Breaking in the Senju

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Breaking in the Senju

by Kheriv Iscaroth (Kheriv)

Summary

Madara enjoys his war prize. Non-con.
The First Night - Getting Thoroughly Acquainted

Chapter Summary

Madara spends the night with his prisoner, Tobirama.

Warning, this chapter contains: rape, drugs (aphrodisiac), bondage, deflowering, inappropriate use of chakra.

Madara stripped from his armor with a satisfied sigh. The day had been long, but fruitful. They had conquered the last bastion of the Senju. With Hashirama gone, Tobirama had done his best, but even he could not last long against Madara. It would only be a matter of time before they found the remaining members who had fled in the night. He had won. The war, and his prize.

The Uchiha approached the kneeling form at the center of his tent. His fingers carded into the white hair. The other shivered and tried to push away, but the ropes that bound him efficiently restricted his movements. Seals woven into the hemp thwarted any attempt at gathering his chakra. Madara's fingers found the edges of the blindfold. Red eyes fluttered for a second and sent him a murderous glare. From early childhood, the Uchiha had always admired Tobirama's eyes, so reminiscent of the sharingan. And now, the man was his, and he intended on making good use of his captive.

Madara's infatuation for the Senju had not been a secret to his closest relatives, and he delighted at the sight Izuna had prepared for him. Tobirama was wearing nothing but a thin, almost transparent, white kimono, that outlined his frame. Where had his brother found such a garment? He made a note to thank him later. The tight cloth was held together with rope twining around Tobirama's chest and legs. His wrists were tightly bound in his back, fingers restrained with thin seals, to hinder any handsigns. The rope circled his chest, pulling the kimono close to the skin. Madara could see the shape of the perked nipples move with Tobirama's irregular breaths.

He looked up at the younger man's pale face. For once, his cheeks were flushed, his reddened lips opened around a makeshift gag. Sometimes, a small, uncomfortable moan would escape from his throat. Madara recognized the effects of a drug they used on special missions. Oh, naughty Izuna! He would have to have a word with his brother. But for now... Tobirama was just too tempting.

He grabbed Tobirama's chin, forcing the man's face up. The young Senju snarled and attempted to thrash away. He tried. Calves bound to each thigh, he could not extend his legs and fell on his side, trembling under the effects of the potent drug. Madara watched him fight it for a moment, detailing the curve of the Senju's backside, and how the kimono opened to reveal milky thighs, only marred by the lengths of hemp woven around them.

He took hold of the smaller man and effortlessly threw him on his cot. He sneered at the other's attempts to escape. He grabbed hold of a knee and pulled his entire body towards him. His hand crawled up the bound thigh as he loomed over his prize.

Tobirama tried to suppress a moan at the contact of Madara's warm hand. His entire body itched, and he could do nothing but buck against his restraints. Madara's contact set him ablaze. When the large hand cupped his ass, he hissed in protest, despite his body screaming for more. He tried to turn away, but Madara's strong hands took hold of his knees and forcefully spread his legs, baring him to his captor's view. Tobirama panicked and doubled his efforts to escape.
Madara's body pressed against his. Tobirama froze when he felt sharp teeth connect with his neck, taking small bites that would leave marks. He could feel his captor's chest press against his through the thin garment he wore. And most of all, he could feel Madara's excitement press against his most intimate place through his pants. Nestled between his legs, the older man made no mystery of his plans for his captive, and Tobirama despaired at the thought of that organ breeching him. He squirmed again, only managing to increase the friction of his body against Madara's, sending sparks of pleasure coursing through him. A long moan unwillingly escaped him, and he blushed in shame.

"Calm down beautiful." Madara said, pressing a hand against his chest. "All things will come in time."

Deft fingers brushed against a pale nipple through the silk, and Tobirama yelped, despairing at how sensitive he was. He arched and gurgled when Madara's other hand found his erection and started caressing it.

The Uchiha smiled wickedly as he discovered his captive's body. Tobirama squirmed on the sheets as he pumped his member into full hardness. He gave the most enticing moans as he tried to catch his breath, his body arching against his when he pinched his cute nipples. Madara abandoned Tobirama's chest to focus on the younger man's lower entrance. He traced the tight rim, ripping a louder moan through the gag. When pressed a finger inside, Tobirama's eyes snapped open, and he seemed to want to say something. Madara ignored the muffled sounds and pushed deeper in that incomprehensible tight channel. To quell Tobirama's protests, he gave a few more vigorous pumps on the pale member that sent the younger man's head roll back, and his body trembling with both shame and pleasure. A second finger soon joined the first one, and he started to pump them in and out, pressing against the tight walls to soften them.

Tobirama was overwhelmingly sensitive, and it did not take long before his breathing sped up and he could no longer contain his moans. He still attempted to throw Madara off of him, but his weak attempts did not even make him budge. The young Senju suddenly arched, a long, erotic moan escaping his throat. Madara smiled and pushed into him harder, aiming for the spot he had just found. A third finger joined the two others, but Tobirama was too far gone to realize it. He squirmed in pleasure. His hips moved to accompany Madara's movements. And suddenly, he came with a louder groan, squirting long streaks of cum on the older man's hand as his back arched off of the bed.

Madara admired the wreck that was Tobirama. The sound of his hitched breath was music to his ears. His entire body trembled, of pleasure or exhaustion, he did not know. He kissed the tears under the younger man's eyes.

"That was quick. Have you ever known a man this way?"

Tobirama's blush was telltale, and Madara could not but tease him once more by pressing his fingers against his prostate. Tobirama shuddered and gave a low moan. His expression morphed into one of despair as he realized that the itching had not stopped. He was still hard.

"The night is still young." Madara told him. "Let us have more fun."

Tobirama felt the deft fingers withdraw, leaving him strangely empty. Two hands trailed along the ropes that bound his chest, one right under his collarbones, the other right below his pectorals. Madara grabbed the silk that covered them and tore it off, displaying the pink nubs to his sight. Two large hands pushed against his chest, and started kneading them as they would do a woman's breasts. Tobirama could only moan when Madara started playing with his sensitive nipples, pinching and pulling on them. Before long, he was once more reduced to a whimpering mess as Madara made use of his mouth to tease him, licking, sucking, and lightly biting on a reddened nipple while his fingers tortured the other one and his other hand brought his manhood to full hardness once again.
Tobirama heard moans he thought himself incapable of leave his throat, and his body react wantonly to the touch of his captor. He wanted it to stop! The man fought against his own body, eyes closed shut in denial. He yelped when he felt Madara lick a long trail between his pecs, up to his neck. Sharp teeth found the vulnerable throat once again, and began kissing and teasing the sensitive spots they knew resided there. Tobirama squirmed to escape him, but Madara found them all. From the tail of his collarbone to the back of his ear to the base of his neck, he found all of the points that made him shudder, drawing involuntary moans from him.

As the Uchiha teased his ear, Tobirama felt himself being breached again. Four fingers slipped inside this time, and Madara wasted no time in going straight for that twitching bundle of nerves deep within. He stayed there, pressed tight against it, as he molded his chakra to leave a mark there. Tobirama howled behind his gag, his eyes glazed in pleasure. The younger man's entire body shook, and Madara could only watch as he came again, falling apart even more.

Madara watched as Tobirama's orgasm seemed to last forever, the Senju's body shaking in his arms, hips bucking wildly. His channel had his fingers in a vice grip, sending pangs of pleasure directly into Madara's groin as he imagined his own member encased in the tight heat. Tobirama's screams, even muffled by the gag, would certainly attract attention from the guards outside. Madara remembered that Tobirama was a sensor type. The most sensitive sensor he had ever met. Even incapable of molding his own chakra, he could still feel the movements of the chakra around him with an incredible intensity. So to have a concentrated amount of foreign chakra attached to his most sensitive place... Madara watched with satisfaction as the younger man forced himself to get used to that constant stimulation. He slowly came down from what his intense high, but would sometimes buck and twitch as the sensation overwhelmed him for a moment.

Unable to hold out anymore, Madara decided to take advantage of the hazed state of his prize. As Tobirama was still catching his breath, he grabbed hold of the still trembling legs and spread them wide, lining himself up with the puckered hole. Tobirama seemed to regain clarity at that point, and started squirming and protesting again, pleas rendered incomprehensible by the gag. Madara ignored the younger man, and pressed inside, pushing himself in that virginal channel, inch by inch. Tobirama cried in despair. Madara was huge! Larger and longer than the fingers had been. He could feel every inch of the large rod rub his insides, spreading fire in a part of his body he hadn't known of before. He constricted around him, trying to push him out, but Madara's vice grip on his thighs imposed that slow, inexorable invasion. If anything, it made the man's organ grow even thicker within him. Tobirama tried to catch his breath. It felt as if Madara was pushing the air out of his lungs. He felt speared on that girth, helpless, and let the man do his deed, eyes wide, trembling like a cornered deer.

Seeing Tobirama so utterly defeated and feeling him hug his member in such an enticing way made Madara lose it. He finished sheathing himself in the smaller body with a harsh thrust that had Tobirama yelp. Without a pause, he pulled out and thrust back in. Slowly at first, but he quickly hastened the rhythm. Guided with the chakra marker he had placed there earlier, he pounded Tobirama's prostate at each thrust, making the younger man lose himself more and more. His movements gained in strength as he took him deeper with each thrust, and Tobirama was soon reduced to a squirming, crying mess beneath him. The Senju lost all inhibitions as he was his most intimate place was violated over and over again. Eyes closed, he could only feel Madara's presence on him, around him, and in him, possessing him and staking an undeniable claim. He was entirely at Madara's mercy, his strong hands pulling and pushing him on and off the dick that conquered him. His drugged body welcomed the act, his hips bucking in rhythm with Madara's. Waves of pleasure coursed through his body every time that marvelous cock crashed against his prostate. Sparks of white took over his vision. It didn't take long for him to come hard.

Madara felt Tobirama contract around him and hissed in pleasure. It was even better than he had
fantasized. He continued thrusting into the smaller body for a few moments, sharing an spinning eyes carving in his memory how Tobirama's face looked in the throes of passion. The sight of the defeated Senju utterly submitting to him was enough to tip him over. He came in his prize, spilling his chakra-laden seed deep within. He watched as Tobirama, who had just come down the highest crest of pleasure, convulse at the sensation. The younger man came dry, howling in pleasure. His channel tightened deliciously around Madara, lengthening his own mindblowing orgasm.

When Madara came to, a few minutes later, he found an unconscious Tobirama spread out under him. The younger body was still twitching from time to time, reacting to Madara's chakra within him. Madara chuckled at the satisfaction of knowing that by the time Tobirama would wake up, the chakra would have faded, but that his seed would still be there to remind his captive of his new status. He untied the gag, and kissed the chafed lips before observing his work. Madara ran his hands along the pale body now thoroughly marked as his. A few hours ago still pure and virginal, and now the image of debauchery, Tobirama laid there, claiming bites marking his neck, shoulders, and chest, puffed nipples reddened from the abuse, clad in nothing but a torn kimono and ropes. The restraints that maintained his hands in his back forced his chest forward, in an offer that was almost as tantalizing as his spread lips, that Madara yearned to explore. The Senju's legs were spread wide around him, his finally flaccid cock lying in a puddle of his own semen while his hole was still stretched open around Madara's manhood. He committed this image to memory, revelling in the sight of his offered prize.
The First Day - Learning his Place

Chapter Summary

Tobirama's first day under Madara's care.

Warning, this chapter contains: rape, drugs (aphrodisiac), a forced blowjob, bondage, orgasm denial, overstimulation, inappropriate use of chakra, inappropriate use of a kunai, somnophilia (light).

It was still dark when Tobirama awoke the next morning. He was immediately alert, noticing that he was not in a familiar setting. He remained still, sensing another presence next to him. His body ached. Not from wounds, but a constant soreness, especially along his hips and down...

Memories came crashing back and he jolted awake. He rolled from the cot only to find himself tugged back. One of his ankles was tied to a wooden stake with a length of chakra-sealing rope. His wrists were also bound together in front of him. He barely registered his surroundings—a white tent, the smell of cold ashes, steel, and leather—before a large hand grasped his arm and dragged him back under the linen sheets. Tobirama tried to push the man away. Memories of their coupling resurfaced as he was pinned down under his captor.

Madara had woken shortly before Tobirama. He had spent a few minutes observing the unguarded Senju as he stirred. He had watched with satisfaction as the man slowly realized his situation and tried to escape. Now, he was squirming beneath him once more, wrists pinned above his head, thighs spread around Madara's waist. The Uchiha was pleased to see the renewed fight in those crimson eyes.

But then, Tobirama started struggling in earnest, directing a stream of insults at him. The Senju was not weak, and even with three of his limbs restrained, he proved enough of a bother for Madara's fickle temper to snap. He slammed Tobirama's head on the ground, leaving him dazed for a few minutes. This was enough for him to summon two other stakes and firmly secure the man's wrists and remaining ankle to the ground. His gaze trailed on Tobirama's tempting lips. Recalling the Senju's colorful words, he looked around for a suitable gag.

Tobirama came to to the sight of Madara fiddling with one of his tri-pronged kunais. Still dizzy, he lashed out in anger, insulting the man as he tried to break free of his bonds. Madara laughed and snapped the rounded end of the kunai. He passed two strips of cloth through the ring and brought it near his captive.

"Now Tobirama, be a good boy and open up."

Of course, he refused, and Madara mercilessly dug his fingers into his jaw, forcing it open. The ring was pushed into his mouth and secured there as he tied the cloth around his head. Tobirama tasted steel and blood, and growled as his mouth was kept wide open by the contraption. He had made this part of the kunai bigger than average, foregoing speed for control, and he now regretted it.

He tried to turn away when Madara brought their faces closer and kissed him deeply, but the older man kept his head angled to his liking. Tobirama kept struggling as Madara invaded his mouth, as he
had done his lower entrance the previous evening: conquering, demanding, merciless. The ring kept his mouth open, and Madara seemed intent in mapping its insides. The Uchiha's tongue filled his mouth, ignoring his own attempts at pushing it out. After a long moment, Madara broke the kiss, and Tobirama could breathe again.

"Focus on your breathing little one." he heard. "You'll need it."

And suddenly, Tobirama was faced with Madara's erection. He snarled, understanding what was expected of him. He turned away, but strong hands guided his head towards the large cock. Madara stopped after the first few inches, letting the head of his member rest on Tobirama's tongue. The younger man could taste the salty precum and the flavor of the flesh that had taken him a few hours ago. Tears of humiliation spilled out of his eyes. Madara only laughed at them, wiping them in a mockingly tender way. Then, he pressed forward, and Tobirama felt it reach the back of his throat. He expected Madara to withdraw, but to his shock, the man pressed in, forcing his large member down the soft throat. Tobirama gagged and panicked. Madara mercilessly continued his slow advance.

"Breathe, pet. I'm not stopping, so get used to it."

It took a great deal for Tobirama to settle down. He gurgled and choked around Madara long after he had fully sheathed himself. Madara had not moved since, seemingly enjoying the constrictions of Tobirama's throat around him as the younger man struggled to accommodate him. Tobirama gradually calmed down, finding a way to contain his gagging reflex and to breathe, even with the large member crushing his windpipe. His nose was pressed against Madara's hair, and he could smell the heavy musk of the man as he tasted his flesh.

Then, Madara moved. Even if he went slowly at first, it was still too much for Tobirama, who was fighting to reign over his reactions. Madara ignored his struggles and hastened the pace, plunging deep into the incredibly tight throat. He enjoyed Tobirama's protests that sent sweet vibrations through his member, his attempts at pushing him out with his tongue that massaged his cock in the best of ways, and most of all, his struggling throat that convulsed around him as the younger man choked on his dick. This was so much better than he had imagined.

His hands tightly held on to the back of Tobirama's head as he pumped in and out with an increasing violence. He would have to be up soon, and could not play with his captive as he would like to. So he sped up, crushing Tobirama's face against his hair before yanking himself almost out of him. His rhythm became more erratic as he neared completion. With a final thrust, he reached deep and spilled his seed into Tobirama's throat. He withdrew quickly, finishing into Tobirama's mouth, forcing him to taste and swallow the thick load, lest he choke on it.

Tobirama had barely regained his breath before he felt Madara's hand curl around his own manhood.

"So little Tobirama enjoys being violated? I should have guessed, seeing how your hole took me so well yesterday."

The Senju felt a pang of shame when he realized he was half-hard. He could barely protest before Madara plunged on his neck, kissing and biting at his sensitive spots. As the elder's mouth slowly made its way down to his chest, leaving a trail of possessive marks, his hands were working Tobirama's hole open and coaxing his member to full hardness. The used hole gave in easily and the fingers slid in, slathering the warm semen still present in the younger man's gut.

It took long minutes of Madara teasing Tobirama's prostate and cock, and the young man resisting
the pleasure before Madara gave up. He had places to be, and if Tobirama was not cooperative, well... So be it.

Tobirama saw Madara leave the cot, surprised. Had he successfully deterred the other man? He watched him untie one of his ankles, but before he could make use of this freedom, his knee was pushed upwards on the ground, and the stake was moved to secure the joint where it was. Madara repeated the action on the other leg, so that from the knees up, Tobirama was almost doing the splits. A quick doton jutsu later, the three stakes holding him were firmly embedded in the ground, and he would not be able to free himself.

Madara knelt between Tobirama's spread legs. He stroked the hard member a few times and Tobirama almost moaned at the action. Then, Tobirama felt something wrap tightly around the base of his cock. He met Madara's mad eyes with his angry ones.

"Since you don't want to, you won't get to cum for the entire day, pet."

Before he could insult Madara further, Tobirama saw him fiddle with his kunai, the one he had broken the ring off of. He felt cold metal against his hole, and soon, the fat handle that sported his teleportation seal was entirely pushed into him, its blunt edge pressing directly against his prostate. Madara grabbed the blade, giving the kunai a few experimental thrusts, and pushed his chakra into the seal. Tobirama yelled through his gag, scared of what the other had in mind. But nothing came, and Madara only laughed.

"Relax. No one but you knows how your seals work. I just overloaded this one with my chakra. Not enough for it to explode, but you know what will happen."

Tobirama froze. No, no, he couldn't do that! He tried to protest, his words swallowed by the gag. Madara ignored him and went to change clothes. As Tobirama fought against his bonds, desperately shouting for the other man's attention, a burst of chakra escaped from the seal directly into his prostate. Tobirama screamed, feeling Madara's chakra latch onto it like it did yesterday, stimulating it constantly. He writhed on the cot, the strength of a long orgasm ripping through him, stripping him of his means. He was denied the satisfaction of cumming, his tied cock bouncing desperately against his belly. He barely registered the unstable, large amount of chakra the man had stored in the kunai, building up to a new release, before his mind was overwhelmed, and nothing else but the pressure of Madara's chakra on his prostate existed.

Madara came back to him as his chakra died down inside an exhausted Tobirama, who was slowly coming back to his senses. He ignored the Senju's tears and gave him a searing kiss. Tobirama was forced to swallow the sweet liquid the man was forcing into his mouth.

"Here, this will help you through the day."

Tobirama felt his body heat up, a familiar itch settling up into his loins as he realized what he had just been administered. Madara removed his gag, but before he could protest, another burst of chakra came out of the kunai, and he drowned in pleasure. He howled, filled to the brim but unable to come. Madara gave his nipples a few tugs and covered his trembling body with a thin sheet.

"I'll be back in the evening."

He didn't know if Tobirama could hear him through his gasps and moans, and left the tent. Outside, he received a few odd looks. Freed from the gag, Tobirama's cries were laid out for all who could hear them. He knew the chakra stored in the kunai wouldn't last the day—it would be too much for
Tobirama to bear—but for the next few hours, the Senju would be yelling Madara's claim over him throughout the entire camp. The thought brought him no small satisfaction.

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It had only taken Madara a few hours to finish off the last remnants of the Senju. A few more days would be needed to clean up the strongholds scattered around the area and announce the Uchiha's victory in the surrounding villages, but that could wait until tomorrow. It was barely past lunchtime, and he was looking forward to seeing his captive. When Madara reached his tent, he was greeted with a pleasant surprise.

Tobirama was placed at the center of the tent, hanging from the ceiling. A long rope that twined around his arms pulled his body upright. His ankles were attached at the extremities of a wooden staff that forced his legs open. Only the tip of his toes touched the ground. The white kimono had disappeared. Instead, Tobirama was covered in the most enticing way: rope was swirling around his body in intricate patterns. The contrast between the white skin and the dark hemp almost made it a work of art. Madara recognized the handiwork of his brother and sighed. Izuna, that boy, had too much time on his hands. Now that his injury was doing better, he would put him to work on those strongholds.

But for now, he would be enjoying his brother's gift. Tobirama observed him through lidded eyes. He was visibly exhausted, not even having the strength to insult him. How long had he been standing there? It couldn't have been more than a few hours. Or was it...

Madara circled his captive. There, nestled between the perfectly round asscheeks, was the kunai he had left there that morning. A thin rope was looped around the base of the blade and curled around Tobirama's waist, to ensure the weapon would not fall. On the front side, it wrapped around the Senju's member, replacing the leather band he had used that morning. The ordinarily pale cock was now reddened, and Madara knew Izuna had not allowed Tobirama to come either.

He stripped of his armor and grabbed the kunai, testing the amount of chakra that remained in it. As expected, it was almost empty. Tobirama whimpered as the handle moved inside him, not resisting in the slightest. Madara pressed himself against his captive's back. His hands found his chest and started playing with the pink nipples. Tobirama shuddered at the touch. He whimpered weakly when Madara rubbed them with a nearby piece of rope, the rough hemp teasing the pink flesh.

"So my pet, will you come for me this time?"

Tobirama did not have a chance to answer before the kunai discharged another small dose of chakra inside him. He screamed and his entire body spasmed for a few seconds. Madara kept caressing his prisoner throughout the ordeal. As Tobirama's hips shook, he grabbed the kunai and imprinted small, circular movements that made the Senju moan weakly.

Seeing that Tobirama was too far gone, Madara decided to just seek his own pleasure. He untied the knot at his backside and pulled the kunai out. Tobirama gave a weak sigh of relief, still shaking through the remaining chakra attached in him. Soon, Madara's dick was replacing the kunai. It forced its way in, stretching Tobirama to his limit.

The Senju did not resist, and Madara took the opportunity to tease him further. He hooked his arms under the younger man's knees, bringing them up to his chest. Tobirama squirmed. As he lost his footing, the only thing that supported him was Madara's cock. He reflexively adjusted his weight and
arched his back, only causing the large member to penetrate him further.

He yelped. His hands frantically tried to find a grip on the ropes. He felt vulnerable, legs spread, exposed to anybody who would enter the tent. At every move, the rough rope Madara had just placed over his nipples would tease the sensitive buds, and the dick inside him would press against his prostate, sending more sparks through his oversensitive body. Still under the kunai's effects, Tobirama's entire body shook in pleasure. He could not contain his loud moans as Madara's remaining chakra continuously discharged into the small bundle of nerves.

"Look at you." Madara said, and Tobirama's exhausted mind could barely register the words. "Squirming on my dick and moaning like a bitch in heat. That's where you belong, Senju."

Madara lifted Tobirama's body up, sliding almost entirely out, before lowering him down again. He took the younger man faster and faster, until he was practically bouncing on his hips, hard slaps of flesh against flesh echoing through the tent. Tobirama was still clawing at the ropes, and he would sometimes manage to hold himself up for a few seconds, before Madara would forcefully impale back on his shaft. His own bound cock was bouncing up and down at each thrust.

At one point, Madara's chakra on his prostate had faded, but Tobirama did not stop screaming, as Madara kept pounding into the abused organ. Compared to yesterday, Tobirama's over-sensitive body kept sending mixed signals through his brain, and he was drowning under the stimulations.

While still holding Tobirama's legs up, Madara freed the younger man's erection. Tobirama yelped when he felt the rough hands pump him in rhythm with the cock that impaled him. His hips moved weakly, trying to match Madara's to chase his pleasure. He cried louder, a music to his captor's ears.

"Remember your place. Who makes you feel like this. Whose cock gives you so much pleasure. For whom you become the most wanton whore."

It was too much for Tobirama. A thrust stronger than the others sent him into an intense orgasm, the pent-up pleasure repressed during the entire morning let out at once. He blacked out, and Madara continued to take him mercilessly. He came after several minutes, releasing himself deep into Tobirama's unconscious body.

When Tobirama's regained consciousness, it was to the sound of his own moans. He laid on the cot, hands tied to the stakes, and Madara was pounding him into the ground, hands pinning his knees on either side of his hips, spreading his legs as far as they would go. He saw and heard the long, big cock furiously take him. His legs flailed as white stars appeared in his vision at every thrust. It was so good! He started to roll his hips, too tired to focus on anything else but Madara's cock plundering him.
The Trip Back - Visiting Other Villages

Chapter Summary

Madar visits other villages on the way back home. He brings Tobirama along.

Warning, this chapter contains: rape, suspension bondage, bondage, inappropriate outfits, a forced blowjob, inappropriate use of common tools, somnophilia, cock warming.

The trip back to the Uchiha village took several days, one for each of the smaller villages on the way. The Uchiha made it a point to stay overnight at each of them, to announce their takeover of the Senju territory and negotiate new agreements with the villagers.

To hasten their travel, Madara had allowed Tobirama to use his chakra, but under strict conditions the Senju found utterly humiliating. His wrists were bound in front of him with regular ropes, and a length of such rope coursed between his ankles to prevent him from taking large steps. Another length of rope was coiled around his neck, like a leash that Madara held securely in his hand.

Tobirama had been outfitted with nothing more than his undergarments and one of Madara's mesh shirts. It was a bit too big for him, falling off one shoulder and stopping right beneath his buttocks. Madara said it ensured that Tobirama could not conceal anything, and indeed, the clothes left little to the imagination. The younger man could feel heated looks on him as he hopped from branch to branch in front of his captor.

The worse thing yet was an idea of Izuna's. His rival had insisted that Tobirama wore a security that would take him down should he get too far away from Madara. To his knowledge, no such jutsu or seal existed, but Madara's sick mind had found a solution. Tobirama's kunai had been repurposed. Its blade broken off, Madara had injected his chakra in the handle's seal before securing it into Tobirama. Not only did it make it rather uncomfortable for the younger man to run, it also forced him to come back to Madara regularly to discharge and recharge the seal. If he waited a bit too long... Seeing Tobirama scream and squirm in pleasure in front of all of the Uchiha would probably please Madara to no ends, but it was something the Senju would do perfectly without. As a result, Tobirama often slowed down to let Madara catch up to him. He did his best to conceal the hand that slid under his shirt and between his buttocks, but Madara didn't share his shyness. No one dared say a thing, but Tobirama caught several odd looks thrown in his direction, and cursed Madara under his breath.

In every village they stopped at, Tobirama was shown as a proof of the Senju's downfall. He was paraded around on his leash, and at night, Madara made sure everyone heard who he belonged to. Tobirama was deeply ashamed of what he had become, but Madara's words on the first day of their journey rang deep in his ears.

"Try harming yourself, and you'll see the remaining Senju sporting the same wounds as you."

So he let the Uchiha defile him time and again. They were only apart when Madara was negotiating terms with the village elders. At those times, Izuna would take care of Tobirama's needs and prepare him for his brother. Izuna seemed to know what would please Madara most, and his imagination had no bounds. Over the days, Tobirama had found himself bound in erotic positions and dressed in
enticing outfits. Sometimes, chakra-sealing ropes, the kunai handle, or the makeshift gag Madara had made on the first day would make their way into the day's outfit. When Izuna did not bind him, he would paint the seals directly on his skin, in places that made Tobirama redden in shame. Izuna had deplored the lack of decent toys, saying that once they were back at the Uchiha village, he would have a field day introducing Tobirama to his collection. The Senju dreaded that day.

In the beginning, Tobirama had tried to resist Izuna's mad ideas, but with the kunai handle buried deep within him, he was given no choice. Izuna would simply wait for it to take effect, and pick a more compliant, writhing Senju off of the ground. Then, Tobirama was punished with the aphrodisiac drug that left him desperate for Madara's touch, which he despised above all.

Madara seemed to have a never-ending libido. Every night, Tobirama found himself all night long, only given rest in the early hours of the day. For reasons he did not understand, Madara always made sure his captive enjoyed their couplings. Tobirama would always be coaxed into cumming several times before Madara would allow himself his own release. The Senju had thus grown accustomed to having something in him, be it the kunai handle, Madara's member, or anything else the Uchiha would have found in the village. Tobirama was rarely empty, even in his sleep.

Madara was incredibly satisfied with the Senju's relative compliance. Be it because of the threat to his clan-members, or because of what he had been subjected to on the first day of his captivity—tied to Madara's cot, and denied the pleasure that was forced into him through his own kunai, Tobirama did not actively resist Madara. He let himself be put on display during the day and fucked at night, so Madara found himself enjoying the pliant body more than he had expected to. After that traumatic first day, Tobirama had learnt to search his pleasure instead of resisting it, rolling his hips to chase of his own orgasm every time Madara would take him, in fear of being denied again.

But Tobirama's responsiveness stopped there. He let himself be taken and would allow himself to find his pleasure, but he refused to take any further part in their activities. Madara could see the conflict raging in the Senju's mind in the tension of his body, how hard he would bite into his lips to remain silent, or how he would turn his head away in shame as he was shook his hips when pierced on Madara's cock.

Madara loved seeing the fight in Tobirama's eyes, and set himself to push him to his limits every evening. Some nights, he would manage to make the Senju lose himself enough until he moaned and cried shamelessly. On the other nights, he would make good use of his captive's sensitivity to obtain that same result. It was a delight to see: with a single sizeable discharge of chakra inside, Tobirama would inevitably ride the crest of pleasure for several minutes at a time. So, Madara didn't hesitate to fill his prize with his chakra on the days he found him too silent, to ensure that the village they resided in could hear his climax and humiliation.

That night was a loud one. Tobirama's moans could be heard throughout the thick walls of the inn, in sync with the slap of flesh against flesh every time Madara's cock slammed into him. He was suspended from the ceiling, a long chakra-sealing rope wrapped around his torso and his waist. His arms and legs were pulled back, wrists and ankles tied to the main knot that kept him suspended, forcing him to arch his back in an almost uncomfortable position. Madara stood between his spread thighs. Powerful thrusts made Tobirama's body swing away before he was forced back on the thick cock, guided by Madara's hands on his hips. The ring gag was fitted into his mouth and hid nothing of Tobirama's loud cries. His nipples were caught between two strands of hemp, courtesy of Izuna, and the constant friction of the swings pinched them just right to elicit sweet whines from the bound man.

Madara played him like an instrument. He avoided his captive's prostate, delighting in the pathetic
whimpers Tobirama made when he thrust right next to it. He liked how the Senju would try to move his hips to adjust the aim, but suspended as he was, he had no leverage, and Madara's grip on the pale hips thwarted any such attempt. He gasped and moaned, hips thrusting almost desperately, but Madara kept a steady motion away from Tobirama's prostate, cataloguing the younger man's desperate state in a corner of his mind.

Eventually, Madara took pity on the poor Senju. He shifted his aim to brush against Tobirama's sweet spot at every thrust. The younger man howled and moved his hips to reach completion as fast as possible, as if Madara would deny him again if he was too slow. Tobirama's legs shook in anticipation and he came, howling his pleasure to the world as he spent himself on the floor. Madara ground his cock against the pulsing gland inside, lengthening Tobirama's climax.

"Good boy." Madara said, patting Tobirama's hair. "Your hole has developed well." His fingers suddenly tightened in the white mane. The other man whimpered, still sensitive from his orgasm. "But remember, whore. You shouldn't forget about your master's pleasure." He punctuated his sentence by a sharp thrust, and Tobirama realized that Madara was still hard within him.

Tobirama growled, sending Madara a harsh stare. Since when did Madara rely on his actions for pleasure? He had always taken his pleasure forcefully, leaving Tobirama no choice but to take it. In response, Madara pulled out of his captive, coming to face him. He held Tobirama's chin up, keeping the crimson eyes on him while he pushed his cock into the opened mouth.

Tobirama cursed behind his gag, attempting to push Madara's manhood out. As usual, he failed miserably. Madara's hands closed around his head and he forced himself down Tobirama's throat. The Senju choked and sputtered, but Madara didn't care for it and started thrusting in and out of the warm mouth. The ropes were set into motion, making the thrusts deeper, faster, and more forceful. Tobirama was forced to take the entire length at once, time and again. It seemed that every thrust pushed the swollen dick further down his throat, and Tobirama soon struggled to find his breath.

Suddenly, Madara tightened his grip on Tobirama's head. His ample movements became shorter and quicker. He barely left Tobirama's mouth before pushing back into the tight throat. In a stronger thrust, he sheathed himself completely inside, staying there until Tobirama looked like he was about to choke. Then, he withdrew and came all over his captive's face.

Tobirama woke up to the slow rhythm of Madara breathing. He looked at the sleeping man and slowly grew aware of his position. He lied on top of his captor, hands lightly tied in his back from the previous night's activities. His unbound legs were spread on either side of Madara's hips, the other man's soft dick still deeply embedded in him.

He remembered the strenuous sex of the previous day and shook his sore shoulders. Whatever had happened when negotiating with the villagers had gone south, and Madara had been more forceful, more dominant than usual. Tobirama did not remember much after Madara had forced him to suck his dick while suspended from the ceiling. He had dozed in and out of consciousness, finding himself bent over different pieces of furniture, Madara thrusting furiously in him, making use of his body like a stringless puppet. He didn't know how many times he had been taken that night. The memories fused with each other through Madara's hands on him, his cock in him, and his presence engulfing his entire body in a haze of pleasure.

"I'll stay here today." Madara's voice brought Tobirama back to reality. He gasped in surprise. "We have some... pests to rid of in this village. Izuna will be taking care of them. Meanwhile, I will be
taking care of you."

Madara's hands cupped Tobirama's ass, pressing their hips together in a slow roll. The Senju felt his captor harden within him, his organ growing in both width and length, stretching his insides in a pleasurable way. Madara switched their positions. He pushed Tobirama against the mattress and leaned in for a slow kiss. His fingers roamed across the pale body, almost reverent as they gently teased Tobirama's weak points that were still aching from the previous evening. When Madara was back to full hardness, he took his captive's member in his hand, caressing it in long, ample movements that matched his slow, sensual thrusts. Tobirama knew better than to resist, and let this oddly gentle Madara take him apart thoroughly. Hopefully, he would be done and gone soon.

To Tobirama's disappointment, Madara did not leave the room in the entire morning. After a long parody of lovemaking during which he had coaxed loud, erotic sounds out of Tobirama, Madara had decided to catch up on the paperwork he had amassed in the past days. And of course, he had Tobirama participate.

Madara took place at the small table and he called Tobirama over. Hands still tied in his back, the Senju made his way across the room to find Madara holding the ring gag between his fingers. Tobirama obediently opened his mouth to fit the toy. He was quickly ushered beneath the desk, propped between Madara's legs. One of the Uchiha's hands cupped the back of his head. The other guided his flaccid member in Tobirama's mouth until the younger man's face was pressed into Madara's hair. The cock sat heavy in his mouth, less impressive than when it was fully erect. In this state, it was not hindering Tobirama's breathing.

"Just leave it there." Madara said. "You have to learn how to take a cock. Start with getting used to the feeling."

Left there all morning, Tobirama unwillingly learnt what pleased Madara or not. Simply swallowing around him could cause him to harden. Readjusting his position, or just humming a sound could also be enough. Tobirama did his best to remain as still as possible and avoid Madara's excitation, but he found himself dealing with Madara's rising desire a few times more than he had wanted. Luckily, Madara would interrupt his work as soon as he grew large enough to hit the back of Tobirama's throat. He would then take him to bed or bend him over the desk and bring them both to completion.

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They ended up spending a second night in the village. The place turned out to be host to a group of rogue ninja who wanted to take advantage of the power vacuum left from the Senju's demise. Madara had left in the afternoon, taking over from Izuna to deal with that group and the villagers who had helped them. He had set a cruel example to ensure that no one would follow in the footsteps of those fools in the future.

Madara had returned to Tobirama with an almost feral energy. Blindfolded and tied to the bed, the Senju barely heard the door slam shut and the metallic crash of an armor hitting the ground before his body was covered with the weight of his captor and he was once again engulfed in a world of pleasure.

Sharingan flaring, Madara did not miss a single detail of the Senju squirming under him. Tobirama's tightness made him growl, and he pushed deeper in response. The man writhed under his thrusts, moans muffled by what seemed to be a short pestle pushed through the now familiar ring gag. Madara pressed on its end and Tobirama gurgled, spine arching even more. The Senju's wrists were tightly secured to the headboard, from which extended ropes that coiled around his knees, forcing them straight up and opening his thighs for Madara to devour. The sharingans focused on the
twitching hole stretched around his shaft, watching with satisfaction as he repeatedly disappeared inside before pulling out with a wet noise. Tobirama's dick bobbed up and down in rhythm with his thrusts, stiffening rapidly.

Madara's hands closed around the cloth hugging Tobirama's midsection, and he was surprised at how stiff it was. He identified the garment as a... corset? How had Izuna managed to get his hands on this in the middle of nowhere? Nonetheless, Madara marveled at the Senju's impossibly thin waist. He could feel the tension under his fingers, and saw the man taking small, rushed breaths. He gripped the narrow waist with both hands, pressing into it with a morbid curiosity. Tobirama squirmed, panting hard. Madara paused at the enticing sight of the pink nipples peeking out of the lace along the corset's edge every time he breathed. He could not help but twist them between his fingers, drawing out long, breathy moans from his captive.

His rage towards the rogue ninja completely forgotten, Madara now took his time to detail the sight offered to him. Tobirama was completely out of it. He panted heavily, needy moans coming out of his throat in spite of the pestle in his mouth. His hips buckled as he tried to nudge Madara into moving, the tight channel constricting around him in a warm invite.

A thought wormed its way through Madara's mind at the sight of the Senju's wanton behavior. He recalled the few times when Tobirama had been so needy, vivid memories spilling before his eyes. He remembered Tobirama hanging from the ceiling as he swung him towards his cock, spread out on his cot between the wooden stakes, tied in the center of his tent and slowly lowered down on his shaft, and contrasted those memories with their more tender couplings. The younger man was a great fuck in both instances, but never was he as flushed, as vocal, and as desperate to come as when he was bound, helpless, at Madara's mercy.

To verify his suspicions, Madara jerked on the ropes that held Tobirama's knees, pulling them up so that he was almost bent in two, his knees pressing into his shoulders, exposing him further. The Senju gasped loudly as the corset bit deeply into his midsection. His already labored breath was made even harder to grasp and the change of positions shifted Madara's cock within him, allowing him to reach deeper. Tobirama's hips didn't stop shaking but his cock jumped, growing incredibly stiff. His moans turned louder, taking a more vulnerable, desperate accent that called to Madara's will to dominate the smaller body.

Madara resumed his thrusting, causing Tobirama to yelp and accompany his movements in the most pleasurable of ways. Was it the loss of control that the Senju was not used to that made him lose his mind when bound, gagged, or blindfolded? Or did Tobirama possess a naturally submissive streak he himself was not even aware of? He pushed the thought to a corner of his mind, determined to explore it later.

For now, he focused on the squirming body under him. He pulled harder on the ropes and tied them tight, ripping more cries from the Senju as he was immobilized in such a vulnerable position. He playfully pushed the pestle deeper through this captive's gag, watching him choke on it for a moment, before removing it and throwing it away. Loud moans echoed in the room and through the open window as Madara gave the reddened nipples a few firm twists and closed his hand around the Senju's leaking length, pumping it in time with his quickening thrusts. Tobirama came undone almost immediately, staining his corset in thick spurts. Madara kept pounding him through his release and the next, before finally spilling deep into the twitching hole.
Chapter Summary

Back at the Uchiha village, Madara teaches Tobirama about blowjobs and they both attend the Uchiha victory banquet.

Warning, this chapter contains: rape, drug (aphrodisiac), inappropriate outfits, public blowjob, public orgasm, sex toys, inappropriate use of jutsus, gangbang (attempted).

Madara sighed in contentment. Nothing better than home! He was just back from their last battle with the Senju. They were to celebrate their victory with a banquet this evening, and that left him with the entire afternoon to be idle. Tons of paperwork and future plans awaited him, but, just like his men, Madara had taken the afternoon off. He finished unpacking and took a well-deserved nap.

When he woke up, he found Tobirama delivered to his room, displayed in the most enticing of ways. As always, Izuna had done an amazing job. Madara came closer to his prize.

The Senju must have misbehaved again: he was panting, his whole body trembling under the effects of the aphrodisiac drug, a lovely flush painting his cheeks pink. Madara wondered if the younger man had reacted too strongly to some Izuna's toys, prompting his brother to make use of the drug to subdue him.

Tobirama wore a woman's kimono marked with the Uchiha crest. It was barely closed, so loose that it opened wide around the pale shoulders and chest, and bared the long, white legs. The only part it covered was the waist, highlighted by an obi tied so tight that the Senju was visibly struggling to breathe. The memory of a corseted Tobirama moaning and writhing under him flashed in Madara's mind, and he had to look away from the narrow waist to refrain himself from ravishing the Senju right on the spot.

Also bearing the Uchiha's symbol, Tobirama's blindfold was made of a fine silk that matched the kimono. A gag was fitted in his mouth, and Madara recognized its shape from Izuna's collection. From the outside, it looked like a piece of wood locked in place with leather bands, but Madara knew that the wood extended inside of Tobirama's mouth, filling it with a medium-sized phallic shape. Since the pestle at that rebellious village, that kind of toy had been a constant piece of Tobirama's preparation, the mouthpiece growing increasingly larger with time. Izuna must have caught on Tobirama's inaptitude to swallow a cock, and was trying to accustom the Senju to having something in his mouth.

A golden collar ensnared Tobirama's neck. Adorning the Uchiha crest, it almost looked like jewellery. The intricate decorations hid a triple-purpose seal that allowed the Uchihas to locate the collar at all times, prevented anyone else from removing it, and sealed Tobirama's chakra. A golden chain was attached to the front of the collar. It extended to the ground, in a more luxurious version of the leash Tobirama had grown accustomed to in the past few days.

As usual, Tobirama's wrists were secured tightly behind his back, forcing him to arch forward, proudly highlighting Izuna's preparations. Tobirama's perked nipples were in full view through the open kimono. The rosy buds were fully put on display: a length of glistening ninja wire connected
them, each end tightly wrapped around a nipple and ending with a small bell. Not only did the two bells produce a delightful noise at each of Tobirama's hitched breaths, but their weight also kept the man's sensitive nipples stimulated at all times.

Just like their first night, Tobirama's legs were bound individually, calves to thighs. The ropes used here were of a higher quality. They were made of a softer material, bright red, and more suited for their activities. The new ropes had allowed Izuna to tie more complex knots around the milky legs, effectively immobilising them without hurting Tobirama. Madara could see the ropes wrap around the younger man's cock and balls, and disappear between his legs.

Tobirama's erection peeked out of the opened kimono, proudly displaying the thin sound that was planted into it. Precum dripped from Tobirama's slit, and he could see how uncomfortable he was. Half of it was out, so Madara felt compelled to push the rest in. Tobirama let out a terrified whine but did not move, both unable to do so due to his restraints, and out of the fear of this sensitive place being hurt. When the sound was secured deep within his prick and Madara let go of it, he bent forward, in an attempt to protect his privacy. The Uchiha chuckled and simply pushed back, toppling the Senju onto his back.

He was offered a full view of his captive, from his sounded member to the red rope that ran below his balls before it separated in two strands over the white buttocks, keeping them spread open over the last of Izuna's preparations. A small string trailed out of Tobirama's exposed hole, and from it dangled two large wooden beads and a metal ring. Madara felt his blood rush to his nether regions. He knew eight more of those beads were nestled tightly inside of Tobirama. He pressed on his belly, watching him squirm and gasp as the beads shifted inside of him. From the looks of his face, one of them had found his prostate and was crushing it mercilessly.

Madara took hold of one of the remaining beads and pressed the smaller one to the younger man's entrance. Tobirama protested but could do nothing as the bead was forced into him. He cried out when he felt the other beads move inside to accommodate their larger sister. One of them was lodged right against his prostate, grinding into it. Too much! It was way too much! He couldn't take any more!

Madara hesitated to push the last bead into the distressed body. It was the largest one and Madara wasn't certain that in his current state, Tobirama would be able to take it. The Senju was extremely tense and he could be hurt by the bead's sheer girth. He let the bead go and unclasped the gag, pulling the wooden cock out of Tobirama's mouth. The younger man's breaths eased, and Madara took hold of that opportunity to claim his mouth. The Senju eased into the familiarity of the kiss, letting Madara's tongue map out a mouth he knew by heart. He also arched into the light caresses of the fingers that gently rolled and pulled at his pebbled nipples, making the bells chime pleasantly. The fingers moved to his cock removed the sound. They caressed his length and balls in a comforting way, and he relaxed under the soothing touch.

Under the tender ministrations, Tobirama did not notice Madara's other hand moving south until his hole was breached once more and the last bead was suddenly forced into him. He yelped in terror when he felt stretched far more than he had ever been, and clamped down on the intrusion. Too late: the large part of the bead had passed the tight ring of muscle, and his efforts only served to push the bead further inside. He thrashed around in distress, feeling so full that he was about to burst. Madara kept pressing deeper, his finger pushing the bead further and further, until the metal ring was nestled right at Tobirama's entrance, threatening to be swallowed by his hole as well.

When he took hold of Tobirama's cock again, the younger man understood his purpose quite well. He stopped moving, sobbing in betrayal, as the sound was pushed back inside of him. Madara's
hands traveled up the pale body, caressed the straining ribs, and pulled on the ninja wire a few times, making the bells chime. Tobirama cried at the painful stimulation. Finally, Madara took the gag back to the younger man's mouth, intent on sealing his sobs and protests.

An idea crossed Madara's mind before he finished fastening the gag in place. He looked at the red lips wrapped around the wooden cock, and decided to remove the toy.

"Time for you to learn how to suck an actual dick. On your knees, pet. Open wide."

When Tobirama turned his head away with a huff, Madara started toying with the thin sound, pulling it out and pushing it back in Tobirama's straining length. The Senju squirmed, caught between pain and pleasure. But he kept his mouth squeezed shut.

"Very well. Since you do not want to learn from me, I will let you learn from my men. I am sure they will be very willing to teach you. All of them." Tobirama froze for a second, horrified. Surely Madara wouldn't... He kept silent, hoping that the idea would pass. Sadly, it didn't. He heard Madara call his two guards in. He was shoved in their direction with a curt "Do what you want with him."

Tobirama yelled in distress when he felt four unfamiliar hands roam about his body. He struggled to escape them but in his blindfolded and bound state, he could do nothing but throw insults at them, which they dismissed with cruel laughs. He heard more guards come in, and soon enough, more hands joined in. They were everywhere: in his mouth, on his shoulders, playing with his nipples and his cock, running down his sides and along his legs, and pushing into his already full hole. He felt squished between countless hard bodies as mouths bit and kissed every inch of his skin, and hard erections started to press against his sides, still covered by the men's clothes. He felt his body start to respond, addled by the drug and the days of abuse, and panicked.

Tobirama desperately cried out to Madara for help. Immediately, the guards stopped their ministrations and retreated respectfully. Madara held the small, trembling body against him for a moment, rubbing soothing circles in his back, and sent the men away. The guards left the room, traveled a distance from Madara's apartment, and dispersed. Their memories came back to Madara, who marvelled at the versatility of the shadow clone jutsu paired with a good henge. He wouldn't let anyone else but him or Izuna touch his prize after all. He was also thankful that Tobirama had been so out of it that he had not noticed the clones shared the same chakra as him. He reviewed their memories for a moment, making a note of how desirable Tobirama had been, struggling helplessly under so many hands.

Madara unlaced the blindfold and kissed the tears from Tobirama's eyes. Without saying a word, he carried the younger man to his desk, plopped on the chair, and spread his legs in a clear invitation. Tobirama inched forward, apprehensive. He watched as his captor untucked himself from his pants, his proud erection standing in front of his face. After a moment's hesitation, he took the member in and started to suck on it, bobbing his head up and down.

Madara watched the Senju work on his cock to his heart's content. The view was exquisite, and worth the trick he had just played on him. To see Tobirama willingly suck him was a triumph for the Uchiha, and he felt himself harden further at the sight. There was something endearing in the Senju's clumsy attempts at pleasing him. But it could be better, much better.

Tobirama felt Madara's hand pull at his hair. He pushed back and looked up at him, only to see an annoyed expression on his face.

"Ten days of training and you still don't know what to do... What a shame. Open up. I'll teach you
how it is done."

The young man's mouth went back to its position around the hard cock, guided by strong hands on the back of his head. "First, don't keep the same pace. It's boring." Madara imposed an irregular rhythm, alternating between quick, shallow thrusts, and longer, deeper ones. Tobirama let him do, easily accommodating him. Madara smiled. At least, Izuna's efforts had served some purpose.

A few minutes later, he added a new command. "You have muscles in there. Use them. Suck. Use your tongue. Never use your teeth." It took a pointed thrust for Tobirama to obey. Madara saw him hollow his cheeks and had to hold on to not come at the enticing sight. He stopped moving and felt Tobirama's tongue run under his cock, swirl around the head, and coax him further inside. Oh, what a fast learner the Senju was!

"Good boy." he said when he managed to regain his composure. "Now, don't hesitate to take me entirely." As he had done so many times before, he thrust deep into Tobirama's throat. The younger man was now much better at managing his gagging reflex, and it only took him a few seconds to fight it down. Madara held him there for a long moment before withdrawing. He resumed his thrusts, alternating between superficial and deep penetrations. The bells chimed louder at the renewed energy.

"Look at me. Eye contact is important." When Tobirama's crimson eyes caught his, Madara couldn't hold back anymore. The sight of Tobirama's distended lips, and his pleading, tear-filled eyes, pushed him over the edge. He tightened his hold on Tobirama's head and imposed a harsher rhythm that the younger man tried to follow as best as he could.

Madara came in Tobirama's mouth. Thick come quickly filled the small mouth, spills trickling down the corners of the lips. Madara frowned. "Lastly, swallow all of your master's cum. Don't let a single drip out. If you do, clean it up." Tobirama struggled to keep up, and Madara revelled in the sight of the younger man's throat gulping down on his spent.

When the deed was done, Madara patted his captive's head. "Good boy. You did well. Remember those lessons well. You will perform again at the banquet tonight."

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To Tobirama, the banquet had been a hazy affair. When Izuna had returned to pick them up, he had shaken his head at the sight of Tobirama and silently started to tidy him up. He had mercifully wiped the Senju's face clean of Madara's semen, and fed him a small meal of rice and vegetables, to last through the evening. Izuna had untied his legs and closed the kimono a bit more to cover his privates. It was a small modesty, but Tobirama would take what he was allowed. His ankles had been fitted with decorated cuffs in the same style as his collar, connected with a short chain that was reminiscent of his traveling restraints, ensuring that he could only take small steps. His wrists had also been unbound and fitted with the same type of cuffs, which Madara had elected to directly connect to each other, and to the back of his collar through another chain. The blindfold had been fastened to his eyes again, and Madara had taken hold of his leash, ready to go. The last thing he remembered clearly that he was given more of the drug—a lot of it—and the rest of the evening had been a blur of indistinct events.

He remembered stumbling around as Madara pulled his leash, the chime of the bells a deafening sound to his sensitive ears. There had been whispers and gasps, but he didn't know if he was their cause or if something even more outrageous was also on display. Some familiar voices had called
him "Tobirama-sama", and he had briefly wondered if other captured Senjus had been present at that
time. Well, he hadn't been in the right state of mind to care.

The banquet meal was a traditional one, made of perfumed rice and rich meats, served and eaten
directly on the comfortable mats of the Uchiha banquet hall. Madara was placed at the seat of honor,
Izuna right next to him, both installed a step above the rest of the clan. Also up on that stage,
Tobirama knelt behind Madara as his captor ate, flush with shame and excitement. He knew the
entire Uchiha clan was there, watching their clan head and heir, and that he was right in their line of
sight, on full display. Yet, he couldn't bring himself to care. His status as Madara's bed warmer was
well known, the man had made no mystery of it since he had captured him. Everyone had heard him
scream, moan, and climax countless times at Madara's hands, so what more was this?

Tobirama didn't hear on what was said, the obscene amount of aphrodisiac coursing in his veins
forcing his focus on the heat permeating his body, his skin aflame where the silk kimono brushed
against it, the pleasure building in his groin, and the incontrollable way his entire body shook in
desire. The only sounds that made it through the haze in his mind were the deafening chime of the
bells, the pitiful whimpers that he later realized were his own, and Madara's commands.

Hearing his name in the familiar voice of his captor, Tobirama tried to reach for Madara, but stripped
of his sight and with his weakened body, he could not find the strength to stand on his legs. A sharp
tug on his leash made him fall forward, his face landing on someone's groin. He immediately
recognized the musky smell of Madara, who was sitting cross-legged on the ground, as he untucked
himself and pushed his member to Tobirama's lips. The Senju stiffened for an instant, but a strong
hand found the back of his head, and he was reminded of the guards' hands on him earlier. He
shuddered and opened his mouth.

Madara was mercifully only half-hard, and Tobirama could take his entire length without gagging so
far. His muddled mind tuned out the audience he knew was there and he did his best to coax the
member to life and end it quickly, bobbing his head up and down in irregular patterns, taking Madara
as deep as he would go, and using his mouth and tongue to pleasure the growing member inside. He
remained completely unconscious of the triumphant smile on Madara's face.

Oh Tobirama was indeed a sight to behold! Stripped of his armor and fitted in flattering clothes, his
natural beauty came to a shine that could not be matched. He had a strong, gorgeous body that
begged to be pinned down and claimed. And Madara had done just that. Despite his clear treatment
of Tobirama, voices of dissent had risen, arguing that keeping the Senju heir around was dangerous,
and that it was only a matter of time before he would rebel. Now, he was showing them how coy the
younger man had become, and how far Madara's control of him went. Madara could see the
reddened faces of his opponents, and even hints of desire in some of them. He smirked, forced
himself to immobilize his hips and let Tobirama act his part, one of his hands poised on the back of
the younger man's head in a show of ownership.

The way Tobirama's lips stretched around his manhood and the care he lavished towards it only
served to further excite Madara. The rosy lips made wet, obscene noises, and he let out familiar,
sweet moans that were accompanied by the crystal-clear noise of the bells from which some could
not detach their gazes. Madara almost came when Tobirama swallowed his entire length without
visibly gagging, keeping him deep into his throat for long seconds before pulling out obscenely
slowly, sucking hard along the way. He cursed under his breath. He wouldn't be able to last much
longer!

Tobirama hastened the pace, determined to bring Madara to completion as soon as possible. He was
aware of his shameful position, kneeling on the ground, face down in Madara's lap, his hips high up
in the air. He slurped around the thick member, forced it down his throat while suppressing his gagging reflex.

Then, he felt a hand on his backside and yelped in surprise. That wasn't Madara's hand: it was slightly smaller and less rough, and didn't grab him with the forcefulness he had grown to expect from the older man. When the hand went under his kimono and straight for the ring that dangled out of his hole, he knew it was Izuna. Who else knew of this toy?

Tobirama froze as Izuna's finger circled his trembling hole, teasing the place where the ring disappeared into his body. Madara's hand tightened on his nape, and he resumed his actions on his cock, trying to ignore Izuna's teasing. He couldn't help but moan in distress when Izuna pulled on the ring, shifting all of the beads in him. Tobirama's breath hitched. He didn't know what Izuna was planning, and hoped that Madara would stop him before he would completely lose it.

But Madara didn't. Izuna continued playing with Tobirama's hole as the Senju tried to focus on Madara's cock. Small tugs had brought the largest bead close to his entrance, and Izuna was not stopping! Tobirama felt his hole slowly forced open around the wood as Izuna slowly pulled it out, bit by bit, his fingers teasing Tobirama's rim as it stretched around the toy. Tobirama's legs shook as the largest part of the bead made its way through his entrance. To his horror, Izuna left it there. Tobirama tried to push it out. It was too big! He needed it out! But the deft fingers pressed against the wood, accompanying the movements of Tobirama's hips to keep the bead in place. Mouth full of Madara's cock, Tobirama whimpered pathetically as his back arched in an attempt to escape the torture.

This was not lost on the Uchiha brothers, and Izuna continued his slow movements. He pushed the bead back in, and pulled it out, again and again. Louder moans escaped Tobirama, half of pleasure, half pleading for Izuna to stop, as his hole was mercilessly stretched and the beads in his gut kept shifting around, crushing his prostate. His pleas were muffled by the massive cock in his mouth, and he could feel the vibrations make it harder even more. Very soon, he was left a whimpering mess. His hips trembled uncontrollably, and he was barely able to consciously work on Madara's cock. Satisfied with Tobirama's complete submission, Madara tightened his grip on the younger man's head and took control of it, forcing it up and down along his shaft, just as he had done earlier that day.

The action proved too much for Tobirama. In his drugged state, he was overwhelmed by the sensations that were imposed on him. With the loss of his sight, he could only smell Madara's intoxicating musk. He could only hear Madara's groans, his own moans, and the bells that pulled at his nipples. He could only feel his over-sensitive body itch all over, the bite of the wire on the small buds, the shape of Madara reaching deep into his throat, and Izuna's fingers that were now pressing into him, alongside the beads, massaging his throbbing prostate and making him shake and moan in continuous pleasure.

Madara came deep into his throat, and Tobirama did his best to swallow the thick cum. At the same time, Izuna pulled out the ten beads in a swift movement. Dick still plugged with the sound, Tobirama came dry with a long moan, unable to resist the overwhelming sensations of the seed spilling deep into his throat, the beads forcing his hole to flutter open and close uncontrollably, and the bells that pulled hard on his nipples.

Madara patted the white hair in his lap. Tobirama was completely limp, not responding to his touch. He must be really out of it to not even pull out, nor react to Izuna who was mischievously pushing the beads back into him. While having his limp dick in Tobirama's throat was a delicacy Madara wanted to continue enjoying, he also remembered why he had brought the Senju to the banquet.
He looked at the assembled Uchiha, taking in their reactions at the show of the former Senju heir dressed like a fine whore, willingly sucking his enemy's dick and swallowing his seed while being finger-fucked by another one, letting out shameless, lustful moans, and even cumming at the action! Madara met contented, concerned, encouraging, and hungry gazes. No one dared voice any more dissent against him keeping Tobirama.

Satisfied, he disengaged from his prize and tucked himself back in. He motioned for a servant to come.
"Bring him back to my room. And remember: keep your hands to yourself."
Limp as a ragdoll, Tobirama let himself be carried away.
"Ah brother, you have trained him well."

Izuna's voice was full of wonder as he watched Madara's cock disappear rythmically into Tobirama's mouth.

"Of course. I expect nothing less than perfection from those who serve me."

Izuna smiled, his eyes trailing on the bound form of Tobirama as he lazily palmed himself at the sight. Wrist secured behind his back with the cuffs attached to the opposite elbow, Tobirama's head bobbed up and down in an enticing dance. He deepthroated Madara, engulfing his erection into his warm throat while letting out sweet moans that excited both brothers further. Izuna could see his cheeks hollow as sucked hard, tongue rubbing his brother's cock in just the right places.

The younger Uchiha gulped at how skilful Tobirama had become. He could suck a cock like the best of whores, and was very visibly enjoying it. Madara pushed his foot between Tobirama's legs, massaging the hardness that was rapidly growing there. Tobirama's eyes glazed over. He moaned and doubled his efforts on Madara's dick, the sounds sending shivers in Izuna's loins.

In the corner of his eyes, Izuna saw his brother motion for him to come. He jumped to his feet, and pounced on the helpless Senju.

A warm body plastered itself against Tobirama's back, and he froze for a second. He felt Izuna's arms wrap around his waist and his hips press against his own. He jumped when a hot hardness slid between his thighs. He moved his hips to shy away from Izuna's touch, but Izuna followed him with a chuckle.

Less lenient, Madara frowned. His hands hooked behind his captive's head. He pulled him all the way down and maintained him there before giving his brother a nod. Anchored in place, Tobirama could only let the slender hands close around his waist and an unfamiliar hardness push into him. His hole had started to tighten again since he had last been used, so he forced himself to relax as the thick member invaded him. Thankfully, Izuna was not as big as his brother, but he was slightly longer, and reached parts of Tobirama that had never been touched before. The Senju yelped when he felt the eager cock withdraw quickly and enter him all the way in one deep thrust. He felt Madara thicken at the vibrations it sent through his dick. The elder's hips started to roll lazily, forcing Tobirama to accompany him, his dick deeply rooted in the younger man's throat.

Izuna began to move in quick, ample thrusts that pushed Tobirama deeper on Madara's shaft. The Senju was pressed between the two Uchiha, thoroughly impaled on both dicks. Izuna's member dragged along his prostate, drawing long whimpers that Madara thoroughly enjoyed. Madara
amplified his movements and Izuna picked up the pace, pulling out of the captive and slamming in faster and faster. Soon, the sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the room. Tobirama whimpered pitifully, trying to accommodate the two cocks that rammed into him as if they wanted to meet in the middle. Izuna's hands found his chest and pulled on the nipple clamps, making him moan harder. Tobirama tried his best to roll his hips and suck on the massive dick at the same time.

Tobirama let himself be pushed and pulled by the brothers, the two men furiously thrusting into his pliant body. They gradually settled in an alternated pace: when one left, the other pushed in, never leaving Tobirama empty.

Izuna aimed for his prostate. His hands roamed over the pale body to pull more moans from him. Tobirama cried continuously at the constant stimulation. His senses were overloaded. He couldn't move without being penetrated in one hole or the other. His world revolved around the cocks pounding him and the hands molesting his body. He came hard. His muffled howl reverberated through Madara's cock as Tobirama tightened impossibly around the hard shafts.

This brought the brothers over the edge. In one combined thrust, they rammed into the Senju and spilled deep inside. Thick streaks of cum were poured inside Tobirama, filling him even more than he already was. He took them deep, his throat and ass tightened and took the bitter seed to the last drop. His entire body shook throughout their releases, and he blacked out for a few seconds.

They stayed immobile for a long time. Tobirama was skewered on the Uchihas' dicks, unable to move. Gradually, their breathings deepened and their pulses calmed down. At one point, Madara's hand came up to brush his hair back behind an ear. Izuna kissed his nape, a finger lazily circling a clamped nipple. Tobirama remained still, the two limp cocks still buried in him, becoming more and more aware of the warm semen collecting in his guts, adding to the previous releases they had left within him.

Tobirama came back to reality when he felt himself being lightly rocked forward and back under Izuna's weight. Inside of him, the two dicks slowly stiffened, filling him anew. Before Tobirama could muster any strength, Madara pushed him away, freeing his mouth. Tobirama whimpered in surprise, but in a moment, Izuna pulled him up against him, pressing his chest against his back. He started taking him in slow, ample thrusts that made Tobirama's neglected dick twitch.

Izuna's hands hooked under Tobirama's knees and he stood up, easily lifting him from the ground. Tobirama moaned louder, only supported by Izuna's hands and shaft. The Uchiha stepped forward, bouncing him on his dick at each step. Tobirama cried every time gravity forced the large member impossibly deep into him.

As he walked up to his brother, Izuna spread Tobirama's knees further apart, exposing him to Madara's heated gaze. When he was close enough, the elder's fingers trailed along Tobirama's member and gave it a few playful pumps, making the younger man whimper. He reached Tobirama's rim, where Izuna's shaft slid in and out in a quick pace. The younger Uchiha leaned forward, letting Tobirama fall into Madara's embrace as he disengaged from him.

Madara threw Tobirama down onto the sofa, jerking his knees wide open to settle between the white thighs. His hands grabbed hold of the rounded ass and he slid into his captive. Izuna straddled Tobirama's head, and when the Senju felt his dick press against his lips, he hesitated for an instant to open his mouth.

A sharp slap rang in the air. Tobirama gasped, and Izuna used the moment to slide into the inviting mouth, giving a curt thanks to his brother. Madara caressed the reddened buttock, marvelling at how
tight Tobirama had been for just an instant. With a renewed energy, he spanked him again, and again, drawing more cries and reactions from his captive. Tobirama's channel tightened sporadically around him, and he growled in pleasure. At one point, Tobirama started whimpering in discomfort, so he moved to his other buttock. Then, to his pecs, admiring how the nipple clamps bounced at each slap.

The brothers continued taking him for long minutes. Tobirama moaned incessantly, his world again reduced to the two rods sliding in and out of him. His howls were muffled by the long cock buried in his throat, and he was nearly bent in two under Madara's thrusts. Pale legs propped on his shoulders, the elder Uchiha continued his incessant assaults. For long minutes, the silence was filled with groans, moans, and the slap of hard thighs slamming against a soft ass accompanied by sharp spanking sounds.

Tobirama's ass was now bright red. Focused on the burn of the slaps, he hadn't noticed Madara's other hand move towards his hole and two fingers slip inside alongside his captor's dick. It was only when Madara attempted to push a third one in that Tobirama squirmed in discomfort, his body struggling to accommodate it. His hips bucked in protest when Madara started scissoring, stretching him even further. It earned him another slap.

Tobirama couldn't quite catch what Madara said to Izuna, but he noticed the younger brother suddenly still. For an instant, he thought he would choke on the immobile dick that blocked his breathing, but the man quickly withdrew. Tobirama caught his breath, but before he could question what was happening, he was hoisted up and sat on Madara's lap, facing him. The man plunged back into him, both hands fondling his ass in a caress that set his sensitive skin ablaze.

Gravity pulled Tobirama down on Madara's cock, crushing his prostate at every thrust. All he could do was to weakly moan as he was hoisted up and forced down on the man's swollen erection. Limp as a rag doll, Tobirama let Madara use him as he had done countless times before. But this time, Izuna pressed himself against his back. Grabbing hold of Tobirama's bound arms, he nestled himself as close as possible. Then, Madara pulled him up until only the tip of his cock was left inside, and he held him up there in a show of force that would have left Tobirama in awe, had his attention not been caught by the new pressure against his hole. Tobirama felt Madara's hard glans pulse within him before as Izuna's member came in contact with his hole.

He froze when he understood what they were doing. No! He could not take that! He squirmed in their hold, pushing on his legs to escape them. But their combined force easily subdued him. Izuna's erection pushed against the ring of muscle and forced his glans inside. Tobirama gasped uncontrollably as he felt his rim stretched to its limits. His hips were held into place by Madara's iron hold on his ass.

Tobirama couldn't move an inch as was slowly lowered on the two cocks. His mouth opened in a silent cry and a long whine escaped his lips. He gasped, searching for his breath, straining under the brothers' combined girth as their forced their way within him. The pressure was overwhelming, and Tobirama couldn't take it.

Madara stopped moving just as Tobirama felt he was going to break. The Senju felt himself pulled up and sighed in relief. But he was soon pushed back down, lowered an inch further before he was hoisted up again. After several rounds where Tobirama was made to take a bit more of them, the two shafts were finally sheathed in him, snuggled tightly in his tight channel. Tobirama was fully seated on their laps, weak legs trembling on either side of theirs, his body only supported by the two stiff rods in him.
Tobirama's entire body shook. He felt overly full. Too much, it was too much! He could feel the two cocks stretch him to his limits, hard, unmoving, merciless. Just like the two bodies that were pressed against his. Izuna's pushed against his back. His deft fingers held a firm grip on one of his pectorals, toying with a clamped nipple. The other one explored further down, caressed the puffed rim, and settled around his flagging member, stroking it back to life. The hard plane of Madara's chest squished Tobirama against Izuna. His hands were still firmly clamped on his ass, massaging the reddened cheeks. Sometimes, he would press them together, and Tobirama would feel the two dicks shift inside with a renewed acuteness.

When Tobirama finally caught his breath, Madara's mouth took his, silencing his whimpers and forcing him into submission. At the same time, the brothers started rolling their hips. Tobirama panicked, but there was nothing he could do. He could only let himself be taken. Accept the tongue that forced itself into his mouth, submit to the hands that molested his chest and forced him into hardness, allow the overwhelming girth of the twin cocks to violate him.

He felt utterly helpless and could only let himself be lifted up and down, faster and faster. He felt every inch of their cocks graze his walls, crushing his prostate and going far deeper.

Tobirama was losing himself. Madara and Izuna were everywhere. Their hands roamed his entire body, forcing him into a world of pleasure. He didn't know how long had passed nor how long his violation would still last. His mouth was opened, throat hoarse from crying every time they thrust into him. By now, the two men were pounding into him at a quick pace. He bounced on their laps, the loud sound of flesh hitting flesh echoing into the room. While Izuna still teased his nipples and cock, Madara had passed his arms around him, grabbing firmly onto his bound forearms for better leverage. Tobirama's knees were propped up on Madara's arms, folding the captive in two, spreading him wide, and preventing him from regaining his balance as they used his body for their own pleasure.

Thrown in a daze, Tobirama could only feel the two men's body on him, in him. He was powerless, unable to resist as he was repeatedly slammed down on their dicks, struggling to accommodate their combined girth. It was too much. He started pleading in incoherent babbles. "Aah! Please, please! Aaaah! Stop, sto... aaah! No... no... More! I... You're too big... Aaah! I caaaaan... aaah! I can't, I can't! Aaaah!"

It was the first time Tobirama begged. His pleas went straight to the Uchihas' dicks. Their thrusts became more erratic, more violent. Madara's mouth covered Tobirama's again, swallowing his cries. Izuna let go of his legs and grabbed his pale cock, furiously stroking him towards completion. Their holds on him tightened, firmly pressing their struggling captive between their larger bodies. In a last thrust, they came, spraying long streams of semen inside. Tobirama cried as the throbbing erections reached deeper than ever before. He felt large amounts of thick cum coat his insides. His senses overloaded. He came hard, his entire body spasming between the Uchihas'. And then, he passed out, unable to take any more.

When Tobirama woke later that day, Izuna was gone, but he could feel the touch of two men on his body. He laid on top of Madara as his captor fucked him, slowly pushing in and out of his sore hole. His hands held his buttocks open, and the second man had his fingers inside, alongside Madara's cock. Tobirama whimpered as the fingers expanded rhythmically, stretching him gradually wider.

"Four fingers now." Madara's voice came from behind, and Tobirama's eyes widened when he
realized that the smirking man under him was a shadow clone. He frowned at how his captor was turning his own weapons against him: first his kunai, and now, his kage bunshin... Tobirama yelped as the fourth finger joined the others, stretching him at the lazy pace of the cock fucking him.

"You are taking me so well." Madara continued. "It's a wonder how tight you naturally were, with the fucking we have been doing lately. Just able to take a dick... I've working you open for hours now. You should have seen yourself: even unconscious you were trying to fuck yourself on my fingers. You were already full of dick, but you still wanted more. A gorgeous slut."

Madara's last word was punctuated with a small "pop" as his fingers left Tobirama's hole, leaving him strangely empty despite the clone's dick still taking him. The clone stilled and Tobirama felt Madara line himself up before slowly pushing in. This time, there was no pain as the large member slid in smoothly. Just the feeling of being stretched comfortably. Tobirama moaned as Madara settled in alongside his clone. His body came down to cover his, taking his lips in a long kiss. Their hips started moving in long, sensual movements, and Tobirama could only follow the pleasurable sensations.
Thanks to Leanne for her amazing illustration of chapter 1!
Breaking his Spirit - Part 1

Chapter Summary

This chapter is the first part of a two-parter.

Tobirama refuses to beg and Madara has an idea to break him into it. He gives Izuna the task of preparing his captive.

Warning, this chapter contains: rape, blowjobs, handjobs, orgasm denial, overstimulation, prostate massage, sex toys, inappropriate use of jutsus, "stuck in wall" setting, inappropriate use of chakra, aftercare.

Madara woke up to the musical sound of Tobirama's moans. He had heard them time and again in the past few days, but seemed to never grow bored of them. He turned towards the center of his bedroom, where the young man was being taken by two of his kage bunshin. Tobirama was spread on the tatami, one clone lazily pushing between his legs in slow, ample movements. Hands pressed on Tobirama's chest to keep his balance, the other clone thrusted down into his open mouth.

Madara remained immobile for a moment, admiring the scene. Judging from Tobirama's lax body and the tired, plaintive moans he let out every time a clone thrusted deeper, he had not rested in the entire night. In fact, he still wore the harness Madara had constrained him in then. The contrast between the black leather and the white skin was lovely. Leather bands extended from the collar to cage his chest, passing around and between his pecs, tightening around his waist and over his buttocks, to finish around his thighs. The clones had shortened the straps that tied the thighs to the waist, forcing Tobirama's legs up and apart. His wrist cuffs were bound to the metal ring in the back of the harness. Madara licked his lips. Everything that Tobirama wore marked his ownership of the Senju. Dressed in nothing but the harness, cuffs, and collar, Tobirama was even more desirable than when he was just naked.

He made his way towards the three bodies on his floor. As he came close, the two clones stopped their movements, withdrawing from the young Senju who whined at the sudden loss. Madara knelt between the spread legs, replacing his clone. He placed a hand on Tobirama's straining length and gave it a few pumps. The Senju gave a pained moan. His hips pushed up into his palm, but the sound pressed into the hard member effectively prevented him from finding his pleasure.

"Good morning, pet. Are you decided to give me what I want?"

Tobirama turned his head away, lips resolutely closed. Madara sighed. In the past few weeks, he had managed to break Tobirama into several pleasurable habits: he let himself be fucked and toyed with, did not hesitate to let out loud moans and cries for the world to hear, responded to Madara's cock in him, be it by matching the rhythm of his hips or giving the best blowjobs, and sought his own pleasure in their couplings, making the act more enticing for Madara in turn. But still, he refused to have a more active role. Since he had heard Tobirama's lovely voice begging him and Izuna to stop, the previous day, Madara yearned to hear those pleas again. Perhaps this time begging to be fucked instead.

But Tobirama kept denying this request. The Senju had stubbornly remained silent throughout the
entire night, even through the constant fucking and denial of his pleasure he had been subjected to.

Madara shrugged, convinced the younger man would eventually cave. He pushed forward, penetrating Tobirama's slick hole. The Senju let out a long moan and shook his hips to welcome him inside. Madara's clone invaded his mouth once more, and the younger man took him in without hesitation. The remaining clone unclasped a pale wrist from the harness and guided a trembling hand to his hardness. Tobirama jerked him off almost automatically.

Madara removed the sound from Tobirama's dick. He took the reddened member in hand and pumped it in rhythm with his thrusts. Tobirama seemed to regain his energy. His moans grew more wanton. He arched his back, pushing his hips up with a desperate frenzy, sucking harder on the clone's cock at the same time as his hand sped up. Madara hastened his pace, his clones following the rhythm. He could feel the tight channel start to constrict around him and Tobirama's legs starting to shake, his orgasm coming.

He took him up to the race. He left out all inhibitions and rammed furiously into his captive, pushing his entire body up the tatami. In a few thrusts, he buried himself deep inside his captive, his hips crushing the pale ones into the ground. His fingers closed around the base of Tobirama's cock. The Senju sobbed, his hips shaking in a phantom attempt to chase the pleasure that slowly but surely shied away from him. His three partners climaxed at the same time, filling his mouth and ass with warm spent, and spilling over his chest.

Looking at the sobbing figure under him with satisfaction, Madara dismissed his clones. He took a long moment to sort out all of the pleasurable activities he had missed in his sleep. His fingers danced on the Senju's chest, dipping where the clone had come, drawing arabesques of semen on the pale skin around the perked nipples that moved up and down at the rhythm of Tobirama's hitched breaths. He bent down to kiss his prize.

"Still not decided to give in?"

Tobirama did not grace him with an answer, his free hand attempting to reach his cock. With a shrug, Madara twisted Tobirama's wrist in his back, securing it on to the harness. Tobirama sobbed when the sound was placed back into his still hard dick. Without a word, Madara withdrew and summoned two more clones.

Tobirama sobbed in frustration as he was denied once again. He felt endless gushes of cum being poured into him by two dicks before the clones dispelled, disrupted by the intensity of their own orgasms. Not supported anymore, body fell on the bed. Left alone, he whined pathetically. His hips ground against the sheets in a feeble attempt to gain friction. But that damn sound would not let him come! His hips shook uncontrollably as he thrusted against the linen, unable to find his release.

He had come dry countless times over the past hours, a completion in name only. In the absence of the original, Madara's clones had ignored his predicament, fucking his over-sensitive body over all of the pieces of furniture in Madara's room. For each of them, they had ordered him to beg. He had kept his mouth shut every time, refusing to give up what remained of his pride. Even if was already Madara's plaything in the eyes of the world, he was determined not to be an active participant in his own degradation. So the clones had spent the entire morning fucking him lovingly, teasing all of his sensitive points until he could hold it no more, and denying him his pleasure at the last moment.

"My, my, you should see yourself Tobi. If you are so desperate, why don't you just give in? My
brother could give you a world of pleasure if you did."

Izuna's voice pulled Tobirama from his thoughts as he rutted desperately against the sheets. He blushed, ashamed of the spectacle he was giving the Uchiha, yet he could not bring himself to stop. Izuna lifted him up the bed and held him tight, pulling him into a searing kiss. Tobirama submitted to the domineering tongue. He felt Izuna's deft fingers unclasp his wrists and massage his sore shoulders. The Uchiha tutted when he saw Tobirama's trembling hands reach for his cock. He pushed them away.

"No touching, Tobi. Or do you want me to tie you up again? Nice and tight, with red ropes? So you're unable to move even an inch?"

The Senju whined but stopped his movements. He let Izuna loosen the straps that kept his legs up, let him caress his thighs in soothing movements. He melted in Izuna's gentleness, finding comfort where he could.

"Poor little dick." the Uchiha said. Tobirama shuddered when a finger trailed along his aching erection. It found the tip of the sound and pushed on it, rolling it under a finger. Tobirama whimpered. Another finger circled his puckered hole and pushed inside.

"So pitiful, to be ignored like that." Izuna took hold of the sound and slowly pulled it out. Tobirama gasped. He was ready to come as soon as it would be gone. The finger in his backside started prodding lazily.

"You should take better care of it you know?" Izuna pushed the sound back in. At the same time, the finger found his prostate and pressed against it. Tobirama gasped between his sobs.

"It would only take two words." He rolled the sound between his fingers and ground his knuckle against Tobirama's sensitive prostate. The Senju's hips shot up. He panted in need but still said nothing as Izuna started thrusting the sound in and out of the twitching cock at the same time as he massaged the bundle of nerves, waiting for him to speak. Tobirama whimpered needily, biting on his lips as his hips shook in rhythm.

"Come on, say them Tobi. Two. Little. Words." The last words were punctuated with harder thrusts to the sound and to his prostate. Tobirama almost gave up. He needed to come so bad! He shook his head violently, tears streaming down his eyes. Oh gods, he wanted to say those words. But he couldn't! His battered pride was all he had left. What would he be if he let go?

Izuna peppered light kisses over Tobirama's face, wiping away the tears and whispering soothing nonsense. After long minutes, he slowly removed his finger and the sound, releasing Tobirama's cock and hole. But he kept a tight grip around the Senju's hard member to prevent him from reaching completion. Tobirama's hands twitched, but a raised brow from Izuna prevented him from moving further. He let the Uchiha unclasp his harness, fingers massaging his sore spots as he went.

"It's all right Tobi. I'm not angry at you. Brother though... Well, we'll see that when he returns this evening. We have an entire afternoon to break you in after all. Don't be scared. You'll see, it will be pleasurable when you give in."

Izuna waited for a long moment, fingers running over the pale skin in light caresses. He whispered little encouragements and words of praise while massaging the aching muscles, until Tobirama's member eventually deflated without ejaculating. Satisfied, Izuna brought him a food tray. It was a simple meal, but to Tobirama, it was a remnant of normal life that he clung to. He had grown a new appreciation for grilled fish and rice. Tobirama ate slowly, his churning stomach not allowing much inside. He felt queasy knowing that much of its contents consisted in Madara's sperm, collected over
a night and a morning of incessant sex. He became instantly conscious of the seed that dripped out of his backside. He lowered the bowl, his appetite lost. Izuna smiled.

"That's right, with the plans for the afternoon, it's better if you don't eat too much. If you're done now, you should go clean up. Remember: no touching!"

Tobirama made his way to Madara's personal courtyard, worried about the afternoon plans Izuna had just mentioned. There was a small well there. He made his ablutions following his usual routine, under Izuna's watchful eye. As he cleaned up, he noticed a few servants moving around. They were installing something in the middle of the courtyard. Tobirama watched as a wooden structure was set up. It was like a wall, tall as a man, and equally as wide. Three holes were cut up in the center, at waist level: one large and two smaller ones on either of its sides. A short, padded, horizontal plank was placed right beneath the largest hole on one side of the wall. A soft carpet covered the pebbled ground around the structure. Tobirama saw the servants attach what seemed to be leather bands below the hole, and he felt a chill travel down his spine as he realized what that was.

"Ready Tobi? Time for the next attraction!" Izuna's singsong voice rang like a condemnation in the Senju's ears. Before he could protest, the Uchiha scooped him up and carried him to the contraption. He was pushed through the largest hole, his upper body coming to rest on the horizontal plank. The servants fiddled with more wood, and soon, the hole was fitted to his waist, right below his ribcage, holding him tightly into place. The edges of the wood were padded with soft leather, but Tobirama didn't have the time to dwell on that detail. His arms were pushed through the smaller holes, which were similarly adjusted, closing right above his elbows.

Izuna came to the front side of the wall, delighting in the success of his new contraption. Only Tobirama's torso could be seen from this side, his arms pulled back through the wall. He was thrashing around, trying to free himself, but the structure was solid and did not even budge. The Uchiha circled around, reaching the back. There dangled Tobirama's backside in all of its glory, bent and offered to all. Izuna watched the servants secure the man's knees to the wall with the leather straps, keeping his legs open. Tobirama's forearms poked through the wood. For good measure, Izuna ordered the Senju's wrist and ankle cuffs secured to the wood as well. They could be unhooked later, if need be, but for now, he wanted to prevent unwanted movements.

Dismissing the servants, the Uchiha caressed the pale ass. He felt the muscles contract under his touch and brought his fingers to the man's entrance. Tobirama's rim was puffed, reddened from overuse. It twitched under his finger, tender and sensitive. Knowing it sufficiently stretched, he lined up his cock with it, and plunged into the smaller body in one swift thrust. Tobirama cried in surprise. Izuna hissed when he felt the warm channel hug him. Despite the abuse, Tobirama was still delightfully tight. Grabbing onto Tobirama's forearms for more leverage, he rammed his cock in and out of the soft hole, testing the limits of the contraption as Tobirama cried out at the sudden violence of his thrusts. Despite his best efforts, the wood didn't budge once, and the hole in its center was tight enough to keep Tobirama pinned in place. Tobirama's arms and legs fought against their restraints, but they held tight, and he was unable to move an inch. He licked his lips at the sight of the lean muscles straining in vain. His hips snapped harder. It didn't take more than a few more thrusts for him to finish inside.

As he came down from his high, Izuna reached around to stroke Tobirama's manhood, finding it rock hard and leaking. He smiled, enjoying Tobirama's cute moans at the touch. He slid the sound back into the sensitive member, ignoring the struggles of the Senju. A few "No!" were whispered from the other side of the wooden wall and Izuna listened carefully, but as no pleas came, he finished plugging the shaft and secured the sound with a tight cock cage that wrapped around Tobirama's length and balls. The man gasped and more protests were heard, but still no pleas.
"Comfortable?" he asked, coming around to face the Senju. Tobirama was squirming around, trying to find a better position to rest his body. The plank kept his midsection straight, but from the chest up, he was on his own. Izuna inched closer and took his chin in his hand, chuckling when Tobirama found himself faced with his limp cock. The crimson eyes looked up with murder in them.

"Don't worry. Soon enough there'll be a constant stream of men helping you keep your head up."

Tobirama paled, his expression turning visibly agitated. Izuna knelt down to his height and busied himself with Tobirama's chest. His tone was one for casual conversation, as if he wasn't rolling swollen nipples between his fingers and fastening small bells to them.

"My brother has started to grow tired of your antics. You're a good fuck, but you shouldn't let your master do all of the work. You have to be the one pleasuring him and not the other way around. He has been indulging you for too long. If you had been mine, my patience would have grown thin a while ago. So he had me design this especially for you. Aren't you happy? So much effort for a simple body slave."

Tobirama shuddered at Izuna's somber tone. Too used to the Uchiha's gentle handling, he had almost forgotten the cruelty he was capable of. Izuna gave the bells a small tug and he pulled back, satisfied.

"He tried to teach you nicely, but you didn't listen. I also tried to be gentle, and it didn't work. We are all fed up with your attitude, and the servants here are angry at you on my brother's behalf. Loyal men they are. They have volunteered to show you how to serve your master in a more... energetic way. And Madara agreed to it. After all, they know best that if you want to live here, you have to earn your keep. Time for you to give someone full satisfaction. If not to my brother, then at least, to his servants."

Tobirama paled as he saw men come out of the shadows of the courtyard. Understanding slowly dawned on him, and he turned to Izuna.

"Still not willing to compromise?" the Uchiha asked. He could see the despair in Tobirama's eyes.

"Don't do this." the Senju whispered, his voice shaking.

Izuna smiled and gave him an expectant look. "If you want me to unhook you, you know what to do."

Yet the Senju still refused to speak.

"Very well. Suit yourself then." With practiced ease, Izuna fastened a blindfold around the Senju's eyes and pushed a spider gag in his mouth. He cranked it wide open, until Tobirama felt uncomfortable, and left the courtyard.

"He's yours boys. Don't break him too much." He winced when he heard Tobirama's protests suddenly muffled by the first dick. Under Madara's orders, he had not fed the Senju any aphrodisiac. His brother wanted him clear of mind when he decided to give in.

Izuna stayed in the door frame for a moment, watching as more of Madara's kage bunshin took the form of into his servants, just out of sight of the Senju, before walking into the courtyard. His sharingan flared lazily, marvelling at how perfect the transformation was. Even the clones' chakra were given their own identities, perfectly hiding Madara's signature. His brother had spent the past days perfecting the jutsu for that purpose, and the young Uchiha could imagine so many applications for it in his next missions. His mind brimming with ideas, Izuna locked the door to his brother' apartments and sent the actual servants away for the day.
Chapter Summary

Another great illustration of chapter 3. Many thanks to Leanne!
Chapter Summary

This chapter is the second part of a two-parter. Please read the previous chapter first.

Madara attempts to get Tobirama to beg.

Warning, this chapter contains: rape, blowjobs, handjobs, orgasm denial, overstimulation, sex toys, inappropriate use of jutsus, "stuck in wall" gangbang (with kage bunshin), inappropriate use of chakra, come inflation (slight), public rape (believed), begging, mind-break (or not), master/slave relationship, aftercare.

After spending a long day around the compound, Madara came back to his apartments with a growing anticipation. He had not been able to take care of his prize, but regular reports from his kage bunshin had kept him informed of the Senju's situation throughout the day. It was a strange thing, to see himself fuck Tobirama from the outside. The younger man offered the most enticing spectacle when he squirmed to accommodate a dick or sucked on one obediently. He let himself be used with a compliance that called to Madara's deepest domineering desires. The man felt himself harden at the memories of Tobirama's pliant body bent over all pieces of furniture, fucked into the ground, and shared between several of his clones, helplessly stuck in that wooden wall.

Unaware of the Uchiha watching him from the entrance of the courtyard, Tobirama gasped as a large dick spilled into his mouth. He forced himself to swallow the thick cum, knowing that the member would remain planted into his throat until he did so. He almost choked when a particularly violent thrust to his backside pushed his body further onto the cock. The wood's grip on his waist was strong so he didn't budge much, but the man who was fucking him was a torment by himself. He wasn't particularly large or long, but liked to surprise Tobirama with unexpected actions. At one point, he had spent long minutes buried in him without a single movement, before suddenly jackrabbiting into him with a rare violence. He also liked to squeeze his balls and shaft almost to the point it hurt, further tormenting the young Senju.

The cock left Tobirama's mouth, and he was only given a moment to catch his breath before another one forced its way in. He struggled to accommodate the long thrusts, following the man's commands to suck harder. He could hear loud voices from the other side of the wall, men cheering in rhythm with the one who was fucking him. The two dicks in his hands also synchronized, and soon, Tobirama felt hot cum being shot on and in his ass. He shifted uncomfortably, feeling bloated at the amount of semen that had been collecting in his gut for the entire afternoon. He didn't know how many men had taken him, or how many would still use his body. He had stopped counting after the second round, when the servants had made clear that they did not intend to stop anytime soon.

Jeers rose again, commenting on how sloppy Tobirama's asshole looked, semen leaking from his gaping entrance. Someone pushed a hard piece of wood into him, ramming it straight into his prostate, and Tobirama's cry was muffled by the cock in his mouth. He received a harsh slap and was told to focus on sucking. More laughs came to his ears, mocking the hardness of his caged cock and the way he was shaking his hips. Like a slut they said. Hungry, greedy hole that would take anything. The insult bit deep, and Tobirama's exhausted mind phased out as two more cocks were placed in his hands.
Tobirama had reduced his world to the dicks that kept taking him, giving them barely enough attention to move his hips, swallow when prompted, and maintain a constant pressure in his grip. The bells pulled on his nipples almost painfully, and in his blindness, their incessant chime an almost deafening sound that made everything blur together. He didn't care who was taking him, how long it had been, or how long still remained. He was exhausted. He wanted it to stop.

He barely registered the sudden silence of the courtyard, too taken by his own breaths and whines, and the insistent ring of the bells. He only noticed something was off when the men all withdrew from him, leaving him strangely empty. He didn't care though, and waited for his torment to start anew.

It did not. Tobirama felt the wood shift, and the leather around his knees was suddenly released. His ankles and wrists had been unfastened long ago, the servants too happy to make use of his hands and to see his feet flail about when a particularly huge cock took him by surprise. Tobirama was lifted off of the contraption. He let himself be carried towards the well, limp in someone's oddly careful grasp.

With a gentleness that contrasted with his previous treatment, a damp cloth was passed on his body, mindful of his abused nipples, sensitive cock, and swollen hole. Tobirama sighed in relief when the man loosened the bells. Two fingers entered his hole. He moaned in discomfort but they pushed straight in. They molded chakra and Tobirama braced himself for more abuse. However, the chakra remained attached to the fingers. The suiton jutsu produced a small stream of water that reached deep inside, washing out the come in his gut. But to Tobirama, the sensation was too reminiscent of being constantly cummed into. He arched, legs flailing in the air, mouth opened in pitiful whimpers as his oversensitive insides were incessantly assaulted. The man's grip on him tightened, to prevent him from moving too much as the stream flooded him. He bucked against the hold. There was so much, too much! It took almost a minute for his handler to be satisfied and for the stream to subside. Tobirama was left whimpering, empty, and trembling.

The fingers remained in him, molding more chakra. This time, Tobirama felt a fresh wave course through his insides, soothing his chafed walls and bringing the swelling down. He recognized a healing jutsu and his tired mind wondered how he hadn't thought of such uses before. The jutsu was cast a few more times on his nipples, down his chafed throat, and around his neck and hips, where the servants' grips had left bruises. By the time the man had finished his healing and carried Tobirama back inside, he felt ready to doze off, sore, physically exhausted, and emotionally drained.

Madara carefully deposited his prize on his futon, satisfied at how utterly debauched he looked. Tobirama did not offer any kind of resistance. He did not even attempt to close his legs, leaving them invitingly parted. Madara settled between them, his body covering the smaller one. He removed Tobirama's cock cage, but left the sound in place.

When he removed the blindfold, he was greeted with exhausted rubies. Tobirama gasped at his sight and turned his head away, cheeks reddening in shame, tears welling in his eyes. His legs attempted to close, but could only weakly squeeze Madara's hips between them. Madara caressed the pale body soothingly and pushed small kisses into the neck of a crying Tobirama.

"You did well today, pet. It must have been hard, but you took it well."

Tobirama sobbed louder.

"Go away. Aren't you disgusted now? I'm... I'm..."
Madara cupped the younger man's cheek, coaxing his head to face him. He wiped the tears and leaned down to kiss the reddened eyelids.

"Why would I be?" he said, trailing more kisses along Tobirama's cheeks. "You are so beautiful, and all mine. Aren't you?"

Tobirama's gaze caught his and Madara watched distress paint itself in the vibrant orbs as the Senju called upon his perfect memory to rehash the day's events, before softening when he contrasted them to the previous days. Madara had been nothing but careful in his handling in their private sessions. Of course, he had roughened him up, but Tobirama had never bled nor been injured further than a few bruises. And Madara had always attentive to his well-being, making sure that he found his pleasure when he was obedient, and taking care of his body after he was done. Even if Tobirama had been out of it most of the times, he had always woken up clean, his most constraining restraints removed, and bound in comfortable positions, if bound at all.

Going back further into his memories, Tobirama remembered the sharingan-red eyes piercing through him, and the threat levelled against him at the beginning of his captivity that had prevented him from turning his own weapons against himself: "Try harming yourself, and you'll see the remaining Senju sporting the same wounds as you."

Madara saw the younger man do the math and cupped a white cheek in reassurance. More tears glistened down his face before he closed his eyes and let his head fall back, exposing his vulnerable neck. His thighs lost their strength, falling open under Madara's hips.

"Yours." he whispered. "Just yours... master."

"Good boy." Madara praised, before looming forward and engulfing Tobirama in his embrace. He took the Senju's mouth in a deep kiss, pushing his tongue inside as he squeezed the smaller body in a firm hold. He spent a long time ravaging the younger man's mouth in long, sultry kisses, swallowing his increasing loud moans. He found Tobirama a lot more pliant: he closed his arms around his shoulders and he lifted his hips to give him better access.

To his surprise, Madara did not penetrate his sore hole. Instead, he rubbed his hard member against his, his hand wrapped around them both in a gentle squeeze. Madara took his time exploring Tobirama's body, as if it was their first time, and the younger man shook his hips in perfect sync, his moans accompanying their lovemaking in a perfect music.

Madara could hear in the modulations of his captive's voice when his tongue teased a sensitive point, when his fingers pressed the sore nipples with just the right strength, when the pression around his cock was just right for Tobirama to see stars. Tobirama's legs closed behind his thighs. With his hips, he followed Madara's slow rhythm, coaxing him to go faster.

But Madara did not go any faster. He settled in a deep rhythm, rocking against the smaller body like steady waves. He let the tension build, pleasure piling at the base of his spine as he watched the beautiful body undulate under him.

"Master, master..." Tobirama's sweet voice begged. Madara's eyes snapped open to see Tobirama's expression contorted in pleasure. "Please master... let me come..." The plea went straight to Madara's cock. His hips sped up, and Tobirama's moans accompanied them. "Ah! Master... please!" Sharingan blazing, he watched Tobirama lose himself. His hand accelerated, his hips grinding harder against the pale ones. Tobirama's voice cracked, his pleas became more insistent. Madara picked up the pace once more, his fingers teasing all of Tobirama's length. Then, he removed the sound. "Come now,
Tobirama's orgasm crashed upon him with the intensity of a thousand denied ones. The young man arched off the bed, his mouth opened in a silent scream. His entire body spasmed, and the mere sight brought Madara to his own release. Tobirama blacked out, exhaustion finally claiming him.

Madara followed suit, weak from chakra exhaustion but feeling incredibly sated. In the courtyard, his clones finally dispelled.

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When Izuna visited on the next morning, he found the doors locked, and the servants, once again dismissed for the day. Hearing telltale noises coming from the inside, he shunshined his way in—the day Madara would manage to keep his nosy brother out had not yet come—and discovered his clan head casually sipping tea while watching Tobirama strapped to the wooden wall, writhing under the thrusts of four clones whose appearance was left unconcealed.

This time, the Senju was placed face up, his arms kept on the same side of the wall as his head. Instead of the bells, his nipples were adorned with weighted clamps, and his busy mouth was free of any gag. Unlike the previous day, when they had been disguised as servants, the clones did not mock Tobirama, nor did they laugh at him. They focused their full attention on his body, taking him with an intensity Izuna had rarely seen before in his brother.

"Was yesterday not enough, brother?" Izuna took place next to Madara, helping himself to the tea and sweets.

"He was perfect in the evening, but as soon as he was rested, he went back to his bad habits. Stubborn Senju. It looks like he'll only give in once thoroughly exhausted. So he'll stay there for an entire day this time."

"And you think this will help?"

"If it doesn't, he'll spend two more days on that thing. Besides, today's treatment is a bit special."

Izuna watched with a renewed attention, noticing nothing particular, aside from Tobirama's extremely loud cries and erratic convulsions. As he activated his sharingan, the two clones Tobirama was jerking off came on his chest, coating him in a chakra-heavy release. Tobirama's body trembled harder at the contact, his scream so loud it could not fully be muffled by the flesh in his mouth. Izuna forced on his sight and saw more of the chakra-laden seed inside of and on the Senju. But that was not all. The two clones were now caressing Tobirama's body, spreading the cum all over his skin, making him convulse under their touches. Izuna saw the path their fingers trailed on shine chakra-blue. Similarly, the other two clones in Tobirama's mouth and ass were rubbing bright blue trails into the man at every thrust.

Izuna winced in sympathy. The blindfolded sensor must be completely overwhelmed by the constant onslaught of potent chakra. Izuna had seen the effects of just one chakra discharge into the Senju, from their use of the kunai handle. Although the discharges were less powerful here, they lasted just long enough to overlap with one another. At the rate at which Tobirama was being taken, the chakra was fading too slowly for the Senju to fully recover before he was cummed in again. It piled on and on. Each move, each thrust added to his torment, and everytime someone climaxed, he was thrown in another spiral of ecstasy.
"You should take him out soon." he told his brother. "He won't last long in there."

"He can take more." was Madara's only answer.

And Tobirama took more. Madara came to him an hour later, finding a completely subdued Senju. Tobirama's body shook in uncontrolled spasms, lost in the constant stimulations. When Madara tore the blindfold off, he reached out to him with both arms, whining pitifully. "Master, I'm sorry master..." Madara leaned in for a kiss that was quickly returned by an obedient Tobirama.

Then, Madara broke the kiss and fastened the blindfold back on. Tobirama yelped in terror.

"You have only been here for two hours. Still five left on the clock. Hold tight, pet. Five more hours."

Tobirama's desperate whine was cut by a new cock in his mouth. As Madara regained his seat next to Izuna, the younger brother cocked his head to the side, handing Madara a paper.

"Didn't you say he'd be in there for an entire day?"

"What of it?"

Izuna shook his head and resumed his work with a small sigh. It was still early and there were much more than five hours until the end of the day. But still... He looked back at the squirming Senju.

"Even five hours may be too much." Izuna added. "I fear he will break."

Madara shook his head and affixed his signature on the paper. "Tobirama is stronger than you give him credit for. He may have caved yesterday, but he was still alert enough to notice that the 'servants' were kage bunshins. This morning, he mocked me for trying to fool him with his own jutsu. Believe me, he is plenty strong."

Izuna cocked his head, puzzled. He passed another scroll to Madara. "So what are you trying to achieve? If this will not bring him to complete obedience, what of it?"

"Oh I want nothing else but his complete obedience little brother. But I have no use for a useless, broken toy who can do nothing else but grovel at my feet. Tobirama is a man of logic. For now, I am merely giving him... reasons to act as I wish. Hopefully, he will realize sooner than later that letting go is a better option than not."

When Tobirama was taken down later that afternoon, he was as pliant as the previous night. Madara made use of him for the entire evening and throughout the night, only letting him rest when he himself was fully satisfied.

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The next day, when Izuna visited, he found Tobirama riding Madara, his unrestrained hands held behind his head to expose his perfect body, cute moans falling out of his mouth. "Aa... aah... Master's cock is so good! Ahh..! It's filling me up so much. Haan... Please master... please come inside!"

It didn't take long for Madara to notice his brother's presence. He motioned for him to come closer.
Tobirama grew silent at his sight, unsure of what to do. It only took a sharper thrust from Madara for
the younger man to get the hint. "How may I serve master Izuna?" he asked, reprising his
movements on Madara's cock. At Madara's order, Tobirama pulled Izuna's dick out of his too tight
pants and started sucking on it, using his hands to supplement his mouth and moaning into the length.
A feral grin graced Madara's lips at the sight of his fully conquered prize, and he pushed harder into
the pale body.
Routine - A Virgin Whore

Chapter Summary

Tobirama settles into a routine, until...

Warning, this chapter contains: extremely dub-con, sex slave, somnophilia (mentioned), roleplaying, sex toys, inappropriate use of scrolls, inappropriate outfits, inappropriate use of chakra, inappropriate use of jutsus, begging, drug (aphrodisiac), bondage, master/slave relationship.

A month later, Tobirama had completely grown accustomed to his life by Madara's side. It had taken a few more sessions on the wall for him to fully realize that submitting wasn't so bad. In a sense, his routine was not so different than when he had still been with the Senju. Instead of spending his time on missions and on researching new jutsus, he now spent his days discovering new aspects of pleasure—his and Madara's, and putting his newly acquired knowledge into practice. In the morning, if he was lucky, he would get a few minutes to prepare himself before Madara would stir awake. If not, his master would already being using him, and he had to improvise to satisfy him. He then went to fetch their breakfast. If Madara was in the mood, he would use the food for more than just eating. Tobirama would then clean them up and they would go on their separate ways.

On days when Madara was not out on a mission, Tobirama would bring him his lunch. Madara was a dedicated man, and he did not spend much time on lunch. It wasn't rare for Tobirama to have to coax him to eat with a blowjob, or more. In his master's absence, Tobirama busied himself tidying up Madara's apartments, cleaning up their toys for future use, and preparing himself for his return. Sometimes, he would enlist Izuna's help. The man was incredibly inventive, and his council more than made up for Tobirama's inexperience. If it was still early when Madara returned, they would share an activity. Oftentimes it involved sex, but sometimes, they would read together, spar, or discuss Madara's latest missions. Tobirama found himself a lot less curious about the outside world than he would have expected. After all, Madara's insatiable appetite for his body commanded his full attention and all of his energy.

The evenings were spent exploring whatever Tobirama had prepared during the day. With time, he had learnt Madara's tastes, and was able to satisfy him more often than not. Madara was not a difficult master. Whatever he didn't like, he dismissed, replacing the idea with another one of his own without making a fuss. Just like Izuna's, Madara's imagination was endless when it came to sex. He knew Tobirama's boundaries, and only pushed them back when he truly desired it. Tobirama had only resisted his master's will a few times in the past month, and, after a few days on the wall, he had learnt to leave complete control to Madara. Letting him use him wasn't as bad as being defiled for endless hours, only to have the thing happen to him in the end. And despite his initial unwillingness, Tobirama always came to enjoy the new kink, eventually. Perhaps Izuna was right, and deep down, he was just a depraved slut.

Madara's stamina was knew no bounds. Although Tobirama had gradually learnt to last longer, he was still no match for Madara. The man would often outlast his prize, fucking him into unconsciousness. Tobirama was glad Madara didn't mind when he passed out from exhaustion. His master seemed to have as much use for his unconscious body than when he was awake. Sometimes, he would wake up in the middle of the night, Madara rutting into him, and he would accompany him
That day, Madara came back a few hours before dinner. Tobirama welcomed him bundled up in a provocative version of his Senju battle outfit. Wearing nothing but his armor and his furs, he froze when Madara had "surprised" him snooping around in their small dojo. The Uchiha played the part, and the two men started sparring, Madara having a hard time to concentrate knowing that the Senju armor did not cover the back. And indeed, he found out, when he bested the other man and pinned him face down: aside from the cuffs and collar, Tobirama was completely naked under his armor, his back entirely exposed except for the thin strap around his waist that held the armor in place.

Now, the Senju squirmed under his victor, furs torn and thrown away. Madara straddled the younger man, holding his cuffed wrists pinned on either side of his head while his hardness pressed against the puckered entrance. He pushed inside, only to find an object already there. Madara stopped and retrieved a thick scroll which made an obscenely loud sound as it left Tobirama.

"So that's what you came for, Senju." he hissed, playful.

"Give it back Uchiha!" Tobirama mock struggled under Madara's grip, his free hand not moving an inch. Said Uchiha laughed.

"Oh, you want that scroll?"

With those words, he pushed the scroll back into Tobirama's hole, causing the Senju to arch. He pulled and pushed the scroll in and out for long minutes, watching the other man slowly lose himself as he teased his prostate. Tobirama's collar glistened against his skin, its chain clanking at each movement.

"Answer Senju. Who sent you here? Who is your master?" he asked, fucking Tobirama with the scroll.

"Torture me all you want, I won't talk." the pale man whispered. The hand that was no longer pinned down slipped in his back, between the Uchiha's legs. Madara hummed in assent when Tobirama started to pump his member. He pushed the scroll deeper inside, crushing Tobirama's prostate and grinding against it mercilessly. The man arched into the ground.

"Aaaah! I'll talk! I'll talk! Please, mercy!"

Madara released his hold on Tobirama, leaving the scroll inside. The younger man rose on his hands and feet, but kept to the ground, head low. He crawled towards Madara, his hand still working on his master's growing erection until he came face to face with it. Madara felt his breath on his aching length. Crimson eyes met his and Tobirama parted his lips.

"My master, my only master, is you sir. I only serve you."

Tobirama engulfed the hard cock in his mouth, taking all of it in one go. Madara hissed in pleasure, fighting to compose himself. Truly, Tobirama had grown too good at blowjobs. His tongue and throat were working him just perfectly. Madara was hypnotized by the red eyes set on him while his length disappeared between Tobirama's perfect lips. He could see tip of his cock distend the other man's throat and passed his hand around the slender neck to feel it inside. He felt himself come close and pushed Tobirama away.

"This won't do Senju. How do you serve your master?" he asked, his voice darkened with lust.
Tobirama remained kneeling, a coy, innocent look on his face.

"How do you want me, master? On all fours? On my back? Against the wall?"

"On your back slave. Spread yourself for me."

Tobirama complied eagerly, sliding down with grace. He untied the chest piece of his armor, arching his back to highlight his clamped nipples. He gave them a few tugs, moaning in pleasure, before discarding of the hip piece as well, only keeping the shoulder guards and his trademark happuri. He lifted his legs and held them up right under the knees, displaying his twitching hole from which peeked the tip of the scroll. His hard member was bound with a cock ring so that only Madara could control his pleasure.

"I am at your service master. Please use my body at your convenience."

Madara's feral instincts were ignited at once. He fell on his prey, ripping the scroll out of the enticing body. When he plunged in his inviting depths, Tobirama's moans were music to his ears. He plundered the smaller body, his thrusts pushing him up the wooden floor and his grip pulling him down on his shaft. Tobirama cried, calls of "Master" interleaved with pleas for him to fuck him deeper, faster, harder.

Tobirama moaned in pleasure. The feeling of his master taking him with such hunger made him want to submit even more. He mewled, squirming helplessly under the larger body.

"Ahh! More... more!"

"You dare order me?"

Before Tobirama could correct himself, Madara twisted his hips, forcing him on all fours before he plunged back in. Tobirama howled. The new position allowed Madara to reach further inside. He shook his hips, meeting him with every thrust. He tried apologizing, but Madara pulled on his leash, cutting his air and forcing him to arch his back in an almost painful position. Madara mounted him like a rabid dog, alternating small, rapid thrusts with deep, ample penetrations. Tobirama's arms gave up under him, and he fell on the tatami. Only his hips were still raised, held by Madara as he pulled them on and off his shaft. He continued ravaging his captive for several minutes, Tobirama's hips meeting his with a passion. As his prostate was stimulated again and again, Tobirama lost the ability to think. A few incoherent words made it past his lips.

"Yes... so good... so big... master is inside me... Please, please... fill me... with your seed... please... I need... master's... cum... please... Master... master..."

Faced with such sweet words, Madara flipped his captive over once again, pushed his knees deep into the tatami to spread his legs wide, and penetrated him in strong, punishing slams. The nipple clamps bounced on the pale chest at each thrust. Madara watched the younger man's head thrash from left to right and right to left, mouth opened on enticing pleas. Every time he crushed his prostate, Madara left an extremely short-lived burst of chakra that lasted until the next thrust, leaving Tobirama in a constant state of pleasure.

"Who do you belong to?" he rasped.

"Ah... ahh!..." Tobirama was too far gone to give a coherent answer. Madara increased the force of his thrusts, strong slaps of skin against skin echoing loudly in the room.
"Answer me slave! Who do you belong to?"

Tobirama made an enormous effort of concentration, his body jerking at every new thrust.

"Ahh... Yo... you..." he said weakly.

"Louder, pet. I did not hear."

Tobirama sobbed. "You! I belong to you!" he cried out, loud enough for the entire clan to hear. "I am yours master! Ahh! Master!"

Madara removed the cock ring at the same time as he came inside Tobirama's hole. His release burst into the younger man's depths, causing him to orgasm as well, hips shaking, feeble cries of "Master!" passing his lips.

As he came, Tobirama lost himself in the spinning sharingans of the man above him. His vision turned redder and redder, until it reached the color of fresh blood. Tobirama felt the world starting to spin, black lines blending into the shape of Madara's mangekyou. He lost his grounding just as he climaxed.

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When he opened his eyes, Tobirama was in a different, yet familiar setting. He looked around, disoriented. He was in a white tent, and was assaulted with the smell of cold ashes, steel, and leather. He felt dizzy, as if he had just taken some of Izuna's drug. He found that he couldn't move, and after a small struggle, realized that he was bound with chakra-sealing ropes. They coiled around his chest to keep his hands in his back, and around his legs, maintaining his calves against his thighs. His collar and cuffs were gone, leaving him with the odd sensation that something was missing. He shivered, and noticed the thin, white kimono he was wearing, remembering it torn from his body by strong, hungry hands.

A pensive hum attracted his attention to the other side of the tent. Seated in a comfortable chair next to a small table covered with papers, Madara held a tri-pronged kunai in his hand. Brow creased, he stared pensively at the object, thumbing at the ring at the blunt end of the weapon. With an audible snap, the iron gave and the kunai broke. Madara reached into a medical pouch and retrieved two strips of white bandages, passing them through the ring and securing them with tight knots.

Then, he raised his eyes to meet Tobirama's.

"You're back with us?" he said in an amused voice, making his way towards Tobirama, the makeshift ring gag in hand.

He stopped right in front of the bound man, his mangekyou slowly spinning in his eyes. Tobirama made some indistinct noises through the bundle of cloth stuffed into his mouth. Madara decided to humor him and removed the fabric gag, presenting the ring gag in front of his face instead. He grabbed Tobirama's chin and waited, expectant.

To Madara's satisfaction, Tobirama leaned into his hand. The Senju's demeanor changed, his
expression becoming one of pure passion, red eyes glinting of fever, and mouth opened in short
breaths. His body arched in the most desirable way into his restraints. Tobirama inched forward, until
his head was nestled against Madara's thigh. His face pressed against his crotch and he nuzzled the
growing hardness, mouthing at it through the fabric of his pants.

"Master." he whispered, and Madara smiled in triumph. The ring gag slid out of his fingers and fell
to the ground.

"Two hours were all it took huh?" he wondered in awe, his eyes returning to their usual black. "That
made two months for you. You were quick to break, pet."

With a flash, he cut through the ropes, pulling Tobirama up into a kiss. He felt the younger man melt
into his arms, no sign of rebellion or repulsion in sight, despite being free from the chakra seals.
Madara cupped the tight ass and pressed Tobirama's hips into his groin. Tobirama spread his legs,
hooked his ankles around Madara's hips and let himself be carried to the cot.

"Show me, pet." the Uchiha said with delight as the younger man busied himself to remove his
clothes. "Show me what a virgin can do with the knowledge of a whore".
Reunion - A New Beginning - Part 1

Chapter Summary

This chapter is the first part of a two-parter.

Warning, this chapter contains: dub-con, blowjobs, hurt/comfort, angst, emotional breakdown, master/slave relationship (mentioned), blindfolds, 69, incest.

The sun was at its peak when Madara came back to the Uchiha camp. Just like he had played it out in his Tsukuyomi, it had only taken him a single morning to rid of the remaining Senju resistance. Around him, his clansmen rejoiced loudly, celebrating the hard-earned victory the efforts of the past year had finally earned them.

He laughed with them, congratulated them with large pats on the back, and sent out light orders to organize the night's festivities and prepare the return to the Uchiha village. But he could not quite tame the apprehension growing in his heart. There was another battle to come, one he wasn't sure he would win.

He wondered how Tobirama was doing. When he had left the Senju early that morning, he was still sleeping, exhausted by the night's activities. He had tied him up comfortably, but securely, with chakra-sealing ropes. The last thing he wanted was to have the Senju free himself and interfere with the last battle. And the next to last thing he wanted was for the powerful sensor to feel that battle as it unfolded.

Madara knew that the perfect obedience the Senju had displayed on the previous day had merely been an act. An act that seeped deeper into him every time he played it, slowly etching itself into his mind and reflexes, but still an act. Unlike in the Tsukuyomi, the Senju clan still lived, so Tobirama had no reason to obey him. He couldn't overpower him, his body pumped full of drugs as it was, so he had relied on the only thing he could do, and had offered his body to Madara, desperate to save his clansmen.

After all, one of the tenets his Tsukuyomi had drilled into Tobirama to ensure his obedience was a threat on the remaining Senju. With the Senju clan on the verge of defeat, he had all the more reasons to be accommodating. And it had worked in a sense. Madara thought about the heightened number of Senjus he had taken prisoner—many more than he should have, and sighed.

Madara honed himself for the next confrontation. As soon as he entered his tent, he found Tobirama's piercing eyes silently watching him as he removed his armor. The tension was so thick that he found it hard to breathe. After long minutes of stalling, he came to sit on the cot, next to the younger man. His hands started to unwind the ropes, and he grimaced when he saw purple marks around Tobirama's wrists and ankles, where he had torn his skin in desperate attempts to free himself.

A green glow illuminated the dark tent as Madara trailed his hands on the pale body, mending the torn flesh and fading the hickeys on his neck and the marks his hands had left on the pale chest and hips. In the corner of his mind, Madara marvelled at how easily Tobirama marked. How had he even managed the life of a ninja with such a delicate skin?
"Is it done?" Tobirama's voice asked, hoarse from overuse. "Is my clan gone?"

Madara paused, his fingers untying the last knot. He looked at Tobirama's face. The crimson gaze pierced through him with a clarity. He steeled his face in an emotionless mask, and answered.

"It is. Starting today, the Senju are no more."

Madara pulled the last of the rope away, freeing Tobirama's sensor abilities. He felt the icy chakra rush outwards like a wave contained for too long. After a moment, the white-haired man gasped and froze in his spot. His body started to shake and his breath hastened, until he was almost hyperventilating. Alarmed, Madara took Tobirama by the shoulders, calling his name.

Tobirama's mind screamed in agony as the reality of his situation hit him hard. The two months he had spent isolated in Madara's apartments suddenly felt like a faraway dream. The feeling of safety he had come to associate with the Uchiha village washed away at the realization that the Uchiha were not used to his presence. The overwhelming number of Uchiha auras around him suddenly triggered all of his alarms. His entire body tensed, his mind screaming of the danger of being right in the enemy's camp, that one wrong move would send them all after him like a pack of bloodhounds. He needed to flee. Go to a safe place. Now.

He quickly extended his range further away, ignoring the familiar presences of the Senju held in the camp. His senses focused on the familiar route to the Senju stronghold, deep into the forest. His home. Calm, peaceful... and dead. He found the place entirely razed to the ground. Not a single survivor in sight. A pang of sorrow twisted his heart. Then, he realized that the pain was but a dull ache, and a crushing sense of guilt cut off his breath. Had he already started to get over the loss? His mind had had two months to make his peace with the knowledge that his clan had been destroyed. But here, it had only been a few hours. The thought made him feel incredibly guilty. He felt like drowning.

Someone grabbed him by the shoulders. Through his closed eyes, he sensed an Uchiha right next to him. Too close. He panicked. He tried to push the man away. His chakra went haywire, and his senses picked up a growing wariness from the nearby Uchihas. He needed to run. But where to? Even if he managed to flee, he had nowhere to return to.

Nowhere? No. The image of Madara's apartments imprinted itself behind his eyelids. He remembered the quiet order of the Uchiha village, the well-oiled routine, the way Madara managed to empty his mind after a passionate night of sex. And above all, the relief of no longer needing to be in charge, to rely on Madara. He yearned to go back there. To the last familiar place he knew of. The one place where he still belonged.

Tobirama's eyes snapped open and he realized who held him. A sense of safety washed over him at the sight and he whined, desperate for comfort.

Tears rolled on his cheeks as he grew painfully aware of his shameful behaviour. A part of his mind screamed in the distance. How did he, the heir of the Senju, dare seek comfort in the arms of the man who had massacred his clan? How did he even dare be alive? But those thoughts were quickly silenced by the iron shackles Madara had put in place in his mind in the past two months, replaced by the instinctive yearning to go back to Madara's apartments.

Then, he realized how badly how deep Madara's conditioning had seeped into him. He wept at how badly he had been broken.
Madara let him cry until his tears dried out.

"What will you do of me?" Tobirama finally asked, voice still shaking from his breakdown.

Madara remained silent for a long time before returning the question, hands still clutching the Senju's shoulders. Defeated, the younger man did not offer any kind of resistance, letting himself be pinned down.

"What do you want me to do of you?"

Many answers almost made it out of Tobirama's mouth, but his exhausted, naked mind chose to bare his thoughts.

"Those two months, they have been mine and mine only." he murmured. "To you and to everyone else, it has only been a few hours. I haven't lived in the Uchiha village. I haven't interacted with Izuna on a daily basis. I haven't been by your side every day, and for all I know, you still hate me."

Tobirama's voice broke as tears fell down his face once again. He trembled in Madara's hold. "What worth am I to you?"

Madara's face did not betray his victory. He did not move, his hands still holding the Senju's shoulders firmly, as if a single movement would break the instant. It had taken him very precise efforts to bring the Senju to this state: soul bared, vulnerable, listening without any reservation.

All of his life, Tobirama had been a control freak, needing to be aware of every detail of his life. This trait had grown even more prevalent after Hashirama's disappearance. Two months in the Tsukuyomi had stripped that control out of him, layer by layer. Now that he was back to a reality in which his entire life had been destroyed, he found himself unable to regain his footing and claim this control back. Instead, he latched onto Madara as the last beacon of stability he could find, and Madara would make good use of it.

"I will only say this once Tobirama, so listen well."

"I like you. I have liked you for quite some time now. The rightness of your character, your strength as a warrior, your bloodline that makes you the strongest sensor and suiton user, your dedication to knowledge and your desire to spread it. All of that makes you desirable in my eyes. Had you been an Uchiha, I would have courted you."

"But as we stand, you were the Senju's heir. And I am the Uchiha clan head. Your clan has killed my brothers, my father, and countless members of my family. Yourself, the white demon of the Senju, ended many Uchiha lives without remorse. So there is no place for courting here. There will never be. You will be gone. Or you will be mine, and you will dedicate your life to me and to my clan. Of course, this includes the remaining Senju we have taken in. You would never have the same standing as a blood Uchiha, and I will command your complete obedience. In all things. But you can make a life for yourself and the others in our new village. Konoha."

He saw Tobirama's eyes widen at the name. Had Hashirama told him of their childhood plans? Of course he had. The fool couldn't keep his mouth shut to save his life.

"I can give you both endings. Think well Tobirama."

Madara released the Senju and watched him sink deep into his thoughts, curling into himself, his mind whirring at full speed, trying to sort out his situation through his wounded psyche.
He hated to corner him so, but his duty was to his clan first and foremost.

If Tobirama was to help the Uchiha, it had to be willingly. After all, if that brilliant mind decided to sow the seeds of rebellion in their newly built village, or sneak nasty surprises in his research, only few would be able to detect them before it would be too late. He was far too brilliant to not be a major liability.

So Madara had to ensure his loyalty above all things. Make him dependent on him. Make him choose him willingly. Drill himself into his very being until he could not even consider betraying him.

Bringing him so this point had been a tough journey, like treading on a knife's edge, and he would need to continue his efforts to ensure himself the Senju's loyalty. But he was willing to put in the effort.

And if that didn't work or if the Senju would choose death, well... Madara knew himself too mad to let Tobirama go so simply. Through the Tsukuyomi, he would still have a beautiful, obedient body in his bed.

After long minutes of silence, Madara threw a bundle of cloth in Tobirama's face. The Senju jumped, taken by surprise. He lifted the pale blue kimono and the black blindfold. A seal was woven in the dark cloth and Tobirama recognized a variation of the chakra-sealing seal. He would still be able to mold his chakra, but would not manage to call to his sensing abilities.

"Get dressed. I'm taking you somewhere."

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It took them a few minutes to reach their destination. Tobirama walked slowly, his sight and senses taken from him, he could only rely on Madara's arm around his waist to ground him. As they approached a large tent situated at the opposite side of the Uchiha camp, Tobirama's ears made out the familiar sounds of sex. Izuna was hardly a quiet man, and it seemed that his partner was even more vocal. Loud cries of pleasure reached them, accompanied by Izuna's teasing voice.

Right before Madara could announce their presence, the voices quieted and the Uchiha heir peeked out of his tent, a wide smile on his lips.
"Brother! Come in! We've been waiting for you!"

He turned to Tobirama, looking at him up and down, and then back at his brother.
"That was quick."

Madara smirked. "My mangekyou is the superior one."

Izuna pouted. "Not fair! I'm sure he was a lot more receptive to your kind of pleasure. You're always so pushy and poor Tobi has always needed to unwind. So stuck up. Mine had a nasty rebellious tendency. Of course it took longer to break him out of it."

"I just found a lovely submissive streak that begged to be brought to the surface." Madara commented, guiding Tobirama into the tent.

Izuna whistled.
"Interesting. Who would have thought that of the white demon of the Senju? The icy, strict brother actually yearns to be claimed, ravaged, and owned? Yummy."

Tobirama huffed at the words as he was manoeuvred deeper into the tent. Madara pushed him down
to his knees, and he grew aware of the radiating heat of another man right in front of him. Izuna hummed, making his way around them.

Madara plastered himself to Tobirama's back. His hands slid under the tight kimono, one teasing a nipple and the other one caressing his limp member. Tobirama found himself relax under his touch. He heard the other man's breathing suddenly hasten, his quiet pants morphing into regular whimpers. From the wet sounds, Tobirama knew that Izuna was pressing a toy into him. Memories of being subjected to the same treatment swarmed Tobirama's mind and he squirmed in Madara's hold, his body reacting in shameful ways.

Tobirama suddenly felt an irregular breath brush his jaw, and suddenly, the man's lips were on his own, warm hands cupping his face as a teasing tongue caressed his own. He tried to pull away, but Madara's chest behind him kept him there. The other man moaned into his mouth, and Tobirama soon felt himself swept away by how the skilled tongue took his. He grabbed onto Madara's wrists but couldn't bring himself to push them away.

Before long, Tobirama was whimpering in pleasure, pressed between two hard bodies, his kimono ripped from his frame. Madara's fingers were inside of him, slowly rubbing against his prostate until Tobirama lost control, drowning in the other man's kiss. Said man held his slumping body gently, calloused fingers drawing small arabesques all over his skin.

"Look at them both. Gorgeous." Madara's voice said, fingers still teasing Tobirama mercilessly.

"Indeed brother." interjected Izuna's chipper voice. "And they seem to like each other too. I say we let them enjoy each other more."

Madara let out an assentive growl and pulled Tobirama back, breaking the kiss between him and the other man. Tobirama heard the ruffle of cloth as other man lowered himself to the ground. The young Senju yelped as his hips were suddenly pulled down until he straddled... a head? At the same time, Madara's hand between his shoulder blades forced him down onto his elbows. A hard dick poked his cheek and he realized the exact position of the man under him.

Then, a hot tightness engulfed Tobirama's member. He cried out at the added stimulation, contracting around Madara's fingers. The sensation was entirely new: not once had anyone sucked him off, even in the Tsukuyomi. He moaned at the idea of a stranger's lips around his cock. The man took him entirely, sliding him into his throat effortlessly. It was so good! Tobirama shook his hips uncontrollably but was quickly immobilized by the man's strong hands that forced him up and down in a tortuously slow pace.

Madara kissed the pale shoulders, his fingers still working Tobirama open. He remembered the previous evening, how enticing Tobirama had been. His knowledge of what pleased him coupled with the prude reflexes of his untouched body were a delicacy. He recalled Tobirama's impatience as his oh-so-tight hole had taken too long to prepare, the frustration on his face after he had come earlier than expected, and the mind-blowing climax he had then led him to, riding him hard to make up for the misstep.

"Slow down, Tobirama." he said, when he saw the younger Senju struggling to move his hips. "Your new friend is desperate to come too, yet he still thinks of pleasuring you. Don't you want to return the favor?"

Tobirama panted, feeling the man's hard cock below him rub against his cheek. His tongue darted out, licking the precum that was oozing from the tip. Then, he swallowed the throbbing member. The man let out a long moan that reverberated through Tobirama's cock, sending more sparks of pleasure into him. Tobirama gathered himself and fought for a moment before he could fit all of the sizeable
member into his throat. Once done, he started to move up and down. He recalled Madara's lessons, and tried to apply them to satisfy the other man.

Heat coiled into Tobirama's loins, pleasure gathering at the base of his spine at every thrust of Madara's fingers to his prostate, at every lick on his shaft. The man under him seemed intent on making him climax, and there was nothing Tobirama could do. He came, his inexperienced body overwhelmed by pleasure. Without a warning, he came deep into the welcoming throat, and the man coughed at the unannounced load. Yet he still took him deeper and milked him dry.

Tobirama's climax brought the other man over the edge. The hard cock thrusted into his throat, releasing long bursts of cum. Tobirama moaned around the leaking hardness, doing his best to swallow the bitter semen.

As soon as Madara's fingers left him with a soft squelch, Tobirama collapsed on top of the other man. The hard body under him moved and Tobirama let himself be manhandled until he was sitting up between the man's legs, his side pressed against a wide chest. Strong arms closed around him, caressing his sensitive body with a rare tenderness, and his mouth was once again taken in a soft, loving kiss that contrasted with the earlier hunger.

Tobirama squirmed uncomfortably in the man's hold, the odd gentleness of his gestures and Madara's missing touch unsettling his nerves.

The man did not let go. Instead, his chest rumbled in a deep laugh, and Tobirama froze at the sound, finding it strangely familiar. But with his distorted senses, he could not tell for sure.

Then, his blindfold was lifted and he found himself staring into familiar chestnut eyes.

"Hello, little brother."
"I am happy to see you, Tobi." Hashirama's warm voice said, and Tobirama melted into his brother's embrace. Tears welled in his eyes once again.

"I thought you lost brother. We all did." he held on to Hashirama, not letting him go.

Hashirama rocked him in his arms, as he had done countless times when they had been little boys. "I'm not going anywhere Tobi. I have been here all along, and I'll stay here."

Tobirama's head shot up. He himself had only been held for less than a day, and he already felt like his world was crumbling beneath his feet and reforming itself outside of his control. Hashirama had disappeared a month ago. What had happened to his brother in this time?

"What have they done to you?" he whispered, horrified.

Hashirama gave him one of his trademark grins. "Don't worry Tobi. Izuna has treated me well. As I am sure Madara does you."

Before Tobirama could answer, Izuna's form appeared behind Hashirama. An arm thrown around the tanned shoulders, the younger Uchiha tilted the elder Senju's head to the side. Tobirama watched them lock lips, taken aback by the gentleness and tenderness of both men's actions. He recognized Hashirama's expression as one of love, that love that his brother had too much of. And if he didn't know Izuna well enough to read the look on his face, he could tell just by the intensity of his gaze how passionate he was.

Their kiss was incredibly intimate, and Tobirama averted his eyes, blushing. He caught Madara staring at him, just outside of arm's reach, and shuddered when he saw him sporting the same expression as Izuna's.

"Izuna, I am trying to talk to my brother." Hashirama chastized the man, once they broke away, panting for breath.

The young Uchiha reported his attention to Tobirama. He hoisted himself up, propping his elbows on Hashirama's shoulders and resting his chin on the crown of his head. "Relax Tobi" he said, with a vulpine smile. "I wouldn't hurt Hashirama willingly. As long as he doesn't disobey me of course."
"And Izuna has not asked anything of me that I wasn't ready to give," Hashirama completed.

A chilling suspicion crept along Tobirama's spine. "Our clan..." he started.

Izuna tutted, like he would do a disobedient child.
"Hashi has told us nothing of the weaknesses of the Senju. Nothing about the locations of their strongholds. Nothing of the abilities of the clan members. Nothing about your secret jutsus. Even nothing of how to catch you Tobi. I wouldn't ask that of him. Of course I wouldn't."

Hashirama's hand came up to squeeze Izuna's in a grateful gesture. The Uchiha smiled fondly in return and continued.
"And I am sure that Madara has not done any of that to you yesterday, right? He had an entire evening with you. He could have forced you into immense pain, tortured the information out of your battered body and tattered mind, but he hasn't, has he? In fact, has he even asked?"

"Of course I wouldn't." Madara repeated Izuna's words as he draped himself over Tobirama's back, hugging him close. Tobirama struggled a bit but he gradually relaxed in Madara's gentle hold, his instincts finding the familiar touch safe and grounding.

"I am sorry you had to go through that Tobi." Hashirama's face scrunched in guilt. His hold on Tobirama tightened. Madara moved to allow both men to settle between his legs, Izuna shifting to Hashirama's side. "I couldn't do anything. I tried to escape at first, but despite my best attempts, I always ended up back here. After a while, I realized that I wasn't going to get out of here, so I decided to make the most of it. To prepare for the worst, lessen the blow for the clan should you... should our clan..."

Tobirama felt Hashirama's arms tense around him. He suddenly realized that his brother's sacrifice was the reason why he had detected so many Senju in the camp earlier. So many more than in the Tsukuyomi. "I'm sorry brother." he said, his voice breaking at every word. "You did so much for the clan. I should have..."

"No Tobi." Hashirama cut him off. "It is I who am sorry. I failed you. I failed the clan. When I heard you were taken, I was so scared that you would be... And this morning... the clan..."

Hot tears fell on Tobirama's shoulder, and his heart twisted in pain. He knew how hard this was to Hashirama, how dear the clan had been to his overly-emotional brother. He held Hashirama tight in his arms, mindful of Izuna who was doing the same on the other side. Madara's arm closed around his waist, and he realized that he, too, had been crying.

Once his sobs subsided, Hashirama pulled away from Tobirama, just a little bit. He placed their foreheads against each other, like they used to do as children. "The Senjus are gone. There was nothing I could do. I grieve for them, and I'll grieve for them every remaining day of my life. But there is much that can still be done. The children are safe, Tobirama. And many others too. Izuna showed me. Madara is going to build Konoha. We can make them a place in the village. We can be a part of it. The end of the shinobi wars. No more tragedies like our own."

Tobirama looked into his brother's determined eyes. Among the tears and sorrow, he found his familiar optimism shining through like a warm sun, and the excitement of seeing his childhood dream realized. He felt himself cave before his brother's brightness, as he had done every day of his life. He reached out to him, catching his hand.
"Tell me brother. What would you have me do? You know I'll obey anything you say."
Hashirama gave him a warm smile and shook his head. He pulled back, and pressed Tobirama's hand into Madara's outstretched one.
"No Tobirama. Not me."

Crimson eyes looked up at the onyx ones with apprehension. Madara's face was an unreadable mask, cold as the moon in the night sky, and Tobirama recalled their conversation earlier. 'I will command your complete obedience. In all things.' he had said.

A small part of him bucked at the statement, but his situation dawned on him once more. He shivered, realizing that in Madara's arms, he was naked in more ways than one. What had Madara not taken from him yet? His body had been claimed, and at this point, he didn't care much for it. His clan was gone, but its remnants still persisted, a hope for the future. He could feel the small auras of the children cuddled together not too far away. He had believed his brother gone, but he was now reunited with him.

The only thing that remained was his freedom. The one that had been stripped away from him, and that Madara willed shackled and deformed, until he could no longer go against him.

Since his venture into the Tsukuyomi, Tobirama had been unable to feel the anger nor the burning resentment he knew he should have been feeling for Madara. Instead, there was this insistent need for belonging, just like he had felt back in that twisted dream. He wanted to belong with his brother, with Madara.

He once again realized how deep the Uchiha's claws bore into his mind, but for once, Tobirama didn't feel like resisting. The future his brother had spoken of did not seem so bad after all. He thought of Hashirama's words, of his brother's dream finally in reach, even in a form he had never wished for.

He thought of a village in which the Senju children could grow up without being sent into battle. Where he could put down his weapons at night and research his jutsu during the day. Take in a few students to show them his creations and teach them all he knew. He found Madara's presence in those dreams not too far fetched—comforting even, fighting side by side on missions, watching over him when he trained his kids, testing his creations with him, sleeping by his side at night...

The only thing Tobirama feared was rejection, being thrown away once he had outlived his usefulness. He remembered Madara saying 'I have liked you for quite some time now.'; and wondered how much he could trust those words.

Tobirama looked at his brother nestled in Izuna's arms, their hands joined, exchanging knowing looks he was not privy to. Looking more in tune with each other than his own father had ever been with his mother. Because he trusted him to not push him too far.

Could he trust Madara as much as Hashirama trusted Izuna?

Tobirama recalled all of the gentle gestures Madara had had for him, all of the reassuring words, the sheer fact that his body wasn't broken and his mind wasn't irrevocably lost. And the confession he had heard that morning. 'I have liked you for quite some time now.'

He decided to take a leap of faith.
He let go.

'I will command your complete obedience. In all things,' Madara had said. Tobirama's body relaxed in Madara's hold. He opened his eyes and planted his gaze into the dark orbs. "I will obey you. In all things, Madara."

Madara's eyes softened at the use of his name. His name and not the 'master' Tobirama had been calling him on the previous evening. He released a breath he hadn't known he was holding, and tightened his hold over Tobirama's waist. His lips hovered over the pale ones, and the Senju crossed the last millimeters to make contact.

Madara hushed the elation that threatened to take over his reason, focusing on Tobirama instead. He pushed into the warm mouth, taking it into a long, sensual kiss. He jumped when Tobirama's tongue pushed back into his mouth, teasing his palate, taking control like he had never done, even in the Tsukuyomi. Madara opened his eyes to find anxious rubies watching him, testing the waters. He chuckled and nudged the sweet tongue into a mock battle that Tobirama entered enthusiastically.

Next to them, Hashirama and Izuna shared their own passionate kiss.

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Tobirama and Izuna held onto each other for dear life. Foreheads pressed together in an attempt to ground themselves, their hands clawed at each other, and their chests were pressed against each other every time Madara and Hashirama thrust into them. Tobirama gasped, trying to catch his breath as Madara pushed into him in slow, measured movements, waiting for him to accustom to his girth. Hashirama, on the other hand, plunged into Izuna's already stretched hole in a quick, practised pace.

Both men went straight for their partners' prostates, and the younger brothers could only moan in pleasure as they were taken. Tobirama caught Izuna's hazed eyes. The Uchiha gave him a lazy smile before pulling him in for a kiss.

"So beautiful." Hashirama said, breath hitched, as if he was about to come.

Izuna's voice answered him between his moans. "Isn't he? Dear Tobi is being such a good boy. How about you show him your appreciation, Hashi?"

With Madara's assent, the four men immediately separated. Tobirama yelped as he was yanked out of Izuna's grip, Madara pulling out of him carefully while Izuna moved behind Hashirama. Before Tobirama could gather himself, Hashirama formed a seal with his fingers and the younger Senju was suddenly pulled off of the ground. Under the influence of Hashirama's mokuton, large vines coiled around Tobirama's chest, waist, and thighs, holding him up and exposed to the other three men.

"Hashi, tilt him back a little bit more. And spread his legs wider." Izuna smiled, and the vines obeyed, manipulating Tobirama to mirror Hashirama's position in Izuna's hold. Tobirama knew the power behind his brother's wood release. Feeling the vines slither along his skin, knowing they could easily break him in two, made him shudder in both fear and pleasure.

"Hashi, tilt him back a little bit more. And spread his legs wider." Izuna smiled, and the vines obeyed, manipulating Tobirama to mirror Hashirama's position in Izuna's hold. Tobirama knew the power behind his brother's wood release. Feeling the vines slither along his skin, knowing they could easily break him in two, made him shudder in both fear and pleasure.

Izuna's fingers pressed into Hashirama's puckered hole and twisted inside, making the man squirm in pleasure. After a moment, they seemed to find what he was looking for, and pulled. A small ring peeked out of Hashirama's hole. Tobirama's eyes widened when he recognized Izuna's anal beads.
Had the entire thing been inside of his brother the entire time?

Tobirama was not given any time to ponder. A vine pressed into him, sliding in easily, his channel still loose from Madara's passage. But then, the vine uncoiled inside him. Tobirama gasped, realizing that it was not a single, large vine, but dozens of small ones that started to curl and twist, slithering against each other. He cried when they dragged along his walls, gasping when they brushed his prostate. Finally, the tendril settled in the familiar shape of Izuna's anal beads, identical as those that filled his brother. Tobirama saw Izuna massage Hashirama's belly, and the vines in him shifted along, a vegetal bead crushing into his prostate. His toes curled in pleasure.

Izuna patted Hashirama's head, a content smile on his lips. "Very good Hashi. You're getting better at it."
When he pulled all of the beads out, both brothers cried in unison.

Hashirama barely took a moment of rest before he crawled up into Izuna's lap, back to him, his legs spread on either side of the Uchiha's thighs, and his eyes fixed on his younger brother. He lowered himself on the thick cock and heard Tobirama moan as an equally thick vine penetrated him. Izuna's mouth closed at the junction of Hashirama's neck and shoulder, his fingers coming around to tease his hips, and he arched, making the throbbing erection slide deeper into him.

Once Hashirama was fully sheathed, Izuna nudged him up before letting him lower himself down on his cock. Mirroring the ample movements, Tobirama's hole was repeatedly assaulted by the large vine within him. The sight of his brother lost in pleasure, impaling himself on the Uchiha's member only made him moan harder. He closed his eyes in pleasure, feeling the rough surface of the vine rake his insides.

But then, a second vine pressed against his hole and his eyes snapped open. Madara had knelt down in front of Hashirama and was holding the man against his chest, lowering him on both Uchihas' cocks.

Hashirama forced himself to relax. He howled as Madara's thick glans slowly stretched him to his limits. In the corner of his eyes, his attention was caught by the writhing body of Tobirama who struggled against the vines, his face scrunched in discomfort.

"Don't go in at once." Madara ordered, as he kept pushing Hashirama down on his and Izuna's shafts. "He is still not used to it, too tight."

Hashirama nodded. The vines around Tobirama started to move, the one already inside resuming its thrusts while the other retreated. A smaller tendril slithered alongside the first one, rubbing right against Tobirama's prostate. It was soon joined by a second one, and another one.

As more and more small tendrils pushed into Tobirama, stretching him gradually open, Hashirama finished lowering himself on the Uchihas' cocks. He made to move, but Izuna's hands on his hips prevented him from doing so.

"Wait for your brother, Hashi. Dear Tobi needs you. In the meantime, tell me what you see. Isn't he pretty?"
The younger Uchiha's hands moved up Hashirama's body, teasing his weak spots.

Hashirama's voice strained, fighting the need to move and seek his pleasure. "Tobi... he... he is taking it so well. The vines are so big, but Tobi takes them all. He is beautiful... Always was. His skin is flushed... Pretty... His lips are cute. They sucked me perfectly earlier... His moans are so sweet... He's got four little ones in him right now... They're going deep. He likes that... Oh! He is so tight! A fifth now... He's going to be so full..."
Tobirama blushed when he heard such lewd words coming out of his brother's mouth. He couldn't help but preen at the praise, a rare treat he had been striving for throughout his entire childhood. He shuddered and welcomed two more tendrils in him.

"Good, good Hashi. What about Tobi's nipples?" Izuna grabbed Hashirama's pecs and fondled them mercilessly. The Senju gasped.

"Tobi's nipples... They look really hard... so tight..." At his brother's words, Tobirama moaned. His hands, which were holding onto some vines, moved to his chest, and he started rolling the small buds under his fingers. As no one took any steps to prevent the action, he pulled at them and twisted them, squirming into the hold of the vines under the onslaught of sensations. His hips shook, but Hashirama made the vines accompany his movements, so that he did not hurt himself.

"His dick..." Hashirama continued without being prompted. "It's so cute, like him... The way it pulses... It must be really hard..."

Tobirama's hands moved south, reaching out for his aching member. But with a sharp order from Madara, a vine coiled around his wrists before he could touch himself. They were brought above his head, and Tobirama could do nothing to ease his longing.

Suddenly, Izuna's hands tightened on Hashirama's waist. He pulled him up and then down in a quick movement, impaling him on both his and his brother's cock. Madara hissed at the sudden move. Hashirama howled. His head fell back and he was left trembling between the two brothers. He fought to regain his breath, and as soon as he did, his fiery eyes fell back on Tobirama, focused on his mission.

Immediately, the small tendrils subsided and the large vine returned, pushing at Tobirama's entrance alongside the one that was still taking him. It slid in in a single thrust, cutting the younger Senju's breath and making him feel overly full. The vines moved together, pushing in and out at the same time as Hashirama was manhandled up and down. A sharp twist to Tobirama's nipples made him gasp, and he looked down to see two vines latching onto them, sucking frantically.

This was too much for the younger Senju. He desperately called out to Madara and Hashirama, not knowing what for.

"You love your brother, don't you Hashi?" Izuna teased, his arms straining in the effort of holding Hashirama's body steady enough to pound into him.

The Senju wiggled in his grip. "Ahh! Yes yeees... Please! Aaah! I need..."

"Shh... calm down. Look at poor Tobi. He wants you so bad. Don't you want to take care of him?"

Hashirama nodded frantically, unable to think of anything further than the girths that crushed his prostate, and the vision of his little brother taken by his vines, begging to come, just like he did.

"Bring him here." Madara's commanding voice rang. He lied down on the ground, dick still planted deep into Hashirama. No longer supported by Madara, the elder Senju cried harder as his weight was shifted onto the two cocks in him, forcing them deeper into him. His back arched into Izuna's chest, just as the younger Uchiha reaffirmed his hold in his hips, grinding against his prostate.

Under Madara's instructions, Tobirama was manoeuvred above him, horizontally suspended by the vines, back turned towards Hashirama. Madara watched the writhing form of Tobirama suspended in the air, the change in position making him lose his means as the vines continuously shifted in him. He reached up and pulled Tobirama into a long kiss, crushing the pale chest down onto his and making him squirm when the vines on his nipples twisted harder at the contact.
Meanwhile, Izuna had found Hashirama's dick and was stroking it, eliciting more cries from the elder Senju. His other hand closed around one of the two vines that kept pumping into Tobirama's raised ass, and he yanked hard. The younger Senju howled, his spine curling in a delicate arch. Izuna guided Hashirama's cock towards his little brother's entrance.

"Pull him towards you." he ordered.

Tobirama's body was slowly impaled onto Hashirama's shaft. His eyes widened at the knowledge that his brother's cock was penetrating him. The brother he admired and loved was taking him, fucking him. Madara followed the movement, swallowing the Senju's frantic cries as Hashirama slowly slid into him alongside the vine.

"So good little brother." Hashirama moaned, once he was completely in, his entire body trembling in want. "So tight for me."

Tobirama keened into Madara's hold. "Brother... brother... so big... So full..."

Madara was the first to move. His hips rolled up into Hashirama, bringing Izuna's cock along for the ride. The Senju cried out as his prostate was stimulated again. The vines moved, pulling Tobirama away and then back onto Hashirama's cock. Under him, Madara continued teasing Tobirama with his hands. He looked up, seeing the two brothers' faces contorted in pleasure, delighted at the pleas that fell out of their lips.

"Plug him up, little brother." he said, voice full of lust.

Izuna shoved the vine he was still holding into Hashirama's mouth. The elder Senju started sucking on it, hardening even more as his own vine pushed deep into his throat.

The four bodies moved together in a flurry of limbs. Izuna had a vice grip on Hashirama's hips, imposing a quick, punishing rhythm on the poor man as he took both Uchihas deep inside. The vines moved, bringing Tobirama's hips harder onto his brother's hardness, in sync with the vine twisting madly inside him. The two Senjus cried continuously, Hashirama's howls muffled around his vine while Madara's mouth devoured Tobirama's screams.

Four vines latched onto the Senjus' nipples, sucking on them so hard they would leave marks. Tobirama cried himself hoarse. He felt so good, all of his holes plugged, his entire body stimulated mercilessly, unable to move in Madara's hold as his mouth was ravaged by a domineering tongue and his hole was powerlessly slammed onto his brother's rod, used like a mere cocksleeve. When one more vine engulfed Tobirama's dick, the younger man came hard.

Tobirama's entire body tensed, mouth opened in a silent scream. He convulsed, the strength of his orgasm making him black out. His hole squeezed Hashirama to his climax. He spilled deep inside his baby brother, the thought making him thrust harder through his release. In turn, his spasms brought the Uchihas over the edge. Both rammed inside in one last thrust, filling Hashirama to the brim with their burning cum.

"Aren't they beautiful?" Izuna asked, basking in the afterglow of the most mind blowing orgasm he had had in the past weeks. He was flush against Hashirama's back, both men lying on the floor after the Uchihas had managed to pry the Senjus off of the vines, Hashirama too out of it to help. On the other side of the Senjus, Madara gave a non-committal sound and continued to play with the hair of an equally dazed Tobirama.
Between the Uchihas, the two Senjus were oblivious to their surroundings, muttering small nothings into the silence. They laid facing each other, their breaths mingling, spooned by their respective partners. Hashirama held Tobirama's hand tight in his own, whispering small words of love and happiness, a large grin traversing his face.

Emotionally exhausted, Tobirama let himself be lulled by the peaceful chakra of his brother that contrasted with Madara's strong, steady presence in his back. His mind wandered off into the camp, automatically cataloguing what needed to be done next.

He forced himself to ignore the thought of plundering through the vanquished's possessions, jutsu, and archives to add to the victor's assets, the idea hitting too close to his wounds for now. Instead, his mind focused on reconstruction. There was replenishing supplies, publicizing the victory, setting up new trade agreements, and a multitude of other things he could see were needed. His tired mind forgot to filter his thoughts, letting a few words out here and there. Madara chuckled and gave his waist a possessive squeeze.

"Don't overthink it, Tobirama. In the beginning, you will need to lay low. Once you have gained the clan's confidence, we will put you to better use."

Tobirama nodded. With this certainty, his eager mind started making plans for garnering this confidence and make himself useful to Madara. The Uchiha watched him think with fondness.

As the Senjus dozed off, Madara and Izuna exchanged a satisfied smile. They had what they wanted. Finally. Tomorrow, they would return to their clan, with two fully tamed Senjus. The Uchihas quickly fell asleep, their prizes held tight in their arms.

Chapter End Notes

The End.

I would like to acknowledge all of the readers and reviewers of this story.

Thanks to all of those who have left a nice review, and who have been following the story (sometimes from the very start): Kuroteishi, Lilili_cat, rosadina, mangacrack, byakuyasama, senroh, Iskanlofen, Tengu, Lulubelle01. It is heartwarming to see such a supportive community.

Thanks to the reviewers who have spent time discussing hypotheses and finding issues in the chapters: Sae, Soline, ckleo, kitsunesongs, Miray, Alasse_m, VWebb, the17thmuse, drelfina. All along the story, I have tried to take your points into account to shape the next chapters and fix minor problems in the previous chapters. Your feedback was very welcomed and much appreciated.

Special thanks to Dhar_Sii and chimericColoratura, who have written an entire fic in the comments of chapter 10! It is an honor to see that my fic could inspire such well-written works. If you read this, and if you ever publish your fic somewhere, please let me know. I would be very happy to read it in full!

And of course, many thanks to Leanne for her two great illustrations of chapter 1 and chapter 3, and for allowing me to publish them here.
Chapter Summary

This chapter indexes the comment fic written by Dhar_Sii, chimericColoratura, and jkbat in the comments of chapter 10, and takes over after the events of that chapter. A dark fic in which Izuna sells Tobirama away and regrets it dearly.

Chapter Notes

The comment fics are getting a lot more awesome than I thought, so I took the liberty to index the different comments for the readers' convenience. There will be one chapter per comment fic, and an extra-chapter for "comment drabbles". I'll be updating those chapters from time to time to include new comments.

Thanks to Dhar_Sii, chimericColoratura, and jkbat for authoring this comment fic! If you don't want one of several of your comments to be indexed, feel free to let me know and I'll take them down. And on the other hand, if I have missed a comment, please let me know and I'll add it in.

New chapters:

- Chapter 22 by chimericColoratura

Chapter 1 ↓

by Dhar_Sii

That's just it, Madara would probably take forever to really get it through his thick skull what it is he really wants, and he'll first try to convince himself he can just...order Tobirama to act the way he used to and everything will be right in the world. Except that's not how real life works. In the end it's still just an ACT and no matter what Madara does he KNOWS it's an act.

And he can't tell Tobirama to just stop obeying him because if he does that. Well. An apt comparison would be like how with some domesticated sheep, if not herded by a shepherd or whatever leads a flock in nature (a ram?) to a new field, or frightened off by a predator, will simply exhaust all the edibles in their current field and then instead of moving on to the next, just stand there and slowly starve to death.

If Madara doesn't give Tobi orders the senju just kind of sits there like a doll (but isn't that what he wanted) not moving, not eating, or drinking, just kind of waiting. Until Madara orders him to do
something out of sheer desperation. Because he doesn't want the senju to DIE.

And of course Izuna catches on, but he's no help. Completely unsympathetic. He just tells Madara that it's obviously time to replace the Albino. He's little more than an object, why is his aniki getting so worked up over it?

Except Madara doesn't want to replace the senju, doesn't want to just gift him out, or sell him off, or...or euthanize him. He WANTS HIM. He's always wanted him, and he finally thought he had him but NO. He doesn't. He has a body. A shell.

He didn't break Tobirama. Not really. Not in the way that the man was totally empty. He can still understand. Can still hold a conversation. Could still reason logically, even if he couldn't (wouldn't) act for himself.

But really it's like the difference between a pampered purebred or a beaten mutt. In the end both Animals are tamed to heel. In the end Tobirama isn't a self sufficient person anymore. He is as dependent as any animal raised to hand.

Even if Madara set him free, returned his independence to him, Tobirama could no longer function as anything more than a trained bird. Pretty, and soft to the touch, but completely non self sufficient. He would most likely die or be taken in by someone who would not treat him kindly as Madara had (but was it really kindness? Was training and conditioning a man through forced pleasure any better than shattering him with pain and fear?).

Madara will end up Obsessing over it. Will convince himself that Tobirama is still there, that all he has to do is bring him back. Let him know he doesn't have to be just a pet anymore.

And Izuna will see how his Aniki frets and focuses so completely on some pretty little war trophy, and he knows that his elder brother is deluding himself. Because the senju has been gone for going on six years now, and not even Madara's attempts with the mangekyo will do anything.

You can't bring back what isn't there, Izuna doubts Tobirama even remembers a time before he was the Uchiha heads whore anymore. And the fact his brother is agonizing over some overused bed slave is not acceptable. Izuna will just have to remove the problem.

He'll wait for aniki to go off for a while and sell the senju for a pretty penny on the slave markets. Even as used as he is by now the Albino is sure to be worth a handsome sum with his training and looks. Madara will get over it, his brother always was so overdramatic.

Like when their mothers old cat died. It was upsetting sure, but in the end it was just an animal (It's name was Yoshi and Madara remembered it liked the sunbeam from the east facing window in their fathers former study, it had a kink in its tail where a shogi door accidentally slammed it, and that one of its eyes had three queer little blue dots in a half circle right above its pupil.) Madara was happy enough when their mother gifted him a new kitten not even a month later (It was more Izuna's cat really even if Madara was fond of it). Yes. Izuna thought, he'll get over it and understand it was for the best.

(Oh if only he knew)
Chapter 2 ▼

by Dhar_Sii

(Thanks! And your welcome, glad you enjoy it. Can't seem to help myself)

Oh he regrets it alright. It knows at his insides, and scratches at his brain, and his eyes
burnburnBurnBuRnBURN with it.

And then he gets home one day, and he brought back something from his mission. A familiar object,
he can't believe his luck, can't believe he stumbled across it at some run down merchants stall in rai
no kuni of all places.

Tobirama's original happuri. It was lost in the final battle and Madara had of course not cared at the
time. Had just had a new nicer one made (flimsy and useless, no more than a pretty piece of
decoration) to use in their little scenes. But this, this was Tobirama's real one, nicked and scratched in
a few places, but with the senju crest proudly displayed and etched deep in the metal (not a faint
etching with the Uchiha fan hidden inside the brow), made from valuable steel (not silver softer and
more breakable).

Distant memories, Hashirama telling him how it had been a gift, from Itama and Kawarama (the last
one either had given) for Tobirama's birthday (they weren't supposed to celebrate but the two
youngest wanted to repay Tobi for arranging their own secret celebrations, even if he wouldn't allow
them to do much more than this). Surely, surely this would give some results.

But when he returns home Tobirama is not there. He can't find him anywhere in the compound. He
becomes frantic, near mad, in his search. Until Izuna finally decided to put a stop to it.

"You what?" Madara would whisper disbelieving.

"Sold him of course. Honestly Aniki you get so unnecessarily worked up. I got a little over four
thousand for him to. An amazing price for used goods. We can get you a new toy if you want.
There's plenty of places to purchase a new whore."

The silk wrapped happuri fell from numb fingers to the floor of the head house (dark blue with
delicately stitched waves and colorful koi).

"You sold him..." barely a whisper.

Izuna had the sheer nerve to roll his eyes, as if MADARA was the one in the wrong. "Of course.
Clearly you were deluding yourself into thinking he was actually worth more than the price of his
body. He was a slave brother. YOUR BED SLAVE. His only worth was in how much he could
please you. He was obviously no longer fulfilling his duties as is proper so his only worth then was
in the coin we could get from selling him. Like a vase one no longer finds pleasing to the eye."

Izuna did not notice Madara getting redder and redder. Did not see the mad fury etched across his
elder siblings face, hidden in the shadows of his hair.

When a slap rang out however, and Izuna laid shocked and blinking black spots from his eyes, well
he noticed then. And he noticed the exquisitely wrapped silk gift lying forgotten on the floor where
his brother had dropped it. And his eyes widened.

His aniki had never raised a hand against him once. Never. Yet his cheek burned like their famed
katon and his neck ached, and he was still sprawled on the floor, utterly stunned as his brother near frothed at the mouth in his rage.

"WHERE IS HE!"

The Uchiha clan winced as they hid inside their homes. The sound of the Clan head and his heir arguing rung out like the crack of lightning, and the rumble of thunder right over head.

"Effin hell aniki, I don't know! I sold to some shitty caravan that was staying the night in the town nearby! It's long gone by now, get a grip! All this over some senju slut only good for spreading his legs!" The sound of breaking furniture had many wincing.

"DON'T YOU DARE CALL HIM THAT!"

"WHY THE F NOT!!? YOU called him as much up until a few months ago in case you forgot! I don't know what's come over you! I thought you would get over that misguided crush after you fucked the bitch loose! In case you have forgotten HE'S A SENJU! He good as killed our brothers! Killed countless of our clan, his Dumbass brother MURDERED our father!"

(His brothers were killed by a stupid stupid war, his father fell to his pride more than Hashirama's ill aim after Batsuma senju was killed in the same battle, they had been at war and all Tobirama did was fight to survive. He was as swift and merciful as possible in his kills. Never dragging it out, never causing unnecessary pain. Never killing unless he had to.)

Madara snarled, the sound wild and dangerous as he slammed Izuna against the wall by his throat Mangekyo whirling. "SHUTUPSHUTUPSHUTUP!

Izuna would scrabble at his brothers hand, not strangling, not yet, but definitely dangerous. What was wrong with him? Izuna was almost tempted to blame his former rival but that was impossible. Tobirama couldn't even breathe if he was ordered not to.

"You are going to find him. I don't care how long it takes Izuna, you WILL find him and you WILL report to me IMMEDIATELY so I can retrieve him. Until then, consider yourself as good as BANISHED until you return to me what you STOLE!" AM I UNDERSTOOD!"

And now? Now Izuna was frightened, now he was finally unsure if he had really made the right decision. Because if this was just some shallow infatuation...His precious older brother would not threaten such a thing. Madara loved him. Izuna knew he did. For the longest time they were all the other had, and if he was well and truly banished, if his brother truly abandoned him over this...He would have nothing.

It was the river all over again but so much worse because for the first time in his life, Izuna wasn't sure Madara would choose him first. "Until you return, Hikaku will be my heir. For you to betray me," Izuna flinched, eyes watering at the accusation, "for you to go behind my back in such a grievous way OTUOTO! I am unsure if I can EVER truly forgive you."
And with that, Madara dropped him, tears running down his face, cheek bruised, among the wreck of their living room Izuna trembled among the broken furniture. And for the first time in his life, his aniki did not rush to comfort him as he cried.

Chapter 4 ↓

by Dhar_Sii

Two and a half years. That is how long it took him to track the senju down. A full two and a half years, without his home. Without his clan. Without, his brother.

Izuna shivered at the memory of his temporary banishment. Of being cast out by his own elder sibling. The others of the clan they, they wouldn't even look at him. The terror in the air was choking, the feel of his brothers volcanic anger suffocating, and he wasn't even a sensor. The gates of the Uchiha compound, once a comfort and assurance of safety and protection, barred against him. They blamed him, for his brothers madness. Blamed him for not seeing the difference between infatuation, as with the the dead Hashirama, and the budding beginning of an Uchiha's love. They blamed him for whispering poison in his brothers ear in a possessive effort to keep Madara's heart to himself. Blamed him for his brother destroying the one who could have helped shelter his brothers heart and mind from the madness within their blood.

As if it was so easy for them to brush aside their own once vehement arguments against the senju. As if many hadn't so long ago APPROVED of the Senju Oni's treatment. As if the elders hadn't talked of BREEDING attempts to secure the Senju Mokuton for themselves, after all his brother had manifested it. As if Izuna had been the only one speaking poison against their ancestral enemy.

Sometimes, alone in the dark, unsure, unable to truly rest or relax, as he lay cold in his bedroll. Sometimes he imagined things had happened differently. Sometimes he imagined that his brother had the Tobirama Senju that wasn't broken in as this one was. Sometimes even, maybe on a particularly bad day when the accusatory voices in his head made it impossible to think, that they had the peace his brother had once dreamed of.

But Izuna had never been one to linger overlong in the past (it hurt to much, it hurt and he had no one and nothing other than the hope, the possibility, of finding Tobirama so his brother would take him back).

He had spent a month scouting and investing the grandiose building located in the RedLight district of kumo no kuni' capital. A brothel, and a very well to do one. This was the final destination the last senju brother arrived at.

Izuna had spent a two and a half years searching. He had almost tasted victory only to find he was tolatetolatetolate! Madara had destroyed every place and person Izuna had reported of possessing the albino at one point or another. Had collected the spawn that had been bred from him, if he had to rip the babes from the arms of their mothers corpses. (They didn't deserve them. Aniki claimed, didn't
deserve to have anything of Tobirama's) the stories of his brothers madness grew ever more monstrous. Ever more terrifying, even, even to him.)

Izuna slipped past the wards and security, snuck through mostly quite halls (not many indulged in such things so early in the day but those with the wealth, and the time...) searching. He was here. He knew he was here. (Please Amaterasu-sama LET HIM BE HERE)

Until he finally, finally found it. The right door, the name plate on it solid gold and fanciful looking, as if it made its purpose on the door any less telling.

"Tobiraama-white Lotus of the Peaches Nectar" is what it read.

The were loud noises coming from the room. Whimpers and cries, actual sobs, and moans trembling and forced yet still so sweet and succulent and intoxicating to the ear. (Once he reveled in such sounds from his former rival. Now, now they just made him sick.)

All accompanied by the sound of flesh on flesh, the rattle of chains, and deep gluttonous groans. (Is that what he had sounded like? What Madara had sounded like? When they had plundered the senju's body, when they had gorged on his flesh, and on his pleasure, on his submission?)

Izuna tightened his grip on his sword as he picked apart the wards on the door to prevent things like escape, unwanted visitors, and a variety of other such things. So close, just a little more and he's have him. So so close, almost......

Chapter 5 ↓

by Dhar_Sii

(I do like when Tobirama triumphs in the end, but unfortunately I want Madara to really suffer, and in a twisted sort of way Tobi has found peace of sorts. The thinking Madara trained into him essentially twisted him into an eager to please dog.

So yeah, like Madara said, he can understand and reason and all that. But Tobirama's higher thinking, the kind of thing like being able to imagine better circumstances, a person's ability to make moral and ethical decisions, to think ahead beyond immediate consequences, and to under stand complex problems and complex solutions, ext.... that's all gone.

Fun fact, memories decay. Much like muscles. And it's been so long since Tobirama has ever NEEDED or even BEEN ALLOWED to act as anything more than a pampered pet, that his mind, even when still under Madara's care, atrophied,and withered. (Which is also why he no longer researches or experiments like he used to.)

He is literally incapable of thinking beyond "I did good, I get pettedz" "I did bad, I get hurtz". After all thinking and reasoning beyond the basics, no matter intelligence, are things we have to learn from a very young age. It stands to reason then what it can all be forgotten. The fact is, even if they do Manage to heal Tobirama's mind enough that he is capable of being a functional member of society, the Tobirama that they knew, the one Madara fell in love with before he even knew, is well and truly dead. In spirit if not in body. And whoever Tobi becomes after, he will never be the person he was
BEFORE, never be even remotely similar beyond his intelligence and looks.)

Finally Izuna got the last failsafe undone and he nearly sobbed in relief. He choked down his relief for until after he had well and truly succeeded however as he threw open the door and stormed into the room with a vengeance Sharigan whirling. When his eyes took in the scene before him though. He almost wished he hadn't.

Tobirama was thin, most likely starved to appear more "slim" and "delicate" and "beautiful", his white hair grown out and splayed across the sheets, sweaty and matted with bodily fluids, his wrists and ankles were chained to the four posts of the rather decadent bed, and his body was covered in a myriad of cuts and bruises. Two of them the very prominent impression of two hands around his slim throat. The man atop him was dragging a knife down the side of Tobirama's ribs, while his fingers on his other hand dug into a smaller but deeper slash at the male's hip. The man had a sick, filthy grin on his face, sweaty and somewhat overweight as he panted and licked at salty tears on the Senju's face and ordered him to "keep begging, you like it don't you, go on beg for it!"

Izuna decapitated him before he even knew the Uchiha was there, cursing when the corpse collapsed on top of Tobirama, still buried within him, and now bleeding all over pale skin. Izuna wrenched the body out and off of the senju to thump to the floor like a sack of rotten potatoes.

Tobirama....didn't even react beyond tilting his head at Izuna, and whimpering softly. Izuna on the other hand....He had no idea what to do, what to say. So instead he just went about in-chaining him. Once his limbs were free Tobirama sat up...And then promptly pressed his chest to the bed and raised his as soon invitingly (despite the blood staining his thighs) in a move Izuna KNOWS he himself had taught the senju, and Izuna...He almost vomits. 

"How can I serve sir today?" Tobirama asks, soft and almost innocent if it weren't for the depraved situation and the obvious innuendo in the Albino's tone.

Izuna swallowed and turned away, rifling through the rooms closet until he found at least one thing that could almost pass as clothes, eventually settling on a burgundy silk robe that was clearly designed to be to long at the sleeves and to big at the chest, and yet stopping around mid thigh. Turning back to Tobirama he held out the article, face turned away. "Just, just put it on. We're leaving."

Tobirama was curious, but he didn't question it. After all this was MASTER IZUNA. He would never dare question him. So he shrugged on the robe and tried to stand.

Chapter 6  

by Dhar_Sii

(I think it's rather interesting actually. Also I have been thinking of maybe taking some of my Tobi fix ideas and doing a series of dabbles. Whether I do a story or not is up in the air but if I do I might use that if you don't mind.)

Tobirama's knees gave out as soon as he tried to stand from the bed, legs unable to support his weight after how rough the now dead client had been with him. He whimpers as Izuna rushed to
sweep him up in his arms before Tobirama could fully collapse to the hard floor. Shame burned the Albino at being unable to obey.

The senju whimpered, and nuzzled at Izuna, whimpering apologies. That...that wasn't right. Izuna felt his skin crawl. Tobirama never apologized (except he did, Izuna had quite enjoyed in ensuring the other was always eager to...thoroughly compensate for any and every perceived slight, at the time Izuna had especially enjoyed coming up with any reason, no matter how convoluted, to make Tobirama "Apologize") Tobirama was not some whimpering meek little thing, (except wasn't he? Hadn't they made sure that NOTHING remained within the Albino that could possibly lead to any form of resistance or rebellion?) This...this couldn't be Tobirama. Couldn't be his lifetime rival since childhood, except it was. He knew it was.

Izuna was not an idiot. He could recognize the fact he was going down the same path his brother had trod but... He couldn't bring himself to care. Couldn't bring himself to go back to his previous way of thinking. Not after what it had cost him. Not after losing his home. His clan. His Aniki.

Izuna should have felt accomplished at last. As he held the Senju cradled in his arms. Should have been ecstatic at having finally completed his task. At finally being allowed to return home. At being able to return to his Aniki's side once more.

But he didn't. After all the pain, all the regret, and the loss, after finally retrieving his quarry...it felt empty. Looking at the senju in his arms, meek and pawing at him just, just as they had taught it all felt so pointless. Because this, this wasn't Tobirama. These past years, the desperate searching, the wounds he had bore in his mission, the things he had lost, and the ways he had changed and grown...all suddenly seemed completely worthless in the face of the fact that this entire time. He had never really had any chance of retrieving Tobirama senju.

He had bought a mine, thinking it was full of gold, only to find it was full of nothing but iron pyright, and he had bankrupted himself with his own arrogance and self confidence.

This, this was not Tobirama senju. This hadn't been Tobirama senju since they had moulded him to collar and leash, like a horse broken to saddle, though admittedly less violent. This, this was a body, a body that looked, and smelled, and felt like Tobirama senju but in the end.

It was gold against Iron pyright. The outside may be the same, but within only one of them is truly valuable. Tobirama senju was dead, and all Izuna had done was retrieve his breathing corpse. And still he had to hope that this was enough. That somehow this at least could cool his brothers flames, or at least, at least give him something else to focus on other than slaughtering half of fire country. Instead of destroying everything that had allowed for them to treat Tobirama the way they had.

After all, if there had been something to at least curb what they could do, if there had been different laws in place maybe, different expectations, or allowances, if different things had been acceptable they wouldn't have been able to destroy the senju the way they did. (Madara had to blame someone other than just himself and Izuna. Lest he kill his little brother to atone for both their mistakes. Lest the madness consume him completely. At least, at least if he can direct it at something physical, something he can change, it won't consume him. At least not in a way he could never return from.)

Izuna pinched a pressure point on the senju's neck, and let him fall unconscious. He just, couldn't bring himself to use the Sharigan on him. Not anymore. They had used the doujutsu on the senju enough.
Chapter 7

by chimericColoratura

It was the pain, ironically, that had saved him. Pain had been expected. Pain had been planned for.

But Tobirama had underestimated the power pleasure could have on the mind and body. What overwhelming sensation that was and was not pain could do.

Madara had captured him. Had forbidden him to harm himself with threats against the remainder of his clan. But he had not known about the protections Tobirama had created for himself.

Protections made to guard the true mind and self against torture and alteration. By genjutsu, by physical means. Once triggered again, it would bring the true self back, like the memories of pain had happened to a clone.

And yet... Madara had never hurt him. Not worse than a spar.

No, it was only after years of service, when Izuna, impatient with Madara’s increasing fixation upon Tobirama and having something ‘more’, sold him away to others that the contingencies he’d hidden away in his mind and flesh activated.

Still bound, he’d continued to play at being what Madara had made of him at first. Continued to be docile and pliant and not show the fury churning in the depths, the crushing weight of anguish and despair.

His clan still lived amongst the Uchiha who’d caught them, in the wilds where they’d fled.

He owed it to them to survive.

Every so often, after only months or weeks at times, he’d be sold again. His purpose achieved when the women brought to him conceived.

He knew every time. They’d keep coming until they did.

That... was what almost broke him anew. Children. He had children, and they would be raised as weapons stock.

Of all the things Madara had done to him, at least he was never so cruel as to breed him.

That thought is what makes him decide not to reveal himself to Izuna. Izuna, who came yet again to a place he was being held, only this time before he was sold away. How confusing.

Truth in the rumors, perhaps?

Still... he doesn’t know how much to trust him, so he will not reveal that he is no longer what they broke him into.

He’s had two and a half years to practice, after all.

____________________

He nearly gives himself away when he wakes up in the Uchiha compound again, and the Senju signatures are still there. But among them are new lights. Tiny sparkclouds, infant springs, even one
or two little bundles of ember. All of the children he’d been forced to sire, some of them still in the women who’d forced themselves on him.

Madara.... what.... why....

He doesn’t reveal himself, beyond looking up at ‘Master Izuna’ in confusion.

“....why are the children here, Master?’

(This is terrible why can’t I stop????)

( Edit for clarification: Tobirama’s Kage Bunshin returns memories to its holder upon being dispelled or popped. It inspired him to make a technique that would ‘remind’ him who he is upon being activated via pain. And he last set that technique right before being bound in chakra restraining ropes by Izuna for Madara... wearing a thin white kimono)

Izuna does not answer him immediately, instead taking him to the bath, stripping him from the kimono he’d found in the brothel room. It takes all the self control he has been made to develop not to flinch away from too warm hands, but he wants, so badly, to be clean again. And he still does not know what is going on.

Izuna sold him. Sold him, after Madara had started behaving... strangely. Asking Tobirama if he ‘loves’ him. Fool.

As if a broken shell could truly ‘love’ their subduer as an equal would.

The mats in his hair are gently oiled and eased apart, shampooed and conditioned until his hair is a soft, silken fall. Izuna seems surprised, at how long it is.

Did Izuna think Madara had him give Tobirama trims every week because of a jutsu? His hair had always grown quickly.

Izuna brushes his hair, surprisingly gentle, which is concerning. Gentleness from Izuna is always a
Prelude to some new, terrible thing Madara wants to experiment with, or something Izuna has wheedled his way into getting to try on him.

And yet, nothing new happens. Soft lotions are rubbed into his skin, he is cleaned, and then sat in the bathtub with Izuna to soak, softly scented oils in the water while ‘Master Izuna’ plays with his hair, braiding and winding it into a new style.

Could he get away with asking anything, or would that be too much independence for who the Uchiha know ‘Tobirama’ to be...

Izuna is tense as he carries his brother’s great love into the apartments of the clan head, clean and physically healed, dressed in soft warm clothing, and without even a plug or nipple clamps. The quiet, complacent pliable way Tobirama leans into him twists at his heart.

Madara is right. They have to find some way to fix this.

He sits on the new couch, Tobirama cradled in his lap, and waits. Waits for the servants to inform his brother. For one of the other captive Senju in the compound to notice the presence of their brightest in their midst.

Of course, the first to notice, aside from his brother... are the babies.

The soft crying so common in the compound since Madara first brought pregnant women home for the crime of possessing a child of Tobirama’s blood, the mothers kept only if they would submit to being nurse maids and servants, and killed if he found even a trace that they had hurt his precious Tobirama.

Tobirama notices the children as well. No surprise there. The collar Izuna had replaced upon him was the same one that had been removed when he was sold. Izuna would expect him to sense the little ones.

It is... encouraging when he shows signs of curiosity about them. Perhaps...

Hope begins to grow, unbidden, in Izuna’s chest.

Maybe his pyrite mine was connected to a vein of gold. Perhaps, with effort and care, they could rebuild some of what they had so carelessly, ruthlessly broken.

(IZUNA HAS NOT CAUGHT ON TO TOBIRA)

(ALSO FOR ADDED ANGST I COULD BRING HASHIRAMA INTO THIS SOMEHOW BUT IT WOULD BE A BIT OFF SINCE THIS IS BASED IN HASHIRAMA DIED LINE OF THOUGHT)
((Jumping in! The way I’m taking it, Tobirama won’t be able to hide everything for much longer... Is that alright?))

When Izuna arrived back at the Uchiha compound, Madara had been in his office thinking hard. He hadn’t missed the return of either Tobirama or Izuna.

Two and a half years was a long time to think. On what went wrong, what blame falls to which laws and customs, which people carry some of the fault. It was almost too long to salvage anything, even if to Madara personally felt any time longer than ‘immediately’ was far too long.

See, a maddened Uchiha can’t really be distracted from their madness, not like civilians or ninja from other clans. The clan’s normal policy was to kill the maddened Uchiha. A suicidal mission was an option, and particularly favored if it offered the option to strike at the cause of their madness. The Uchiha in question would usually lunge at the chance. Another option was to declare a duel, to prove the maddened unfit and put them out of their misery before they drag the clan, and potentially the whole world down with them.

Madara was clan head, and had no intention of assigning himself a suicide mission. More unfortunately, Madara’s younger brother was the easiest target to blame. If one listened to the whispers and gossip, a decent number of the Uchiha did blame him, at least in part. Madara certainly did. He had no right to sell his Tobirama.

No one in the clan was stupid enough to think things would get any better if Madara were to kill Izuna though. Not to mention that his lost great love wasn’t actually dead (please. Please. Please!). Madara wasn’t <i>exactly</i>- focused on burning the world down yet, just the places he could blame for causing his love pain, or those parts which let it happen and did nothing to prevent it.

The clan had no hope of winning any sort of duel with him either, honorable or otherwise. Madara watched carefully for assassination attempts, and there had been a few.

He did not appreciate them.

On the other hand, survival of a honorable duel before the likes of Amaterasu would mean that he was... right, to an extent. It was supposed to mean that the gods agreed with him. However, everyone knew that Hashirama was the only one would could ever really match him. And at this point Hashirama was a non-issue.

Anyway, where was he? Ah, right. Two and a half years was a long time to focus on trying to fix things. It... sort of counted as a distraction. Right?

One of his better ideas was ‘contacting’ the Yamanaka. Who would know better how to fix a mind than a mindwalker?

They weren’t very optimistic. Madara didn’t care.

He had already sent for Yamanaka Inosin who agreed to help draw out Tobirama... though if Hikaku thought he missed the conversations where they discussed pulling together fragments of what’s left in Tobirama’s head, well. If it comes to that...

During some of the long discussions on slow days (when Madara couldn’t find anything to ‘fix’), they went over what would be best to do when Tobirama was found and why.

One of the things recommended was that Madara NOT go directly to Tobirama. Apparently it was much harder to break through conditioning when the ... conditions... were too similar. Inosin thought he would have a better chance before Tobirama saw Madara again.
Madara was not happy about it, even if Inosin’s arguments made a lot of sense. Though if it took too long for that Yamanaka to arrive Madara was just going to have Tobirama knocked unconscious. As long as his love didn’t see Madara, that particular opportunity wouldn’t be lost.

He could be patient. He had been patient for a long time already. Honest. He could wait.

Really.

(THAT IS AWESOME AND PERFECTLY FINE WITH ME)

Tobirama knew, when he sensed the Yamanaka, that he was not going to be able to hide what he had done. That, unless the Yamanaka could be convinced to be sympathetic to his plight, his secret technique was going to be made known.

Made known in the worst possible way. How long would it be before Izuna and Madara blames him for not being what Madara wanted?

How long before they chose to try and break him into that... that *toy*, for real, with no real way back?

If he did not sense the children, tiny and young and feeling of his lineage... if there were not still Senju in the care of the Uchiha...

...he’d have already bitten through his tongue.

He’s endured a lot of pain, of late. He could do it without letting on before it was too late for any but the most skilled medics to save him.

Still.... if the Yamanaka could not be convinced to hide his secret... to keep hidden that Tobirama could have been drawn back out sooner...

....he’s not sure how much more he can take.

(Hope you don’t mind?)

((Mind? Not at all! Eeee! I warn you now if it wasn’t clear, I am a bit of a slow writer compared to some of the comment!fic parties going on. Anyway, to be honest we could actually go with
Inosin raced towards the Uchiha compound, a familiar enough presence that when he reached the gate the guards barely slowed him down to double check who he was before letting him in.

He didn’t make it more than 10 feet before Madara was suddenly THERE on his right. Inosin didn’t outwardly jump, but it was a near thing.

((The jutsu Tobirama made was to protect one’s mind and personality from outside influences, to allow the user to dissociate from an experience before the start while allowing them to retain the memories of what happened, right? That would be worth a lot to a clan of mind-walkers. I don’t remember them going into much detail in cannon, but I firmly headcannon that there’s going to be problems, pitfalls and issues like there are with any technique. That injuries learning and performing those unique clan techniques are to the mind rather than the body. Damage to the mind is much harder to heal too. Tobirama’s Jutsu blocks the worst of the damage while leaving the memory of what hurt them, and probably the information they were hunting for. Any other Yamanaka would probably go for it in a heartbeat... but in my head Inosin is almost friends with the halfway insane Madara at this point. There’s a reason he agreed to help, even if he thought there wouldn’t be much he could do. Not to mention the Yamanaka are part of the unburned half of Hi no Kuni, and would like to remain that way.))(i’ll write Madara later if you don’t want to, but he isn’t cooperating right now >_<)

Original comment
Previous chapter: 10 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 12 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 12 ↓

by chimericColoratura

(I don’t mind if it takes a while! And I have a compromise option. Tobirama offers the jutsu, a little desperate, inside his own mind, while Inosin is doing the mental check up. But Inosin is Madara’s sort of friend. So... he asks Madara to get Tobirama to teach them the jutsu.

And Madara, happy to know he can get the real Tobirama... agrees. He has a second chance! A chance to get Tobirama for real! He might even act more sane!)

Tobirama doesn’t react to what he’s feeling externally. He just... acts pliant and quiet, since Izuna isn’t actively paying attention to him. Like the doll he’d been, before Izuna sold him.

A Yamanaka... there was almost no way he could hide the traces of his shield, and the lack of more obvious mental damage.... and the Yamanaka had long been allied to the Uchiha.

Maybe... no. He can’t consider that until he knows the chance is lost.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 11 (jkbat)
Next chapter: 13 (jkbat)
Chapter 13 ↓

by jkbat

((Ooh, sounds perfect! ...Though we’ll see if these guys can keep Tobirama from panicking...)

THERE YOU ARE! IT TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH!” Madara... roars at Inosin.

“Hey! It usually takes over an hour for a messenger to reach the Yamanaka compound, yours made it in 45 min! I took about an hour to get back here. We both made great time!” They really had. The Uchiha clan’s messenger was resting with the Yamanaka, having pushed a little too hard on the first leg of the trip. Inosin took a little longer, but he wasn’t a speed specialist or a regular messenger for the clan; and he needed energy for mind-walking besides.

It was only Inosin’s familiarity with the route to the Uchiha compound that allowed for the short travel time.

“WELL? COME ON, THIS WAY!”

Inosin couldn’t help but notice how much of a shouty mood Madara was in as he dragged to the clan head’s residence. Hopefully he could give Madara good news... Well, Inosin was fairly certain Madara had enough control not to rampage in the clan compound; he hadn’t since Izuna was temporarily banished.

—and—/

Madara wasted no time all but shoving Inosin through the door. Izuna was basically cuddling Tobirama on the couch, holding him still on his lap.

Perfect.

Inosin said to Izuna, “Hang on, I’m going to do a quick check up...” and launched a moderately in depth mind scan. Inosin was experienced enough to sink gracefully to his knees rather than collapse in a heap and risk a head injury. The move took practice and skill, but was incredibly useful when another Yamanaka, Akimichi or Nara partner wasn’t available to play catch with a limp body.

Long conversations going over Tobirama’s training and conditioning had made Inosin a little uncomfortable, but gave him a decent idea of what to expect. Or so he had thought.

He wasn’t expecting to find much. As a result of his haste and hurry to placate Madara, as well as try to pick up hints of personality that can show up when someone reacts to unexpected changes, he basically rammed into Tobirama’s personality. To describe it to a non-mind reader... a sensation somewhere between when you take an extra step at the end of a staircase and miss because you already reached the last step and weren’t paying attention, and smacking your head on a cupboard you forgot was there when trying to stand up.

Honestly, Inosin thought he deserved it for his grace and forethought, but found it distinctly unpleasant anyway.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 12 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 14 (chimericColoratura)
Chapter 14

by chimericColoratura

(GOOD LUCK INOSIN)

Tobirama looked at the Yamanaka, outwardly pliant and curious but internally panicking. He’d developed this technique because of mindreaders and genjutsu masters but what if it wasn’t enough?

Izuna’s hold on him tightens, and Madara starts to move closer, when Tobirama’s vision goes dark.

———/———

He opens his eyes, lying on the shore of the sea. This is the edge of his mind. The place he had come to when he was very young, and first experimenting with Edo Tensei and Kage Bunshin.

On top of him, the mental projection of the Yamanaka lies.

He cannot help tensing then relaxing, as he had been trained to do, first by Madara and Izuna. And then by all who bought him after he was sold.

The memories of his training are distant, flat. Lacking the hurt to make them break him.

And he does not want to give Madara the chance to work that out.

“Who are you?”

Original comment

Previous chapter: 13 (jkbat)
Next chapter: 15 (jkbat)

Chapter 15

by jkbat

Inosin lay still for a confused moment, then recoiled off Tobirama’s mental self. That... that wasn’t expected.

There was a beach. Inosin could hear waves washing gently over sand and crumbled rocks with louder crashing noises when they struck the rocky cliffs. The cliffs enclosed the little beach he landed on, restricting his view.

That... how?!

Inosin specializes in helping people through trauma. He couldn’t say with certainty for other clans, but mind-walkers could accumulate dangerous amounts of mental damage when captured by an enemy. He’d once helped a clansman who developed captivity trauma*. Their mind had been a dark, barely detailed, broken place; a dangerous state to use clan techniques in. Even their inner self had been worryingly faded. A very dangerous state for a Yamanaka.

Inosin was also one of the Yamanaka who frequently accepted missions to help recovered kidnapped victims or warriors of various Nobles recovered from enemy forces heal from their experiences
This was, “Impossible...” he murmured aloud in his shock.

Inosin had expected a black void, and trying to drag remnants out of the shadows.

*Focus!* Senju Tobirama was in front of him, most likely (minds can be so weird sometimes). He needed to make a good first impression.

“How are you feeling today?” ... Well. Basics aren’t... horrible... dang it.

Barging into someone’s head when they don’t want you there and actively resist can cause a lot of injury to the mind-walker in question. There’s a reason their most well known technique simply lets the Yamanaka puppet the target’s body. It is so much safer than breaching an unwilling mind.

Tobirama is clearly present to Inosin, but he didn’t try to actively block him... odd. Very odd. Did the conditioning affect some things while not utterly destroying everything, somehow?

“My name is Yamanaka Inosin. It’s nice to meet you.”

((Style question: should I be using honorifics like -san or having Inosin call Tobirama by his last name, even in his thoughts? I am not as familiar with writing like that, and do include some -sama’s and calling others by their family names when the characters aren’t very familiar with each other. Unless I edit carefully, that will only happen when they’re talking too.))

(*Another fic I read used this term to describe what I’m familiar calling Stockholm Syndrome, for a world where Stockholm doesn’t exist and probably won’t exist, it’s an awesome term! I wish I could remember the right author, but it was probably Blackkat or one of the people inspired by her fics like “As is the Sea Marvelous”... or maybe Peppymint)

Chapter 16

by *chimericColoratura*

( It’s fine! Tobirama isn’t expecting respect from anyone at this point. And captivity trauma is such a good term holy shit)

(So don’t feel forced to use honorifics)

Tobirama raises an eyebrow at the cheerful blond, not looking away from the potential threat. But he’s never been good at people.

“Less hurt than usual, I suppose, Yamanaka.”

He doesn’t know how to handle this. But the shock in the other’s eyes at the sight of him is... an intriguing possibility. Could he possibly...

“It’s not like I’ve been awake that long.”
Implications, mists off the water. Mystery and intrigue and don’t you want to know that has always been Tobirama’s.

If he could imply that the Yamanaka’s presence had triggered this change... that he’d been brought back to consciousness because the Yamanaka entered his mind...

Maybe he wouldn’t end up the battered, faded shell of himself that he’d found the first time his technique had activated.

Chapter 17 ↓

by jkbat

What?

‘Not awake long’? What does that even mean??

“I’m sorry, what do you mean by ‘not awake long’?”

Inosin has no clue what to think. People don’t just ‘wake up’ from a traumatic experience without some mental damage.

Now that he thinks about it, the ‘sky’ is cloudy, and the fallen rocks on the beach and presumably in the sea could be from trauma... but not from 8 and 1/2 years of conditioning and being treated as less than a person.

Normally there would literally be splits in the landscape where ‘voids of nothing-ness’ (as his nephew insists on describing it) poke through, often criss-crossing and blocking off parts of the mind. Uncrossable chasms are common in even mild conditioning cases, places and ideas that aren’t safe to have eventually fade away completely. Sometimes those parts are recoverable, usually they are not.

What is going on in this mind?

“Can you explain what ‘hurts’ currently, and give me a general overview of your current condition?”

If Tobirama is thinking as a captive he’ll get what amounts to a blank stare or a dull literal report...

But, ”Less hurt than usual, I suppose, Yamanaka”

That’s an abnormal response. Something is definitely going on.

Chapter 18 ↓

by chimericColoratura
Tobirama doesn’t trust the man, but he doesn’t sense any hostility. He knows, from his experiences with Kage Bunshin, that the mind is just as versatile as the body in terms of chakra use.

But he lacks the Yamanaka affinity or inclination for splitting away. Or the Uchiha propensity for instant memorization of images.

So... he doesn’t know how his answers could help or hinder him here.

“I am no longer aching or bleeding, the broken bones have been set, and I am not being expected to let someone into my body.”

Raising an eyebrow, he lets the implications speak for themselves.

“As for what I mean by not awake long... I hadn’t been this aware of myself in over half a decade, when the technique was triggered.”

Oh. Oh no. Why did he...

The conditioning. It’s still at least somewhat in effect, despite the restoration of his memories and sense of self. One he’s had to back up near daily since waking.

He refuses to be taken by surprise again.

Original comment

Previous chapter: 17 (jkbat)

Next chapter: 19 (jkbat)

Chapter 19 ↓

by jkbat

((I keep writing descriptions of things rather than actions the characters take >_<

I do want to know, how are we deciding that jutsu of his actually works? I’ve been working on the assumption that it was a relatively untested one-shot, so once he was restored to how he was before being conditioned, that was the limit of that one cast of the jutsu (like there was a cloned mental self that popped into smoke like a real world shadow clone, leaving the real Tobirama suddenly front and center).

It makes more sense with Tobirama able to recast it, to make other restore points or add reinforcements to his defenses even if he couldn’t recast the jutsu in full due to bound chakra. Because I think he probably always had his chakra bound to some extent... after all, why risk some former ninja snapping and going for the throat? Binding something so fundamental would also... probably give whoever owned him at the time a power-high... not to mention be a reason he hadn’t managed to escape before. And Tobirama would have expected bound chakra from anyone keeping him captive.

I was also imagining the 2.5 years after ‘waking up’ as Tobirama without the bulk of that protection, which I am more than happy to toss out thanks to the ability to make frequent restores and restore points.

However, he’ll still have a first person perspective of all those awful memories, even with the dissociation from the memories by not ‘living’ through the situation himself. I think it would still
mess with him and his head.

How close or far from what you were imagining with this am I? So far everything fits for the most part, but I’m more than willing to add, subtract or switch things around... I keep overthinking things...))

“Technique? What sort of technique?” Inosin asked before he could stop himself, in spite of the Senju tensing up. Something that protected a mind this well for over 8 years?

When he launched his mind at Tobirama, he had just wanted a peak, to get an idea how bad things were. Then, he was going to give Madara a simple twelve step program that may have helped (depending on the damage), but would have definitely given Madara something constructive to do (it would have helped, at least a little... nothing he would have told them to do would have made things worse).

Meanwhile he had intended to desperately plan and plot how to weave clan techniques (that would forcibly stitch the expected shreds of Tobirama’s mind together) with as many long term care techniques that he could add to the ‘simple’ twelve step program to try and bring Ōtsutsuki Tobirama back to a semblance of what he once was. All the while brow beating the Uchiha to give as gentle guidance and care as he could get them to commit to.

And then he smacked right into an astoundingly aware and intact mind/personality.

Inosin hates to admit it but he’d been scrambling, confused, and off guard this whole time while trying not to show it.

Though he is a shinobi first. If Tobirama’s going to talk, especially about something that protects the mind this well he’s going to ask questions. He’s a cousin of the main line Yamanaka first, he’s a therapist seco...

No. Bad Inosin. He was hired to be a therapist FIRST this time.

Wait. Shoot, he should tell Tobirama that!

“Ah. Well. We’ll get back to that. First of all, I was hired to help you, though your mind seems to be in far better shape than I feared.”

Original comment
Previous chapter: 18 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 20 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 20 ↓

by chimericColoratura

( You were pretty accurate! Because his chakra is bound but can still move in his body, he can use some minor jutsu. Not the full barrier. But he can use restore points to help him avoid accumulating too much damage.

Having 1stPPOV of the memories is still terrible however. Being functional and remarkably present does not take all of the effects away. His nightmares are horrendous. And... it’s also sort of reinforcing the training that he went through with Madara and Izuna a bit, even if the emotional parts are gone. That’s why he answered earlier despite not wanting to.
And it’s fine! I overthink things too!

Tobirama doesn’t like the feel of this man’s chakra, even if he is sincere enough about what he was hired for. Hired to help him... because the shape he was supposed to be in was too damaged for Madara’s tastes. The shell of himself that he’d made had been falling apart into very basic, limited conceptualizations...

...to never invent new techniques again... he’d honestly rather die, then become such a shell.

“What kind of shape were you expecting?”

The gaps and colorlessness and stale winds... Sometimes he had to set a restore to go off as soon as his... visitors, left.

Why did people treat one another this way? It made no sense from a rational perspective.... Ah. He was drifting. Disassociating in front of a Yamanaka is bad.

“...I apologize. My attention wandered.”

Original comment

Previous chapter: 19 (jkbat)

Next chapter: 21 (jkbat)

Chapter 21 ↓

by jkbat

“Well, to be perfectly honest I wasn’t expecting to find much inside here. The ‘physical landscape’ would usually show extensive damage. Any mental projection of the individual (like yourself) would be faded, hidden, or... well.” Inosin begins to explain. It was time to lay some cards on the table. Not all of them of course, but things go terribly if a mind-healer lies outright to their patient.

Though, the Senju’s mind seems to have wandered a bit while Inosin was talking. A little odd, but Inosin’s explanations can get wordy, so nothing too strange.

“Anyway, I’ve helped individuals recover from traumatic experiences before. To be honest, it’s started to be a bit of a fad to hire a Yamanaka to help with the aftermath. The Daimyo actually started it when he hired one of us to help with several samurai recovered from Tsuchi no Kuni ((Earth Country)). It’s come to be something I almost specialize in. So I have decent experience.”

“As a rule of thumb, the longer someone is held captive, the worse off their mind is. You and your mind are in terrific shape for someone held captive for one year; you are in miraculous shape since I know you have been captive for over 8 years.”

Inosin pauses a moment.

“Actually, Yamanaka like myself usually count any time spent in genjutsu as lived experience, your time spent under another’s control probably runs closer to 9 years honestly.”

The Yamanaka shakes his head and continues, “Now. There isn’t a lot I can do to help you at this exact moment. Your mind is in a stable enough state that anything I try to affect directly, especially without your permission or cooperation, would instead be harmful to you.”
“So instead I’ll ask if there is anything, specific or not, I can do to help you right now?”

((Aside from “HOW!!!” Tobirama is so well off, Inosin has most of the answers he came into Tobira’s head to find...))

Chapter 22

by chimericColoratura

Tobirama looks away from the projection of the Yamanaka, thinking back to what he’d found when he’d first awoken two and a half years ago. The faded, shattering thing that had had too long hair and the void spattered ocean.

“...can you tell me what master and master Izuna are expecting now?”

Is he going to have to suffer the same things over again? Have to use brief moments of being alone and ignored to create and use more save points in his mind?

He... he knows that the children who had been forcibly sired by him.... and he cannot leave them alone... nor can he abandon the other Senju to Madara’s wrath.

He wishes that he were less tenacious. Less dutiful. Otherwise... he’d have used one of the other low chakra techniques that he’d created. One of the more final ones.

Being unable to use external chakra doesn’t prevent hums from doing internal things. He’d trained in such things specifically because his brother had Mokuton, and he would be a target for bloodline theft.

“....I’m... not sure I can withstand more of before.”
This chapter is a collection of drabbles written by the commenters.

Thanks to chimericColoratura for authoring those two drabbles!
If you don't want one of several of your comments to be indexed, feel free to let me know and I'll take them down. And on the other hand, if I have missed a comment, please let me know and I'll add it in.

New chapters:

- [Chapter 1](#) by chimericColoratura
- [Chapter 2](#) by chimericColoratura

Chapter 1

by chimericColoratura

How dare they treat a prisoner like this, like a toy to mold and play with, and not even as a being worthy of basic respect. He had killed Uchiha in the past, yes. Swiftly, with only the mercy of nigh instant death.

And they bind his hands with threats to his clansmen, and then.... Then.

Hashirama would want peace. Would want him to be understanding.

Very well, brother. His last bit of mercy... will be vanishing with their clan. All those who were captured, he will free. He will take them with him, and they will find a new place, where they can recover, and be safe.

His vengeance upon his captors will be in balance with their transgression.

He will deny them what they seek.

_______

Coming back from a mission together, Madara and Izuna return to find the compound in chaos.

All of the Senju captives are gone.

Including their personal slave.

(I know it’s terrible I’m sorry)
Watching the paler brother, colored with blood and death as no other he had ever seen was. Cold and precise as the falling snow, there and gone. Fast. Faster almost than his eyes could track.

Always a new trick. Always a new strategy.

Beautifully dangerous.

But not in the way Hashirama was dangerous, with his strange bloodline and overwhelming chakra and innate healing. **Deliberately** dangerous, in a way that showed he respected what the enemies he faced were capable of.

And his eyes... such a lovely red. Like a crimson dawn...

(Welp)
Chapter Summary

This chapter indexes the comment fic written by chimericColoratura, diana_of_hufflepuff, Alasse_m, Miray, and Kuroteishi in the comments of chapter 12, and takes over after that chapter. It explores the points of view of the children of Konoha and of those watching from the Pure Lands. Truly a fascinating read that expands more on the universe.

The threads diverge and recoup sometimes, so please pay attention to the "Previous chapter(s)" and "Next chapter(s)" information at the end of each chapter.

Chapter Notes

The comment fics are getting a lot more awesome than I thought, so I took the liberty to index the different comments for the readers' convenience. There will be one chapter per comment fic, and an extra-chapter for "comment drabbles". I'll be updating those chapters from time to time to include new comments.

Thanks to chimericColoratura, diana_of_hufflepuff, Alasse_m, Miray, and Kuroteishi for authoring this comment fic!
If you don't want one of several of your comments to be indexed, feel free to let me know and I'll take them down. And on the other hand, if I have missed a comment, please let me know and I'll add it in.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Last updated: Thu Aug 30 00:34:22 CDT 2019.

Chapter 1

by chimericColoratura

Madara is triumphant. He got what he most wanted. Hashirama, his friend, lives, and can help him create peace. His otouto, Izuna, willing to go along with his plans and ecstatically in love with a partner strong enough to help protect him. A partner who loves him back, and conveniently brings his childhood friend into his family.

And he has Tobirama. Beautiful, quicksilver, devastatingly brilliant Tobirama.

His. All his. Willingly and fully. Not broken beyond repair. Not hollowed out and left a breathing puppet that apes and shams the personality he fell for.
Now, the most valuable asset of the Senju is his.

Now, his clan will be made even stronger, and his family will be safe. And he? He will get to enjoy the love and devotion of his beautiful Tobirama, the passion and devotion returned in equal measure.

And if he sometimes enjoys watching his own brother, or Tobirama’s, touching and pleasuring his brilliant treasure? That’s just a fringe benefit.

His plan had been on the edge of many, many blades, and he had danced his way to victory.

Chapter 2 ↓

by chimericColoratura

(Angst? You want angst? I wrote a hopeful happy thing, but here we go...) It’s strange, what one’s mind can adapt to. Tobirama had, in the two months he had experienced in the Tsukuyomi, learned to put his mind back together after overwhelming pleasure.

Not fully balanced and rational, but capable of reasoning and planning and considering.

If he were an ounce less hurt, an inch less betrayed... he wouldn’t be considering what he is.

Hashirama had surrendered himself to Izuna. To Madara. He had failed to escape, which Tobirama cannot fault him for...

...except Hashirama had always longed to work beside Madara for peace. Has always been harshest with Tobirama after a battle where Izuna was badly hurt at his blade.

Tobirama, who had supported his brother’s dreams as best he could, while keeping their clan and people safe. Tobirama, whom Hashirama could so frequently take for granted.

Who the clan so frequently takes for granted.

Even now, Madara is taking him as granted....

....very well. His brother had forbidden so many of his jutsu. He will leave them in his mind. When Hashirama had vanished, one of the first things he had done was destroy the scroll of jutsu he had created, to prevent the Uchiha from ever gaining them.

He will give it a few days. Maybe a week.

If they keep to their word, he will stay theirs, and aid them within the bounds of his own choosing.

If they do not... if they reveal themselves to be the same as everyone else since the loss of Kawarama and Itama....

.....well. It’s not like he ever told Hashirama how many ways he’d worked out to prevent himself from being captured and used, had he.
Chapter 3

by chimericColoratura

( YOU ARE ENCOURAGING ME AND I AM ON TO YOU D:)

Tobirama is surprised to find he didn’t feel the need to enact some of his more final contingencies, in the end. Not for Hashirama’s sake, as he had feared. Nor for Madara’s, as his master would wish.

No, he lives, and serves, and hides his truest feelings, for the sake of the children of the clan. The young warriors who had always looked to him on the field of battle during the wars. He survives for them.

And if his own wish that no children die on the battlefield could be served by his submission...

...that was no different than how he had subsumed his own wishes for Hashirama’s will.

Still, it was not his desire for an end to the bloodshed that truly saved him from losing himself.

It was the children.

It was Izuna who suggested it first, remembering some of Hashirama’s ramblings from early on about how Tobirama could be so patient and gentle with the children of the Senju. Helping with their training when their parents became frustrated and harsh.

How it made his otouto smile.

Madara was quick to agree, to win his lovely prize over further. And to gain the brilliance and genius for the safeguarding of the young.

There is no official Academy in the village. Not at first. Instead, there is a large practice field in the center of the village, where children work together under the watchful gaze of Senju Tobirama. Each group of six guided by its own clone, with no group certain if today was the day that they got the real one.

The parents had been wary at first. The parents of the Uchiha children. The parents of those from the allied clans who had chosen to submit and join the village rather than suffer the fate of the Senju. But soon enough, they set all their concerns aside.

For who could believe that someone with the ruthless reputation of Senju Tobirama could be so gentle with the little ones.

And after a time, a structure began to be built. So that the children could learn in all weathers. Every day, save for some special occasions, like festivals and holy days, they go to learn from Tobirama.

They come to adore this kind, patient adult, who always made time for them (always, even when it made Hokage-sama’s eyes narrow, or sensei’s Anija pout and whine and look for Izuna-sama), who never told them their questions were stupid.
This adult, who insisted that each and every one of them learn to resist genjutsu. Who taught them chakra control sufficient to heal minor injuries without signs, to stabilize themselves if they were hurt. Who taught them stealth and escape and ways to hide even from Sharingan.

They adore him. And thus, they watch him. And they notice...

Notice the sadness hidden in his eyes when he leaves for the day. The way he tenses just so around Hokage-sama or Izuna-sama, or even his own Anija.

The way he’s exhausted and worn out on days after ignoring Hokage-sama to answer and help them.

And the way he never tells the adults about all the things he has taught them.

They grow up, and they observe. They gather and compare what they see. Slowly, they come to the terrible, terrible realization that Tobirama-sensei, their sensei, is teaching them to protect themselves from what happened to him.

And they find they are not happy about this at all.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 2 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 4 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 4 ▼

by chimericColoratura

(BUT I DONT KNOW HOW TO TAG OR WRITE TITLES AND THIS IS JUST COMMENT FIC WHAT ARE YOU SAYING)

(ALSO THANK YOU)

There are days when Tobirama-sensei can’t come in for lessons. On those days, they tend to see sensei’s Anija, who tells them to call him Hashirama-sensei, who pouts when they don’t listen to him about their jutsu being too ‘scary for children.’

Otherwise, they see sensei’s Anija and Izuna-sama. Izuna-sama is all cheerful cunning and sly amusement, pleased to see them doing so well in their training. Pleased to see the things their Sensei has taught them are safe to use around others.

At first, they don’t realize that they are holding things back. That they don’t tell Hashirama-san that they know better first aid than he shows them. That they already know how to recognize poisons. (But not about drugs. He never tells them about drugs and medicines that can be used against them the way Sensei had.)

They all take cues from each other. What one shows, they all show. They vary it, play to their strengths as Tobirama-sensei taught them, but hide the sneakier things.

Izuna-sama seems pleased, whenever they spar. Fast and precise, taijutsu forms carefully selected to suit their frames and temperaments.

After a day or two of having Hashirama-san and Izuna-sama observe and ‘teach’ them, Tobirama-sensei is back, sometimes accompanied by Hokage-same, or the other two, or even all three.
And sensei doesn’t teach them anything that is sealless, or based purely in chakra control, on those
days. He teaches well, he gives them lessons of survival, and how to avoid being caught by
bloodline hunters, for all children who have learned chakra manipulation can be targets for the
unscrupulous.

And Hokage-sama smiles, and touches sensei. Sensei relaxes, leans into the touches... but it doesn’t
look right. Sensei smiles the same smile he’d used when he was teaching them about pacifying
captors. The smile that none of the three seem to notice isn’t truly happy.

They discuss these things in secret, hidden from the adults. None of the adults around the village
seem to notice what they’ve seen. That their precious Sensei, who had worked so hard to help make
the village, who works so hard to teach them well and make them happy and safe... isn’t.

At least, he doesn’t seem like he feels safe or happy. Not even around his Anija. Not even around
Hokage-sama, who the Uchiha children know to be Sensei’s husband. His one great love.

Those children of the Uchiha become cautious. Their clan head has his one great love, and cannot
even tell that he makes him sad. That he is hurting him. They swear that they will not let themselves
trap and hurt those they come to love.

Amongst themselves, they begin inviting Tobirama-sensei to eat with them more. To come to
lunches, and dinners, and even to celebrations of age-days. He comes. He always comes. He has fun,
and they are pleased...

...until he shows up pale and exhausted the next day.

They learn from this. The invitations do not stop, but they space out. They look pleadingly at
Hokage-sama, inviting him to come too... but always on days when they are sure he will be busy.

But the tiredness is alleviated.

Sensei smiles and is happy, and always has a gift for them on their birthdays. A personal jutsu, made
to suit them. A piece of equipment they’d wanted. Even a book of stories they’d loved hearing him
tell in cooldown time after stretches and taijutsu.

It takes a year to learn when Tobirama-sensei’s birthday falls. They ask if they can have a
celebration. Hokage-sama hums, and agrees. It’s a wonderful day, and they give him special scrolls
they wrote themselves.

But he’s exhausted the next day.

They... are getting angry. Very angry. Sensei does so much for them, and no one is helping him
when he needs it. He has taught them to protect themselves. To protect each other.

Hokage-sama, Izuna-sama, and Hashirama-san are too strong to fight directly. Time for stealth and
infiltration practice....

Original comment
Previous chapter: 3 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 5 (chimericColoratura)
It doesn’t surprise the children that Tobirama-sensei is the only one who notes the change in how they behave. Oh, on the whole everything is the same. They smile and laugh and play, and chatter to the adults around them.

They respect their Hokage, and Izuna-sama, and even Hashirama-san as head of the Hospital.

But they are doing much the same as Tobirama-sensei is. Showing people what they want to see. What they expect to see.

And thus, when they sometimes get caught looking around places that they really shouldn’t be, they are prepared. Oh, the ones who find them are annoyed, but are quickly charmed by their earnestness, how curious they are about what they do.

Hokage-sama even smiles at them, sometimes, when he catches them sneaking into the forest to look for blueberries. When they claim that they are practicing stealth.

Tobirama-sensei comes to lessons exhausted, and congratulates them on their assignments, and gives them suggestions to improve.

They take the hint that is offered by their Sensei.

They also note that Hokage-sama will take any annoyance at their behavior from their ‘lessons’ out on Sensei as well.

Every last one of them is appalled. Tobirama-sensei deserves better.

They will make sure he has better.

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It takes time, and patience, and coordination, to work out which adults are safe to talk about Tobirama-sensei around. They listen to their instincts, and trust their fellow students implicitly.

The doujutsu bearers watch body language and chakra flux. The animal partnered ones pay keen attention to shifts in scents. The mindwalkers listen for key phrasing and facial cues, and pass on special flower and plant codes to their fellows.

The shadow wielders, intelligent and insightful, help to pull together a coherent map of the older generation, and their opinions on that most precious center of their village.

It is the children of the size-changers, keepers of nutritional knowledge, who come up with a better plan to help Sensei without being too... obvious, in their distaste for other adults.

They begin bringing lunches to lessons for everyone. Everyone, including Sensei.

Things to help with exhaustion, with low energy, stress, and fatigue. They play it off to others who notice as a way to ‘thank’ their Sensei for his time and efforts on their behalf. After all, they are growing up! They want to be responsible and show their appreciation!
And they are pleased when he begins to look less tired, to have more energy even outside their lessons.

If they get some assistance from certain young adults who happen to be Senju, who are happier now that Tobirama-sensei is looking healthier? That is the business of those young adults, taking an interest in the progress and education of their juniors.

Izuna watches the children of the shinobi clans run about the field, amused. They seem like they are playing, for all that they are learning dangerous skills.

His suggestion to his Nii-san is working out better than he’d hoped. His dear Hashi will be getting another reward tonight. Maybe some time with his delightful otouto... it’s been a while since Madara let them join him and his prize....

He turns away, thinking of what he might prepare, and doesn’t notice the eyes that glance his way. The kikaichu on the trees and grass, the ninjen that chuff shortly to each other.

He doesn’t notice when the children begin to move more smoothly, hiding their chakra. That some of them have gone to Tobirama, and are asking him to let them practice more medical jutsu...

Chapter 6

by diana_of_hufflepuff

(Hi there, may I jump in?)

/They... are getting angry. Very angry. Sensei does so much for them, and no one is helping him when he needs it. He has taught them to protect themselves. To protect each other./

And Sensei does not seem to realise that he is one of them, their first and their dearest. They will not rest until he is happy and safe.

Tobirama’s students are growing, gaining wisdom and worldly experience. And every single one of them is whip-sharp and clever. They see, they observe, they plot. They see how the Uchiha look away, very subtly, in shame whenever Madara holds Tobirama possessively. They see Sensei’s misery, Sensei’s pain, Sensei’s ever growing weariness even as he puts on an extremely convincing performance of romance and contentment.

“This can’t continue,” Uchiha Akane growls one day.

The whole lot of them are sequestered away in Tobirama’s private but sprawling library, one that not even Madara, Hashirama, and Izuna are allowed into. Nothing and no one goes inside without Sensei’s permission.

“We all know that,” snaps Yamanaka Inojin. “What do you propose we do? This has been going on for possibly longer than some of us has been alive!”
“Well then all three of them has to die,” says Akane, without missing a beat.

“That’s basically impossible,” Akimichi Torifu intones. “And also high treason.” But he is not disagreeing.

“So?”

Uchiha Ren obligingly elaborates on Akane’s aggressive grumbling. “Madara is mad,” he says. “The only solution to a mad, obsessed Uchiha is death.” They had all long dropped any pretense of respect towards the three leaders when they were out of hearing range.

“He’s a good Hokage to the village,” ever fair Hyuuga Akemi says, very reluctantly. “He seems quite sane?”

“Not in the most important way that matters,” Akane snarls, glaring impotently at the ceiling from where she’s sprawled on the floor. “You all know about the great love of an Uchiha. Madara does nothing but torment his one great love. He keeps Sensei on a leash.” Her eyes flash red, and her teeth are bared in hate.

“Their date nights aren’t really date nights, we all know that by now,” Ren says. “Not with the way Sensei looks afterwards.” They all fidget uncomfortably.

Uchiha Kagami whispers with a voice heavy with sorrow, “They’re much closer to being punishments.”

Hiruzen, Koharu, and Homura flinch in unison.

Akane sits up abruptly, “As far as I’m concerned, that’s proof of Madara’s madness. He dies.”

Silence.

“But how?” cries Danzou. “We’re just kids, we can’t just assassinate three legendary shinobi! Not to mention get away with unbelievable high treason!”

And therein lies the problem. If they could just march up to the three bastards one fine day and murder them with no consequences, they would all do the deed this very minute.

A long, despairing pause.

And then.

“What if it’s not treason?” Nara Satoshi pipes up from the couch.

The question marks were nearly visibly floating in the air.

“I mean,” he groans, pulling himself to sit upright. “Look at us.”

“The Hyuuga second heiress,” he points at Akemi (a tad rudely, but she knows he doesn’t mean anything by it). She smiles serenely.

“Members of the main family of a founding clan,” he gestured at Ren and Akane.

“The first son of the wealthiest Akimichi family.” Torifu.

“Actual heirs to clans.” Vague hand-waving at his own head, and then Inojin’s.
“Main family of well-established clans.” Hiruzen and Aburame Tatsuma.

“And finally,” Satoshi wiggles his fingers at Danzou, Kagami, Koharu, and Homura. “The rising young talents of our generation, the unlikely diamonds in the rough, the… Oh, you know the drill.” He flaps a limp hand about.

A murmur of half-hearted chuckling.

“To cap it all off, we’re students of the Senju Tobirama. Genius shinobi, pioneer, innovator, Founder of Konoha.”

Chapter 7

by diana_of_hufflepuff

"The point!” he slaps the floor, “The point is, we’re kids now, but what about later, much later?” He looks at his little herd in the eye. “What if we all became leaders of the village? Clan Heads? Head of Intelligence and Internal Affairs? Head of Commerce? Advisors to the Hokage?”

“When the time comes, we can all conspire to get rid of the three pricks with trickery and deception.”

A slow, predatory smirk spreads on the easy-going young man’s face. The other teens eyes grow wide and they exchange looks excitedly as they catch on.

“Then we wouldn’t just be kids planning treason anymore, would we?” he finishes triumphantly.

Homura strokes his chin, “Why, it’s only the duty of leaders to protect their citizens, and to eliminate threats to the village.”

Koharu swallows heavily, “It does seem plausible.”

“But that’s years, decades, away!” Akane howls. “Sensei is suffering now!”

“We know that, Akane,” Koharu places a bracing hand on the fiery girl’s arm. “But we are too weak. We must bide our time.”

Akemi’s aristocratic lips turn down in an unhappy pout. “But I fear…” she murmurs lowly. “Sensei can he wait that long? Will there be anything left to save when our time finally comes?”

Danzou bites his lip, “He has held on for this long already.”

“And he has us,” Inojin says with steely eyes. “We’ll love and support him as always and-”

His jaw grows slack with his sudden inspiration, “And, we’ll help him maintain his cover!”

Multiple brows scrunch in confusion.

“What is-”

“What are you-”
“What do you-”

“Wait, wait, hear me out!” Inojin flicks his hands downwards as though he could physically smack the questions down.

The circle of teens stare at him expectantly.

“Sensei’s cover now is that he’s happy with his, dear husband, Madara, right?”

They grimace and nod.

“So, as Sensei’s good students, who values his happiness, we should put on a show of being happy for them!”

Akemi wrinkles her nose delicately.

“Ew,” says Akane.

The rest pull varying faces disgust.

“I know,” sighs Inojin. “But the three dicks can’t catch on before we’re ready. Our lives depend on it. Sensei’s safety depends on it.”

Heads nod and mouths firm with conviction.

“Actually, recruiting might help shorten the timeline,” Satoshi muses.

“Recruit? And who would we recruit?” asks pragmatic Danzou.

“I don’t know,” says Satoshi dryly. Danzou opens his mouth.

“Yet,” Satoshi cuts in sharply. “We’ll find out. That’s part of it.” Danzou closes his mouth in assent.

Quiet, serious, deliberate Aburame Tatsuma speaks up, “I approve of this plan. Sensei has done much for the village, and even more for us personally. He deserves better.”

Slowly, he puts out his fist, “I believe in us. I believe together we can save Sensei.”

One by one, nearly-grown fists join his in a circle. Their Sensei has always believed that the new generation should strive to make the world a place better than the generation before them had lived in. Well, this particular group is starting with Sensei himself. They were playing the long game here, but they all knew no one would give up halfway. None of them would rest until they succeeded.

Failure was not an option.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 6 (diana_of_hufflepuff)
Next chapter: 8 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 8 ↓

by chimericColoratura

(SO MANY PEOPLE ARE LOOKING AT THIS AND DOING THE THING AND I CAN
The need for coordination among their efforts has led to some leaders emerging, among their cohort. The ones who spend the most time they can studying in sensei’s library, who collate the information they gather into something *useful* to disseminate amongst the rest.

If the Hokage and his two assistants were at all trustworthy with the well-being of their dear, precious Sensei, they would know of the army coordinating itself within ‘their’ village.

As it stands, no one more than a year older than their Sensei knows, who has not been thoroughly vetted by kikaichu and ninken and smiling, inquisitive mindwalkers begging to get more practice at their clan techniques. The first to be fully cleared, to be brought in, are the same older Senju who had been so *helpful* whenever they, inexperienced and young as they were, got caught out while investigating.

The same older Senju who had followed Tobirama-sensei before anyone else on the battlefield, including both their previous clan heads.

And it is these former Senju warriors that they owe for the expansion of their network. For they are the paper-runners, the fetchers, and the secretaries of the new administration. They are not considered high enough in status to keep the watch, to be high in their departments.

But they are in *every department*, and like good students of Tobirama-sensei, they use every advantage they can.

So, when one of the young Yamanaka, clan heir and member of the council of students, approaches Senju Kyōka, she looks at this student of her dearest cousin, precious heart-brother of her and her sister, and smiles.

And then, she begins to share.

Share schedules and department meetings, which will require the head trio’s presence. Casually drops that she saw Hashirama-san looking in the market with Izuna-sama for some clothing and items in colors oddly suited to Tobirama. When she notices Hokage-sama in the market looking at new books and scrolls, seeking new ones for gifts.

This unexpectedly bountiful wellspring of information is kept a close guarded secret.

But now, both generations of students of Senju Tobirama are aware of the plan.

They *will* find a way to save him from the madness of Uchiha Madara, Uchiha Izuna, and his former brother Hashirama.

It takes them all an embarrassing amount of time to realize that Sensei knows they are up to something. An even more embarrassing amount to realize that he has been blinding himself to the implications of their activities.

The Uchiha children are the first to grasp why. Madara has given him orders. Boundaries. If Tobirama-sensei let himself become aware of what they were plotting, he could no longer shield them from their Hokage’s jealousy.

The madness and fury of an Uchiha who’s great love is threatened... is terrifying. They do not want to draw the ire of one who is so mad already that they can *harm* their great love on their own.
And so, they step up their performance.

They smile when they see Madara and Tobirama-sensei together. They chat amongst themselves about how happy sensei is, how it’s so nice that Hokage-sama cares so much about his health.

And when Madara begins to be more assured, they drop in the tiny, tiny hints. Oh, Sensei seems so tired lately, is he not sleeping well? Is there something stressing him?

And like seeds in fresh filled soil, the plan continues to grow.

Chapter 9

by Alasse_m

DO YOU NEED MORE PROOF THAT YOU NEED TO POST IT?? I HAVE BACKUP!

The worst mistake, among all mistakes Madara made, was to underestimate the Senju survivors. Kids yes, but already soldiers, already devoted to Tobirama.

He didn’t think the Senju would be so similar to the Uchiha. Family first, and there was no one there for the Senju kids more than Tobirama. Madara’s mistake was to believe Hashirama and his peace for all mentality was the norm. That Tobirama’s devotion to his brother was the oddity.

He also underestimated Senju resilience. Just because they didn’t let their pride hurt them or their clan in defeat doesn’t mean it’s not there.

(You and Diana are making this comment fic the best, thank you __;) )

Chapter 10

by chimericColoratura

(THIS IS VERY SURPRISING OKAY HOW DO YOU DO THE THING???)

The thing that Madara forgot, that Izuna forgot, that even Hashirama forgot, is that the Senju were known as the Clan of Love long before the war between their clans began. Senju love, not with the obsessive devotion and possession of Uchiha, nor the quieter love of civilians, nor the protectiveness of other shinobi, but with devotion.

A Senju in Love is a Senju Devoted, to person and to principle, and sometimes Duty will overcome compassion.

But never more dangerous is a Senju who has found a person whom embodies all the principles they
have chosen, who is worthy of their love. Platonic, romantic, friendly, familial. It matters not. A Senju in Love... is a Senju with nothing they will not do, nothing they will not hold back, nothing they will not say to keep what is precious secure and whole.

And Hashirama, devoted to Peace, to reconnecting with his precious best Friend, and to his beloved Izuna, does not recognize that his Principle of Peace Before All Else is not the Principle which the Clan is devoted to.

Does not recognize the way Tobirama, reserved, dedicated, dutiful Tobirama, who puts the welfare of their clan before anything (even himself), is the Center of the Senju.

From the Pure Lands, Butsuma weeps for his blinded son, whose Mokuton has distanced him from his clan and their struggles. Weeps harder for his true Heir, who even now acts as the Head of the Senju should in time of Peace.

Raising the next generation to be better prepared and stronger than the one that came before. Shielding them from the scrutiny and censure of those who are too jealous of their own place and power.

Beside him, Tajima weeps also. His sons, proud, beautiful, and blinded to the harm they do to the one they should seek to protect and keep whole.

Senju Kyōka knows who her Guide is. All the Senju do. The older generation that would follow Butsuma-sama is gone, dead in the last battle between Senju and Uchiha.

All that remain are her generation, and the generation after hers, know who the Guide of the Clan is now. Who it is that shows them the way forward in this strange, uncertain future.

Hashirama-sama, firstborn son of Butsuma-sama, inheritor of the legendary Mokuton, is a blind visionary. He cannot truly lead the way, only declare what he would have be to those who can see the way the world works.

No. The Guide of the Clan, their hidden, unacknowledged Head and Heart, is Tobirama-sensei.

Those older than him, more Hashirama-sama’s age, had doubted, at first.

But then they saw how he turned the ire of the Uchiha away from them, made a distraction of himself to guard them. How he took the children given into his teaching, and raised them high, instead of seeking to keep them weak.

Even those children belonging to the clan of their conquerors.

For Tobirama-sensei’s Principle.... is Understanding.

And so the Senju, bound to the Uchiha, do not poison their jailers, do not kill themselves, do not sabotage recklessly.

No. Instead, they work to spread what he had taught them. Seek, learn, question.

And they can see how the Heart of their Clan bleeds.

He bleeds, and the children he taught... they notice. They care.

And through that sign, the Senju know them to be as their own.
Unusual strategy, but their clan head is an unconventional man. All his students... are Senju now.

So Kyōka shares with the little shadow-weilder, the little mindwalker. Shares with the young size-changers what flavors their beloved Sensei most enjoys. Teaches the fiery ones the calming katas Tobirama-sensei has shared with her and her sister.

And she smiles knowingly when they turn blithe smiles on the three fools who bind and tear her Heart.

(Not so much on the kids this time but Senju be interesting okay?)

Chapter 11 by chimericColoratura

(I WILL IF I CAN FIGURE OUT HOW BECAUSE I DONT HAVE A COMPUTER JUST A PHONE)

Their Center and Heart being Tobirama-sensei was the only thing that saved Hashirama-sama from being poisoned repeatedly. From being ignored and ostracized.

All Senju who live know how dearly Tobirama-sensei loves their clan, and his anija. It would hurt him, if they attacked the man who had abandoned him.

Who had abandoned all of them, exchanging their freedom for his Peace. They all know the truth, that Hashirama-sama could have defeated his rival. But his Purpose was focused upon his rival, and his rival’s second, and he fell for them.

He could not turn his Purpose to seeking the Clan’s well being, and they acknowledge that he did not have to. But as he does not have to truly put them first... they no longer owe him loyalty.

Tobirama-sensei, though...

Those who had been on the battlefield that day had seen him fight, doing his best to protect them, to defend, to guard. And some among them, captured that same day, had heard the threat Uchiha Madara leveled upon him.

"Harm yourself, and you will see the remaining Senju sporting the same wounds as you."

No Senju would ever forget that Tobirama-sensei had chosen their well-being over his own. Had chosen to be trapped, to suffer, rather than risk further harm to them.

Tobirama-sensei had told them that Hashirama-sama had made a similar promise.

But they know that he just wants that to be true.

They will let him have what comfort he can find. They owe him that much.
But always, always, they will watch, and wait, and learn. And when the time is right, they will truly safeguard their Center and their Clan.

It is because they have devoted themselves to watching that they notice the change in their captors. How uncomfortable the Uchiha are around the Hokage, and around their new clan head. How they look away in guilt whenever they see Madara-sama holding their precious Sensei close.

Tentatively, the Senju begin to seek understanding of their lifelong enemies, and find that their Center has begun changing them for the better as well.

By being calm, and listening, and offering his help and advice when asked, without judgement or censure or ridicule. Slowly, the Uchiha begin to shift. Not all of them. Not the oldest ones, the ones most set in their ways. But the younger ones, who watch Madara with his great love and can see the cracks in the patina.

Kyōka will never cease to be in awe of the Heart of her Clan.

And so, when some among the younger generation begin to hesitantly court certain of the Senju, she does not protest. Does not insist that no one allow it.

Hashirama-sama is all smiles when he sees the signs of such courting, happy and pleased, Izuna-sama an indulgent presence at his side.

Madara-sama is equally pleased, and only insists that the Uchiha is head of the family in all cases.

Tobirama-sensei... only checks to see that they are uncoerced, and are truly happy.

The Uchiha who find themselves drawn to the Senju who now live among them are aware of the scrutiny of their peers. Choosing lesser villagers as lifepartners? Really? Risking not having their one great love return their affection and passion?

But with Madara-sama and Izuna-sama both so happily tied to Senju, it is more acceptable than it once would have been.

There are some whispers, some worries, that Madara-sama and Izuna-sama will leave behind no children, but Senju Tobirama is an unparalleled genius, and Senju Hashirama has the rare Mokuton, and amazing medical skill. It is entirely possible that they will find a way to give their husbands the heirs they will need.

Still, approaching the Senju that one is drawn to is nerve wracking, for the young Uchiha. It is not a
battle anymore, so there can be no capturing and negotiating and easy claiming. Instead, they must court.

And yet... they find they enjoy such things.

The first time an Uchiha chooses to court a Senju, everyone is surprised when Tobirama is the first to be aware of it. Not Izuna-sama, known for his insight into the minds of others, nor Madara-sama, who watches over the clan. Not even Hashirama-san, who is said to be the one to first dream of peace alongside Madara-sama.

No, instead it is the Senju that the Uchiha once called the Oni.

Thinking that the Oni would not approve, for all he himself is bound to Madara-sama, the first Uchiha stands beside his intended, defiance in his eyes.

But all that happens is that brilliant red eyes look into his own, and then into his lovely partner’s, and ask quietly if they make each other happy. If they both truly want this. Confused, they nod, and a wisp of relief crosses through, before hiding away again.

A quiet, subdued congratulations, and Tobirama walks away.

Hashirama-san is exuberant, hugging his husband close and reaching to touch his brother, Madara-sama wrapping a proprietary arm around the slender youngest of the four. The clan head’s words of blessing are satisfied, and remind that the Uchiha is the head of their new household.

It is not until the next morning, after they have moved their love into their home, that the young Uchiha realizes why Tobirama of the Senju would look into their eyes and be relieved.

Kawarama and Itama have had a long time to adjust to being dead. To get used to seeing people that were enemies together, at the edge of the Pure Lands, watching over their living family.

It is a sad, sad day when they see their father beside Uchiha Tajima, crying as they watch Madara touch their Tobi-nii. Watch Izuna touch their eldest brothers both, and their eldest brother touch their Tobi-nii.

It is sad, because Uchiha are meant to be clearsighted. Hashirama is meant to be Tobirama’s brother, and good with people.

So why do none of them notice the anguish and misery buried in Tobirama, hidden behind seemingly content smiles and touches, by the exhausted search for warmth. By the way he submits to all of them in the bedroom even when he would rather sleep, pacifying their tempers and jealousy.

Hashirama had been captured first, and given in after a longer period, it is true... but the methods used against him were easier. And in the illusions, Izuna had deliberately included Tobirama, an enticement to their greedy oldest brother.

When their brothers join them again, they will help their Tobi-nii hide away from the three who take his joy as granted, his willingness as given. They will let the adults handle the others.
It takes time before the newly wedded Uchiha and Senju realize that Tobirama had used a sealless jutsu to check them for manipulation. For genjutsu. Not until the time when he does object to a pairing, and convinces Madara-sama to listen from his knees.

Chapter 13

by diana_of_hufflepuff

They very nearly slip up a few times. Luckily they are not alone and can always cover for each other.

Hyuuga Akemi and Utatane Koharu are known as the Good Girls of their cohort. And it is absolutely true when they are younger. They do what they are told, when they are told. They excel in their studies. They never make a fuss and never raise their voices. Adults love them. They praise them endlessly and croon about what good, reliable girls they are. Akemi and Koharu do not mind. They are inherently even-tempered and they enjoy being trusted.

They have not yet realized the power that comes with their reputation.

Once, Hiruzen and Danzou get caught in the Forest of Death by the Hokage himself. Damningly, they are caught looking for poisonous berries that bear remarkable resemblance to blueberries. Many shinobi have fallen to this innocuous fruit, happily but mistakenly popping them into their mouths like peanuts. Hiruzen and Danzou have seen the marks around Sensei’s wrists and forearms, has seen how he is drooping and looking unusually worn out. Meanwhile, the Hokage is looking particularly…glowy.

They never intended to go through with anything, they are simply frustrated and are letting loose with fantasies of violent and well-deserved deaths. Unfortunately, the Hokage catches them. He asks them what they are doing. The boys are terrible at improvisation.

They botch up their excuses horribly, contradicting each other at every turn. The Hokage looks increasingly displeased.

Koharu appears as if by magic. Akemi, their most accomplished sensor and surveillance specialist, has abandoned her duties to come running to her in near panic, points her towards the two boys, before fleeing right back to where she is supposed to be.

Koharu wastes no time in sprinting the entire distance to Hiruzen and Danzou. The Hokage’s chakra is steadily but rapidly rising to a furious inferno. Koharu knows she must de-escalate the situation before he decides that the boys are plotting something nefarious, and takes it out on Sensei’s hide.

She neatens her hair and straightens her askew clothes before jogging (fake) leisurely towards the three.

“Practising stealth?” the Hokage asks in a dangerously quiet voice. “In an out-of-bounds area?” He flicks his eyes towards the poisonous berries scattered around them. “While collecting poison?!” His expression darkens. Hiruzen and Danzou break out in cold sweat.
“It’s for me!” Koharu blurs.

FUCK, she screams internally.

However, the Hokage’s eyes lose some of the suspicion simmering in them. His expression softens and his frame releases some of its tension.

“For you, Koharu-chan?”

“Yes, Hokage-sama,” she says, mildly but brazenly. “It’s for my hair pins. I wanted to see if I could coat them in poison.”

“…I see.”

There was a pregnant silence. Koharu’s heart beat painfully in her chest, but she keeps her outward body language guileless but attentive.

Madara turns his whole body towards her and fixes her with his intense, intense gaze.

“Then why,” he continues threateningly, “these particular berries? Why the berries that have already caused so many deaths by sheer carelessness? Why the berries that would be just perfect for an assassination if they were to be slipped into a bowl of fruit?”

Koharu draws back minutely in surprise. That’s… Isn’t that a little paranoid? But then, she’s only thirteen. What does she know of the appropriate level of paranoia?

“Well, Hokage-sama, it’s just that they’re very well-known poisons,” she says matter-of-factly. “So they’re easier to work with and the antidote is readily available. I only want them to practice preparing my hairpins. I’m not using them.”

“Why didn’t you get them from the research department then? Why did you send those two,” he shoots a glare at the cowering Hiruzen and Danzou, “into an out-of-bounds area?”

Koharu very determinedly does not fidget.

“I usually get these things from Haruka-san, yes. But she’s been completely busy,” Koharu tugs at her fingers sheepishly, “I got impatient.”

That’s a complete lie. She hasn’t spoken to Haruka in three days. Koharu mentally sweats.

The Hokage… deflates.

“Oh, very well,” he sighs.

Koharu does not give away her absolute surprise, and maintains the blithe tone of her body language.

Chapter 14 ↓

by diana_of_hufflepuff

“I usually get these things from Haruka-san, yes. But she’s been completely busy,” Koharu tugs at her fingers sheepishly, “I got impatient.”

That’s a complete lie. She hasn’t spoken to Haruka in three days. Koharu mentally sweats.

The Hokage… deflates.

“Oh, very well,” he sighs.

Koharu does not give away her absolute surprise, and maintains the blithe tone of her body language.
“Just don’t do it again. And keep them out of trouble,” the Hokage glares sternly one last time, and just... walks away.

Koharu, Hiruzen, and Danzou wait for a few days, certain that doom is about to fall on them. The Hokage will check with Haruka-san, find out all three of them were lying through their teeth, and rain hellfire down. On them! On Sensei! On them all!

(If Haruka-san so much as hints that she is not busy then they’re all SO DEAD.)

Their entire group is on high alert. They watch Madara, they watch Sensei, and even Izuna and Hashirama. But there’s nothing.

Danzou and Hiruzen lied to the Hokage and he calls their bluff immediately.

Koharu lied straight to the Hokage’s face right after them…

…and he believes her.

Coincidentally, Akemi makes her realization from the same incident, but on the other side of the village. She does not tell Koharu that it was Izuna she had to abandon (or at least, he was in the room that she had to leave so abruptly) to give her warning. Her first hint comes when Izuna does not so much as look up when she comes back to the office, desperately keeping her breathing even. Others in the room glance up at her footsteps, but otherwise makes zero comments. She has been gone for almost half an hour. She waits for questions, waits for Izuna to eye Senju Tobirama’s student with suspicion.

There is nothing.

She makes the actual realization later in the day.

She is the last to leave the outermost archives offices. She locks up exactly as usual, and makes her way out. Senju Kaya comes barreling in out of nowhere.

“Shit!” she curses. “Wait, hi! Hyuuga Akemi-chan, right?”

Akemi blinks, and nods at her.

“Is there anyone left on the second floor?”

“No, they’ve all left.”

“Dammit. What about the security guy, Ryuui-san?”

“He’s on leave today.”
“Oh no!” Kaya cries.

“Kaya-san,” soothes Akemi, “What is it that you need?”

“I left my work in there! But the office is locked up for the day, but Izuna-sama wants it submitted by today! If I have to tell him it’s late because I forgot...” She looks stressed, and on the verge of tears.

Akemi’s heart goes out to her. Izuna is strict on the best of days, but on his Senju underlings…

Wait, actually.

“I have the keys.”

Kaya stops pulling at her hair, “What?”

“Yes,” Akemi pulls out her bundle. Sure enough, the entire set of keys for the outermost offices are right there. Strictly speaking, they should be separated and lent to the relevant persons only, and returned on the same day. But Ryuuji-san has known her for a while now, and he has even told her to keep the keys until he comes back tomorrow, simply for convenience. “See? Let’s go.”

Akemi’s mind wanders as she escorts the extremely relieved and extremely grateful Kaya (Oh thank the gods! Bless you very much!). Objectively, what Ryuuji-san has done is a security breach. But the outer offices honestly don’t hold very important information. And it’s not like he does it for everyone. He has only given the keys somewhat freely to her.

If she just tells him Ryuuji-san, I left my wallet in the office, can I go and get it? Will he hand over the whole lot to her, just like that? Without signing her in?

Yes, she realizes. Yes, he will.

She says goodbye to Kaya, putting the keys safely away. She notes that Kaya does not even question why a mere student like her is in possession of the keys to the facility. The outer offices don’t mean much, but she may be starting to realise just how much the “Good Girl” can potentially get away with.

Original comment

Previous chapter: 14 (diana_of_hufflepuff)

Next chapter: 17 (diana_of_hufflepuff)

Chapter 16 ↓

by chimericColoratura

( I DO NOT KNOW YOU THINK I CONTROL THIS???)

Madara is... shocked. He will admit it. Tobirama had been doing so well, showing no signs of discontent with the blending of their clans. He had even given his blessings and well wishes to several young couples. But now, this one pair, he cannot give congratulations to?

Reaching up, he pets Tobirama’s hair, before gripping and twisting, his lovely pet dropping to his knees.

He wants an explanation. Now.
Tearful red eyes peer up at him, before his head bows, and his pet bows over his hands. He cannot
give his blessing, because the pair are not well suited. They did not truly and freely choose each
other, and Madara had promised that no one would be forced into such things.

Raising an eyebrow, he glances at Izuna, who goes to check their petitioners, and begins to swear.

Both of them have been genjutsu’d. Both of them. Once Izuna breaks it they bow, grateful. They are
close friends, but do not love one another that way. Thank you for freeing them.

Madara pets Tobirama’s hair, pulling his pet up gently, pressing kisses to his cheeks. Softly, he pets
white hair.

How good of his precious pet to keep him from making such a dire mistake so carelessly. He
deserves a special reward.

Izuna watches his Hashirama pin Tobirama down on the bed, Madara taking over holding his wrists,
and slips into his brother’s heat, soft moans and whimpers breathless. Even now, after years of being
their most submissive, Tobirama is still so sensitive and tight.

Perhaps the innate healing of his Hashirama is shared in part by his brother?

Next time Tobirama earns a reward and a punishment, or either, he will need to have Madara test that
idea.

For now, he will join his brother and his pet in teaching Tobirama when it is respectful to bring up
certain matters.

The next day, Tobirama is too exhausted to teach, so Izuna and Hashirama go to take over the class,
leaving Madara to do his paperwork with Tobirama curled up in his lap.

Personally, Izuna doesn’t like teaching. He can’t see how Tobirama can stand to be so patient when
he gets nothing out of it.

But it was still one of his most brilliant suggestions to make Tobirama Be in charge of such things.
Already, the groups are doing small missions in the village. Like delivering lunch to people, and
helping clean or watch the tiniest members of the family, looking for pets...

Izuna is so absorbed in his dissatisfaction that the wariness in the students at his and Hashirama’s
presence completely passes him by.

Hashirama loves seeing his otouto’s students. It is always important to make sure Tobirama was not
the sole influence on a child. So he watches them demonstrate jutsu, and he tries not to judge his
brother too harshly for the powerful, dubiously moral things he taught them....

Actually, no. It’s a chance for Hashirama to get Madara to let him attempt to train his brother to be
more considerate of moral boundaries....

Humming... he begins to daydream, giggling at how his brother will look...
Chapter 17 ↓

by diana_of_hufflepuff

His subconscious is noticing. I imagine it will involve a bit of trial and error on the kids' part. Like, they really really want to make life easier for Tobirama. But they get a bit obvious at first, and well. Uchiha jealousy, Exhibit A. Nara Satoshi and Yamanaka Inojin will be like aaaahhhhhshitshitshitwhatthefrickfrack abort abort abandon ship time to RE-STRATEGIZE. They get it right eventually. They reserve intervention only for very special occasions. The rest of the time they coordinate like a village-wide charade of adoring all four of them, as cover. Not to mention the fake shipping.

I cast Uchiha Akane for this.
[something happens, Madara about to fly off the handle]
Akane: *gasps, grabs at wrist* Omg Sensei, I love your bracelet, where did you get it? *Regina George smile*
Tobirama: (internally) GURL WTF YOU DOING
Madara: (nostrils flaring) FROM ME
Akane: Oh, I just knew it! It's adorable! It really suits Sensei, you know. You have great taste, Hokage-sama.
Madara: *confused but deflating*
Tobirama and Madara leave.
Akane: (to Akemi) *smile melts off like candle* That is the ugliest effing "bracelet" I've ever seen.
Akemi: *covers mouth with sleeve, disguises her snort of laughter as a delicate cough*

Chapter 18 ↓

by chimericColoratura

( I AM GLAD YOU ARE HAPPY :D )

Madara is amused when Hashirama approaches him after lessons with the children, bubbly and cheerfully sly as his best friend only gets when he has a very good idea. Last time, they had all four taken one of the rare rest days to enjoy some personal time, working Tobirama slowly open enough for all three of them to be inside him at the same time.

It had taken effort and coordination, but the sheer sensation and awe had been indescribable, driving all four of them to blinding release. His lovely pet had been loose enough to fit his fist inside after...

Though he and Tobirama had had to take a couple days, for recovery and private time. Amazing, how his beautiful ocean spirit had become so tight again after a good rest.

Smiling, he looks over his shoulder to his personal apartments, where he can feel his pet resting after their morning session. He thinks his dear wife understands not to give his students assignments that
could lead to them going somewhere dangerous unsupervised now.

His Kage Bunshin have been keeping him busy with some help from a Moku Bunshin of Hashirama’s.

The next day, Tobirama is not up to teaching again. It’s a chore, but Izuna cannot blame his brother’s enthusiasm. If Hashirama hadn’t been such a challenge, Izuna would probably have demanded to fully share his brother’s prize.

After all, he had been Tobirama’s opponent and rival for years. Almost all their shinobi career.

His Hashirama, however, had drawn his gaze, and Izuna had found his great love, the challenge he could always face, the love he could burn with.

And his brother is so generous, letting he and his Hashirama share in Madara’s Tobirama.

He could remember being so shocked when Hashirama had responded so well, when Izuna brought Tobirama into the Tsukuyomi he wielded to bring Hashirama around. His prize had been reluctantly resistant to giving in, trying to protect his whole clan... right up until Izuna included a capture of Hashirama’s dear otouto two months into the illusion.

After Izuna caught on, it was an illusionary week before Hashirama began to respond to his methods properly.

The final straw was a promise. No killing the children. No information about Senju holdings or abilities until after they won. And that they would not kill Tobirama.

How shocked and pleased Hashirama had been, to learn that Madara planned to keep Tobirama as his own. Planned to bring Tobirama around to their way of thinking, to turn that prodigious intellect to the peaceful, constructive pursuits that Hashirama had so long wished to guide him to....

It was a neat thing, when they told Tobirama that Hashirama had given no information on how to bring him down. No information on weaknesses of his skills and jutsu... because Hashirama had not known them to share. Instead, he had told them... other things. Things that would be useful once they had him.

How sensitive he was to chakra. How unused to touch he is. How he can so easily get lost in his own head, given the right impetus.

No wonder Madara only needed two months, with so much more information to start from.

And how delighted they all were, to learn Tobirama had a naturally submissive personality, buried under training and pressures of being clan heir.

The students watch their substitute Sensei, and begin to wonder. They were old enough to understand that adults did intimate things with each other, though they had no experience with what those things were.

With how tired Tobirama-sensei tends to look after... they aren’t sure they want to know. Only their parents lack of exhaustion keeps them from being sure.
But... something is off. The way Hashirama-san and Izuna-sama are acting... is similar to the glimpse they caught of Hokage-sama. And their information confirmed that all three had been in the same suite this morning when the servants came to deliver breakfast and the paperwork from the previous night...

Could it be....

Chapter 19

by chimericColoratura

(I DONT DO THE SEX VERY GOOD I JUST CIRCLE IT WARILY)

Tobirama doesn’t show the ache in his body when he wakes, and gets up to go about his duties. With the village growing and prospering, Madara no longer has quite so much free time as he did before.

Tobirama very carefully does not point out that paperwork could be managed, in part, by clones. He doesn’t want his ‘husband’ to catch on to how he is getting time for research and experiments.

He owes himself at least some of the things that make him happy.

His students... old and new... have been more and more focused on him, of late. The concern he reads so easily in the turns of their chakra awes and terrifies him. If they see something that makes them worry, how long....

....before his ‘husband’ and their ‘partners’ notice as well?

How long... before Madara and Izuna and Hashirama decide he needs to be ‘shown’ all the reasons he has to be ‘happy’?

____________________

He carries on as he always has, keeping an eye on the village and it’s people as he goes about his duties. Checking in on those of his people who seem frustrated or upset or lonely. Offering advice to the young Senju he spots training, to the young Uchiha trying to learn a jutsu without his Sharingan. To every young ninja he comes across in the village who seems lost.

The Academy is on its rest day, for the week, and so his students can spend their time training and playing. Have time with their families.

So why, he wonders, are certain young ones approaching him with determined looks on their faces.

____________________

The smile on Tobirama-sensei’s face as they all sit together, having a picnic lunch in the Academy training yard, is worth every ounce of effort it took to pull this off.

To make sure the Hokage and the Head of the Hospital are busy. To make sure that Izuna, overseer
The "Children" carry out their plan. Madara, Izuna and Hashirama are dead and Tobirama-sensei becomes hokage. It takes some time but in the end there is real peace in Konoha. Tobirama smiles more often. He is still crying for the brother he once had, but he feels like he feels like he can finally breathe.

In the pure land, three bastards watch his life. They are slowly beginning to understand that Tobirama has never been happy with them. Their enraged deceased relatives made a huge contribution to teaching them certain truths. They enjoy when Tobirama dies. He will eventually join them and they will have a chance to apologize. How wrong they are. They don't know yet that nobody is going to let them see him again.

It is decades before Madara sees him for the first time. Tobirama is not alone ... He is smiling, happy and looks with love in his eyes which take his breath away. He is looking at a man who isn't him.

Tobirama didn't expect to find love, but Indra was very patient. Indra and his brother watched at the life of their reincarnation and in his heart grew anger and disgust. But he fell in love. He never thought he would have so much patience and gentleness but Tobirama is worth it. After years of courtship, he finally managed to win the albino heart. Their life together is not easy. Sometimes he must wake Tobirama from his nightmares. Personally he think this is a small victory that Tobirama isn't afraid to reveal that he has nightmares. Sometimes there are days when they don't have even a moment of time for themselves because Tobirama is cornered by his former clanmates and students. But these are the times when he smiles most often.

He also likes to think that Tobirama found an older brother in Asura that he always deserved.
And Madara ...? Madara is devastated. Knowing that Tobirama has fallen in love with Indra only makes matters worse. Madara is the reincarnation of Indra. And that means he could really have Tobirama. Not just his body and forced loyalty. He could have had his love and soul.

Chapter 21

by chimericColoratura

THE SHINIGAMI DOES IT

HAMURA WATCHED HIS BROTHER’S POOR PARENTING WRECK LITERAL CENTURIES OF PEOPLE AND HE HAS HAD IT

THEN, HE MEETS A NEW SOUL. A SOUL CLOSE TO ASHURA’S REINCARNATE.

SMART, RATIONAL, WILLING TO LISTEN AND THINK AND QUESTION.

WHEN SARUTOBI SEALS HIS PREDECESSORS IN THE GUT OF THE SHINIGAMI, HAMURA GRABS HOLD OF TOBIRA AND YEETS HIM INTO THE TIME OF THE SAGE

Chapter 22

by Miray

You make me blush! I wanted Madara to suffer and this seems like the best way to do it.

I like the idea that devotion and love to Tobirama will make Indra and Ashura finally reconcile. Tobirama is a real treasure and will stop the war between Senju and Uchiha before it even begins.

Tobirama hurts Izuna but the younger Uchiha doesn't die. Madara lets the Senju clan believe his brother is dead. Izuna has no eyes now and he is defenseless. The war unfolds like in a canon story. Hashirama offers peace and Madara mentions and what Tobirama did to Izuna. Madara mocks Hashirama in "terms of peace". Tobirama sees his brother's hesitate and makes decisions for him. Resigned Tobirama is killing himself. Only that Izuna is still alive ....

This is where Homura comes in and kidnaps Tobirama. Izuna, Hashirama and Madara (and everyone else?) wake up one day to have a double set to mention. In both of them, Hashirama's younger brother was equally avoided and disliked. In both of them he died sacrificing himself to others.
Chapter 23

by chimericColoratura

But in one set of memories, their clans... aren’t at war. They are allied.
And their ancestors effigies are weeping.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 22 (Miray)
No next chapters, end of thread.

Chapter 24

by diana_of_hufflepuff

Nara Satoshi and his company are suspicious. The Hokage is away on a diplomatic mission with his second, but still Izuna and Hashirama hover around Sensei like vultures. Sensei still shows up for training with Izuna pale and wan and tired. The students and their network have been growing, they have been feeding Sensei every opportunity they possibly can as though he is facing heavy combat. They have praised Madara as a husband, have played up the charade that he and Sensei make a wonderful couple. And it has been working, Satoshi knows. Inojin, Ren and Akane, Tatsuma, Torifu have confirmed this. So why...?

Izuna plays with the hair at the nape of Sensei's neck, and Sensei leans into it the same way he would into Madara. He turns the same, fake-besotted, aggressor-placating smile on Izuna and-!

Satoshi clamps down on his chakra and turns away abruptly. He throws himself into his next kata with barely contained ferocity. Scum! he screams in his mind.

He must tell his fellows. Some of them are already turning to him in horror but he hastily flicks the sign "as you were" at them. They must not give the game away. They are already planning to kill Izuna anyways. Not much has changed.

A week later Ren strides very calmly into their "study session" in Sensei's library, looks at them, and smiles.

Satoshi, Inojin, and Akemi stop their discussion.

Ren has a quirk. When he is feeling particularly murderous, he smiles as though he is wishing you good morning on his way to get breakfast. This is that smile.

"The tree told Sensei to end lesson early yesterday," Ren says pleasantly.

Satoshi, Inojin, and Akemi exchange glances.

"And...?" Inojin prompts, stomach sinking.

"Tatsuma told me his kikaichu informed him that they then retired to Sensei's apartments. This morning, only the tree came out, looking quite happy." Ren's close-lipped smile grows, but his eyes
burn. "Very happy."

His friends scowl.

"Oh, and no one has seen Sensei about today."

Akemi pales, "But the others-

"-are on an away mission. Yes, exactly."

The table cracks under Akemi's grip. Inojin slams a fist on it, and Satoshi 

The teens hate the three beasts as they have never hated before. Initially they had planned to kill off Izuna and Hashirama only because they would never stand by while Madara dies. They would be in the way. They may become even more dangerous. They will seek revenge. Their circle was just planning to eliminate secondary threats before they can fully form.

But now.

Now it's. ALL. PERSONAL.

And the worst thing. The worst thing is that they know how much their sensei values his last remaining brother. They've heard stories, from his old Senju students, about sensei's little brothers. How Tobirama-sensei blames himself for their deaths, for not being there for them, for not helping their training enough for them to survive (and it's no wonder sensei is so strict with them). They heard the story of Tobirama-sensei standing in front of his father, ready to take a hit for his anija.

They don't need anyone to tell them sensei knew Hashirama was meeting someone at the river. Knew who it was, and stayed quiet until he had no other choice.

For that love to be used against him in such a way...

Satoshi's mind is whirling. The situation is much more dire than any of them had thought. Tobirama-sensei is under the thumb of not one, but three abusers. Madara is volatile, but with their combined efforts he may yet be manageable. He is most docile when his 'relationship' with Sensei is validated.
Whether they compliment Madara himself, or whether they compliment whatever ‘nice things’ he
does or buys for his ‘husband’, he laps it up. His face does not give away his pleasure, but their non-
human partners, and their doujutsu users pick it up collectively, and pass on the information.

Satoshi and Inojin have compiled a list, an ever-growing table of Do’s and Don’ts. It’s like a guide
on the care and keeping of a rabid animal. They are doing alright, learning how to handle and divert
Madara at a good pace. Sometimes, unfortunately, there is no way to know what would trigger him
other than when they stumble head-long into it. No one likes that when it happens, least of all Sensei.
But they must learn. It is not as though they seek out and press Madara’s buttons on purpose. He is
unstable, and the least they can do is make notes and make every effort to never step on the newly
discovered trigger ever again, for Sensei’s sake.

They alternate keeping the heavily coded master list between their most unassuming fellows - even-
natured Torifu, quiet Tatsuma, and demure Akemi. The very existence of a physical record like this
is extremely risky, but absolutely necessary. They are building a house of mirrors, choreographing a
massive, yet delicate, performance for Madara, and their basis needs to be rock-solid and consistent.

Satoshi folds his hands under his chin. Now, however, the charade gets more complicated. They
need to chart out Izuna and Hashirama’s behavior regarding Tobirama-sensei in a similar way, since
they have established themselves to be active threats to Sensei’s well-being rather than sadistic but
passive voyeurs. Satoshi wants their network to be able to manipulate and placate all three bastards to
protect Sensei as much as they are able.

Difficult, he thinks, rubbing at his forehead. (He’s going to develop premature wrinkles, he just
knows it.) But not impossible. Not with how widespread, and how invested the alliance is. In any
other context, if it were any other ‘family’ behaving this way, the village would have dragged the
three abusers out in chains and stoned them to death, probably.

Satoshi moves to call in their inner circle. They need to discuss how they can adjust the dance of
their undercover army. There is a lot of additional work to be done, they had better start immediately.
ENDGAME IS BEST REVENGE

Tobirama, long-suffering, protective, self-sacrificing Tobirama... will be freed from his tormentors.

He ends up Nidaime Hokage, and things become EVEN BETTER because Tobirama is not exhausted and hurt all the time, and helps maintain peace between the lands.

He dies in old age, well loved by all his people, and then....

He is in the Pure Lands, where he finds out that all the Senju and the ancestors were watching. Were watching.... and are proud of him for being so strong, for not giving in and letting those three hurt anyone else with their shortsightedness and inattention.

And those three? Hamura the Shinigami is watching them. They take one step towards Tobirama that he does not consent to, and Hamura will bind them to the Hell that is the Shinigami’s Stomach. His nephews reincarnates are not getting away with this bullshit

Those three are a cautionary tale. A warning. A reminder. All their good deeds and good intentions ruined by their selfishness and blindness and greed... and that is all they are remembered for.

Also: I do plan to go into more of Hashirama’s reasoning. All three of the abusive trio’s, really. About why they aren’t being better

And... Tobirama has time to heal some, in the afterlife. And gets properly courted and falls in love with Indra. Making everything worse for Madara, because it proves Tobirama could have loved him, if Madara hadn’t ruined it with his selfishness

Days like that, where his students spend quiet time with him, increase in number.

The times when Senju runners bring him fresh tea and onigiri, or soup, and fresh paper and ink, when he is at work in the tower on making things in the village work better. Working to find the rules and systems to help such disparate peoples and clans coexist in a thriving, growing village.

He finds little notes in his desk, shared bits of clan lore stamped with the seal of the clan heads in question. He finds the Clan Heads of the Village Council being more attentive, and willing to listen to him.
Even though he is not anyone with an important station in the official village hierarchy.

Hashirama is Head of the Hospital, and allowed to assist Madara in his Hokage duties.

Izuna is Head of Information, coordinating the flow of it throughout the village, and supervises most other departments.

Madara is Hokage, and his power is checked only by a unanimous decision of the Council.

Tobirama has no real position, beyond Sensei of the shinobi children of the village. He does many other things, unofficially assisting in almost every department. Especially those belonging to his... partners.

And yet, more and more he sees the clan heads, particularly the parents of his students, looking at him with respect. Growing warmth. Even friendliness.

What is going on?

__________________________

The students have managed to fool the Hokage, and his cohort. But, while they have managed to keep why they are watching over their Sensei a secret, and the extent of it, their families have noticed.

Noticed that every single one of the children is perfectly happy to see Tobirama, no matter what time of day it is or what else they are doing. That they will go up to Tobirama to talk about anything, to say hello, to invite him along on activities.

That Tobirama never, not once, rejects their requests without an explanation for why.

And so, the parents, and the clans, and the clan heads, begin to pay more attention to this man, who they know to be a genius, and their Hokage's wife. And they begin to wonder...

Why doesn’t Tobirama have a department of his own, officially? Research and Development would be a perfect fit, but falls under the Head of Information, and of the Hospital, depending on the project.

Those in R&D reveal that they mostly work on things as they wish, and Tobirama comes in and looks their work over, gives them suggestions and advice. Sometimes, he hands them a scroll with instructions when Izuna-sama or Hashirama-sama give them a nigh impossible request.

That he claims responsibility when they don’t have something ready on time.

In this, and a thousand thousand other things, the adults, survivors of the tumultuous wars, begin to put pieces of their own together.

And they... begin to help their children.
Tobirama, with his understated suffering and his sacrifice, unwittingly created the most united of the hidden villages. The teamwork he inspired will set the bases for all future generations of Konoha, ensuring the safety of its children.

He'd consider his sacrifice worth it.

Chapter 31

Hagoromo, Sage is Six Paths, watches beside his sons as their current incarnations go about their lives. Watches as they make peace, by allowing one clan to consume and devour the other.

Watches Asura weep for his lost descendants, watches Indra pale in horror as his own reincarnation warps everything that the love he feels is supposed to mean.

Watches Hamura’s hands clench, eyes active, as he watches the reborn forms of his nephews, and their new brothers, interact.

His own sorrow is heavy. Because...

He can see in Senju Tobirama, new brother to Asura’s Reincarnation, ‘Beloved’ of Indra’s Reincarnation and Desired by said Reincarnation’s own new brother...

...the will to help. The will to understand, and guide, and nurture.

Oh, if only this soul had been born sooner... for Asura and Indra could have learned to compromise from someone so patient and willing to listen.

And it would have spared Senju Tobirama this pain.

(ALSO KNOWN AS YES THE YEET FIC WILL HAPPEN)

Chapter 32

( OH GOD I THINK THE YEET FIC ACTUALLY WILL TIE IN SOMEHOW)

( AND THE CHILDREN WILL BE SO HAPPY IF THIS GETS DEALT WITH FASTER)
The older generations of the other clans, the ones who had joined up after the Senju were subsumed by the Uchiha, only know Senju Tobirama from rumors. The rumors... are not good ones.

Too swift to hit, too ruthless and quick to kill, an endless font of horrifying new jutsu and strategies. Even the clans allied with the Senju knew him as the White Demon.

First to engage once the enemy attacked, and the last to retreat from the field.

Ruthless. *Heartless*, a truly chilling descriptor for a Senju of the Main Line.

So, when the Hokage, Shodaiine Uchiha Madara, declared that all children meant to be trained as shinobi would be taught by *Senju Tobirama*...

They were very, very cautious. Concerned.

Secretly terrified that their children would be molded into soulless weapons.

And so, every lesson, some parents would be hanging around. Observing.

For months. At first, because they were waiting for Senju Tobirama to get comfortable with their presence, and slip up at last. Give them reasons to bring to the Hokage to have the White Demon reassigned to other things.

Then, later, in fascination. The children were learning. Were training. But... they were...

....they were happy.

Excited to go to their lessons, gathering outside them to train.

Seeking their Sensei out even during free time.

The adults were curious. Who is this man who has such a frightful reputation, and yet is so beloved by their children.

____________________

The Nara clan head knows something is...off. His son is making new friends. Is getting stronger. Is *happy*.

And yet.... his son is *focused*.

Focused and determined the way Nara never are without cause.

It is a time of peace. No one has died in an attack on the village, in their new home. People get injured on missions. But with all the new jutsus and standards, deaths are rare.

It’s almost idyllic.

So.... what is so wrong inside the village that his heir is focused like he’s at war?

Perhaps.... perhaps he should watch his teacher....
(The adult shinobi don't know for sure yet, but if they keep watching then yeah, they will. The gist of it, if not the details.)

They'll keep watching, and notice how their children tip toe around Madara, Izuna and Hashirama. They'll piece together how Tobirama bears the brunt of any of the three's displeasure. They'll catch glimpses of marks, unusual marks that implies terrible things, notice the way Tobirama can't quite sit comfortably, how he limps just the slightest bit after every episode. And still he never turns their children away, not for anything. The children hover and chatter and conduct spontaneous picnics, and are on their very best behaviour, but subdued, and even exuberant Akane is quieter than usual.

Then Hashirama, Madara, or Izuna drops in, and the parents could scarcely believe the change in atmosphere, every time. It becomes stifling.

Oh, they all welcome them, cry out with joy and excitement, ply them with curious questions and endless praise, but it is nothing more than a well-rehearsed performance. They are tense, and walking upon eggshells. They are good, the three suspect nothing, but the children cannot fool the eyes of their parents who love them, who have watched over them since birth. This is not the behaviour of children towards trusted adults. Some with more life experience even recognise this as the behaviour of children around abusive parents. Towards a threat living in their very own home.

Madara moves to embrace his husband, and the fighters of the group turn away very subtly, focusing unnecessarily intently on their exercises. The strategists steal cool glances, nothing threatening in their gaze or posture, but Satoshi's father recognises the look in his son's eyes. It is the look he gets when they discuss battle strategy, discuss how to bring an enemy down. The 'nice kids', too, watch quietly. But it is the stare of a seasoned shinobi who can slit your throat open faster than you could blink, and you would be dead before you hit the ground.

The parents look at their leaders with new eyes, and they know. They know that the center of their village is corrupt, and they suspect that one man is nearly single-handedly keeping the rot contained.

That is unacceptable. They will not leave the man who has done so much for them to fight a losing war alone. They will not turn away from the man who so clearly loves all their children as though they are his own. They leave the fields casually, dipping their heads at Hokage-sama and Tobirama-sama. They turn their backs, lest the Hokage sees the new resolve shining in their eyes.

Their children are brilliant, and doing very well on their own. But it is still a little early for them to outshine their elders. The adults have their own scheming to do.

(THIS IS OUT OF CONTROL, PEOPLE, AND JUST BARELY COHERENT)

Original comment
Previous chapter: 32 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 34 (chimericColoratura)
Madara would say he’s fine with Tobirama having friends... as long as he knows who they are. And whether or not they would be cruel to his beautiful prize. He values Tobirama so much, after all.

Izuna and Hashirama would be stopping by to see what Tobirama was doing if he ever went out to do something with other adults that was not revolving around his students or the endless projects and committees he is helping with.

Which draws the attention of said adults. Because they know something is wrong. The way their children act whenever the three are around. How the young Adult Senju are always checking on Tobirama whenever they enter a room he is in, which Hashirama excuses as Tobirama being the heir to the Senju still...

And... of course... some of the civilian clan members who married into shinobi clans... notice the way Madara never, ever looks pleased when Tobirama agrees to a meeting with someone. Seems happy for his accomplishments, but makes them about himself somehow...

Tobirama, on the other hand... does think that the adults don’t trust him. He knows what his reputation was before everything he knew was broken and remade. That’s fine. He doesn’t have to be liked, or trusted, as long as they don’t let their distaste for him prevent him from doing his best to make the village work. Make a safe place for all these wonderful, precious children.

ARE YOU PEOPLE MINDREADING ME

IS THIS WHAT IS HAPPENING NOW

Hashirama isn’t... self aware enough to recognize how horrible what he is doing to his clan, and his brother, really is. Yes, some of the older Senju died, but they never really listened to him about peace. They’d been his father’s, and then had turned to his brother, after his father died.

Hashirama can’t blame them. Tobirama is so beautiful, so loyal and dedicated...

If only his otouto would look at him... if only his brother would see how he looks to him, and not his still distant fiancé...

He wishes that he could find a way to get... what he wants. Peace with his best friend. The chance to get close to tricky, lovely Izuna.

The chance to see his brother do everything he says, to touch that pale flesh in ways his father had never allowed him.

But, now that he has what he wants... Tobirama won’t settle properly. Keeps asking him if he’s really alright, if he has healed himself... and that just won’t do. Not when he’s so close to getting all of what he wants.

So he talks to his lovely Izuna. To his Madara. And they persuade Tobirama to let these hang ups
about being with them go....

And because he is so self centered... he does not notice how the children, and then their parents and
families and friends... begin to see what is happening. See what these three are doing. How terrible
the rot is, held away by a tired barrier of purifying water.

And they will not leave him to fight alone

Chapter 36

by Kuroteishi

They might get the bright idea of creating children with all of their DNA but it would be Tobirama
who would have to make it work. And I feel like this would too much for Tobirama, it's one thing
for him to deal with them he's an adult, but to bring innocent children into this? No Tobirama
absolutely would not allow it. It would probably turn out that Tobirama would pretend to work on it
but sadly all of his efforts end up in failure. D: And even the Research and Development Department
can't come up with a way. So sad, that even with all of their combined effort and genius they can't
come up with a way for them to have biological children. The trio end up dropping the idea, children
would have been nice but they weren't too attached to the idea and Tobirama seems sooo upset over
his failure. It looks like he's really hurting over this so the trio decides that any discussions for future
children can be tabled for a few years.

Chapter 37

by chimericColoratura

Izuna wonders if things could possibly get any better. His clan is thriving, he has plenty of free time
for his interests, and his brother is happy.

He has wonderful, handsome Hashirama, enthusiastic and energetic and so much fun both in the
bedroom and outside of it. Hashirama, who took so well to his training and seduction.

They are both dominant, but they make it work. The compromises keep things fresh, after all.

Madara would never have worked out as their only bed partner. His brother is... too dominant. Has
to be in charge all the time.

Which is why, once again, Izuna finds himself so very thankful for Tobirama.

Tobirama, who works so hard to make everything run smoothly for them. Always on the move,
always thinking, always giving his all.
Always needing to be shown what is most important. Serious dear that he is, he never seems to relax without their help. That’s fine, though. They don’t mind helping him with that.

Looking over at the bed, where he has Tobirama tied up, face down with his hips raised, he smiles.

Maybe this time Tobirama will learn not to go out when Izuna has plans.

Hashirama lays on his side, petting his brother’s hair. Since Madara claimed his otouto, he’s been easing off on the hair cuts.

With what Tobirama usually wears, in public, most people don’t realize how long it is getting. Keeping it in a low twist, and with how wild his fringe is, it’s easy to think it’s close to the length it used to be.

He’d wanted Tobirama to grow his hair out for years. It looks silver in the sunlight, when it is short. Not the soft fall of snow that it truly is, as cool and gentle as his lovely otouto.

Madara indulged him, like the wonderful friend he is.

Truly, Hashirama is so happy with how this has turned out. Being caught out alone on a mission by his best friend and secret crush was a little embarrassing, but it had turned out so well!

Izuna had been the one to show him what he had always known, deep down. That he was so unhappy because he was under too much stress. Because he didn’t move past those silly social taboos his father had insisted he must adhere to.

Why shouldn’t he give in to Izuna? Why shouldn’t he surrender himself into the care of someone who wanted him, who would love him?

He didn’t need to protect those warriors of his father’s era, who sneered at him and his wishes for peace. Didn’t need to keep fighting against what he most wanted.

Peace. Peace between Uchiha and Senju. Peace with his best friend, with his new love.

He’d still resisted, reluctant and weak as it was, but he did not give in. Not until Izuna came across the thing Hashirama wanted most of all.

Peace with Madara, with Izuna, and with Tobirama.

Tobirama, who had long ago spoken about peace.

Tobirama, who fights so hard for the sake of those who do not deserve his devotion. After all, if they deserved Tobirama’s protection, they would work with Hashirama to make peace.

Would not be part of the reason Tobirama, sweet, lovely, innocent Tobirama, made such dubious jutsu as weapons to use against Izuna and Madara.

He knows his Otouto doesn’t mean to be so misguided. He just needs correction.

And then Izuna brought Tobirama into the illusion, and began showing Hashirama how he could teach his brother to be better.

Could teach his brother how to be what Hashirama knew he could, helpful and comforting and obedient.
So, when Hashirama was released from the Tsukuyomi, and his regeneration finished healing him... he looked at Izuna with love in his eyes, and acted like he knew Izuna wanted.

After all, it would get Hashirama all that he desired.

Yes, Hashirama is quite happy with the way things turned out. Smoothing down soft white against a trembling, cool back, he smiles.

A gesture, and the vines in Tobirama’s opening spread a bit more. It’s an anniversary. They will celebrate together.

Hashirama and Izuna, Madara and Tobirama. All four of them together. Just as they should be.

Laying in bed, shivering with overstimulation as Madara settles beside him, Tobirama considers that, perhaps, he had miscalculated. He knew that he was outmatched. But not how badly.

It’s not one against two, with an invested observer. It’s one against three.

Hashirama... his Anija... is on Madara’s side, as he ever was before.

When... when did he lose his brother’s care? His brother’s trust?

What had he done, that Hashirama would never even try and help him when he tried to explain to Madara?

Looking down at the scroll on the table in his small, private lab, he considers once again all the reasons he has not to use such a thing.

It’s a technique of his own invention, created shortly after the village was built, and he’d had time to set up this space while all three of his... ‘partners’... were busy. One that creates a false persona, and locks it over the real one, until such a time as the persona breaks, or the hidden personality has reason to break through.

He could use it. Become what he could sense Hashirama and Izuna wanted. Become what Madara wanted.

Become the pliant, willing lover that they wanted him to be, willing to put their wants and needs before everything, without reservation or caveat, save the ones he had established and bargained for on his knees and back.

It is... more tempting than he’d like.

To give in. To allow himself to become the playful, obedient toy.
But he can’t do that. His students need him. His clan needs him. And... Itama and Kawarama would cry, if they saw him behave like something so unlike himself.

Putting the scroll in its slot, fingers lingering just a moment too long, he sealed them closed again.

The children are watching him. Their parents are watching him.

But that isn’t fear, or contempt in their gazes, for all that Izuna whispers to him how people needed more time to adjust to his presence. That Hashirama came home sad because someone had called Tobirama too harsh for peace.

(But did they really? Tobirama kept feeling eyes linger on him, is it truly fear and disgust as they tell him?)

Still, he cannot help but pale when one of the older Hyuuga bows, and says that he appreciates his beauty, and wishes to court.

Tobirama shudders as he feels Hashirama’s chakra exit his immediate vicinity, and he takes a moment just to breathe.

He... he hadn’t realized he would be grateful for something that hurt so much. That Hashirama had been ignoring his talks of his jutsu for so long...

....that he did not remember that Senju Tobirama, age 14, curious and exploratory... had created a jutsu to allow a change of gender.

Some members of the clan had felt uncomfortable in their bodies. Few, rare that they are, they had still been so unhappy. So he had found a way. It was reversible, but did require a second application of the jutsu. And that his reaction to that one trio in the clan had been to help.

The jutsu, the process that Hashirama had thought to ask him to create...

....it already exists. It’s one of the jutsu he created, and burned when Hashirama disappeared.

How... how can they ask him...

...to find a way to bring their blood and essence together, and create a child.... when they are in no way stable enough to raise one?

He thought... he thought they cared about the well being of the children of their clans, their village....
Chapter 40

by chimericColoratura

(LONG HAIR TOBIRA. TOBIRA WITH LONG, FLUFFY SOFT WHITE HAIR THAT IS VERY NICE TO TOUCH. HIS HAIR GROWS FAST)

Izuna loves learning new things about his husband. They had been enemies and rivals for Madara’s affection and care for so long, that he knew many, many things about him.

What kind of attacks he favored, what topics would make him stammer and blush.

The way his eyes would avoid Tobirama, unless Tobirama was not looking at him. How his eyes would linger on Tobirama’s back, his legs, his neck.

Izuna had suspected, long before he managed to help Madara trap his husband, that his affections for Tobirama were even less brotherly than Izuna’s and Madara’s for one another. After all, he knows Madara would never want to actually fuck him, and he doesn’t want to fuck Madara either.

No, they just enjoy sharing their lovers.

It had been something of a disappointment to Hashirama, to find out that Madara wasn’t interested in touching him unless Tobirama was somehow involved.

Not even in those months outside the Tsukuyomi, before they managed to capture Tobirama. The most Madara would do is stand, watching, and make suggestions.

One of those suggestions was, that if Hashirama gave them information that helped in convincing his brother to submit.... Hashirama could be involved in the efforts to train and tame him.

Izuna had been delighted to be so right about his dearest Hashirama. Truly, how Tobirama had managed to stay untouched until Madara caught him is a mystery for the ages.

A mystery Izuna has finally solved.

His husband and pet is so delightfully possessive of those precious to him. How many of those who had desired to claim Tobirama for themselves had Hashirama found ways to... take care of?

Well, at least he knows for sure now. Hashirama definitely loves him and Madara. Otherwise, they’d be as buried as all of Tobirama’s other unwitting suitors.

Unworthy ones, to not notice the possessiveness gleaming in Hashirama’s eyes.

____________________

Honestly, it was that possessiveness that first truly intrigued Izuna. No Uchiha wants to fall in love with someone from outside the clan, only to discover that they don’t, won’t, or can’t love them back.

Madara was unfortunate, in that he fell for Tobirama long before it could be determined if he would ever love Madara back without persuasion.

But Izuna could understand. Tobirama is just so... unique. And Madara, poor soul, loved unique things. Or noticed them, anyway. And past the appearance, Tobirama really is quite the prize.
Izuna had, at one point, contemplated having Hashirama and Tobirama as his personal pets. Keeping them both, using them, caring for them. Making himself the center of their world.

But he couldn’t do that to his brother. Madara would have been so despondent, and might have made him do more paperwork to share the misery.

Besides, he benefits so much from their current arrangement.

_______________

Izuna does, however, have to wonder... why are the clan heads starting to ask more questions of Tobirama?

It had been a very deliberate choice, to give Tobirama only one truly official position. He helped out, and practically led, numerous departments and committees in the village, but with only one official position, it made it much easier to declare they needed him for something.

Madara is Hokage, Hashirama is Head of Hospital, and Izuna is Head of Information. The three highest ranks in the village. No one could gainsay them to steal Tobirama’s time when they wished to make use of him...

....except in matters of learning.

Izuna would wish he wasn’t so stubborn about giving the children regular lessons, but Hashirama and Madara both want the next generations to be better prepared...

And getting Tobirama to ‘pay them back’ for being ‘late’ and ‘unavailable’ is... very fun indeed.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 37 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 43 (diana_of_hufflepuff)

Chapter 41 ↓

by chimericColoratura

(Tobirama found a working Gender Alteration Jutsu at age 14, and a jutsu to allow the blending of multiple parents essences to create a child at around the same time because he felt people who love the same gender (or multiple people) deserved the chance to be parents. Unknowingly, he rediscovered a lost technique from the time of the Sage)

(HASHIRAMA MIGHT REMEMBER EVENTUALLY. HE KNOWS HE HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT THIS AT SOME POINT)

Madara is... a little disappointed. He’d been getting used to the elders of his clan leaving him alone about having heirs. With his one great love found and claimed and male, they should know better.

But apparently they don’t.

He’d been complaining to Hashirama and Izuna, not wanting to bother Tobirama about something he can’t change. His lovely ocean spirit has a tendency to get lost in his head at the worst times when he felt he was failing Madara somehow...
But that... is when Hashirama had nodded sympathetically. What?

Ah. So the elders hadn’t only been starting to hint at Madara about kids. They’d been hinting at Izuna as well.

Even at Hashirama, since he belonged to Izuna and Madara, and had a useful set of physical traits that might be passed on.

Now, he’s starting to wonder why they haven’t been hassling him about getting Tobirama to have some kids. Fast, strong, powerful sensor and the most intelligent person Madara’s ever heard of... why wouldn’t they be pushing for him to have kids to?

He doesn’t think about the fact that the elders could see how he behaved about his prize, and could read the tone just fine. They... feel Tobirama suffers enough without their pressures.

Hashirama is pouting now, huffy and sulking. Apparently, he could swear that there were techniques that would allow them to have kids without involving some strange woman. But he can’t remember what type of jutsu they are, or where the instructions would be.

Maybe they could ask the other Senju? After all, they are his to command...

Starting with his lovely Tobirama....

Original comment
Previous chapter: 39 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 44 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 42 ↓

by chimericColoratura

( THE HYUUGA IS PRETTY BLIND)
(THE STUDENTS AND ADULTS WHO HAVE ANY IDEA ARE FREAKING OUT SO VERY HARD)

Hyuuga Hinae, son of the former Clan Head’s brother, had lived a good life, all things considered. He had survived to adulthood, and been skilled enough to avoid being placed into the Branch House despite being born of someone out of the direct line of inheritance.

But he had felt something lacking, despite all of his good fortune. Something that his cousin had, with his wife, his son, his daughter.

As a favor to his cousin and Clan Head, Hinae had been willing to observe the mandatory lessons for shinobi children of their new village. For all their clans were never in direct opposition, even Hinae had heard tales of the White Demon of the Senju.

And yet, when the younger shinobi had come to the training field that first day, Hinae had found himself speechless.

Slender, smaller than one would expect to have such a fierce-some reputation. Paler even than the Uchiha, with hair lighter than Hinae’s own eyes. The red marks on his face highlighted beautiful features, and slanted eyes the bright red of the setting sun.
No one had including ‘stunningly beautiful’ in the threat assessments of the man.

A massive, devastating oversight to the Hyuuga intelligence network. Thank the Sage and his Brother that Intelligence and Information are in the hands of this man’s rival. Surely Uchiha Izuna has the intelligence and foresight to include relevant hazards in mission briefings.

Further observation of the lessons does nothing to alleviate the revelation that Senju Tobirama is devastatingly beautiful. His chakra is such a soothingly cool blue, like sunlit seas and lagoons. Watching his chakra circulate with such smooth, perfect control as the young Sensei demonstrates jutsu to the children is a privilege.

One that, when the months of observation are drawn to a close, Hinae finds he mourns the loss of.

He stops by the learning meadow as often as he can, assisting in setting up the roofing and single room for the lessons to continue despite the weather.

Catching glimpse of a smile on pale, soft lips as Tobirama nods to a student, his heart skips.

Oh.

It takes a while for Hinae to decide what to do about his infatuation. Over a year. Rumors have spread that Uchiha Madara is refusing to find a wife or concubine, despite pressure from his clan elders.

Watching the Hokage touch Tobirama... he can understand the stubbornness.

He wants to be the one allowed to touch him so affectionately, to be given those smiles...

But... he has no desire to die from an attack by the Hokage.

His hopes will have to wait.

Word has been getting around that the clan elders of the Uchiha, and their subordinate clan by conquest, have been pressuring Hokage-sama, his brother, and Hashirama-san to have children. Hinae can feel the hope blossoming in his chest.

If Hokage-sama has to have children... then he will need a woman to be his bride. He will no longer be able to keep Tobirama as his lover.

Hinae can ask, at long last, for permission to court the lovely Sensei of his dear niece. It might even make her happy, if he could convince the youngest of the founders to marry him...

He will ask the question today.

Hinae bows, making his request, but the sudden tension in the field is as sharp as it is subtle. No one’s behavior has changed, but Hinae survived this long as an active shinobi by having good instincts.

“....I’m sorry, Hyuuga-san, but I must decline your request. No Senju may court without the Clan
Head’s permission...”

And, Hinae could hear, heart falling, Madara will never grant it. Not even if the man has to set his lover aside for a wife...

Hinae nods, and turns to leave.

He doesn’t notice the horrified glances of children and parent alike following him... nor the burning red-black observing him with pure fury from the window of the Hokage Tower.

Chapter 43 ↓

by diana_of_hufflepuff

He didn't mean to! He wasn't planning on it, really. He didn't quite understand, but he'd trusted his father.

But it is a festival... The atmosphere is magical. Everyone is happy and having a good time, everything is softened by the warm glow of the lanterns. The sky is clear and there is laughter in the air, coming from the relaxed adults and the children running underfoot alike...

And then the music started. Tobirama drifts towards the people who have started dancing spontaneously. That looks like fun... he has been feeling so lethargic lately, it is good to see people having fun, sharing joy in an activity that he also loves.

A new song starts, and the beat is intoxicating. It is just the best tempo to move to. Not too fast, not too slow, with a strong, easy bass beat to follow, and sharp rises and trills in the melody perfect for styling... Before he knows it, he's started swaying, has started to move and roll his shoulders to the music. He is shifting his weight from one foot to another, longing to make the actual steps.

The dancers, however, can spot fellow dancers from a mile away. A few of them hoot, and enthusiastically but gently persuade him to join their group on the makeshift dance floor. Tobirama hesitates, his late father's reprimands ringing in his ears. But his three stalkers - and especially Anija - seem to be occupied...

And it looks so fun. He wants to join in-!

Surely... surely, he can get away with one song? Just this one, he really, really loves this beat...

Chapter 44 ↓

by chimericColoratura
Unfortunately, Tobirama was busy, and it was time before any of them got a chance to see his lovely pet. Madara had decided to wait, see if they could find out from other sources, before asking their submissive.

After all, Tobirama could be so silly sometimes, trying to make sure that they didn’t have any distractions keeping them from their duties to the village. To the clan, both Uchiha and Senju.

So, instead of asking Tobirama, Madara sedately went around the compound, looking for the few married pairs of Senju from before he conquered them.

Senju could be surprisingly stubborn. It was almost impressive.

The first young pair he’d asked about the techniques Hashirama had mentioned, ones to allow lovers of the same gender to have children together, had looked confused.

Even after using a little genjutsu, they remained confused. But they did mention an older pair of Senju who might know, when encouraged to see him as more trustworthy.

After all, he is Tobirama’s loving master and partner. And even Hashirama had noticed the way the younger Senju turned to Tobirama before him.

A habit from the time before the conquering. After all, Tobirama had been their last Clan Head while they were free.

If he didn’t care so deeply for his lovely ocean spirit, he’d break them of such things. But he knows how fragile Tobirama can be, sometimes. Losing the regard of his clan could make him lose the spark of his spirit...

And Madara enjoys his spirit so very much.

The older clan was much more helpful.

Surprising, to find out that one of them had been born a man, but had felt they were meant to be a woman. Through the use of a special jutsu, it had been made so.

A jutsu that had been made... by his dear ocean spirit.

How cute. So sweet of his Tobirama, to make a way for such people to be comfortable.

And to make a way for Madara to shut the elders up.

It is late when Tobirama returns to his apartments, and he is very tired. But he is not so tired that he cannot sense the presences of his... partners.

They feel eager. Anticipatory.

And Kyōka had looked at him in fear, when he returned to the compound.

Closing the door behind him, he begins to strip out of his clothing, folding it away neatly.
He can practically feel Hashirama vibrating in excitement.

Turning around, he walks over to Madara, eyes down, submissive. Dropping to his knees, he waited for them to say something. To grab him, to give him something to do.

“I learned a most interesting story today, my pet...”

Chapter 45

by chimericColoratura

Festivals are a time to set worries and cares aside, and just enjoy life for a while. Hashirama has always loved such times, rare though they were before Madara and he had brought their clans together.

Festivals for the harvest, for the turning of the seasons, to honor the land and the ancestors. Music, good food, colorful clothing, dancing....

Especially the sacred dances. Performed by the best in the clan, to bless the crops and the women, and make both fertile.

Hashirama had sometimes gotten to be the festival dancer. Rarely. Usually it was Touka, or Kyōka, graceful and forceful and controlled.

It was too bad Madara wouldn’t allow them to include such traditions in the festivals yet. It would be nice to watch such performances again.

Maybe, this time, Tobirama wouldn’t be too busy to practice for the trials and compete to be central dancer! Hashirama had no memory of ever seeing Tobirama do that...

It was the music that had drawn him over, at first. Izuna loved the feel of the crowd, how happy and excited they all were. But he had seen how their eyes were turned to the same place, awe and wonder in their expressions as they cheered and clapped to the beat.

His Hashirama was in the crowd, watching with the same intent rapture that came over him whenever he saw something particularly.... enticing. Last time Izuna had seen that expression, Tobirama had been on Hashirama’s cock, folded in half enough to take his own into his mouth.

It is one of Izuna’s favorite memories to use for some quick gratification.

But what could possibly draw that expression, that passion, that want, to the surface now....

Heading into the crowd, he came up to Hashirama’s side, arm around a toned, powerful waist. He got a brief smile, before Hashirama’s full attention returned to whatever was holding the crowd, so Izuna took a moment to look-

Oh.
Oh.

Being Hokage, Madara had a lot of people stopping him to talk, to offer samples, to bow and try to win favor or forgiveness. Thankfully, he hadn’t seen hide nor hair of that fool Madara had caught watching an exhausted, drained ocean spirit bathing.

His prize had been most appreciative of his protection, and correction. Tobirama knew better than to bathe alone when he was so tired, now.

Still, eventually he made his way to the main square, lined with booths and food stalls and a small raised dais for musicians. He could hear the rousing tempo of dancing music, and caught himself smiling as his blood began to heat.

Too bad it’s the wrong kind of dance for him to really enjoy himself.

Ah, and there are two of his favorite partners for his preferred style of dance. He approaches them, confused when they don’t even look at him. Usually they are more aware than that...

What could possibly have their attention-

Soft, fluttering white, swirling and ebbing like a trail of mist over a stream. A swaying arm, like the branch of a willow in a powerful breeze. Pale skin, marked by bright, beautiful red.

It takes several long moments for Madara to realize what he is watching. What he is seeing.

What he had never known he was missing.

Precise, flowing moments, deft hands, sure feet, flexible limbs, lithe, powerful muscles...

...how had it taken so long to see that Tobirama could dance?

Chapter 46 ¶

by chimericColoratura

(HINAE IS VERY FIRMLY OF THE BELIEF THAT NO ONE SHOULD BE KEEPING LOVERS IF THEY ARE GETTING MARRIED)
(NOT UNLESS EVERYONE INVOLVED IS ENTHUSIASTICALLY AGREEING AND WANTING TO)
(HINAE WOULD BE HORRIFIED TO LEARN HOW TOBIRAMA CAME TO BE MADARA´S LOVER)

Hashirama looks over at Madara, surprised to feel the anger around his best friend. He’s not a sensor, but he has always known how Madara is feeling, if he’s close enough. What would make him so furious?

Coming over to the window, he looks out, spotting white against green. Ah, Tobirama is wrapping
up lessons for the day. Had his foolish, blind otouto been teaching the children something dangerous? Wait...

Who’s that person bowing, and turning to walk away? Why had they bowed to Tobirama?

Hashirama had been completely in agreement with Izuna on this matter. Tobirama shouldn’t be given any position of authority beyond teaching. His otouto could get so wrapped up in duty. He remembered long days in the Senju compound, where Tobirama would make meals for them both, but have no time for more than brief moments together outside of work.

Hashirama had tried to protest, but Tobirama had been in charge of so many parts of the Clan, even if Hashirama had been Clan Head and able to command his obedience.

Hashirama had been building up to doing something about it, when Izuna and Madara had managed to catch him.

Glancing at Madara, he spots the circles and lines of Madara’s ascended Mangekyo. Tobirama had been so helpful, assisting the two Uchiha in exchanging their eyes. It had made Izuna’s eyes gain circles between the bars that had been their original manifestation.

He’s only seen his precious lovers manifest their Mangekyou spontaneously a few times. Madara's usually involved Tobirama in some way. Involved people... looking at Tobirama in ways that...

Oh. Oh dear land, his silly otouto.

Had he led someone on again?

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Madara rocks into the quivering body of his lover with intense, furious precision. Already, he had wrung three orgasms out of his pet, soft breathless keens and whispers slipping from kiss-redened lips, red eyes hidden behind a blindfold with his Mangekyo stitched into it.

He’s tempted to place that mark on Tobirama for real. Somewhere. To paint it on his lovely pet, and bind it to his skin with his own fiery chakra. Perhaps on his chest? His nape? Low on his belly, near that lovely, slender cock....

Maybe then, people would understand that Tobirama is his.

He could allow Izuna and Hashirama their own claiming marks on his lovely pet, perhaps. Two wooden cuffs, made of Hashirama’s Mokuton, with Izuna’s Mangekyo pattern, removable whenever Tobirama left the privacy of their home...

...while Madara’s would forever be part of him.

And with his chakra in the marking... he would be able to remind his lover of who he belongs to at a moments thought...

A darkly satisfied smirk on his lips, Madara continued to press into his lover, thrusts speeding up as he summons two Kage Bunshin to help him renew his claim...

____________

Hinae stands before the Shodaime Hokage, meeting red eyes so unlike those of the man he wishes he could have a chance with. But Tobirama had been right. There would be no way Hokage-sama,
Clan Head of the Uchiha, and in charge of the subordinated Senju, would allow him to court the younger shinobi.

Still... it is very odd, how much anger Hinae can read in the line of shoulders, the gloved hands on the desk.

Why should the Hokage be so angry at a very skilled jounin for simply expressing interest in someone who would soon be without a partner? Especially when Hinae has respectfully backed off.

What is it about this situation that makes him feel like he is standing on ninja wire above the caldera of a volcano, and the slightest misstep...

Original comment
Previous chapter: 42 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 61 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 47 ↓

by chimericColoratura

Butsuma was the first to recognize who the four standing at the edge of the Pure Lands, where the living world can be watched. The Sage of Six Paths, his brother the Shinigami, and his two sons.

Senju Asura, Butsuma’s own distant ancestor.

And Uchiha Indra, ancestor of Butsuma’s rival and former enemy in life, Tajima.

He’d been ready to ask, what had caused the war to which thousands and thousands of his kin had been sacrificed to. But that’s when he noticed what they were watching.

His sons. Tajima’s sons. Their clans.

Ah. Right. The war hadn’t ended just because Butsuma and Tajima died on each other’s blades.

So, he settled in beside the first generation of the conflict to which he had sacrificed so much, and watched his family fight on alone. And watched as Hashirama proved himself to be just as flighty and self-centered as he always feared he would be.

Tajima has known Butsuma for decades, since they first crossed blades on a mission when Tajima was six. And yet... he had never seen the tenderness in his expression before.

They were watching their children, their clans. And, more and more, all of them were finding their focus drawn to the Senju Heir, Tobirama.

His Izuna’s rival, fastest shinobi alive, font of inventive and terrifying new jutsu. Tajima had long feared that the younger son would kill his child, and possibly even destroy his clan. He had been convinced, after years of hearing Hashirama shout across the field that peace was possible still, that it was Hashirama who had kept the young White Demon at bay from his people.

He has, since dying, learned he was wrong. He watches as Tobirama writes draft after draft of ceasefire requests. Drafts of fair, equitable treaties. Notes upon notes about the village his Madara
had thought Tajima knew nothing about.

Working on jutsus and seals and making ways for his clan to live more self-sufficiently, trying endlessly to find better methods of healing, to keep the injured from dying.

No. Instead, he found it was the one who shouted about peace that he had to worry about.

_______________

Ootsutsuki Hagoromo has known himself for a fool for quite some time now, though he would never admit it. His sons had fallen into conflict through his failures. His mother had not been a good example of a parent, and he had learned all the wrong lessons of how to foster cooperation between his sons.

Now, he wonders, if it was that he’d stopped at two...

Perhaps with a third...

Unbidden, his eyes drift to Senju Tobirama, pale as his mother, his brother, and wiser than both, in his own, strange way.

Asura and Indra spend much time watching their reincarnates, Hashirama and Madara, and those closest to them. They watch as Hashirama reaches out with shortsighted offers of peace and love, and as Madara grows more and more determined to take what he wants most.

They watch as Izuna watches Hashirama and Tobirama, with the desperate, grasping love of that fears to be denied.

And they watch as Tobirama struggles and breaks and heals to support the too frequent burdens laid upon him by careless, greedy hands. Watch as Hashirama, in denial about what he wants, punishes Tobirama in petty, cruel ways, and then makes him doubt his own perceptions and feelings.

They watch as Hashirama falls under the sway of his Uchiha lovers, and the three plot and plan to bring Tobirama to bay.

Watch as they tell the truth of their plans by only the slimmest of threads, and use it as a blade to shear away his freedom.

_______________

The village prospers, through the collective effort of many. But all of them know that it would have crumbled into nothing within a generation if not for the efforts and plans of Tobirama. Indra has never been more impressed with anyone.

A thousand years of watching the world, and this is the first person to ever truly hold his attention. To become more fascinating the longer he watches, the more he sees.

And so, on a beautiful festival night, Indra watches as his Heart dances in pure, simple joy.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 45 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 49 (diana_of_hufflepuff)

Chapter 48 ↓
The tone of Madara’s voice is enough for Tobirama to know the truth. The interesting story is the ‘solution’ to Madara’s current frustrations. The ones that had made him... very amorous and possessive, of late.

But now, the problem that has been driving his ‘lover’ to such distraction is gone. Or is resolvable, and it has to do with Tobirama. And... it likely had to do with the things Hashirama had complained about earlier this week.

He feels dread pool like oil in his stomach. The thing Hashirama had mentioned... was that the elders wanted the three to have children.

“Do you know, Tobirama, that the elders have been pressing me to find a wife?”

The words are calm, save for the heat of budding rage in the volcanic force that is his... partner. He nods, hesitantly.

Madara smiles. Tobirama pales.

“I found the one I want.”

Madara holds Tobirama in his arms, the writhing form of his pet fascinating as they watch his body change.

It had taken some persuading, but Tobirama had admitted to creating the gender change jutsu. He’d even admitted that it worked just as well as being born that gender. So... his new bride would be fertile.

As soon as Tobirama is finished transitioning, Madara plans to explore his pet’s new physiology thoroughly.

Hashirama is staring, fascinated, touching the soft, swelling breasts, cupping them gently. The story Madara had told them he’d learned had triggered some old memories. Tobirama had made this jutsu shortly after turning 14, for some of their clan members who were miserable.

As a medic, Hashirama can’t help being impressed. Hips widening, shoulders narrowing, skin softening just slightly. Hands slimming. Face softening in angles just the slightest bit.

Hashirama’s otouto is becoming his imouto now.

Hashirama is pleasantly surprised to find that his desire for his Tobira has not changed. Madara’s plan is so perfect.

Tobirama could bear their children. At least one each. Hashirama would make sure that she ovulated fast enough to give each of them one child.

With Hashirama’s skill in healing, it would be easy to make sure. And to keep the pregnancy safe and healthy.

Looking at the flat, toned belly, he imagines it swelling with their children, nurtured in the soft cool
shelter of his beautiful Swelling big and heavy, weighing her down so she can’t move away from their touches so easily.

So that Tobirama has to rest more, has to take time off from all that work that distracts his attention from them and their needs.

And they could get Tobirama ready to nurse all their children, for optimal health, of course.

He smirks, squeezing just so, startling a tiny keen from soft lips.

———

Izuna watched Madara tie his unconscious pet down in fascination. The transition finished, and Tobirama had passed out. So, now, they had a chance to really explore how their lover had changed.

And whether or not all Tobirama’s sensitive spots were the same.

Izuna... hasn’t been much interested in women. But for Tobirama, he was more than willing to make an exception.

Especially if it would get the elders off all their backs about ‘passing on’ their superior abilities. They wouldn’t dare complain about Tobirama being the mother.

Brilliant, skilled, powerful. There were no women in the village anything like their now female lover who weren’t either too young, or married already.

Original comment

Previous chapter: 44 (chimericColoratura)

Next chapters: 53 (chimericColoratura), 50 (Soline)

Chapter 49 ↓

by diana_of_hufflepuff

They had dances in his time, of course, but they were simply things, designed to be picked up by anyone within a few bars to encourage mass participation. They were good fun, but the movements by themselves were simple and boring.

But this!

This is a dance battle! By mysterious, unspoken agreement, each group takes centre ‘stage’ for approximately the same time, and they take turns to showcase their own rhythm.

The wild Inuzuka has energetic movements, back-breaking, physics-defying acrobatics, spinning and jerking and leaping on their hands and shoulders and heads, accompanied by loud cheers and whooping from the awestruck audience.

The Yamanaka has a moderate paced partner dance, the lead guiding the follow into dizzying spins, their pale gold ponytails whipping around them like a banner.

The Nara has a dance that involves group effort (shocking). A number of them have stood in two lines, and they move and weave and duck around each other, exchanging places sideways and forwards and backwards seamlessly. The movements are smooth and steady, and the collective rise
and fall makes their formation dance for them.

The Akimichi hold... are those baskets of fruit? Yes. They hold round, colourful bouquets of fruits and flowers in their hands and wave and spin them about in circular formations. They have put on wide flaring skirts just as colourful as their bouquets, and the skirts flare out like blooming flowers as they spin.

The Hyuuga have sedate but elegant movements, bending and straightening their knees, rising and falling like waves. They cock and twist their wrists strangely but smoothly, adding to the ebb and flow of their dance.

The Senju...

The Senju dance in a group of four, including Tobirama. They move their whole bodies in long, extended lines, sometimes lifting their legs high while spinning multiple turns in an astounding balancing act. They duck and leap around each other, they split into pairs, exchange partners, and then recombine and dance as a whole group again. One of them lifts Tobirama high in the air, where he sweeps his long, long legs through the air in a perfect windmill kick. They have all shed their troublesome outer coats and tied up their sleeves, showing off their toned arms. They catapult and somersault around and on each other, light as a feather, every placement pleasing to the eye, showing off the perfect control of their bodies. They start their movements from their torso for emphasis, carrying it through to the limbs, seeming to reach farther and longer than possible, as smooth as a great cat, flowing like liquid.

Tobirama is grinning widely, smiling and having fun as he has not for a very long time. His breaths escape him in irregular, nearly inaudible puffs that on anyone else would be full-blown giggling. He forgets everything but the simple joy of the music and the dance.
this be? Though it is only because those previous experiments on those couples shared security and were of true mutual love that they were ever truly successful.

Instincts that scream to Tobirama louder than ever ‘What if they leave me? Please don't leave me, I will make it work, I will be useful, I will bear your children, just please don't throw me away.’

Tobirama could never have prepared for such an overpowering and underlying fear, and he is desperate to quell it.

This sentiment is lost on the trio once more, like so many others, buried under the cool facade of the albino’s controlled expression.

Hamura watches and ponders what expression Madara, Hashirama and Izuna may have if each triplet was born of white hair, snow-white skin and blood red eyes.

Hamura twitches with the need to take those beautiful souls away from the tyrants, lest their corrupt them further.

Hamura resists the urge to move his hand against the tyrants from carrying out their misguided will on this precious, tattered soul.

Hagoromo watches his otouto fight these urges, and finds himself wishing to let loose his fury too.

Original comment

Previous chapter: 48 (chimericColoratura)

Next chapters: 51 (chimericColoratura), 52 (kitsunesongs)

Chapter 51 ↓

by chimericColoratura

Madara is a little hesitant, at first, with the idea of Tobirama carrying all three of their children at once, even if Hashirama is the best medic in the world. And he isn’t quite sure why Hashirama and Izuna can’t wait until after Madara’s son is born. Give them a chance to find out if Tobirama’s many wonderfully useful traits breed true.

But then Izuna looks at him, pouting, and says it’s to help make their relationship more official.

He and Hashirama are known lovers, but the elders and the village don’t fully recognize the marriage as binding. Not with how they’d been pushing so much to get them to find female partners for procreation. Izuna hadn’t wanted to at all, perfectly content with Hashirama, and their time with Madara and Tobirama.

But they kept insisting, so very rudely, but with points that made sense. They did need heirs to ensure that there was a chance of their powers being brought about in the village’s future.

And who knows when it will be safe to try for more? After all, Madara doesn’t want to leave Tobirama in this form for too long, does he? It’s beautiful and interesting now, but Madara enjoys Tobirama’s real form too much to be satisfied long term.

Hashirama chuckles, wrapping himself around Izuna. He will admit that he prefers Tobirama’s slender blade to the softly sweet sheath. But it is so very nice to sink into it. To bounce their pet in his lap, breasts rising and falling with tinkling bells clamped on pale nipples.
Hand wound in soft hair, keeping their pet’s slender back arched to help Hashirama get as deep as safely possible, Madara can’t help but agree. Tobirama is... very lovely, like this. Perhaps after the babies are weaned, they could have Tobirama change back, and when their children are older, and don’t need constant care... they could do this again.

His cock throbs, and he waits with thin patience for Hashirama to finish inside his bride. Izuna’s turn is next.

Madara will be keeping Tobirama for the night, once Hashirama confirms all three of the seeds of new life have sparked. They gave themselves the week off for this important duty. Early pregnancy is so delicate, after all.

And none of them want to risk Tobirama becoming ill.

__________

Hamura has never been so disgusted with any incarnation of his nephews in all his existence. No matter how often they warred, misunderstandings driven by the too elusive shadow of his mother, he had still loved them as his family.

This pair, he would willingly disown and cast away.

People might find it strange, that he would pay such close attention to someone not of his lineage or his blood, but Senju Tobirama was his in a way that required no such ties.

He’d become aware of the younger son of Senju Butsuma early, when the child had looked at him, upon coming to retrieve the soul of Senju Ayame, born Hatake. The child had been very young, and yet... still he could see Hamura, behind the mask and the form he’d adopted over the centuries.

They spoke, for the first time, when Tobirama finished the first working version of Edo Tensei. He’d been prepared to censure, to proclaim that death would see him condemned to the Stomach of the Shinigami forever, but....

”Will this send them back to the Pure Lands upon release?”

Hamura had seen what lay beneath the facade. Had started watching more closely.

And now he watches as his nephews’ reincarnates, who claim to love this small moon child born into the wrong lineage, twist the gift Tobirama had created to alleviate anguish and suffering into a new form of torture.

Unnoticed, his elder brother stands at his side. He is watching also. Watching as certain young children in the Pure Lands argue amongst themselves for the chance to return to life and protect this precious soul from his descendants’ cruel selfishness.

Hamura had been asking, if he might allow some more... extreme uses of his ability to see the flow of time.

Hagoromo was leaning more and more towards ‘absolutely.’

Original comment
Previous chapter: 50 (Soline)
No next chapters, end of thread.
No, no it doesn't. Of course they'll want triplets, of course they won't think of any risks - and while Tobirama is adjusting to the new center of balance and the new body and the new everything, as well as the changes that come with pregnancy, and trying desperately to pretend that he's not in mental agony over this, they don't even bother to get an actual gynecologist or midwife, relying on Hashirama's healing.

He doesn't lose the babies, doesn't worry that they'll leave him if he does (part of him - a small, shameful part, actually considers, say...throwing himself down some stairs. Letting the babies bleed out of him before they can become people and be brought into this world and these parents, and maybe, if he disappoints them, they'll stop wanting him - but he can't. He already loves his children. Loves them even as he feels the strain, both mental and physical, grow. Loves them as he feeds healing and supporting and nurturing water chakra, the water that created life itself, to them. Loves them even as the strain gets to him, as he starts to fade.)

The babies come early, and Tobirama is carried to the hospital and Hashirama by a worried Madara, face pale and set, because this is too early, and Tobirama is so pale and slight except for where his belly bulges, and for the first time he wonders if maybe he was wrong, was hasty, was arrogant - but he dismisses the thought. He is Uchiha Madara, the Hokage of Konohagakure, the Leader of the Uchiha, the warrior who conquered the Senju, the man who conquered and won Senju Tobirama - he cannot possibly be wrong.

Hashirama sees his little brother - sister, now - in labour and scans him and knows something is wrong. His face sets as he starts operating. Madara paces at the side of the room, soon joined by Izuna, but they are not healers. All they can do is watch.

(Tobirama absolutely manages to birth three children, and they are absolutely all albino - he regains consciousness enough to plead with Hashirama, save the children, if he has to choose choose his babies - and to take care of them, crying out one last time to his Anija, pleading him to love them, to not blame the children, to - All three of their eyes fly wide open with shock.
- To not treat them as they'd treated him. To not do to them what they'd done to him. Please.
and then he falls under again.
He doesn't wake up.
Madara is left clutching a bloodstained, pale hand, limp in his own.)

Hamura sees his chance as Tobirama drifts close to the edge of death, to the edge of the pure lands, and reaches out - and is surprised to find his brother lending his power to help him.

The elders have long known that they were wrong about the younger Senju brother. That their
worries about his desire to destroy their clan were drastically inflated, brought about by fear of the brilliance that saw a new jutsu, a new strategy, in every battle held against him.

They have had time to learn the truth of his character, just as they have the rest of the surviving Senju.

It had taken only one year for the elders, long-standing supporters of war and the enthusiastic recipients of the subjugation of their ancestral enemies into their assets... to feel regret. To start to feel guilt.

With every innovation to their lives and homes, making their clan healthier and more comfortable, they grow to appreciate the brilliance that had once horrified them. With each effort made in the new village to find places for advice, for experience, they came to feel the shame burn a little brighter in their hearts.

That is why, despite the risk to their lives, they continued to pressure Madara-sama and Izuna-sama and Hashirama-san to find people to have children with.

If Madara had done as Izuna did, letting his great love have the place of Head of Hospital, as suited his wish to heal instead of kill, had given Tobirama charge of Education in full instead of in action and duties without the status and prestige that would come with it...

Had shown that he valued and supported his great love... they would not be pressuring him.

It’s one of the only routes they have to get Tobirama away from the three who are hurting him. They are old. They have seen much. They know what they are looking at.

And there are many in the village who would treat the young inventor with the respect and affection and love he deserved from a partner.

They are horrified, when Madara-sama comes before them, presenting Tobirama in the female form forced upon him, and declares that the young inventor will be the mother of all three of their children.

How had they failed their clan so badly, that Madara-sama treats the Keeper of his Heart like a bought and paid for concubine? Like a slave, even after years to move past such archaic institutions in this new, supposedly better future.

More and more, they find themselves wishing they could more overtly aid this child of their ancient enemies, now one of those under their care.

With the dangerous insanity of the head family, they have been forced to act more and more for the better future of all their clan. How odd, to find their roles switched so...

They watch the pregnancy progress with torn hearts. It would be so easy to slip some moontea to the newly pregnant mother. Let it look like the pregnancy was too stressful for the body and lost naturally.

But Hashirama watches over his new ‘sister’ so assiduously, a Moku Bunshin constantly at her side to check on her, to keep her healthy.

They see the growing desperation in Tobirama’s students, in their parents, in the clans. In doing this, at last, the final shreds of the illusion have been torn away.
All the village knows about how the head trio of the village claim and use the youngest of the four founders. Know of the screened rot in the roots of the great tree, held at bay only by a slender, sacrificed spring.

And they choose to do something about it.

The Hokage is so pleased when so many people bring his lover fresh fruits, strengthening teas, are so solicitous of Tobirama’s wellbeing.

He doesn’t notice the quiet despair in some of their eyes, as they see Tobirama clinging to his sanity with desperation. Clinging to hold on to his will to protect.

Hashirama doesn’t let the risk of natural birth become an issue. Instead, he uses the methods developed centuries ago, meant to be used on young brides, and makes carefully clean incisions, lifting their children one by one from Tobirama’s sedated body.

Cleaning them up and healing the incision, he is surprised. They all... have Tobirama’s pale skin. They have features he can see from each of his lovers, from himself... but they have Tobirama’s coloring.

Hashirama smiles a little. He will introduce them to their mother soon.

Chapter 54

by Soline

Somewhere between the borders of Iwagakure and Konohagakure, deep in the thick forests, a shadow rises from a dark gash of a pit.

"I sense..."

The shadow rose to what looked to be a humanoid shape, its upper body seemingly breaching the surface of the forest floor as if it was water.

A yellow slit on what seemed to be the head of the shade opened, a full circular shape, signifying an expression that might be called shock.

The yellow circle of an eye ever so slowly, like the creeping crawl of a waning moon, closed to almost an upturned crescent. A similarly crescent-shaped void curled open where a mouth would be, the creature making an expression that might be known as glee.

Not one. Not two.

Three.
Chapter 55  

by Soline

When it comes to Tobirama, everything about him is arousing to Madara. Every square inch of that pale body, every subconscious twitch, that sultry voice, those blood red eyes, his still-water chakra as deep as the ocean, that quick and determined mind. Everything. Madara meant it when he said that he adored the albino, that he would make that man HIS.

Madara the hot-blooded man he is, is truly bewitched by his prize and glory even now. With every swaying movement, each sharp thrust of his albino's hips, and images unbidden are summoned to his eyes, images of a hotly blushing Tobirama in the throes of passion, the blissed out face that his beloved makes when speared on his cock, now superimposed over the graceful form that dances on the stage.

Calm yourself, fool. Tobirama shall know of your desires in full later this evening. Calm the fire in your veins, lest the surrounding citizens burn from just your body heat.

Madara could tell by the looks of Hashirama and Izuna's smoldering gazes that they too wish be expressing their appreciation for this wonderful treat. Madara shall need to reschedule tomorrow’s agendas. Perhaps leave another week free again.

Perhaps they could incorporate such artful dance in their spars. To reacquaint themselves with this side of his beloved of course. It has been a while since they let Tobirama do such strenuous exercise, only allowing him to do light katas to keep his lean and wiry body.

Continuing to watch the electrifying display, Madara catalogued his 30th mental simulation of future spars, all having ended with Tobirama being caught midway and taken roughly. Yes, the clan head decided, we shall definitely be dancing together more often.

Chapter 56  

by chimericColoratura

The thing that Tobirama had never had reason to test, to check for, was how long someone's essence continued to be malleable after the Seitenkan no Jutsu was applied. After all, the people getting the change were usually young, and not going to be exposed to the essences and chakra of their partners or lovers for some time after the change had set in.

And after Madara had found out about the technique, he hadn’t given him any time to warn them about how untested it was in such things. To warn them not to touch him so much until he’d had a few days to settle into his new body.

Instead, they had done what they usually did. Have Hashirama check if his body was healthy enough
for sex, and then have their fun.

Their fun using him, filling him with their spend, their chakra.

The changes were nigh-unnoticeable, comparatively. After all, Tobirama was having to deal with having a different bone-structure and center of gravity. Some aches in his body were to be expected.

Hashirama’s constant presence at his side, healing the little aches and pains, further distracted him from the implications.

His head ached almost constantly, and his eyes burned like they did when he was young and in the sun too long. Keeping them closed helped only so much.

He finally noticed how much he’d changed, beyond the expectations of those related to gender, when a small nick on his hand, so he could test for pregnancy, healed before his eyes.

Healed the same way Hashirama always had.

Oh.

Oh no.

Whenever Tobirama was alone, he scanned himself. Checked his blood against old samples. The tests all came back the same.

He is still Senju Tobirama, for all intents and purposes. He looks like himself (save the softness of chest, of limb, of face-) and his coloration hasn’t changed.

And yet his eyesight has sharpened. And yet the sense of the life around him has become more nuanced.

And yet the desperate attempt he’d made to stab himself, hormones driving him beyond reason had healed before too clear eyes.

How? How could this be possible without killing him?

The changes in his body, stemming from both pregnancy and his ‘partners’ over-eager demands of him, were permanent. There was no way for him to revert to his former self completely, even if he could be male again.

The tomoe spinning slowly around his pupil, darker red than the rest of his eyes, revealed just how badly that was so.

At least he knew what an albinistic Sharingan looked like.

He could push further. He doesn’t dare. Not when Madara would sense it.

At least he had confirmation now, that the Uchiha and Senju traits were compatible. One less thing to
worry about for the children.

Leaning back against Madara’s chest, he trembles and keens as Hashirama slips a slender vine inside his body, gentle as it slides through the mouth of his womb to do a close contact scan of the babies inside him. His brother’s husband is kneeling beside them, hands toying with his breasts. Why do they all find his chest so fascinating now?

Constantly cupping and rubbing and kissing and sucking...

Izuna and Hashirama had both claimed it was to help Tobirama be ready to nurse three babies. Madara had just smirked and said that it tasted good, because it came from their love.

The only blessing in this situation is that they have to be much, much more careful when they make use of him.

One of the trees had dropped an orange in his hand. He’d been hungry. And a tree. Dropped an orange.

Hagoromo is speechless. He’d never considered that a descendant of his children could become so akin to himself, so far down the line.

But it presents an opportunity, perhaps...

And there is no one among the living he’d trust with such power other than this poor child.

Chapter 57 ↓

by Soline

(HAH-AAHAAH FUCKING YES

BECOME THE PERSON YOU WERE MEANT TO BE TOBIRAMA

FML I CAN'T FIND THAT ONE EDITED FANART OF TOBIRAMA AS THE SAGE OF SIX PATHS BUT I KNOW IT'S OUT THERE IN THE INTERWEBS SOMEWHERE)

The shadow in the forest rippled, feeling a strange foreboding barrier suddenly shielding the three bright flames from his detection.

What...?

The three flames were hidden completely from its sense, but it recognised well the land in which they were located.
Hehe... so the little critters are skilled enough to do that much, eh? No matter, I shall soon have them dancing in my palm, and then the reunion with MOTHER... gh...?!

Just as quickly it had had that thought, a sharp stab of killing intent - not unlike how one might feel when a snow leopard viciously snarls at a threat to her precious litter - raced up its invisible chakra pathways.

Through the earth...!!!

The being whipped up high from off the ground, completely detaching from the forest floor. In its suspended state, it quickly shot out six threads from its body, curling onto itself into an oval shape, while the threads attached to the branches that were furthest from the ground.

The thin threads pulled taut as gravity brought the creature down, leaving it hanging from the trees like an alien worm in a cocoon.

The trickle of fear subsided, and the cocoon shivered in the breezeless air.

? What was that just now?

! It felt like the same as those three, only, stronger...?

? It's a sensor, and a bloody strong one! It found us!

! Strong... but not stable... this... we can use this...

? It was surrounded by those bloodlines, shouldn't we wait until they die off before doing anything rash?

! No, it is because that those bloodlines are there, that this is the PERFECT opportunity to act.
! For those descendents, there is no stronger motivation than love, after all.

The blob of black shook, a low cackle vibrating through the air as it reattached its sticky black threads to other trees, moving not unlike a leech hunting down the scent of fresh blood, plans of its addled mind already whirring in motion.

(I have no idea what those plans are. Hope you don't mind this take on Black Zetsu's pov) (But i do know that they key to Black Zetsu's "plan" working is, it needs to have complete control (manipulation) of its victim. Ah, not unlike Madara, Hashirama and Izuna have done relentlessly to Tobirama. So Tobirama would be a pro at calling Black Zatesu's shit out. On top of that, I believe it does have its limits as to how many persons it can manipulate at a time. In canon, it only ever actively focused his energy on Madara.)

Original comment
Previous chapter: 56 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 58 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 58 ↓

by chimericColoratura

(SIX PATHS SAGE TOBIRAMA WITH HAGOROMO AND HAMURA SUPPORTING HIM)
Tobirama is so beautiful like this, Madara thinks, gently rocking into his wife’s passage, stretched again around his desire. Hashirama had told him that they couldn’t take Tobirama on his front, and had to be very careful if they breached his pet’s body through the birthing path. But it is safe to use the more familiar, more lovingly used passage that had been available when his pet was still male.

Pressing kisses to the pale column of his prize’s throat, he smooths a hand down over the taut swell of their children. He can sense them, strong and healthy and growing so perfectly in the nurturing waters of his Tobirama’s womb. Being so strongly water natured, Tobirama is the perfect mother.

After all, from water does all life begin.

Rubbing at the little nub of nerve endings, Madara presses some of his chakra against his pet’s clit, smiling at the shuddering keens as Tobirama clenches around him, soft fluids gushing from the empty opening. Almost relaxed enough for him...


After seven months, Tobirama is too heavily pregnant for any of his partners to be at all rough with him during intimacy. Madara prefers to spoon him from behind, and sink inside the soft sheathe in slow, languid strokes, caressing and kissing his body, nuzzling his hair.

Izuna likes to eat him out, and then thrust inside until he has had multiple releases.

Hashirama... keeps slipping vines inside him, cock too large and long for Tobirama’s comfort with so much already inside his body.

And yet, though sex is still frequent, it isn’t as long. Isn’t in long, interminable nights that drive him from his mind and make him exhausted.


Lessons for his students continue, despite the pregnancy. The parents and clan members have been coming more and more, assisting with the things Tobirama is too gravid to show them.

The sadness in his students eyes is mixed with joy.

They can see how much he loves the little ones inside him already. Can see how he will smile, and brush the small fires with his own, reassuring tiny souls that they are wanted and loved.

How he’s going to protect them from their fathers... Tobirama still does not know.


Exhausted, Tobirama lays on the bed beside three tiny bodies. They are so small, to have been so heavy. Pale like him, with soft, fine white hair. What peeks he’s gotten show red eyes. They look... like him. He can see hints of Hashirama’s looks in one, the shape of Madara’s eyes in another, and Izuna’s nose in the last.

His belly aches as his still hidden regeneration works to heal his womb, to restore the place in him that had so recently fostered life to the pristine condition from before Hashirama slid inside to plant his seed.

Three. Three babies. Three new lives to love and guide and nurture.
Three new reasons to endure. To overcome.

A sense of danger, touching the tiny fires of his children’s chakra, and he reacts.

Whatever threat this is, it will not harm them.

He takes a breath, bringing his killing intent under control, the hostile chakra never even brushing the nascent senses of his infants. Senses that brush his, seeking and curious and hungry.

Gently, he picks them up, and lays them on his chest. Carefully, he guides the hungriest, the one with Hashirama’s mouth and face, to his breast, and his son latches on, suckling with a will.

———

Madara peeks into the room, and finds Tobirama resting, tiny babies sleeping on his wife. He smiles. The elders had been forced to acknowledge their relationship, with children involved.

He and his brother, their husband, and their wife.

( YOUR BLACK ZETSU WAS AMAZING)
(AND THINGS ARE STARTING TO MOVE)

Chapter 59 ↓

by chimericColoratura

Indra watches the dances, fascinated and curious as he ever was, before his mind was twisted by the whispers of his Grandmother’s Will. Asura feels reassured, to see these signs of his brother again.

Between reincarnations, they talk. They argue. They fight, as best one can in the Pure Lands, and the limbo realm of the Bijuu Plane, even sometimes in the Shingami realm when they aggravate their Uncle too much.

But during reincarnations, they watch their new selves, their new lives. See who they could have been, in a new family and new time.

So many lives, and only rarely has Asura seen anything like this fondness in Indra’s eyes. And it’s always the same cause. A bright, curious soul, endlessly kind and patient, seeking wisdom as best they can in the times they live in.

Not always the same soul. But frequently.

Hamura probably has noticed. Father definitely has.

Asura wishes he could tell his father to stop meddling, but that is impossible as long as his Grandmother’s Will seeks to destroy his descendants to secure her freedom. And...

It’s something he would actively encourage, now.

His reincarnation and Indra’s are terrible. Terrible and cruel in the guise of kindness and love.
Especially to the little brother Asura would have been so incredibly grateful to have.

_________

Madara watches the dancing, eyes hot and intent. He had no idea his prize could move like this. Had no idea that those muscles could move in such enticing ways outside the bedroom or on the battlefield.

He and his lover need to have a talk about hiding things from him like this.

He can understand that sometimes, his lover needs privacy. That he doesn’t want to share things before he’s perfected them.

But to hide this....

His cock twitches as Tobirama spins, powerful thighs moving so gracefully...

_________

It gets worse, when the free form music starts up. Tobirama slips through the rhythm like a fish in a river, always playing with the current, letting it move him while controlling the destination.

He rocks and sways, steps and spins, hands and arms flicking and turning with the notes. His balance is perfect.

And unbeknownst, Madara thinks of watching Tobirama dance in his apartments, dressed in a dancing costume of his choice. Playing concubine to his warlord, like they could have been if Madara had continued to conquer...

From the feel of Hashirama’s chakra, his best friend and lover is having similar ideas. Izuna as well.

How fortuitous. They could make a variety of costumes and props for their... games.

_________

Tobirama comes back to his apartments in the house, tired and smiling. He had not had such fun in years! And he hadn’t seen Madara or the others all night, which... he was choosing to take as a small blessing.

If Hashirama had been around, Tobirama wouldn’t have danced.

Shutting the door, he goes to undress for the baths and then bed, when he registers the presence of his ‘lovers’ in the room. The seals he had been made to add to his apartments to hide their activities had masked their chakra from him.

Vines slip around his wrists and drag him over to the seated trio, and he falls to his knees at their feet. He keeps his gaze down, dread drowning the lingering joy in his chest.

There are... things, in his apartments now. A stage, and a pole, and a large bed of cushions. Madara and the others are dressed in fantastical versions of a warlord’s garb, and there is... an outfit of blue, meant for him.

He is told to dress. And then to dance.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 49 (diana_of_hufflepuff)
Chapter 60

by chimericColoratura

Tobirama trembles in exhaustion as he falls to the grass, Madara’s hands on his hips, pulling his clothing apart only just this shy of tearing them. He had already fought his brother, and Izuna.

He had managed to win both of those spars, despite the length of time it had been since it had been since he was last permitted to truly train this way.

But he had been confined to limited actions and spaces before. He knew how to keep up his training. And his chakra was no longer bound, as it frequently had been before the village was built.

And yet, even he had his limits. Madara knew them well, from all the observing his so-called lover has done.

A sharp gasp as his hips are pulled up, as he is set on his knees, Madara’s fist wound in his hair, and Madara pushes in, slicked with chakra-filled oil. His breath leaves him in a cry, too sensitive channel squeezing and clenching helplessly as the heat and girth conquered him all over again.

________

Hashirama sits under tree, pouting as Madara fucks his beautiful otouto relentlessly under the sun. Izuna is leaning against him, eyes spinning with lazy pleasure as he watches.

They really had underestimated his dearest brother.

And now, Madara gets to fuck him alone. That had been the prize of the spars. Whoever own, got to take their pretty prize.

Hashirama had been so sure that he could win. He had lost to Madara and Izuna, but he’d always been stronger than his otouto. And yet.... somehow....

Izuna hadn’t been so surprised. Tobirama had always been his equal, before the Uchiha had conquered the Senju. He had been a bit disappointed, consider how little training they allowed their submissive.

But Madara had opted to go last. To give their prize a fair chance against them.

Such a calculated decision. Hashirama will never stop being impressed at how tactical Madara can be when it comes to Tobirama.

Original comment

Previous chapter: 55 (Soline)

No next chapters, end of thread.

Chapter 61

by chimericColoratura
Hyūga Hinae has been a valuable member of the village’s shinobi corps, and Izuna had been very, very careful to point out all the ways his death would be suspicious. If it hadn’t been for the burning in his brother’s, Madara would almost think his brother had no stake in the matter.

But Izuna is his brother, his second, and one of his pet’s other masters. He doesn’t like having their claim challenged anymore than Madara does.

And so, Madara hands over the mission scroll with a hard glare, telling the shinobi to come back and report when its done.

Surveillance of the newly constructed villages in the land of earth and the land of lightning would be... time consuming. He should be gone for months.

By then, hopefully the man’s infatuation with Madara’s Tobirama would subside.

After all, Hyūga aren’t like Uchiha.

....no matter how much Madara would prefer to burn away his existence.

Hinae left the village, and the tension that had been building in the air alleviated, if only slightly. If the Hokage took more breaks to spend quality time with his lover, if Izuna-sama took reports in his office at his home more often, if Hashirama came to the clinic with his brother for ‘check ups’ more frequently...

Well, no one made any real noise over it.

No one dared.

The knife was no longer at the throat, but it hadn’t been put away.

People were... much more careful, about how they approached Tobirama. No one wanted to see him so pale and wan, after an accidental compliment in the market was mistaken for flirtation.

Then, one day, the Hokage went to a shop in the square. One with screened windows, and a policy of only adults entering. He left with a box.

Tobirama does his best to hold still, tied to the from of the bed. Madara is wiping his skin down with a wet cloth, after his third release of the evening. It worries him. Madara has not cum even once, though his erection had been hard and throbbing inside his throat, and is even now resting full depth inside his body, between his thighs.

The cloth wipes higher, on his chest, his upper belly. Around his navel.

Madara starts wiping that area again, contemplative and patient. Tobirama doesn’t like what that expression could mean. He had seen it too many times, over the years.

“Did you know, Tobirama, that in the old days... Uchiha marked their partners?”

A Kage Bunshin brought over a box, and set it beside Madara on the bed, moving to straddle
Tobirama’s head and feeding it’s cock down his throat. Tobirama heard the box open. Could sense... ink? And a brush... sealing materials?

“They would find someone they never wanted to lose, claim them, and then mark them with the pattern of their eyes.”

Since the swap that Hashirama and Tobirama had made possible, his pattern became more elaborate. But it has settled, Tobirama knows.

He whimpers around the cock in his throat as soft hot fingertips brush the cleaned skin around his navel. “I won you, my Tobirama. I won you with the power of my Sharingan and my skill. And now... I will claim you.”

A sound, faint though it is. Dipping. And then the sticky cool feel of ink on a brush. First a circle, then three lines... connected to three smaller circles, that then connect to each other. It forms a pattern he has seen many times, since being conquered.

Then... Madara places his hand over Tobirama’s navel, and heat *flares* as his stomach *burns*.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 46 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 66 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 62 ⬇️

by kitsunesongs

NOT COMPLETELY!!!

Hamura and Hagoromo work together to gather Tobirama’s soul to them, show him what happens after his death, how Madara and Hashirama and even Izuna break from it, how their madness becomes more open - how they don’t even notice when the children and their parents and the senju start moving against them until its too late.

And then they offer to send Tobirama back to his past body, before this all happened, and change things.

And he accepts.

Because I like Peggy Sue Do Overs!!

Original comment
Previous chapter: 52 (kitsunesongs)
Next chapter: 63 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 63 ⬇️

by chimericColoratura

(OH. OH YES. I LIKE THIS. I LIKE THIS A LOT)
It is the work of eons and instants to pull the poor tattered soul out of the stream of time, but it is effort well spent. It has been ages since he and his brother had agreed so strongly on a path of action, and Hagoromo is surprised at how grateful he feels to this young man for what he has done.

Gathering the young man close, Hagoromo lets Hamura hold him, the Shinigami gentle as he rarely is with this child who defies his domain so carefully.

Here, outside of time, they wait for Tobirama to collect his awareness enough for consciousness. There is no urgency to rush the process. Tobirama has been rushed and forced too much already.

———

The sound of water greets his ears as he opens his eyes. Sitting up, he starts when there is no weight, no sway. He is... he is fully male again, with no strange heaviness of chest and belly to gnaw at the edges of his mind.

And yet... he still feels different than he remembered from before the Seitenkan...

Ah. He died. How strange.

He had been sure he would end up somewhere far more terrible than this...

A step catches his attention, and he glances over. Dark shoes and white, tomoe marked robes of ancient make. The faintly grey-peach skin he had seen only sometimes. White hair and eyes. And another, this one with brown hair and strange, rippled eyes.

And they are looking at him... like his father used to, in the quiet moments.

"Welcome, Senju Tobirama. And well met."

He sits up, and bows. He can sense that these two are powerful, and ancient, for all the inexplicable fondness he can sense.

“Greetings, Shinigami-sama.” He does not know the other, but he has suspicions...

“Rikudo Sennin-sama.”

———

Hamura looks at the pleased pout on his brother’s face, and laughs.

"And you thought he wouldn’t know who you are, brother."

It is the work of moments to explain to the child of his brother’s sons where he is, and the work of many heartbreaking ones to explain why. To explain that, yes, he can go to the Pure Lands if he chooses. But, they have an offer.

He can go back, to before Hashirama was captured by Madara and Izuna, and change things.

Before he decides, there is something he needs to see.

———

Madara staring at the bloody hand limp in his, frail and thin and feminine, and trembling, reaching over to cup a smooth, pale cheek, tears falling needlessly to wet, red blankets-
Hashirama, cradling the three infants briefly before handing them over to a servant and fleeing to the forest to scream-

Izuna staring at the box holding the too soft body, unwilling to let it be burned, inking the preservation seals himself, remembering the rumors and stories of a technique to raise the dead-

His children, given into the care of the couples of Senju and Uchiha, his child by Madara in the care of Kyōka-

His students, mourning and vengeful, setting into motion plans kept in abeyance for fear of causing him harm if they failed-

The death of the three who had harmed him, Izuna burning with Madara and Hashirama in the flames of Kagami’s and Akane’s Amaterasu and Kagutsuchi-

The reluctant election of Hyūga Hinae as Nidaime, a picture of Tobirama kept in the office and the new Academy building to honor him-

Struggle and war and peace, grief and joy, and his children growing up, finding friends and Sensei and loves of their own-

Calamity. One of his children turned to bitterness and rage at the world that stole their parents away, warped by the sticky oil shadow-

Tobirama looked up into the faces of the Gods of the Shinobi world, and nodded.

Yes.

He will go back. He will change this.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 62 (kitsunesongs)
Next chapter: 68 (kitsunesongs)

Chapter 64 ✦

by chimericColoratura

The image would be breathtakingly beautiful, Indra knew, if it were something shared freely. Something offered to lovers that were trusted and adored.

His reincarnate, dressed in the loose pants and robe of a relaxing conqueror. Izuna, dressed similarly, in different colors. His brother’s reincarnate, cleverly garbed as a freed servant raised to high status.

Indra’s beautiful Heart, dressed in the loose, gauzy garb of the captured pleasure slave. Arm bands of gold, a scarf over shoulders, and a headdress to shimmer and shine as he moved.

The vines around his Heart’s wrists loosen, and Tobirama looks up at his terrible so-called lovers. Indra cannot understand how they do not read the pain and hurt in his eyes.

The younger shinobi stands, and goes to the center of the stage. Izuna sets the music box, a wonder of seals and crystals, to begin to play the music they have chosen.
Tobirama closes his eyes, takes a breath, and Indra watches him set his pain aside.

As the song begins, so does the dance.

———

A private performance was one of the best ideas that Madara has had in ages. Izuna is impressed.

Watching pale skin gleam in the light of the seals, like the crest of a wave over flowing pants and scarves. The music moves through their pet like a tide, ebbing and flowing with flourishes and flicks and rocking hips that keep the deepest notes.

His cock is hard and eager already, as he pictures lifting Tobirama and letting him fuck himself on it with those rolling hips...

And then the next song starts, and Madara gestures for Tobirama to use the pole.

———

Hashirama had made the pole, smooth enough for sliding but still enough to grip. He had made such before, for the Senju kunoichi to practice with when training for infiltrations or their old festivals.

But he’s never wanted to make one sprout binding vines and sink himself into the tight heat of the one dancing before.

Ah well, first time for everything.

———

Madara let his eyes follow every movement, keeping his face to pleased calm, even as his cock throbbed and twitched nearly in time with Tobirama’s motions.

He really should have considered this sooner.

The level of training a shinobi like Tobirama has, even if he weren’t a dancer already, it would have been easy to teach him.

The mark of Madara’s Mangekyo stands out against the pale skin as Tobirama spins and shimmies and climbs, red like his Sharingan instead of black, and so very obvious.

His. His lovely ocean spirit. His dancer. His lover.

His Tobirama. Forever.

———

The hands grabbing his hips and pulling him flush to Madara startle him out of his almost trance, and he has scarcely a moment to breathe before a searing kiss burns it away. The ties of his pants are undone and pushed away, and Madara sinks two fingers inside, pulling out the plug they’d worked into him.

Then, he pulls Tobirama onto him, and begins a very different, very familiar kind of dance...
Chapter 65  

by chimericColoratura

( GO RIGHT AHEAD! Visually inclined Uchiha like to mark things that are theirs :D )
( AND CORRUPTING EVERYTHING TOBIRAMA LOVES YOU SAY )

Tobirama looks at the scroll in front of him, feeling cold and small.

He should have known this was coming. It was... something of a pattern at this point. Something he had been experiencing since he was a child, if he let himself actually look at his memories without the sweet tinges of nostalgia...

Hashirama had come up with an idea, but didn’t know how to make it work.

So now, Hashirama was submitting the request to him, and he would be required to create a technique to make it possible. And to make it his highest priority.

The thing is... he wouldn’t mind helping Hashirama come up with a jutsu. He didn’t mind assisting his students, after all. He had helped Hashirama with developing his own techniques for ages.

The problem was... the jutsu... it was meant for sex. Meant to be used by and on him.

He lets his head drop forward, and sighs.

So. They have found a new way to make him participate in his own subjugation.

———

It took a great deal of effort to move through the rest of the day like nothing was wrong.

The jutsu concept Hashirama had come up with had started a small deluge of ideas for his own development. Techniques he could use to survive in the field, and to help heal and rehabilitate injured shinobi.

Yet, the ideas almost felt tainted. Because they were inspired by an idea Hashirama wanted him to develop to use against him.

———

He hands a small scroll to Hashirama in passing, not looking at his older brother as he heads to teach his student. There was something uplifting about not showing any signs of disquiet or embarrassment, despite the implications of the technique he’d been ‘given a request’ to make.

His attempts to ignore it had been... chastised.

Still, the time he had taken between being told to do this, and actually doing it, had put something into perspective.

His so-called lovers wanted everything he did to somehow relate to or involve them. Even the things he did only for himself.

And for the first time since he had been put in the Tsukuyomi again after the village was made, for trying to live in a different house than his master, he has decided... no.
He will not allow their need to rule his entire existence to ruin the joy he gets from Creation. They have tainted dancing already. Tainted intimacy.

He will not lose this, his longest standing joy.

Just as he will not lose his joy in sharing knowledge and helping people grow.

Tobirama woke, naked and sore, chained down on the bed, hot fingertips tracing a very sensitive path around his navel. The presence is familiar, and he keeps himself from flinching as the touches call the pain to mind. Madara feels smug, content. Like he won a nigh-impossible battle, and claimed a prize.

Tobirama tries not to think about why that comparison is in his brain.

He shifts, and Madara looks up, smiling. Then, he holds up a handmirror.

Reflected in it, Tobirama could see the circles and lines of Madara’s Mangekyou, in the same bright dangerous red as the Sharingan.

He can feel the chakra in it. Somehow, the pattern is also a seal. One similar to his Hiraishin, if different. It’s a beacon, allowing Madara to send his chakra to Tobirama regardless of distance.

Madara would be able to... to use his sensitivity against him no matter what they are both doing.

It also has portions of the location seal in the collar Madara had put on him, before the village was underway and he was trusted enough to have access to his chakra at all times outside the bedroom...

Oh Sage, no. If Tobirama is not very, very careful...

Madara could find out about his hidden lab. About his secret trainings, and the time he spends on paperwork multitasking. And... with Tobirama’s sensitivity...

Madara would be able to render him vulnerable and incapable of fleeing at a moments thought.

There would never be an escape from his ‘lover’ so long as they both lived... unless Tobirama can find a way to protect himself from it.

Looking from the reflected symbol to Madara’s pleased, possessive gaze, he surrenders to the kiss.

He surrenders to the touches.

He surrenders to the intimacy.
And he lets himself keen and cry and moan and beg, as Madara fills him over and over.

And after, when Madara is spooning him in his sleep, he thinks.

Chapter 67

by chimericColoratura

(Madara knows Tobirama is too contrary not to fight them. His rebellions make it easier to handle. Madara thinks they are cute. He likes his lover’s spirit, after all)
(Too bad he and Hashirama went so blind with ego and shit)

It takes a week for Madara to find a good occasion to test his new marking on his pet. He’s looking into the crystal ball of the far viewing technique, and his Tobirama is doing some research for a request Hashirama had made.

There is nothing sharp or dangerous nearby, and his pet is sitting down. So, he focuses on the marking he made.

In the image, Tobirama shifted, hand moving to his navel, trembling faintly. Then, he starts to keen, whimpering as he shakes with the intensity of sensation as Madara uses the marking as a focus to run his chakra along Tobirama’s skin, and into his body.

Aroused, he drives his pet wild, watching him shiver and cry out as he was brought to climax, again, then again.

Standing up, he heads to Tobirama’s office. So cute, his pet. Locking the door behind him, he pulls Tobirama’s pants off, and pulls the plug out to sink in. The trembling walls around his cock milk him, begging for his pleasure.

Who is he to deny his beautiful lover?

Especially since he has decided to do something very, very special for their anniversary this year.

Just him and Tobirama. Izuna and Hashirama had had their own anniversary, and Madara would not be sharing his with them.

He feels that he shares enough of his beloved with them already without letting them be involved in all of his remembrances.

-------------

Tobirama is very careful not to be doing any of his special research when Madara is awake. Not personally. He does it through his clones, who can hide just as well as he can from other sensors.

He has managed to make Kage Bunshin both with and without Madara’s Mark on their stomachs.

He is careful to use the ones with them around his ‘lover.’

But soon enough, he might have a way to block Madara’s chakra out...
Chapter 68  

by kitsunesongs

Tobirama is given a choice of when to go back. He could go back to before he was captured, and try again to fight off Madara - or to before Hashirama was captured, and try to stop that from happening - or even further.

Save his brothers.

Save his mother.

Hatake Kira had been Eight months pregnant when she had been cut down by the Hagoromo, her baby, Tobirama's littlest sibling, cut out of her. If he goes back far enough, he can save her, and the baby...the problem? While he will have all his knowledge and spiritual energy, he will be going back to his child's body, and only have that level of physical conditioning or chakra levels or physical energy for molding chakra. and also, people don't usually LISTEN to children...and Tobirama? His mother died when he was five.

He chooses to go back to when he was four, so he can adjust and plan - he takes one last look at the world he'd left behind, his precious students, his beloved children, his village, the shadow called Zetsu that he now knew he needed to watch - and he turns to the two Gods before him, bows, and makes his request.

Chapter 69  

by diana_of_hufflepuff

Madara is possessive. No one else is allowed to see *his* Tobirama like that. Go Tobirama! Fighting!

Well, he does need to make a show that Madara does have complete control. Imagine, he ties just Tobirama's arms to the corners of the bed, and just... remotely makes Tobirama come over and over and over again while Madara watches. He leaves Tobirama's torso free, so he can watch him writhe and arch his back in helpless pleasure. He leaves Tobirama's legs free, too, so he can watch them flail, watch them open wide, hips thrusting into nothing, cocking from side to side, to try to release some of the unbearable pressure and heat, and then his legs squeeze together tight, curling towards his chest to try to protect his groin from the unending stimulation. He cries and whimpers in pained ecstasy, but of course there's no physical object to fight against...

Yeaaa I kinda wanna see the whole program XD
Chapter 70

by chimericColoratura

(MADARA IS POSSESSIVE YES. IZUNA AND HASHIRAMA ARE LUCKY HE CARES ABOUT THEM SO MUCH. AND NEEDED HASHIRAMA)

Madara looks over the newest jutsu scroll that his pet had created upon request. It was a request Izuna had made, wanting to have more fun with his own pet.

Apparently, Izuna wanted to have some way to toy with Hashirama, to restrain him, and dominate him, but without needing tools. After all, Hashirama didn’t need external tools to have fun playing with Tobirama, or Izuna when he was in the mood to be fucked.

Hashirama was lucky Izuna is flexible that way. From the wistful looks he’d sometimes caught his friend giving him, before they’d trapped and bound Tobirama, Hashirama had probably wanted to fuck Madara.

Or rather, ‘make love’ with Madara.

So ridiculous. Madara doesn’t let anyone take him. Not since he’d been young, and learning how to have sex, and what he liked. A thing teenage Uchiha are taught to keep them from having children outside of their chosen partners and spouses.

No one wanted to lose control of the bloodline just because some young Uchiha got confused and amorous and was taken advantage of.

What Madara had learned from his lessons, was that he did not enjoy being taken, enjoyed taking others apart with pleasure, and giving orders. And then he’d started having the dreams.

Dreams of pale skin against the dark sheets of his bed, red bridal cord wrapped around taut, lean limbs, exposing a sleek torso and toned belly, a pale cock, and a puckered entrance that stretched so perfectly around his girth, soft cries and whimpered moans and pleas as he thrust in and out of gripping heat...

A dream he got to fulfill at will now. A dream far more private and dear than his long buried hopes for peace.

And yet, now he has both. His village, and his lover. His perfect, beautiful Tobirama.

His brilliant, genius lover, who had made a jutsu for Izuna, after having made one for Hashirama. He can’t get angry at his lover for that.

Madara had never told Tobirama not to develop jutsu for their brothers, who were perhaps more aware of how close to the edge of Madara’s patience with their entitled presumptions of access to his pet, always shared the jutsu with him.

And he? He used these new techniques to remind his lover of who he belongs to.

Smirking, he starts to read.
Tobirama gasps as the marking on his belly heats again, sinking the chakra inward to stroke at sensitive nerves. Distracted, his lover doesn’t notice when Madara wraps his wrists in soft cloth, and then cuffs them to the headboard. There are streaks of sticky white painting near-white skin, red ink, enough to have come from three or four orgasms.

In other words, just enough for Tobirama to stop paying such close attention to what Madara is doing. Smirking, he goes through the handseal chain Tobirama had worked out for Izuna’s surprise for Hashirama.

Holding the final seal, he watches as slender ropes of chakra begin to form, slipping out of his back without even a twinge. With practice, he’d be able to get them to form wherever his chakra was touching...

And he had plans to practice frequently.

Watching his Tobirama writhe at the chakra from his marking, he smirked at the choked of cry when two cords wind around flailing legs and bind them wide open. Then, the other cords begin to stroke over trembling skin, seeking sensitive places.

One around that sensitive, weeping shaft. One each on taut nipples, latching and twisting and sticking, pumping like hungry mouths after a few moments. The other five...

Those slither up the inner thighs, and begin feeding themselves inside his Tobirama, first one, then two, three, four.... Five.

They slip deep, rubbing and sticking and clinging by turns, mapping anew the territory Madara has claimed as his.

Heating his chakra just slightly, he gets an arching scream of pleasure, another spill.

Then Madara begins weaving the cords together into thicker knots....

Madara cradles his exhausted beloved in his arms, rather pleased with how he’s reclaimed his prize.

---

( YES! ALL THE BIJUU!)

It takes time, for Tsunama and Tsukiyomi to remember who they once were. To remember the things they saw, watching at their father’s side in the Pure Lands. Watching Hashirama-anija treat their Tobi-nii so terribly, distant and hurtful and full of secret lusts...

They were young, when they died, so it doesn’t take long, for them to have their memories back.
And once again, Tobirama, their beloved brother who is their mother for real instead of only in role, is doing most of the work of caring for them. And they are LIVID.

Kaguya, their baby sister, has dreams. Strange dreams. And sometimes uses antiquated speech patterns. Sometimes seems confused when trying to use chakra. But their mother is patient, and works with her, helping her find her own methods, and letting her teach him as much as he teaches her. (NINSHU FOR TOBIRA! I HAVE PLANS)

The Bijuu were not expecting to see their Father and Uncle again, but the Ootsutsuki brothers visit the shared mental plane, and tell them of Hagoromo’s successor. A man who has achieved the Rinnegan without causing others pain or suffering, who works as best he can to make things better, despite painful, agonizing opposition.

So they come looking. And Tobira defends them from his brother, his ‘lovers’, and ends up making pacts with ALL OF THEM AND HAVING SO MANY TALKS. THEY ARE FASCINATED BY THIS HUMAN WHO WANTS TO KNOW THEIR OPINIONS BECAUSE THEY HAVE SEEN SO MUCH!!!

Then Zetsu comes, and recognizes his Mother in Uchiha Kaguya, and goes to merge with her. Remembering herself in full, she has long moments of sorting through everything. And for a moment, the rage she’d felt at her sons for turning against her begins to surface... but then she senses her brothers, who love her, who protect her, who encourage her to do what she wants even if it isn’t what others would expect.

And then she senses her mother, gentle wellspring of love and support, ocean of knowledge and curiosity, full of strange and wonderful life, who has never, not once, let her feel that she is unwanted, let her brothers feel unwanted, even after they learned the terrible, horrible truth of their conception.

And she goes, and embraces them, weeping. Because she could have lost this. Lost having a true family. Because her pain could have brought her to destroy what she has gained.

She and her mother and brothers summon the Gedo Mazo, and she reabsorbs it, before turning her attention to their Fathers. Their fathers, who are so absent from their lives, even when they see them everyday. Who have been crushing her mother’s spirit longer than she has lived this life.

And the epic beat down begins)

(....I think this means I’m writing it... huh...)

Original comment
Previous chapter: 58 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 73 (kitsunesongs)

Chapter 72 ↓

by chimericColoratura

Hagoromo looks at this child of his line, of his blood, though a hundred generations separates them, and knows he made the right choice, in assisting Hamura. Many, many things have gone wrong, in the lives of his descendants and those around them, and it will take a kind soul that can still be ruthless to even begin to fix it.
And so, when Senju Tobirama makes his request, he smiles, faint and proud. Of course. Not just his own life to fix, but the lives of as many as he can manage.

His heart hurts, for this child who still does not see his own value.

But he and his brother glance at each other, and nod. Yes. Back to the day he turned four, already a shinobi, already running missions, clan and father too desperate to spare one so talented as he from such work. Courier missions, deliveries, but still a risk.

Holding up his right hand, Hamura holding up his left, he waits for Tobirama to touch his hands to theirs.

As he weaves the soul of this bright life into an earlier bend of the river, he adds a little more to it. Not much. Not anything that would be immediately noticeable.

But a small enough boon of aid to the one who had already suffered so much. He can sense, watching Tobirama sink into his younger self, that Hamura had done the same. And together with his brother, smiling, he settles in to watch this new stream divert from the planned course.

———

It’s the warmth that confuses him, at first, when he wakes, relaxing reflexively at the body heat of another in his bed. And yet... that is not the volcanic chakra of his... lover and husband. The weight on his belly and chest is gone, and the press of chakra around him contains only...

....Senju. Familiar Senju. Senju he has not sensed in decades.

*Kawarama. His eldest younger brother, mischievous and kind with a talent for traps and weapons.*

*Itama. Gentle winds and supportive earth, inclined to heal and protect.*

And they are alive.

And they are sleeping on him, again. Cuddled under his futon and clinging.

Ah. That’s right. He’d just gotten back from a small mission. If he remembered correctly, he wouldn’t be sent on another one for at least a few months.

So. He has time to train. To remember those exercises and katas he’d developed and adjusted for tiny, developing bodies.

*He could become even faster this time. Fast enough to save them. Fast enough to escape.*

Petting Itama’s fluffy two-toned toddler hair, he looks at his tiny hands. He’s going to have a lot of work to do, to make sure things go better for his family.

And one of the first things is getting strong enough, skilled enough in his tiny body, to protect his mother from the assassins coming in a year’s time.

———

Seeing Hashirama again, seven years old and only just beginning to develop his Mokuton is... hard. Harder than he’d thought it would be.

He doesn’t act any differently than he had before his mind and memories merged into his past, is still curious and quietly affectionate and adoring of his eldest brother, but deep inside part of him *quails.*
When had Hashirama started looking at him with something other than familial affection and love in his eyes? How many years did Tobirama have before his brother’s hugs, clinging and tight, held lust as much as affection?

As much as he wished to put it out of mind, to set it aside as something to deal with in the future... he knew he needed to start processing it now.

All of it.

Including the... the relationship he’d been forced to have with Madara, Izuna, and Hashirama.

If he is trying to make things better... he needs to be able to face them without fear and dread clouding his perceptions. And he will not.. do what their clans have been doing for centuries. Take out the actions and pains of his past in the future-that-will-not-be on these young, still innocent children.

But he will not forget it, either.

Chapter 73 ↓

by kitsunesongs

(AHHH! Please do!

Also, imagine that Kaguya and Tobirama come home and - by awakening her memories and powers, Kaguya also regained her Byakugan.

Madara sees her - sees her eyes - and snaps, slapping Tobirama across the face and then grabbing Tobirama by the hair and forcing him down, screaming about how he's a little whore, a greedy slut, how dare he, he knew he should have killed that Hyuuga - And then bam. Kaguya Blast.)

Chapter 74 ↓

by chimericColoratura

(Kaguya regaining her Byakugan, but not the third eye. Not the RinneSharingan. That activates in her eyes, turning white to red, as it used to turn red to speckled black.

Kaguya watching in horror as her mother, loving and kind and so very, very afraid of being looked at by strangers, of the feeling of desire in others chakra, is struck and grabbed and accused of such terrible things when Madara was there when she was conceived-
Her hair extends and she grabs him by the wrists and throat, making him let go and pushing him away, standing before her mother in pure fury. How dare he. HOW. DARE. HE?! Black rods begin to form in her palms, and she prepares to teach Tsukiyomi’s father the lesson someone should have BEATEN INTO HIM AGES AGO)

Chapter 75 ↓

by kitsunesongs

(Fuck yes. Go Kaguya.

Bonus points, this is happening in the middle of Konoha, and everyone saw - and everyone is cheering on KAGUYA.

Hashirama and Izuna show up to fight too, and Kaguya starts kicking their asses too, hair senbons to vital points, blasts of air from her blows, gravity manipulation, floating, fire and earth and water and wood twisting away from them, their jutsus's being absorbed or turning on them - and meanwhile Tsuna and Tsuki get their mother away from the center of the fight, aided by his students.)

Chapter 76 ↓

by chimericColoratura

( THIS IS THE MADARA KAGUYA FIGHT WE DESERVE)

These men. These men, blood of her blood but never family, who she can only truly credit with sparking her life inside her precious, gentle mother... are not going to be allowed to continue getting away with this. Not now.

Not when Kaguya finally remembers everything. Remembers being born into other lines, other families, and being cast out to die for her strangeness. Spirit wandering again, she’d found herself drawn into the tiny spark of life created by a blending of Uchiha and Senju, one of three but the only daughter, and her memories going dormant again. Her last thought to wonder how old she’d be when she was cast out to die this time. 4? 5? Perhaps even 6?

But instead, she’d been kept. She’d been loved, for who she is and not for who she could be twisted to be. Loved by two brothers, who look like her and mother and have a similar age in their eyes, and look at their fathers in suspicion while showering mother with love. Showering her with love.

Learning that her mother could switch between male and female, had created the technique that made her birth possible, and had been forced to conceive... and loves her and her brothers anyway. Loves them even as their fathers continue to hurt him.
Remembers when her fathers had mused, unaware she could hear them, about whether or not they should sire more children upon their lovely wife.

Remembers the feeling of anguish in her mother’s rooms, after long weekends spent at the homes of friends.

So, she guards her mother, protects her family, from the monsters who pretend to love them. Twists fire back towards its wielders, withers root and vine away, blows their weapons back at them, and knocks them into each other with gravity.

And always, always, she keeps some of her attention on her mother, her brothers, as her Sensei, students of her mother, help get them out of the battlefield.

She had feared being seen as a monster, upon returning to the village with her newly reacquired powers, but willing to come anyway to be with her family.

And yet... there is cheering. There is support. And then, Kaguya understands, as her whole self. It wasn’t her power that the people had feared, so long ago. It had been what she’d used it for.

And now... she is using it to protect against the real monsters.

Chapter 77

by kitsunesongs

(She is! Go Kaguya! Tobirama probably watches, torn, as his daughter beats all three of his husbands...of his captors. His abusers. Kaguya beats them, drains all their chakra away and wraps them in binds of her hair and the Truth Seeking Balls that are made by merging all the Elemental Natures and Yin and Yang chakra together to stop them from making more, and they are left kneeling, bound and helpless, before their children.

Except are they their children?

This, of course, would be a good time for Kawa/Tsuna and Ita/Tsuki to scold and scorn Hashirama, give him a The Reason You Suck speech. While Kaguya icily glares at her ‘father’ and ‘uncle’ and gives them their own Reasons They Suck Speech. Cause dammit those assholes deserve to have their illusions and delusions of grandeur ripped away from them.)

Chapter 78

by chimericColoratura
Hashirama probably started lusting soon after puberty. Tobirama doesn’t look like him, doesn’t act like him. And also Hashi is a plant, they crossbreed with their own ‘siblings’ all the time. Madara started watching him soon after the river incident. Izuna started lusting when puberty struck, and the dreams got more detailed after he got taught how to have sex he enjoyed.

Hamura and Hagoromo gave Tobirama what he’d gained in his suffering in the future, the powers he’d gotten from his tormentors eagerness... and increased his natural affinity for his own chakra.

Which, if he develops it properly, will let him use the different blended and subelements as if he had the inborn affinity. In other words... SIX PATHS SAGE TOBIRA WITH ALL THE PRETTY CHAKRA MANIFESTATIONS WRECKING HIS ENEMIES)

Kira watches her cub, and she wonders. Brilliant, beautiful little Tobirama, her unconventional, genius son... is acting different. Looks into the distance, at times, shivering. Scent flooding with terror and pain in his sleep, whimpering and hiding in his blankets.

She has seen such behavior before. And she is horrified. How... how could such a thing happen to her beautiful cub?

How had no one noticed when he returned from his mission?

Then, while sitting and observing as her secondborn practices throwing kunai, Hashirama shouts in excitement at making a specific flower. Tobira startles, and cuts his palm, the scent of blood raising her hackles. And then, before her eyes... it heals without a trace.

Oh.

Oh Sage, no.

That’s how. Someone had caught her cub, her precious snow kitten, and had hurt him. And the injuries had healed without trace, and he had told no one.

She smiles at Hashirama’s accomplishment, even as she plans her arguments to her husband to keep Tobirama at home. Her cub can train, and help with keeping watch. And they can help him heal...

———

Tobirama looks up at his father, his mother, and they can read the shock in his eyes. Oh. How had they failed him so badly, that he thought they would not notice? Would not care?

Gently, carefully, Butsuma pulls his brilliant water spirit close, and rubs his back, letting his son know that is fine if he needs to cry. He meets the black eyes of his wolf-bride, and lets the rage show in his own, keeping his chakra gently wrapped around the trembling spring of his son’s.

This is not his fault. His son had done nothing to deserve what had happened to him. Those who take advantage of their greater strength to hurt those around them deserve no respect. Only those who survive such betrayal deserve respect, and understanding.

Relief weighs heavy on his shoulders when his son lets go of his shields enough to cry.

———

Touka, older cousin, 10 going on 11 to Tobirama’s 4 going 5, also notices the change in her favorite cousin. Notices how he watches the space around him with the attention of a veteran infiltrator, or a
battle-scarred captive. And she feels a quiet, deep well of rage open in her heart.

So, when Hashirama is too busy with his own training to help his otouto, she steps in like the elder sister she has chosen to be.

After all, small as Tobira-chan is, he could use a good bladed staff to put down his enemies.

Back in the before, when he was truly 4 and not 34 going on 5, he had been sent out on a mission where he had only narrowly escaped being captured and sold to a slave ring. As a Main Line Senju, young enough to tame, he would be very valuable as a stud.

He’d escaped by pulling on the water in their bodies, desperate and panicked.

He’d developed a hatred of those who preyed on the young and the vulnerable, after that, and other instances. Hashirama had never noticed, truly. That people wanted the Mokuton, but knew he was too strong to catch.

So Tobirama became too fast, too skilled, too dangerous to touch, when avaricious eyes turned to new prey.

And this time, his parents, his family... help him.

Chapter 79 ↓

by kitsunesongs

(Ooh yes! Ooh, maybe they tell Hashirama, his older brother, that some bad people hurt Tobirama, used their power to hurt him because they were stronger then he was, and Tobirama escaped but being hurt like that has changed him, and that he needs to be prepared to help Tobirama is he gets scared, or sad, or angry. Hashirama doesn't like those strange people who hurt his little brother/water source/precious Tobirama. (He doesn't admit it to anyone, but Tobirama is his favourite little brother.) He promises that he won't let anyone else hurt Tobirama ever again! He'll protect him. He'll become so strong, no one will be able to hurt Tobirama. Everyone says that he can be the strongest, because of his mokuton. He's sure he can do it.

And ooh yes, Tobirama, not having to run missions, experiments with his chakra, with his new/old healing, with what he can do with these gifts. Starts merging elements, creating new jutsu.

And also seals. Because he can't guard Kawarama and Itama and Mother and Father and this younger Hashirama, this innocent one who reminds him of his Anija before he became his husband-master-captor-tormentor, all at once all the time - but he can work with what he knows.

Like Time/Space seals.

He creates a seal that will go on a person and, when it senses that person being in deadly danger, about to die, will transport them to an anchor seal, that Tobirama keeps in his room. Then he sneaks it onto all his loved ones...via sewing it into their clothes.
He also discovers, thanks to Touka, that the Naginata can be very fun, though he still likes his swords better.)

There is fear in his heart, at first, when Madara strikes him, using his hair as a bind to force him down (don’t think about the fabric-covered bulge in front of his face don’t-) and accused him of sleeping with Hinae-san. With the Hyūga who is now happily wed to Aburame Shima, and have adopted some orphaned children from their clans. It... hurt, in a way he had not expected, to be accused of infidelity.

As if he had ever consented to sex with anyone to begin with. As if he had not submitted to Madara and his attentions to turn his wrath from others, in a bid to keep his own mind and not be trapped forever in illusions to keep his conqueror happy.

His daughter, his beautiful Kaguya, had read the pain in his eyes, in his chakra, and snapped, revealing to all the awe-inspiring fury that had once upon a time seen her named Goddess.

Tsukiyomi and Tsunama, with their familiar-not chakra, take gentle hold of his arms, and lift him from the ground. Satoshi is simply there, young Jounin commander leading his inner circle to get their sensei out of the line of fire. He could feel the restrained pleasure in all of them, as they watch his daughter toss his ‘husband’ away, pinning him with the powers she had so recently reclaimed.

He watches, fearful, for his daughter is powerful, but also young, and lacking much of her former reserves. And Madara, enraged as he is, has been a destroyer of armies, a rewriter of maps, for decades.

———

But Tobirama had misjudged how long his daughter’s fury has been building. Has misjudged how enraged his son-brothers are. Has, in truth, misunderstood how very deeply loved he is, by his students, their parents, their children, their clans.

How adored he is, by his entire village. The village for which he had suffered in silence, fearing what the trio would do if anyone found out.

And now, finally, someone had found the strength, the rage, the will to take the rotten drain on their Heart down.

———

Hashirama had been pacing in their apartments, waiting for the four errant members of their family to return. He had wanted to follow, to make sure their wife was not injured badly, but they had left too quickly.
Hashirama already has ideas of how to teach his otouto better-

He stills, Izuna joining him, when they hear Madara’s furious shouts. Running, they head to find what had happened now.

But when they arrive at the large training fields near the gate of the village-

There is Kaguya, his Izuna’s beautiful daughter by their wife, but she looks... different. More, somehow.

And she’s attacking Madara.

A genjutsu? Some trick or lie?

In time with Izuna, he leaps into battle, to assist his fellow husband. In the corner of his eye, he notes their sons carrying Tobirama away. Ah, so something had attacked them, and was possessing their daughter, perhaps.

Well, time for her to see why he is called God of Shinobi, husband of the Falling Shadow.

_________

Madara wheezes, bruised and battered ribs strained in the binding hold of smooth white that he can’t cut. The strange black chakra spheres, Gudōdama, he thinks they were called, are pinning his chakra somehow. Hashirama and Izuna are similarly beaten and bound, and he stares at their daughter in shock.

How had she...

“Mother could have done this. Given time. Given support. But it would not be fair to him to be expected to face you.”

He had never heard such icy rage, before...

“Instead, I believe that I will allow our family to enlighten you to just how far you’ve fallen from who you wished to be.”

And at her sides, her brothers kneel, and glowing doors spring from the ground. From them come... their fathers, their mothers, his brothers... two men who feel so familiar that it hurts... and then... Rinnegan eyes, horns, the mask of the Shinigami.

The Sage himself, and his brother.

Chapter 81 ↓

by chimericColoratura

(.... you know I like this Nogitsune thing. It might, show up in one of the other timelines I’m writing :) one of the ones without children in it)
It is a strange feeling, having the sunlight of the living world on his skin again. Indra looks to his Heart’s daughter, the reincarnation of his grandmother, and... he wonders. If...

...no.

He will not do that. This reincarnation is tainted to him now. He will not take this form, this body. His brother will not take Hashirama’s either.

Even if, sincerely, they would love to return to life and be close with Tobirama. Get to know him in person, instead of from watching. But Indra can wait and be patient, unless his Father chooses to put them in bodies of their own...

Tajima stares at his bound sons, standing beside his rival and enemy-in-life, before their grandchildren and Tajima’s poor, hurt son-in-law. His wife, Akane, and Butsuma’s wife Kira stand with them, a shield between the bound and the one they have hurt.

None of them have words. They don’t need any. The weight of their disgust is crushing against their very souls.

Hamura looks at the reborn form of his Mother, and feels the gratitude in his heart swell all the brighter. Yes. This. This is who Ootsutsuki Kaguya should have been.

This confident, protective woman, free and happy, loving and beloved.

For giving his mother this, Senju Tobirama has his blessing and well-wishes for eternity.

Which means that it is a genuine pleasure to turn his gaze upon the bound forms of his nephews’ reincarnates, upon their assistant, and let the cold dread of death slip against their souls. Let it shake them. Let it tear at the walls they’ve built around their minds and hearts.

And let the words that will come tear their egos to shreds.

Hagoromo, Sage of Six Paths, feels much the same as his brother. However, in life, he was a teacher. A father, though he failed, but still a teacher. And there is a lesson to be learned here.

“Oh how low you have scratched and scraped, that even We, who dwell in the Pure Lands, are shocked by the depths to which you have sunk.”

His rod rings faintly, as he holds it. He senses his children, attention focused through Tobirama’s eyes through their pacts.

“You harmed one you claimed to love, crushing his spirit, binding his body to your whims, and attempted to control him utterly. You punished those who looked at him overlong, and him for being looked at. As though he, somehow, is meant to control how others react to him.”

A silence over the field, broken only by the wheezing of the beaten.

“My Brother, the Shinigami, would bind you to eternity in his Stomach, yet those souls have done nothing to be deserving of the torment of your presence.”
Ashura steps forward, looking at Hashirama. “You let your clan fall because you lusted for your brother. You maimed and killed those you saw looking upon him, if you could not send them out to die. You are no Senju. No Senju would be so cruel to their family.”

Indra steps forward, looking at Madara. His eyes are spiraled, spinning. “You are not Uchiha, to hurt your Center so. To torment and bind and sheer away all that brings them joy.”

Tajima looks at Izuna, and finds his words. “You looked upon your rival, and thought only of his subjugation. Not his brilliance, his kindness, the traits that made him great. You are Blind.”

Their mothers do not come forward, their brothers stare at them in disgusted hate, like they are steeped in foul rot.

Now, Tsunama comes with Tsukiyomi, and Kaguya as well.

“You sired us, and for the love we bear our mother, we would wish to never have existed.”

Then a cast takes over the brother’s Features, hints of who they once were. ”We watched, Hashirama. We watched you try and destroy our Brother. Hell is too kind for the likes of you.”

Kaguya looks at her father, her sire, and her disdain cuts to his heart. “I love mother. I will always love mother. But if it meant he was happy... I’d stay sealed in the moon, if it meant he never had to endure your gaze.”

(IM BAD AT DIALOG IM SORRY)

Chapter 82 

by chimericColoratura

(Madara thinks Tobirama is willing. Is as in love as he is. Because he has blinded himself to the way Tobirama never initiated unless Madara is very definitely interested or angry. Only reacts, or pacifies)

Tobirama sighs, wishing he could take more time for himself. But he does not dare. Madara and the others get... very testy, if they feel he is ignoring them for too long. They already sulked and plotted over his time spent with students, his research for the village.

He doesn’t want to make things worse for himself in a mistaken effort to get space.

Though, he does need some space. Now that the three have decided his jutsu creation efforts are an activity they should be involved in, they have taken to coming by more. And sometimes...

....sometimes they get... amorous.

Hashirama had helpfully grown a bed, over by one of the walls, where they could test some of the new jutsu in application.

Not even his lab for the village is safe for him anymore.
Lying on his side, tied down with blue glowing ropes, Tobirama keens as Madara slips a ball of
chakra inside him. The chakra will release warm water into his body, holding it in place until the
chakra in it runs out.

A warm hand settles low on his belly, lips kissing the back of his neck, his nape. Then the other hand
comes to his chest, playing with his nipples thoughtfully.

Tobirama shudders at the contemplative feel of Madara’s chakra.

“I haven’t asked you for anything yet, have I. Izuna has asked for two jutsu now. And Hashirama
has asked for three.”

Ah, yes. The chakra ropes and the sensation placement technique for Izuna. The temporary limb
freezing, the water breathing, and this new technique to make a ball of chakra that expends water at a
set temperature until it runs out, which can then be manipulated by the user for Hashirama.

All five of them had been tested out extensively upon him, before the recipients turned them upon
each other. But now...

Tobirama moans, a soft whine as the warm water begins to flood his bowels, feeling his belly begin
to press into Madara’s hand from the pressure and volume. Good thing it was set to do this slowly, or
it could seriously hurt him.

Madara refuses to do anything that causes him more than mild pain. Refuses to let Izuna or
Hashirama do that either, reminding them that Tobirama belongs to Madara, and he says no.

Madara hums appreciatively as his belly continues to swell, pleased with the output he’s gotten so
far. Tobirama finds himself leaning back into his ‘lover’s’ warmth, panting from the feeling of being
so full and heavy and it hasn’t stopped-

“I would like you to make a jutsu for me.”

Tobirama gasps out a questioning sound, feeling the twitch of Madara’s length against his back.
What kind of technique could Madara possibly want?

“A jutsu that will create any kind of palatable, potable, safe liquid... and cause it to come from
someone’s nipples until it is cancelled or dispelled.”

Cursing his own curiosity, he starts thinking through the logistics of such a technique.

It would be chakra intensive for the user, having to create and convert so many diverse components.
If it could be done without getting nipples involved it might have other uses...

But Madara would insist on this.

The water flooding his belly slowed to a halt, leaving him feeling heavy and round and weighted
down. Madara rubbed the curve appreciatively, strained muscles and skin quivering under the
stretch.

Tobirama gasped as the water in side him followed the motion. Madara sighs, and the water rubs at
his walls, at his prostate, shifting like a tidal thrust.

“You will make it for me, won’t you, my Tobirama.”

It’s not a question, but he nods anyway, not daring to hesitate when Madara is in a mood to be so
possessive as to rub water-laced chakra all over his passage and bowels to clean them from Hashirama’s use of him in the mid morning...

Overwhelmed by the way the water gently pounds his walls in approval, he comes. Bound in ropes and too full, he passes out.

Chapter 83

by chimericColoratura

(JEALOUSY IS AN UGLY TRAIT MADARA)

Petting Tobirama’s hair as his pet holds his cock in his throat, Madara eyes the marks on his prize’s shoulders and back. Dark, regular marks, like the spots of a leopard. Marks he hadn’t left on him.

Marks in two slightly different sizes and shapes.

Izuna and Hashirama had decided to help Tobirama ‘test out’ his creations in the lab again, it seems.

Carefully setting his aggravation aside, he looks at the paperwork Tobirama had brought. A formal request from the council for a better meeting place for the students. A more permanent structure than the pavilion over the field.

In other words, a place for Tobirama to spend his time on things without his involvement.

Mood beginning to dip again, he tightened his grip in Tobirama’s hair. Obligingly, his lover starts to fellate him, the sensations impossibly perfect. Tsukuyomi training had paid off immeasurably in that factor.

As a reward, Madara begins smoothing away the dark marks on pale skin, getting shivery little hums and keens around his shaft in Tobirama’s throat. He likes that reaction. Healing chakra, particularly his own, gets some of the best noises and responses from his lovely pet.

And if it erased the marks his brother and friend left on his submissive? Then that is just a coincidence.

Groaning, he lets himself spill down that warm, milking throat, feeding his Tobirama some of his spend, right down into his belly, thick and hot and sticky.

He looks, and finds that his pet is hard, and tugs, letting Tobirama pull off and clean him up. Once that is done, he uses chakra-ropes to pull his pet into his lap, kissing him thoroughly while the cords tease the puckered entrance, pushing in to a soft whine.

He can feel warmth and tightness around the cords, sensing through the technique as he coils the length to a higher thickness, stretching his pet, smiling when he spills, trembling. “Well done pet. Let’s see how many you can give me this time, hm?”

Picking Tobirama up, he keeps the cord rubbing and twisting, and lays him on his paperwork free desk. Watching his lover writhing because of him, here in one of his private spaces...
Placing his hand over his Marking on Tobirama’s belly, he infuses it with his chakra, and his pet screams, cock spilling his release. The sensation of tightening goes straight to his cock, hardening rapidly again.

Pulling his cords out to play with Tobirama’s nipples because he has ideas, he pushes in, thrusting in slow steady rolls.

He’s going to drive all thought of Tobirama’s other dominants out of his pet’s mind.

Cuddling his wrung out, sweetly warm and pliant Tobirama close, he pets softly, to gentle him back down from the highs that Madara pushed him to.

This. This is the nicest moment, he thinks. When Tobirama is quiet and pliant and seeking his warmth and affection.

What else could he do to get Tobirama to be like this more often...

A flash, in his minds eye, of Hashirama sinking into his Tobirama. Of Izuna pressing into the stuffed entrance of his lover.

Hashirama and Izuna... have been spending more time involving his pet in their activities.

Madara isn’t sure he likes this trend. At all.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 70 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 88 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 84

by chimericColoratura

(Tobirama always had an excellent memory, particularly for Fuuinjutsu and his own techniques. And he had years in the village where his only joys were creation and teaching. He got plenty of ideas to improve!)

Hashirama is 8 years old the day he finds out for sure that the world is broken. It has to be. Not only are the members of his clan, his family, constantly going out to fight and kill and die...

His precious, brilliant, soothing otouto, the one who made it so easy to be happy and relaxed...

...had been hurt. His tiny Tobira-chan, brilliant and adorable... hurt by an adult. Hurt badly in a way that might never truly heal.

And that he needs Hashirama to help protect him.

He will! He will become the best, the strongest! He will train hard, everyday, and become so powerful that no one can hurt his precious wellspring again! And then, maybe...

...maybe Tobirama will be happy and playful again.

___________
Kira watches her kitten sit at her side, reading a scroll from the library with a focus and intensity that almost frightened her. But she knows the secret Tobirama had accidentally been keeping, and she lets go of the anxiety.

He wants to learn. He wants to know enough to keep himself safe, if he ever leaves the compound again.

Kira knows that he will, one day. But for now, he will rest here in safety, recover himself, and grow stronger.

She will protect her cubs. All five of them.

She feels a kicking in her belly, and watches Tobirama glance over. Ah. Her son could feel the active baby in her belly? Even though their chakra was so new?

He... might be a better sensor than they’d anticipated.

Kira smiles at her son as he hesitantly touches her belly, not noticing the marks on the blank page, forming a new, special fuuinjutsu.

———

A year of uninterrupted time to train, to learn, to explore. To spend time with the family he’d lost too soon, too young, and heal wounds he’d never realized had scarred him so deeply.

It had been the loss of his mother, and his unborn baby sister, that had so convinced him he had to hide his feelings away. Or rather... it had been everyone’s reactions to it, when he got home from the mission already grieving, that had convinced him.

People were not comfortable with the range of his sensing. Not when they realized he could sense their emotions and state of being.

He had been acting like he’d learned to, as had become natural for him, and his mother had seen the trauma. Had seen, and had moved to help.

And so, carefully, he inks new seals onto carefully created paper. He was practicing, exploring, following the ideas and rumors he’d had and heard over the years. It had taken a month, for him to find his affinities were more attuned, than he had managed to train himself to, in his previous life.

It had been... an experience, practicing with lightning and having to hide the rock he broke.

But he has his control of his base elements back to an acceptable level, one that allows him to make the most of his still growing reserves. And one of the first things he’d learned to make... was paper.

Paper in any size, color or shape. So he could make fuuinjutsu on the run, even if he didn’t have time to touch someone or something to place them.

Subterfuge. The seals being on the paper, willing make it look like he has to prepare them. Like he can’t make seals with focus and a touch of his chakra.

He paints another seal, and another. Soon enough, he will be able to hide them on his family.

And he will be able to save them, if his skills are enough.

If nothing else, it will guarantee no enemy can keep their bodies...
Tobirama looks in the mirror, shocked. The red within red tomoe of his Sharingan, the abstract spiraling wave of his Mangekyo... they are still here.

Meaning... he can fight to protect his mother.

Chapter 85

by chimericColoratura

(MADARA HAS KINKS THAT ARE EXACERBATED BY PEOPLE TELLING HIM TO HAVE KIDS. HE DOESNT WANT ANYONE BUT TOBIRA)

Tobirama hates how weak he is to Madara’s suggestions. To his orders. He could resist, but it isn’t good for him or the village if he does.

Which is why he is working through the elemental combinations needed to create a temporary form change. One that will allow someone to apply it to themself, or another, and have it work until the chakra runs out or is dispelled.

He could have made something permanent... but he didn’t dare. It might reveal a secret he has been keeping.

Hashirama is pouring at him. Madara finds he does not care. Tobirama is working on something for Madara, and as his lover and master, Madara has priority.

Odd, how much more Izuna and Hashirama have been coming to spend time with his pet.

Things in the village are finally settling into a more regular pace. They shouldn’t need so much help with stress...

....unless they have become addicted to the pleasure of his Tobirama. The pleasure Madara had been so generously sharing with them while the village was still being built and grown and finalized.

Madara had taken a few moments, hear and there throughout the day at work, to think upon the frequency with which Hashirama and Itama have been availing themselves of his pet.

And the results and trend were not pleasing. Instead of tapering off as the village increased in power and stability, the number had grown!

Practically every other day, sometimes.

Were the pair even fucking alone anymore? Or was it that they always included his prize in their lovemaking?
Had they perhaps forgotten that Tobirama is his beloved, and not part of their actual relationship?

Were they expecting his patience and indulgence to go on indefinitely?

________

His beautiful prize comes to his office and hands him a small scroll, the instructions and details of the jutsu written upon it. He nods, opens it, memorized it with Sharingan, and then burned it.

“This jutsu stays between us, Tobirama. You and I alone will know its workings.”

He can see the confusion in his pet’s eyes, but he nods, and Madara is relieved. Tobirama has not yet become confused as to who his master really is.

That deserves a special reward.

A very special reward.

________

Pinning his lover to the bed with his hands and weight, Madara licked and nibbled at the pale peaks on his pet’s chest. Madara is still deciding what he wants to drink from his beloved this first time.

Humming as he sucks on one nipple, pinning both hands above Tobirama’s head by the wrists, he tweaks the other nipple gently.

Ah. He knows now.

Concentration, careful hand signs, then he touches both nipples, leaning back down to lick at the droplets that come out.

Minty and sweet with a bit of citrus tang. Refreshing and delicious.

Just like his lover.

Listening to the whimpers at the sensation of fullness and ache in his chest, Madara rewards Tobirama with a long, hard suckle, enjoying a few mouthfuls before switching, kissing his way across.

From the feel of the cock against his stomach, hard and twitching, he’s found something new to enjoy with his lover...

(Ooh yes. Go Tobi! And I’m imagining what his mangekyo cam do. Maybe one eye makes boiling black water that he can learn to turn to ice or steam, and one eye... time maniulation? Slowing time, freezing it, REVERSING it when he gets good enough? And the Susanmo wouldn't be a Tengu, cause he's not an Uchiha. The Senju are buddhism symbolised, ala the names of Hashirama's
techniques and his giant Guanyin, but we don't want him linked to Hashirama, and he's not like a lot
of Senju...maybe Byakko, white tiger? Or a nekomata or kitsune? Or, if we want him different from
the Shinto/Japanese youkai/spirits cause of the Uchiha - Mab, Queen of Air and Darkness, Ruler of
the Winter Court of the Unseelie Sidhe? Or Poseidon, God of the sea and storms and earthquakes,
who is very protective of his children? Or maybe he summons Hamura or Hagoromo...or even
Kaguya.

Also, he can fight and save his mother and little sister, who might be this verses newest Kaguya
reincarnation, with white hair and blank white eyes, that Tobirama loves and adores.

Or ooh. What if he runs across bloodline thieves taking a young Izuna. He freezes because - this is
his tormenter, his rival, the man so determined to subjugate him, the man who saw him as a pretty
concubine not a lover or an equal, just a toy to him, the man who stole and broke his Anija...except
it's not. It's a child, just 8 years old. And he's terrified.

Tobirama saves him. Izuna is awestruck and smitten, just as Madara will be once he gets a good look
at Tobirama the first time, just as Madara WAS when he got a good look at Tobirama before. Izuna
has found his Center, his one Great Love, as he told himself Hashirama was despite them not fitting
properly without Tobirama between them, because he couldn't think of Tobirama as a possibility (if
he had, he would have loved them both.)

Tobirama just changed the future - but maybe not for the better.

Hashirama is more protective, but that can easily become over protective and possessive, especially
for plants.

His mother and little sister are safe - mother goes into labour there and he helps her, and is the first
one to hold his little sister, to wipe the blood off her, to smile as she blinks open her eyes the first
time.

Kawa and Ita will be safe, and so will the rest of his clan once he puts the seals on them as well.

Tobirama can start working towards peace, helping the civilians and children and elderly and
disabled of his clan, devising things for them, inventing ways of using chakra that aren't just for war,
helping with healing and selling their healing skills, making seals that have civilian uses to sell, like
automatic laundry doing seals, or anti-vermin, or disenfectant, or so on...

And maybe, maybe he even saves a few more Uchiha children, some even from Senju adults.
Maybe, he saves one or two or all three of Madara's other little brothers, Kuro and Myo and
Togakushi.)

Original comment
Previous chapter: 84 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 91 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 87 

by kitsunesongs

(It is! And its FANTASTIC.

Also you are not bad at dialogue shush.
Butsuma knows that if he scolds Hashirama it will just make him rebel against it, so he stays quiet along with his wife and Tajima's, and lets his disgust show.

And ooh! The reason you suck speech is good. Bet the students and other villagers and Senju and Uchiha also join in, ripping the three down.

And then - then the punishment. Maybe they make the three live Tobirama's experiences, feel his pain, FORCE them to see what he went through - and then, maybe they show them what could have been. If Hashirama had been a better brother, and Izuna had not deliberately refused to see Tobirama as more than someone to subjugate and play with, if Madara had done the right thing, not the easy one, and made peace and an alliance with the Senju instead of conquering them - if they had come to the table as equals and worked to build Konoha properly... they would have had Tobirama. Properly, not as a pet or prize. But as an equal partner and loving spouse who was there willingly. They would have had his love, nor just his fear and forced submission.

They would have gotten to know each other and Tobirama would have accepted Hashirama's feelings, befriended Izuna, fallen for Madara - and then all four of them would have married, with Tobirama as the center of the group and the Uchiha's having two Centers, two Great Loves, and Hashirama having his village and peace and brother and friend and lover all as his husbands - and that eventually, Tobirama would have told them of the jutsu he had invented years ago that would let them have children.

All they needed to do to get that ending was be better people, not so selfish, or proud, or sadistic. Instead, the chose to take what they wanted by force - and now they are forced to accept the judgment for their actions.)

**Original comment**

Previous chapter: 81 (chimericColoratura)  
Next chapter: 89 (chimericColoratura)

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**Chapter 88 ↓**

*by chimericColoratura*

(OH MY GOD YOU LIKE THE PORN?????)

Tobirama flinches when Izuna strolls into his lab in the administration building, knowing from the saunter that the older shinobi has got plans that involve him somehow. He just recovered from Madara’s reaction to Izuna’s previous so-called brilliant idea, and would prefer not to be involved.

It’s odd, though.

Lately... lately he’s been seeing more of both Izuna and Hashirama... but not always at the same time. Was something going on?

Had they hit a hard patch? Some disagreement they were still working to resolve?

And how was Madara going to react to whatever Izuna planned.

A warm weight against his back, and he stills when Izuna’s hand wraps loosely around his neck.

“Are you ignoring me, Tobi? That’s rude, isn’t it.”
A faint, warning squeeze, loosening again with a trailing touch. “Do I need to train you better?”
A breath, and he shakes his head.
“I’m working, Izuna-sama. Madara-sama is waiting for me to be done.”
A squeeze, a little harsher this time.
“And you think you can’t take a break to help me focus on my work.” Which is important to the village, granted. Izuna is head of Information.

And employs a number of young Senju... oh. So that’s the incentive to obey this time. He does what Izuna wishes, and the Senju are treated well by Izuna. He does not... and Izuna will have no reason to be kind.

His head bows forward, and he goes slack under Izuna’s touches. The aggravation in Izuna’s chakra smooths out, and he presses a kiss to his neck.


Tobirama is so good like this, Izuna reflects. Keeping his hands flat on the desk, letting Izuna fuck into him hard and long.

Why did Hashirama have to be so reluctant to listen to his orders? He had been so patient. Offered him so many rewards and incentives.

And still, Tobirama, who is not truly Izuna’s, obeys better than his lover.

Defers so easily to his cues, to his touch, to the slightest flare of his chakra. But Hashirama hadn’t been this obedient since his brother got out of the second Tsukuyomi, and was more pliant and biddable.

That had been an interesting time. Tobirama hadn’t even intended to be disobedient. Which is why Madara had not been harsher in his correction.

Speaking of Madara... why was his brother giving Tobirama more to do, of late? Izuna could have had some fun a lot sooner...

Oh. Oh.

His brother... getting possessive again?

Original comment
Previous chapter: 83 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 93 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 89 ↓

by chimericColoratura

Butsuma knows that Hashirama won’t listen. Kira had howled in horror and mourning the day her beautiful first born made the choice to ‘give in’ and go along with the expectations of his lover in the
Mangekyou. Had howled again when Tobirama was forced to surrender himself, to protect what parts of their clan he could with his surrender.

Her precious snow kitten, grown up so beautiful and strong, only to be broken to heel by his own brother...

It is, perhaps, for the best that none of the three wish to speak. Their disgust and rage would be enough.

After a while, the words began to blend together, as the defeat of the Monster Trio truly sunk in. Shouts of regret, of support for the only Founder who truly, selflessly cared. How they had all wished they could find a way to rid him of his tormentors, worked and worked and worked to find a way.

Kagami, Ayame, and Ren declared them lower than eye thieves, for even eye thieves would not abuse their Center so.

They called Izuna blind, to turn his gaze away from the one his Sharingan always sought first.

Kyōka stepped forward, and declared Hashirama a Wasteland, a drain on the environment, incapable of supporting life, and utterly devoid of water. Called him Principle-less, for how could he betray the peace he claimed to have sought with the devastation he wrought on those who had supported him. He is no Pillar. He is a Sinkhole.

The words and insults flow on and on, but no one says anything cruel to or about Tobirama. Instead, quietly, they come one by one to apologize for not acting sooner. For not doing more to support him. And he shakes, trembling, to feel their sincerity.

Then, Hagoromo steps forward again.

"For your crimes, you will see what has been, what is, and what could have been."

Madara had been prepared for anything, as he looked into rippled, disgusted eyes. Just before the illusion began, he noticed the tall man with Uchiha eyes beside Tobirama, a gentle hand on his shoulder as he cried.

Madara had never seen Tobirama cry outside of the tears of overwhelmed sensation.

And then-


Moments of joy. Moments of happiness.

Not one included any of them.

They couldn’t truly process it, crying and screaming in anguish as their souls, it felt, were ground into shards, agonizing inch by inch. As they were forced to fit a frame they did not want.

How often they contemplated an end, only to hold back for the sake of those they protected.

How... could this be their beautiful Tobirama’s experiences?
The tears are not yet dry when they exit the illusion, dry heaving, sides aching, throats near bloody from screams.

Then, more memories. Helping the children learn. Teaching them how to handle life. How to be their own people.

The thousand simple joys of helping someone grow.

The absence of their own presences in their children’s lives.

They dreaded the what could have been. Feared it, after the agony and remorse they have faced.

But they have no choice.

Flashes. Glimpses.

Madara, hard at work beside Izuna, working out terms their clans could both accept.

Meetings with Hashirama and Tobirama, both willing to negotiate and bend just far enough to make it possible.

Konoha, built swifter, better. Uchiha and Senju in alliance. Other clans coming, bringing their unique strengths and traditions proudly, instead of meek.

Watched themselves fall in love with Tobirama...

....and watched, in astonishment, as he fell in love back. Courted, shown his worth to them. A hesitant, but enthusiastic and loving partner.

Marriage. Worries about the succession, about heirs. A shy, nervous mention of an old technique.

The birth of their children.

The birth of more children, a large family full of love and joy.

And it’s not for them.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 87 (kitsunesongs)
Next chapter: 90 (kitsunesongs)

Chapter 90 ↓

by kitsunesongs

(ahahahahaha!!!!! Yeeessss. Suffer! See what you did! See what you could have had! Fuckers.

And Tobirama, getting all the support and affirmation and love he deserves, crying, finally ALLOWED to cry, while Indra comforts him, his students and the villagers show him he is loved, truly, deeply loved.
I love the comments, the decrees - worse than Eye Thieves. Blind. A Wasteland. Principle-less. A Sinkhole. The opposite of what they should be. The worst things a Senju or Uchiha could possibly be. You know those are, like, actual terms, given to the worst of the worst of the clans, those who defy the very principles of what their clans ARE. That they heard stories, as children, about those terrible people who got those terms placed on them, and shuddered in fear and distaste - and now they are the monsters that parents will tell their children about.

They realise they always have been.

Eventually, the comments stop, and the three are left broken, understanding, guilt ridden.

Would Tobirama forgive them? He wouldn't want them around him anymore, but he probably wouldn't actually want them dead either. Maybe Hamura is about to kill them, trap their souls somewhere or wipe them from existence - and Tobirama intervenes. Says no.

Asks him to instead send them somewhere away from him, where they can learn to be better people, because he knows they have the potential. Looks at them - especially his brother, who he's loved for so long - and forgives them. For himself, not for them. They have no power over him anymore.

Then he smiles, and the last they see of him is him turning away from them, before they're sent somewhere they can learn. (Maybe, to make sure they REALLY can't come back, they're sent to another universe. Crossover! Like, One Piece, where all their powers don't do much good when they're surrounded by WATER. Or some other place where they're not the strongest around, and learn what it is like to be helpless. And also they have their chakra sealed, to help with that.)

Tobirama, meanwhile, gets to talk to all the dead people, and hugs his daughter and tell her how proud he is of her. Edited to add: OOH, and maybe he also gets to see the other world where all that good stuff happened. Maybe even meet the other versions of himself and HahiMadai. Cause it wasn't just an illusion it's what happened in another dimension/timeline, and Tobirama would be really interested in that!

( YOU GUESSED CORRECTLY. BABY SISTER IS NEWEST KAGUYA. BECAUSE HAGOROMO GOT A PEEK AT THE TOBIRA SURVIVES PREGNANCY FUTURE AND SAW WHAT HE COULD DO FOR HER)

It is short months after his fifth birthday when the attack comes. His mother, heavily pregnant, due to give birth any day now, is constantly tired, so appreciative of his help in caring for Itama and Kawarama. His brothers are training with Tōka, learning her amazing taijutsu skills.

In other words, his mother is alone, save for him. The best possible opportunity to the threats he can sense by the bitter hatred on the back of his tongue. They mask their chakra well, but he can still feel them.

He continues to read at his mother’s side, as though he cannot sense anything amiss.
A beat. Two. Three.

A poisoned senbon is flicked into his mother’s side, blocked by a kunai in a swift, furious hand. But the attackers are prepared, and move towards him. His mother, fearful and worried, hesitates just long enough for them to knock her out.

Then, they turn to him.

Then they stop.

His face is flat, his eyes red-within-red spiraling waves, as he slows their movements, the space around them suddenly heavy. Then...

...they collapse inwards, sharp and sudden, and Tobirama wipes the blood from his eye away.

It is strange, after years of living with Madara and Izuna, not to feel the pain or strain in his eyes from their use. He looks at the four dense, dense orbs of matter that had been the assassination squad sent to kill her. He... didn’t like it. But he could use the corpses for his experiments in what, exactly, his eyes could do.

For now, though, he gently healed his mother, waking her up. With the bodies gone, but blood everywhere, she assumed he’d had an episode and accidentally used his affinity for water to utterly destroy their bodies.

She didn’t have much time to ask, thighs slicking as his baby sister decides now is the perfect time to be born.

———

Kira’s second born son is a genius of terrifying proportions. From reading and chakra control practice, he was already learning and mastering basic healing, helping her through the birth of the little one who was almost lost with her, but for the defense of her furious, terrifying son.

Kira is so proud of him.

With his presence and support, she feels.. safe. How odd. She is his mother, and yet...

Gently, carefully, he coaxes her body into surrendering the baby, soft green coating his hands as he catches a slippery little body. Hand on her belly, her son heals her, and cradles her wet baby close.

Softly toweling the little one dry, her second born son looks into the face of his new baby sister with all the awe of a sacred moment.

Her baby girl has pale skin, almost as pale as his, and hair the same snowy white. Then, her daughter’s eyes blink open, revealing soft pearls, white within white as her brother’s are red within red.

And Tobirama smiles at her.

“Hello, imouto. Welcome to the family.”

———

Father names her Moyama. Space Between Clouds. Tobirama, pleased and hopeful, to have succeeded, steps up his efforts to safeguard his clan.
More of the seals to send the wounded and near death home. Seals to stabilize the critically injured, to slow time for their bodies to give precious moments to ready the necessary supplies for treatment.

He shows these things, a bit at a time, to his father. His father looks at them, then at him, and quietly declares that he is now part of the Homeguard. He will not run missions unless it is absolutely necessary.

And he will have as much time as he needs to train and research, so long as his senses are actively searching for trouble.

It is... a surprise. The last time he showed his inventiveness... father had reluctantly assigned him to the battlefield.

But with mother still alive, and his baby sister given a chance at life this time... things are changing.

For the better.

He will always hope for the better.

(Ahhh! Moyama! Hee.

I'm picturing Tobirama walking around with baby Moyama on a sling around his chest, talking to her as he points things out to her and a little 2 year old Itama tied to his back, little feet kicking until a sock comes off and Tobirama has to go and get it and put it back on and tickles his brother's tiny feet and gets gleeful toddler giggles, with three year old Kawarama toddling next to Tobirama determinedly, holding his hand as they go to see Hashirama off on his Outguard mission.

Tobirama sensing something off in the middle of the night and sneaking out to go and find it and seeing some adult Senju about to kill a little Uchiha soldier, and stopping them by freezing them in time and taking the little Uchiha back to safe territory.

Tobirama facing an invasion as part of the homeguard and raising barriers and walls with protective seals and a young Izuna seeing what's he's doing and going after him and getting his ass kicked, and having Tobirama have him at his mercy - except Tobirama spares him, steps back and tells him to run home.

Tobirama doing his best to teach his little siblings healing, at least enough for them to use it on themselves if they need to, and them all finding out that Itama has a great gift for healing.

Tobirama spending time quietly with Moyama as she grows, helping her, teaching her to read and write, soothing her pains and drying her tears and always having his bed open if she has nightmares - and she has so many nightmares. All these strange dreams. Defending her when another Senju child mocks her strange (antiquated) way of speaking and just...eviscerating them with his tongue. Saving Kawarama. Saving Itama.
And then...then he senses Hashirama’s chakra meeting that other familiar chakra, that burning flame, at the riverbank.)

Chapter 93

by chimericColoratura

(If Madara tells him he can fight Izuna’s dominance, then he will. But he hasn’t yet. And Tobirama is not willing to risk asking just yet. And is... reluctant to encourage anyway)

Hashirama is tense and almost scowling, unusual sternness on handsome features. Madara doesn’t know what the problem is. What could possibly be wrong?

No one is seriously injured. The four of them, including his brother and Hashirama’s brother, are legends. They terrify all possible foes. So the peace they both wanted is here.

They both have partners they adore, and their brothers are safe.

Though... perhaps Hashirama is tense because he and Izuna are having an argument over who should submit to who again.

Over time, his otouto has become more dominant, even if he still enjoyed being taken. Hashirama had become more dominant as well.

Dominant enough to not want to obey Izuna’s orders, even though they care so deeply for one another. Like the earlier submissiveness, from the beginning of the relationship...

...had been a reaction to the amount of stress his friend had been under. Hashirama hates paperwork, or running anything more than the hospital, which he runs so very smoothly and strictly.

And, of course, Hashirama has always been so comfortable giving Tobirama orders. Always.

Madara... thinks perhaps his brother is mistaken how compatible with his great love he is. Not in this. Not without help.

And the help they have chosen... is his Tobirama.

Hashirama wanders into Tobirama’s office towards the middle of the afternoon, deliberately casual and friendly around the people outside, before he seals the door to the frame, merging the wood into a single form. He can see the tension in his Tobira’s back, but he doesn’t care.

He’s wound so tight inside right now, tense and aggravated like there are beetles beneath his bark, a drought, an extended dark. He’s felt like this before.

The only thing that helps, that ever has helped... is Tobirama.

Beautiful, brilliant, obedient Tobirama.
His wellspring. His rain.

Stepping closer, he stands right behind his otouto, the heat of that curved back pricking at his skin, heating his blood and starting that hard throbbing ache...

Springtime had ever been a challenge, for him. He’d known what he’d wanted, but Butsuma had called it unfair. Also unnatural. To him. The inheritor of the Mokuton. He is surrounded with the natural.

And he has always desired his otouto.

Gently, firmly, he sets his hands on Tobirama’s shoulders. So tense, his poor wellspring. He needs to relax too.

Hashirama is happy to oblige.

“Tobirama. Stand for me.”

Izuna had never been comfortable with when he lets parts of his body flow into growth, and refuses, even now, to let him do it to him. Well, Hashirama wants to see how it feels.

Tobirama has always been the best assistant in matters of his kekkai genkai.

Pressed to his brother’s naked back, clothing scattered on the floor, completely nude, he holds his brother up by the arms using vines from his hair, hands spreading pale thighs, and another vine grips the plug inside his Tobira, pulling it out to a keening whine. Letting one of his hands grow, lengthening and curling into a strong, slick vine, he sends it to investigate between Tobira’s legs.

The empty pucker is stretched, so he begins sinking the thick tip deep inside, breathless gasps and helpless clenching making his cock throb. He wants deep inside his Tobira. Wants only his hands on Tobira.

Wishes he dared ask Madara about this.

Sinking the thick vine deep into the tight heat of his wellspring, a smaller vine slipping between parted lips that caught on and sucked hard and well, Hashirama’s cock jumping at the combined stimulation. Yes. Much better.

Why can’t he get Izuna to do this with him?

Fucking into Tobirama from two ends with his own vines, he finds himself relaxing. Yes. He just needs to do this with Tobira more often...
HASHIRAMA FUCK HIS PRETTY SLENDER WIFE. He is conflicted. And wants to keep his prize. So maybe he could... work something out ;D)

It didn’t take long for Hashirama to notice that Madara was taking more breaks to visit Tobirama’s lab in the administration building. It was the work of a moment to bloom one of the little flowers he’d seeded in the corners of every building, every room he’d had a hand in growing.

Izuna had not considered asking him about keeping surveillance. Hashirama had not told him that he could.

He didn’t want more paperwork to do, and he didn’t want to answer to his lover anymore than he already did. Not when listening to Izuna didn’t give him those wonderful feelings of relief. Of freedom and lassitude. Of being able to just be.

Not anymore. Not since the day he’d completely finished healing all the lingering traces of the Tsukuyomi’s influence on his mind.

Izuna had overestimated how much he could bend Hashirama into a pleasing shape without Hashirama shifting slowly, slowly back out of it. Especially with Tobirama present.

His beautiful, beautiful, beloved otouto.

So, he opens a flower, and watches as Madara pulls Tobirama down onto his cock, full and deep, and then latches onto one of the pale, lovely sensitive nipples. Hashirama feels his cock twitch, the surrender in Tobirama’s posture is so enticing...

...wait.

Madara is suckling at Tobirama’s nipple, and Hashirama can see that strong, proud throat swallowing. Looking closer, Hashirama can see the glint of a beaded drop of liquid on the untouched one.

Madara... is drinking from his wellspring. Drinking. From his wellspring.

Tobirama... can be drunk from? Could soothe Hashirama’s thirst in more ways than one?

He keeps watching as Madara suckles and caresses his cock. He’s going to have to ask Madara about joining in....

___________

Tobirama tenses when Madara flickers with anger, up in the Hokage’s office, where Hashirama is visiting. But then the anger smoothes into something considering. Accepting.

With a tinge of lust.

Sighing, he starts putting away the more volatile experiments, not wanting a repeat of the incident with the acids. Hashirama had healed him so well that he didn’t even have scars, but it had hurt.

He finishes just as the door opens, and his master and Hashirama walk in.

Hashirama is smiling.

That’s... not good. Not when Madara is looking up at him in consideration.

“Someone pointed out an interesting thing to me, my Tobirama.”
Madara’s eyes meet his, holding him in place even as Hashirama walks over and steps around behind him, wrapping thickly muscled arms around his waist to lean him back against toned chest and twitching cock.

From the feel, Hashirama is leaned enough to sit on his desk...

“You haven’t been able to assist your brother with his training in a long while, pet. And it’s making him frustrated. Blocking his progress.”

Little vines are spreading from his brother’s fingers and opening up his shirt, his pants...

“So he’s asked me to observe a training session with you. I want you to be a good assistant to him, alright?”

There’s a tone of rasping lust in both their voices, even if all Tobirama can hear from his brother is Hashirama’s faint groans as he spreads the vines along his skin.

As the cock against his back twitches... and then lengthens, slipping into his loosened pants and rubbing itself between his the swells of his buttocks to find his opening. His currently unplugged opening.

The tip pressing against the puckered flesh... thins, somehow, using a faint slickness to press inside. Tapering wider and wider as it presses in, slow but inexorable. And once the head was deeper in, it began to widen and round again, rubbing exploratorily against his walls while thickening and throbbing....

Hashirama loves the shocked gasps and moans from his otouto as he explores his depths with only his cock. His thoughts were right...

Madara comes closer, opens Tobirama’s shirt, and watches the moving swell of him inside their lovely pet.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 85 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 98 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 95

by chimericColoratura

( AAAAAAAAAAH)

Hashirama smiles at his beautiful wife, petting soft hair as pale skin presses into his, trusting and calm in sleep. His poor lover is exhausted, from working so hard to help him run their clan, helping him find ways to make things better, more peaceful.

Helping him relax and unwind after a long day of such demanding work is such a joyous privilege to Hashirama, taking all responsibility, all need to make choices away, letting his beloved surrender to him in such sweet, sweet trust.

Trust that Hashirama will make him feel good. Will not cause pain, or harm. That it is safe enough
with Hashirama to let all guardedness and tension go.

Rubbing a soft caress down a pale, toned side, he finds the swell of his pleasure, tracing around the navel. A soft sigh from his beautiful lover, settling more fully against him. Around his cock, there is a soft, sleepy flutter.

His lovely wife has finally agreed to start working on finding a way to create a child. To mix their essences and create a new life.

The plants are very pleased, that he is finally, finally breeding with his precious, beautifully loving little brother. The strongest plants come from the same line of descent, and their child will be strong. Will be loved.

He kisses Tobirama’s neck, so, so content with the world...

Hashirama opens his eyes in his and Izuna’s apartments. The warmth against him is against his back, hips slowly grinding against his ass. Izuna. Asleep and hard, thinking of pressing inside a warm lover.

Hashirama doesn’t tell Izuna how many times he’s heard him whispering ‘Tobi’ in his sleep. After all, he knows that he’s said his otouto’s name in dreams as well.

He loves Izuna. He does. They have become very, very close over the years, and he’d helped bring about the peace Hashirama has always desired.

But.

Izuna had thought to awaken a submissive streak in Hashirama, but he is almost certain, now, that Izuna had been projecting. Projecting the traits of the one he truly looked for, his true Center, onto the one he thought could be his.

It’s alright. Hashirama had done something similar. He’d surrendered to Izuna’s projections, seeking to leave behind the desires his father had warned him against.

There are not words for how deeply he regrets letting himself be twisted up like that.

He could have stayed strong in the illusion, and brought Izuna and Madara around to the idea of him being subordinate to them... but also Tobirama’s dominant.

He is almost certain of it. They all worked together so well, when they focused their attention on his otouto and his beautiful, natural desire to be led. To be owned.

But both he and Izuna had gotten greedy. Wanted something for only them, that they didn’t have to share.

And now... now it’s fraying.

He really... needs to talk to Madara about letting them join in in full...
Chapter 96 ⊥
by chimericColoratura

(YES. TOBIRA HAS HAD HIS NURTURING INSTINCTS AWAKENED ALREADY HE WILL BE THE BEST BROTHER EVER)

Hashirama smiles as he watches his wellspring cradle the tiny moon in his arms, their baby sister’s eyes always going to his, like she finds his red eyes just as fascinating as Hashirama does.

His otouto has stopped tensing so much when Hashirama approaches him, or hugs him. Has started to smile again.

It’s just wonderful. And father even announced that Tobirama will be in the Homeguard, and not the Outguard!

He hadn’t realized that they both agreed that Tobirama was too precious and special to risk on the battlefield. Maybe... maybe father really does try his best for the good of their family, as well as the clan...

———

Hashirama smiles as his otouto comes towards the gate, Moyama a cuddly presence clinging to his chest, Itama squirming and giggly on his back, and adorably serious little Kawarama at his side. His otouto is smiling, but he can see the worry in red-on-red eyes.

“Be safe out there, Anija.”

He smiles, and nods, and heads out with his squad. Tobirama doesn’t need to worry, he will definitely make sure he comes back.

After all, he promised mother and father that he would protect his brother. Protect all of his siblings.

———

Takuma is a member of the Homeguard, a close member to the main line. And he’s... confused. Why would Butsuma-sama make his second son a member of the Homeguard?

Watching the pale child spar with his older cousin, Takuma can see the signs of awareness needed to survive long on the battlefield. The ingenuity necessary to survive against the penetrating gaze of the Sharingan.

But then... he sees something else.

The way Tobirama is correcting his cousin’s movements as they go, unobtrusively, carefully, but doing it.

Then, as Takuma keeps watching, he sees how Tobirama spends time helping teach the younger Senju, who flock to him more and more.

———

Kira sighs when the medics confirmed her fears. She was reaching the end of her safe period of fertility. She has given her husband five beautiful, powerful children. But the stress of worrying over
them, and of nearly being killed during her last pregnancy...

Well, the hazards of having active, powerful chakra. She doesn’t have the energy for another pregnancy when she has four (three) children still looking to her for nurturing and protection.

Butsuma wouldn’t mind, she knew. He was happy to have their children. To have her.

She looks at the little flower on her night stand, and smiles.

__________

Moyama is very smart. She’s already started recognizing people, and can press and push with her chakra against others.

She does this with his chakra the most.

Has been doing it since before she was born. A confused, fearful, curious presence, weighted with something familiar-but-not. It reminds him of watching the moon.

But he hadn’t been able to leave his sister’s frightened chakra alone in this life anymore than he had in his last one, so he kept his chakra close to hers. Reached out with affection and welcome and acceptance. She may be different, but she is his sister. She is family.

They can be different together.

__________

It is only a year later when the first ‘incident’ happens.

__________

Myo knew he was going to die. There was no way for him to get out, and these bastards were prepared for the tricks and skills of a young Uchiha. He was going to be taken, his eyes stolen, and his body used until it gave out...

Pinned with wire, he can’t move, can’t look to trap them with Sharingan...

Everything goes still.

A blink, and suddenly the bloodline hunters are gone.

There’s a pale child, younger than him, than his youngest brother, standing beside him. White hair...

....red eyes. He almost thinks he sees motion inside them.

The boy cuts the wires, and points to where Myo knows a patrol of his clanmates is supposed to be.

"Go."

The whisper is soft, gentle. And as he runs, he can’t get the image of that calm, kind face from his mind...
Chapter 97 ✦

by chimericColoratura

(I also know nothing of Beserk, and wish to know nothing of it. One Piece... I know some of it...)

It takes time for them to register that the viewings are over. Three times through. One for each of them. Three viewings of the past, the now, and the terrifyingly beautiful what could have been.

Every time, they caught new details, new things to regret.

The worst... was the feeling of affection and love that they could sense directed to their children, the students, the clans, and the village. But not to them.

For them, all Tobirama had was regret. Apprehension. Terror. Despair.

So, when the Shinigami stepped forward to end their lives, and send them to hell, to the nothing, they were accepting of it.

“Wait.”

What? Their eyes open, and look to Tobirama. His face is impassive, but there is a sadness in his eyes.

“They... they could have been better than this. They can still be better than this.”

He looks up at the Shinigami, and there is a softness to his expression.

“So. Instead of death.... send them away to learn. Perhaps, one day, they can return, if only to the afterlife here.”

His head drops, and he bows. Tobirama shouldn’t be bowing over them...

“Please.”

———

The Shinigami looks at the Nidaime Rikudo Sennin, Senju Tobirama, Mother of his Mother, Family of his Family, and nods.

"Very well. As the one most harmed, it is your right to make such a request."

Hamura looks to his brother, raising an eyebrow, and Hagoromo nodded back. Yes. He would assist in sending them to an appropriate world.

Peeking at his elder nephew, he sees the softness in dark eyes, and finds himself smiling. Indra... has never been good with people. Too intelligent, too thoughtful.

Unable to truly read emotions well.

But his nephew is watching, is careful. Does not press, does not push.

Even as Kaguya eyes him with suspicion, he does not move away.

Perhaps Tobirama will be joining the family in another way, soon....
Indra stands beside his Heart, and watches his Father open the way to the new world that the three will go to.

All three of them have a piercing in their ears, a bit of gudōdama to prevent them from having too much chakra. Enough to keep warm, to enhance motion. To help heal, if their control is fine enough.

But nowhere near enough for the powers they are so used to relying on.

They walk forward, wearing new clothing, no clan marks or status symbols, nothing valuable enough to trade.

Tobirama looks away, turning to his daughter, and Indra sees the hesitance in her eyes. The fear, long-standing and deeply rooted after lifetimes, of being rejected, now that she is as she once was.

Now that her power is once again at its full range, if not its fullest breadth and depth.

The last thing the trio see of the one Indra has had to watch them trample and cage, is a gentle smile, and a loving kiss to a pale brow. An embrace.

A whisper.

"I'm so proud of you."

And it's not theirs to have.

Madara groans as he sits up, head throbbing from the fall. The Sage of Six Paths was not at all prepared to forgive them, he sees.

Though how Tobirama managed to garner the attention and affection of so many people is no mystery. He is, after all, Madara’s Center. He will always see the beauty and wonder in Tobirama. Unlike Izuna, he hadn’t let his pride blind him to what his eyes would always seek.

Looking at the quiet devastation in Izuna’s eyes, he could see that the realization had fully hit home.

Hashirama is shaking, beside him.

Even if they somehow change enough to be worthy of what they’d forcibly taken... they would never have the chance. Not in life.

But... perhaps in death, they could try again....

Indra looks at his Father, at his Brother, in shock. The moment Hashirama and Madara had crossed the boundary... he and Ashura had become flesh and blood again.

Hagoromo smiles at his sons. “You think I would leave such an obvious hole for their return, my sons?”
Chapter 98

(HASHIRAMA WILL MAKE THEM WATCH)

Hashirama moans as he slides and stretches deeper into the tight heat, groin and balls pressed flush to Tobirama’s toned, plush ass. He doesn’t thrust or rock, letting himself explore this new method of taking his beloved otouto. He’s kindly grown a chair for Madara to sit on, letting his best friend, beloved and dear, have a nice close view of how he sinks deeper and deeper in.

He knows biology. He knows that there are limits to how far into Tobirama’s body he can safely go. But he plans to explore every part of that territory.

To have with his own flesh what Madara and Izuna can never claim.

Like a root, his cock twists and turns, seeking contact with every surface. To fill every gap.

To be everywhere in this hot, clinging passage of his otouto.

———

Tobirama’s trembling in his arms, whimpering and making tiny, choked sounds of pleading as Hashirama continues to shift his cock around. His little brother’s belly looks like it’s writhing, he’s filled him so full.

He’s been working them both up to this. Tobirama and Madara. His otouto, to learn to go loose and pliant around him when he sinks so deep. Madara, to be drawn to watching him so thoroughly fill and pleasure their lovely consort.

It’s been hard, keeping himself back. Holding on to his temper when Izuna won’t stop trying to command him without a return Hashirama wants, when Madara is feeling possessive of his beautiful Tobira-chan...

But Hashirama had been patient before. Had worked for getting what he wanted the slow way, before.

And if he hadn’t gotten greedy, gotten impatient right towards the end, when he’d gotten so, so close to getting Tobirama curious enough to let him touch him intimately...

... he’d probably be living that precious dream that keeps him aching at night.

Might already have a child or two to dote on and love and raise. A pair of children like him and his Tobirama...

....hmmmm. Perhaps start a new cultivar of his own, as the plants keep telling him he should.

After all, there would be precedent.

For now, he sets it aside, and watches Madara watch as he fills Tobirama with his spend, a shocked keen as his little wellspring stretches a bit further. A weak fluttering around his writhing cock, and he sees Tobirama’s own spend on white and red.

The marking on his Tobira-chan’s belly has been giving him... more ideas.
He may not be the student and master of Fuuinjutsu that his otouto is, but neither is Madara. And Hashirama knows the basic principles well enough to make a mark of his own...

...he’d just have to sell Madara on the idea.

Laying on his back, legs parting his otouto’s as he fills him with his cock again, he smiles as Madara lays on his otouto’s swelled, writhing belly, increasing the pressure just enough to be barely this side of painfully pleasurable. His beloved friend’s mouth is suckling intently at a swelled nipple, drinking from Tobirama with the desperation of a man in a desert.

Considerately, Madara is leaving the other nipple open for him. His hand is over it, a special flower bloomed in his palm.

He drags the soft petals over the beading tip, and they swirl closed, tight and squeezing, and he begins to suckle.

So sweet. So refreshing.

No wonder Madara likes this so much.

The extra pressure around his writhing cock, and the sweet way his brother whimpers and pleads for them as they slake their thirst... he comes. And then again. And again.

With how much they’ve been doing this lately, Tobirama’s body gradually adapting to the stretch with some judicious healing applications, his little brother looks more than a little pregnant.

He and Madara spill, and Tobirama cries breathlessly as he joins them.

Holding Tobirama still for him, Madara watches as Hashirama paints a wavy, abstract vine around his own Marking. It’s a lovely shade of pale green, contrasting beautifully. Making their combined symbol look almost like a flower.

Tobirama screams as the seal is set.

Chapter 99 

by chimericColoratura

(Hashirama is a greedy plant. He wants his water source, wants to keep the sun close, wants Izuna to let him fuck him sometimes)

Watching Tobirama with his students, he couldn’t help but picture what their own children might look like. One with his brown coloring, one with Tobira’s. Maybe the pale one would be a little girl, and her older brother could love and protect her like he did his otouto.

and then when they were mature they could pollinate together and continue his-
He jerks his head, sighing. Why did the plants have to give him such ideas? People weren’t so accepting of close breeding.

Even if he wasn’t a normal human, and Tobirama a Senju, and thus also not normal, the villagers would probably riot if he allowed or encouraged such a thing.

Madara being Tobirama’s official lover, and Izuna being Hashirama’s, was part of the reason no one was openly looking at them in confused horror. The way his father had when he’d caught Hashirama moaning Tobirama’s name during his first spring after puberty hit.

He’d made Hashirama swear he wouldn’t touch his brother sexually. Not unless Tobirama approached him first.

That last bit had been a concession Hashirama had forced from his father. The Senju had needed his strength too much to risk him stealing Tobirama and rushing off somewhere they could be together.

Like straight to the Uchiha compound to offer his strength so long as they let him keep Tobirama.

Funny how that ended up happening in a different way, anyway.

Smiling as he presses kisses to his otouto’s chest, he rocks into his supple heat slowly, feeling it cling and part and cling again as he laved a very sensitive nipple. He knows biology, though he doesn’t have the flare for jutsu creation and invention his Tobirama does.

But he does have Mokuton, and enough fine control... to place some of his chakra inside Tobirama’s nipples and have delicious saps and syrups and juices to drink. With how water natured Tobirama is, it’s easier than anything to encourage.

An image, in his head, of Tobirama, slender and softened, with big, soft, heavy breasts, a swelled belly full of life, and pleading tears in beautiful crimson eyes as pale nipples leak from being too full.

He groans, and thrusts harder, increasing the suction as he rubs his otouto’s toned belly.

He has the perfect new jutsu to suggest to Madara next.

Watching Izuna from over Tobirama’s head, while Madara begins to carefully slip inside Tobirama’s stuffed passage, Hashirama feels a pang of regret. Poor, dear Izuna.

So clever, so biting. So self-confident.

So far beneath him in power and skill. So beneath Tobirama in power and skill.

His insecurity about being so much weaker than them is what is driving him to seek more and more control, but it’s not working.

Only Tobirama submits to him, and that’s mostly because Tobirama was taught to in the illusion.

If Hashirama could keep this... keep his otouto’s willingness to be his, to be theirs, he would heal the remaining traces of the Tsukuyomi.

But there is almost no way that would happen. Not after so long.
It had taken Hashirama too long to realize he wasn’t a submissive. To realize he wanted to dominate, to own. To set his father’s words aside enough to see what could be his.

And Tobirama had never shown interest in sex before the illusion.

Madara hums, considering, and nods. Yes. Hashirama can place his mark on Tobirama. And Hashirama can spend time with Tobirama without others. But. Madara is still Tobirama’s master.

In exchange, Hashirama can help find a way to make children with their lovely, beautiful beloved...

Original comment
Previous chapter: 95 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 100 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 100 ↓

by chimericColoratura

( If Izuna does something stupid enough, Hashirama is going to fuck him into submission :D because he has some deep seated aggression over Izuna altering him to be submissive at all)

Madara’s condition for Hashirama getting to amicably share mastery is seemingly simple, but there is an astonishing amount of work and complexity. But it is something Hashirama wants as well, so he is in a win win situation the moment he succeeds.

He wishes that Izuna had learned more from his older brother. Madara was very good at balancing his wants with the rewards he is willing to offer them.

Hashirama could almost see himself submitting to Madara for a night, in exchange for a night or two with Tobirama, since Madara is very clear on his own dominance.

Not like Izuna, who keeps trying to stay dominant even when he agrees to give up control-

Yes. It’s good that he has a good, complex solution to find. A bargain to fulfill.

A dream to make come gloriously, vividly true.

________

His hospital has excellent medical equipment, much of it of his brother’s devising, a blend of fuuinjutsu and technology. A look at a swab of Tobirama’s spend, of Tobirama’s blood, at some of his hair, he finds himself fascinated.

Tobirama isn’t the same as the control samples he’d borrowed, the ones from the other members of his clan. It’s... it’s more like his.

Which makes sense. They are brothers. Born of the same mother and the same father.

His brother is uniquely compatible with Hashirama’s material. With his essence and nature.

Meaning that if he does it carefully, subtly, he could work on making Tobirama... different.
Permanently different.

Sighing, he lets his focus up, and smiles in satisfaction as he runs the test again. Stable. With enough chakra and fine control, and a suitable vector for the change, to provide a template and materials to rebuild the structures he needs without harming Tobirama....

....materials like... his own release...

A smile, bright and pleased and anticipatory.

Hashirama blinks as Izuna comes into his private office, stepping towards him with that calm, authoritative smirk, moving to touch his back, his neck. He puts his brush away, smiling a little in amusement.

He can feel the aggravation, the need to feel in control. Hashirama might indulge him, if he makes him a good offer. An excellent offer, even.

Because Izuna has not been making him any good exchanges for being willing to let Izuna have control.

He’s very fond of his lover, but not willing to give in without incentive.

Hashirama sighs, a little sore and very aggravated. Izuna had tied him up, used the beads, the clamps, a cock ring...

Izuna had gotten off. Hashirama had not.

And when he’d asked Izuna to let him have some fun of his own to reach his own orgasm....

....well. At least Madara had given him permission to have some fun with Tobirama today.

He smiles, vines holding Tobirama’s wrists above his head, thighs wide open, and his lovely otouto suspended perfectly at the height for him to stand comfortably. With his cock buried deep inside that perfect heat.

His brother’s torso is completely open. He will be able to do a careful scan, and see how Tobirama’s body reacts to some small, minor... adjustments.

His cock shifts, pressing into the still tight furl, slick sap inside the silken heat thanks to his own practicing.

Tobirama should be so proud. He’s been using the methods his brother told him about so many times. And he will make all of them so happy when he’s done.

Watching Tobirama’s belly, he fills him, slow and steady, watching how Tobirama gasps and tries to arch. How his belly swells and writhes. Gentle green on his hand, he rubs over the soft pale skin.

He will be sure to test it thoroughly, so that his precious wellspring will be safe...
...safe, and able to give them children.

Chapter 101 ↓

by chimericColoratura

(HE PLANS TO. THEY NEED TO SEE HOW PERFECT TOBIRAMA IS FOR HIM. SEE THAT NO ONE ELSE HAS A CHANCE)

Looking at his best friend, Madara smiles, watching him cuddle Tobirama close, petting his shivering back, letting him cling. Hashirama has slid his cock back inside the fluttering passage, and the way the marking looked over swelled flesh is....intoxicating.

Hashirama had finally found the solution, proving it in his medical laboratory. Tobirama’s body is... amazingly flexible. Just like the water of his primary nature, he can settle into a surprising number of shapes and configurations.

And he can be adjusted to keep them, as naturally and healthily as if he was born to them.

Already, they’d tested it, increasing the amount of stretch and give in his passage and belly.

A more daring alteration, during one of their breaks for a few days, had been to start making a small pouch organ, which could be built up, or broken back down.

No adverse effects. Nothing dangerous.

Meaning that they could take a nice... weeklong break to adjust their lover further.

__________

Tobirama gasps, feeling so strange as his brother carefully shortened the length of his cock inside him, still so very full. How... how was Hashirama releasing so much inside him? And it’s so full of chakra it’s like his insides are electrified.

The mark on his stomach, the vine part, is active, and now he can’t move...

Madara pets his hair, and he whimpers, pleading. He feels so full and it’s too much and Hashirama’s chakra is so-

**bright sunlight/fresh growth/ancient forest pressing into cool depths/deep ocean/quicksilver rains, forming new paths, new places to flow**

His eyes roll back. The world is fading out, and all he has is the feel inside his body...

__________

Tobirama passes out, and the sudden laxness in his body made it all so much easier. His beautiful otouto is taking his changes so well, like he wants to be molded by his Anija.

A glow of warmth fills his chest, and he has a little tendril brush a soft cheek, the weave of vines
cradling the slender pale form.

Gently, he places his hands over the markings, and begins to step up his work.

———

Madara watches Hashirama, standing like a god over the pale, limp form of their lover, adjusting him to suit their dearest desires. His Sharingan active, he watches the delicate work.

Externally, nothing about their lover changes, save a widening of the hips. An adjustment of Tobirama’s internal organs, the small pouch from before grown larger, anchoring to a new passage.

Hashirama... hasn’t looked this intent or focused since Madara and Izuna faced him for the last time on the battlefield.

Had been happy and agreeable with so many things. Negotiating. Compromising.

Madara wonders what it would take, to make him stop trying to work with them...

And how close was Izuna to bringing that about.

———

Once Hashirama finishes with the internal organs, checking their function and stability and integration, he starts on the more important step to making this permanent and unalterable.

He starts weaving together the vector he worked out, the changes that would be necessary...

Into every cell of Tobirama’s body. Adding to his essence, little traces of himself and Madara, the tiniest hints of Izuna.

Enough to make them compatible, reproductively.

Hashirama had plans, and he would not give their Uchiha any openings to complain, to adjust. To renege.

They won’t like it if he has to deal with their complaints on the matter.

His patience is running low.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 98 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 103 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 102 ↓

by chimericColoratura

( HASHIRAMA IS CONVINCED TOBIRAMA IS MEANT TO BE THE BEARER OF THEIR CHILDREN. CONVINCED HE IS MEANT TO BE THE FERTILE, FECUND SEA )

Hashirama watches Izuna walk out of Tobirama’s office, raising an eyebrow at the happy, relaxed mood his lover is in. Had Izuna snuck in to see his otouto?
Madara hasn’t given permission for solo sessions to Izuna. He remembers all the sulking and passive-aggressive whining, the way Izuna had been even less willing than usual to negotiate trades of dominance with him...

...except his mood had improved recently.

Ah.

Hashirama goes to the door of the lab, slipping through without giving Tobirama the warning of the slide. Sealing the frame together, he turns and looks for his otouto.

Oh.

Trembling, tears on his cheeks, his poor otouto is curled up on the bed Hashirama had grown in the least visible corner.

There are red marks on his back, on his thighs. Like Izuna had used a cane, or a switch. Darker bruises around his wrists, and stickiness on his thighs.

And Tobirama is shaking and crying still, while Izuna had left him alone.

Hashirama moves closer, shedding his clothing and laying down behind his trembling, softly keening otouto. Softly, he trails green limned fingers over the welts, the bruises, over the tender, aching opening, aching thighs.

“Shhh, Tobirama. It’s alright. I’m here. You are a good boy, Tobira-chan...”

He pets his otouto’s sides, his belly, snuggled him close.

He needs to tell Madara about this. About how Izuna has been having sessions without them... and hasn’t been taking care of their vulnerable lover in the aftermath.

Izuna is supposed to be an experienced dominant.

Where does he get off telling Hashirama he can’t take him, when he goes and hurts Tobirama this way?

———

Madara is just as angry as Hashirama had hoped he would be, cradling Tobirama on the bed between them, petting and caressing and giving soft, affectionate kisses as they reassure their fragile lover.

Hashirama is almost done with the necessary preparations to make their lover capable of bearing their children. But there are some steps that are snagging.

And he can’t do the changes if they can’t be certain that Izuna won’t somehow involve himself badly until it’s over.

Looking at Madara, he catches the burning rage in dark eyes. They are in agreement, then. Izuna’s behavior is completely unacceptable.

———

Madara sits on the comfortable lounge, Tobirama curled up in his lap, clinging and still a little shaky.

Across the room, in their scene area, Hashirama is tying Izuna to a frame. His otouto had arrived,
expecting the usual goings on of a play night, only to be confronted with their displeasure.

Reluctantly, he’d submitted to their will. Because he does not want his access to their submissive lover completely revoked.

Hashirama grows a small dildo, slipping it into Izuna’s ass, and it begins to expand, ever so slowly. While it does, Hashirama begins spanking his disobedient, careless lover.

Madara settles in to watch, and give suggestions. Most of his attention stays on Tobirama, who’s confusion is almost palpable.

Whispering, he explains. He’s been a very good pet, a wonderful lover. Been so good and obedient for them. He deserves better than being abandoned like that.

Hashirama, finished fucking Izuna into submission, leaving him limp and swaddled in a blanket, comes over to Madara.

Leaning down, he whispers an idea to his friend for a new thing they could do to prepare Tobirama for being a mother...

Original comment
Previous chapter: 100 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 107 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 103 ↓

by chimericColoratura

(HASHIRAMA WANTS TO ESTABLISH THEIR CLAIM SO HE GONNA DO IT EVENTUALLY. HES GONNA)

Tobirama doesn’t wake for hours after the healing is complete, giving Hashirama and Madara the perfect chance to check his body over without spoiling the surprise. To adjust the seals of their marking enough to help support the changes, and make them safer.

After all, their Tobirama is not a woman. Will not be becoming a woman. So the systems that work for normal human reproduction were not enough for their needs, safe as they want Tobirama’s carrying of their children to be.

Fortunately, there had been plenty of anatomy and physiology references to search through, to build a coherent system without putting his poor, beautiful otouto at such terrible risk. After all, so many things can go wrong in a normal human pregnancy.

And for all they look it, neither Senju nor Uchiha are normal.

Setting his hand over his otouto’s quivering belly, Hashirama washes his insides with soft healing chakra. Checks the muscles and tendons are anchored properly to maintain Tobirama’s flexibility, and be able to support carrying so much extra weight for so long without issue.

 Checks that the new organs and passages are settled in the abdomen properly, without causing twisting or tearing. That the blood is flowing properly in and out of them.
Checks that the entrance to the womb is properly set up not to get infected, to be cleaned out safely after sex.

Hashirama gently slips a vine inside the quivering passage, slipping it into the reproductive tract, and checking over the womb. Everything is healthy and strong, and flexible.

Rubbing gently, he waits for Tobirama to wake up. He owes his otouto proper thanks for teaching him to reason through issues that are important to him.

Tobirama takes a few deep breaths as he tries not to scream. They... they altered him. Altered him like he was a clay doll not yet fired, needing to be adjusted to specifications. Low in his belly, he can feel the weight of his new organs, how they tug faintly at the passages that have just been created and anchor to parts of him that were definitely there all along.

If he’s not careful he’s going to scream at them. Rage. Cry.

Oh Sage have the hormones already started to work...

He takes a deep breath, and looks up at Hashirama. His brother is being very pleased with himself as he explains what and how was different in his body.

How fertilization will work. How the fetus will detach from his fertilization womb and go through an internal passage to the development pouch, there to grow into a baby healthy enough to survive.

How the size of the baby in the development pouch will cause the external entrance to begin to soften and loosen, until the baby can be easily pulled out without problem. And once the baby is out, the entrance will regain tightness and go back to being unnoticeable.

How Hashirama had gotten ideas from both plants and animals, seeking to make it safer for him.

Tobirama’s blank expression as he processes Hashirama’s explanation is both worrisome and reassuring. Madara would hate for his lover to not at least be curious about the changes they made in him.

Senju were remarkably flexible. And as influenced by chakra as any Uchiha.

So long as they don’t try for more than one at a time, it should work brilliantly.

But first, Hashirama has some tests he needs to try...

Original comment
Previous chapter: 101 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 108 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 104 ↓

by kitsunesongs

(Wow Madara you just don’t get it do you? Here before he gets his powers back somehow and works on time travelling to change things to the way he wants them. BUT STILL AT LEAST
THEY’VE REALISED THEY WERE WRONG!!! And are gonna live in whatever world you chose for them...

Meanwhile, in Konoha, Tobirama is Nidaime and the Bijuu hang around and Ashura and Indra adjust to new bodies and Kaguya and her siblings get to learn and play and just be children, and at some point Kumo does something stupid like try and steal a Hyuuga and Tobirama goes BAMF parental Snow Leopard on them and now all of Kumo (and especially the Shodai Raikage, the future Nidaime, quite possibly the future Sandaime cause he’s the students age, and the Gold and Silver brothers) have mad crushes on him.

Because you can always count on Kumo to be stupid and try and steal people.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 97 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 106 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 105 ¶

by chimericColoratura

(The Uchiha are so confused. So very confused. Tajima is confused by the fact Butsuma is not mad at the child. That none of the Senju are)

Kira doesn’t know what to do with a daughter, sadly. Moyama is beautiful, and she loves her, but after four sons, she finds her tiniest cub a bit strange. She nurses her, showers her in affection, and helps make her new clothing. Talks to her.

And yet, she feels relieved when Tobirama takes over more and more responsibilities to his baby sibling. Kawarama is at the age where Kira can start teaching him about his chakra, since it is more like hers than his father’s.

So, silently, she and Tobirama make an exchange.

——————

Four years old, Itama is finally on the lessons about healing tiny cuts! When Tobi-nii has started teaching him how to mold his chakra, he’d noticed something, and brought him to the healers.

They’d found he had an innate knack for making iryo-type chakra, green and gentle and soothing. Tobi-nii would still spend time with him, and help him practice. But he is the medics and healers’ student now.

Father said so! He even said that if Itama was good enough, he would be given the patients who need healers the most!

Itama wants that. Wants to be trusted enough to be turned to to save their family.

And if he still likes sparring with his Tobi-nii, that’s his own business.

After all, one day he might need to defend himself when he runs on the battlefield to save his clansmen.

——————
Tobirama smiles as Moyama snuggles against his side, newly two year old baby sister wanting to be read to now that the meal is over. Over the two years since her birth, he has been the most consistent presence in her life.

Especially at night, when she wakes up screaming from nightmares.

Letting her snuggle close, he starts reading to her. It's an old Senju legend about how the clan came to have Mokuton...

________

Kawarama is going to die. He's going to die. He's going to die and leave Tobi-nii and Anija and Itama and Moya-chan behind and make them sad he doesn't want to-


Familiar arms around him, gently cradling him as green hands find the poison from the Hagoromo-nin's blades. Soothing relief.

Moyama's white eyes, sad and concerned. Tobi-nii's red eyes, focused and intent.

Kawarama wakes up in the medical wing, and wonders if that was a dream.

________

Togakushi's luck is running out. He's the second oldest. He needs to be better than this. Make the world safer for his and Madara's little brothers. But the bloodline hunters after him are very experienced at dealing with Uchiha.

He almost wonders if they are disgraced, banished Senju.

Even father admits that the Senju are honorable enough not to steal eyes and...and...

A senbon hits the back of his neck and he falls, sliding on the ground a bit from the momentum. Poison? A nerve cluster?

He's on his front, so he can't see which adult is starting to pull his clothing off-

A breeze, then stillness. Then cold, icy, horrified rage.

The hands on his clothing are gone. There is the sound of slicing, like a blade through flesh and bone, but it doesn't sound quite right. Not like metal. From the feel of the chakra... perhaps ice? Or wind?

He's trying not to tremble when he feels a presence beside him, except... all the bloodline hunters' signatures are gone. And the new signature is soft rains/calm depths/gentle rivers and it reminds him of the traces he'd felt on Myo over a year ago-

....red eyes. Beautifully red eyes in a pale, young face. His clothing is straightened, and the senbon is removed. Supportive green against his neck.

He gets to his feet, and looks at the small form of his savior. He's... even younger than Izu-chan...

The pale form points him towards the patrol of Uchiha he can only just sense. Togakushi nods, and goes.
He will have to tell Myo that his savior is alive and well... and saved him too.

( YEEEP. You can indeed count on Kumo being that stupid. And also not blind to the gorgeous loveliness of the Nidaime Senju Tobirama)

Kaguya leans into her mother’s embrace, tears in her eyes, and let’s go of her poise. Mother... mother isn’t afraid of her. Isn’t avoiding the gentle, reassuring way that he has always tangled his chakra with hers, supportive and protective.

Her brothers come over, hugging her and mother as well. Their chakra protective barriers around hers. Not sensors themselves, they had learned to control how their chakra behaves, so that they could reassure and comfort her and their mother.

This... this is the family her long-ago-self had so desperately wanted to find. She... selfishly, she is glad to have this. Even with all it had meant happened to her, and to mother.

Soft, soft affection and reassurance. Tobirama doesn’t regret having her in his life either.

________

Eventually, the spirits of the dead have to go, giving their love and well-wishes to the living members of their families. Soon enough, the only ones left are Hamura, Hagoromo, Indra, and Ashura.

And the two elder Ootsutsuki will be going back to the Pure Lands, while the younger pair of brothers will be staying in the land of the living. In Konoha. To help watch over their families.

Tobirama bows respectfully to the progenitors of his clans, and thanked them for their efforts.

Hamura told him to be carefully before the next time they met, the mask and form of the Shinigami solidifying over him, and the Sage vanished back into the between plane of the Bijuu.

Now all that’s left to do is... figure out where Uchiha Indra and Senju Asura will being staying. And who is in charge of the village now.

Tobirama turns to the taller young-looking men, questioning.

While he works out their living arrangements, he misses the way his students, their clans, and the villagers all look at one another.

Indra does not. But he keeps his attention focused on his Heart. Tobirama can be surprised and confused later.

________

Madara stretches carefully, watching Hashirama wind vines around the palm trunks that form the frame of their new house. Izuna is off gathering fruit.
None of them have been able to get the earrings off. Not even by trying to cut. So, they have moved on to making a shelter, and settling in to work on self-improvement and changing enough to earn their way back in.

The place they landed is hot. Covered in forest, humid and tropical. It gets lots of rain. And there are strange ships off in the distance, shaped differently from anything he’d seen in Mizu or Yuki...

The boats... are made of metal.

________

Indra smiles as Tobirama is presented with the Hokage hat by his first students, feeling the surprise, and the way everyone around is excited and pleased. Hesitantly, pale hands accept the hat, and puts it on. Then, he turns to address the village.

“We have come a long way from our beginnings... and there is still further to go to find the best future for ourselves, and those who come after us. While I have my doubts, you have spoken, and I will do my best to lead you towards a better tomorrow than we have today.”

The cheering is like a roar, a wave of support and affection and love directed towards this man, who has built the systems of this village. Who has so long worked for them even when it hurt him.

And the Village of Konohagakure is so very happy that they can finally, truly acknowledge him.

________

The world changed. Yet much stayed the same.

New heads of Hospital and Information are appointed. The Senju are once more wholly their own clan, equal to the Uchiha.

Tobirama lives in a new house, built near the Academy grounds, with his children, and the progenitors of the Uchiha and Senju.

Somehow, he manages to both be Hokage, do lots of research, and spend time teaching at the Academy, though not so much as in the beginning. There are teachers and classes now. Official curriculums.

Watching his children run around the practice yard with their friends, Tobirama smiles.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 104 (kitsunesongs)
Next chapter: 109 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 107 ↓

by chimericColoratura

(They love Tobirama. Even Izuna loves Tobirama. But not the way equals love one another)

While Madara and Hashirama are discussing whatever they are discussing, Izuna watches Tobirama get up, still a bit shaken, and come over to him. Shivering in the blankets, he starts when a cool, pale hand starts petting his hair.
Hesitantly, he shifts closer, curling up against Tobirama’s chest. He... he knows he was bad, earlier. That he hurt Tobi and left him alone.

...so why is Tobirama petting him, humming to him softly in that beautiful voice of his, and giving him little sips of water and juice?

Why would Tobirama give him the aftercare he so thoughtlessly denied Tobirama?

Eventually, he relaxes, going soft and loose and pliant, and snuggling into the slender body of their submissive.

Tobirama doesn’t see the warm looks of affection and approval their brothers and lovers are giving him, but Izuna does. The part of him that is a dominant feels approval too.

Only truly good submissives take care of their dominants when they need it. And no one had had to suggest it, or anything.

After all, Hashirama had cuddled him into a blanket. There was no reason for Tobirama to think he wasn’t going to go back and gentle him down.

With the punishment and lesson over, Izuna is soon brought into the project that Madara and Hashirama have been working on. Being the least dominant of the three, he listens carefully, and doesn’t arrogantly suggest a different method, more in line with human reproduction.

He hurt their submissive before. He won’t risk being arrogant and wrongheaded enough to do it again.

And... he doesn’t want to give Hashirama an excuse to play with him, either.

He loves Hashirama. He does. But they aren’t compatible anymore. Which means... they are going to have to work with Madara to be better collaborators, and better for Tobirama as dominants.

Hashirama smiles when Izuna suggests that perhaps they work their way up to keeping Tobirama full and heavy with something for hours or days at a time. After all, their pretty lover is male, and has never had reason before now to think of giving anyone children.

With the careful adjustments Hashirama has been making over the last few months, everything is almost ready for their final touches. Tobirama’s hormones went a little haywire for a bit, not that anyone aside from them noticed thanks to his self-control, but they’ve settled again.

They just need one of their longer breaks from running everything to finish it all up.

Izuna, still feeling guilty and a little submissive from Hashirama’s subjugation of him, says that he could take over for a week or so, while they focus on giving their lover the gift of nurturing life within himself.

But he would like one thing in exchange.

Tobirama trembles as Izuna holds him close, rocking in and out in smooth motions, licking and kissing his neck, his chest. Suckling with gentle softness at his nipples, fingers interlaced as he
showers him in gentle touches.

No ropes, no clamps, no canes. Not even a cock ring.

Just a gently unrelenting focus on bringing him to the height of pleasure over, and over, and over again.

Catches his lips parted on a soft moan, Izuna kisses him, deep and warm and soft, possessive, but tender. Like... like he matters, as more than a body for Izuna to use when he wants to be in control.

As he crests his fifth orgasm of the night, his confusion continues.

Hashirama can’t help approving of this choice of Izuna’s. Of the three of them, Izuna has always been the least affectionate to their beautiful lover. The most willing to use pain, to use humiliation, after Madara finished conquering him.

Using affection to reestablish his dominance over their submissive is a masterful stroke, and will make their pet reevaluate his place in Izuna’s eyes. Perhaps he will even stop tensing whenever Izuna comes up behind him.

Looking down at his chest, Tobirama tried to see the changes he knows they made. The nipples are...a bit plumper. But other than that, there is nothing externally different. Just like there are no external signs of his other... changes.

Not until someone looks very closely at his navel. In the center of his mark.

Instead of just being a divot in his flesh, a remainder of his own time in his mother, it now serves as the sealed exit of the ‘development pouch.’ Even poking a finger into it reveals no change, save the faint squeeze around the fingertip that wasn’t there before.

Unbidden, an image appears in his head, of his belly dilating open and letting a tiny baby with Hashirama’s face out-

He takes a breath, sets that image aside. Hashirama has graciously given him all the notes and research they’ve been doing on the changes they made. On how Tobirama’s organs were adjusted to be more efficient and smaller to make room for the new cavities inside him.

How he will become capable of getting pregnant again a couple of weeks before the baby currently in the development pouch is ready to be born, because it will take a month for anything in the fertilization womb to be ready for detaching and migration.
How he will not menstruate the way women do... because the fertilization womb is more akin to a flower’s.

How... how Hashirama has carefully woven these changes into his very essence. Into his blood and bone and organs, and only the fact he isn’t sure it would work is keeping him from stabbing himself in the eye.

Relaxing his muscles consciously, he wonders, bitterly, if they expect him to tell him he’s grateful for this.

He... he thought he was beyond feeling betrayed by their casual disregard of his person. Of how easily they decide to do whatever they want, and expect him to be willing, or even enthusiastic about it.

His eyes are burning, and only part of it is the unshed tears.

Hashirama is humming as he works on a more targeted form of his ability to transform his body. They’ve gotten Tobirama used to the incredible fullness of having his cock grow and fill every part of his passage. Before that, they’d gotten him used to being taken by both him and Madara, or Madara and Izuna, or him and Izuna, two cocks in his passage at once.

Now, it’s time to get him more used to being taken and filled by Hashirama, while Izuna or Madara fuck into him as well.

Perhaps even get Tobirama used to having weight in his new womb... before getting him used to weight in the development pouch.

No babies yet. At least... not human babies.

Hashirama smiles, looking out through one of his flowers as Tobirama hesitantly feeling his belly, his chest. It warms his heart to know that Tobirama’s curiosity can overcome his discomfort with being made different than before.

And he thinks Tobirama will look beautifully, round and heavy with their seeds...

Madara smiles, wild and eager, as he watches Tobirama dodge his strikes. His lover is still so swift and flexible, still calculating and blindingly brilliant at tactics on the battlefield.

Hashirama might worry that their lover is too distant, too detached, too ready for war, but Madara can’t help enjoying the way Tobirama comes so close to matching him.

Besides, their pet has changed, since peace settled over the lands. Teaching the children has encouraged him to be less distant, more... more present in the now.

If only he’d stop tensing at first whenever they come up to him. The battle instincts need more time to settle into peace, huh? Even though the village has been here for three years.
( KUMO JUST WANTS TO HAVE HIM AND HIS FAMILY AND SOME SNUGGLES AND KISSES THEY SWEAR. It’s not like the Nidaime Raikage(future) has pictures of the Shodaime’s wife in both his forms in his bedroom, nope)

Madara blinks, head swimming, as he looks at the manacles on his wrists. What-

Hashirama gasps awake beside him, equally chained, Izuna on the other side of them starting to move. All of them are chained, and the room is metallic and cold. If they were free, or had more of their chakra, they could easily get out of this...

But they don’t.

Looking around, he spots a strange symbol. A circle, with a diagonal line, across a stylized thing that may be a face...

———

After the first few months, things begin to settle down for the village. The whole place is more vibrantly alive, the near-omnipresent fear of the trio’s tempers and rage gone.

People keep coming up to their Nidaime to bow, to smile, to talk, keeping things light and short to avoid overwhelming him with too much too soon.

Even with how hesitant Tobirama is to begin to move beyond the limits that had been imposed upon him, he has started to smile back. To greet people.

To not flinch if someone touches his shoulder, gentle and friendly.

———

People would think that being able to defeat the Shodaime and his aides would gain an immediate promotion to jounin, even if the person who did it was an academy student.

Yet, Kaguya appreciates her mother’s decision immensely. Giving her the chance to make more friends, to take her time growing into herself, rather than letting her or her brothers be shoved into the highest ranks and expected to command and lead others.

Smiling shyly at her friend, Uzumaki Aino, with bright red hair and gentle purple eyes, she wonders if her mother will mind if she spends the night...

And if the older part of her soul feels like it’s healing, with the added warmth of Aino’s regard, of her trusting friendship, her unshakable loyalty?

That’s for her to know.

(Hello, my first friend. We have missed you dearly....)

———

Tsukiyomi watches Indra-sama around his mother, and sighs. Of course. Itama had watched Indra
fall in love with his Tobi-in the Pure Lands, and how horrified he’d been by his reincarnations
treatment of him.

The Uchiha Progenitor loves just as deeply and irrevocably as his descendants do, after all.

And yet... what Tsukiyomi had feared has not happened. Indra stands with Tobirama, walks with
him, spends time with him. Even does sparring and research and experimentation together.

But not once has Indra stepped beyond Tobirama’s limits. Never pressured. He always, always pays
attention to Tobirama’s cues, his level of comfort.

And Tobirama... loving, beautiful, endlessly kind Tobirama... is starting to respond to it. To lean
against Indra, hesitant and shy. To initiate touches on his own. To seek Indra’s company.

Tsukiyomi supposes... that if it makes Tobirama happy, if Indra continues to respect his boundaries
and communicate his emotions well... he won’t find a way to punch him through the moon.

Because his mother, his brother, deserves to be happy.

_________

Tsunama watches Ashura almost constantly, whenever he is around mother. This is Hashirama’s
former incarnation. First of the Senju, who had chosen Principle over Love even though it broke his
heart.

And he can see the affection in his eyes when he watches Tobirama.

The thing is... Kawarama had noticed how Hashirama looked at Tobirama. Like he was the most
precious thing in the world. He’d been alright with them being in love, even getting together...

...right up until Hashirama chose to use him. To treat him like a pet, like a tool, as less-than instead of
partner, equal, reason-for-joy.

If Ashura, like Hashirama, comes to love his mother, his brother, as more than a sibling... Tsunama
will allow it. But only if he loves him as an equal is loved.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 106 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 112 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 110 ↓

by chimericColoratura

(Tobirama is very loving. More than capable of loving all of them for themselves, of giving them all
the affection and adoration in his soul...

...except that they have damaged him. Made him less. Made him feel, on some level, inadequate.
Like he is always not enough.

After all, if he were enough... wouldn’t he have been worth courting? Worth listening to, and
discussing things with? Worthy of having an opinion without having to fear being tortured until he
can’t help begging for relief?
He can’t trust their affection now. On some level, he knows that they aren’t seeing him for himself, but for the self they project on him.

And that self... is whatever they want it to be. Lover, toy, jutsu-maker, secretary, servant... slave.

And now... they want him to breed for them. To be their source of new blood so that their lines continue, even though he doesn’t want to be changed. Doesn’t want to be made different. Isn’t ready for children. Doesn’t feel safe enough to even tell them he had already made a way to make that possible that was FAR LESS RISKY)

Chapter 111 ↓

by chimericColoratura

( TOBIRAMA NOT HAVING KIDS IN CANON IS A TRAGEDY AND I WILL NOT STAND FOR IT. HE IS THE PRIMORDIAL SEA, SOURCE OF INNOVATION AND LIFE. Also I want to steal him and give him to Indra for snuggles and real affection but that can come later when it will make the others suffer more!)

Tobirama sits on the bed, naked and trembling, as he waits for Hashirama and Madara to come in. After the last week-long break, he had gotten time to ‘adjust to his body’s changes.’

The most intimate thing any of the three had done to him was having him suck them off, or slide between his thighs, or suckle at his chest. Tobirama is almost certain that one of the seal functions of his Marking is to activate that jutsu on him whenever Hashirama or Madara flare their chakra the right way.

But. No penetration, save with fingers or tongues.

Yet, earlier today, Hashirama had scanned him, and smiled gleefully, telling Madara and Izuna to set up a week-long break starting tomorrow.

Meaning that it would begin tonight.

And with how conspiratorially all three of them have been acting... he is terrified they have more ways to change his body.

Taking a breath, he starts to lock the fear away. To become what they have trained him to, and submit even when it makes him scared. Because the punishment for defiance would always make it worse, and he’d still have to do it anyway.

They never listened to his protests unless he deferred and begged and phrased it as being for them.

Izuna is a little disappointed that he won’t get to participate yet. This first training session for their lovely Tobirama is going to be so special, and Izuna wishes he could join in...

But he still needs to earn Madara’s trust again, before he gets to participate in the first times again.
Tobirama needed his dominants to be careful with him when they introduced him to something new.

And Izuna had left him alone without aftercare when he introduced Tobirama to caning.

They haven’t introduced further impact play than spankings... and that is the way it will stay until they’ve gotten him used to these more important things.

Besides... Izuna regrets letting his anger make him do something so different from anything they’d ever done with Tobirama before...

__________

Hands bound with vines, above his head, Tobirama looks so beautiful.

Madara lays on one side of him, caressing his belly and thighs, suckling at the closest nipple. Hashirama is on the other, moaning at the sweet flavor, while he slips an elongating finger into their pet.

Hashirama blinks in surprise, then sucks even harder, before groaning.

Then he lets it go for a moment, awe in his voice. “He squeezes so hard now when you do that...”

Madara considers this, cock twitching at the thought of Tobirama’s tight heat fluttering around him, then sucking and getting delicious refreshment from his pet and the pleasure of being properly squeezed.

Then his hand goes down between Tobirama’s trembling thighs, and slips a finger in as well.

They need to work him open thoroughly, for what they’ve got planned. And he wants inside that beautiful heat that he’s been abstaining from up until now...

__________

After fucking into his pet slowly, he holds Tobirama’s thighs open for Hashirama to come join him. He doesn’t mind watching how the tip flattens and tapers, slick with sap as it rubs along Madara’s as Hashirama presses inside.

Rolling his hips once Hashirama’s balls are flush with his, he smirks at the pleading whimpers of their pet. The stretch wasn’t too much for his Tobirama, but it wasn’t as familiar after the month they’d spent not penetrating him.

Then, Hashirama’s cock begins to grow longer, a bit wider, and sink deeper. Madara groans at the heat and sensation. He doesn’t know why Izuna finds it so disturbing.

Rubbing Tobirama’s belly, he kisses that pale, keening throat.

They will wait a while before continuing.

“You are doing so good for us, Tobira-chan. You feel so good around us, filled with us. You can take more for us, can’t you?”

Original comment
Previous chapter: 107 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 114 (chimericColoratura)
Chapter 112

by chimericColoratura

(KAGUYA’S RELATIONSHIP WITH AINO IN THE ANIME WAS TOO CUTE I COULDN’T HELP IT)

It takes a year for the other villages to start trying to reach out, to see what stance this new Hokage will hold. With no shinobi of comparable power to Madara, to Hashirama, and the last of those titans sitting in the seat... they are cautious.

Cautious and curious. No one knows for sure what happened to the Shodaime and his pair of advisors. There are rumors of ancient powers born anew, a summoning of the dead, that Senju Tobirama was the lover of the Shinigami and the other three were killed for touching him...

Ridiculous. But.

One consistent rumor was that there were people in Konohagakure with Rinnegan eyes. The three children of Senju Tobirama.

And Kumogakure has the treasured tools of the Sage. They would very much see for themselves if they could take some of Konohagakure’s power for themselves.

Not the children of the Hokage. But perhaps some Hyuuga? Some Uchiha? Even a Senju or two?

Nodding to himself, the Shodaime Raikage sends a message requesting a potential treaty visit.

_________

Izuna trembles as Hashirama does his best to heal the mark on his back, having already healed Madara's and his own. The... people who had done this... said it marks them as slaves.

As people who can be bought and sold and used.

Used... like they had used Tobirama. But with less pretense.

Had... had the Sage picked this on purpose? Or had their been ways they could have avoided it...

Either way, they were going to Sabaody Archipelago to be sold...

_________

Kaguya giggles as Aino tells a story about the sealing mishaps she’s seen her cousins get into. Her friend pauses, smiling at her, and leaning against her shoulder.

“I’m glad your mother is safe now. I didn’t like how upset it made you.”

There is so much unsaid there, because Aino had been her friend since they were small. The Uzumaki had sent a delegation around the time the Shodaime had been getting more pressured to have children. That they have stayed, despite Mito not being married to Hashirama... is a blessing.

Kaguya blushes, a hint of sadness in her eyes. “We... we could not stand by when Father struck him.” Not when she remembered who she was, in full.
The horns are gone, and she has no third eye, but she is more than she once was, long, long ago.

How odd, that a Tennyo-turned-Kami would find shelter and Family with a Moon Rabbit. She smiles, contemplative. The moon rabbit really is the maker of medicine for the world.

Tobirama looks up at Ashura, eyes wide, and Ashura wishes he dared to press a kiss to those soft, pale lips. But Tobirama has been forced enough for a million lifetimes, so he smiles, and shakes his head.

No. He doesn’t expect an answer. He just thought Tobirama should know that, like Indra, Ashura has fallen in love with him.

With his kindness, and his curiosity, and his endless patience for the teaching of others. For how much he loves his clan, his people, and his precious children.

And, if Tobirama will allow them the privilege, he and Indra would like to pay court.

Word slips around the village swiftly, that the progenitors of Uchiha and Senju are courting the Nidaime. The scrutiny upon said courtship is intense.

Indra and Ashura keep their composure. They treat Tobirama with the respect and affection they feel for him, letting him set the pace. And slowly, the wariness dies down.

Akane takes one look at how Indra looks at her Sensei, and sighs. That’s a Center look, if she ever saw one. And unlike Madara-yarou... it’s mixed with deep, endless respect.

It is just before the official visit from the Raikage and his aides that Tobirama finally tells Indra and Ashura that... he also has feelings for them.

That he gives someone a willing kiss, soft and shy, for the first time in his life. Indra returns it, gentle and affectionate and chaste.

Then Ashura receives and gives the same, heart leaping with hopeful joy.

Tobirama... might heal enough to let himself love, and be loved in return.

Chapter 113

by chimericColoratura

( THE HYUUGA WOULD AND THEY ARE VERY SCARE NOW. And yes. That’s the real tragedy. Tobirama would have been an enthusiastic participant in this! Would have shared his other jutsu, to give a basis to work off of for the genetic alterations so that this could be offered to others as well)
Tobirama doesn’t look up when Hashirama comes into his lab, even when his elder brother wraps his arms around him, setting his cheek on soft, long hair. It takes effort not to tense and Hashirama’s warm, broad hand drifts down to his belly, palm over his navel, separated only by the yukata and haragake he is allowed to wear on his torso.

The heat of his touch makes him shiver a little, pressing close to his back, a familiar pressure against his lower back. It seems... Hashirama has plans for his lunch break.

When Hashirama's other hand slips under his yukata, Tobirama shrugs his shoulders, assisting in the removal of it. He doesn’t want to make Hashirama feel he’s being defiant.

———

His otouto is a slender, beautiful man. He’s gotten more lithe, since the adjustments were made, looking more feminine, settling into something ethereally lovely. Smaller than all three of them, so easy to hold close and shelter in his embrace.

It’s strange, how much shorter than him his otouto is. Perhaps he and his lovers have been influencing his development? After all, his pretty otouto is so easily influenced with enough chakra and distraction.

Good thing they are here to protect him.

Untying the obi of the pants, he keeps caressing that flat, toned belly. He’s got plans, and Madara and Izuna agreed to letting him have Tobirama to himself this time. They don’t want to overwhelm Tobirama with too much too soon.

Picking his otouto up, leaving the yukata and pants on the floor, he carries him to the corner bed. Setting him on it, he smiles encouragingly.

Pale hands go to his hakama, untying them and pulling them down, then to his haori, his yukata. Once Hashirama is nude before his lovely Tobirama, his otouto looks down, shy, and unties his haragake, slipping it off, and revealing the beautiful nipples, the bright Marking, which Izuna is still earning his right to add to, the toned belly.

He gestures, and Tobirama lays back, thighs spread, and lifts his hips. Hashirama reaches down, pulling out the slender plug. He knows how his otouto’s body is put together very intimately. So now, he will make his otouto aware of how good this can be.

Climbing onto the bed, his cock narrows and slips inside the loosened pucker, a gasping cry from his otouto that he swallows with a thorough kiss.

He rubs the tender, plump nipples, before blooming the flowers on his palms and starting to suckle. The sweet flavor matched only by the keens his otouto is giving him so generously. He rocks his hips, and lets his cock thicken, stretching his pretty lover.

Hesitant arms wrap around him, clinging with all the sensations he is gifting to his lover. He moans encouragingly, and Tobirama’s legs wrap around his waist. The angle shifts enough that it’s easy to lengthen his cock into the new, untouched part of Tobirama’s passage that he had made inside his wellspring.

Tobirama arches in shock at the sensation, squeezing helplessly around him as he sinks in deeper. He leaves the end of his cock in there, the rest lengthening to fill the rest of Tobira’s passage with writhing heat.
The suckling intensifies, and he thickens the end of his cock to lodge it in the opening of the fertilization womb. The sensations make his otouto clench, passage fluttering so perfectly around him.

And Hashirama begins to spill. To spill the ovules of flowers he’d taught himself to make. He fills his beautiful otouto, letting his cock go back to a more normal length, filling the rest of the passage with sap. Nutrient rich, chakra heavy sap, which will stay inside.

Pulling out, he slips the plug back inside, brush of healing making Tobirama’s entrance cling to it tightly.

Leaning up, he looks at his handy work.

A swell, small but so perfect, like his otouto is already carrying one of their children...

Chapter 114 ↓

by chimericColoratura

(INDRA WILL IN AT LEAST ONE OF THESE THREADS BECAUSE TOBIRAMA DESERVES TO BE HAPPY)

Tobirama keens as Hashirama’s cock grows even more, nudging something inside him that is sensitive and only a little familiar. Only familiar in that he scanned himself, felt himself from the outside.

He hadn’t yet been able to bring himself to make a Kage Bunshin and let it look inside him to see how Hashirama has changed even the way they prefer to claim him.

The words, the petting, the kisses and gentleness... he knows the question isn’t real.

If he tells Madara that he feels too full and strange, Madara won’t pull out. Hashirama won’t pull out. They will stay inside him, and make him take more, later.

That’s how Madara handled his pleading not to be taken by both Izuna and Madara at once, after all.

Hashirama presses kisses on Tobirama’s cheek, his hair. He doesn’t claim that keening mouth, as Tobirama is still so tense around them and needs the air to help him relax. Rubbing Tobirama’s cock, he is pleased to find it hard and twitching a little. He knew Tobirama would find being so full of them good.

Overwhelming, but good.

Pressing down on the faint bulges, he groans at the pressure around him and Madara, his best friend and lover biting back a curse as he kisses pale skin.

Slowly, so slowly, the tightness around them eases, and he stays still, coaxing their lovely Tobirama
to calm, to let himself loosen up. It will feel good, Tobirama. They will make sure he feels good.

More soft kisses, to cheek and neck and hair, rubbing his nipples, petting his so-full belly.

And then... Tobirama relaxes even more. Enough for Madara and he to move. Waiting a little longer, keens easing into pleading whimpers and gasps, they stay still.

“You are doing so well, Tobirama. So beautifully full of us, holding so much of us inside you. It feels heavy, hm? Like it’s weighing you down, grounding you... you are so perfect for us, otouto. So perfect.”

He doesn’t rock his hips. He doesn’t need to. Instead, he lets his cock swell and thin in waves, nodding to Madara. He’s going to ready Tobira-chan for what comes later, so his fellow dominant needs to distract him.

————

Madara helps shift Tobirama into laying on top of Hashirama, careful and slow to avoid hurting anyone. Thighs splayed, parted on either side of Hashirama’s own parted thighs, entrance spread around their thick cocks, Tobirama looks so beautifully pliant.

Hashirama’s hands, big and tan against the slender torso, are stroking up and down that pale, swelling belly. It reminds him of the times he’d so carefully filled Tobirama...

Only this time, they planned to keep his belly swelled for much, much longer. Hours. Possibly a day or two.

Leaning down, he nips soft flesh, suckling softly until sweetness trickles over his tongue. His hands are framing his ribs, slightly darker than the near paper color of his gorgeous beloved.

They are getting ready for being parents.

Soon enough, Tobirama will be ready for the weight of growing life. For the weight of their children, one at a time, until they all had at least one.

His cock throbs as he pictures a big, heavy belly, with a fiery chakra inside it that is his and his beautiful wife’s.

Rocking in and out in small circles, he gets back to work.

————

Hashirama waits for Madara to finish before he got started on his own next step. His friend helpfully pulled out, staying on top of Tobirama to keep him from panicking. His cock swells at the base, making the entrance snug and tight around him again. His cock shortens again, and he smiles as Tobirama whines at the sensation.

Don’t worry, Tobirama. The emptiness won’t last long.

Thick, heavy sap begins to spill from his cock, coating the depths of his otouto. Then... heavy, thick little balls begin to spill as well. Special little nuts. Ones that won’t come out until Hashirama wills them to.

He knows that this round, he won’t get to properly germinate anything in his otouto... but there will be time for that later.
They need to ready him for feeling life inside him, after all.

Chapter 115

by chimericColoratura

( Tobirama is too pragmatic to kill people for what they might do. That’s stupid. The Uchiha Want the pretty Tennyo sent from Susanoo to protect them )

According to legend, the great ancestor of the Senju met a spirit by a river, and become their husband. The spirit was one of Nature, of green and growing things, of the waters and the storms, of the changing seasons. So powerful was the spirit that no child of theirs could hold more than one power at a time.

So they had many children. And one of those children, supposedly our own ancestor, had the power to hear the plants and make them grow. But because of the Nature spirit, all children of the Senju have an affinity for Senjutsu. See how our name helps us hide?

Any affinity. Any talent. Our clan can inherit all of them. But with our power, there are also our Principles. A thousand talents, a thousand principles.

“Be careful what principle you choose, Moyama. For you will be bound to it from now, until you die.”

After all, Tobirama is still bound to his. Understanding. It fit his desire to learn, to know, so well. But it meant he cannot help thinking about the point of view of others. Even to his own detriment, unless someone else is at risk.

Moyama looks up at him with too wise eyes, and nods.

“We will, Anija.”

Tobirama sensed enemies, and activated the defenses.

Cries of shocked surprise came from outside, and the defenders went forth to get rid of the people who would dare attack them in their own home. There are no children in the attacking force, only grief-maddened Hagoromo and Uchiha, seeking to strike out and hurt those who have hurt their loved ones.

And though he can understand their grief.... he will not risk the lives of those in his care.

Those who do not run, will unfortunately die.

He will make it quick.

Butsuma runs into the compound in near panic, Hashirama at his flank. They had returned from their
patrols, only for the sensor in their group to stiffen and tell them the compound’s wards were active and there are hostile chakras.

There are bodies everywhere, bearing markless armor, as befits those so honorless as to attack the home of an enemy. It is enough to brand a man a traitor to the land of fire, and to earn the displeasure of the Daimyo.

Otherwise... some days... Butsuma would be tempted to slaughter some of their own enemies.

He looks around, checking for any bodies of his own clan.

Itama is walking around, healing injured warriors. Kawarama is beside him, hand on the tanto his dear Kira is teaching him to use.

...Tobirama and Moyama, where are they?

His white children, so serious and beautiful, so sensitive and kind that people make little sense to them. Had they...

A flash of white from the corner of his eye, and Butsuma turns, Hashirama dashing past him to embrace his brother. Moyama is clinging to Tobirama’s hand, and there are...

No casualties. None of their own are dead, though many of the Homeguard are injured.

Had Tobirama sensed the enemy coming, and sealed the compound wards before they arrived? Then... he had made the right decision, keeping his genius son at home.

He sets his hand on white hair, and lets his expression soften. “Well done, Tobirama.”

__________

After an attack like that, it would be no surprise some would be angry enough to form groups and hunt down Uchiha wandering in their territory.

Sadly, Tobirama could not reason with them.

So instead, he watches out for anyone attacking someone too... young.

Then he senses a very familiar chakra. That of his rival and tormentor in his former life.

Izuna.

And he’s... he’s afraid.

It takes all of a moment to go.

__________

Izuna fights as best he can, but he is tired, young, and smaller than his enemies.

But then... suddenly, the enemies scatter back, fleeing from a tall, adult man with white hair and black eyes.

Once they go... the figure dispels, leaving a boy smaller than him...
Chapter 116 ↓

by chimericColoratura

( HASHIRAMA IS SNEAKY. A SNEAKY SNEAKY PLANT WHO IS SELECTIVELY OBLIVIOUS)

Looking up from the little swell, Hashirama smiles at the quivering in Tobirama’s muscles, the flush in his cheeks. His otouto is so sensitive, and it’s important that they get him used to feeling little lives inside him before he actually gets pregnant.

But he knows how much Madara enjoys using Tobirama’s chakra sensitivity to drive him wild with pleasure. Hashirama enjoys it too, after all.

But he feels it will be worth it.

After all, if they can get Tobirama used to the sensation of little lives in his belly, he won’t be too sensitive for touching, or kissing, or doing work...

And he’s sure Madara can work out a way to overwhelm their lovely pet if he does get a little less sensitive after this. Although, maybe being part of his system at first would make Tobirama less sensitive to the little ones in his belly.

Wrapping his arms around his otouto, he picks him up. His adorable Tobira-chan is so shivery, pressing close and whimpering hands on his belly, pressing at the swell.

Curious? Or overwhelmed?

Either was fine with Hashirama. He wants Tobirama to be more interested in the process, so that he knows what to watch out for if Hashirama can’t keep a Moku Bunshin with him, or be their himself.

Some vines gather their clothing, and he ponders for a moment. It’s safe enough to carry other people through the wood with him, even pregnant ones.

And Tobirama would be grateful for not being seen like this by the villagers.

His silly otouto is so shy about their love.

________

Madara starts when Hashirama sinks up out of the floor, their lover cradled in his arms, shivering and whimpering like he did when Madara charged his prostate with jolts of chakra. The little swell in his belly when Madara could see the end of Hashirama’s cock confused him for a moment, but then he caught on.

Hashirama was starting a bit early. The receptive parts of seed making would be in Tobirama, waiting for him to calm enough for more attention. Then, and only then would Hashirama and he be adding the pollen.

Still, to start in the middle of the day...
Sighing, he marks down a note that Tobirama has taken ill, and he and Hashirama will be taking time off in turns to care for him until he is well. Showing Hashirama the note, he gets that blinding happy smile, and then his lovers sink back into the floor.

Well. At least he has something to look forward to when his day ends.

———

Hashirama cradles Tobirama in his arms, rubbing his belly, giving him little kisses. And, very, very slowly, over hours, Tobirama begins to settle.

Begins to adjust.

Hashirama smiles, rocking his lovely otouto slowly. There were some parts of the process of readying their lover for being the bearer of their children that Madara and Izuna had skimmed over, thinking that they would be very, very boring.

Like the part where Hashirama said he would be using flowers as a base for how Tobirama makes the receptive part needed to make their babies.

After all, flowers and trees are fertile as soon as they hit maturity, and remain fertile until they die. Hashirama is bearer of the Mokuton. And from how he’s been aging...

...he and Tobirama will have a long time together to create their own family.

It’s a good thing he likes Izuna and Madara so much. It’s going to take a lot of work to make the fiery pair stick around as long as he and Tobirama will.

———

Madara opens the door to the apartments, closes it, and heads to the bedroom, stripping out of his robe. Hashirama is reclining in the bed, Tobirama a still faintly shivering form curled into his hold.

Coming over to them, he pets soft white hair, keeping his own chakra pulled in close to avoid setting him off.

“Necessary step?”

Hashirama nods, smiling. “Very. He’s so good like this, too. All cuddly and pliant. He doesn’t relax enough.”

(INDRA WILL BE GOOD FOR TOBIRA. And you want more changes, do you?)

Tobirama is trembling beneath him, and Madara smooths his hands up and down his sides. They’d wiped their lover down with soft cloths, and made sure they hadn’t strained or bruised anything. The plug helping to keep the mix of sap and nuts inside their pet is a comfortable size, and they healed the
faint swelling from the stretch.

But the amount of chakra inside Tobirama right now is quite a bit for their lover to handle. Especially since they haven’t done any penetration play in a month.

Well... except for that one time. But Hashirama had handled it.

He hadn’t realized his best friend would be such a good dominant.

Maybe he should have. Easy-going, playful, but firm on certain topics. Willing to be cajoled, but not on the things that matter.

Like making sure their lover is healthy.

Yes... Izuna was lucky that Hashirama cares so much about him.

________

Izuna is not feeling very lucky right now, stuck behind a desk while his lover and brother have fun with their submissive. He wants to be there too.

Soothing Tobirama through the more overwhelming moments, encouraging him to keep being good for them...

Even if it means seeing Hashirama do those... things, with his body.

How it doesn’t cause Madara visceral horror to see his best friend do that is... a mystery.

Though... perhaps that was why Tobirama had still been virgin when they caught him.

Hashirama didn’t want anyone else touching him... but Tobirama had been uncomfortable letting Hashirama do it either?

Because for a young man as beautiful and desirable as Tobirama had been, and still is, to be untouched before they got their turn...

...something has to be up.

Something that it’s taken him a few years to realize.

He’s... not sure he should be thinking about it now, anyway. They need to get their relationship fixed back up so that Hashirama doesn’t pout at him all the time.

And so that he can have some time with his former rival.

He’s gotten so many ideas since his direct participation rights were revoked by his older brother.

________

Tobirama is drifting. He can’t see anything. And everything feels strange.

The strange feeling of fullness that Hashirama and Madara like to make him experience hasn’t gone away, even though he can feel that neither of his... partners are inside him right now.

What is going on?

Opening his eyes takes...more effort than it should. He feels weak and cold, but not the way he had
when... when Izuna....

....which means that something.... new, had been done to him. Something that he wasn’t ready for.
And Hashirama and Madara have stuck around to ease him down from the high of the sensation.
He...never knows how to feel about that. About how gentle and warm they are after they use him.
It’s not like they actually care what he wants, so why should they care about how he reacts to it?
Do they just want to make him less defiant and afraid? The way that Izuna sometimes is?
He’s... he’s the submissive, they have been saying.
He’s... never had the opportunity to find out what that is supposed to mean...

Original comment
Previous chapter: 114 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 121 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 118 †
by chimericColoratura

(OR HASHIRAMA CONVINCES PEOPLE HES ACTUALLY A GOD, AND TOBIRAMA IS HIS IMMORTAL PRIESTESS, AND MADARA AND IZUNA ARE HIS SUBORDINATE GODS. WHICH I WOULDN’T PUT PAST HIM)

Madara is cradling their Tobirama from behind, gently caressing the swell of the too-full belly, and Hashirama smiles at him fondly. It really is too bad that Madara doesn’t enjoy being submissive.

He’s beautiful, fiery, passionate, affectionate.

But he knows what he is, and had respected Hashirama’s own dominant tendencies. So Hashirama will respect his.

Maybe in a few decades, when they are all more settled into peace and their new existence, Hashirama might coax Madara into giving it another shot.

Amazing, what being considered a member of the Uchiha clan, even a second class one, will let one learn about their practices. Especially when the buildings are made of wood.

Especially about how terrible some of the training dominants and submissives of the Uchiha clan could be. Madara’s had apparently been very, very sadistic.

So... as a good friend, when Madara is more open to the idea... he’d be happy to help Madara experiment a bit.

_________

Hashirama, however, has no concerns at all about whether Tobira-chan has any dominant tendencies. He knows that he doesn’t.

Where Uchiha are mostly dominant or submissive, with a few who are switch, or not interested, the
Senju are mostly neutral to domination or submission, and can devote themselves to making their lovers happy.

And Tobirama had been Hashirama’s long before either of them knew what that meant.

About why, after hitting puberty and he started experiencing the spring fevers, he’d be especially protective of Tobirama. About not letting anyone else around him. Their brothers and mother had been dead by then.

Their father had told him he couldn’t have Tobirama in a sexual way until Tobirama approached him.

Of course he couldn’t trust anyone.

Except... he finds he does trust Madara.

His best friend. The one who shared his dream. The one he felt a deep kinship with.

Him, he can trust with precious, beautiful, too-serious Tobirama. Can trust him to be gentle with him. To shower him with all the obsessive devotion so famous for the clan.

And to be happy to let Hashirama make some changes if it means they can all stay together for always...

Madara looks up at Hashirama, and then back at their pet, cuddling into his chest. The idle musing Hashirama had just made...

He hadn’t... thought about what the Senju being close cousins to the Uzumaki meant.

That Hashirama, and Tobirama, would still be vital and youthful when Madara started to age. That... he could be parted from his beautiful beloved by time.

Pulling Tobirama closer, he eyes Hashirama. Does he have suggestions for how to make that not be the case? Nothing that would hurt their lover, or himself, but something to offer Madara and Izuna the same kind of time?

The relieved smile on Hashirama’s lips, the soft happiness in his eyes... apparently this had been bothering his friend for a while.

He’d have to look over the research, of course. But he’d be willing to do it. For them.

Tobirama stirs, and sighs when familiar lips press a kiss to his neck. Madara is here now. And Hashirama. Izuna is coming, but will probably only watch again.

But... Hashirama is happy. Not, not the normal happy.

The same type of happy he’d been when Tobirama had sworn to obey Madara. The kind that said all his ideas and wants were coalescing and were better than even his dreams.
Chapter 119

by kitsunesongs

(Ahh! I love the story! Izuna meets Tobirama, and Tobirama sees the young Izuna for the first time - what happens? How does he react? Does Izuna know about him from his brothers? I bet Tobirama would be surprised to find that two of the kids he's saved (because you know he's saved more than just them) are Madara's little brothers.

Also! When I hear nature spirit I think Tobirama, so is he a reincarnation of the spirit? And did Indra want the spirit as well? Also, good explanation for how Hashirama has wood and Tobirama has water - all the water of nature, from the rivers to the lakes to the oceans and the rain and the ice...maybe Kawarama, with his Hatake chakra and Tanto, also has a lightning affinity? He and Tobirama can go out and dance in the thunderstorm...

And yes, Moyama, choose your principle carefully - Kaguya was afraid, and sought power to protect herself. She thought peace could come through strength. Now, Moyama is learning otherwise - maybe her guiding principle will be protection, love - of her precious brother, and the rest of her family, and the rest of her clan. Moyama is a Senju, and Senju are devoted. Moyama is devoted to the happiness of her loved ones. (But if she had to choose, if she could only have one healthy, and safe, and happy, and alive? She would choose Tobirama. Everyone except Tobirama realises this.)

Also, Tobirama invented formula so he could help feed Moyama. Now that Moyama is weaned he starts making it for other members of the clan who need it - and then, the Senju start selling it. It's incredibly popular, especially for nobles, which means it makes a lot of money - and the Senju have a monopoly. Which means they can afford to turn down riskier or more immoral missions, because they aren't so pressed for money.

This makes Tobirama promptly start inventing other things they can sell.

Also, Hashirama hasn't lost his brothers but he is upset about the war and child soldiers and still wants peace - but when he talks about it, this time Tobirama listens, and asks questions, and comes up with ideas for how to go about it, instead of staying quiet. And I bet Tobirama, with his innovations and the money from them and how his presence and inventions/jutsu/seals essentially made sure the Homeguard fought off the attack with no casualties, is very respected now. So when people, especially the younger Senju, see him listening to Hashirama's ideas, and making good points, and pointing out ways it could be done and why it would be beneficial, they end up listening too...

And then the Daimyo decides to invite all the clans to the capital for the presentation/coming of age of his son, and Tobirama is very confused, because he doesn't remember this happening before!)
(It is so cute!! Kaguya deserves her friend back.

And ooh yes, they are in One Peace! They get bought by a Tenryuubito and learn how awful it is to be a slave. How they can't say no. Their hair is cut (like how they grew Tobirama's) and they're made to dance and fight for the Tenryuubito's amusement (like they made him dance) they're fortunately not made to have sex with their owner cause he disdains having sex with slaves/commmobers but they are made to have sex with each other - and then their bodies are forcibly modified by them being made to eat devil fruits. Luckily, Hashirama gets wood, Madara gets fire (sorry Ace) and Izuna gets lightning (sorry not sorry Enel you suck) and they're able to use what they know to remove their new explosive collars and kill their Master and run.

And now they know exactly what they did to Tobirama, and how truly awful it is.

And meanwhile, Tobirama is healing, Indra and Ashura are proving they are the better incarnates, and they are watched carefully and probably given SO MANY shovel talks. Ooh, what if you bring in them having the Yin/Moon or Yang/Sun chakra? Or being made mostly from chakra like in the Blessed AU - Indra was made of stardust from the heart of a collapsing Nova, and Ashura with clay and magma from the center of the earth, molded by Hagoromo and baked in the sunlight.

And Ashura might look into Tobirama's eyes and recognise the soul of the Nature Spirit, the Dragon Kami Ryuujin, that he married beneath the depths. Also? Ashura married a Kami, and Indra married a Tengu. Or possibly just slept with a Tengu and had a kid with them. It's why the Uchiha's Susano'o always takes the form of a Tengu.

And then Kumo get there and they're all 'we'll steal some of their strength, maybe seal a Bijuu or two, kidnap a few Hyuuga or Uchiha or Senju, kids who aren't important and won't be missed cause we're not stupi -
*see Tobirama*
- or, you know we could steal the Hokage. That's a good idea that could not possibly backfire.)

Original comment
Previous chapter: 112 (chimericColoratura)
Next chapter: 125 (chimericColoratura)

Chapter 121 †

by chimericColoratura

(*making much notes to flesh out ideas I was having*

So. Fair warning. This is one of the potential redemption threads. And yes Tobira is Demi)

Hashirama finds, the more he thinks about it, that he definitely wants to at least try and convince Madara to let him dominate him once. He knows his friend is attracted to him, though not in the same deep, irrevocable way that Madara is bound to Tobirama.

Tobirama, who has never shown interest in sex. Which always struck Hashirama as strange. Did... did Father do something to Tobirama, to keep him from being drawn to Hashirama, and giving them the opening they needed to find each other?

Looking at the pair, he sets the thought aside for now.

After all, he doesn’t think it would be good to start something so time intensive as checking
Tobirama for previous mental adjusting when they are in the middle of special preparations.

After this, when Tobirama is asleep again. Madara can help him.

Hashirama’s preoccupation is noticeable by Madara, and he gives Tobirama soft kisses as he keeps cuddling the now awake youngest member of their quartet. He keeps his attentions soft, gentle. The faint trembling is back, the chakra heavy sap and growing nuts giving new sensations to their beautiful lover.

Smiling, he lets Tobirama cling to him, and and grind against him if he needs to. Madara will not add more to it.

Just quiet, reassuring touches and kisses. He wants his lover to enjoy this as much as possible.

And while Hashirama doesn’t mind driving Tobirama out of his mind and overwhelming him... Madara prefers that Tobirama remember what is happening to him, when they are together.

For him to be able to enjoy it.

.....Madara wonders, sometimes. If Tobirama is enjoying himself.

Izuna watches Tobirama tremble and shiver, clinging to Madara, who is... strangely calm. Calm about having Tobirama so close, and naked, and-

Ah. So Madara had noticed as well.

Overstimulation is one of the things Madara prefers to use as a punishment. Hashirama has chosen to use it to get Tobirama ready for being able to have children for them.

Madara... isn’t comfortable with it. Izuna knows how to read his brother, and this is more like how he’d treat someone in the aftermath of a too intense experience than someone in the middle of an agreed to activity.

Wait... did any of them ask if Tobirama... Izuna can’t remember...

Hashirama hasn’t noticed.

Izuna cannot help but hope it stays that way. He needs to talk to Madara. Because...

...Izuna has been sitting here, watching Madara treat Tobirama like a much beloved partner after a too intense scene, and he’s... not sure he knows what Tobirama’s...

... why does his head hurt so much...

As Tobirama begins to come down from the sensation overload from the... the stickiness and shifting inside him, he notices Madara looking at him.

Soft, warm... is that concern?
When... when had Tobirama last seen that expression? When had Tobirama last noticed concern on Madara’s face?

He knows he’s seen it before...

Unbidden, concern begins to rise in his own heart.

———

Hashirama hums softly as he looks over his three lovers, gently scanning Tobirama. Yes. That’s enough for now. Tobira-chan is exhausted.

Gesturing to Madara, he watches his best friend carry Tobirama to the special tub he’d set up for this. Smiling, he watches as Madara sits down in the tub with Tobirama, gently pulling the plug out and rubbing his belly.

Those warm, pale hands pressing in just so helping to get the now larger nuts to come out.

Such a good, helpful mate. Hashirama wants to keep him. Wants to keep all three of them.

He’s been managing to lay the hints, to set the foundations for the changes into his best friend and his lover, but it’s been a bit difficult when they aren’t as... compatible, as Tobirama is.

Not with him.

But they are with Tobirama, just like he is...

Chapter 122  

by chimericColoratura

( THIS MIGHT END UP WITH ANOTHER SPLIT IN IT AAAAAH BECAUSE I WANT HASHI TURNING THEM INTO ACTUAL GODS BECAUSE REASONS

Madara hasn’t had as much experience as Tobirama has in dealing with Hashirama when he’s having ideas. It shows. It really, really shows.)

Hashirama watches Madara stroke Tobirama’s belly, the way Madara still won’t let anyone be behind him, his back to the wall. Hashirama hasn’t yet used Madara’s tendency to do that the way he wants to, but he wants Madara to at least be willing to experiment before he goes so far in their relationship.

But... he’s wanted to see Madara bound with the beautiful browns and greens of his Mokuton for a very long time. To fill Madara with the evidence of his love and affection.

Madara’s not ready yet. Not like Tobirama was, after the helpful Uchiha had applied that technique of theirs.

It’s too bad he can’t use genjutsu on Madara to help him get past his reluctance.
But that’s fine.

He will have the time to do it.

------------

Tobirama looks up, glancing from beneath his eyelashes. That’s the plotting face. Hashirama’s chakra is quiet and happy, and the look in his eyes says he’s plotting something.

Madara, as Hashirama’s best friend and partner in founding the village, should be able to recognize it. Except...

...he doesn’t. How does Madara not know what Hashirama’s plotting feels like?

When they were conflicting for years, how did he not notice?

There’s... something important about this, but he can’t... think well... right now...

The world darkens again, and the last thing Tobirama hears before descending into it is Hashirama starting to speak to Madara.

------------

Madara blinks, staring up at Hashirama.

He wants to get started now, while Tobirama is resting? On... oh.

Looking down at Tobirama, he nods. He can let Hashirama start on him now, if it means that he can stay with Tobirama, and Hashirama, and Izuna. He doesn’t... want to be parted from them.

Especially not Tobirama.

Petting Tobirama’s hair, he lets himself relax, even if the way Hashirama is smiling now is setting off his instincts.

It’s just Hashirama.

He can trust Hashirama, can’t he?

------------

Hashirama smiles down at Madara, as he uses a little medical jutsu to put him into a coma.

Vines winding around strong limbs, lean but powerful, he admires the contrasts. Madara may not be as pale as Tobirama, but he’s definitely lighter than Izuna. And much lighter than Hashirama.

No wonder he’s been feeling drawn to Madara.

The vines brush lightly as lips, and part them, careful tiny tendrils slipping down Madara’s throat. One tendril weaves a fine net over the windpipe, and begins exchanging air more directly.

It’s a good thing Izuna’s agreed to cover for them.

Madara is going to be very busy for the rest of the week, just like Tobirama. A faint gasping sound, as thin little tendrils slip past the picker of Madara’s entrance, fine as soft thread, and begin to cover his walls...
There’s less resistance than Hashirama thought there would be, given the test samples from Izuna and the other Uchiha. But then... Madara had always felt... moldable, somehow.

Not in the way Tobirama was, water that shifts to suit its container and a natural compatibility with Hashirama’s essence and being, but a more general changeableness. Like... like someone who could pick up traits and adaptations swiftly, but also would be difficult to truly alter, in spirit.

Hands and vines glowing faint green, Hashirama finds the little bits of vector he’d been adding to Madara’s food and drink to help prepare him for this, and begins his work.

It wouldn’t do for Madara to be able to leave him behind, heading off to the one place Hashirama would be unable to follow, without his help.

So Hashirama is going to bind his sun to life, to him, just as thoroughly as his wellspring. Maybe even... find a way to have Madara...

....give him some children too...

Tobirama wakes to the sound of soft keening, and for a moment he doesn’t realize it’s not him. That he’s not the one making that sound of too-much please-stop. Careful, subtle, he lets his awareness open just a hair more.

That’s... that feels like Madara. But Madara never sounds like that. Has never sounded like that in all the time Tobirama has known him, in battle or as a.... a partner.

The darkness eases as he shifts, as if seeking warmth, and he finds Madara’s warm-safe-but-not body beside him. But it’s covered in something familiar.

There really thin, but he knows them.

Vines. Hashirama’s tendrils that he likes slipping into him to tease other spots while they... are intimate.

But why would Hashirama-

Oh.

Oh.

He...hadn’t realized that Madara and Hashirama were...
No. That’s wrong. He was right. They weren’t.

Because Madara’s chakra is in the steady warm swirl of sleep, and Hashirama’s is the same intent demand-coax-wheedle-pressure that it was when he’d started playing with Tobirama's body like it’s a toy.

Was Hashirama doing that with Madara as well, or had his master agreed to it?

He’s... not sure which he wants it to be.

At all.

Hashirama hums softly as he slips the vines and tendrils out of Madara, leaving his best friend all lax and shivery as the stimulation of his medical chakra ends. He hadn’t realized that Madara could react to chakra in a similar way to Tobirama, when it was pervasive and strong enough.

When he talks Madara into letting himself try submitting, he should tell Tobirama. That way they can have fun taking Madara apart and putting him back together.

Tobirama may not be dominant, but he’d probably like the chance to overwhelm his lover the way Madara had overwhelmed him so often.

Gently, he pets them both, soft white and wild dark, and smiles.

He’d have his sun and his wellspring, and keep them for always. Just like he had hoped, when he dreamed of the village after Madara turned away from him at the river bank.

Madara lays beside Tobirama, a faint ache in everything and a much better understanding of how tired his lover seems all the time. He’d need to check in more before starting things, if being changed by Hashirama is so draining.

After all, he doesn’t want Tobirama to be hurt, and this level of exhaustion isn’t healthy.

Izuna sighs at the cup of tea Hashirama left for him on the table, picking it up and sipping it. His partner is back to being quietly understanding about his limits again, it seems.

That Izuna doesn’t like the way Hashirama’s body distorts when he’s using his Mokuton to lengthen or change things. Even if it is very, very erotic to watch Tobirama’s belly shift like that when it’s so full, and watch him whimper and keen...

Once his brother and Hashirama got past the visible changes, it was really quite enjoyable.

But with how Hashirama said he’d need to work on helping Tobirama stretch... Izuna isn’t feeling up to observing today, either.

He can help with the paperwork instead.

Madara watches Hashirama slip his fingers inside Tobirama’s passage, checking for the state of his
readiness for the next stage. Flower ovules, Hashirama? Seriously?

Madara had managed to forget, somehow, that Hashirama is somewhere between human and tree.

Looking at Tobirama’s face, he reaches up, caressing his cheek gently.

“You are doing so well, Tobirama. You’re being so good for us. I know it’s a lot, but he’ll be done soon, okay? Then we can relieve the pressure a bit, and you can nap some more.”

Chapter 124

by chimericColoratura

( So. Redemption Verse)

Madara hums softly as Hashirama works at his desk, looking at the notes he’s been handed. Hashirama had been worried about the difference in aging rates between Uchiha and Senju, and is worried that Madara and Izuna will die long before they do.

He also notices the sheepish notes in the margins about how he might have been doing some prep work on them without recognizing it. That’s... a little difficult to get past, but he can understand the impulse.

It’s not like Uchiha are all that patient or questioning when they do stuff for their loved ones either...

....that... has he been doing that? Not communicating properly with Tobirama and Hashirama?

He’s been using the blend of looks and chakra shifting that Uchiha use to confirm that things are alright... but Tobirama and Hashirama wouldn’t know those. Not the way that Izuna does.

Ah, fuck.

He’s going to have to use words. He’s so, so bad at words. That’s why Izuna has to go over all his letters and speeches before he inadvertently insults everyone.

If he hasn’t been using words to communicate with his lovers and check in with them on stuff... he needs to start doing that. He maybe also needs to reconfirm with Tobirama what his hard and soft limits are. Because if Tobirama doesn’t know chakra code... then some of the times he’s been getting the good-yes-keep-going signal...

Tobirama might have actually been begging him to stop or slow down because it was too much.

Setting that aside for now, he nods to Hashirama, laying back on the table for him to begin. The sedative kicking in, his last thoughts settle into place...

Tobirama is... surprised when only Izuna shows up at the house that night. Hashirama and Madara are doing something alone together for a few days. A medical procedure.
Izuna seems about to say something, but then just smiles, and gestures for Tobirama to go do whatever he feels like doing.

He goes, still surprised when, hours later, he’s not interrupted by Izuna seeking some kind of relief. Is... is it that they are letting him recover before the next round of whatever this is? Madara had been very gentle, not even slightly sexual last night.

It had all been affection, and Tobirama had had no idea that Madara could feel that without also feeling lust.

At least, not for him.

———

Watching Madara rest so trustingly in his care made Hashirama feel really, really light inside. He knows Madara has serious trust issues. Why he has those issues, he can only speculate, but they were serious enough that he had had that problem with peeing before they even met.

Before he had gotten Sharingan, and the curse of perfect memory.

Checking the vines and such one more time to ensure that the changes all settled in together, slowly enough not to shock, but swift enough not to cause rejection, he gets to work.

Maybe one day he’d learn why Madara needed to always be in control.

———

Tobirama had been right. They did leave him alone to recover. It was a very restful week.

He got to train his students without aches or pains. He got to do research and keep up with his other responsibilities.

He only saw Izuna, or perhaps Hashirama in passing.

Madara was still in the sealed room in the hospital. Was... was something actually wrong?

———

The next day, Madara was home. In their shared area, sitting on the bed with a contemplative look.

“Tobirama. What is the word you want to use if you need something to stop? Or if it needs to be slowed down and discussed?”

The surprise on his face must have spoken for him, because Madara looks... sad.

“Ah. I see. Well. From now on, if something is too much, you can say Katon, and I will stop. If you need me to slow down, say Doton. If it’s alright, it can be Suiton. If you are gagged, shift part of your chakra to the Nature in question, and I will stop immediately. Alright?”

Too confused for words, he nodded, and watched Madara draw in on himself, somehow.

“I have been a very bad partner, to not think about this...”
Chapter 125

by chimericColoratura

( WHICH IS HOW HAGOROMO BROUGHT THEM TO CORPOREALITY AGAIN YES GOOD)

Hashirama chokes as the strange swirled fruit is forced into his mouth, the taste utterly vile and wrong. Their new ‘owner’ likes watching them dance. Hair sheered to the style that the strange man wanted, he burns in shame.

Madara, fiery, brilliant Madara, has also had his hair shorn, looking like he had a child. He was shaking, off to the side, having already been forced to eat a different, strangely vile fruit. His friend is naked, as is Izuna, short haired and trembling from the other fruit.

Hashirama’s chakra may be bound, but he can tell there is something very wrong with these things. Like... like perhaps they were akin to the legendary fruit that was the source of all chakra, in the ancient stories.

Their so-called master is watching them shake and writhe with gleeful eyes, and Hashirama knows he’s planning to make them give another ‘performance’ for his ‘friends.’

Sparring, pure taijutsu, like the three of them used to do for fun, turned into a way to make them a commodity. Madara’s love of dance and motion, tainted with the way unwanted eyes clung to his form.

Izuna’s passion for sensuality used against him, as he is made to fuck or be fucked. By Hashirama, by Madara, by both, by neither while he is made to direct them for the entertainment of their master and his wife.

And... inside... all he can hear is... ‘this is what it was like.’

‘This is how it feels.’

‘This is why... why we were so terrible...’

———

Indra, child of stardust and chakra, has very little experience with the rigors of growing up, but he does his best regardless. Tobirama can’t help smiling as he watches Indra with some of the younger students, gently teaching them better methods for controlling their talents.

And if part of Tobirama thrills at the idea of having the creator of handseals, the originator of ninjutsu and genjutsu, the first true innovator of chakra, in his village and at his side, working together? That is his own business.

There are moments, when Indra’s behavior will remind him of Madara. The kinder Madara, who was curious about his work, and encouraged him to explore what he liked.

The Madara that he could see hidden in the one he’d sent away. And it had made him a little wary. But-
The flares of temper, of jealousy, of possessiveness that he had been so used to? Indra doesn’t have
them. Not the same way. The urges exist, as they do in all sentient living beings, but they are
channeled and focused and controlled. He asks, instead of assuming, because he knows he does not
understand people.

And that is why, after a few moments watching him finish up his class, Tobirama walks over and
kisses this starborn being who loves him too much to risk ever hurting him.

____________

Ashura was sure, now. Who Tobirama had once been. The adaptiveness of his flesh had echoed his
chakra and spirit. Ashura’s beautiful husband Ryujin, returned to life alongside Ashura’s own
reincarnation... only for the beautiful devoted love of his dear heart to be used so terribly.

Ryujin had, long ago, mentioned feeling drawn to both he and his brother, but his father had refused
to allow the match. He claimed Indra was too unstable.

His poor, lost brother, being twisted away from his family by the maddened will called Zetsu. At
least, this time, he has a chance to better support and ground him. To help him center when he needs.

And between them, they can help Tobirama soar high and guide the rest to rise with him.

____________

The Raikage spends a few moments looking around the village, trying to work out who might be the
best fit for his purposes. The children are all very friendly, but are also well guarded.

Maybe one or two adults of each of the clans...

Pondering this, he almost doesn’t realize when he meets Senju Tobirama.

And then he can’t look away. He’s never seen someone so-

....the leaf village can’t come get who they steal back if the person they take is their strongest ninja,
he’s pretty sure.

He’s too busy staring at the Nidaime to notice the two men beside him. Very unimpressed.

Original comment
Previous chapter: 120 (kitsunesongs)
No next chapters, end of thread.

Chapter 126 ↓

by chimericColoratura

( TOBIRAMA IS RYUJIN. Who was kind to the lost princess Kaguya and that is why she never
attacked him. Indra was drawn to Ryujin, yes. Poor guy. Zetsu fucked Indra up hard)

Tobirama stares at Izuna, Izuna who had grown to be beautiful and capricious and cruel, but capable
of great kindness and empathy and support. Izuna, who is Madara’s brother, and could draw out his
worst drives too easily, or check them and redirect them to something useful. Izuna, Madara’s last
Anchor to sanity before he and Hashirama became involved with the two Uchiha.
Izuna, who is staring at him wide eyed and guileless. “You! You saved Myo-nii! And Toga-nii!”

...wait what. What.

Madara’s other brothers. The ones who’d died long before Hashirama and he had met.

Tobirama needs to think. He points towards the nearest patrol. "Go."

“But! What’s your name? Do you need a home? Are you a Kami?"

...he’d forgotten Izuna used to be like this. He turns away without answering, and all that marks his passage is a flutter of grass. He feels Izuna’s disappointment, but the older-younger boy turns and goes. And he can feel the desperate, protective fire of Madara, looking for his youngest brother.

He... had forgotten there was a time when Madara’s chakra would lack the taint of possessive fear.

———

Madara wraps himself around his younger brother, shaking and almost crying, because he had felt Izuna’s fear. Just like he’d felt Myo’s. And Togakushi’s. And once again, they are home, and feeling of that soft, gentle chakra, water and nurturing and calm.

Madara could very easily come to love the source of that chakra, who had saved his precious siblings.

This war... is trying to steal his brothers from him. Has been stealing other people’s brothers from them. Their brothers and fathers and sons and sisters and mothers and daughters. The anguish and pain of his clan, building with each loss.

How more and more of them have the terrible, awful eyes of sorrow. The ones that let you rage at the world and protect what remains of your heart, but slowly steals the light from your eyes.

...he needs to find a way to stop this. Before his brothers stop getting lucky in the kindness of a stranger.

———

Tobirama hums as he mixes the ingredients for the milk-substitute he’d created. Moyama is weaned now, but it had helped him take care of her for mother. And now, with the stress of being in a clan at war, some mothers need help feeding their babies.

So he will give them that help.

Setting another batch aside to dehydrate and put in a bamboo canister, he has no idea that his father’s thoughtful presence is not contemplating a new strategy of defense... but one of resource expansion.

———

Their allies are swift to spread the word of a way to feed a baby without a wet-nurse. One that was safe, reliable, and easy to use. First the servants, too busy and stressed to regularly nurse their children, and then by lesser nobles, some finding out from their more sympathetic servants.

And then... the high nobles. Like the Daimyo.

Who are willing to provide samurai guards on supply trains carrying such things, preventing them from being stolen or hijacked by other shinobi.
The amount of money it brings in... is enough to see their whole clan through the winter. Even if they don’t take quite so many missions.

Watching the easing in the shinobi of his clan, Tobirama ponders.

———

Instead of just working on jutsu refinements for battle, or healing, he starts on things to improve the speed and quality of their crafts. He knows, from before, that the Uchiha do much the same.

Puppetry, to make better prosthetics. Seals, to improve the quality of life in the houses, to keep water clean, to keep disease down.

A cooling box, a container to keep ingredients cold for longer, with seals that run on small charges of ambient chakra. Which lets them keep food sound longer.

Which means less is wasted.

He... can turn his mind to broader things, now. He has reason to try and improve things.

He knows the future if they don’t. And... if he makes stuff better... could they also be better?

Original comment

Previous chapter: 119 (kitsunesongs)

Next chapters not indexed because of Ao3 word limitations. Visit the comments for the next chapters.

Chapter End Notes

Important announcement

Dear commenters,

I would like to thank you all for the contributions made to this comment fic. The comment section has been very active lately, and it is always a delight to read you all. This comment fic has developed tremendously. With more than five threads and parallel plots, it has become a fic of its own.

I am currently working through >100 comments daily to update this chapter. The count keeps increasing day after day and the different threads do not seem to be ending anytime soon. On the contrary, new threads are about to be opened.

I am very happy to see the activity and creativity of the commenters, however, we are now running into practical limitations. This chapter is reaching the character limits imposed by Ao3. Of the original 500,000 characters allowed, there now only remain 5,254.

I do not intend to open a second chapter for this comment fic for two reasons. The first one is that I cannot keep up with the rate at which the comment fic is developing. The second one is that I do not feel that a fic of such quality deserves to only be in the comments of another fic. So—if they wish it—I would like to encourage
chimericColoratura and the others to publish it as a full story of its own (or multiple ones, for the different threads).

Of course, I'll keep the current chapters as they are, and will continue updating them until the maximum character count is reached (probably one or two more chapters). Past that point, I will stop updating the chapters that are too long.

I'll continue reading the comments avidly, and if they are ported to a new fic, I'll be happy to link to it and to follow it as a reader.

Again, thanks to the commenters for making this experience such an exciting one. And apologies for not being able to continue collecting this comment fic with you.

Kheriv.
Not a chapter - Illustration

Chapter Summary

Again, thanks to Leanne for this beautiful illustration of chapter 12!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!