

Tomatoes: The Way To His Heart

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Little bit of fluff between Sasuke and Sakura!! Short story. IT's about tomatoes...it's cute...so read it darnit!!!!

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Author Note: *Short story!!! Yeah!! Ok well I'm so bored and I have writer's block on my other two stories so I'm hoping that this will help me!! Anyways...on with the fluff!!*

Tomatoes: The Way To His Heart

Those eyes. They lead to the very source of the soul. They lead him to the broken heart he had shattered.

Those emerald eyes which had always shown such admiration, determination, and...love. They were the exact cause of his coarse words and cold exterior, for those eyes had melted his heart. It made him crazy with a need to fulfill a burning desire. The desire to hold her. Even if it was for a moment, that was all he needed. Just that one moment to say everything. To say he loved her.

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Sasuke Uchiha was not one for feelings or emotions. It just wasn't in his nature to express. So when the annoying shinobi girl cried to him, he felt no need to comfort her. He felt no need to listen. No need to understand. He felt no need to feel at all.

There she was, in a heap of tears and undeniable sorrow. Her racketing cries shook her delicate body violently as she cried with pain and desperately tried to reach out for some hope of comfort; yet he refused to spare any. Her heart was breaking and no one dare help pick the pieces back up. The pain she felt was unbearably true as the jet-black haired boy kept his back to her. Why? Why was it happening like this? Why was there so much spite? She could barely keep herself from collapsing to the harden floor. Hard and cold; just like the boy that stood before her indifferently.

Sasuke grew impatient as Sakura grasped his hand in a plea-full way. His onyx eyes meet her flooded emerald ones in a clash of hate and hurt. She knew then that all was lost. Unconsciously, Sakura let go and turned her head the other way. The tears of her heart still splashed against the floor. *Pitter-Patter* went the raindrop sorrows.

Sasuke huffed gruffly and walked on without a second thought. It was her problem for never giving up her love for him. She would forever be alone if she could never move on from the past. That was her harsh fate.

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The skies were blue with a hue of pink as the sun rose silently against the orange horizon. A new day was beginning in Konoha. Just like a new beginning was starting for the young withered cherry blossom.

Swaying slowly as she walked across a morning dew field, Haruno Sakura headed for the only place of contentment, a small flower valley just outside the Leaf Village.

'Sasuke...kun. I w-will have to move on won't I? B-but...I'm not sure how to. I've held on to you for so long, that it hurts to even try to imagine myself without loving you.' Thoughts of the inhospitable boy engulfed her mind in a torture of seeking understanding. She needed to know how to finally let go. How to finally be strong enough to say good-bye forever.

'But I just can't,' her heart raced and her mind wondered. *'I-I just don't understand how one can give up on anything that ever meant everything to them. Naruto...he taught me that lesson. Never give up on something that means the world to you. Fight for it...don't ever let it slip through your fingers. Believe it...right?'*

Sighing slowly she sat down within the field. A small flower caressed her exposed leg in a gentle touch. Smiling wearily, Sakura placed a small finger tip on its delicate pink petals. It seemed distant from all the other flowers, yet it bent towards a blue one that was a little ways off. *'Hmm you're just like me, huh? You're reaching for something far away. But what makes you so strong? What makes you persistent enough to never give up?'*

Sakura stopped and looked away. "Hah! I must sound so silly asking a flower for advice."

Her smile slowly turned into a crumbling one as tears brimmed her eyes, stinging them and demanding to be shed. *‘But I’m strong! I refuse to cry!’*

Though her inner self was strong, the shell of sorrow could no longer hold the tears back. Letting them splatter onto her lap she threw her face into her pale hands and wept softly. As she cried the pink-petal flower, which leaned against her, seemingly drooped more to the grassy ground. It resembled the young girl very much so as its petals became brown in the morning sun.

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Sasuke walked through the bustling village as mid-day hit. The sun was high in the sky beating down with warm rays of light. There was a cool breeze that twisted its way around the buildings and shops. It made the young Uchiha very uncomfortable. He didn't like the happy smiles of the families that passed by him. He also didn't like the young couple that was laughing and holding each others hands to his right. They were too blissful.

His mood became even more sour as he continued his walk to the market on the other side of the village. He wasn't feeling too well, so he had decided to buy some fresh tomatoes. They always made him feel better.

As he came to the small wagon, where he always bought his tomatoes, he saw a pink-haired girl talking quietly with the owner of the wagon. Her eyes were dull emerald and her skin tone looked more than unnatural. He stared for a few minutes, realizing that it was the annoying girl, Sakura. He frowned silently in displeasure. What was she doing at the tomato wagon? Last time he checked, she didn't like tomatoes all that much. So why was she there?

Quietly, he listened to her conversation with the owner.

“So you want to buy how many tomatoes again?”

“Five of your freshest please.”

Slowly the man picked out his best tomatoes and smiled sweetly to Sakura.

“Now why would you want all these tomatoes Miss?”

Sakura was silent for a moment then smiled wearily.

“They're for a friend. He likes them very much and I wanted to get him some. I thought they might make

him happy.”

“Ah! So is this friend of yours, someone special,” the owner asked with a small laugh.

Sakura shook her head sluggishly.

“No sir. He is just a friend.”

The owner's smile faltered. He frowned for a moment and then turned around. Looking around his wagon, the owner grabbed a small apple. He turned back around to the gloomy girl before him and handed her the glistening fruit.

“Here, take this. It looks like you could use some fresh fruit to lighten your spirits.”

Sakura starred at the man for a moment and shook her head in protest.

“No...I couldn't sir.”

“It's alright Miss. Also, the tomatoes are for free.”

Sakura looked at the owner for a long time. Her eyes showed that she was grateful. Slowly she grasped the apple and gazed at its sparkly red skin. It reminded her of a beautiful rose.

“Thank you, sir.”

“Anytime Miss.”

Truly smiling for the first time in weeks, Sakura bowed and begin to walk away.

Sasuke frowned. He too turned around and began to walk away. He didn't feel like buying any tomatoes today.

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The skies were becoming a darken blue as the sun was setting for the day. The stars were beginning to

litter the sea of unclouded skies in a rush of contentment.

Sasuke sighed as he rested his weary body atop the roof of his apartment. He let his eyes wander over each star. They looked so peaceful.

He closed his eyes and for a brief moment the crying orbs of that annoying girl engulfed his mind. *Why was she always on his mind?*

He turned to look at the treetops of the village. Swaying in the breeze, they too looked peaceful; surrounded in serenity.

'The way she looked at me', his mind began to wander. 'It was if...everything was taken from her. Why must she always look at me that way? Doesn't she understand that this is the best for her? Doesn't she understand that I'm doing this for her sake?'

Sasuke sighed heavily and frowned. "This is all for you Sakura. I don't want you to get hurt...but this really is for the best," he whispered quietly. As he was lying there, he heard rustling on the street that lead to his apartment. He looked down at the barren walkway and to his surprise saw the girl that had been racking his brain for several minutes. She looked weak and listless as she headed for his front porch.

Sasuke wanted to say something to her, like 'What are you doing here,' or 'What is it that you want,' but the words just seemed to be caught in his throat as he watched her with curiosity. She really did seem tired and meek. He seriously wondered if it was his fault.

Sakura stood on the porch of the Uchiha's apartment quietly. She was contemplating whether she should knock or just leave. Her eyes were extremely dull and red. She hadn't slept for many nights, but she wanted to do this for him. Just so he knew that she still cared. It was the least she could do to apologize for being a nuisance for so long.

Sakura shifted the large basket she was holding and sighed. *'I might as well just leave it here for him. It would be much better if I didn't try to bother him so late at night.'*

Silently, Sakura placed the wood-woven basket on his porch. Looking at it for a moment she smiled. *'I do hope this will make Sasuke-kun happy.'*

Quickly she turned away and headed back home. It would take a while since she lived on the other side of the village, but right then Sakura didn't care. The isolation of the night would comfort her on the way back.

Sasuke watched as she began to walk away. When she had rounded the corner of the street, he jumped down from the roof to his front porch. Looking at the basket for a moment he raised an eyebrow in suspicion. What the heck and she left?

Cautiously, Sasuke picked up the wooden basket and pulled back the silk, pink cloth that covered it. What he found came to a surprise.

Five luscious tomatoes, sparkling with perfection, rested silently in the basket. There was also a note. Sasuke set the tomatoes down and unfolded the small message.

Dear Sasuke,

I know that for years I have been an annoyance to you and your training, but I just wanted you to know...I still care. That is why these tomatoes are for you. Five to represent the five things that I like about you.

- 1. You are extremely brave.*
- 2. You strive for the better.*
- 3. You never give up.*
- 4. You care more about your friends than you let others believe.*
- 5. And you have always protected me when I needed someone.*

I hope that you feel better and also forgive me for the so many years of nuisance I have caused.

Your Friend,

Sakura Haruno

Sasuke looked up from the letter that the caring shinobi girl had left him. Placing it in his pant's pocket, Sasuke raced after the only one that had ever cared.

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As Sakura walked home silently, she thought over if what she had done was the right thing. *'I really do hope Sasuke-kun appreciates the tomatoes.'*

Almost on cue, the raven-haired boy raced up from behind her. "Sakura," he called anxiously. "Sakura!"

Stopping with a sudden jolt, she turned around and faced the Uchiha.

"Sasuke-kun...what are you doing out so late?"

Her worried tone clouded his mind for a moment before he shook his head and spoke quietly.

"Why...why did you leave those tomatoes for me? I thought that we had come to an understanding, Sakura."

Cowardly, Sakura averted her emerald eyes to the ground.

"I wasn't trying to be furtive or anything Sasuke-kun. I was just doing that as a friend. I noticed you had been sick lately and remembered that tomatoes made you feel better."

Relenting his harsh tone, Sasuke smiled listlessly. "Sakura...thank you."

Not bring her eyes to his; she smiled back with a nod. "You're welcome."

The two stood there in utter silence as they acknowledged that a piece of broken heart had been placed back in its place. Sasuke rubbed the back of his head with embarrassment. Thinking hard, he tried to figure out what to say to the girl before him. Stuttering he placed out his hand. "W-would you like to come back home with me...a-and maybe have some tomatoes?"

Sakura nodded her head in delight.

Grasping his cool hand, the two began to walk back to the Uchiha's apartment.

Sasuke's face became beet red as the two headed back. He liked the way her hand fit his perfectly. He dare not look down at the girl next to him in fear that she would see the way his eyes shone with pleasure. Choking out the words he tried hard to sound spiteful.

"Just so you know...this doesn't mean anything. Understand?"

Sakura giggled softly to herself and whispered, "Of course Sasuke-kun. I understand."

Sasuke hid the smile that tried so persistently to spread across his usually emotionless face. He hoped she understood the message he meant by his harsh words. In fact, he knew she understood. She was the only one that truly knew him. He liked it that way.

As the genius and the healer walked back, a flower, in a far off field, finally regained its beautiful glow in the rising sun.

Author's Note:: **Sigh* Well, I hope you guys enjoyed this story!!!^__^*