To Be Wed

by catsandcoffee103

Summary

“I will do my duty,” his cheeks began to burn a dark red. He will do his duty, even if his duty happens to be Madara. He will do Madara, for the sake of the clan. Gods, he hasn’t even kissed anyone before, but now he’s expected to do the-everything. The full thing. But it’s fine. It’s fine.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

There are times you feel loved; like nothing else in the world matters but you. Sometimes, you don’t feel loved, like when your brother sells you off to the other clan in hopes of stabilizing the fragile peace, not caring for you or your own opinions about the matter. But that’s fine, that’s totally fine. Because Tobirama knows that this is for the greater good, this is important, this is for the peace of the clan. This peace between the clans may actually be real too; the war can end. The war may be ending-no, no it is. It is ending. Finally, the blood shed will be over and no more family will be slaughtered for no other reason than the want of power.

Tobirama let out a long sigh, staring at himself in the mirror of his room. He looks tired, even he can see it, except it wasn’t the physical type of exhaustion, but mental. He is mentally exhausted. His entire life he has been battling the Uchiha’s, slaughtering them and watching them slaughter those of his own clan. But now he will be a part of them. He will join them among their ranks for the sake of peace, but doing so is like entering the dragon’s den. Will they accept him? Probably not. Will they make an attempt on his life? Maybe. Will they scorn him and attempt to hurt him? Probably. At least that’s nothing new. But then there are also the questions he doesn’t
believe to have answers to. How often will he be able to see his family again? Brother? Will he be welcomed back at the Senju compound, now that he’s going to be considered an Uchiha? He knows his brother will always welcome him back, Hashirama will always love him- he loves Uchiha’s enough as it is, and Touka will love him too, but would anyone else? But then again, does that even matter? He doesn’t know so much of anything anymore. But it’s fine. It’s for his brother, and he would walk on nails for his anija if he had to.

Tobirama shook his head, clearing away the thoughts. Now was not the time for that. He looked himself over, as he was dressed in a Montsuki. A slightly modified Montsuki, granted, as his wasn’t the traditional black, but decorated more to resemble the bride. That let’s Tobirama and everyone else know his standing within this relationship nearly immediately. Not that Tobirama think sthe brides are any less, socially, because he has met Touka and if he ever thought like that she beat that out of him before he turned four. But unfortunately, not everyone thinks like that- the downside of tradition: old thoughts are hard to rid.

His Montsuki was mostly white, with silver designs stitched into the fabric. His hakama was the traditional design, at the very least. However, he was also adorned in makeup. His lips were painted a nice rosy red, not a bright red like a dancer’s, but a rich one. His eyes were painted with a dark black eyeliner, and his cheek scars were colored the same red as his lips. The colors on his face made his eyes pop like red stars standing bright against the sky. He looked gorgeous, he looked dangerous, he looked… like a bride.

There was a knock on the door and Hashirama peeked in, looking cleaned up and dressed to impress. He looked every bit the heir he was born to be, if not also a bit sheepish. “Hey Tobi, how’s it coming along?”

“Fine,” Tobirama stood, brushing dirt that wasn’t there off his clothes and turned away from the mirror, toward his brother.

Hashirama frowned, “Don’t be like that, please. You know we have to do this.”

Tobirama sighed, “I know. I just… wish you talked with me more. Let me at least have a say in which Uchiha I marry. Not make me do this so soon, let me prepare more. Anything-anything…”

“I’m sorry, but I made sure you got a good one! Even I would want to marry this man!”

“That doesn’t help me at all.”

“Oh, come on! This may even be fun, right?”

Tobirama glared at him, the type of glare that clearly said You are an idiot. Don’t make me punch you, I’m the one being sold off. Hashirama, letting his intelligence shine, actually backed off. Tobirama shut his eyes, a deep breath escaping his painted lips, and then took Hashirama’s arm. Hashirama is leading Tobirama down the aisle after all, now that their father died. He took another deep breath, one in, one out. He can do this, and even if he couldn’t he’d be forced to one way or the other. So, he’ll do it, and he’ll do it on his terms best he could. If that means sucking it up and acting like he isn’t nervous and possibly frightened about this whole ordeal, then so be it.

Let this begin. They walked, side by side, to the grounds where he shall be married off. He can do this; I can do this.

Tobirama almost- almost- stumbled over his feet when he entered the ceremonial grounds, making his way up to the altar. He leaned over to whisper to his brother, very low so no one could
hear the seething rage in his tone, “Madara? You- I’m marrying Madara? What the- when you said I was to marry one of them I didn’t think you’d mean him.” At least it makes sense now when Hashirama said he’d be willing to marry this man.

He felt his brother shrug, “Well, you’d have to marry someone of the same or higher social standing as yourself. It’s unclear if Izuna is gay or not, so Madara it was. Because he’s gay. I’d go gay for him.”

“Then why don’t you marry him?”

“Ah, because two clan heads marrying won’t be good. Who’d take lead? Personal affairs can become political.”

“So I have to just be his bitch. instead”

“Wha- no! Tobi don’t be like this. I would never put you in a bad marriage. I want you to be happy.”

“Mhhm,” Tobirama grimaced, hashirama wants him to be happy, and that’s why he’s marrying Madara of all people. Madara, the Clan Head. Madara, the strongest fucking Uchiha. Not that Tobirama is scared, he’s accepted death and the risk of torture long ago- and he’s used to pain. They all are. But still, he didn’t think he’d be the one of the lesser social class, considering he’s technically second in command. Though, now it makes sense that he’s taking the part of the bride.

They finally made it to the altar and Tobirama stepped forward, Hashirama stepped back and to the side. Madara was in the traditional wedding attire, his hair pulled back into a low ponytail. He was looking rather handsome, if Tobirama was being honest. He stood straight, unblinking, even when he saw Madara’s eyes slowly roam over his form, stopping on his face to smirk. “I like the makeup.”

“Go screw your- I mean, thank you.”

Madara chuckled softly, eyes softening and the smirk going from wicked witch to semi-descent man, “That was so weird. I know we’re getting married and all, but you don’t have to be nice to me. That’d just freak me out.”

Tobirama, unknowingly, relaxed. At least he doesn’t have to pretend to be nice. Or to like him. If anything, Tobirama knows their normal bickering won’t have to stop now. Truly, that was the only way Tobirama knows how to communicate with Madara- through insults and teases. He doesn’t know what’d he’d have done if they had to be nice to each other.

They made it through the ceremony after that. They completed their rituals, and ceremony came to an end. And…. Tobirama is married now. Officially. His gut clenched tightly, like it was working itself into knots, twisting and folding around itself until it was painful and heavy like lead. His chest filled with butterflies, butterflies with razors as they slowly make an attempt on his life. It was painful and it was so very real. He’s married. He’s married to Uchiha Madara and they’re going to have to… make it official. Tobirama shut his eyes, allowing the panic to wash through him, as if before a risky mission, and set his jaw. He will do this.

Madara and Tobirama sat at the head of the table during the reception. There was food before them, delicious foods that were laid out oh so delicately. A full feast: Yakitori and Onigiri, dango and Kazunoko. Tobirama didn’t touch any of it. His stomach wouldn’t be able to handle it, not really. But he certainly could handle the alcohol. He tried to act cool, moving food around to pretend he was consuming the treats before him, and then chugging half a glass of sake and other
numerous types of alcohol: The proper way to eat and drink. Unfortunately, Madara caught him.

“You know, if you keep drinking on an empty stomach you’re going to get wasted way too fast.”

“It’s not an empty stomach, I’ve been eating.”

“You’ve been playing with your food like a child,” he chuckled, “And I won’t be able to consummate our marriage if you’re drunk.”

“Perhaps because we have to consummate this wedding I’m attempting to get drunk.”

Madara rolled his eyes, huffing out a little “Ass,” before grabbing Tobirama’s glass of alcohol, ignoring Tobirama’s little sound of protest, “Look, I know it’s not ideal, but I won’t do shit without consent. Got that? So, if you really don’t want to do it we won’t, but don’t get drunk.”

Tobirama looked down at his plate, shaking his head and letting out a long sigh, “No. No, I will do my duty,” his cheeks began to burn a dark red. He will do his duty, even if his duty happens to be Madara. He will do Madara, for the sake of the clan. God, he hasn’t even kissed anyone before, but now he’s expected to do the- the everything. The full thing. But it’s fine. It’s fine.

Madara’s eyes narrowed, looking over Tobirama’s body language. The man looked beautiful today, firstly. His pale skin was a stark contrast to the red painting his face, and his eyes held this deep and mysterious look with the black eyeliner so precisely painted around them. The white outfit looked so exceptional, and the silver shone from his skin. He looked godly, and then the blush- the timid way curved in his shoulders when speaking about sex, it told everything. “You haven’t done shit like that before, have you?”

Tobirama shook his head, “I’m a virgin. I have yet to kiss anyone.”

“But, you have gone through puberty, right? What about the whole rebellious phase? Sneaking out late to make out in someone’s garden?”

Tobirama scoffed. He hasn’t had anything like that. He has gone through puberty, yes, he is an adult. But he wasn’t able to do anything like that. He’s not like Hashirama, he wasn’t able to sneak out to the riverside to play with the enemy. Their Father had a lot more restrictions with Tobirama because of his different expectations and treatments. Tobirama was to be a warrior, a fighter, a sacrifice to the war. He wasn’t meant to play around or have a life like Hashirama but… that’s something else.

“Well don’t worry Tobi, I’ll take care of you,” he winked, and Tobirama’s blush darkened further. Why, why in the name of everything holy, must he be saying stuff like that, and winking like that, on their wedding night?

_Gods, it’s their wedding night._

Hashirama bounded over, a bright smile on his face, “You two love birds! Give us one dance and then off you go to your night!”

Madara nodded and smiled, standing up and holding out his hand for Tobirama to take. Tobirama slapped his hand away, standing up on his own, his little act of rebellion to prove to himself more so than anyone else: he is still his own person. Madara grinned at him, almost looking a little proud, before snatching Tobirama’s hand anyway. He Pulled Tobirama into the middle of the dance floor, a small twinkle in his eyes. Tobirama followed, just a bit reluctantly, but he covered it well. Madara pulled Tobirama flush against him, “Just follow my lead,” and their
dance began. At first it was a bit mechanic, but as the song wore on they both loosened their muscles and allowed the beat to lead their movements in one final whirl before they will leave the festivities. The dance was nice, Tobirama had to say. It was relaxing, and Madara took the lead well enough to allow Tobirama to follow easily. Would this be how the marriage is? Madara leading, Tobirama following? Would it be as easy as this? No, no. Life never is.

The song came to an end and the crowd cheered. Tobirama held back a grimace, taking Madara’s elbow as he led the albino from the party. It is… Tobirama took a deep breath. They can do this. He can do this. He felt as if he’s starting a new life, but that’s fine, because he is. Madara walked with Tobirama, silent as they made their way through the streets to their new house on the edge of the Uchiha compound. Tobirama paused at the door before entering. Madara grinned at him, attempting to be reassuring, and Tobirama frowned further.

“Don’t do that. It’s weird.”

“Do what?”

“That thing, with your mouth.”

“Smile?”

“Yeah. It’s weird.”

Madara laughed, shaking his head and crossing his arms, “You’re, you really don’t think too highly of me, do you.”

“Not at all.”

“Ok, that settles it! Before anything else we’re going to talk. We need to get to know each other, because we’re both only used to being enemies. Let’s become friends, yeah?”

Tobirama scoffed, crossing his arms, “Fine. But I’m changing first.” He hated resembling a bride. Tobirama moved past Madara, quickly striding into the bedroom and slamming the door. Hashirama was here to prepare the house first, and dropped off some of his clothes. So, Tobirama went to the closet and pulled out his sweats, slipping it on and shutting his eyes. He ignored the petals on the bed and candles on the nightstands. Deep breath, one in and one out. He will do this. He will, he will, he will. He took a deep breath again- he’s been doing that a lot lately. He’s just, nervous. Honest to gods anxious, and Madara doesn’t seem like that bad of a guy and that’s insane because he- well, he always thought Madara was a monster, but he’s going slow and not being awful and it’s weird and making the new Uchiha all the more nervous. Tobirama was prepared for an awful, unhealthy relationship but this is actually pretty good, so far, and, and healthy and it’s weird. Nice, yeah, but surprising. Don’t get him wrong, he’s relieved it seems like it will be a good relationship, but that means he actually needs to try as well and he wasn’t prepared for that.

He exited the room, and it seemed Madara also made himself comfy in his absence. The clan head removed his belt and the outer layers of the outfit, now a little comfier and chest very exposed. Tobirama started to find the ceiling very interesting while he composed himself.

Madara patted the seat beside him on the couch, chest on full display. Tobirama sat farthest he could from Madara, on the way opposite end of the couch. Madara tried to close the gap, but Tobirama brought his foot up to make sure Madara couldn’t get too close, and to his credit Madara got the message and stopped his butt scoots.

“Ok, talk.”
Madara sighed, “Be nice, we’re married now. Anyway, let’s get to know each other. What’s your favorite color?”

“Blue.”

“What’s your favorite food?”

“Rice.”

“Uh, any type of rice?”

“Just rice.”

“Plain rice?”

“It’s reliable and has no surprises,” and it’s the only thing he really ate most his childhood, so he learned to love it.

“Ok. Favorite person?”

“Anija.”

“Yeah, I should’ve guessed.”

“What about you?”

“Oh, I like barbecue, my favorite color is purple, and I my brother is my favorite person too.”

“…Purple?”

“I think it’s a really calming color.”

“I wouldn’t have suspected that of you.”

Madara shrugs and grins, “I’m full of surprises! Allow me to share: I love calming colors, I know I have an anger issue, so I do things at home in an attempt to keep my composure most of the time, or at least not let it build up too much. I love my family too, so much. Family is important, you know. Very important to me, and now you’re a part of my family so even if you never love me, or like me, you are important to me now and I will always be there for you.”

Tobirama froze, eyes wide and a chill ran down his spine. He wasn’t expecting such commitment from the start, yeah no. He doesn’t like that- he doesn’t believe that. That’s stupid. It’s ridiculous. He shook his head quickly, “No. Don’t say things like that.”

“It’s true, and I needed to tell you now, upfront.”

“Don’t, don’t bullshit me like that.”

“Bullshit? What the fuck are you talking about-“

“You know exactly what I’m talking about!” Tobirama pulled back, glaring at Madara with his arm wrapped around himself protectively, eyes down casted and bottom lip trapped between his teeth. He doesn’t buy it, and he doesn’t appreciate the lies. No one cares like that, least of all about him. He doesn’t want this false hope. Madara only wants to build his trust to make it easier later, to make him submissive and complacent and if that’s what he has to be to make Anija happy and
ensure this peace. So be it. But all that false fucking hope- that has no place in this relationship.

He just wants honest. He just wants to know what’s real, and what he has to do. Nothing more, nothing less, and certainly none of this bullshit.

Madara frowned, eyes narrowing as he took in Tobirama. Something was wrong with his husband. The man doesn’t believe him and almost looks… upset for some reason. Like he thinks Madara is saying these things just to hurt him, to lure him into a false sense of trust and then rip his heart out and shatter it into a million pieces.

That won’t do.

Madara lunged, wrapping his arms around Tobirama before the other man could even react. He felt Tobirama freeze, muscles going taught and breath catching in his throat. Madara noted that this is how someone reacts when they are afraid- similar to how the prisoners of war reacted when Madara walked into the room, sharingan spinning. It hurt, just a bit. Why would Tobirama be so scared- no, not why. He knows why. Madara kept holding Tobirama in his hug, however, and he refused to release the albino until he relaxed. Granted, it took fifteen minutes for Tobirama’s muscle to calm, and then another ten for his whole body to relax into the hug. Another ten minutes passed, and Tobirama allowed his hands to rest on Madara’s shoulder, almost, kind of, returning the hug, and that’s when Madara allowed himself to pull back just slightly. Not enough to release Tobirama completely, but enough to make eye contact and chat with him. “I’m not lying. I don’t lie. Ok? If I do, you have full permission to slit my throat. You are important to me now, so suck it up and take my affection without complaint.”

Tobirama scoffed and looked down, fists clenching on Madara’s skin, “You’re so stubborn.”

“I know.”

“Fine… I know I won’t win this one. You hugged me for over thirty minutes.”

Madara grinned and dropped a kiss on Tobirama’s forehead, “Come on, let’s go to bed.”

Tobirama tensed once again, jerking back to escape, but Madara didn’t allow it, “Hey hey hey, calm down. Go to bed, to sleep. Not fuck.”

“But… our consummation…”

“We can do it later. I’m tired.”

Tobirama nodded, smiling softly as relief flooded through him, “Ok,” that’s actually surprising. Madara, the stubborn, angry, little bastard is actually quite thoughtful. It’s weird and sweet and wow. He didn’t expect this at all, really. It felt nice. He felt like he actually has a choice and he… it makes his stomach twist in a good way, and his chest feels warm and he thinks this is a positive feeling.

“Ok,” the edges of his lips quirk up and he stands after Madara, and for once he doesn’t feel weird with Madara’s arm around his shoulder. It felt almost comforting, like if he wasn’t there it’d be weird. But that also may be because he already spent the last forty minutes in Madara’s arms.

Once within their bedroom, Madara set Tobirama into their bed, walking around the other side- his side. Once there he stripped of the rest of his clothes and threw on a pair of sweats. Tobirama snapped his eyes shut, and made sure it remained closed while Madara changed. He heard Madara chuckle softly, “Don’t worry. Eventually you’ll have to see it, and we’re both guys
anyway.”

“I respect you enough to not look at you.”

“I don’t think that’s what respect means,” Madara grinned and crawled into bed next to Tobirama, spooning the man nearly immediately, feeling Tobirama tense slightly before loosening again. Madara takes it as a win; it didn’t take ten to twenty minutes this time. “Goodnight.”

As soon and Madara spooned him Tobirama tensed, ready to stab, but then he realized… it’s just his husband, showing affection. His husband, being sweet to him. Being kind. His husband who is trying his best to walk him through this relationship without overwhelming him and still respecting his boundaries. The least he can do is try too. He loosened his muscles, relaxing and shutting his eyes. “Goodnight,” he paused, and although he forced himself to relax he still felt his heart racing. Ah yes, he can take care of this one problem. He turned in his position, facing Madara rather than having his back to the man, though he ensured he remained within Madara’s arms. Madara made a noise of inquiry, “I don’t like having people at my back.” Tobirama didn’t like being vulnerable. He doesn’t even let Hashirama stay at his back for too long. He loves his anija, he does, but it’s… it’s vulnerable and he’s spent too much time in the war and fighting and with his father to… never mind. It doesn’t matter, not to him anymore. Times have changed, he just needs to catch up.

Madara made a sleepy sound, leaning his face down to kiss Tobirama’s forehead, “M’kay.”

And the night passed.

Morning came and Tobirama opened his eyes with a yawn. He felt warm, and safe. He smiled sleepily, blearily opening up his eyes. He saw something unusual in front of his eyes, something tan. He reached up with his hand, it felt both hard and soft. He squished it slightly, and it felt nice, muscly, warm. It was kind of rough too, texture wise. But like, a soft rough.

“Liking my chest?”

Tobirama, absolutely, one hundred percent, did not yelp and jerk back. Madara chuckled softly, looking down at his beautiful husband. Tobirama did look amazing in the morning light. His skin was pale, and glowing in the morning sun; shimmering almost. His hair was mussed, scattered like a halo of soft strands made from the clouds, and his red eyes were wide and wild before he understood the situation and calmed. Yet, they still looked bleary, as if he still hasn’t woken up quite yet. He never would have guessed that Tobirama was not a morning person. Though that would explain the morning groping, not that he’s complaining.

“Wakey wakey,” Madara teased, cupping Tobirama’s cheek with his hand. He ran his finger over the smooth skin only to be interrupted by the scar on his cheek. In fact, Madara has made a decision. He leaned down, brushing his lips softly over Tobirama’s own. He felt Tobirama’s breath stutter and he could only imagine how his heart was racing and fluttering. And it was. Tobirama didn’t- he never- he felt his heart stampeding within his chest, stomach knotting in all the best ways, breath caught and lips tingling. It felt good, really. Just a light brush of lips, skin on skin and it was nice.

“Mada… that was my first kiss.”
Madara remembered that, and he was all grin and evil and filled with wonderful ideas, “Then allow me to teach you how it’s done properly,” he leaned in once again, capturing Tobirama in a deeper kiss, one that was more than a brush of lips. Not too deep, really. But it was more than what it was, and the lips pressed together with slow movement of the mouth and just a bit of teeth in there. Tobirama made a noise and pushed Madara away. It felt good. It felt really fucking good. But uh, also overwhelming. Overwhelming and filled with a feeling that shot straight to his gut and maybe a bit lower… a tingle and a feeling of pleasure but uh, it was overwhelming. It was a lot, even though it was just a kiss but it was affection, intimacy, it was positive intimacy. It was positive and kind and it was a feeling of love and care and everything Tobirama isn’t used and it was kind of scary. So, he pushed Madara away and covered his lips with his hand, almost in a shy manner. Madara found it adorable.

Huh, being forced to marry someone really puts them in a whole new light.

“Tea?”

Tobirama nodded his head and Madara stood, walking to the little kitchen and pulling out a tea pot. He poured in the water and put it on the stove, shortly after he heard shuffling at the door, and a little sound as what he presumed to be Tobirama slumping into his chair. He turned slightly, leaning against the counter as he starts to brush through his hair with his fingers. “Want to look at me?”

Tobirama shook his heads, eyes trained on the table. His lips were still tingling but more so, Madara is shirtless still. Madara is shirtless and his pants are low on his hips and his hair is over his shoulder with his eyes looking like a dark abyss he can just get lost in, and Tobirama isn’t awake enough to filter these thoughts. He needs caffeine. ASAP. Then he can deal with an attractive man and pretend he’s not attracted.

Well, he probably could have been fine with it earlier. Before Madara turned out to be a surprisingly nice guy and made Tobirama’s chest go weird. He really does not like this, at all. He’s used to negative feelings, but a feeling that doesn’t cause any sort of pain is odd and he dislikes it. Well, that’s not completely true. It’s not like he has only ever experienced unhappiness. Anija can make him feel nice inside, because it’s platonic and caring in the most familiar and normal of ways. But these are new positive feelings, and he does not approve.

Madara stepped over to Tobirama, moving the chair with his foot to face away from the table, and then he kneels in front of the Uchiha. “So, what’s up?”

Well damn. This man is now in Tobirama’s view and he knows there’s no way around it, “You need to put on a shirt.”

“A… shirt?”

“I don’t like it.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re nice and also attractive and you’re supposed to be mean so I’m confused but I can’t think clearly without caffeine and… muscle.”

“I think that’s a compliment.” Madara laughed, and the sound is like a rumble of music, and stood back up, walking to the bedroom to throw on a shirt before walking back out to finish making the tea. He set a cup of it before his husband, and he must admit, it was almost a religious experience. Watching Tobirama drink the caffeine was like seeing a switch go off in the man’s
mind. He watched as the sleepy residue of the morning vanished and the normal, analytical look was back, just like that. It wasn’t gradual, it wasn’t natural, it was like a snap- and the normal Tobirama was back. Caffeine really was a miracle worker. “How’re you feeling?”

“Better,” Tobirama flushed a bit. He really needs to work on is morning filter. Definitely.

After breakfast they changed, and Tobirama felt… weird. On his shirt is no longer the symbol of the Senju, but now, it’s the Uchiha symbol. What makes it worse, is that Madara would not stop staring at him. It’s making him a bit nervous. Is there something wrong with him? “What do you want, Uchiha?”

“That symbol looks great on you. That’s all. Besides, can’t I stare at my gorgeous husband?” Madara smirked, he knew he had a possessive streak a mile long and looking at his new husband, in his clothes, in his mark, claimed as his for the whole world to see. Yeah, he really likes that.

“No, you can’t. Now fuck off-“

There was a loud banging on the door and an all too familiar shout to ruin the moment, if that could even have been counted as a moment.

Madara groans and Tobirama rubs his temples. “Perfect timing, Anija.”

Madara got up, letting his hand slide over Tobirama’s shoulder as he walks past him to the door. He opens it, after briefly debating not to, for his stupid ass best friend who was grinning ear to ear.

“Hi! I was just here to see my brother- well I guess you both are my brother now!- and see how it’s going. And I needed to see whether it’s- um, you know, official or not, hey! Don’t slam the door!” Hashirama’s bright smile turned quickly to a frown as the door slammed in his face. The one downside, for Madara, is now having Hashirama as a brother. Don’t get him wrong, he loves the man, but not that much. He loves him in short doses. Besides that, he certainly does not want to speak to Hashirama about having sex with his little brother.

Tobirama walked over, looking between Madara and the closed door, “Hm, what did he do now?”

“He asked about our sex life, indirectly.”

“Ah…” Tobirama stared at the door, impassively, before nodding in his approval, “Well, now that he’s gone-“

“I’m not gone!”

“-we can get back to our breakfast.”

“Hey! Don’t pretend I’m not here!”

Madara rolled his eyes before following Tobirama back to the kitchen, “What were we talking about again?”

“You’re general creepiness.”

Madara scoffed, “Oh? And how the hell am I creepy?”

“You stare at me.”
“Only because you’re stupid pretty.”

“We also need to talk about your lying habit.”

“I don’t fucking lie! I told you that!” Madara frowned, nudging his spouse in the shoulder, “Don’t ever accuse me of that. I’m not joking.”

“Of course, of course. Now, what are you making for breakfast?”

Tobirama woke up alone. It’s been about a week, and he has gotten used to his life with Madara. Mostly. There are still moments that are odd to him, almost like culture shock. He also hasn’t really gone out of the house much alone, besides to go to the tower or lab, since he’s been anxious. Many of the Uchiha’s still glare at him when he’s out. He gets slurs and other rude gestures when he takes walks with Madara. Madara gets surprisingly angry- well, unsurprisingly angry, he has a short fuse after all- but surprisingly angry over him, for his sake. He didn’t’ expect Madara to get so defensive over him, often times willing to enter physical alterations, but Tobirama always stops Madara before he kills anyone.

It wouldn’t be good if someone died because of him.

He also got used to waking besides Madara, they both rise early for their jobs, after all. But surprisingly, sometimes Tobirama wakes alone, usually on his off days. Apparently, Madara has many duties to his clan and village, and he does not take them lightly. He rarely takes free days, and yet, he still comes back in time to have a late brunch with Tobirama. The new Uchiha has gotten used to waiting for Madara to return home before he eats. Tobirama has also learned to make breakfast, and he’s gotten rather good. Cooking is a science, he’s realized, and he treats it as such. So, like all his experiments, it started terrible but turned into a miracle- he became a damn great cook.

Tobirama woke at his own pace, stretching like a cat as he got up. He threw on a shirt, one of Madara’s, he thinks, and made his way to the kitchen to start breakfast for himself and his husband. It’s odd to him, how he got so used to domestic life so quickly. Never in a million years would he have believed this would have become his life; To wake up with a husband, to make breakfast, to eat with his husband, to go to work in the Tower and return home after some light sparring and training perhaps, have dinner, and then go to bed with his husband. No fighting, no bloodshed, no killing, no death. No being alone. It’s odd. It’s weird, it’s nice. Him and Madara have improved their relationship quite a bit, as well. They still argue, but it’s improved. Arguments have less of the bite then they used to, and they aren’t going for offending or hurting each other anymore either. It’s more teasing, and a bit more loving. Like old friends who know a bit too much about each other.

Not to mention Madara has gotten more physical. He always hugs him, kisses him, holds his hand or drapes over him like a lounging cat. Tobirama has gotten used to Madara using his lap as a pillow, listening to Tobirama read his book aloud. Or they sit next to each other when they have to bring work home, Madara pulling Tobirama against his chest as they work independently. Madara also loves to have his hair played with, and when they bathe together Tobirama will wash and brush out his husband’s hair, and after words Madara sits between Tobirama’s legs as Tobirama puts it up in some weird hairdo he’s inspired to attempt.
Yes, yes, they have begun to see each other in the nude, but they haven’t done anything yet. Not really! Tobirama is too- no. He’s nervous. He hasn’t done anything before and he’ll suck and Madara is just so good. Yeah, they’ve kissed a bit. Maybe kissed far enough to remove shirts and maybe a little petting on the upper half of their bodies, but that’s all! Tobirama always ends it before they get farther, and Madara always respects him.

It has really put the man in a new light. Tobirama always thought he’d be forced because of the marriage but he hasn’t and… and it always makes his chest a little warm, a little lighter. It makes it much easier to like and appreciate and- and trust Madara. Because he does. He does, he kind of trusts Madara.

Then of course his new name. Hashirama, Touka, and even Izuna, they all tease him. They call him Uchiha Tobirama. Uchiha-san. Uchiha-sama. His subordinates also call him that. Uchiha-sama. He’s only just now started to respond to it. *Uchiha-sama, Uchiha Tobirama.* No longer Senju Tobirama. The Uchiha’s and Senju’s are vastly different… the Senju’s, and Madara. Madara doesn’t treat him like they did, he doesn’t- well, he shivered, even thinking of the Senju household. What they did to him, well no longer. He’s an Uchiha now. *Uchiha Tobirama.*

“Tobirama,” he felt a hand on his shoulder, out of nowhere. A surprise touch- something he didn’t expect, from his blind spot. He jerked, dropping the spoon he forgot he was holding, hitting the wall in his surprise, arms swinging up to protectively cover his face.

“Woah, Tobirama, are you ok?”

Tobirama looked up, peaking between his arms. Then, he froze, mortified. His heart stopped beating as his breath stuck in his lungs. *Oh shit, thinking of the Senju’s brought me back to my old habits.* Tobirama quickly recovered, dropping his arms and straightening up, “I’m fine.”

“That didn’t look fine.”

“I said *I am fine.* Now move before the food burns.” Tobirama brushed past Madara, focused on the food and not paying any mind to the worried looks he received. He went on as if normal, as if nothing happened.

But that’s fine. Madara can play this game too. He knows Tobirama is filled with secrets he won’t ever spill, but luckily, his love has a brother rather open about everything. And this? This deserves a visit, and maybe a beating too.

Which is exactly what he did after their very normal and slightly awkward breakfast. He marched over to Hashirama’s office within the tower, every step making him seethe all the more. He tempered down his anger during breakfast, not wanting to spook his love- husband, but now it doesn’t matter. He doesn’t care who he scares. He doesn’t care about the civilians giving him a wide girth as he walks, knowing better than to be anywhere near while he’s like this.

Stomping up the stairs to the office, he saw a ninja walking toward him dive into a closet to get out of his path. Good, because Madara has *words* to share. He knows that reaction. He knows it all too well. That’s the reaction of someone who is traumatized. That’s the reaction of someone who is used to receiving a beating. That’s the reaction of someone who is *expecting* a beating. And that’s unacceptable.

He kicked the door to Hashirama’s office down, making Hashirama jump and look up from the paperwork he must have been pretending to do.

“Oh! Hello Madara, why are you so angry- hey wait what are you doing?” Madara
marched in, ignoring his friend, and punched Hashirama in the cheek with all his might. Hashirama flew back from his seat and onto the ground, staring up at Madara with a mix of awe and betrayal. “First, nice punch. Second, Ow! What the hell?”

“You tell me! Why the fuck did Tobirama flinch when I touched him? Uh- without warning. And non sexually! Ok, rewording. Why did Tobirama flinch at a shoulder pat?” Thinking back, he always gave Tobirama warning somehow. Whether it was loud footsteps, visual aid, or a verbal confirmation. Tobirama has always known, he’s always been acutely aware of where people are around him at almost all times. Fuck, he should have caught on sooner.

“Oh, he hasn’t told you?”

“Told me what?!”

Hashirama stood up, holding his cheek as he leaned against his desk, avoiding eye contact, “Really, we could have had anyone marry. It didn’t have to be Tobirama, nor you. But I wanted it to be Tobirama because I wanted him out of the Senju compound.”


Hashirama looked away briefly, catching his thoughts before looking back up at Madara, making eye contact, “Because they’re abusive to him. I tried, I tried so hard to help, but I couldn’t always be there. Sometimes, he wouldn’t even tell me when it happened. He just- he learned to take it and I- I hated it! I hated them! I wanted him out and safe and I know you, and I know how protective you get. After seeing you with Izuna, how you protect him, I knew you’d protect Tobirama too, like how I couldn’t quite with the clan. So I- that’s why I fought for him to marry you! To move to the Uchiha’s rather than the other way around. I wanted him out- and it hurt. It hurt because I miss him so much and I miss our slumber parties but he needed to be safe—“

“Oh, ok, hold the fort,” Madara crossed his arms, eyes narrowing, “From the beginning, what the fuck?”

Hashirama deflated, letting out a sigh, “We were losing battles, too many battles. The clan was talking of overthrowing dad so he needed a scapegoat. Tobirama was born weird, different. Different enough to be used as that scapegoat. Red eyes, white hair- a curse, obviously right? Father- Batsuma- the bastard, he threw his own son to the wolves just to keep his power. They hurt Tobirama, first just emotionally but words turned to fists and Tobirama just took it, because he thought he deserved it. He didn’t! He- he didn’t” Hashirama’s voice broke, wiping the stray tears from his eyes. He- he hated this, he hated this fucking clan for this, “I tried to defend him. I always, I was by his side every step but soon I was forced to go on missions and train to be the heir and I was forced away, Tobirama was forced out of my sight and he would always come home with bruises and just say he deserved them or shrug them off and I couldn’t fucking take it. Even when he got strong enough to defend himself sometimes he didn’t and I- You came along and I thought—“

“And you came up with the idea to have an arranged marriage for the sake of uniting the clans, offering up your brother to remove him from the clan and the abuse.”

Hashirama nodded, “Yeah. And I knew you are a good guy. Even if you never grow to love each other, I figured it’d still be better for him… sorry for not telling you.”

It was Madara’s turn to sigh, “Don’t apologize. It’s actually, it’s a good thing. You protected your family, I can’t fault you on that and, sorry for punching you. But, Tobirama is never going to visit the Senju’s again, ever. And if they ever visit him I will be glued to his side. Glued. Permanently. Or I’ll just murder them. Actually, I like that one more. I think I may go murder your
entire fucking clan now,” because they- they dared to touch his husband. No- even worse, they hurt a child. A child. A father sacrificed his child for the sake of power. He let them hurt a child, an innocent being, a boy too good for what he was born into and the child just take it because he broke. They broke him the day he was born.

Madara seethed, twisting to punch a wall so he wouldn’t punch his friend again.

Hashirama smiled brightly, “See! I knew this would be a good arrangement! Thank you Mada!” The Senju propelled himself at Madara, hugging his best friend tightly. For once, he was pleased to see Madara’s temper, “But please don’t murder my clan! Let me find a way to allow you to legally beat them up instead.”

Madara nodded, patting his friend on the back, “Fine. Also, both Tobi and I are taking the rest of today and tomorrow off,” Madara nodded to himself. Yeah, they have to have some time to themselves. They need to talk.

Madara shoved Hashirama off himself, “Bye, I’m leaving now.”

“Ok! Be gentle with my brother, please! He pretends to be ok, but his emotions are rather fragile!”

End Notes

Not my best work, I think, but my friend gave me the idea! So I typed it up!

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