

Can This Be Real

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Usually Gaara is cold and keeps himself distant from others...then he meets Kara.

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Love Happened

Breathe in, breathe out. That's all he had to do. That, and not move. For if he moved, he'd probably start bleeding again, and that would give the girl an excuse to come near him again. He didn't want her touching him. Crap happened when she did. He felt...different than normal. He, for a few seconds, let down his guard. He'd done that before. And look what had happened because of it. He'd believed his father loved him, and that he wasn't like everyone else. Then, when Yashamaru had told him his father had told him to kill him, he'd become cold and emotionless.

"Gaara, you're bleeding again. It's up to you whether or not you want me helping you this time. I know you don't want me around...I don't blame you." She said emotionlessly. She didn't have fear in her eyes; wasn't afraid of him.

"You're right about that...but you can stop the bleeding. I don't want to die...just be careful." He told her, looking at the ground. His gourd was in the corner of his bedroom, and he felt defenseless. She walked to the closet, pulled out some bandages, and walked over to him. She took off the day-old bandages, and put the new ones on, the pristine white being stained with red blood immediately. She wrapped until she couldn't see the red, then walked back to her seat by the door. She didn't talk, but the silence was obviously getting to her.

"Hey, why did you help me? You were risking your life fighting those Sound ninjas, and you don't even know me. Why?" he asked her quickly. She looked up, surprised that he was talking.

"Because I...I don't believe that you should've been attacked." She stuttered.

"Why?"

"Because...my brother...Sasuke...he was killed by them..." She said, about to tear up, but managing to keep the tears in her.

"I knew him...I wasn't aware that he was dead...I'm sorry." He replied hastily.

"Yeah...Um, do you want something to eat?" she asked him.

"Do you know how to make gizzard and salted tongue?" he asked her.

"Yeah...I make it all the time. I'll make you some right now, I guess."

Temari quickly went to the bathroom when she saw Kara coming out of Gaara's bedroom. She hadn't meant to eavesdrop, but she had, and from what she'd heard, she guessed there was something between her brother and the girl who'd recklessly saved his life. Something she knew they'd felt, but wouldn't acknowledge. Maybe, just maybe, her brother had a softer inner self than he thought he did. And maybe Kara would be the one to bring it out in him.