

Pigtails

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I love Itachi and Deidara together. Dunno why. I think it's the fact that it would never work. But yeah. This came from a drawing I did over on Tegaki E a while ago. It's just a little fluffy thing. :3

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Chapter 1 - Pigtails

2

1 - Pigtails

Both teams were off missions and spending their downtime at the base in Amegakure. One team was off due to injury. One team was off due to a certain blonde who had blown their cover on the last mission; they were lying low for a bit.

Itachi was walking through to paneled hallways when Deidara came across him. "How's Kisame doing, un?"

"Fine," was all he said, not even bothering to stop walking.

Deidara frowned and followed. "But, he had three broken ribs and none of us can do medical jutsu enough to fix it, un." He scrunched up his face.

"He's injured, not dead," Itachi said, keeping his attention ahead of himself, "He has had much worse."

Deidara rolled his eyes, "Whatever, un."

They kept walking. Deidara should have turned off three doors ago into his room but, he followed the Uchiha. They ended up in the kitchen, Itachi walking to the sink and Deidara plopping down in a chair at the table. The blond watched as Itachi washed the blood off of his hands from taking care of Kisame's wounds and quickly toss the bandages and ointments in the cabinet overhead.

Itachi was about to leave the room when Deidara stopped him.

"Hey, Itachi, un," he said, sounding confused, "How long is your hair?"

He gave the blond a leveled look; at least it was something more than his normal stoic one. "Why is a concern to you?"

"Because you always have it pulled back and hidden under your cloak. Like right now, un," The blond grinned, "Inquiring minds want to know."

"Inquiring minds need to stop thinking," Itachi said monotone, his eyebrows rising just slightly.

"But, I just want to know, un," he pouted, "Please?"

Itachi started at Deidara for a couple seconds before tugging off his cloak. He pulled his pony tail over the front of his shoulder, "Satisfied?"

A smirk ran across the blond's lips. "Can I play with your hair, un?"

The Sharingan user's eyes widened just barely. Deidara knew if it had been anyone else, there would had been a quick, 'Hell no,' and the subject would leave the room. But Itachi liked to know the reason

behind why people did things.

"Why would you want to?" He said quietly.

"Because..." Deidara stopped. He had no clue why. He just wanted to. "Because I want to, un."

Itachi stared at him for a couple seconds before speaking his response. "No."

"Aww, c'mon, please? Just for a little bit? Kisame's bed ridden and danna is doing puppet stuff and everyone else is gone so no one will see, un!" Deidara pouted.

"No," he repeated and turned to leave the room.

Deidara stood up quickly and ran over to him, grabbing him by his ponytail. It was a stupid thing to do. If it would have been anyone else, he'd probably be dead after that instant. But all Itachi did was slowly turn his head to gaze at the blond behind him. "Deidara."

"Itachi, un," Deidara smirked again before tugging out the hair tie in the other man's hair. He ran his hand through the dark locks and felt Itachi slightly lean into his hand.

"I told you no," Itachi said softly.

"So? Didn't hold up very good, did it, un?" Deidara laughed a little.

Another thing that was stupid to do to the Uchiha was back talk to him. But yet, the blond could get away with it. Itachi frowned ever so slightly. He'd let the blond grow on him, ever since he recruited him some odd number of years ago. He wasn't exactly happy with that; he didn't want to grow close to anyone in Akatsuki. To grow close to someone meant more pain in the end. But still...

"You're hair is really soft, un," Deidara mumbled as he ran his hand through his hair again.

Itachi didn't say anything and didn't make any move to tell him to stop. He felt Deidara part the rest of his hair all the way down his head and pull on a group of locks into a pony tail on the side. The blond had to fish through his pocket for another one and when he found it, he pulled the remaining hair into a pony tail on the other side.

Deidara smiled and giggled as he watched Itachi's shoulders tense slightly. The Uchiha turned around to look at the blond but Deidara just laughed harder, falling into a giggle fit.

"I do not see what's so funny," Itachi said and if Deidara didn't know better, he would say the look on his face was somewhat annoyed. But, emotions never set on Itachi's face. Ever.

"Pigtails look cute on you, un," Deidara smiled before leaning closer to him and kissing him softly on the cheek and running from the room and down the hall, leaving a dazed Itachi in the kitchen.