

# Swimsuit Hang-up

By nextguardian

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*My OC and Sakura both overcome some swimsuit shyness, with a little help from Naruto. Simple little one-shot to kick off summer!*

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# 1 - Swimsuit Hang-up

Sakura dreaded this time of year.

**Summer. The bane of small-breasted girls everywhere. I hate buying swimsuits. It would be so much better if I could show off more than my forehead...**

With a sigh, Sakura looked at the racks of swimsuits, all of them too small- even if they were her size. Granted, she had a cute butt, so the bottoms weren't a problem. Maybe she should emphasize that?

**Maybe if I go smaller on the bottom, people won't look up top so much?**

That thought made as much sense as anything else she'd thought today. She reached for a pink bikini before realizing it was a size too big. She saw another one on the other side of the rack. She moved around to grab it-

And bumped straight into somebody.

"Ah, sorry. I wasn't paying attention," he said, not glancing up. But Sakura knew that voice.

"Yuji?" she said, holding the bikini in her hand before she could think to put it down. The last thing this shopping trip needed was a critical male eye!

Yuji looked up, holding a pair of black swim trunks. "Sakura. Oh, hi! How've you been?"

**Still can't talk to girls, huh?** Sakura thought, though her face wore a kind smile she reserved for Yuji. Even though he was limited conversationally, what he *did* say worthwhile. He had a reputation as a gentleman- a dying breed, in Sakura's mind.

"I've been okay, Yuji. Stressed out by swimsuit shopping."

**Why the hell did I say that? I just talked both of us into a corner in one fell swoop!**

To her surprise, Yuji answered right away. "I know what you mean. Others can show off so easily. I don't know where they get the confidence."

Sakura had never considered that a boy might have trouble with buying a swimsuit. It didn't seem in their nature to worry about things like that. But if she thought back, Sakura had never seen Yuji wear anything even remotely revealing, and she only ever saw him without a shirt if he was changing shirts between his obsessive practice sessions.

"Yeah, really!" she heard herself say aloud. "I'm putting too much thought into this. If everyone is showing off, then I'll stand out more if I try to be too modest. It's a ridiculous line to walk."

Yuji chuckled, nodding in agreement. "Social convention at its finest. Nothing like peer pressure to get you out of your comfort zone. But then, maybe that's not a bad thing for me. I'm way too uptight about

things like this. I just want to relax and have fun.”

“Same here!” Sakura echoed. A surge of bravery shot through her, and before she knew it, she was holding up the embarrassingly small bikini. “What do you think? I need a male opinion.”

**Idiot! Why the hell did you do that?! Now he’s got to answer politely. There’s no way he’ll be truthful and say that I wouldn’t look good in this!**

Yuji cocked his head sideways, nodding his head slightly. “I think that’s a good choice for you. It would look cute. Yeah, that definitely suits you, no lame pun intended.”

That was such a human response that Sakura was stuck for a moment. A burst of quick, girlish laughter bubbled out of her mouth before she could stop it. “I’ve gotta say, I didn’t expect you to answer that so easily. You always seem so…”

“Girl shy?” Yuji finished for her. “Yeah, I would agree with you there. It’s something I need to work on. I would bet this is the longest conversation I’ve had with you.” Yuji paused, considering his own swimsuit. He looked at Sakura, and seemed to relax. “Since this is a hallmark conversation for me, maybe you wouldn’t mind giving me your opinion on my swimsuit choice? I really have no idea what the other guys are wearing…”

**And I don’t care. I only want *your* opinion, Sakura.**

Sakura was surprised yet again today. She tossed her new bikini over her shoulder and inspected Yuji’s trunks. “Hmm…these are a good length for you…but won’t you get hot wearing black? Maybe…those?”

Sakura indicated a blue and white pair of trunks on the next rack over. She picked them up, nodding. Yeah, she could picture Yuji in them. She handed them to Yuji. “These will be much cooler. I think they’ll look good on you.”

Yuji reddened and managed to say thank you, immediately selecting her choice of trunks. Sakura looked on, interested how quickly his mind was made up. What did that mean?

“Will I see you at the beach this year?” she asked without really thinking about it.

“When are you going? I can probably make sure to not have any missions that day,” Yuji offered, suddenly very interested in the floor.

**Huh? Did I just inadvertently pick Yuji up? And did he quickly agree to it? What just happened here?**

“Well, if the weather is nice, maybe this Sunday…” Sakura told him, concealing the wonder in her voice.

“Cool. See you then.”

Yuji gave her a bow and walked away. Sakura watched him go, still trying to process the events of the last few minutes. She had somehow asked Yuji for his opinion on a swimsuit, and now she had- a date? Was that what it was? Or was it two friends meeting at the beach?

**Sweetie, you just picked each other's swimsuits, and you picked a day to parade around more than half naked in front of each other. There is nothing more date-like than that. And he knew that, too. And what's more, so did you.**

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Yuji felt terribly self-conscious right now. He was standing in his swimsuit, without a shirt, and was getting a fair few looks. His mind did not feed him either truth. One was that he had long been a subject of female speculation because of his secretive nature; the other was that he was a fairly attractive young man.

All Yuji's mind told him was that people were staring. He had drawn attention to himself. The very shinobi nature at the core of his being was shouting warnings at him. A shinobi was not supposed to be conspicuous! A shinobi blended into the shadows.

**But right now, you are a not a shinobi. You are a simply human. And human beings stare, and they enjoy attention. So what's wrong with you?**

A single sight made Yuji forget all that. He saw a set of shapely legs first; then a cute bottom barely concealed by a pink bikini. Then a tight little stomach, perky breasts, and finally a pretty face. And that pretty face was staring back at him!

**Okay...so, I got the girl's attention. But I don't have any clue what to do with her now that I have her attention! I didn't think that far ahead!**

Sakura saw Yuji looking, and her face turned the color of her bikini.

**Oh, he's staring right at me! He's got that 'oh crap, what do I do?' look on his face! Or is it the 'oh wow, she isn't so cute anymore' face! Damn swimsuits!**

Yuji jogged over, waving jovially. "Sakura! Glad to see you. Hey, you look great! That swimsuit really works on you!"

**Great, sound like a pervert right off the bat. Idiot!**

Sakura got a good look at Yuji for the first time. She drew her breath in- he was...hot!

**His stomach and chest are toned in that martial-artist way. That is so perfect on him! I can't believe that he doesn't show off more often!**

"Wow, look at you! You look really...just, wow! Hot!" Sakura managed, trying not to drool. Now she could pick out the look on Yuji's face- it was not a scornful face at all. It was a 'you're-so-gorgeous-I'm-trying-not-to-stare' face.

To break the awkwardness up for the moment, she spread a blanket on the sand and stretched out on it, arms above her head. After a moment or two of hesitation, Yuji joined her, perching himself on the

corner of the blanket.

“Beautiful day. I’m glad it wound up being so nice.”

Sakura smiled to herself, thinking about how Yuji would never have sat down and talked with her before this. He must have really been working on his shyness to get this far. So she decided to reward him.

So did Naruto.

Naruto ran by, after taking a few minutes to pray, and hooked Sakura’s bikini top with one hand while shoving Yuji’s face into her chest with the other. Neither one of them would have done anything like that without help, and watching their sputtering would-be romance had gotten old.

POW!

One punch later, and Naruto was unconscious. Yuji’s face was beyond red, and Sakura’s face had turned a shade of pink to rival her hair. It wasn’t that she really minded what had happened so much as she wanted to be the one to do that if it was going to happen.

Sakura was surprised to find that she really didn’t mind Yuji’s face being...there. She had always felt a strange trust for the boy. It wasn’t quite pity, though she’d felt that for him on occasion.

While she was organizing her thoughts, Yuji pulled up the blanket and draped it over her. It eventually occurred to Sakura that she’d been so wrapped up in her thoughts that she hadn’t realized that Naruto was still holding her bikini top.

“Here.”

Yuji handed her a white t-shirt, all the while looking embarrassed.

“Um, it’s the one I wore on the way here. But, um, it’s the only one I’ve got with me.”

Sakura stood up and quietly asked Yuji to come with her. He did, and they made their way over to the end of the beach. There was a building at this end, which offered some privacy if you went around to the side that was opposite the beach.

“Would you hold the blanket up while I put the shirt on?” Sakura asked.

Yuji took the blanket and held it up. Sakura put the shirt on, noticing that you could see her breasts relatively clearly through the fabric. Then again, it wasn’t any more revealing than her bikini top had been.

Looking at Yuji’s back, Sakura found that she couldn’t help herself. Yuji had been a gentleman this whole time. There was something innocent about him. He might be a warrior, but he hadn’t seen all the world had to offer. His relative naivety was charming.

Yuji felt Sakura holding on to him. He felt her arms first, but his hormones noticed her thinly-covered

breasts almost immediately. His heart felt the warmth and comfort of the hug she was giving him. He wanted nothing more than to return it. He shifted in her arms, turning to face her. She let him turn, but once he finished she tightened her grip. In her mind, she was thinking how romantic this was. Her cute date wasn't wearing a shirt- she was too busy wearing it- and they were hugging on a beach at sunset.

Yuji was thinking the same thing. He moved to put his head on her shoulder, but she stopped him with a kiss.

Their kiss was simultaneously sweet like a kiss between two young lovers, but also deep and passionate like two adults who knew each other for a long time and had formed an intimate trust. After a while their kiss became playful, as Sakura grabbed Yuji's butt and giggled while they were still kissing.

"Mmm...I needed that," she said, hanging onto Yuji's shoulders. His hands shifted to her waist and were clearly itching to feel a little lower. Sakura looked down, playfully shaking her head. "Shame on you, bad boy. Just because I grabbed your butt doesn't mean you can grab mine. But it's a different story if I do this."

She hopped up and wrapped her legs around Yuji's waist. His hands snapped around her bottom to steady her. They kissed one more time.

Sakura spread the blanket down facing the setting sun. The young, newly-christened couple sat together, holding onto each other against the chilling air. Sakura put her head in Yuji's chest. Yuji laid his head on top of hers, a smile spreading across his face. He had waited so long for this, and now he was sure that all his hard work- getting in shape, learning how to talk to girls, learning about Sakura- had all been worth it. Embarrassing, but worth it. For her part, Sakura was glad she rolled the dice and took a chance on Yuji. Finding the one person who makes you feel whole is a difficult, almost esoteric thing, but the result was worth the effort many times over.

Eventually, their date was over. They agreed to meet up again. Sakura grinned- she couldn't wait to see the look on Ino's face when she found out that Sakura had scored Yuji.

Icing on the cake.