hold his attention, no longer felt interesting or worth analyzing. As you can imagine, this is incredibly troublesome for an observant young boy such as Shikamaru. Noticing every single detail pertaining to every single thing, every being, every item, every and anything that gained his attention. It was then that Shikamaru noticed the inexplicable monotony that was Konoha. Everything was the same and hardly anything ever changed; predictable.

A light breeze graced the top of the hill, easily pressing blunt blades of grass against every part of his exposed flesh--namely his arms, face and shin. This too was expected and unappreciated. He gave a sigh, running the tip of his tongue over the edges of his teeth, as if to count them. He was on his premolars by the time a familiar blond appeared in front of him.

It was either Temari or Ino, he knew that for sure. Too tired and far too bored to think much more of the figure's sudden appearance, he continued his counting. Surprisingly, the girl sat down, bringing her knees to her chest in a thoughtful manner. Shikamaru froze, finding this strange; very strange. Ino was far too talkative to simply sit down, at least not before she lectured him on something. The same could be said for the Temari girl.

"What do you want?" he asked absently, more so out of reflex than courtesy.

"What makes you think I'm here for you?" Temari said lightly. Shikamaru gave her a skeptical look, glancing over the clearly unoccupied area. "Don't answer that."

The kunoichi sighed, allowing her charcoal black eyes to scan the large sky. Shikamaru stared, a look of confusion on his face as the overhead sun had managed to change her dark eyes to a startling shade of turquoise. A massive ball of white that could be defined as a cloud drifted slowly across the sky, inevitably blocking the entire sun. For the few minutes of darkness, her eyes had once again changed, to a more approachable shade of dark blue.

"Is that a tube sock?" she asked skeptically, a wide grin spreading across her face. Shikamaru gave a small nod, taken aback by the series of changes in the span of a few seconds. There was a slight pause, as the large cloud crawled along the sky, changing her eyes to its previous shade.

"On a mission?" he asked suddenly, in an effort to distract his troublesome thoughts.

"Gaara is meeting up with Tsunade to discuss newfound information on members of the Akatsuki," she said flatly. "Thought I would tag along."

"Tag along, on a three day journey?" Shikamaru asked scornfully. You would never find Shikamaru on a three day journey for 'tagging along' sake.

"We don't get clouds like this in Suna," she shrugged, as if that simple statement answered everything. "They're all wispy, mostly cirrus and cirrostratus if any at all."

"Hn," he grunted, resuming his relaxed position and continued to stare at the sky. His eyebrows furrowed, as he felt a large amount of pressure generating from a small, soft, source. He glanced towards the smirking girl, a small scowl tugging at his lips.

"And, I wanted to visit my best friend ever," she said coyly, using her index finger to poke him in his leg. He frowned, slightly disappointed that her eyes had taken on a nearly black shade. He really preferred the blue.

"Why does your eyes do that?" he muttered. Her smile faded, dawning a look of genuine confusion. She removed her hand, bringing it to her chin in a thoughtful manner. Her eyes narrowed, as if searching her mind for a suitable answer.

"What do they do?" she asked finally.

"They change colors, a lot."

This statement earned another moment of thought, as she even went to the extreme as to scratch the top of her head. Shikamaru rolled his eyes, patiently waiting for her reply. It was a simple question, requiring little to no thought at all if known. If she didn't know the answer, she could have just said so, or give him a sarcastic reply as she usually does when she doesn't know an answer.

"I never noticed," she said quietly.

"Hn."

"Is it weird?" she asked. Now it was Shikamaru's turn to think. It wasn't really weird, just unexpected. Actually, it was pretty amazing. Sure, a lot of people have changing iris', but not of such a variety. From one shade, to another, to a separate color all together. And all because of a few shadows. It was really interesting-- something interesting in this monotonous drought.

"It's something."

A/N: I really wanted this to be longer, but I thought if I continued I would ruin it. That would suck.

It's so short, it's driving me crazy, but I like the ending. I just know I'll be shifting in my bed tonight over this! Haha. I thought it was pretty sweet, and I hope you do too. I tried to keep it realistic, making sure to pin in a few actual events from the manga. Hope you all enjoyed it!