

A promise made from simpler days

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A promise made from simpler days

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Naruto Uzumaki has grown up relying on no one. Villagers hate him for just being alive. Pushing through the loneliness he works to becoming a ninja. Strange dreams push him to be something more. There is more to the world than he knew.

Hayate Gekko part 1

A/N thank you to everyone supporting my fics. I hope you enjoy this fanfiction. It is another naruto/the breaker/veritas crossover. This is not a spin off of Of light and darkness. Hope you like my second idea of this crossover.

Naruto's POV

Dream

He sat in an unfamiliar forest with moonlight filtering through the tree line. Naruto couldn't help but glance around looking for an enemy. This would be exactly something the villagers would do to him.

The forest felt off. Almost like it wasn't a real forest. Spending as much time as he did in the abandoned training grounds he would know.

He looked up trying to see the sky but all he could see was the moonlight filtering in. The sky was completely blocked by the treeline. Without the stars or any idea how he got here he would not be able to find his way back.

A rumble from behind him made shivers run down his back. That wasn't a human rumble.

Turning slowly he came face to face with a black furry leg. Naruto scrambled back trying to get a better look at the giant creature.

Before the 12 year old was a giant black wolf. It was enormous, larger than most houses. It had ice blue eyes.

Naruto couldn't find it in himself to be afraid of the wolf. If anything the moment his eyes met it's a sense of calm went through him.

It moved closer to him and his legs refused to move. A warm breath blew over the top of him.

Naruto asked without fear, "Who are you? What are you?"

A warm baritone voice rumbled, "I am a watcher. Show me your potential, Child of the Forest."

What? There was no time to ask any questions. Already the world around him began to fade. A wet black nose touched the top of his head and that was the last thing he remembered.

End of dream

He sat up straight in his bed. Immediately he checked his surroundings and gained his feet. His room was still as messy as when he went to bed. Dishes were still in the sink and his door was still locked. His lock had not been messed with and his windows were unhampered with.

It had to be a dream. There was no way a wolf could be that large. Still the feeling of calmness stuck with him. First instincts aside he did not feel afraid of the dream.

The words came back to him. Child of the Forest. What in the world did that mean? The only thing he had been called was that boy and fool. No one but the Hokage and the shop owner of his favorite ramen shop willingly called him his name.

If someone did call him by his name it usually meant he was in trouble. Even his teachers treated him as if he was some kind of freak. Iruka acted like he cared sometimes. When he did Naruto soaked up the attention.

He grew up in an orphanage with the other children who lost their parents in the a Nine Tails Fox attack the age of six he was forced to live by himself because the orphanage he had been in kicked him out.

The Hokage himself would bring a stipend so that Naruto could get food. It wasn't a lot of money but if he bought cheap food he could make it. This was why he only ate out when someone else paid.

Even his clothes were of cheap quality. They were the cheapest thing he could find. He couldn't afford anything other than the orange jumpsuit and some pyjamas.

Orange wasn't a bad color but he had grown tired of it. He just hoped he could pass his graduation exam. Becoming a ninja would turn his life around. He would have more money to survive on.

Sighing he moved towards the kitchen. The room was beginning to lighten as dawn broke. It was early but no reason he couldn't start his day now.

With a sigh he changed from his pyjamas into the orange jumpsuit and his pouch with his ninja tools. Then he grabbed a glass and his milk. Once he drank that he left his apartment carefully locking the door.

Hayate's POV

Exhaustion filled him. His three year long mission was finally over. The village he called home had not changed at all. Not that he really expected it to. Things only changed if something major happened. With the old man still in charge it wasn't likely to happen any time soon.

Making his way to his small house he passed just on the edge of the red light district. A young boy with startling blond hair was locking up a door to an apartment. He couldn't have been older than ten even that was pushing it.

What was a child doing out so early? The red light district was no place for a child even on the edge. Most children were told to actively avoid this area.

After hiding his presence he moved closer to the child. Nothing was particularly interesting about him. That was until he moved so that he could see the boy's face. Brown eyes widened

with surprise.

It was Naruto Uzumaki the jailer of the Nine Tailed Fox. What was he doing outside this early in the morning?

Blue eyes suddenly looked up as if sensing his presence. It shouldn't have been possible given the boy's age and the fact he should still only be an academy student. Yet piercing blue eyes pinned him in his hiding spot.

The boy called out, "Who's there?"

Hayate didn't miss the way his hand went to the pouch at his back. Good the boy knew at least how to defend himself.

Letting his presence return to normal he stepped out of the shadows. Uzumaki stepped away from him his hand gripped the kunais in the pouch tightly.

Mistrust was clear in the blue eyes. It wasn't often a child held such suspicion of adults. What could have made the boy this way?

Uzumaki queried again, "Who are you? Why are you following me?"

Hayate answered with a gentle look, "I am Hayate Gekko a jounin of the village. I saw you near the red light district and thought you were a little young to be here by yourself. Why are you staying so close to this district? Children should not be here by themselves."

"Where else would I stay?" Queried a confused Naruto, "My apartment is here."

His apartment? Why would his apartment be here? There were plenty of other apartments that should house him.

Then his eyes trailed to where he knew a seal lay. That would be a reason why other apartments wouldn't accept him. People still looked down upon Naruto for having the Nine Tailed Fox in him.

It was wrong on many levels for them to hate the boy. It wasn't his fault that the demon was in him. All Uzumaki was, was the jailer.

Uzumaki questioned drawing him from his thoughts, "What do you want from me?"

This child had no trust towards him or any adult. Hayate noticed under the suspicion was cautious hope and loneliness. He realized that Naruto had no one.

That it was the same loneliness he had seen in his own eyes. Unlike Naruto he had a friend who lost everything as well. Yugao Uzuki lost her entire family but they were childhood friends. So in the end they had each other.

Uzumaki had no one. He was all alone in the world with villagers that hated him.

Hayate asked his heart bleeding for the kid, "Want to get something to eat kid? You look like you could use a good meal in you."

There was even more suspicion in the blue eyes. Instead of pushing him away the boy nodded. That was something. He had to wonder what the boys favorite food was. He would find out.

Hayate Gekko ch2

A/N Thanks for your reviews and support.

TheSignOfDeath: thanks for your review, my friend. I'm glad you enjoy it. Hope it lives up to expectations.

Naruto's POV

Being treated to ramen by this guy was different. He didn't seem to realize what he was getting into.

Iruka when he fed Naruto always set an amount of how many bowls he could order. Otherwise, Naruto would eat him out of a month's pay.

This man didn't say anything about it. Just let him choose where to eat. If he was expecting Naruto to choose somewhere more expensive he didn't show it.

Naruto could only eat at the stand when someone else was paying. The money he was given barely covered food for a month. Even then it wasn't good food. All he could afford was a little bit of milk and instant ramen.

The old man placed a miso ramen with pork in front of him. An odd look entered his eye when he looked at Hayate but the smile directed at him never faltered.

That smile made every cold look he received a little easier to bear. So far the only person who was kind to him was old man Ichiraku. Iruka was okay sometimes but his teacher didn't treat him like the old man.

He said happily, "Thanks for the food!"

Then began to dig in. Next to him, Hayate had an unfamiliar expression on his face.

The jounin barely touched his ramen as Naruto ordered a second bowl. Eventually, Hayate questioned, "Do you not get to eat much at home?"

Naruto blushed bright red much to his mortification. Slowly he shook his head as an answer. There were times when he went to bed hungry because his stipend didn't last.

Hayate said knowingly, "I see. Being alone is rough especially at a young age. I was just a little bit younger than yourself when I lost my parents. Luckily I had a friend who also lost her family. We had each other though."

Lucky him. Naruto didn't have any family or friends. All the adults warned the children away from him.

Sometimes he wondered if it wouldn't be better for him to just leave. Then maybe he could start anew somewhere. Where no one knew his name or hated him.

"Running away won't help you any. It would just prove those who hate you right."

Naruto's head shot up in surprise. How did he know?

A faint smile crossed the man's face as he continued, "I may be a jounin now but when I was young like you I had the same thoughts. The Third said the same words to me. To this day they remind me that only we can decide our fates. No one else."

Naruto silently considered his words as he eats his ramen. If no one could choose their destinies did that mean he could change his? Change the villagers' minds?

His face grew serious as he ordered another bowl. Playing tricks got him noticed but their eyes were still cold. Hayate was the first time someone had warm eyes directed at him.

Hayate sighed, "You will work harder than most of the children. It will make you stronger though. As long as you don't give up you can change people's minds."

Naruto stared at the man dumbfounded. That wasn't what he was expecting.

The man questioned, "Have you ever considered taking up swordsmanship? You have the right build for it. It would give you a focus and a reason to work harder in your studies."

"Swordsmanship? Why would anyone want to teach me? I can't even use a simple clone jutsu."

Hayate pushed his bowl away as he said, "I think that is more of a control issue than anything else. You have a lot of chakra but almost no control over it. I can teach you control as well as swordsmanship. Only if you want to learn though."

Naruto considered the words. Swords weren't used very often in the ninja world. Genins and trainees were taught to use kunai and shuriken. Those who used swords came from clans that used them.

For someone of one of the clans to take in one like Naruto was almost unheard. It was a huge honor for the blond. As long as the man was sincere in what he wanted to do.

Looking into the warm brown eyes all he could find was honesty. He could give the man a chance. If he didn't like the training then he could leave.

Naruto said, "I accept your training."

Hayate gave a small smile as he replied, "Then when you're done eating we can begin. Control exercises can be done in the morning before classes. Swordsmanship after classes."

Naruto nodded. That would work. He wouldn't be too exhausted for class and he could learn what he needed to know.

When he finished the bowl he declared full. Old man Ichiraku gave him a smile and Hayate a slightly warmer look. It was obvious he happy to see someone look after Naruto.

After the meal was paid for he was taken to the third training ground. Hayate said, "The first step to learning chakra control is the tree climbing technique. This allows you to focus chakra into your feet and walk straight up a tree. Watch me."

The man brought his hands up into a hand sign. After a few seconds chakra had gathered at the man's feet. Without hesitation, he walked up to a tree.

His feet seemed to stick to the tree as he walked straight up the side of the tree. Hayate said looking down at him, "Until you get the hang of it I would recommend running. Mark your progress with a scratch using a kunai."

When Hayate jumped down Naruto began to focus his own chakra. Controlling the amount he was using was difficult. It wanted to flow out of control.

The more he tried to force it to do as he wanted the harder it got. When it did finally enter his feet they felt heavier than before.

Using the jounin's advice he ran at the tree a kunai in his hand. He got three steps above the ground before the chakra tried to force him away. A quick slice of his kunai and he pushed off.

He felt a small amount of frustration at the tiny amount of progress. Trying a second-time wasn't any easier than the first. Four steps this time before his chakra faltered and he was fell back just as he scratched the tree.

Naruto saw stars as he hit his head on the hard ground. Hayate queried gently, "Are you okay, Naruto?"

The blond boy answered as he rubbed the back of his head gently, "Yeah. Just a bump. Sensei what am I doing wrong?"

"Unlike most people Naruto you were born with an enormous amount of chakra," Hayate answered gently, "For most children and even adults your chakra control grows with your amount. You never had the luxury so that's why it's harder for you. Control is equal to the amount of focus you have. Concentrate."

Naruto took a deep breath to calm his thoughts. Then he tried again. This time he made it nine steps just under the first branch. For an hour they practiced. While Naruto didn't make very much progress he became consistent in the progress he had made.

Hayate Gekko ch 3

A/N Thanks for your reviews and support.

Hihi: thanks for your review, my friend. Sorry, it took so long for me to come back to this fic. I got drawn into another fandom and I forgot. No matter if he stays or if he goes he will have to prove himself. Murim life would give him a fresh start. Village life would mean pushing through their prejudice. There are many things that could go right or wrong with him in the village. Such as if he wasn't there would they have survived Gaara's attack? Gaara wouldn't have gained a heart without Naruto I don't think. You've given me a lot to think about.

DarkRavie: thanks for your review, my friend.

CAD270895: thanks for your review, my friend. I'm so glad you enjoy it!

I'm alive! And this is not abandoned! I was just pulled into another fandom. I promise that this fic isn't abandoned though. Not male/male.

Naruto's POV

Classes that day went about as well as he expected. Iruka sensei watched him with curious eyes while the other teachers ignored him. Naruto wrote down notes in order to do better in class.

Hayate warned him that he wanted to be acknowledged then he had to do better in class. It wasn't all about being good at practicals. He needed to have the knowledge behind it as well.

So he tried his best to pay attention and take notes. By the end of classes, his hand cramped from writing so much. It was worth it though maybe he would actually pass his next test.

As soon as the class was dismissed he ran off towards the training grounds. Hayate promised to be there when he arrived. The promise of swordsmanship was too much for him to linger.

When he entered the training grounds he found Hayate in his civilian clothes. He wore a black shirt and grey pants. The leaf headband was still being used as a bandana. His warm brown eyes lit up when they saw Naruto's arrival.

A small tentative smile crossed the blonde's face in return. There was still an unsureness about him. As much as he wanted to trust Hayate it wasn't there. Not yet.

There was a bag lying at the man's feet that caught his interest. Could he be keeping the swords within it?

At his glance, Hayate smiled and said, "There are swords in there Naruto. Two wooden practice blades with special weights within them to feel grow heavier as you become stronger. It will stop when they are at the correct weight for a real blade. My old training

sword is also within it. When I feel you have come far enough I will let you keep my training sword."

Naruto responded, "Yes sensei!"

Hayate brought out the two wooden swords and handed one to the blonde. The sword was heavy in his hands it wasn't more than he could handle. It would be a strain on his muscles to use continuously.

Hayate lowered his sword to lay it on the grass. He gently wrapped his hands around the boy's wrists. Firm hands guided him into a grip.

Hayate calmly said, "When you draw your sword this is how you should hold it. Keep your elbows bent and be up onto the balls of your feet."

Naruto moved up onto the balls of his feet. Adjusting his body to the correct form felt awkward. Even more so as Hayate adjusted the form silently.

They went through the basic form a few times to make sure that Naruto had it. Then came the practice. The first four katas were shown to him and Naruto tried to copy. Then Hayate would call him to a stop to adjust his form.

By the end of the practice his arms burned with exertion. While he tried to keep in shape the best he could he was by no means the strongest. Even his next to unlimited stamina was nearing its end.

Hayate explained as he began to put away the swords, "Your muscles aren't used to this level of exercise. They will be sore for a while until you get used to the exercises. I suggest a warm bath to loosen your muscles before bed."

"Thank you sensei!"

No one had ever cared to tell him how to ease muscle pains. Still, he had to be cautious. Hayate could be like Iruka sensei. Pretending he cared but in truth thinking no more of the blonde-haired child than the rest.

One day he would be the best and they would regret looking down on him. Until that day he would continue to improve himself. He had to be stronger than anyone else.

Naruto was about to leave the training ground. However, he hesitated and glanced back. As if sensing his gaze Hayate looked up questioning in his eyes.

Without saying anything Naruto turned back and left the grounds. He couldn't shake the feeling that there was something different about the man. For now, he would wait it out and see if his attitude continued.

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