

SasuShio Files

By SatomiTakashida

Submitted: January 21, 2011

Updated: January 9, 2013

This story is about Sasuke, and Shiori, my oc. So if anyone even reads this, honestly tell me what you think! Give me some feedback! If you don't like canon/oc pairings that's fine, but don't flame. Criticism is WELCOME! I can take it! Trust me!

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/SatomiTakashida/58743/SasuShio-Files>

Chapter 1 - Warm Again	2
Chapter 2 - For Future Reference	5
Chapter 3 - Introductions	6
Chapter 4 - Round One	8
Chapter 5 - Wonder	10
Chapter 6 - Cardiac Arrest	11
Chapter 7 - Forgiveness	13
Chapter 8 - Past	15
Chapter 9 - Attachment	19
Chapter 10 - Names	20
Chapter 11 - Present	22
Chapter 12 - Encounter	24

1 - Warm Again

The cold was mind numbing.

The girl stretched her sleeves around her nearly blue hands and shivered. Using a shard of glass, she etched another tally into the wall of the cave and counted them. "One, two, three..."

A painful knot in her stomach twisted.

Running straight into the mountains would not have been her first choice. Being afraid of the heights had compromised her, and it was too late to regret not taking the main road. How would she get past those ominous peaks that surrounded her village? She wondered which was better: a warm, bloody death by dogs, or a slow, cold death by the hand of Mother Nature.

Suddenly, a snake crept into her shelter. "Eeep!" The snake moved closer, and she did not think she could have been more frozen. It did not hurt her though, and as it slid over her shoulder she thought she heard it hiss into her ear.

"Follow..."

The snake took its exit.

"Wait!"

The girl scampered to her feet, struggling to keep pace with it as it gained speed. She followed it up the natural path of the mountain face. The storm blew snow into her eyes though, and she tripped only to be caught by a snow bank.

Behind her, an unfamiliar sound emerged above the roaring blizzard.

"Aren't you cold, child?" A soft, but dangerous voice asked.

The girl was startled. First, what was another person doing out here? Moreover, how had he found her? She struggled, then lifted her head to look at the man who stood before her. For a moment, she studied him.

Her initial reaction to the figure before her was surprise. She hadn't known what to expect, but it was not at all what she saw. The man before her was very tall, as most people were to her being only ten years old. But this man in particular, towered above her. His skin was snow white, in sharp contrast to his black hair, which was as even darker than her own.

But when she saw his face she felt an unexpected surge of pleasure. The face staring down at her was strangely beautiful; in it's own way, almost alien in its rarity. But more than that, the face was interesting. All the features were straight and angular and they too, seemed to be elongated. It might not have been attractive in any other face, but the narrow cheekbones perfectly complimented all his skinny features. Upon his pale skin there was a strange purplish pattern surrounding his eyes and trailing along a short

length of his nose. Was it artifice or simply natural? But the eyes themselves were something she had never encountered before. They were of a strange golden tint, and the pupils were formed into slits, resembling a snake. But the most important thing was their likeness. The eyes that watched her with a barely hidden ambition seemed out of place in this seemingly young face. They felt ancient, and filled with an aching sadness, despite the kind expression that was displayed there on the rest of his face. It made her want to look away.

The man handed her a heavy cloak. She took it, then thanked him. But then she remembered that this man was supposed to be a stranger to her.

"Who are you?"

"My name is Orochimaru." he said with a smile, "But don't worry, I already know who you are."

"You do?"

"Yes. You are Nomura, Shiori of the Harukaa village." He said it like a teacher to his student, as he kneeled and laid his hand on her hair.

Shiori was enchanted by this strange man, and for a moment couldn't think of what to say.

"How did...you know that?"

He looked at Shiori for a moment, possibly deciding how to answer her. "Word travels." he finally decided as he cocked his head to the side, with a speculative expression on his face. The sadness in his eyes was there, and that still bothered her.

"Why are you sad?" she asked, suddenly concerned for him.

"Well Shiori, like you I have also lost people close to me."

She felt a sudden stab of pain as the certain memories pushed against the edge of her consciousness, attempting to intrude.

"Shiori, why are you out here alone?"

"I did something bad." She said, ashamed, like a child who had its hand caught in the cookie jar.

"In that case, why don't you come with me?" His tone was not at all depressed, but sounding rather hopeful. "I've done lots of bad things too, so you'll be welcomed with open arms. If you'll come, I can teach you things. I can teach you how to control yourself. You won't have to do bad things anymore." He stretched his hand towards her, closing the few feet between them; palm up. An invitation.

Without thinking she took his hand, eager. How had he known the one thing she wanted most in the world?

He smiled at her and was clearly happy with her decision. He stood and the wind howled once more as

they both disappeared into the snow.

--

I was careful in choosing these names, here are their meanings:

“Nomura” simply means village in the field. I was not as particular about this one, I only chose it for the way it sounded.

“Shiori” means poem(also, when I chose this name I thought it was a bit funny because it sounded a little like chidori to me).

"Harukaa" means distant, or far from. In the Land of Snow the hidden village is called Yukigakure. The Harukaa village is located far north of Yukigakure.

“Kaede” means root, or maple.

2 - For Future Reference

Shiori trained under Orochimaru for some time, working to mostly learn restraint, and with help she had acquired near perfect control of herself by the time she was eleven. Orochimaru also got around to explaining to her what exactly she was capable of.

"Do you remember when I found you?," He asked.

Shiori merely smiled and nodded, remembering. It was a happy memory for her.

"Your jutsu is known as kekkei genkai," He paused and smiled at her confusion, then continued. "Kekkei genkai are secret jutsu that are passed down within a clan, and restricted to that clan. They are usually very powerful, and extremely sought after, but you already knew that."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Because you should know." He replied, nonchalant. Then there was a sudden gleam in his eyes. "Also because you might need it one day."

She could see though, that there was something brewing behind the casual façade he struggled to keep in place.

"In addition to that, now that you have become skilled, I want to take another step forward. Do you know what a chakra nature is, Shiori-chan?"

"I know what chakra is..."

Orochimaru put on a wry smile. "Change in chakra nature is an advanced form of chakra control. It entails the molding of one's chakra into a type of chakra nature. All chakra natures are based upon the five elements, wind, water, fire, earth, and lightning. Your kekkei genkai, kiragarasu, is a physical manifestation of your two natures: earth and fire. As it is now, you rely heavily on your kiragarasu. The next part in your training is to be able to separate your earth nature from your fire nature, and implement attacks using them. That is what I will teach you."

Shiori was not naturally skilled by any means, she was simply the result of superior bloodline. She wondered if she could do as her father wanted.

--

Exposition, exposition~
kiragarasu=killing glass

3 - Introductions

The dark halls of the hideout were sparsely lit, but there were a few lamps lining the walls here and there, so it was light enough to see one's feet at the least. Three distinct figures walked through the darkness, one significantly shorter than the others. The group paused behind him, and he turned to look back. He saw the tallest one give the other a meaningful look, to which they nodded and left. His gaze narrowed with suspicion.

The taller one seemed to notice his glare.

"Kukuku, I have a surprise for you, Sasuke-kun. Kabuto has gone to get it." He said.

"What is it?" Sasuke became impatient almost on cue. Surprises usually irritated him. He already disliked this man more than enough, and surprises weren't likely to gain his favor.

"Not what, but who."

"I'm not interested in meeting anyone. In fact, it's the exact opposite"

"Humor me." Orochimaru, grinned. Sasuke scowled back. "Here she comes."

It was then that he saw her walk forward into the pool of light cast by the nearby lantern, with Kabuto's hands steady on her shoulders. Sasuke's eyes widened a fraction.

The girl did not speak, only stared back at him. She wore a simple shirt that zipped up, possibly blue, but the lighting made it hard to tell. Her midnight hair fell forward, resting on her shoulders. But these observations faded from his conscious once he really got a good look at her. Her face showed no emotion; a perfectly formed mask placed in a heart-shaped face. Her lips possessed a cupid's bow, and a lock of her hair fell between her wide eyes. Her eyes again, showed no emotion, not even polite interest. The color was a startling ice blue and framed with thick lashes, so clear that they appeared almost translucent. Instead of blending in with her fair skin however, they only seemed to pop out even more. Her eyes demanded his attention and acknowledgement.

When Orochimaru spoke again it jarred him to reality. "Sasuke-kun, this is my favorite student, Shiori," and his voice rang with pride. "From now on you two are to be sparring partners and rivals." Both Shiori and Sasuke moved their heads to stare at him. Sasuke turned to look at her again, this time to assess any weakness. She seemed extremely frail looking to him, and pale, though there was a possibility that was natural. She did have some air of importance about her, but she obviously didn't notice-he could see that in the way she held herself. She had deep circles under her eyes, which he hadn't seen the first time. Tired. If he was to fight her he knew he would be the winner. It would be beyond easy.

She still did not speak.

Kaput motioned for everyone to follow, and he led them to a large room, circular with a high ceiling. This was where they would battle. He was still thinking of ways to kill her when she placed herself some

twenty yards away from him. *Too easy*, he thought, and began to charge.

--

I love how Oro always says kukuku in the manga. x' D

4 - Round One

She had him pinned to the floor in half a second.

Without moving an inch, Shiori had won. Twenty feet away, Sasuke Uchiha lay, frozen, with dense formations of glass locking his limbs in place. His face was in blank shock. *Too easy*, Shiori thought. His dumb-founded expression almost made her want to laugh. Yes, he definitely had not seen it coming. Once he was past the surprise he began to struggle. Someone else laughed quietly.

"Kukuku. Shiori-chan, you can probably let him up now." Orochimaru said between laughs. She did so and released him. The glass started to withdraw slowly and retreated to the palm of her hand. She wondered, if he was her sparring partner now, what she ought to say to him. Good job? That wasn't right. She wanted to say something to him, but couldn't find the words. The corner of her mouth turned down. Immediately he stood to glare at her once the bonds were free. He couldn't have been much older than her; thirteen.

Suddenly, his eyes changed color, switching from a flat black to a vibrant red instantly. Shiori thought she could see small, black dots positioned to the top, right and left of the iris. Each appeared to have tails trailing inwards from the center. Some kind of ocular jutsu? He attempted to charge at her again, but there was only the same result. There was no difference to her, but she was confused. Confused *because* there was nothing different. What was that jutsu's purpose?

Shiori did a once-over of herself, but there was no change. Perhaps it was something that had to be built up to, or maybe it just hadn't registered with her. This had her frowning again in frustration. So was he, she noticed. Sasuke didn't even look at her as he got up again and walked out of the large room. Her eyes followed his retreating figure to the door where the rest followed after him. Kabuto paused at the threshold.

"Shiori-sama, are you coming?" She turned away from him, looking only forward. He took that as a no. "You did well," he complimented. "His confidence seems to be shattered." He sounded oddly pleased.

From the corner of her eye, she could his face was turned away from her, puzzling over something. "Why is he here?" She asked, in an inquisitive tone.

He did not sound surprised when he answered her. "Shiori-sama, didn't Orochimaru-sama tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"Sasuke-kun is to be Orochimaru-sama's next vessel."

She turned her head 90 degrees to see him smiling, as he raised one eyebrow at her. "What is it?" she said angrily.

"Were you hoping he might change his mind again?"

"Don't be ridiculous." She was only surprised that was all. Kabuto nodded thoughtfully, but she could see that he didn't believe her. Then he left.

Ridiculous, she repeated in her head.

--

Ah, delicious. If only I could eat Uchiha tears for breakfast every morning~
x' D

5 - Wonder

After their third training session of the day had passed, Sasuke went straight to his room inside the hideout to think. It had been at least a week now, he was sure, though it was difficult to keep track of the days here. At least a week, and Shiori, his new rival, had still not spoken one word to him. Sasuke felt as though he were going mad wondering. What was wrong with her? Was she deaf? Mute? Or perhaps just thoroughly unsociable? But then, why did he care? Didn't having them be as distant as possible suit him? That was the plan all along after all...*I can't afford to waste my time playing friends with some girl I don't even care about...* But Sasuke was still bothered by this daily. The question always lingered. *What does she think of me?*

Another week passed. One day, they were training when she suddenly spoke.

"Say...What's that trick you do when your eyes turn red?"

Sasuke was astounded to hear her speak, Her voice was unlike any he had ever heard. It was not as high-pitched as he had grown to expect from girls his age, instead it was very low and deep, though not masculine in the least. It swam with the emotion her face did not show.

Once he looked at her again she had her forehead smashed together by her eyebrows. "Well?"

"It's my Sharingan. It lets me see everything you're doing."

"Then you'd better keep up!" she smiled, confident.

"Don't underestimate me."

"Who said I was?"

--

I'm not very happy with this chapter...mostly because it's just a draft of what I really want to happen. :d

6 - Cardiac Arrest

The two, Sasuke and Shiori, fell into a routine easily. During the days they would mostly train together, but in the evenings Sasuke would find Shiori outside, always somewhere high up; in a tree, on a boulder, or a hill. The location varied with each hideout. Whenever he discovered her new hiding place, she never noticed his presence at first. This amused him very much.

Sometimes Shiori never whispered a word to him, and he was content to relax by her side. But more often, Shiori would talk about any number of things. Despite her cold and aloof exterior, she *loved* to talk. She even observed it herself at one point: "I don't know why, but there are suddenly so many things I want to say. I feel like a huge burden's being taken off me when I tell you what I'm thinking. Weird, isn't it?"

"You sure are."

"Hey! Geez...I think it's time for us to practice anyways. I'll race you!" She said, eager.

"Sure."

Sasuke was faster on his feet, but he let her win. She smiled gleefully.

She held open the door for him to the room they used for practice. They had moved to a different room recently, it had many obstacles and poles scattered around unevenly. It was also twice as large. "After you, Sasuke-san." she said it in a friendly manner, but politely at the same time. It bothered him, how he never called him by his own name.

He wanted her to, but he was worried she would be angry with him after this. More so, that she'd stop talking, and he'd be alone with his own mind, his own thoughts. Yesterday she had beaten him in all three practices. But instead of anticipation to prove himself, he was almost afraid of what he was about to do. He remembered the day he had asked Kabuto her weakness.

*

"Of course she does" He said it in a way that questioned his IQ.

"And that would be?"

Kabuto smiled, "Surely it isn't that hard to figure out Sasuke-kun. Have you ever noticed how she sits? She keeps her head up like a princess, but slouches.

Sasuke shook his head at him. She was invincible, he had enough experience by now to evade her attacks, but it was still hard, and he could never get anything through her defense. "She has a weak heart. Sasuke-kun, it's as fragile as glass. Her family tree doesn't branch out much, and Orochimaru-sama may have made it worse with his experiments. It's pretty easy to take her down when you know that much." His voice was sounded cheery. "Have you thought about using lightning?"

"Why would you tell me this? I thought you liked Shiori-san"

"Oh? You thought that? Well, she entertains me at the least."

*

Sasuke shivered at the chill he felt envelope him, and she noticed. "Are you cold?" There was a line between her eyebrows.

"I'm, fine." Shiori walked to the extreme edge of the room as he moved towards the door.

She stood at the ready and he began to charge forward as she aimed her glass towards him. He swiftly dodged and kept going, but she caught him in his blind spot. Sasuke went flying. Today was the day he would win, He told himself. Today he would beat her at her own game, whatever the consequences. Were there any at all? They were impossible to imagine in this situation, where every second counted as the adrenaline streaked through his veins.

He rushed forward again, determined. Amazingly, he dodged the first two barrages, however the third grazed him, as did the next. But that wouldn't stop him. Just twenty more feet, fifteen more feet, *ten* more, *five*.

Sasuke focused his all chakra into his index and middle fingers-a spark ignited at their tips. He aimed directly for her heart. His Sharingan could see it thumping, as it took blood in and out of itself.

"Chidori!" He watched her eyes widen before the flash of light. He could almost hear her heartbeat. *B-BUMP*.

After the light faded, it seemed abnormally dark in comparison. Ominous. It fit the scenery as Shiori's knees buckled and she coughed into her hand. Sasuke saw the blood dripping from her hand and mouth to the floor. He was seeing red. She collapsed and gave out a weak laugh as she struggled to look up at him. "Sa...suke...san?" her eyes closed slowly. Sasuke could see the blood seeping through her shirt. The blue that matched her eyes, being tainted by a vile red. She really was fragile.

"K-kabuto!" he yelled as he ran down the hall toward the apothecary where he prayed he would be. "Kabuto! Help, Shiori is-" Kabuto flew past him as he spoke frantically, cutting him off. Sasuke stared as he saw him rush down the hall towards their own version of an ICU, with Shiori in his arms.

Sasuke couldn't bring himself to follow.

--

Again, another chapter that didn't turn out quite how I wanted. lolohwell :)

7 - Forgiveness

Shiori awoke slowly. The first thing she saw was a ceiling. Soon after she realized its uncanny resemblance to the one in her room.

She knew that she was, in fact, in her room, but at the same time she wasn't. Shiori was only half awake, trying to recall her strange dream. All that she could remember of it was a bright flash of light before the dream ended. There was also a feeling of dread through out the entire dream that she could not place.

The feeling still clung to her, like a cold that stays with you an entire season. She tried to shake it off. At that moment she turned her head, only slightly. Though, it was enough to see the person in the chair across the room.

"Good morning, Shiori-sama." He looked tired as he set down the book he was reading and began to prepare her daily dose of medication.

"I thought I said not to call me 'sama'. And let me do that." She added sternly. But Kabuto shook his head at her.

"You are not to leave this room until you are fully recovered from the operation, Shiori-sama." He said with just as much force.

"Operation?" Was there an accident?

"You had a heart attack, and you've been passed out for several days." He said as she looked down at her chest wrapped in gauze. Shiori felt sore in several places, and her breath came fast and shallow.

The door opened slowly "Is she awake?" a familiar voice said. Shiori turned her head ever so slightly to look in his direction. When she met his gaze she saw guilt there, and suddenly knew why. She remembered everything that happened. Her stare morphed into a glare.

"You," She said with a hint of acid in her voice. The cracks in her dream were slowly filled in the longer she looked at him. "How did you find out!?" she burst. Shiori attempted to get out of her bed. There was a sharp pain in her chest, and a restraining hand in her way.

Suddenly her vision turned to a blur, and she couldn't make out the face of her friend. She pressed her hands to her face, trying to quell the waves in her eyes.

"She remembers." Sasuke murmured.

"I told him, Shiori-sama. It was all my fault." No, it wasn't, she thought.

"It's alright Kabuto," reluctantly she spoke to Sasuke, though avoided eye contact. Her head was bowed

and her small hands gripped the sheets feverishly, "Get out."

"Shi-"

"Out!" She shouted at him, the tears finally showing. After he closed the door, She gladly laid back on her bed, already feeling over exerted. Kabuto had later left, though he said he would be constantly checking in. Shiori tried to slow her breathing, but it still came quickly. Eventually she gave up, and fell asleep quietly.

I'll never let my guard down again.

Orochimaru trained Sasuke separately for a while, during Shiori's recovery. Eventually though, they were forced to face each other. Orochimaru and Kabuto observed. This time, Sasuke had a sword. It was clear that he hadn't quite mastered it yet, which Shiori took advantage of. She attacked at full force, molding the glass into humanoid shapes that acted on her will. She surrounded Sasuke with them, making sure his view was obstructed. Then, with a swish of her middle finger, a giant glass fist came hurling towards Sasuke, nailing him in the gut, sending crashing into the opposite wall.

"Overcompensating for something, Shiori-chan?" Orochimaru remarked.

"Not at all." Shiori answered. "It's like you said, Sasuke-san. Don't underestimate me."

Sasuke then rose from the rubble. As they continued their fight, Shiori's anger began to fade. The fight turned back into friendly sparring.

At the end it was a draw. Sasuke exited the room, and Shiori remained. He walked for a while, until reaching the entrance to the hideout. The sun peered it, blinding him for a moment. Then, unexpectedly, Shiori appeared.

"So, what will we talk about today?" She said, nonchalant.

Sasuke was bewildered for a moment.

"Don't worry Sasuke-san, I forgave you long ago." She laughed, waving the matter away with her hand.

"Then what the hell was that back there?"

"Oh, I just really wanted to punch you, that's all."

--

8 - Past

Between the lines was empty space, which Shiori filled with the letters traveling from her heart to her hand. A line, a stanza, and another. A poem was forming in this small room on this large desk by this 15-year-old girl. She normally wrote of things belonging to her imagination, creating her own worlds. Deeper inside her heart were other things, suddenly seeming much more real than the worlds she thought up.

With an out of place crunch, the paper was gripped desperately and thrown to the ground. The sight of Shiori's face may have startled even the most senile old man, flushed with the color of a rose; blood; love. The thoughts in her head made her forget what she was writing, though they weren't all that different in their subject.

I should be doing something else, she thought.

Shiori ventured outside, and half-ran aimlessly until her head felt clear. Shiori then continued to amble through the field. On a hill, she spotted a familiar figure. He had grown a full foot since they had first met, she was sure. Shiori approached the young man on the hill. At his gaze, she immediately smiled. It felt natural, like a reflex. "Sasuke-san!"

"Yo."

"Say, what shall we talk about today?"

"You've already talked me to death. I'm sure you can think of something." He said, lying on the crest of the hill.

Shiori pretended to sound offended. "Well I'm sorry my talking irritates you so much! If you don't like it, why don't you do the talking?"

It didn't bother Sasuke really, he preferred that she carry on her own conversation, with him interjecting an "mhm," and a, "huh," here and there. But Shiori was the insistent type, at least with him. "Like what?"

"Well, come to think about it, how much do I even know about you, Sasuke-san?"

"I know way too much about you." Sasuke said with a pained look, turning his back to her.

"Alright then! Tell me about yourself! I want every little detail, your siblings, your parents, childhood friends, everything!" She threw up her hands in frustration.

Sasuke remained silent. He wished he hadn't made fun of her now. How would he get around this?

"But, since you're here...I guess It's not all that happy...huh?"

At that moment Sasuke was surprised at her tone. Her voice was so calm and mellow, so warm and nurturing. "How about this? I'll tell you my story. I really don't like to tell it, and it hurts thinking about it. But if I do, maybe it'll be easier for you."

Sasuke remained cautious and silent.

*

"Jihi-sama! You have to push! Someone get more hot water! You'll be alright, just keep pushing!"

Beads of sweat lined the face of a young woman, somewhere in her twenties. Her hair was white as the snow outside, and her skin similarly as pale, with a pinkish tint in her eyes. Jihi struggled to keep her heart beating. "Where, (huff-huff)...is, Ryoku?"

"Don't talk now, I can see a head!"

"Aaaughhh!" An overwhelming strain was lifted from her as something large and warm left her body.

"Good, keep it up Jihi-sama. Just a little more."

"A girl!"

"Unnnnng!" The pains increased greatly. Jihi focused all her energy into one place, and gave a final contraction. Suddenly her pain faded away.

"A boy, twins! Huri, take care of that." The midwife ordered her subordinate.

"There now, Jihi-sama, that wasn't so bad was it?" She said cheerfully as she placed wet gauze on her forehead.

"Yeah..." Jihi murmured between heavy breaths.

"What will you name them?" An elderly woman asked.

"Let me see them first! I already know what I want to name them anyways."

She waited very impatiently for Huri to snip the umbilical cords and clean the infant's bodies.

Jihi sighed wistfully as her two children were laid into her arms. The smaller one female, the other male, who was crying heartily. The girl coughed several times. Both babes had black hair; Twins.

"Shiori and Katsuni. I had twins..." A random fit of laughter burst from Jihi, The wife to the heir of the Nomura family. The girl engaged to a man who had no interest in her. Who hadn't bothered to see the birth of his own children.

"He heh ha ha ahahaha! Ha, eh he he..." A tear sprung from Jihi's eye as she looked down at her children. She let it flow down, over her cheeks and past her nose, being caught in the fold of her lips. She bit down on her snow-white lip, to stop herself. The blood darkened her lips, making her look almost

beautiful, even in this state.

"At least I got to see you." She whispered, leaning over to kiss her babes with her last strength. Their foreheads were left with the stain of her blood.

The last things she saw were her baby girl's eyes. Light blue, different than the dark blue of her father's.

The last sound Jihi heard was the flat line on the heart monitor.

*

"I never met my brother. My father had disappeared. So, I was taken in by my grandfather, but, I had some problems...there was an accident."

*

Blood splattered the walls, spraying anyone within reach with the red stain.

"Hoshu-sama!" a servant shouted as they ran forward to help their master. A lone girl, three years old cowered on her knees in the center of the room, covering her eyes with her arms, hands facing palm out. Spikes of glass stuck from them. On the opposite end of the room, an elderly man, some 60 years old, had one penetrating his right shoulder, and the other his left forearm.

"Huri, I'm sorry!" The little girl whimpered.

"Come on, Shiori-sama. I'll watch you for now."

*

"After my grandfather, Hoshu-sama was recovered, they held a meeting to decide what to do with me."

*

"We can't execute her! She's the heir of the Nomura family! The driving force behind our village! Our technology and secrets!"

"There are other candidates for heir. We have our people to think about!"

Many voices spurted forth, creating a cacophony of frustrating sound.

"Enough!" A short man, with a wrinkled face and eyes made of stone looked down at the higher ups of the Harukaa village, silencing all debates. "My granddaughter is a child, but a dangerous one nonetheless. I cannot in good conscience allow her to roam freely. Until the day comes when she is mature enough to be taught in the traditional way, and strong enough to control her emotions, all contact with her will be prohibited. That is my decision."

"Hoshu-sama..." A taller servant interjected.

"That is all, Huri. You are all dismissed."

*

"Shortly after, Huri came to get me."

*

"Come, Shiori-sama, they've reached to a decision. You need to come with me now."

"Why, Huri?" the tiny girl asked, with a lisp that enhanced the tone of confusion.

"You'll see soon." Huri noted the girls outstretched arms and took hold of them, supporting her weight with her shoulders.

"Who are they?" Shiori asked Huri as they walked down several flights of stairs with several menacing guards trailing behind. "Where are we going?"

*

"Huri never answered me."

--

Criticism. I need it.

Also, names.

Jihi=mercy

Ryoku=power

Huri=safe

Katsuni=win twice

Hoshu=control

The others you should already know if you've been following this story :)

*=beginning/end flashback

9 - Attachment

"For a long time I stayed in a cell, a few months, I think. Everyday a different person came and brought me food, but one day I was surprised to see Huri there."

*

"Shiori-sama, you have some visitors here." Huri announced.

A woman with a round face and dimples looked down on the girl sitting in the grit of the cell, just beyond the bars. Her brown eyes were of a hazel like tone. Shiori imagined their sweet warmth cradling her.

"Hello, Shiori-chan. My name is Kaede, Aisuru. This is my husband Taiyo," she gestured to a much taller man beside her, with purplish eyes and mauve hair. He remained silent. "Shiori-chan, how would you like to be out of this cell?"

The child could not even speak at the thought of it, she merely stood and stretched her arms through the bars, beginning to cry silently like a toddler, which she rightfully was.

"Use your words, girl." the man, Taiyo said to her in a tone that could only be described as unimpressed.

"Y-yes..." the child sobbed, tears staining her face and nose leaking.

"I'm so glad you accept Shiori-chan!" Aisuru was beaming, as if she had feared Shiori would turn her away. "Huri-san, would you please?" Huri stepped forward from her position against the back wall to unlock the door. All her face was absent of feeling. As soon as the door slid past her, Shiori ran towards Huri, the person who had cared for and sheltered her the very most in her short life. The reunion was pulled to a halt by Huri however, who redirected her to Aisuru.

As Shiori was ushered up from her prison, she thought she could hear faint whimpering coming from Huri's back.

Shiori, Aisuru, and Taiyo walked home together that night, receiving many stares. That night Shiori cried Huri's name again and again in her new room.

--

10 - Names

Two and a half months after Shiori had come to live in the Kaede household, Aisuru took Shiori to a secluded room at the center of the main house. A shoji divided this room from others. Taiyo waited for Aisuru to slide it shut before he began to speak.

"Shiori Nomura, as you well know, I am the current head of the Kaede clan. The Kaede have been the spine of this village since its very first founding during the aftermath of the second of the great wars. The Kaede and Nomura have traditionally been allies, and without cooperation between the two Harukaa would not have been settled. The Kaede, serving as the leader of this village, worked with the Nomura to create infrastructure and prosperity. The Nomura serve as the center of our village's technology and secrets, including jutsu, chakra experimentation, archives, and bloodline. You were once the heir of the Nomura, but have been condemned in favor of other candidates. So we ask you, would you like to become the heir to the Kaede?"

He finished with the air of a king after delivering a war speech. His mannerism was not very suited to dealing with young children, however.

"It means you would officially live here, and be the new heir to our family." Aisuru cheerfully translated.

"Yes." Shiori said tentatively, hoping this was a reasonable answer. She wanted very much to be apart of this family. With only them to take care of her, a legal binding seemed fitting. But who else would be the heir of the Nomura, she wondered.

Aisuru seemed intent on finishing the convene quickly. "Then you only have to write your name here, Shiori."

Shiori inspected the paper Aisuru handed to her to sign.

"Write?"

"You can't write?" Taiyo asked, quickly recovering from his chagrin. "Well, that's to be expected. Show her, Aisuru."

Shiori waited patiently as Aisuru crossed the room to take the pen and place it in Shiori's hand, then taking Shiori's in her own. Making several strokes, she finished and ended with, "There, easy! Did you see what I did? I took this," She pointed to the pen, "and used it to make these lines. If you combine certain lines, they can become words. That's your name. Now, we must hire a tutor to teach you how to do it. Right, Taiyo?" Aisuru paused the shuffling of documents to look at her spouse, who seemed to be contemplating something.

Taiyo nodded in consent.

"Are you my okaasan?" Shiori questioned Aisuru as they left the room with Taiyo trailing behind.

"Yes Shiori, I am."

--

Please critique.

11 - Present

Shiori Kaede had now gotten rid of her old surname. The people of the village, still wary of her, were less fearful after hearing of her adoption into the head Kaede family.

Six months after Shiori's adoption, Aisuru discovered she was pregnant. This came as a surprise to Aisuru and Taiyo, but a happy one nonetheless. They had been attempting to conceive for many years, all to no avail. This failure was part of the reason they decided to adopt Shiori as their heir. Nine months later, a boy was born.

*

"They named him Tetsuya because he would be the new leader of the village. And that meant they didn't need me anymore. So my grandfather sent agents to our home. My grandfather wanted me back, but Aisuru and Taiyo insisted on keeping me. I felt do happy. By the time Tetsuya was eight months old, Taiyo and Hoshu-sama compromised that I could stay living with them if my grandfather instructed me how to use my jutsu in the traditional method. I also had to keep the family name, Nomura.

"It was terrifying. But it taught me much. I guess everything was all right for the next few years, until I was ten. And then I suppose I ended up here. Orochimaru told me to wait for you, but I didn't know until we met who you were."

Sasuke turned his head to see Shiori with a hand stifling quiet laughter.

"I was so shocked to meet a boy the same age as me. Had I known I wouldn't have even come out of my room!" she said smiling.

"I'm very glad I know you now. Before you came there was no one else here but Kabuto. And I'm very happy we were able to become friends as well. I don't tell just anyone that story, and Kabuto only knows because Orochimaru told him."

At that moment Shiori looked Sasuke directly in the eye, but with only pure gratitude and joy emanating from herself.

He hated to spoil her good mood.

"So, what happened when...you were nine?" He asked.

His question was returned with cold silence. For a minute, it seemed the world had stopped turning. Shiori was careful how she answered.

"I...lost control of myself. So, I was cast from the village. They folded my kimono over the left, and sicked dogs on me. I was caught in the mountains, and Orochimaru rescued me.

Shiori quickly unfolded her legs from where she sat and began walking towards the hideout and away

from him.

Sasuke knew she wasn't telling him the whole story though.

"I expect to hear your side tomorrow Sasuke-san." She stopped to look over her shoulder. 'Oh, and you shouldn't sit like that. It's bad for your posture.'" She grinned.

Sasuke silently watched her go. After she was out of sight he lay back in the grass and sighed.

"Of course..."

--

Tetsuya=iron foundation

Please critique me! <3

12 - Encounter

Shiori was walking along in the corridors of the hideout. The walls were carved with circular crosshatch patterns, which played with the light from the few lamps that were lit.

*

"Shiori-sama, there is somebody here who would like to greet you." Kabuto said.

"Can't you see I'm in the middle of something?"

"Just turn around, Shiori-sama."

Shiori lifted herself from her chair where she sat and turned to look at the stranger. His eyes were as black as his hair, much like someone else she knew. They seemed devoid of interest.

"Hello, I am Sai. I am pleased to meet you, =13pxNomura, Shiori." An eery smile appeared on his face as he said this.

The smile he kept in place was no different from many other she had seen in her lifetime. Shiori did not trust him. "If that's all you have to say, then leave."

"Oh? I had hoped I would get along with you better than Sasuke."

"Don't worry, I can tell we won't. Kabuto, if you would?" Sai's smile vanished thoroughly.

"I would be happy to, Shiori-sama. Kabuto took Sai by the shoulders and steered him towards the threshold. "If I could come back later to ask a favor?"

"Of course."

*

Keeping an eye on Sasuke was Shiori's designated task. She did not know for what reason this was, but she followed his instructions regardless. Shiori silently watched Orochimaru train Sasuke that afternoon. Orochimaru was trying to teach Sasuke a new way to channel his chakra, and release it into his sword. It seemed to be working well for Sasuke.

What could I do to counter that?

Afterward Shiori went back to her room to find a pen and paper she could use to write on while she sat, regretfully, inside for the day. But not before she let Sasuke know this.

"I'll be back soon, okay?" she said before closing the door to his room, where he lay, exhausted from the afternoon's activities.

After retrieving her necessary writing utensils, Shiori began her second trip back when she heard noises coming towards her. They were fast paced footsteps, and It sounded like more than one person.

"He's not in this one either!"

--

Please critique this! My writing skills are sadly amateur;; D: lawl