

Glow

By cherryblossom93

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Gift!fic for Symphoniaprincess101. [ONESHOT. AU. SAKURA'S POINT OF VIEW] I'm in love with my waiter.

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A/N: Gift!fic for the amazing Symphoniaprincess101.

Hope you like it!

Hey, guess what? The music I was listening to while writing this doesn't match at all. So expect chaos.

Any other Godsmack fans out there?

Enjoy and review.

Disclaimer: Maybe if I could speak and/or write Japanese. But I can't, so me owning anything would be rather illogical, wouldn't it?

Sakura's point of view. Alternate universe. SasuSaku, as requested.

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Glow

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The café isn't anything particularly special. It's dimly lit and it's generally small and not all that popular. The staff isn't so welcoming, and the owner is *not* someone you want to get involved with.

I *love* it.

It's not one of those commercialized coffee shops, where people bring their laptops to boast about their latest novel and to hog a whole table because they're just that important. There's no awful, cheesy music to fill the background and no ultra high prices for those frou-frou drinks that people with expensive sunglasses and awful orange skin like to splurge on (self-tanner does more damage than good, I'll tell you *that*, Hollywood).

And they make a *wicked* cappuccino.

So, Manda Café has come to expect me every afternoon, after my shift at the hospital ends and I'm just about ready to collapse from exhaustion.

Same time (four o'clock), same table (the one in the far right corner), same order (coffee with just a bit of milk and sugar, and a raspberry scone). Every day for the past three years.

And same waiter (his nametag tells me he goes by Sasuke).

That I have, for the past three years, *majorly* crushed on.

Not that the genius could figure it out. He's so oblivious to me that it's almost cute. Almost.

And every day, he comes over to my table and asks the same thing.

"The usual?"

And I always give him my most endearing smile, and nod my head. Then he walks away.

I'll wait for a little bit, and try to read a few pages of my favorite romance novel.

I've never gotten past the first paragraph.

My mind is always too busy waiting for Sasuke to come back with my order, because I know I won't see him again after that until the next day.

So, he'll eventually come back over with my scone and steaming cup of coffee, place it on the table, and give me a curt nod.

Then, after I break out of my trance, I'll thank him.

By the time I do, he's already gone.

I suck up the disappointment after that, and tuck it away for later.

It's a ritual, a routine that's great (until the end, of course), so I choose to leave it at that. No use pursuing some stupid, schoolgirl fantasy.

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Right now, I'm sitting at my usual table in the shadowed corner. It's the beginning of December, freezing outside, and the café has never felt quite so warm and cozy. I slide my winter jacket off of my arms, and smooth out any wrinkles in my red sweater, and wait.

I scan the room and see the usual patrons at their respective places.

Sai, a "struggling artist" as he likes to put it, is at the opposite corner- sketchbook and pencil in hand. In the dim lighting, he looks kind of like Sasuke.

Karin, an absolutely shameless flirter, is at a table with her friends- the foul-mouthed Suigetsu, and the bulky (but kind at heart) Juugo. She's practically drooling at Sasuke, until Suigetsu cracks some joke that must have offended her, because she punches his head. The three of them seem to know my usual waiter rather well.

Ino is hugging her boyfriend at another table (Chouji, I think), and Temari is furiously poking the sleeping Shikamaru.

At another table is Naruto and Hinata, the latter blushing furiously as the former feeds her pieces of bagel from his plate.

Then there's Kakashi with Rin and Obito, and Asuma with Kurenai. Her stomach has a small bulge, so I suppose there's a child on the way.

I finally look away, sighing at all of the couples. Why couldn't I have that?

"The usual?"

My eyes snap up and I see that Sasuke is standing in front of me. I don't even bother smiling, because it's not worth it, and merely nod after a moment.

His only reaction is quirking an eyebrow before he turns and leaves.

I leave my worn out paper back where it belongs- in my messenger bag- and tip my head back in thought.

I don't even realize my order is on the table until someone pokes my shoulder. I look down at the long, pale finger and trace it up to a navy-clad arm, up to a warm looking shoulder and up to a perfect face.

I really do love his face. It's soft and sharp at the same time, with his deep eyes and ivory skin. It would look better if he smiled.

"Oi, you okay? You look like you're about to pass out."

I nearly faint. That's the most he's ever said to me.

I nod dumbly and he gives me the smallest of smirks. My heart clenches because he looks even more amazing with an expression on his face. Still waiting on that smile, though.

I shake my head and say, "Thanks."

He's already long gone.

I finish my coffee and scone quickly, and throw my coat on. I gather my things and leave the money on my table, nodding at the usuals that recognize me.

It's already starting to snow when I step outside and I shudder. I walk several feet and stop in front of the alley next to Manda Café when I smell the distinct scent of smoke.

Is the building on fire?

I nearly laugh at myself, because it's only someone smoking a cigarette, but stop when I see whom it is.

Sasuke is leaning against the wall, the white stick between his lips. Across from him is Obito (Kakashi

and Rin's friend).

So that's where he disappears to after serving me. His shift must end around then.

(I take a little smug pride in the fact that I'm his last customer every night.)

I duck around the corner and peek out, my curiosity getting the better of me.

Sasuke's eyes open slowly and he drops his stub of a cigarette onto the ground. He puts it out with a stomp of his foot, and crosses his arms.

Obito has a goofy grin on his face, and childish goggles to protect his eyes. Sometimes he takes them off to use his eye drops.

He claims to have an optical condition. Whatever helps him sleep at night.

He has the same dark eyes as Sasuke, and the same dark hair (styled differently). I realize for the first time that they have to be related, because they have those genetic similarities that prove it.

I'm pretty sure Obito is a good ten or more (probably more) years older than him.

Anyway.

"Oi, oi! Don't leave yet, Sasuke!"

My eyes widen when I see that the younger Uchiha had indeed started to move away, and was now standing but a yard away from me.

He sighs and turns back to face Obito, who now looks relieved.

"Then get on with whatever you wanted to say," he responds. He pulls out a pack of cigarettes and taps another out of the box. He puts it in his mouth and lights it with one click of his small silver lighter.

Obito frowns slightly. "Those things can kill you, you know."

Sasuke blows out a thin stream of smoke and looks up towards the sky. "Wouldn't that be a welcome change of pace?"

Obito's frown deepens in concern. "Sasuke..."

The younger looks ready to groan. He rolls his eyes instead. "For the millionth time, I'm not suicidal. Get off it."

My eyes widen again. *Suicidal?*

Obito doesn't look convinced, but changes the subject anyway.

“You should really think about what I said,” he says, slipping back into his smiling self, “About quitting here. Your boss is a total creep.”

Sasuke nods his head in agreement and answers, “Aa, Orochimaru is a creep. But it pays well enough, and minimal interaction with the customers is a plus.”

Obito laughs. “You really haven’t changed since you were a kid, have you? But still,” he becomes serious for a moment, “I don’t trust him.”

“Not many people do, I being one of them. But I can handle myself. You’re not my father, so stop trying to act like it.”

Something in the elder hardens. “But I *am* you’re *god*father. And your last living relative, so stop acting so ungrateful.”

My feet are starting to feel numb in my boots. The snow is still falling softly around everything, and casting a white glow to anyone brave enough to be outside.

Sasuke doesn’t respond, and Obito sighs.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, okay? Just think about what I said before.”

Sasuke still doesn’t respond, so Obito walks away.

I hold my breath as he passes me. He acts like I’m not even there, and enters the café again, joining Kakashi and Rin at their claimed table. I look at them through the front window and smile when I see Rin reprimanding Kakashi for something he said to Obito. They get along well, the three of them.

“Is people-watching a hobby of yours?”

My eyes wide, I turn around to see Sasuke standing right behind me. Great.

Now he’s going to think I’m some demented stalker-person. Why me?

His cancer stick is gone, and he has an amused expression on his face. With the glow coming from the falling powder, he looks ethereal.

And, of course, my breath is caught in my throat.

The snow starts falling heavily, and even an amateur weatherman could predict the blizzard that must be approaching.

Sasuke lifts an eyebrow at my lack of response, and shoves his hands into the pockets of his dark jacket, hiding them from the biting cold.

The wind whips at his raven hair and it’s then that he gives me the smallest of smiles.

A lump is now in my throat, and I can't help but smile back.

I choke down the slowly forming knot and manage to ask, "Do you want to go grab a cup of coffee?"

Kudos for the boldness.

He looks like he's about to laugh, and gestures towards Manda Café. "Here?"

I shake my head and point at the small bookstore across the street.

He smiles again, and my heart melts.

"Sure."

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We're sitting at the tiny (tilting) table, drinking hot chocolate that tastes like a mixture of dirt and sugar, in the back of a nearly empty bookshop.

I've never had so much fun in my life.

It was easy to start a conversation with Sasuke, and I find that there's more to him than his looks. It's as if we've known each other for years (and spoken more than two words to each other).

"How could you possibly say that *Rebecca* was one of the greatest books of all time?"

I laugh and answer, "It is! Daphne DuMaurier writes beautifully!"

He takes another sip of the dirt-sugar hot chocolate before answering. "But doesn't it bother you at all that you never find out the main character's name?"

"Oh, that's not the point. The plot is perfect."

"And unoriginal."

I laugh again. "No, it's the perfect tragic romance!"

He smirks. "Oh, so you're a romantic?"

I smirk back. "When I choose to be."

Sasuke leans back in his chair and looks at me suspiciously. "Why are you acting so different?"

"What do you mean?"

He rests his elbow on the unstable table and places his chin on his hand. "At the café you act like you'll self combust if anyone tries talking to you."

Ouch. No need to sugarcoat it, or anything.

I pout and cross my arms. "Well, you aren't exactly Mr. Talkative, either."

He smirks again (I really miss that smile!) and says, "Touché."

I nod my head sagely. "I am the master of words."

He actually laughs lightly. It's silky and something I want to hear again.

We sit in comfortable silence for a minute, before Sasuke looks at the cracked clock on the wall behind me. He sighs, and my heart drops, because I know what it must mean.

"Sorry, but I have to go."

I stand with him and smile because everything is just too perfect right now.

We're halfway to the door when the lights go out. Sasuke looks forward and curses, and I follow his gaze and do the same.

The snow is so high and thick that we're undoubtedly snowed in.

I look over at Sasuke and go warm and fuzzy over his wide, blinking eyes.

At least the company isn't so bad.

He goes to the door, and I trail behind him. He turns the handle and pushes, but the pile of white outside won't budge. We were having such a good time before that neither of us had noticed the blizzard raging outside.

Oh, well. Not complaining.

He finally turns away with an exasperated sigh.

His glossy black eyes meet mine in the dark.

"We're stuck," he says simply.

I nod slowly, realization finally seeping in. "Looks like it."

"...Kuso." We both breathe it out in unison.

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The cashier is snoring behind the counter, oblivious to the power outage and the only employee here.

Sasuke and I are sitting on the carpeted portion of the floor. It seems to get darker and darker with every passing second and we're both lost in our own thoughts.

He suddenly turns to me with fervent eyes.

My own eyes go wide. I must look like some demented fruit fly. Attractive.

Before I know what's happening, he clutches my shoulders and presses his lips to mine passionately. I squeak in surprise, but then eagerly respond.

Come on, you would, too.

"Sakura..."

I smile against his lips.

"Sakura."

"Mm.... Sa...suke...kun..."

"Sakura, you're drooling."

Wait...what?

I jolt and realize that my lips are not connected to Sasuke's. In fact, Sasuke never moved.

I'm lying across his lap and hugging him like a teddy bear. My head was nuzzling against his chest and my mouth was hanging slightly open.

I had been asleep and dreaming.

Sasuke looks uncomfortable with the fact that I'm gripping him like a vice.

My face flushes and I'm quite thankful for the dark right now. I let go of him and sit back in embarrassment.

(He was really warm. And comfortable. Like a heated pillow.)

"Sorry," I mumble.

I can't see his expression, because the sun had set long ago, but I know he must be disgusted by me.

He sounds genuinely interested as he asks, "Just out of curiosity, what were you dreaming about?"

"...I don't remember."

I *hear* the smirk in his voice. "Of course not."

I choose not to respond and shiver from the cold. The shop has no heating.

Cheap bastards.

“...You’re cold.”

He must be able to see well in the dark.

“No,” I mutter stubbornly, “I’m perfectly fine.”

I can’t be sure, but I bet he rolls his eyes at that.

“Sure you are.” There’s a rustle of movement. Something lands in my lap. “Take my coat. I don’t need it.”

As much as I want it, because it’s warm and comfortable and smells just like him (a unique mixture of fire and cinnamon), I throw it back at him.

“No. It’s yours, I can’t.”

When he throws it to me this time, it lands on top of my head. His voice sounds muffled through the fabric.

“If I didn’t want you to have it, why would I offer it in the first place?”

“Maybe it’s your gentlemanly qualities taking over,” I mumble, but slip the coat on anyway.

Now I’m not too cold, nor too hot. It feels perfect.

I can’t stop the content sigh that slips past my lips. He’s probably smirking again.

The comfort and bliss start taking over, and now I feel sleepy. My eyelids get heavy and my shoulders slump tiredly.

“Sasuke-kun?” I manage to ask dreamily.

“Hm?”

“Can you... promise me something?”

He almost hesitates, but I don’t notice. “...Sure.”

“Don’t...don’t...”

“Don’t what, Sakura?” he asks patiently.

“Just.... don’t...”

...leave.

The world goes black.

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When I wake up, my face goes red.

(Am I turning into Hinata, or what?)

I’m lying on Sasuke’s lap again, and he’s still sleeping. My head is against his chest.

(How can he be so warm?)

His breathing is soft and even, and a strand of his blue-black bangs floats up and down in time with it. He looks so peaceful, so I don’t move.

Okay, among other reasons.

“S’kura?” His sleepy voice drifts to my ears and I look up. His dark eyes are half lidded and not fully awake. I nod against his warm chest and he seems content.

I remove myself from his personal space because he is waking up more, and his voice is becoming more coherent.

“Mm,” he mumbles. I nearly squeal because he’s obviously a slow waker, with the way he’s rubbing his eyes and blinking slowly.

The cashier in the background lets out a loud snore. I glare at him.

When I turn back, I smile. Sasuke’s hair is ruffled and his shirt is out of place.

He’s perfect.

“We’re still going to be stuck in here for a while,” he observes, looking out the window.

I nod in agreement, not really minding.

He leans back so that he is resting on the bookcase behind him. I lean back as well, so that I am resting on the bookcase behind me. We stare at each other for a bit.

Sasuke pulls one knee up and rests his arm on it.

“So,” he says.

“So,” I repeat.

We both sigh.

The cashier snores again. I think he has some sort of nasal condition.

I draw my knees to my chest, resting my arms and chin on top, and give Sasuke a measured stare. He returns it.

Okay. Enough of this.

“Tell me about yourself,” I find myself saying.

He looks up at the low ceiling as he answers. “What’s there to tell?”

I shrug, and look up as well. “Lots of things.”

Our gazes meet again.

“Such as?”

I’m thoughtful for a moment.

I say, “Look, here’s the deal. I ask you a question and you have to answer it. Then you ask me a question and I’ll answer it. Okay?”

He looks oddly suspicious as he nods.

I continue. “I’ll go first, I guess. When did you start smoking?”

He winces, and I immediately know that it’s somehow a touchy subject. How it could be, I don’t know.

“After my brother died.”

Ah, that’s how. Kami-sama, strike me where I sit.

“O-oh. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. My turn, right?”

I nod. He looks thoughtful.

“Where do you work?”

“At the hospital on Lotus Street.”

“Doctor or nurse?”

“One question per round, buster.”

He looks amused. “Okay then. Your turn.”

I know what I want to ask, but I know I shouldn't.

Throwing caution to the wind, I ask anyway. “How did your brother die?”

He looks up towards the ceiling again, and I say, “You don't have to tell me, if you don't want to. I can ask something else.”

“No,” he answers, “It's fine. He committed suicide. Stole a needle full of something he shouldn't have, in the mental ward he was sent to. That's the most human thing he had done in a long while.”

“Oh.” It's all I can say.

“So, doctor or nurse?”

“...Doctor. After my mom.”

“You work with your mom?”

I shake my head and smile sadly. “No, she died of breast cancer a few years ago.”

“Sorry.”

I repeat his words from earlier. “Don't be. My turn, right?”

He gives me his small smile, and my heart lightens. I smile back.

“Er...” I rack my brain for something I can ask, besides the question that's actually burning on the tip of my tongue.

But Sasuke's smarter than that. Seeing right through me, he answers my unasked question.

“He had schizophrenia and antisocial disorder. We didn't know, when we were kids. He killed my family then. The court sent him to a mental hospital and the drugs they gave him there let him be sane for a few minutes at a time. The guilt finally got to him, when he was in his more lucid mood, so he ended it.”

I nod slowly. No apology could make up for that.

My throat tight and my tongue swollen, I say, “Your turn.”

“How's your father?”

“He... had trouble moving on. I had to make all the funeral arrangements afterwards, because he

couldn't handle it. He's better now, I think. He probably would have handled it better if it was more sudden, instead of some drawn out disease. He doesn't talk a lot, not anymore."

I'm not going to cry.

Sasuke seems genuinely concerned, so I must look like some pathetic little crybaby. Great impressions I make.

"That's.... awful," he murmurs.

I nod. My eyes sting, and there's pressure behind them. But I don't cry.

The cashier snores again.

"Your turn," Sasuke reminds me softly.

I smile past the pain. "Favorite food?"

He doesn't miss a beat. "Tomatoes."

I laugh. I can't help it. "Tomatoes?"

He nods and smiles slightly. "Why? What's wrong with them?"

I laugh again. "Why *tomatoes*?"

He counts off on his fingers. "They taste good, they're not sweet, and my mom used to grow them."

"Oh.... she did?"

"Aa. She had a vegetable garden, and she used them in most of her recipes."

I smile. "That's nice."

We sit in silence for a moment.

"So, if you're so anti-tomato, what's *your* favorite food?"

I giggle.

We go, back and forth, asking simple questions. Favorite colors, foods, hobbies, where we went to school...

I learn a lot about Sasuke. And vice versa.

Our taunting and laughter die down at one point.

“I think we’ve run out of questions.”

I nod in agreement. “Too bad. That was fun.”

He gives me a smile, and I turn to a pile of mush. “Aa.”

I open my mouth to speak. I’m interrupted by a large rumbling sound, ten times louder than the cashier’s constant snores, and the two of us turn to the window.

A snowplow is mowing down the street, pushing all the glacial powder out of the way. It’s already passed the bookstore we’re in by the time we stand up.

We walk over to the door. This time, when Sasuke tries the handle, the door swings open.

We step out into the sunlight as the snow starts falling down again.

I laugh madly and throw my arms in the air.

“Freedom!”

Sasuke laughs his airy laugh as I continue spinning around.

All of a sudden, I slip on a hidden patch of ice.

And land right into Sasuke’s warm chest.

His arms wrap around me reflexively as he lets out a small, “Oof.”

I’m blushing furiously again. I look up and see that even Sasuke has a light brush of pink across his high cheekbones.

Mm. Warm.

Before I know what’s happening, I reach up on my toes and close the space between us.

Our lips connect. It’s short and sweet and perfect.

I pull away, redder than before. I smile.

He smiles back.

We stand there for a while, just looking back at each other.

“I have to go,” he finally says.

I sigh and I can see my breath linger in the air.

“Me too.”

With another small peck on the lips, he turns to leave.

I suddenly remember something, and chase after him.

“Wait! Your coat!”

He stops and turns. I reach him and shrug out of his dark (warm) coat.

The cold is so biting it hurts.

He smiles again. “Keep it.”

I smile back.

I put my hand on his shoulder, and reach up to brush his bangs from his face.

I rest my head on his shoulder, before pulling back for another kiss.

I grin, with our lips still pressed together.

“Thanks.”

This time, he’s still there to hear it.