

Daisuki Means I Love You

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A one-shot with young Itachi and Sasuke. Brotherly love, not yaoi.

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Daisuki - I Love You

It was a dark, cold, and stormy night. The thunder was so loud, so deafeningly and horrifyingly loud. Sasuke couldn't help being a little scared. Even though his older brother, Itachi, slept soundly in his bed across their room, Sasuke still felt fear swirling around hot and fast inside his own heart. *Why's it so cold...and loud...* he thought.

"I'm scared," he whispered to himself. He clutched the warming blanket closer to his body, warming him and separating him from the cold light drifting in through the window.

He made up his mind.

With a determined expression, the little four-year-old stood up and let the warmth of the blanket fall away. He almost crawled back into bed right there, but fought the urge. He swallowed hard, holding his hands close to his body, and stepped off of the low bed and walked across the cold wooden floor over to Itachi's.

He knelt reaching out to touch his older brother's shoulder, and whispered, "Itachi?"

Just before he'd made contact with the latter's arm, a hand reached up and stopped his own frozen one.

"Oh," said the voice of Itachi, who relaxed his hand, "it's only you, Sasuke-kun."

Sasuke heaved a sigh of relief--Itachi was always on his guard, and if Sasuke was mistaken as an intruder, he would be dead in about three seconds. He dropped his arm and his older brother rolled over to face him.

"What is it, Sasuke?" Itachi asked.

"I'm scared, nii-san," Sasuke explained, glancing towards the lit window, "the storm."

Itachi's sleepy, but alert features relaxed and he broke into a smile, 'Silly," he said affectionately, "You don't have to be afraid during a storm. There's nothing to fear!"

"I know," Sasuke whispered, looking sideways down at the floor, "I keep telling that to myself, but I'm still scared!" he looked back into his older brother's black eyes--so like his own, but they had more depth, more power resting inside them.

"Please?" the younger boy begged, leaning forward a little, rocking on his hands and knees.

Itachi sighed, admitting defeat without trying to resist. He rolled his eyes, "Alright..." and rolled onto his back, scooting over on his own, larger bed.

Sasuke smiled to himself; getting into his older brother's bed and crawling under the blankets right beside Itachi. The older one got onto his side again, facing Sasuke. The four-year-old grinned up at him. Itachi couldn't help it, he smiled back at the cute chubby face that was his brother's.

The storm thundered on outside, rain pounding on the roof and walls of the home of the Uchiha, lighting flashing in the windows, the noise incredible. Several times the little four-year-old jumped, his eyes wide, and Itachi would give him a comforting hug, occasionally saying: "Don't worry," or the like.

It went on all night. Eventually Sasuke had fallen asleep, but Itachi stayed up to comfort his unconscious brother when he stirred in restless sleep. It didn't matter. Itachi didn't care whether or not he got a good night's sleep. He would continue to work hard as the great shinobi he was either way. What mattered right now was that his little baby brother was afraid, and Itachi would be there to comfort him no matter what.

"Daisuki, little brother," Itachi whispered just before he himself fell asleep, "daisuki."