Afterlife

by Kael_Vercorian

Summary

Tobirama finds it interesting how similar the afterlife is to the living world. There are cities, plants, and animals; though he's seen several species he doesn't recognize. It's more peaceful here, however; war doesn't seem to exist in this place. The only major difference is that everyone here has the ability to look at the memories of their alternate dimension's self. With this ability, he answers several of his 'what if' questions.

Notes

Even though I have two other stories to write, this demanded to be written. Updates for this story will be sporadic. This story will mostly be different sex scenes between Alt!Tobirama and Alt!othercharacter.

A lot of the sex ideas I have for this story were inspired by pictures I saw on Pixiv. I asked my brain, 'Brain, how can I write all of this sex while connecting it to one story?' And my brain said, 'Wouldn't it be cool if dead people could view the memories of
I usually avoid writing any sort of religious thing, not wanting to offend anyone. However, I don't really mention any religion in particular, or talk about God and angels. So, I don't think I wrote anything that would majorly offend any religion, unless you're offended by the idea of technology in the afterlife.

Anyway, this isn't meant to be a story with any significant plot, just sex. Some of the chapters will contain noncom. I'll put warning at the beginning of each chapter, warning for that and any other kink that I think would squick people out.

This chapter is Madara/Tobirama. Noncon. Edo Tensei Tobirama, which could count as necrophilia, I suppose. Also, Madara uses those chakra rods on Tobirama, but he doesn't feel pain that strongly as an animated corpse.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Intro then MadaTobi, noncon, Edo Tensei Tobi

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It’s disorienting to wake up after the Edo Tensei jutsu has been released. Tobirama looks around, curiously, to see that he’s in a large meadow. He glances down at himself, noticing that he’s wearing his casual outfit, a blue kimono with a yellow sash, rather than his armor. Also, he appears to be in his twenties rather than the age he actually died as.

“Tobirama!”

He hears his brother shout and looks up, surprised, to see Hashirama running towards him. He braces himself for the impact of his brother’s tackle hug, but instead Hashirama goes through him. What the hell? He looks down at himself to find that he’s gone transparent.

He glances at Hashirama, who has an equally baffled expression on his face. The two of them look to the left as they hear soft laughter. “You’ll learn to control that in time. No one here can touch anyone else unless they allow it. I suppose it wouldn’t be a proper heaven, otherwise.” Tobirama’s eyes widen as he realizes who’s speaking.

“Kawarama,” he says softly. And next to his brother is, “Itama.”

With a cry of “brother!” Hashirama rushes over to the two of them. “You’ve grown,” says Hashirama, surprised. “You look to be as old as Tobirama and I.”

Itama grins at that. “Yeah, the age you look is also something you can learn to control. Kawarama and I thought it would be less awkward if we were the same age as you guys, rather than looking like kids when we’re not anymore.”

“Huh,” says Hashirama, looking around. “So this is the afterlife? I don’t remember it.”

“Time can flow differently here. That Kabuto guy summoned your souls from shortly after you died, before you had a chance to reach the afterlife. But your souls didn’t go back to that time when the jutsu released. You’re in the same timeline as those who died during the Fourth Shinobi War,” says Kawarama.

“Does everyone end up in this meadow when they die?” asks Tobirama curiously.

Itama shakes his head. “There are a few different places that people first appear in. When Kawarama and I sensed your souls incoming, we rushed over here. We get to show you around,” he says, grinning.

“This place is similar to the living world in a lot of ways, plants and animals, even cities. But it’s more peaceful. Since nobody can touch anyone else without permission, no one gets hurt unless they’re wanting to fight,” says Kawarama.

“This place is also a lot bigger. Everyone here could spread out if they wanted, with at least ten miles between each other. Most prefer to live in or near a city, though. Humans are social creatures by nature,” says Itama.

“Also,” says Kawarama, pulling something out of his pocket, “we have these.” The device is rectangular and red. “It’s called a cell phone and the name is based on a device created by one of the living from another dimension.”
Hashirama and Tobirama just look at it, baffled. “This button here turns the device on, and from there you get a menu of options. The one at the top says, ‘phone.’ It’s from here that you can contact anyone else in this dimension’s afterlife. If you know their name, anyway. That’s how you contact their cell phone, by typing their name into here,” says Kawarama.

After explaining how the phone system works, he shows them where the back button is, so that they can get back to the main screen. “The second option,” says Itama, now with his own phone out, “is called map. It shows a picture of the entire afterlife on it, with options to zoom in on particular areas. Another feature of this allows you to find someone else, if you’ve connected your phone to theirs.”

Itama presses a button on top of his phone, causing a small stick to pop out of the top. “If you look in your pockets, you two should find a phone of your own.” Tobirama reaches into his pocket, pulling out a blue version of the device in Itama’s hands, while Hashirama’s is green.

Itama holds his phone out and when Tobirama does the same, Itama presses the stick of his phone into a slot in Tobirama’s phone. The words ‘connecting: Itama Senju’ flashes on his phone’s screen. He repeats this process with Kawarama and Hashirama, and then Hashirama to Itama and Kawarama, so that everyone’s phones are connected.

“There, now we’ll always be able to find each other. We could only sense you earlier because you were incoming souls. Now that you’re here, we’d have to be within a few miles to sense your chakra,” says Itama.

“Can the phone do anything else?” asks Hashirama.

“Yes it can,” says Kawarama, grinning. “My favorite thing this phone can do is let you view the memories of your alternate dimension’s self.”

“What?” asks Tobirama, bemused.

“It’s really fun,” replies Itama. He goes to the main menu on his phone and shows them the option ‘Alternate View.’ After pressing that option, three new words pop into view. ‘Ask, View Public, View Private.’ “Okay, so when you press ask, you can then enter a question into the phone. Based on what you ask, it’ll show you a memory from one of your alternate self’s. And by show you, I mean it’ll be like you’re experiencing the memory yourself. I suggest sitting down when you’re doing this, so you don’t fall down. Your body will act like it’s sleeping while you’re viewing the memory,” says Itama.

“Each dimension is given a number and letter combination, for identification purposes,” says Kawarama. “When you press the ‘View Public’ button, a list of all the dimensions you’ve seen will pop up. This lets you compare with other people, to see if you’ve seen the same dimension. The ‘View Private’ option will show you what question you typed in to view that dimension in the first place. As soon as you look away from the screen, the ‘View Private’ menu will disappear and you’ll go back to the main menu. This is for privacy’s sake. The only way anyone else can see your questions is if you’re looking at the screen at the same time.”

“So we can really see other versions of ourselves?” asks Tobirama.

“Mmhmm. It’ll be more like you’re seeing through their eyes, though. You’ll get a muted feeling of what they were feeling while the memory is happening, as well. If you concentrate, you’ll even be able to hear their thoughts. You won’t be able to control anything that happens in the memory, it’s basically like a recording,” says Itama. “You can pull out of the memory at any time, as well. I suggest picking a relaxed memory to practice with at first.”

“I have a question that’s not about the phones,” says Hashirama. He continues when he receives an encouraging nod from Itama. “Madara died at the same time as Tobirama and I did, right? Is he
“He is,” says Kawarama. “We sensed him as well. He arrived in a different part of the afterlife, a more shady part.”

Itama tsks. “He’s a criminal, he arrived at the criminal area. Trying to enslave the world, honestly. He won’t be able to leave that part of the afterlife unless he gets less crazy. Those who arrive outside that area can come and go from that there as they please, though.”

“So I’ll be able to visit him,” says Hashirama. He looks briefly happy but then worried. “Is that area like a prison?”

“Eh, not really,” says Kawarama, waving a hand dismissively. “It’s a few cities and a whole lot of wildlife. Honestly, they should be lucky they didn’t end up in some sort of hell like place. But sometimes people will visit that place to try to rehabilitate some of those people. The visitors are usually those who were priests or councilors when they were alive. It gives them something to do, I guess, as most of the people outside the prison area are well adjusted enough not to need a therapist.”

Hashirama looks off into the distance, like he wants to rush to Madara’s side right this instant. Itama smiles at him. “Come on, we’ll show you two where the prison area’s at. We can chat along the way, reacquaint ourselves with each other. We’ve missed you guys; you’ve kept us waiting a long time,” says Itama.

“Decades,” says Kawarama, smiling. “But now we have eternity to hang out, with each other and our friends.”

The journey to the prison area only takes about a few hours; and along the way, Tobirama can’t help but ask, “What if someone isn’t wearing pockets when they arrive? Where does the phone appear at?”

Itama looks surprised, “Um, I think it arrives in their hand, then.”

“What happens if they leave the phone somewhere, not knowing what it is?” he asks.

Kawarama’s shoulders shake as he laughs. “Then it scares the life out of them when it appears next to them a few hours later,” he says with an amused grin.

Tobirama’s eyebrows raise in surprise. “The phones can teleport?”

“Yeah, it’s not possible to lose them,” replies Itama.

When Itama announces, “We’re at the border,” Tobirama looks around curiously. Out of the corner of his eye, he can see a shimmer in the air, stretching sideways for miles. Seeing his look,
Itama explains, “That’s the barrier that keeps them in. Not sure how it works, though.”

“We got here rather fast, didn’t we?” asks Hashirama, looking behind them. The forest they’re now in doesn’t look anything like the forest/meadow area they first arrived in.

“We got here as fast as we wanted to,” replies Kawarama. “If we had wanted to take the slow route, taking three weeks to get here, then we would have. Itama and I wanted time to talk with you on the way here, so we delayed the journey a few hours. But, usually, if you will it, you can get to a new area within a few minutes.”

“Huh, that’s handy,” says Hashirama, walking up to the barrier. Tobirama frowns at it, not particularly wanting to go see Madara. “Tobirama?” asks Hashirama, noticing that his brother hasn’t come any closer.

“I just saw Madara this morning, before we died a second time. And I don’t really have anything to say to him,” replies Tobirama flatly.

“Oh,” says Hashirama, shoulders drooping.

“That’s fine,” says Itama, “I’ll take you to see him while Kawarama shows Tobirama around. We can meet up later, yeah?”

“Sounds good to me,” says Kawarama, and gets a nod from Tobirama.

The four of them split up then, Itama leading Hashirama into the prison area, while Kawarama leads Tobirama in the opposite direction. His younger brother gets out his phone and brings up the map. “Itama and I share a house, here,” says Kawarama, pointing at the map. “We have a couple guest rooms. You two can either choose to live with us, or only live there long enough to find homes of your own.”

“Hmm. Perhaps somewhere near by?” suggests Tobirama. “Of course, with the ability to practically teleport places, I suppose distance isn’t really an issue. Even if we don’t live with the two of you long term, I’m sure we’ll visit.”

They arrive at Kawarama’s house then, so he gives Tobirama a tour, showing him where the guest rooms are, as well as the kitchen. “Even though we’re spirits, we do feel hunger, just not as often as when we were alive,” says Kawarama.
The day is still young, so Kawarama leads him to their next destination, which turns out to be a large park, full of flowering trees. There is a pond in the middle and benches scattered throughout the park. He recognizes some of the people here. His eyebrows rise in surprise. “There are both Senju and Uchiha here,” he says, surprised.

Kawarama grins at him. “Yep, this park is neutral territory. People from both clans come here, to work through their anger with each other. The dead have no need to hold onto grudges, so we come here to learn how to forgive and forget. The tradition started a few centuries before Itama and I died. I guess at some point, some of the people from the two clans got tired of being angry at each other all the time.”

Tobirama looks around the park, seeing dozens of Senju and Uchiha interacting with each other peacefully. “It seems death really is peaceful, after all,” he says, amused. “I don’t think I want to talk to them today, though.”

“That’s fine. I wasn’t ready to make peace with them for at least a few years. Neither was Itama; he was rather bitter about them killing me. But eventually, you stop caring about that. This place is peaceful and everyone you care about will end up here eventually. With that in mind, it’s difficult to stay angry at the one who killed you,” says Kawarama.

He grabs Tobirama’s arm, and gently tugs him along to leave the park before anyone notices them. “If we stay much longer, someone’s going to come and start chatting with us,” he explains. “I was thinking that tomorrow, Itama and I could show you and Hashirama a few of the cities. There are cities with the same level of tech as Konoha, and others are so futuristic that it looks like witchcraft.”

They take the scenic route back to Kawarama’s house, allowing Tobirama to take in the view. It really did seem peaceful here. Tobirama looks at everything curiously, noticing that some of the plants were species that he had never seen before, perhaps they didn’t even exist in the living world. There were plenty of animals around: birds, cats, dogs, even lizards. He only saw a few types of insects, though: honey bees, butterflies, ladybugs, and other harmless insects that people didn’t mind looking at. No mosquitos, gnats, ants, or spiders.

Hashirama and Itama came home right as Kawarama and he finished making dinner. Judging by the look on Hashirama’s face, the meeting with Madara had gone well, though he had his doubts about whether Madara would ever repent enough to leave the prison area.

Dinner tonight was a simple dish of fish with a side salad; but when Hashirama and he first took a bite, their eyes widened in amazement. “Good, isn’t it?” asks Itama, smiling. “All of the food here tastes better. Though you’ll still have preferences. If you didn’t like sour food when alive, you still won’t like it now. But the foods you did like taste twice as good.”
“And it’s easy to grow,” says Kawarama. “The dirt is always perfect, and you never need to water the garden. They’re able to live off of the rain, which occurs three to four times a week.”

“This place really is wonderful,” says Hashirama, awed.

“It almost seems too good to be true,” replies Tobirama pessimistically.

Itama shrugs. “It is called heaven for reason, isn’t it? We suffered enough while alive, especially those of us who fought in the war. I think we deserve some peace after all that.”

“And this world isn’t *that* different from the living world, it’s just a bit easier,” says Kawarama. “People still have to build their own houses and furniture; we can get married and have children, though not as easily. People can’t have more than one child every few centuries.”

The four of them spend the rest of the evening making small talk, getting to know each other all over again. It has been so long since Tobirama has seen his younger brothers that he has forgotten some of their interests: their favorite colors, animal, flower; all these things are new to him again.

A few hours after the sun has set, the four of them separate to go into their own rooms, to unwind before bed. Today has been a good day, decides Tobirama. Perhaps, if he continues to get along with his family, then staying here would alright. There’s plenty of room in the surrounding area for him to work on creating jutsu, though he wonders if there’s anything that hasn’t already been done before. With a way to view alternate worlds, is there anything that hasn’t been discovered yet? Regardless, even if he can’t be the one to create it, simply learning about new things is interesting enough to him.

Speaking of new things, he gets out his phone and contemplates whether he wants to use the ‘Alternate View’ feature now or later. He is rather curious about it, but what should he ask to see? He spends a while thinking about it before deciding that he wants to see how the war with Madara could have ended differently.

He presses ‘Ask’ and types in ‘What would have happened if Madara won the war and Kaguya wasn’t part of the equation?’ He feels a curious sensation as he hits ‘enter.’ It feels like his mind is slipping downward. Luckily, he was already lying on the bed or he’s sure he would have fallen down. He closes his eyes, opening them to see himself back on the battlefield.

Everywhere he looks, there are shinobi stuck inside the cocoons created by the Ten Tail’s tree form. It’s an odd feeling, to be stuck inside a memory of himself. He could feel his alternate’s
emotions, though they aren’t as strong as his own; physical sensation is as strong as he remembers it to be. Although, as he’s currently in his Edo Tensei body, his sense of pain is greatly reduced.

He can sense Madara approaching and knows that his brother has been defeated. His teeth clench together. If not even Hashirama can stop Madara, then no one can. He looks at all the people wrapped in the tree’s cocoons and feels saddened that everyone is forever going to be trapped in an endless genjutsu. What right did Madara have to choose how everyone should live, just because he couldn’t accept reality as it is?

The fight he has now with Madara ends up the same way it did earlier that day: with him pinned down by chakra rods. He’s flat on his back, a chakra rod in the center of his chest and one pinning his hands above his head. Madara smirks down at him, smug. The Uchiha kneels down in front of him and grabs his legs. The other moves his legs until his feet are flat on the ground, knees pointed towards the sky; then he places a chakra rod through each foot.

Tobirama glares up at the sky, wondering why Madara is moving him around like a mannequin. His eyes dart towards Madara as the other man pulls out a kunai and proceeds to cut Tobirama’s pants off. His eyes widen in outrage. “What the hell are you doing?” he asks.

Madara gives him a flat stare, stating, “You talk too much.” The Uchiha gets up and moves until he can reach Tobirama’s face. He tilts Tobirama’s head back, pressing on the man’s cheeks to force his mouth open. He focuses on the chakra rod pinning Tobirama’s hands down and causes a second one to grow from it, extending into Tobirama’s open mouth to the back of the Senju’s throat. Tobirama makes a choked noise, saliva escaping his mouth. Which is weird, as Tobirama was certain that the jutsu from his own timeline did not give the reanimated corpse the ability to create saliva. Was it his alternate self that gave the corpses this or did Orochimaru modify his other self’s jutsu?

“There,” says Madara smugly, “That ought to keep you in place and quiet. I’m not in the mood for any of your sarcastic quips. Instead, I’m going to celebrate my victory.”

Tobirama doesn’t need to guess how Madara plans to ‘celebrate’; ripping off his pants made it pretty clear what Madara is going to do to him. He closes his eyes when he feels Madara’s hands on his thighs. He’s starting to wonder if he should try to figure out how to leave his other self’s memories. And at that thought, he starts to feel slightly more disconnected from his other self, as if he’s about to leave at any moment. After a moment of thought, he decides to stay, causing everything to go back into focus. Perhaps it’s strange of him, but he finds himself feeling curious about whether those brought back by the Edo Tensei jutsu can feel arousal.

Tobirama can feel fingers running up and down his thighs, feather light. It was odd that he could feel such a light touch on his skin, yet he couldn’t feel the chakra rods stuck through his muscles. His teeth clench around the chakra rod in his mouth as he feels a hand wrap his cock. He hadn’t actually expected it to be possible for him to get aroused in this form, but he can feel heal pooling
in his stomach as his cock gradually grows to full hardness.

He hears Madara’s surprised laugh; it seems like the other man hadn’t thought this false body could react either. “I see I won’t be the only enjoying myself then,” says Madara, smug.

Madara’s other hand makes its way to his entrance, sliding two fingers fully inside him. His eyes widen as those fingers brush against his prostrate, a muffled moan escaping his throat before he can stop it.

Tobirama closes his eyes tightly, a mix of frustration and pleasure thrumming through his veins. He’s helpless like this, unable to move even an inch. He doesn’t know whether he wants to pull away from Madara’s fingers or push into them, and he can’t do either. Strangely, he thinks the inability to move might actually be increasing his arousal, which is a kink he didn’t know he had before today.

The fingers slide out of him and then there is the sound of rustling cloth before he feels something much bigger than fingers entering him. Once again, there is no pain, even though were he in a normal body the lack of lube and the rough way Madara enters him would have torn him open. Instead, he feels like his nerves have been electrified. Did he even have a nervous system in this form? And every time Madara brushes against that sensitive bundle of nerves inside him, he lets out a muffled moan or whimper.

He wants to push his hips back against Madara’s thrusts, but all he can do is lie here and accept what Madara gives him. The pleasure is building inside him, and his breath is coming in heavy pants even though he’s fairly certain he doesn’t need to breathe in this form. He feels a hand wrap around his aching cock, stroking him firmly. The pleasure overwhelms him then and, with a muffled yell, his orgasm rips through him, though no semen comes out. Madara’s thrusts speed up, hands gripping his hips tightly, sending aftershocks of pleasure through him. A minute later, he feels warm liquid fill him as Madara finds his release.

As Madara pulls out of him, so too does the chakra rod remove itself from his mouth. Finally able to lift his up his head, he glares at Madara darkly. The other man chuckles at him. “You’re not going to tell me you didn’t enjoy yourself, are you?” asks Madara.

Tobirama scowls at him, staying silent. He watches, puzzled, as Madara removes the chakra rods from his feet and shrinks the ones in his chest and hands to a smaller size. Madara grabs a fistful of his hair and pulls him up to a sitting position. His eyes narrow at the smug, mocking smile on the Uchiha’s face. When the other man presses their mouths together, he refuses to part his lips for Madara’s invading tongue.

However, Madara refuses to be denied and forces Tobirama’s mouth open by pressing his fingers against Tobirama’s cheeks. His eyes fall closed as Madara’s tongue slides into his mouth, reluctantly admitting to himself that the other man is good at this. But he refuses to admit to feeling
a bit disappointed when Madara pulls back.

When Madara picks him up, putting him over the man’s shoulder, he angrily asks, “What are you doing?” Then, “Where are we going?” as the man begins to move.

He can hear the smirk in Madara’s voice when the man responds. “I’m going to figure out a way to put you and the other reanimated Hokages into my Infinite Tsukuyomi. Of course, doing that requires actually being in the vicinity of the others.”

Tobirama grimaces, sure that his face would be turning red if he still had blood. Madara was bringing him near his brother in this state? “Can I cover up first?” he asks, almost desperately. But Madara just laughs in reply.

“Why should I allow that? I rather like seeing you like this,” says Madara, running his hand over the back of Tobirama’s legs. His hand travels higher, finding that his seed has started to run down the Senju’s thighs.

“Perhaps I’ll even give your brother a show,” he says, pushing two fingers into Tobirama’s entrance. He hears the younger man let out a strangled whimper, though he’s unsure whether that’s due to his actions or words. “Maybe I’ll even let him join in. I’ll pin the two of you together with the chakra rods, with you sitting on his lap and his cock sheathed inside you.”

Tobirama stares at the ground, eyes wide at the images Madara’s words conjure in his mind. Something that humiliating shouldn’t be making him hard again; but then, Madara’s fingers are insistently rubbing against his prostrate, so that might have something to do with it.

Tobirama decides then to disconnect from his alternate self’s memories. He doesn’t think he could look his brother in the eyes in the morning if he watched any further. When he next opens his eyes, he’s back in his room, lying on the bed. Glancing at the alarm clock on the bedside table, he sees that only an hour has passed.

He sets the phone on the table and decides to call it a night, falling asleep within a few minutes. The next day, he wanders around the backyard, thinking about the memory he witnessed last night while staring at the phone. “Thinking about trying the memory viewer?” asks Itama, walking up to him.

Tobirama grimaces, “I already have. It was…odd.”

Itama studies Tobirama’s expression, noticing the light blush on his brother’s face. “Oh, did you accidently end up in a sex one already?” he asks, amused. Tobirama’s startled eyes meet his.
“Is that kind of thing common?” asks Tobirama.

“It depends on how specific you are, I guess. If you’re too vague, then about seventy percent of the time, you’ll get something sex related. I’ve heard a theory about why that happens. It’s thought that because so many people deliberately search for sex related memories, that it influences the phone into assuming that you’re searching for something sex related unless you tell it otherwise,” says Itama.

“It almost sounds like you’re saying the phone is sentient,” replies Tobirama.

“Well, none of us actually know whether or not it is, but that wasn’t exactly what I meant. I think you’ll understand better once you’ve learned what computers are,” says Itama. “Kawarama and I can take you and Hashirama to the city today, to show you.”

Tobirama nods his head. “I’d like that. Thank you.”

Itama grins in reply before going back inside the house in search of Kawarama and Hashirama, to tell them the plans for the day. There’s so much interesting stuff to show them, and he’s looking forward to seeing how they react to all the advanced tech. And more than that, he’s just happy to finally have all three of his brothers with him.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so I know pixiv artists don't want their work to be posted on other websites without permission, but I think linking to it might be okay. If one of the pictures I link to is yours, and you don't want me to, let me know and I'll take it down.

You'll probably need a pixiv account to see the pictures.
http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?mode=manga_big&illust_id=48520225&page=3
http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?mode=manga_big&illust_id=49012750&page=1

If you have any requests for a pairing + kink, then I'll take it into consideration though I can't guarantee that I'll be able to write it.
**Kinkaku/Tobirama/Ginkaku, noncon**

**Chapter Notes**

Before seeing the pictures on pixiv, the pairing Kinkaku/Tobirama/Ginkaku would not have occurred to me. But we know he fought them at some point, though we don't know whether they killed him or not. I figure, if they managed to overpower him, it might not be too farfetched that they'd want to have some 'fun' with him before they killed him.

The most difficult thing about writing this chapter was keeping track of which of them had gold hair or silver hair. Ginkaku has silver hair, while Kinkaku has gold hair.

Warning for this chapter: noncon

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Tobirama had spent most of the day yesterday hanging out with his brothers and learning about the new world they live in. It had been nice, and he had learned quite a bit about computers like Itama had wanted. Today, though, he wants to spend exploring alternate realities. He frowns at his phone for a few minutes, trying to think about what to enter.

The last time, he had chosen to see how the battle with Madara could have ended differently. Perhaps he should pick a different fight from his life? There were quite a few, but one that stands out the most right now is his battle with the Gold and Silver brothers. He opens the ‘Alternate View’ option on his phone and types in his question.

**How could his fight with Ginkaku and Kinkaku have ended differently?**

He hits enter and within a few moments, he’s entered the memory of one of his alternates. The first feeling he registers is exhaustion. A few memories flash through his head, showing him a fight that is eerily similar to one he had with the Ginkaku and Kinkaku of his world.

He can feel his body move; and like last time, it feels natural, almost as if he’s in control, while at the same time there’s a feeling of disconnectedness. The three of them exchange blows, and he notices that the Gold and Silver brothers are faring better than he is. He’s bleeding from several cuts, has multiple bruises, and he’s quickly running out of chakra. If he remembers right, it was around this time in his own world that he decided to retreat, realizing that this was not a battle he could win.

In his dimension, he had quickly left, eventually meeting up with his team consisting of Sarutobi, Homura, Koharu, Danzo, Kagami, and Torifu. The six of them were low on chakra, having just finished battles of their own, so he had attempted to lead them back to Konoha. Unfortunately, a group of Jounin working for Kinkaku had caught up to them, forcing him to act as a decoy to allow his team to escape. Knowing he would not survive the battle, he had named Sarutobi as the new Hokage.

In this dimension, however, Ginkaku and Kinkaku do not allow him to escape. Before too long, he’s pinned down by Kinkaku, who has wrapped his hands around Tobirama’s throat. He tries to pry the other man’s hands off, and is unsurprised when he doesn’t succeed. When he had entered this ‘what if’ into the phone, he had known there were two different ways this fight could have
gone. Either he would have found some way to defeat the brothers, or they would have killed him. But no death blow comes, either from a blade or Kinkaku squeezing his neck to paste.

Instead, an odd look enters Kinkaku’s eyes as he stares intently at Tobirama. A malicious grin appears on the golden haired man’s face. “You know, you actually look kind of pretty covered in blood,” purrs Kinkaku. Tobirama’s movements still as shock courses through him.

Kinkaku leans down and swipes his tongue over the stripe on Tobirama’s cheek, also getting a taste of blood from a shallow cut on Tobirama’s face. He shudders at the action, renewing his attempts to pry Kinkaku’s fingers from his neck.

“Ginkaku, help me tie his arms up,” says Kinkaku. The silver haired man unseals some rope from a storage scroll. The two of them then each grab one of Tobirama’s arms and yank them behind his back before tying them together.

Tobirama gets a muted feel of rage and panic from his alternate self, but he’s mostly feeling a vague sense of curiosity. First Madara and now the Silver and Gold brothers. He wonders, if he uses the ‘what if’ function of his phone long enough, if he’ll see a version of himself raped by every enemy he’s ever fought. And with that in mind, he’ll need to word any ‘what if’ questions concerning his childhood very carefully. He has no interest in finding out which of his enemies was secretly a child molester.

The two of them strip him slowly, starting with his sandals and blue armor. When Ginkaku removes his haphuri, the silver haired man nips at his ear, causing him to turn his head away irritably. His face has started to turn red as Kinkaku uses a kunai to cut his shirt off. With one of them in front of him and the other behind, there’s no direction he can move in to lean away from them.

One of them runs his fingers up and down Tobirama’s chest while the other lightly rakes his nails down his back. When Kinkaku pinches his nipple, he has to bite down on his lip to stifle a moan. While still touching his chest and back, the two of them begin to suck and nip at his neck, one of them on each side.

It becomes more difficult to stay quiet then. His neck has always been sensitive, and the feeling of teeth on his neck has heat pooling in his stomach. He can’t help the involuntary jerk of his hips when one of them begins to suck marks onto his neck.

“Heh, are you getting hard, pretty?” mocks Kinkaku, moving one of his hands from Tobirama’s nipples to cup the Senju’s erection through his pants. A soft moans escapes through Tobirama’s parted lips, as he spreads his legs a few inches before he can stop himself. Humiliation burns through him as his body responds to their touches, his cock now half hard.

Ginkaku moves to sit beside Tobirama and grabs a handful of the Senju’s hair, turning the other man’s head towards him to press their lips together in a rough kiss. Ginkaku’s tongue forces its way into his mouth, and Tobirama briefly considers biting it off. However, he understands that doing so would only make things worse for him in the long run. Right now, the brothers aren’t causing him any serious injury; they’re molesting him, yes, but they’re not making the process as painful as he knows it could be. If he has to put up with the other man’s tongue in his mouth so that the two of them don’t rip him open, then so be it.

A muffled moan escapes him when Ginkaku nibbles on his lower lip. His hands clench into fists as Kinkaku slowly slides his pants down his legs before tossing them away. He wishes they hadn’t tied his fingers together; if he could form hand signs then he could teleport away. Instead, he’s stuck here as Kinkaku wraps calloused fingers around his cock, stroking him slowly and teasingly. The two of them are determined to drive him insane, he’s certain of it.

Tobirama’s arms strain against the ropes binding them, back arching as Ginkaku rubs and pinches
his nipples. Kinkaku grins at him; enjoying the sight of sweat sliding down flushed skin and the sight of the Senju’s cock leaking precum. He swipes his fingers over the man’s slit, rubbing the fluid into the head of Tobirama’s cock. His other hand reaches down and lightly rubs against the white haired man’s ball sack, earning him a whimper from the other man. He grins at the sound of it. The Nidaime is trying so hard to resist their advances and failing spectacularly.

Ginkaku pulls back from the kiss and swipes his thumb over Tobirama’s bottom lip. He slides two fingers into the other man’s mouth, pressing down against his tongue. Tobirama looks uncertain, like he’s not sure how to react. Hesitantly, the Senju begins to suck on the fingers in his mouth, causing Ginkaku to let out a soft moan. Pupils dilated, Ginkaku stares at Tobirama hungrily, imagining what the other man’s mouth will feel like wrapped around his cock.

Kinkaku gets out a bottle of lube and coats two of his fingers. Tobirama glances at him warily, realizing what he’s about to do. Judging by the narrowing of the Senju’s eyes, he guesses that the other man is thinking about kicking him. “Tch. Don’t put up a fuss, Nidaime-san,” he says mockingly. “I don’t have to be nice enough to prepare you, after all.”

Kinkaku can see that the threat has registered with Tobirama, and receives little resistant as he maneuvers the man into place. The Senju is lying on the ground, halfway on his side to avoid putting pressure on his tied up arms. He wraps one of Tobirama’s legs around his waist, exposing the other man’s entrance. He smirks at the other man, who looks away with an embarrassed blush. He slides his fingers into the other man, one at a time, sucking in a sharp breath at the feeling of muscles clamped around his fingers. He licks his bottom lip, imagining how it will feel to slide his cock into that tight heat.

Tobirama, however, does not seem to be enjoying this as much as he is, seeing as he’s scowling. “Lighten up, darling,” he drawls, moving his fingers around. He can tell he’s found the man’s prostrate when the Senju’s breathe hitches, eyes widening. While Kinkaku prepares the Senju, Ginkaku begins to undress.

Ginkaku runs his fingers through Tobirama’s hair, getting a wary look from the other man. He grins down at the other, reaching down to stroke his own cock. The other man’s eyes are drawn to the movement, biting his lip nervously. “Don’t be shy, Nidaime-san. Open up for me,” purrs Ginkaku. He presses the head of his cock against Tobirama’s mouth, smearing precum against the Senju’s lips.

A particularly hard jab against Tobirama’s prostrate has him opening his mouth in a gasp; and Ginkaku quickly takes advantage, sliding the first two inches of his cock into the other man’s mouth. “Remember not to bite, pretty,” says Ginkaku, rubbing his thumb against the other man’s cheek. “If you do, I’ll have to cut out your tongue.”

Tobirama glares at Ginkaku angrily before his eyes flicker to Kinkaku, who has entered a third finger into him. The stretch is uncomfortable, and Kinkaku has a tight grip on his hips, preventing him from shifting away from the invading fingers.

Tobirama lets out a muffled moan as Kinkaku begins to firmly rub his prostrate; and the vibrations around Ginkaku’s cock have him jerking his hips forward. Tobirama choking, eyes watering, as Ginkaku’s entire length fills his mouth. His mouth feels uncomfortably stretched and it’s become more difficult to breath. He sucks in a desperate gasp for air when Ginkaku pulls out, only to choke on the exhale as Ginkaku thrusts back in. He blinks a few times, a few tears escaping his eyes.

His eyes close as Ginkaku runs his fingers through his hair, almost tenderly. It feels mocking, and there’s a brief moment where Tobirama wonders if he should exit this memory now. He doesn’t know if he wants to, which he finds a bit puzzling. What has him so curious about this?
Kinkaku pulls his fingers out of Tobirama, and slathers lube on his cock. The Senju’s red eyes meet his as he slowly pushes into the other man. Tobirama tries to shift his hips away, but he holds him place, forcing the white haired man to take his cock. The sight of Tobirama’s lips wrapped around his brother’s cock has his arousal aching. He lets out a deep groan as he fully sheaths himself inside the Senju. He gives the other man a moment to adjust before he begins to move, setting a fast and rough pace.

Tobirama lets out a short, pained noise at the feeling of being so quickly stretched. It was a few minutes before the pain began to subside and pleasure slowly took its place. He squirmed, moaning every time his prostrate was hit. His cock ached, begging for release. Unfortunately, he wasn’t in a position where his cock would rub against anything, and he didn’t think Ginkaku and Kinkaku would care enough to touch him while they focused on their own pleasure.

His mouth is beginning to ache; and wanting to get this over with as quickly as possible, Tobirama begins to suck on Ginkaku’s cock, tongue swiping against the tip every time Ginkaku pulls out. After about a minute of that, warmth fills his mouth as the silver haired man cums in his mouth. The taste is unpleasant, and some of it slips from his mouth as Ginkaku pulls out. And to his irritation, Ginkaku continues to cum, splashing semen onto his face. Not wanting any of it to get in his eyes, he quickly closes them.

A pleased growl escapes Kinkaku’s mouth at the erotic sight of cum dripping down the Senju’s face. He increases the speed of his thrusts, making sure to hit the other man’s prostrate each time. His hands tighten around Tobirama’s hips, a moan slipping from him at the feeling of the Senju’s tight muscles surrounding him. He reaches his climax with a wordless shout, his seed coating Tobirama’s inner walls.

He looks down when he hears a desperate whine coming from the other man, and sees that Tobirama hasn’t cum yet. For a moment, he contemplates leaving the man in this state, denying him release. He could even kill the other man now, leaving his cum covered body to be found by his teammates. However, he eventually decides against it. He’ll let the man have one last orgasm before dying, a reward for behaving so nicely for them.

Tobirama lets out a breathless moan as Kinkaku’s fingers wrap around his cock, pleasure shooting through him. It only takes a few firm strokes before his release hits him, a shudder running down his spine as he bites his lip hard enough to bleed in an attempt to muffle his scream. Semen shoots out of his cock, landing on the ground and covering Kinkaku’s hand.

He feels dazed, tired but content. He blinks slowly as a hand waves in front of his face. “You got my hand dirty, pretty. Clean it up,” murmurs Kinkaku, pressing his palm against Tobirama’s mouth. Too tired to argue, Tobirama’s tongue darts out, licking his cum from Kinkaku’s hand, grimacing slightly at the taste.

“Good boy. You really are such a pretty thing, you know. Maybe we should keep you as a pet,” says Kinkaku, grinning viciously.

Tobirama’s eyes widen, shock plain to see. He had thought they would kill him when they were done, or leave him here in his humiliation. He swallows, looking at them warily. He’s not sure whether it would be worse for them to kill him, or to suffer this humiliation again and again. He doesn’t want to die, but he doesn’t particularly like the idea of a being a sex toy, either.

It is at this point that Tobirama disconnects from his alternate self’s memories, not wanting to see anything further. When he opens his eyes, he’s back in his bedroom, lying on the bed. He looks down at his lap, realizing that he’s hard from what he just witnessed. It’s weird, going from experiencing what his alternate is to going back to his own body. His other self had been exhausted, but he feels well rested now.
He lies on the bed for a minute, trying to ignore his aching cock. Finally, with a sigh of frustration, he slides his pants down just enough to free his length. He brings a hand up to his mouth, biting on it to muffle the noises he makes as he wraps a hand around his cock. He swipes his thumb against the slit, collecting the precum to use as lube. The added moisture makes it feel more pleasurable as he strokes himself firmly.

His hips jerk up, toes curling as the pleasure reaches its peak. His teeth sink into his hand hard enough to draw blood as he tries to muffle the scream that wants to escape his throat. His cock twitches, semen shooting out of it to land all over his hand and stomach. He lies back on the bed for several minutes, feeling dazed and trying to catch his breath. He can’t remember the last time he had an orgasm that intense.

When his legs stop feeling like they’ve turned to jello, he gets up from the bed and grabs a set of clothes from the closet before heading into the shower. The clothes had been bought yesterday at one of the cities his brothers had taken him to. Souls don’t arrive to the afterlife with a closet full of clothes. As he takes his shower, he contemplates the memory he just viewed. The few sexual encounters he’s had while still alive had not been very satisfying, and he’s starting to wonder why. Thinking about it, he realizes that the sex had been ordinary, what some people would call ‘vanilla.’ It may just be that he has a bondage kink, but he hadn’t trusted the people he slept with enough to let them tie him up.

Of course he didn’t trust the people in the memory either, but they hadn’t given him a choice about being tied up, thus forcing him to realize that he enjoyed it. And he was also starting to think he might be bisexual.

He wonders if he should be feeling upset at seeing a version of himself raped. He could tell what his other self was feeling, but the emotions were rather muted; and although the physical sensations were just as strong, Ginkaku and Kinkaku hadn’t actually caused him that much pain. And since he could exit his other self’s memory at any time, he didn’t feel like he, himself, had been raped. And maybe he should have felt sympathy for his other self, instead of just vague curiosity; but it didn’t really feel all that real to him. If he had been watching the event happen, instead of seeing through his other self’s eyes, then he’s sure he would have felt more sympathy. Instead, it just felt kind of like a vivid dream.

Chapter End Notes

Incest, Hashirama/Tobirama with Mokuton bondage, and some Tobirama/Kawarama at the end of the chapter.
In this chapter, everything is consensual.

Tobirama scowls down at the phone in his hand, thinking of what he should type in next. While it may not have been his intention to view a sexual memory the past two times he had used the phone, he now found himself feeling curious. This time, however, he wanted to view a more consensual memory.

He types into the phone, ‘Tobirama has consensual sex with someone he trusts, while tied up,’ and hits enter. Considering he had enjoyed being tied up in the last two memories, he figures it was a safe enough kink to try for now. He could view more adventurous sex at a later date.

When he enters the memory, he’s inside the forest right outside Konoha, sparring with his brother, Hashirama. Puzzled, he glances through the memories of his alternate self and finds out that everything in this universe is the same as his, with one key difference. This version of himself is in love with Hashirama, though he has yet to make his feelings known.

He briefly contemplates leaving the memory before anything can happen; but although he’s not in love with Hashirama like his alternate, he doesn’t feel any disgust from the thought of it either. Currently, he’s watching his other self spar with Hashirama, which seems to be a weekly thing in this dimension.

The fight lasts about another hour; and although most of their sparring matches end with Hashirama holding a kunai to his throat, this time Hashirama uses his Mokuton to restrain him. Tobirama struggles against the vines holding his arms behind his back, irritably noticing that there’s a stronger vine around his waist keeping him seated on the ground.

While he struggles to get his arms free, vines wrap around his legs, forcing them apart. His movements still, blood rushing to his face, as his knees are bent with his feet flat on the ground. Heat pools in his stomach and his pants are starting to feel too tight. He fights against the vines restraining him, panting for breath, and only becomes more aroused when he can’t get free.

“Huh,” says Hashirama, looking surprised. His brother is standing about a foot away, staring down at him, arms crossed, and head tilted in curiosity. “I didn’t know you were into bondage.”

Tobirama glares at him. “Neither did I,” he reluctantly admits.

Hashirama laughs at that, causing Tobirama to scowl. “It’s not funny,” he protests. “And when are you going to let me out of this?”

Hashirama gives him an amused look. “You don’t actually look like you want to be untied,” says Hashirama, smirking. Tobirama opens his mouth to protest, but all that comes out is a low gasp as the vines around his wrists momentarily tighten.

Hashirama gives a smug “See?” before a new vine appears and slowly makes it way up his shirt. He blinks down at it, surprised. Before this, Hashirama’s actions could have been laughed off as
friendly teasing; this however, is definitely sexual.

“What are you doing?” he asks, confused.

“That’s not obvious?” asks Hashirama, eyebrow raised. “I was thinking we could have some fun together.”

Tobirama bites his lip, repressing a moan as one of the vines rubs against his nipple. Part of him wants to protest, to tell Hashirama to let him go because brothers shouldn’t do this. And he knows that Hashirama would let him go if he asked; his brother isn’t the type to force someone to have sex with them. He trusts Hashirama; and despite trying to deny it all these years, he wants his brother in a way that family shouldn’t.

He can’t sense anyone nearby, so they don’t have to worry about being discovered. He stops struggling against the vines, letting Hashirama do what he wants. Recognizing that he’s giving consent, new vines appear to work on removing his pants. The vines around his legs let go long enough for his pants to be removed; and he doesn’t put up a struggle when they move his legs back into position.

He glances up at Hashirama to find the other man watching him hungrily. He feels like his face is on fire with how strongly he’s blushing. It’s embarrassing to be this exposed, but also strangely arousing. New vines sprout up from the ground to wrap around his inner thighs and chest, caressing his skin along the way.

One of the vines rubs against his entrance, causing him to frown at Hashirama. “I am not being fucked by a plant,” he says flatly. The vine moves away from his opening to curl around his erection; he squirms in place, trying to get the plant to move, instead of just resting there around his cock.

He looks over at Hashirama, to see that the other man is watching him, lust evidence in his eyes and a bulge in his pants. “Are you just going to watch or will you be joining me anytime soon?” asks Tobirama.

Hashirama walks over to him then, grinning. “Just waiting for you to ask,” replies Hashirama. “Consent is important, after all.”

Hmm, had Hashirama assumed that he’d be okay with the Mokuton bondage but not Hashirama touching him? He wouldn’t let just anyone tie him up, but he’d wait until they were finished to have a talk about their feelings.

Hashirama kneels down in front of Tobirama, in between his spread legs. He lifts Tobirama’s shirt up, admiring the way his vines looked wrapped around his brother’s chest. He reaches out and pinches one of Tobirama’s nipples, pleased by the way the other man arches into his touch.

His eyes are drawn to Tobirama’s parted lips as the younger man pants for breath. He places his hand on Tobirama’s head, running his fingers through his brother’s hair, then presses their mouths together. He kisses Tobirama softly at first, then with more intensity as the kiss increases their arousal.

Their tongues slide together, battling for dominance before Tobirama relaxes his, allowing Hashirama to explore his mouth with his tongue. Experimentally, Hashirama tugs on Tobirama’s hair, getting a muffled moan from the younger man. He pulls away from the kiss to lick at Tobirama’s neck, biting down against the skin, softly at first then with more force.

Tobirama tilts his head, giving Hashirama better access to his neck. He lets out a soft moan as Hashirama bites down on a particularly sensitive part of his neck. He strains against his bonds, wanting Hashirama’s hands on him. Understanding what he wants, Hashirama places one hand on
Tobirama’s hip while the other hand lightly trails down from Tobirama’s neck to the base of his spine.

His hand wanders lower, kneading the muscles of Tobirama’s butt, causing the younger man to let out a low gasp. Tobirama bites down on his lip as he feels Hashirama’s fingers rubbing against his entrance. His hips twitch, precum dripping from his cock; but Hashirama ignores his erection, instead focusing his attention everywhere else.

Hashirama brings his mouth to Tobirama’s nipple, licking at the hardened bud before biting down gently. His hands travel down Tobirama’s chest and over his legs. Teasingly, he rubs the skin right above Tobirama’s erection, causing the younger man to impatiently thrust his hips up. Amused, Hashirama pulls away, with Tobirama frowning at him from the loss of contact.

“Patience is a virtue, Tobirama,” says Hashirama teasingly.

Tobirama huffs out a laugh. “There are many who would say that what we’re doing is hardly virtuous, Hashirama,” he says.

“True,” replies Hashirama, getting a storage scroll from his pocket and unsealing something. His brother holds up the object and he sees that it’s a bottle of lube. His eyebrows raise in surprise. Did Hashirama always carry that with him or had he planned this?

Hashirama sees his look and grins sheepishly. “I’ve seen the way you look at me somethings; and at first, I thought I was imagining it. I brought the lube along today just in case,” says Hashirama, before his expression turns mischievous. “And I was right. You do want me.”

Embarrassed, Tobirama looks to the side, nodding his head slightly. A soft smile appears on Hashirama’s face at the sight of his brother looking so flustered. He opens the bottle of lube and pours some out onto his fingers. He places his index finger against Tobirama’s entrance, tapping his finger against Tobirama’s hole repeatedly.

Tobirama pushes his hips back against Hashirama’s finger impatiently. “Stop teasing,” he complains. Hashirama gives in to Tobirama’s demands, sliding one of his fingers in, then a second when he thinks Tobirama is relaxed enough.

Tobirama bites down on his bottom lip as Hashirama’s fingers lightly brush against his prostrate, shuddering as the pleasure rushes through him. Hashirama alternates between lightly pressing against Tobirama prostrate, and massaging it firmly. He does this for several minutes, ignoring Tobirama’s complaints to ‘just fuck him already.’ When he sees Tobirama’s testicles tighten, he wraps one of his vines around the base of the younger man’s cock to prevent him from cumming.

A whine slips from Tobirama’s throat as he’s prevented from orgasming. At this point, the only thing stopping him from begging is his pride. His cock twitches, precum dripping out, as he feels a finger firmly press against his prostrate. When Hashirama leans down and licks the slit of his cock, his resolve breaks.

“Please,” he gasps out, panting for breathing. “Stop teasing….and just…..fuck me.”

Hashirama’s eyes widen in surprise, his cock throbbing, in response to Tobirama’s words. He slides his pants down to free his aching erection. He quickly gets lube from the bottle and slathers it onto his cock. He slides into Tobirama, letting out a moan at the feeling of tight heat surrounding him.

He has to stop for a minute once he’s all the way inside, feeling like he’s a second away from cumming. The teasing hadn’t just gotten Tobirama worked up. He starts off with a slow pace, fully sheathing himself into Tobirama with every thrust. It takes all of his willpower not to just pound into the other man, but the frustrated pleasure on Tobirama’s face is worth it.
Tobirama closes his eyes, overwhelmed by pleasure. Every brush against his prostrate keeps him on the edge of orgasm, while the vine around his cock keeps him from reaching his climax. And so when the vine is suddenly released, his orgasm hits almost immediately. His mouth opens in a wordless shout, semen shooting out of his cock to cover his stomach.

Hashirama groans as Tobirama’s muscles tighten around him. He grips Tobirama’s hips tightly, feeling his own climax approach. He presses his mouth against Tobirama’s neck, sucking on the skin to leave his mark. As the intense pleasure washes over him, he sinks his teeth into Tobirama’s neck, being careful not to draw blood. He thrusts into Tobirama one last time, fully sheathing himself inside the younger man as he cum.

Tobirama rests his head against Hashirama’s shoulder, feeling relaxed. They stay like that for a few minutes before Hashirama pulls out of him, cum dripping out of his entrance to land on the ground. Hashirama spends a moment to admire the way Tobirama looks tied up and thoroughly fucked before making the vines let go.

Tobirama pulls his shirt back down, noticing that he has slight red marks on his arms from where the vines had gripped him. He pulls his pants up as he gets up from the ground. Hashirama gently grabs one of Tobirama’s arms, a green glow surrounding his hands as he heals the friction burns on his brother’s arms.

As the green fades from Hashirama’s hands, Tobirama reaches out and runs his fingers through Hashirama’s hair. He steps closer to the other man and presses their mouths together in a gentle kiss. A fond look appears in Hashirama’s eyes.

“I love you,” says Hashirama, “and not just as siblings, though my actions just now probably made that part clear.”

A smile appears on Tobirama’s face, happiness rushing through him. “I love you too. I have since we were kids. Though it never occurred to me that you’d feel the same.”

Before the moment can get any more emotional, Tobirama pulls out of his alternate self’s memory. Watching them have sex was already embarrassing enough, he didn’t want to see them get sappy as well. He looks towards his groin, grimacing as he realizes he’s gotten hard from the memory. It’s odd that he feels less comfortable masturbating to this consensual memory than the nonconsensual memory he witnessed of Ginkaku and Kinkaku. But this memory was more intimate, personal, and private. It also contained his brother. Should he be concerned about the fact that that doesn’t disgust him?

He has no desire to have sex with his own version of Hashirama, but he doesn’t feel the instinctive aversion to the idea that the majority of people do. However, he also wouldn’t encourage anyone else to have sex with their sibling. Even if the risk of pregnancies isn’t there, sex between siblings is a moral grey area, in his opinion. Nobody from the outside of the relationship will be able to tell when the relationship started. Did it happen after they were both consenting adults or is it a case of one sibling abusing another?

He sighs, thinking that at least his unhappy ramblings have killed his erection. He gets up from the bed, places his phone in his pocket, and exits the room. He spends the rest of the day trying not to feel awkward around Hashirama, or blushing. That would be a dead giveaway that something was wrong.

Kawarama, however, seems to notice that something has happened. His younger brother approaches him while he’s alone outside. “Did you see something weird in the memory viewer?” asks Kawarama. “You keep looking at Hashirama when he’s not looking, this kind of embarrassed or maybe even ashamed look in your eyes.”
Tobirama rubs the back of his head, frowning. “I saw something odd, between an alternate me and an alternate Hashirama,” he says.

“Is it the memory itself that bothers you or the fact that you continued to watch it?” asks Kawarama, knowingly.

“The second one,” says Tobirama, surprised. “How did you know?”

Kawarama shrugs. “A lot of people have that problem at first. You can view things that would be considered taboo in the living world, without anyone finding out. It’s a temptation many have trouble resisting.”

“I’m not going to ask you what you viewed, that’s private. However, you should know that many of the people who have lived here for centuries won’t judge you for whatever you chose to see. It doesn’t hurt anyone for us to view these memories; and for many, these memories are a way to live out fantasies they don’t even want to admit to themselves that they have, without hurting anyone,” says Kawarama, a serious look on his face.

Tobirama sighs, thinking about his brother’s words. “And I suppose if I live here long enough, I’ll stop feeling embarrassed by what I see in the memory viewer?”

Kawarama smirks, “Pretty much. And as long as you don’t tell someone when you saw one of their alternates in a memory, they pretty much won’t care what you saw.”

“Have you ever seen memories with an alternate of myself?” asks Tobirama.

Kawarama smiles wistfully. “When Itama and I first came here, we used the memory viewer several times, to see what life would have been like if we hadn’t died. I think that’s why we’re less hesitant towards you and Hashirama than the two of you are to us. For you, it’s been many years since you’ve seen us; but we’ve seen memories of versions of you that are really similar.”

Kawarama shrugs his shoulders. “I know they’re not exactly the same, of course, but we asked to see versions of you that would be as similar as possible. We missed you guys; maybe it wasn’t the healthiest coping method, but it was all we had.”

Kawarama makes eye contact with Tobirama, a mischievous smile suddenly appearing on his face. “Of course, we eventually got bored with that and started to look at very different memories of you guys.” Kawarama places a hand on Tobirama’s shoulder, laughter in his eyes, and presses a kiss against Tobirama’s cheek. “More fun memories.”

Tobirama’s eyes widen in surprise, his face turning a light pink, both from the kiss and by what Kawarama is implying. Kawarama steps closer to Tobirama, bringing their faces closer together. When Tobirama doesn’t protest, Kawarama presses their mouths together. Kawarama’s hand slides up from Tobirama’s shoulder to the back of his head, fingers sliding through the other man’s hair.

Kawarama swipes his tongue over Tobirama’s bottom lip, causing the other man to open his mouth. His tongue slides past parted lips to explore Tobirama’s mouth, while his hand lightly tugs at the other man’s hair. He grins smugly into their kiss as Tobirama lets out a muffled moan.

“You know, in most of the sexual memories I’ve seen of you, you either take a submissive or dominate role. And when you were having vanilla sex, you looked bored,” says Kawarama.

“It is boring,” admits Tobirama. “I only had sex a few times in the living world, and I could never understand why everyone liked it so much. Apparently, I just wasn’t doing it in a way that I would find interesting.”
“Hmm. Have you had sex since you got here, not counting what you see in the memory viewer?” asks Kawarama.

Tobirama shakes his head. “Hmm, we’ll have to change that at some point,” says Kawarama, running his hands down Tobirama’s back. He places his hands on Tobirama’s ass and squeezes, causing the other man to let out a startled gasp.

“Not right now, unfortunately, as Hashirama is still in the house. I don’t think he would understand yet. But when he’s off chatting with Madara, we could have some fun, perhaps invite Itama,” says Kawarama.

Tobirama’s pupils dilate, lust evident in his eyes. “Sounds like fun,” he replies. He can sense Hashirama heading towards the back door and reluctantly pulls away from Kawarama. By the time the door is open, they’re standing apart a foot apart, expressions neutral.

Hashirama smiles when he sees them. “Itama and I have made lunch today. Come on in and eat.” Kawarama and Tobirama follow Hashirama back into the house, and the four brothers sit at the table together to enjoy a family meal.

Chapter End Notes

http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?mode=manga_big&illust_id=46589475&page=19
The internet was an interesting invention and quite useful. After shopping in the city, Hashirama and he both now had a laptop of their own. One of the first things Tobirama looked up was the Alternate worlds. He found that there were several forums dedicated to discussing the things people had seen in the alternate worlds. He even found a few stories written by Konoha nin discussing the different versions of their village that they had seen.

He also reads stories about how different humans could be if they had evolved slightly different. Humans that have wings and can fly, humans that have the ears of an animal and thus enhanced hearing, and a slightly disturbing world consisting of alphas and omegas. He finds the soulmate world to be somewhat interesting; he might visit a few of those later, to see who the Universe thinks would be his best match.

There are also a few ‘adult’ forums talking about all the weird sex they’ve seen. It is on one of these forums that he discovers that in some worlds, people were born a different gender. The idea startles him; but it’s also intriguing. He now has the means to find out how different the biology between men and women are by firsthand experience.

Getting out his phone, Tobirama types in ‘What if I had been born a girl?’ and hits enter. He’s only in the memory for a few minutes before he exits, feeling irritated. In that world, his father had apparently decided that women were meant to stay home and take care of children, not fight. Which is stupid, as he’s almost a hundred percent certain that his female self had been just as strong and intelligent as he was. His father had let his sexism overwhelm his common sense, costing the Senju clan one of their strongest warriors.

He modifies his question, typing in ‘What if I had been born a girl and still allowed to fight?’ before hitting enter. The memory begins with her standing in the woods, attempting to get away before Madara notices her. She’s seventeen years old and had been in the middle of a simple delivery mission when she had sensed Madara approaching. Cursing softly, she tries to hide her chakra signature as much as possible, trying to leave the forest as quickly and quietly as possible. She knows she’s not a match for Madara by herself and has no wish to be killed or captured by the enemy.

Unfortunately, luck is not on her side that day and Madara manages to find her before an hour has passed. And although the teleportation jutsu she’s working on is in the final stages of its development, it isn’t complete enough to her to use it to escape. She’s going to have to battle Madara and hope that she can come up with a plan to get away.

While his female self fights Madara, Tobirama observes the differences between the female and male body. He thinks his female self might actually be a bit faster than he is; and if he pays close attention, he’s able to feel that their center of gravity is different. A male’s center of gravity tends to be higher than a female’s.

About halfway through the fight with Madara, Tobirama realizes that the Madara of this universe is also female. Surprised, he looks through his other self’s memories to see if anyone else has a
different sex. Hashirama and Izuna are still male; and some of his Senju relatives have a different gender now as well. He isn’t sure about the Uchiha clan, as he doesn’t know any of them very well. Even after Konoha was formed, he didn’t have much to do with them if he could help it.

The female Madara is just as strong as her male counterpart and is eventually able to subdue the female Tobirama. Madara knocks her unconscious and when she next wakes up, she is in an unfamiliar room. It looks a bit like a bedroom, except the only furniture in the room is the table in the middle of the room that she’s sitting on, a smaller and shorter table in the corner of the room, and a chair right in front of the table she’s on.

She’s currently on her knees, with her legs folded underneath her. Her legs have been tied right above the knee, preventing her from getting up, and her wrists are tied to her ankles. There’s a cloth gag in her mouth and she can feel a collar around her throat. She’s also naked. Since she’s unable to channel her chakra and she can’t see any seals on herself, she’s guessing that’s what the collar is for.

She glares angrily at the door as Madara enters the room. The smug, superior smirk the Uchiha gives her is infuriating. Madara circles the table she’s sitting on, eyeing her like a piece of meat. “Hmm, I think I’ll enjoy breaking you,” says Madara, reaching out to lay her hand on Tobirama’s back. “Perhaps I’ll let Izuna play with you as well. I’ve seen the way he looks at you.”

Tobirama scowls around the gag; she knows the looks Madara is talking about. Lust mixed with hatred and the beginnings of obsession. She knows her father had been reluctant to let her join the battlefield because of her gender; it was too common for females to be abducted as spoils of war. In the end, though, her skills were too great for her to be a simple housewife.

She can’t help the fear that runs through her at the idea of being the Uchiha’s new plaything. Her eyes close as Madara begins to run her hands up and down her back. She tries to lean away from Madara’s touches, but she can’t move very far with her arms and legs bound. Madara just laughs at her attempts at escape, grabbing on to her hips to prevent movement.

“You won’t be escaping from me, Tobirama. But you shouldn’t worry so much; I plan to make sure you enjoy this just as much as I do,” says Madara.

Madara’s right hand glides from her hip to her stomach, then up to her chest. The Uchiha holds her breast in her hand, gently massaging it before pinching her nipple. Tobirama sucks in a startled breath, a jolt of pleasure shooting through her. Her nipple begins to harden under Madara’s touch; and she silently curses the fact that she was born with such sensitive nipples.

She flinches as she feels a tongue against the back of her neck. She tries to lean forward, but Madara holds her in place, leaving biting kisses up the side of her neck. A blush spreads across her face as she lets out a soft moan, heat pooling in her abdomen when Madara nips against a particularly sensitive place on her neck.

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“See?” says Madara, smugly. “I told you that you’d enjoy this.”

Tobirama shakes her head in denial, but Madara ignores her. The Uchiha’s hands cup her breasts, gently rubbings her nipples, while Madara’s mouth nibbles on her ear. She pants for breath, feeling her temperature increase along with the pleasure.

Madara runs her hands down the other woman’s muscular chest and stomach; turned on by the younger woman’s strength. It was rare for woman to be let onto the battlefield; and most of the other women she knew were dainty. Madara was attracted to strength, and having someone as powerful as Tobirama to play with had her breath speeding up. The noises the younger woman was making had heat pooling in her stomach and her nipples hardening under her shirt.

Madara moves around the table until she’s facing Tobirama. Leaning forward, she wraps her lips
around one of Tobirama’s nipples, gently sucking on the bud in her mouth. Tobirama’s back arches, pushing her chest closer to Madara. She pulls against the rope restraining her hands, not sure whether she wants to push the other woman away or pull her closer. The arousal the Uchiha is forcing her to feel is maddening.

Experimentally, Madara bites down on the nipple in her mouth, causing Tobirama to let out a soft whimper. She steps back from the younger woman, amused by the glare the Senju sends her way, and goes over to the table in the corner. She grabs one of the items on the table and goes back over to Tobirama.

Tobirama glares suspiciously at the item in Madara’s hand; she doesn’t recognize what it is until the Uchiha starts to attach it to her nipples. She lets out a sound of both pleasure and pain as the nipple clamps are put on her. “So is this a good pain or a bad pain?” asks Madara, curiously.

Tobirama nipples ache as Madara tugs on the chain connecting the clamps. She can feel a wetness between her legs and rubs her thighs together. Her body aches to be touched, but her mind protests that Madara is an enemy. “I guess it’s a good pain, then,” says Madara, noticing her reaction.

Madara brings the chair over and sits down facing Tobirama. She grabs hold of Tobirama’s legs and pulls the Senju to the edge of the table. Her hands roam over the younger woman’s thighs, her thumbs pressing down to massage the Senju’s inner thighs. Tobirama’s glare slowly fades, her muscles relaxing due to Madara’s touch.

Madara places her hands on Tobirama’s knees and pushes the woman’s legs farther apart. She places a finger at Tobirama’s entrance and slowly pushes in, feeling the younger woman’s muscles clamp down around her finger. Leaning down, she flicks her tongue against Tobirama’s clit and hears the younger woman let out a muffled moan.

Tobirama’s hips jerk forward as Madara begins to lick around her clitoris, barely noticing when the older woman slides another finger inside her. She pants around the gag in her mouth, hands futilely straining against the ropes around her wrists. If she got free at this point, she’s not sure if she’d pull Madara closer or kick her away.

She can’t help the disappointed whine that escapes her throat as Madara pulls away from her. The Uchiha goes over to the table in the corner and comes back with something clutched in her hand. Madara holds up the item for her to see, and her eyes widen as she realizes it’s a dildo.

Madara sits back down in the chair, then positions the dildo at Tobirama’s entrance. Slowly, she pushes it inside, pleased when it goes in relatively smoothly. The Senju is a bit tense, but still aroused enough for the dildo to go in without injuring her.

Tobirama tries to relax around the toy penetrating her, not wanting the intrusion to hurt. The dildo aches as it stretches her. If she had to guess, she’d say that the dildo was about five inches long and an inch wide. She knows it’s not huge, but she’s not used to being penetrated by anything other than fingers, so it still feels a bit big.

Slowly, Madara pushes the dildo in and out of Tobirama, watching the way the Senju’s muscles stretch around the toy. With her other hand, she reaches out and tugs on the nipple clamps, amused by the way the Senju’s back arches in response. Apparently, Tobirama had a bit of a masochistic streak. She brings her mouth to the Senju’s entrance and licks around the dildo and then up to the other woman’s clitoris. She rubs her thighs together, needing the friction.

The pleasure keeps building inside her, every flick of Madara’s tongue against her clitoris bring her closer to the edge. She bites down on the gag in her mouth, refusing to cry out as her climax hits. Her muscles tighten around the toy inside her, body shuddering as the pleasure flows through her.
She basks in the afterglow, eyes closed and muscles relaxed while her breathing slowly returns to normal. When she hears a breathy moan, she raises her head curiously, eyes opening to see Madara pleasuring herself.

The Uchiha was leaning against the back of the chair with her shirt lifted up while one of her hands rubbed and pinched her left nipple. Madara’s pants were down around her ankles while her right hand lightly traced a path from her clit to her opening, before coming back up to lightly rub the shaft of her clitoris between her thumb and index finger. Tobirama notices that Madara’s fingers never once go inside her opening; perhaps the older woman doesn’t enjoy penetration then.

As she watches the other woman, Tobirama realizes that Madara wasn’t wearing a bra or underwear. She had probably only worn the shirt and pants into the room as a form of dominance. Being naked while someone else was still clothed made you feel more vulnerable.

She can’t seem to take her eyes off Madara, getting turned on again by the erotic sounds the other woman is making. The Uchiha, it seems, feels no need to keep herself quiet, letting out the occasional moan or soft whimper. It doesn’t take Madara very long to cum after that; and Tobirama realizes just how aroused the older woman had gotten just from bringing Tobirama pleasure. It would have been flattering if the situation had been more consensual.

Madara gets up from the chair, pulling her shirt down and pants up, and heads back over to the table in the corner. She grabs one of the water bottles and downs it before grabbing a second one and a straw. When she goes back over to Tobirama, she pulls down the cloth gag and places the straw in front of the other woman’s mouth.

Tobirama eyes it suspiciously, to which Madara says, “It’s just water, Senju. I can’t have you passing out from dehydration. Neither I nor my brother have a somnophila kink.”

Reluctantly, Tobirama takes a sip of the water; and when she can’t taste anything suspicious, she drinks the rest of it. “How long did you think you can keep me here? You must know that Hashirama will come looking for me,” says Tobirama, trying to figure out what the other woman is planning.

“I am aware of that,” says Madara, mouth turning up in a smirk. “However, it’ll be at a few days before he can get you back. Plenty of time for Izuna and me to have fun with you.”

Tobirama’s eyes narrow in anger. “I’m not a toy,” she says coldly.

Madara gives her an amused look. “No, a toy isn’t half as fun as a real person.”

The Uchiha places the empty bottles on the table and heads for the door. “Izuna will be here soon. We agreed that I’d get to have you first since I was the one who captured you,” says Madara before exiting the room.

It’s difficult to tell time like this, but she thinks about half an hour passes before Izuna finally shows up. She presses her legs together as the door opens, not wanting to expose herself to him. Irritatingly, Madara had not taken the toy of her before leaving, and she wonders now if the whole purpose of the dildo was to stretch her for Izuna. Madara had seemed more interested in her clit and breasts than in penetration.

Izuna grins smugly when he sees her, beginning to feel aroused just at the sight of her in such an erotic state. He walks around her, wanting to see her from every angle, while ignoring her annoyed glare. His mouth turns down in a frown when he sees her legs pressed together. “Well, that won’t do,” he says, putting his hands on her knees and pushing them apart.
Naturally, she struggles against him, but he keeps pushing until he can see her opening. “Bastard,” she hisses at him. He removes one of his hands from her leg to reach for the dildo, but she closes her legs again before he can.

He huffs out a frustrated breath. He moves until he’s behind her then delivers a hard smack to her ass. The yelp she lets out in response has blood rushing to his groin. “The more you misbehave, the more painful this will be, Tobirama,” says Izuna.

She looks away from him, unwilling to respond to his taunting. When he moves back in front of her, she doesn’t resist this time as he moves her legs apart. This situation is already difficult enough; she doesn’t want to deal with him ‘punishing’ her if she doesn’t have to.

“Good girl,” says Izuna mockingly, reaching for the dildo and slowly sliding it out. He examines the toy and nods in approval. “Madara chose a good one to use. It’s large enough to stretch you out, but still smaller than I am. You’ll still be a bit tight when I enter you.”

Izuna grabs Tobirama’s chin and turns her face towards his. He presses his mouth against hers, gently biting down on her bottom lip. Her mouth remains motionless under his, so he tugs on the chain of the nipple clamps. When her mouth parts in a gasp, he slides his tongue in to explore her mouth. He can tell from the look in her eyes that she’s contemplating biting his tongue off, but she apparently realizes how bad of an idea that would be and doesn’t.

He takes his time kissing her thoroughly, eventually getting her to let out a soft moan. Tobirama’s face slowly turns red, embarrassed that she made such a noise such from just being kissed. She shifts in place, disgruntled by the fact that she feels empty now that the dildo is gone. Izuna grabs a handful of her hair, tugging gently at first then hard enough to make her gasp in both pain and pleasure.

Izuna pulls away from their kiss to let out a small laugh. “Madara was right, you are a masochist. I wonder what causes someone to enjoy pain. You’d think a ninja would get enough of pain during the battlefield, but perhaps the opposite happened with you? You became used to pain, it’s no longer something to be avoided.”

She frowns at him. “Maybe,” she admits reluctantly, “I don’t like pain that much, though. Just minor things like this.”

“Good to know,” says Izuna, pressing a kiss against the corner of her mouth. The affectionate gesture has her staring at him in surprise. “I don’t actually want to hurt you that much. I’d rather you enjoy what I do to you, even if it’s only physical enjoyment.”

His words make her uncomfortable; he shouldn’t be saying such things in this kind of situation. Had Madara kidnapped her because Izuna liked her but knew that he would never get her willingly because of the war between their clans? And following that train of thought, what was Madara’s view of her?

If she had to guess, she’d say that Madara’s emotions towards her were purely physical, while Izuna might be under the impression that he had emotional feelings for her. She doubted that whatever he felt for her was real; they didn’t actually know each other enough for that, people who truly liked each other didn’t kidnap them. But, perhaps she’s over thinking things. It could just be that he wants her to enjoy it to make her feel humiliated. Also, blood and causing someone serious pain might be a turn off for him.

Izuna’s hand travels from her hair to her back then further down to grab her ass. He presses his fingers against her hole, teasingly rubbing his finger against her back entrance. It’s a sensitive area and his touch there feels good, but she glares at him anyway. “I guess you’re not interested in anal play then,” says Izuna dryly.
She huffs at him. “I’m not interested in any ‘play’ with you, but especially not that kind.”

He hums in thought. “It doesn’t matter to me which end I fuck you from, and you’re more likely to enjoy it vaginally anyway, aren’t you? I’ll leave that hole alone for now.”

His hands come up to cup her breasts, rubbing his thumbs against the side of her nipples, being careful not to dislodge the clamps. She shudders in response, her nipples are aching from having the clamps on for so long. “Hmm, would you prefer I take these off now? I’ve heard that they aren’t supposed to be worn for long periods of time,” says Izuna.

Although surprised that he’s even asking for her opinion, she nods her head. Izuna takes the clamps off of her, and she gasps as the blood rushes back in. Izuna flicks his tongue across her nipple, causing her to let out a slight whimper. Having the clamps removed has temporarily made her nipples more sensitive than they usually are.

He kisses his way down her stomach, letting his tongue flick out when he reaches her belly button. He pokes his tongue in her belly button, hearing her let out a small gasp, her stomach muscles tightening in response to the new sensation.

His mouth travels lower, enjoying the way she squirms when he licks around her clitoris. She seems to enjoy his tongue on the shaft of her clitoris, but tries to squirm away when he licks the tip. He takes his time exploring where she likes to be touched, varying between light and harder pressure. He laps up the fluid dripping from her opening, enjoying the taste of her.

Tobirama lets out soft, breathy moans, pushing her hips forward as Izuna’s tongue drives her wild. Her vaginal walls clench down around nothing, aching to be filled. She can’t help the slight moan of relief as Izuna’s fingers slide into her. She clenches down around the fingers, body shuddering as she comes for the second time that day.

Izuna licks his lips, cock throbbing at the feeling of her muscles tightening around his fingers. He wants to be inside her. He positions his cock in front of her entrance, slowly sliding inside her. She tries to jerk her hips back, but he grabs her ass and pulls her forward.

“Didn’t I tell you to behave?” asks Izuna. He slaps her ass while jerking his hips forward, fully sheathing himself inside her. He lets out a soft moan as the spanking causes her muscles to tighten around him.

Tobirama tries to relax her muscles as Izuna begins to move inside her; the feeling of fullness isn’t exactly painful but it is a bit uncomfortable. Gradually, the discomfort fades away to be replaced with a more pleasurable feeling. She squirms, hips involuntarily pushing forward to meet Izuna’s thrusts.

Izuna smirks as she starts to move with him, reaching between them to rub gently at her clitoris. He starts to swat her on the butt after every third thrust, enjoying the way her muscles clench around him. The soft moans she lets out lets him know that she enjoys it.

Izuna feels his climax approaching and speeds up his thrusts, closing his eyes as the intense pleasure overwhelms him. Tobirama feels Izuna’s cock twitch inside her, then a burst of warmth as he cums. Impatiently, she thrusts her hips forward, irritated that he had stopped before she was done. Izuna gives her an amused smile, then resumes rubbing around her clitoris.

He stays inside her as he tries to bring her to climax, loving the feeling of wet heat around his cock. His mouth finds hers, and she kisses back desperately as the pleasure builds up inside her. His other hand comes up to her breasts, roughly pinching her nipple. The combined feeling of pleasure and pain brings her over the edge; and she cums with a shout muffled by their kiss.

Izuna runs his fingers through her hair, their kiss turning languid as she basks in the afterglow.
Breaking away from their kiss, he grins at her. “I believe that was your third orgasm of the day, wasn’t it? And you can look forward to several more while we have you here.”

She scowls at him, unamused by his taunting. “One of these days, I’m going to kill you,” she vows. “And not even Hashirama will protest when I tell him what you’ve done.” It was an argument that she sometimes had with her brother, to not kill Izuna so that Madara would be more likely to agree to a peace treaty.

“You’re assuming that you’ll be able to tell him anything by the time I’m done with you,” says Izuna, his eyes changing first to the regular Sharingan then the Mangekyo.

Her eyes widen in surprise before she looks away, not wanting to be caught in a genjutsu. “When did you get the Mangekyo?” she asks, confused.

“So you know what this is then? Madara and I both activated these eyes a few months ago, when we lost one of our cousins that we were close to. Afterwards, we found some old family documents, stating that these eyes can cause blindness if overused. The solution being to get a transplant from your sibling. Madara and I traded eyes a few weeks ago, and I think our eyes actually got stronger as a result,” says Izuna.

“Madara and I both got Amaterasu, the black flames, and Susanoo, a chakra armor. Our third ability is similar but somewhat different. Madara has the Tsukuyomi. With it, he can trap someone in a genjutsu for what feels like three days, while only seconds pass in the real world. I have something similar, but my version allows me to manipulate the thoughts of others. By the time you leave here, your mind will belong to me,” says Izuna.

“You’re going to brainwash me,” she says, flatly.

“Yes, though not completely. You’ll still have your same personality, for the most part. Your passion for learning and creating things and your practical nature won’t change. I like you how you are. What I will be doing, is making you completely devoted to me,” says Izuna.

“Your loyalty to me will be absolute; no one else will matter to you more than me,” explains Izuna. “You will love and obey me. And you won’t be able to reverse the brainwashing because by the time I’m done with you, you won’t want to undo the brainwashing.”

She closes her eyes, feeling horrified by what he’s telling her. Despite what he claimed, would she really be herself if he altered her emotions? “Don’t you think Hashirama will notice that?”

“I have a plan for that. Madara and I have decided that it’s time for our clans to stop fighting. When Hashirama comes for you, you’re going to tell him that you convinced me that peace was the best option. And then I convinced Madara. We’ll have to hide our relationship at first, of course, so that Hashirama doesn’t get suspicious,” says Izuna.

“Relationship?” she scoffs.

“Yes, relationship,” he says, firmly. “I told you, didn’t I? I’m going to make you love me. I intend to marry you, in the future. As the brainwashing will make you loyal and obey me, I’ll have no need to mistreat you.”

He reaches out and grabs her chin, turning her head towards his. And it is at this moment that Tobirama disconnects from his alternate self’s memories. He doesn’t know if he can be influenced by Izuna’s genjutsu by watching his female self’s memory and he has no intention of finding out. It isn’t worth the risk.

He scowls up at the ceiling for a while, thinking about what he’s seen. It’s more than a little horrifying to realize that one of his alternate’s had been brainwashed. To have part of himself
altered by someone else; he thinks it’s the worst thing that could happen to him. Rape may be traumatic, but you can recover from it. But the brainwashing was permanent, if Izuna was telling the truth about that anyway. Perhaps his female self will realize what happened and find a way to get back to normal. He might look at that world again later to find out.

Chapter End Notes

http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?mode=manga_big&illust_id=45854085&page=11
As soon as Hashirama had left for the day, off to go see Madara, Kawarama and Itama ushered Tobirama upstairs and into Kawarama’s room. Kawarama opens the door to his closet, walks to the very back, and presses a button on the wall that causes the back wall to slide to the side.

Tobirama’s eyes widen in surprise. “You have a closet inside your closet?” he asks, amused.

“You have a closet inside your closet?” he asks, amused.

“Yep,” answers Kawarama cheerfully. “This is the fun closet. It contains all of our toys and sexy outfits. Itama and I were thinking we’d let you chose what you want to play with, and if there’s anything you want to wear.”

Tobirama enters the second closet and looks around, seeing a variety of outfits. There are a few suits, some animal like costumes, and he sees lingerie. At the end of the closet, there’s a table with a variety of different toys on it, such as anal plugs, animal tails plugs, vibrators, nipple clamps, paddles, and floggers.

“If it would make it easier, we could wait downstairs, let you make your choice without staring at you,” suggests Itama.

“Downstairs?” asks Tobirama, eyebrow raised.

“We’ve got a chakra perimeter set up around the house. We’ll be alerted if anyone gets within five minutes of the house. There’s no need to confine ourselves to the bedroom, and sometimes it feels more erotic to have sex outside the bedroom,” says Kawarama.

“Okay. I think it would be better if you waited downstairs,” says Tobirama.

Itama and Kawarama exit the room, and Tobirama returns his attention back to the stuff around him. He takes his time looking through everything, and finally makes his selection. He gathers up the stuff and takes it into the bedroom, laying it on the bed. There’s a mirror on the back of Kawarama’s bedroom door, which will allow him to see what he looks like in the outfit he picked out.

He takes his clothes off then folds them, laying them on the bed. He runs a hand down his leg, wondering if he should shave. But as he thinks that, the hair on his legs and arms fades. Startled, he finds that his skin is now completely smooth; not even shaving would have given it this smooth feeling.

‘Well, Kawarama and Itama did say you could control your age in this place, and people can go intangible. It stands to reason that you could control other things about your body as well,’ he thinks.

The first thing he puts on is the cock ring, enjoying the intensity of a delayed orgasm. He grabs a bottle of lube and the anal plug next. He slathers the toy in lube and then holds it up to his entrance. He takes a breath and relaxes his muscles, slowly pushing the toy inside.

He gasps softly as the toy brushes against his prostrate, clenching around the plug as he fully
sheaths it inside him. After taking a few minutes to just enjoy the sensation of being filled, he reaches for the next item. He slides the dark blue panties up his legs and over his hips. The soft material rubs against his cock, causing precum to leak out.

He sits down to put the next item on, moaning softly as the toy shifts inside him. He slips the blue thigh high stockings over his legs, rubbing his fingers against the lace at the top. He catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror and bites his lip, a light blush spreading across his face.

He reaches behind him on the bed and grabs the nipple clamps. His female self had seemed to enjoy them and he’s curious to know if he will as well. He sets the clamps next to him and reaches up with both hands to rub and pinch his nipples into full hardness.

He hisses as he attaches the clamps to his nipples, his cock throbbing at the combination of pleasure and pain. Next, he puts on a short-sleeved, teal, see-through shirt. Looking in the mirror, he notices that he can see the nipple clamps through the shirt.

The next item he picks up is a black, leather collar with a soft cloth lining to prevent chaffing. He stares at it for a moment, trying to decide whether he actually wants to wear it. He wants to know what it feels like, so he slips the collar around his neck, adjusting the length so it doesn’t choke him. Every time he swallows, he can feel the collar pressed against his neck. Deciding that he likes the feeling, he keeps the collar on.

There are only a few more things that he got out of the closet. One of them is a see-through, green-blue, mini skirt that he slides up his legs, standing up to pull it up the rest of the way. It seems that all of the clothing items he picked were some shade of blue or black. He thinks it’s a color that looks good on him.

He glances at the floor, seeing the black high-heeled shoes he had picked out. He feels the most skeptical about this item, not sure how well he’ll even be able to walk in them. But a part of him does want to try them on, so he steps into the shoes and takes a moment to walk around the room in them. As he thought, it’s difficult to walk in them; and it doesn’t help that the plug brushes against his prostrate with every step he takes.

Once he’s sure he won’t trip and make a fool of himself, he walks back to the bed and picks up the bottle of lube and the last item: a leather crop. He’s curious to see what this will feel like, especially with the anal plug still inside him.

He rubs the back of his head, nervous. He’s pretty sure if they thought this kind of thing was stupid, the items wouldn’t even be in the closet; and they would have told him if they didn’t want to see him in lingerie. Still, he’s never worn this kind of thing before and hesitates before he leaves the room. Gathering up his courage, he makes his way downstairs to the living room, hovering in the doorway.

Kawarama and Itama get up from the couch when they see him, and the obvious lust in their eyes as they look at him is reassuring. “Wow,” says Kawarama, “You look….stunning.”

“Very gorgeous,” agrees Itama, smiling.

Kawarama gets his phone out of his pocket. “Would you mind if I took pictures?” he asks hopefully. “The phone has a privacy setting. No one else would be able to see the pictures.”

Tobirama hesitates but eventually nods his head. Kawarama gives him a beaming smile, and he hears the soft click that signals a picture has just been taken. Itama comes up to him and wraps an arm around his waist. Another click sounds as Itama smiles at the camera.

“You’re both being ridiculous,” he complains. He moves until he’s in front of Itama and pulls the other man into a rough kiss. Itama grabs a handful of Tobirama’s hair, while his other hand trails
down Tobirama’s back to land on the other man’s ass. He slides his tongue past Tobirama’s lips, their tongues meet and battle for dominance.

As he pulls away from the kiss, Itama finally notices what Tobirama has been holding behind his back. He takes the bottle of lube and the crop from Tobirama and goes over to place them on the table next to the couch. “We can play with that in a minute,” he says, smirking at the other man and getting an embarrassed blush in return.

Kawarama quickly takes another picture, loving the sight of Tobirama so flustered. He puts the phone back in his pocket so that he can go up to Tobirama and pull the other man into a sensual kiss, running his hands down Tobirama’s chest possessively.

He leads Tobirama over to the couch and gently maneuvers the other man into leaning over the side. He sees Itama coming up to them, phone out, and moves to the side so that Itama can take a picture of Tobirama bent over the couch. He lifts Tobirama’s skirt up and pulls down the panties, revealing that Tobirama is wearing a butt plug. Click.

Tobirama shivers as he hears the sound of the camera taking a picture of him in such a vulnerable position. He feels hands grabbing his ass, spreading his cheeks to get a better view of the plug. Glancing over his shoulder, he sees that Kawarama is the one touching him, while Itama has gone over to the table to retrieve the crop.

Itama hands the crop to Kawarama then gets into a good position for picture taking. Kawarama brings the crop down on Tobirama’s ass, causing the other man to gasp, hips jerking forward against the couch. “Good?” asks Kawarama.

“Yes,” he says, breathlessly.

He feels the sting of the crop again, his muscles involuntarily clenching down around the plug inside him. Kawarama starts off with light strokes, gradually increasing the firmness until Tobirama is letting out soft moans with each hit. He keeps this up until Tobirama’s ass is a lovely shade of red, then moves to the side for Itama to take a picture.

Tobirama’s finger grip the couch cushion in front of him, his hips moving slightly to rub his cock against the armrest. “You know,” says Kawarama, placing his hand on Tobirama’s back, “seeing you this needy is really fucking sexy.”

“Agreed,” says Itama. “I’m going to be jerking off to these pictures for weeks.”

Tobirama’s eyes widen, lust shooting through him at his brother’s words. The idea of them looking at these pictures while masturbating was kind of arousing.

“Speaking of pictures, I’d like to get some with him on his back,” says Kawarama.

Tobirama gets up and lies down on the couch, squirming as his butt makes contact with the couch. He pulls the skirt up to show off his erection, hearing the click of the camera as he does so. Then he pulls up his shirt to show off the nipple clamps. Click. He tugs on the chain connecting them, breath hitching from the pain. He wraps his hand around his cock, precum dripping from it. Click.

He glances over to Itama and Kawarama, seeing that they’re both taking pictures of him now. He spreads his legs, lifting one of his knees to show off the plug for the camera. Itama comes over and kneels by the couch next to him. “So, a cock ring and a collar, huh?” asks Itama, “Does that mean you’re not going to come without our permission?”

Tobirama shivers, biting down on his bottom lip. He nods his head. “Good,” says Itama, reaching out to wrap his fingers around Tobirama’s erection, nudging the other man’s hand out of the way as he begins to stroke his cock. Tobirama closes his eyes, letting out a soft whimper as Itama
strokes his aching erection. Tobirama reaches up and grabs a handful of his own hair, tugging on it painfully, pulling on the nipple clamps with his other hand.

“You’re gorgeous like this, all aroused and needy,” murmurs Itama, rubbing his thumb against the slit of Tobirama’s cock.

Kawarama comes up to the couch, places his arm under Tobirama’s shoulders and lifts him into a sitting position. Then he sits behind Tobirama, wrapping his arms around the other man’s waist. He presses his teeth against the shell of Tobirama’s ear, biting down gently and causing the other man to shiver.

Kawarama moves his mouth down to Tobirama’s neck and shoulder, licking and biting on the skin not covered by the collar. Itama licks the head of Tobirama’s cock, licking up the precum, before sucking the head into his mouth.

Tobirama claws at the couch cushions, trying not to thrust his hips up and choke Itama. He brings his hand up to his mouth, biting the back of his thumb as Itama lowers his mouth, completely enveloping his cock. He lets out a breathless moan as Itama swallows around the head of his cock, reaching out to rest his hand Itama’s head.

The pleasure is intense but the cock rings keeps him from cumming. He lets out a whine as Itama removes his mouth, half glaring at the other man with lust glazed eyes. Itama smirks at him, getting up from the couch.

Itama takes his shirt off, dropping it on the table, then slides his pants and underwear off. None of them wear shoes inside the house so he doesn’t have to fuss with that. “Come here, Tobirama,” says Itama, standing about a foot away from the couch.

Kawarama’s arms remove themselves from his waist, allowing him to go over to Itama. The other man pulls him into a quick kiss before pressing down on his shoulders, gently nudging him onto his knees. One of his hand wraps around the base of Itama’s cock, while the other hand gently rubs his balls. He licks from the base of Itama’s erection to the tip, licking up the precum before taking the head into his mouth. Slowly he slides his mouth down as far as he can, stroking what he can’t with his hand.

Tobirama glances to the side and sees that Kawarama is taking pictures of them. He grabs Itama’s hand, the one that won’t block the camera’s view, and places it on his head. Getting the idea, Itama gently tugs on Tobirama’s hair, getting a muffled moan from the other man. Tobirama places his hands behind his back, allowing Itama to control the pace using the grip he has on his hair.

Itama thrusts into Tobirama’s mouth, going just deep enough that the other man starts to gag before pulling out. He knows that some of the alternate dimension Tobirama’s had enjoyed that kind of thing, and is trying to figure out if this one likes it as well. Considering that the other man doesn’t try to pull back or glare at him, he thinks Tobirama does like it.

The feeling of wet heat around his cock has Itama letting out a groan, gripping Tobirama’s hair tightly. Unlike the other man, he’s not wearing a cock ring, and it doesn’t take him much longer before he’s cumming. He pulls out of Tobirama’s mouth, his cum landing on the other man’s face. Tobirama closes his eyes, only opening them again when he hears the camera.

Tobirama pants for breath, grabbing his left wrist to stop himself from touching his aching cock. He leans back a bit, spreading his legs, and looks directly at the camera with a smirk. Click.

“You’ve gotten more into posing for the camera, huh?” asks Kawarama, amused. He kneels down behind Tobirama, Itama getting out his own camera to take over picture taking duty.
Kawarama grabs the ends of Tobirama’s shirt and lifted the see-through fabric off of the other man. He places a hand on Tobirama’s back and pushes down slightly while his other hand tugs on the nipple rings. By doing this, he maneuvers Tobirama onto his hands and knees.

As he’s doing this, he slides the panties the rest of the way off of Tobirama’s legs and tosses them onto the table. He lifts Tobirama’s skirt up, then grabs the base of the plug and slowly pulls it out. He slides a finger into Tobirama, checking to see if he needs to add more lube, but there’s still enough.

Kawarama slides his pants down enough to free his erection, then places the head of his cock against Tobirama’s entrance. Slowly, he pushes inside, breath hitching as the other man’s inner walls clench down around him. Tobirama gasps softly as Kawarama fully enters him; the other man is larger than the plug was. They both let out deep groans as Kawarama begins to thrust into him, setting a fast and rough pace. They’re both too worked up to take it slow.

Tobirama braces his hands against the floor, pushing his hips back every time Kawarama thrusts forward, letting out soft moans and gasps as the other man brushes against his prostrate. He lets out a soft whimper as Kawarama wraps a hand around his cock, stroking him firmly.

Kawarama’s hand brushes against the cock ring and he glances over to Itama, who nods in agreement. “Do you want me to take this off, Tobirama?” asks Kawarama, tugging gently on the cock ring and getting a nod from Tobirama. “Ask me nicely, then.”

“Please,” gasps out Tobirama, too overwhelmed by pleasure to care about his pride.

“Please what?” asks Kawarama, stilling his hips.

Tobirama whines as Kawarama stops moving. “Please….let me cum,” he says, panting for breath. He thrusts his hips back impatiently. “And keep moving.”

Kawarama chuckles breathlessly, thrusting his hips forward sharply, getting a startled gasp from the other man as his prostate is hit. Kawarama takes the cock ring off, then grabs onto Tobirama’s hips tightly. Tobirama claws at the ground, overwhelmed by the pleasure. With the cock ring gone, it only takes a few more thrusts inside him before his climax hits, biting his forearm to muffle his shout.

Kawarama groans as Tobirama’s muscles tighten around his aching cock. He jerks his hips forward a few more times before he finds release, cum shooting out of his cock to coat Tobirama’s inner walls. He rests his forehead on Tobirama’s back, panting for breath.

Kawarama and Tobirama look up as they hear the sound of a camera, amused to find Itama still taking pictures of them. “That was seriously hot,” comments Itama, grinning. “You even got me hard again.” Itama reaches down and strokes his erection, making eye contact with Tobirama.

Kawarama laughs softly. “Another great thing about this place is that your refractory period is shorter,” he says, amused. He pulls out of Tobirama and stands up, allowing Itama to take his place.

Itama kneels down behind Tobirama, then gently prods the other man until he’s lying on his back. He grins down at Tobirama, grabbing the other man’s legs and wrapping them around his waist. “Ready for round two?” he asks, pushing the head of his cock against Tobirama’s entrance.

Tobirama stares up at Itama for a moment, then nods. Although somewhat tired, he has enough energy for another round. Itama slides into Tobirama slowly, finding it arousing that he can feel Kawarama’s cum inside Tobirama. He reaches down and tugs on the chain connecting the nipple clamps, causing Tobirama to squirm. “It’s probably time to take these off,” says Itama. Tobirama hisses as the clamps are removed, all the blood rushing back in making his nipple more sensitive.
than normal.

Leaning down, Itama brings his mouth to Tobirama’s right nipple, licking at the sensitive bud before bringing it into his mouth, sucking gently then biting down until Tobirama groans. Tobirama squirms as Itama’s abdomen rubs against his cock; he always feels a bit too sensitive right after orgasm. Seeing his reaction, Itama reaches between them and grabs Tobirama’s cock, rubbing his thumb over the slit.

Tobirama’s fingers claw at the ground, eyes screwed shut in reaction to the mixed feeling of pleasure and pain. Tobirama’s muscles tense up, and Itama lets out a soft moan as Tobirama tightens around his cock. He grabs Tobirama’s hips and thrusts into him, slow and deep.

The pleasure builds up gradually; and when he feels close to orgasm, he reaches down and strokes Tobirama’s cock in time with his thrusts. He reaches orgasm first, having been aroused longer, and continues stroking Tobirama until the other man cums as well. He doesn’t pull out right away, enjoying the intimacy of staying connected right after sex.

To Itama’s right, he sees Kawarama has gotten aroused again and is stroking himself. Amused, he wonders if they’ll end up spending all day fucking each other. Kawarama kneels down next to Tobirama, his cock pointed right at Tobirama’s face. He’s not asking the other man to suck him off, as that would be unhygienic right after anal sex, but he wants to cum on Tobirama’s face, like Itama did earlier.

Tobirama keeps his eyes locked with Kawarama’s until the other man comes, closing his eyes as the cum lands on his face. His tongue flicks out to lick his bottom lip, lapping up the cum that landed on his mouth. He opens his eyes as Itama grabs his legs, pulling them from the other man’s waist. His feet end up flat on the ground with his knees pointed up to the ceiling, giving the camera a perfect view of the cum dripping from his entrance.

“What is your obsession with that camera?” asks Tobirama as Itama takes more pictures.

Itama grins at him. “I don’t think you realize how sexy this is. These are the kinds of pictures that people would pay money for.”

Tobirama blinks in surprise, not having expected that. “Well, they can’t have them. No one gets to see those pictures except for you, Kawarama, and me.”

“I promise,” says Itama, Kawarama repeating the words a second later. Tobirama relaxes at their words, trusting that they’ll keep his privacy.

Itama grabs the anal plug from the floor and pushes it back into Tobirama, keeping the rest of their cum from dripping out. Tobirama gives him a perplexed look but he just smiles back. Kawarama exits the room and returns a minute later with a few damp towels. Itama catches the one Kawarama tosses at him, then proceed to clean Tobirama’s stomach and face.

“I can do that myself,” protests Tobirama.

“I know you can, but I want to do this for you,” says Itama.

Tobirama relents, allowing Itama to clean him up, though the plug stays in for some reason. Itama reaches down and rests his hand on Tobirama’s ankle. “The heels were a nice touch. And the stockings look good on you,” says Itama, his hand traveling up Tobirama’s leg.

Kawarama cleans the semen off the floor, glad that they have wooden flooring in the living room instead of carpet like in the bedrooms. It’s a bite trying to get stains out of carpet. After that’s finished, he gathers up the towels and throws them in the laundry basket, then comes back into the living room to gather up all their stuff. While he carries their clothes up to the bedroom, Itama
picks up Tobirama and carries him to the bedroom, bridal style.

“Your’re being a bit ridiculous,” says Tobirama, wrapping his arms around Itama’s shoulders.

“Maybe, but who doesn’t like to be pampered every once in a while? Just relax and let us take care of you,” replies Itama.

After they enter Kawarama’s room, Itama sets Tobirama on the bed and removes his heels, stockings, and skirt. He hands those items off to Kawarama, who takes them into the closet. Kawarama places the skirt and stockings in the laundry basket by the closet door, then removes the clothes he’s still wearing to join the other items in the laundry basket. He leaves the heels on the floor, then exits the closet.

Kawarama makes sure the door is closed and locked, dims the lights, and heads over to the dresser next to the bed. He opens the top drawer and pulls out a few bottles of water and some chocolate bars, then gets into the bed next to Tobirama with Itama on the other side of their white haired brother.

The water bottles get distributed and everyone downs about half of the water, having worked up a sweat during their activities. Itama takes the wrapping off one of the chocolate bars and breaks off a piece. He holds the chocolate up to Tobirama’s mouth, sliding the piece in when Tobirama parts his lips. He kisses Tobirama then, sliding the melting chocolate between their tongues.

He breaks apart from their kiss once the chocolate’s gone, then wraps his arm around Tobirama’s waist. Kawarama gets closer to them, wrapping his own arm around Tobirama, right underneath Itama’s arm. They lay down together like that, just snuggling up to each other for several minutes.

“Did you enjoy yourself?” Itama asks Tobirama.

“Yes, I did,” replies Tobirama, a small smile on his face.

“Then perhaps we can do this again in the future,” says Kawarama. “This was your first time having the crop used on you, wasn’t it?”

“It was. I wasn’t sure if I was going to like it, but I did,” says Tobirama.

“Then we can use it again sometime. Maybe try a flogger as well,” says Itama.

Kawarama notices the collar still wrapped around Tobirama’s throat and brings a hand up to gently tug at it. “And did you enjoy this as well?” he asks.

Tobirama nods, looking slightly embarrassed. “It looks good on you,” says Kawarama, “so did the lingerie. I’m glad you decided to wear it.”

“Perhaps we can try out more outfits in the future,” suggests Itama to Tobirama. “We can figure out which one you like the best.”

“I think I’d like that,” admits Tobirama. A few minutes pass in silence. “How long are we going to lie here?”

“Do you not enjoy cuddling after sex?” asks Itama, amused. “We don’t really have enough time for a nap, unfortunately, as Hashirama will most likely return within an hour or two.”

“I don’t mind the cuddling; I’m just not used to sitting around doing nothing for very long,” says Tobirama. “And I can’t remember the last time I took a nap in the middle of the day.”

“You also didn’t have sex very often. Some people get a bit tired after sex and like to take a short nap,” says Itama. “I was thinking we could relax here for a little bit longer then clean up.”
“And remove the plug from me?” asks Tobirama.

Itama smirks, reaching down to grab the base of the plug and twist it, enjoying Tobirama’s gasp of pleasure. “Do not enjoy being filled, Tobirama?” asks Itama, teasingly. “The plug stimulates your prostate, and it keeps our cum inside you.”

Kawarama pressing his mouth against Tobirama’s, muffling the moans the other man is making as Itama plays with the plug. Itama pulls the plug out, leaving just the tip in so no cum can escape, before pushing it back in to brush against Tobirama’s prostate.

Itama stops moving the plug after Tobirama has gotten hard, smirking at the frustrated groan the other man lets out. He shares an amused glance with Kawarama. “Why don’t we go get cleaned up now? Hop up,” says Itama. The two of them get up from the bed, a sexually frustrated Tobirama following them into the bathroom.

Tobirama closes and locks the door behind them as Kawarama and Itama start the shower. He finds it kind of amusing that the shower door is completely see through. He’s getting the feeling that Kawarama and Itama have some voyeuristic/exhibitionist tendencies.

As he steps into the shower, he feels chakra coming from the collar he’s wearing. Curious, he touches the collar and finds that the water is sliding right off it. “It’s a miniature chakra shield,” explains Itama. “We didn’t want the collar getting water damaged.”

The shower is large enough for four people and has a shelf with many different scented shampoos. When he expresses puzzlement over the excess, they say they like to enjoy luxuries now that they’re not being forced to fight and die in a war with enemy clans. Then they have him smell each shampoo to find out which one he likes. He chooses the almond scent.

Itama pours some of the shampoo into his hand then gently lathers it into Tobirama’s hair, while Kawarama pours some into a wash cloth and begins to clean Tobirama’s back. The cloth glides down Tobirama’s back and back up to wash each arm.

Tobirama closes his eyes, the feeling of fingers running through his hair relaxing him. A hand on his back gently pushes him forward into the spray of water and the shampoo is rinsed from his hair. Next, Itama and Kawarama stand on either side of him, a soapy wash cloth in their hands. He’s surprised when they both kneel down and begin to wash his legs, and he shivers as the cloth rubs against the back of his thighs.

When they stand back up, it’s his turn to lather shampoo into their hair. Next, he washes Kawarama’s back and arms while Kawarama washes Itama’s. He sucks in a startled gasp as Kawarama reaches back with soap slick fingers and grasps his cock.

After a minute, he pulls Kawarama’s hand away and sinks to his knees to wash Kawarama’s legs. Kawarama’s cock is right in front of his face; he breathes on the head, causing Kawarama to shiver. He wraps his hand around the other man’s cock; and after the soap has been rinsed off, he takes the head into his mouth. He swirls his tongue around the head, hearing Kawarama let out a soft moan.

Kawarama rests his hand on Tobirama’s head, then gently thrusts his hips forward. He’s careful not to thrust too far, not wanting to gag Tobirama. There’s a time for rougher sex; but right now, he thinks everyone is in the mood for more gentle intimacy. He sees Itama finish cleaning up, then grabs the shower head from the wall and the shampoo bottle.

Itama kneels down behind Tobirama, laying the shower head down beside them. He grabs the base of the anal plug and slowly pulls it out. He puts a few drops of shampoo on his fingers then slowly slides the soap-slick digits inside the other man. He takes a moment to rub against
Tobirama’s prostrate, getting a muffled moan from the other man, before he starts cleaning the cum away. He uses the shower head to help wash the soap away, being careful not to spray the water inside Tobirama.

Itama puts the shower head back on the wall then kneels back down next to Tobirama. He grabs the other man’s hand and bring it to his cock, moaning softly as Tobirama wraps his fingers around his length. He puts his fingers back inside Tobirama, rubbing his fingers firmly against the other man’s prostrate.

Tobirama strokes Itama’s cock firmly, his thumb rubbing against the slit. His tongue brushes against the underside of Kawarama’s cock as the other man thrusts in and out of his mouth, moaning as Itama rubs his prostate. Kawarama is the first one to cum, filling Tobirama’s mouth with his seed. Tobirama swallows the salty liquid, swiping his tongue over the head of Kawarama’s cock as he pulls his mouth away.

Tobirama turns towards Itama now, pulling the other man into a kiss. Itama lets out a muffled moan as he tastes Kawarama’s cum on Tobirama’s tongue. He reaches down with his unoccupied hand and grabs Tobirama’s cock and strokes him firmly, while his other hand continues to massage Tobirama’s prostate.

Tobirama shudders at the dual sensations, shocks of pleasure traveling up his spine. His hand grips Itama’s shoulder, kissing the other man roughly as his climax hits. He turns his head to the side and tries to catch his breath. After a moment, he resumes stroking Itama’s cock, leaning forward to lick and suck at the other man’s neck.

Itama’s cock twitches in his hand as cum shoots out to land on the bathtub floor, the other man letting out a soft moan. Itama takes a moment to bask in the afterglow before standing up with Tobirama. He turns the shower off and the three of them hop out, each grabbing a towel and beginning to dry themselves off.

Once dry, Tobirama is surprised when Kawarama picks him up. “Is this going to be a regular thing?” he asks as he’s carried out the door, Itama following behind them.

“Maybe. It’s not just you, though. Sometimes we like to carry each other around. We just see it as a form of intimacy, I guess,” says Kawarama.

Tobirama relaxes into Kawarama’s hold, pleased by the other man’s explanation. If they were treating him like they treated each other, it means their feelings for him were the same as well. He could see how close they were to each other and how much they loved each other. He wanted to develop that kind of close bond with them.

He’s carried to his room, Itama holding the door open for the three of them. Kawarama lies him down on the bed, then pulls the covers over him. As he is feeling a bit tired, he goes along with it. He lets himself relax, eyes closing as sleep pulls at him. He feels lips against his own as well as the collar being removed from his neck right before he falls asleep.
Tobirama/Minato, massage

Chapter Notes

This is a prompt from demoncat13, Tobirama/Minato. Hope you like it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Today, Tobirama’s mind is focused on the world of the living. Specifically, how the war with Madara could have ended differently. He thinks through a few different scenarios before deciding on, ‘What if the four Hokage had been brought back to life by Obito as well as Madara?’ Zetsu had been controlling Obito to force him to bring Madara back to life; what if he had decided to undermine the two of them by deliberately trying to bring the four Hokage back to life as well?

He enters his question into the ‘Alternate View’ setting of his phone and hits enter. The memory starts with him inside Konoha, a year and three months after Madara has been defeated. He’s sitting down on the floor of his apartment, a small table in front of him covered in papers. On the other side of the table sits Minato, jotting down their ideas. Currently, the two of them are discussing different ideas for seals and jutsus.

Looking through his alternate self’s memories, he can see that they started to become friends a few weeks after the war. The two of them were both intelligent shinobi who enjoyed creating jutsu and knew a lot about sealing. A few months after they became friends, Minato revealed to him that he was his favorite Hokage. Minato admired the fact that Tobirama was the one to create many of the shinobi rules as well as the Chunin Exams and the Ninja Academy.

Minato had learned a lot about Tobirama when he was younger and had created a style of fighting similar to the Second Hokage’s. It had made Tobirama smile to hear that his friend admired him to such a large degree.

And as the months progressed, Tobirama could see that whatever lingering feelings of hero worship Minato had for him slowly turned into friendly and then romantic feelings. Although Tobirama returned Minato’s affections, he didn’t immediately try to act on his emotions. He had talked to the other Hokage, and like him, they had no memory of their time spent in the Shinigami’s stomach. This meant that for Minato, Kushina’s death was very recent.

He waited a year after the Fourth Shinobi War ended before he started to flirt with Minato. He didn’t know if a year was enough time to grieve for your spouse, but Minato didn’t react negatively to the flirting, so he didn’t stop.

Tobirama gets up from the table, grabbing their empty tea cups as he does, and takes them to the kitchen to get refills. When he returns, he sits down next to Minato, close enough for their shoulders to brush. Minato gives him an amused smile, thanking him for the tea.

They chat for a while, discussing their ideas, before he notices Minato is rubbing his neck. “Is your neck sore?” he asks.

Minato smiles sheepishly. “A bit. I guess my neck doesn’t appreciate me looking down at the table while I’m reading,” replies Minato.

“I could give you a neck massage, to help with the pain,” suggests Tobirama.

Minato looks surprised then grateful. “If you don’t mind…”
Tobirama gets up and kneels down behind Minato. “I don’t mind helping you,” says Tobirama, placing his hands on Minato’s shoulders. His thumbs press into the muscles, feeling how tense they are. Gradually, he can feel Minato’s shoulder muscles relax as he massages them.

He moves his hands to Minato’s neck, frowning at how knotted up the muscles are. “You should probably work on your posture. It isn’t healthy for the muscles to be this tense,” says Tobirama, rubbing his thumbs in circular motions on Minato’s neck.

Minato sighs softly, slowly relaxing. Tobirama’s words cause him to smile slightly. “I’ll try to remember that in the future,” he agrees.

One of Tobirama hands moves down to rest in the center of Minato’s back. “Do you ever experience back pain?” he asks.

“Sometimes,” replies Minato. “It was worse when I was the Hokage and had to do all that paperwork.” He looks over his shoulder at Tobirama, curiously. “Were you thinking of a back massage as well?”

“Yes. It’s good for your health to let your muscles relax every once in a while,” says Tobirama. And as much as Tobirama wanted to touch Minato, he wasn’t just using it as an excuse. He viewed Minato as a friend, with the potential for more, and didn’t like to see the other man in pain.

Minato smiles as he hears the concern in Tobirama’s voice. It’s nice to get confirmation that your friends care about you. “Alright. Should I lay down for that?” asks Minato.

“It would make things easier. Why don’t you go lay down on my bed while I get the massage oil?” asks Tobirama, standing up.

Minato feels a light blush appear on his face, and is glad that Tobirama is facing the other direction. Apparently, he was going to be half naked on his friend’s bed. Feeling somewhat nervous, he goes into Tobirama’s room, then takes his shirt off and places it on the dresser next to the bed. He lies down on his stomach and waits for Tobirama to come into the room.

Tobirama gets a bottle of coconut oil from the cabinet and enters his bedroom, feeling a spark of arousal at the sight of Minato sprawled across his bed wearing only a pair of black pants. He walks up to the bed and opens the bottle of coconut oil. He pours some onto his hand then sets the bottle down on the bedside dresser.

Placing his hands on Minato’s back, he begins to spread the oil, running his hands up and down Minato’s back on either side of his spine. After a minute of this, he begins to rub his hands in circular motions, feeling tense muscles slowly relax.

The light from the window shined on Minato, allowing Tobirama to admire the sight of oil slick muscles. Minato lets out a soft sigh of pleasure as Tobirama massages his lower back, hips shifting against the bed as he feels himself becoming aroused.

Minato doesn’t worry too much about getting hard from Tobirama’s touch. He knows the other man has been flirting with him for the past few months and is ready to take their relationship further. He’s gotten to know Tobirama well enough these past 15 months to know that the other man isn’t interested in casual flings with people. So, the fact that Tobirama has been flirting with him means that Tobirama wants a serious relationship with him.

Tobirama takes his time working all the kinks out of Minato’s muscles, enjoying the feeling of their skin sliding together. He gets more oil out of the bottle and begins to work on Minato’s arms, massaging the other man’s biceps and forearms, smiling at the sight of Minato’s relaxed expression.
He walks further down the bed and hooks his index finger under the waist of Minato’s pants. The other man looks at him startled, and he gives him a reassuring smile in response. “I need these to come off so I can massage your legs,” says Tobirama.

Minato nods his head, lifting his hips so that Tobirama can slide his pants off. Tobirama places the article of clothing on the dresser next to Minato’s shirt. He gets more oil and starts out by massaging Minato’s calves, hearing a soft moan when he moves his hands to Minato’s thighs.

Realizing that the back of Minato’s thighs are sensitive, he lets his hands linger there, hearing the other man let out soft sighs of pleasure. His hands wander from Minato’s toned legs to knead the muscles of his ass. Minato squirms on the bed, unable to keep his hips still as his erection demands friction.

“This okay?” asks Tobirama.

“Yeah, it’s good,” replies Minato.

Permission given, Tobirama continues to run his hands over Minato’s backside. He presses his thumb down between Minato’s ass cheeks to rub against Minato’s hole, getting a soft gasp from the other man.

Minato grips the bedsheets underneath his hands, panting softly as Tobirama’s hands strive to drive him over the edge. Just as he’s starting to think he could cum just from this, Tobirama pulls his hands away. He groans in frustration, looking over his shoulder at Tobirama with an annoyed look. Tobirama gives a short laugh, amused by his reaction.

“Can you turn over?” asks Tobirama. Minato complies, rolling over onto his back. A spark of lust shoots through Tobirama as he sees the wet spot on Minato’s boxers, caused by precum.

He sits at the edge of the bed, grabbing one of Minato’s feet by the ankle and setting it on his lap. Brushing his fingers across Minato’s toes gets a laugh out of the blonde haired man. “That’s ticklish,” complains Minato, his foot twitching in Tobirama’s grasp.

“What about this?” asks Tobirama, pressing his thumb into the arch of Minato’s foot. Minato lets out a soft moan, his hips jerking upwards off the bed. “It feels good?”

“Yeah,” says Minato, surprised. “I hadn’t realized my feet were that sensitive.”

Tobirama spends the next few minutes massaging Minato’s feet, enjoying the way it causes the blonde to squirm on the bed. He gets up and walks over to the dresser, getting more oil. As the stomach is more delicate than the back, he doesn’t massage the area so much as rub oil over Minato’s abdomen, running his hands over taut muscles.

His hands travel up to Minato’s chest, his thumbs brushing across the other man’s nipples. Minato lets out a soft gasp, his back arching. Tobirama kneels on the bed, leaning down so that he can wrap his lips around one of Minato’s nipples, gently sucking on the hardened nub. He looks up at Minato through half lidded eyes, enjoying the aroused look on his lover’s face.

Minato starts to wince slightly when he begins to use his teeth, so he lets go, swiping his tongue across the nipple. Judging by the other man’s reaction, he’s guessing that Minato isn’t a big fan of pain during sex. Minato reaches out and grabs a handful of Tobirama’s hair and tugs until he gets the idea, scooting upwards until their faces are aligned. Tobirama presses their mouths together softly, swiping his tongue across Minato’s bottom lip.

Minato opens his mouth for Tobirama’s tongue, moaning softly at the sensual feel of their tongues sliding together. He keeps his eyes open during their kiss, enjoying the affectionate look in Tobirama’s eyes. He puts a hand on Tobirama’s hip and pulls him closer.
Tobirama lays down on top of Minato, both of them letting out muffled moans as their cocks brush against each other. He rests some of his weight on his forearms on the bed, not wanting to push the air out of Minato’s lungs by squishing his stomach. The grip in his hair tightens, causing his hips to twitch down, rubbing their cloth covered erections together.

Tobirama sits up, his legs on either side of Minato’s hips. Grabbing the bottom of his shirt, he pulls it over his head, amused to notice that he’s gotten coconut oil on it. He gets up from the bed for a moment to take his pants and boxers off, leaving his clothes resting on the dresser.

Minato watches Tobirama’s muscles flex as he gets undressed, feeling lust as well as affection. His lips turn up in a smile, happy that he gets to have this intimacy with someone he’s falling in love with. It still saddens him when he thinks of Kushina, but he knows she wouldn’t want him to stay single forever, wouldn’t want him to grieve and never move on. And thinking of Kushina, he remembers that she was more dominant in bed than he was as well. Perhaps he has a type.

Now completely naked, Tobirama grabs the coconut oil and gets back on the bed, placing the bottle next to them. Planting his hands on either side of Minato’s hips, he leans down and mouths at the other man’s erection through his boxers. Minato sucks in a startled breath, hips twitching forward as Tobirama licks the head of his cock, making his boxers even more wet than they were before.

Tobirama slides his fingers under the top of Minato’s boxers, then tugs them down, Minato helpfully lifting his hips so that he can remove them. He drops them at the foot of the bed, then grips the base of Minato’s cock, slowly sliding his hand up and down the shaft. He lowers his mouth down over the head, his tongue flicking out to lick the slit. His eyes glance up to see Minato’s face as he hears the blonde let out a pleased moan.

He tries to take in as much of Minato’s length as he can, stroking what he can’t with his hand. Minato hips start to twitch up, so Tobirama rests his other hand on Minato’s hip, preventing his lover from accidently choking him.

Minato pants for breath, his fingers digging into the sheets beneath his hands, bursts of ecstasy shooting through his veins. Just as he starts to feel like he’s about to cum, Tobirama pulls his mouth away. He can’t help the small whimper that escapes his mouth, giving the other man a confused look. “Why…?” he starts to ask, unable to find his breath enough to finish the question.

Tobirama gives him an amused look. “I’d like you to cum while I’m inside you,” says Tobirama, watching as Minato’s eyes widen in surprise. “That is, if you’re alright with it?”

Minato nods his head, a light blush spreading across his face. “Yeah, that……that’s fine,” he says, embarrassed by Tobirama’s blunt words.

A fond look appears in Tobirama’s eyes, thinking Minato looks adorable when he’s flustered. “Have you ever been penetrated before?” asks Tobirama, his hand reaching down to rub the sensitive area between Minato’s entrance and balls.

Minato’s breath hitches, subconsciously spreading his legs wider. “Not by a man, no,” he says between panted breaths. “But, there was this….toy….that Kushina had.”

“Hmm, and did the toy feel good, sliding inside you?” asks Tobirama, rubbing his finger teasingly against Minato’s entrance.

“Yes,” breaths Minato. “It felt….really….good.”

Tobirama grabs the bottle of coconut oil and pours some onto his fingers. He slides his index finger into Minato, watching the other man’s expression for any sign of discomfort. Seeing
nothing but pleasure on Minato’s face, he adds another finger, curling them up to brush against Minato’s prostate.

Soft moans fall from Minato’s lips, his hips pushing back against Tobirama’s fingers as shocks of pleasure travel up his spine every time Tobirama brushes up against the sensitive bundle of nerves inside him. “If you keep….ah!….that up, I won’t last…mmm….much longer,” says Minato, struggling to form words between panted breaths and pleased moans.

Tobirama pulls his fingers out, smirking when Minato lets out a disappointed whine. He pours some of the oil onto his length and presses the head of his erection against Minato’s entrance. “Ready?” he asks.

“Yes,” says Minato, eagerly wrapping his legs around Tobirama’s waist.

Tobirama slowly presses inside, gasping softly as Minato’s muscles clench around him. Minato focuses on staying relaxed as it’s been a while since he’s had anything larger than a few fingers inside him. He feels stretched out, and it’s a bit uncomfortable but there’s no pain. It starts to feel good after a minute, really good.

Tobirama forces himself to go slow, enjoying the way it makes Minato squirm. He reaches down between them and rubs his thumb against the head of Minato’s cock. Frustrated by the slow pace, Minato pushes his hips back into Tobirama’s thrusts.

He cries out as Tobirama suddenly snaps his hips forward, clenching down around Tobirama’s cock as his prostate is hit. He wraps his arms around Tobirama’s shoulders, pulling the other man closer to him. He threads his fingers through Tobirama’s hair, pushing Tobirama’s head down to connect their mouths together in a rough, wet kiss.

Minato’s nails scratch into Tobirama’s back, causing Tobirama to break away from their kiss with a soft gasp. Minato waits until Tobirama has started to pull out of him before experimentally digging his nails into his lover’s back, causing Tobirama to snap his hips forward.

Tobirama shudders, the slight pain in his back adding to his pleasure. He can’t force himself to go slow any longer, fully sheathing his aching arousal into Minato with every quick thrust. Minato makes a choked noise, his legs tightening around Tobirama’s waist as pulses of white-hot pleasure course through him.

Not wanting to come before Minato, he reaches between them and wraps his fingers around Minato’s cock, stroking firmly. Minato clenches down around Tobirama, pleasure overwhelming his senses. His mouth opens in a soundless scream, semen shooting out of his cock to land on his stomach and Tobirama’s hand.

Tobirama’s thrusts turn erratic, the muscles clenching around him pushing him closer to the edge. He buries his face in Minato’s neck, letting out a deep groan as his climax hits. He leans against Minato, taking a moment to catch his breath. He presses a kiss against Minato’s neck before sitting up. He pulls out of Minato and lays down next to him, wrapping his arm around Minato’s waist.

Minato smiles, humming contently. “That was nice,” he says, snuggling up against Tobirama.

“Yes, it was,” agrees Tobirama. The two of them relax together on the bed, slowly falling asleep. They would nap for a couple of hours and then Tobirama would make them supper; as out of the two of them, he was the best at cooking. Perhaps Tobirama would teach Minato how to cook at some point, so he wasn’t the only one making the food.

Tobirama exits out of his alternate self’s memory, sitting up in bed. He’s a bit amused by the memory he just viewed, not having considered the idea of him being in a relationship with the blonde haired man he had met in the living world. He thinks it’s nice that his other self had found
love with Minato, but he personally has no interest in the Yondaime.

And the Minato of this world wouldn’t be interested in him, anyways, since he has Kushina again. Besides, he gets his emotional needs met from Kawarama and Itama. The three of them aren’t in a closed relationship, as neither of them are interested in that, but they still love each other. They just don’t feel the need to limit themselves to only one, or two, people.

Presumably, they’re going to be alive for the rest of eternity. Although some might think it romantic to only be in a relationship with one person for the rest of your life, they all agreed that forever was a long time to restrict yourselves. Although Tobirama could understand why someone might want monogamy, he didn’t think it was for him.

He lifts his arms above his head, stretching, before getting up from the bed. He can sense his brothers’ chakra downstairs and heads in that direction. He’s in the mood to spar with someone, and maybe one of them will be willing to train with him.

Chapter End Notes

It's not as kinky as some of my other chapters, but I wanted to write something a bit more romantic for this pairing. There aren't many pictures of Tobirama/Minato on pixiv that I've found but here a couple that I like:

http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?mode=manga_big&illust_id=47115284&page=22
http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?mode=manga_big&illust_id=47623424&page=39
This chapter is Kinkaku/Tobirama/Ginkaku. It's kind of a sequel to chapter 2. So, this chapter could be considered noncon because Kinkaku and Ginkaku have brainwashed Tobirama into being their 'pet'. But Tobirama doesn't feel like they're forcing him.

Hmm, and I think what they do together could be considered a form of pet play. Tobirama doesn't act like an animal or wear the ears/tail; but he's not allowed to walk or talk most of the time and they call him 'pet' a lot.

And because of the brainwashing, Tobirama is going to seem somewhat out of character. They made him a lot more submissive.

Tobirama stares at the question he’s typed into the phone, finger hovering over the ‘enter’ button. Does he really want to know the answer to this question? It’s bound to be more painful than his first encounter with them was, but there’s a part of him that wants to know. He sighs, lying back on the bed, and hits ‘enter.’

**What if Ginkaku and Kinkaku had made Tobirama their pet?**

His eyes open slowly, to see that he’s in Kinkaku and Ginkaku’s bedroom, lying on a pile of blankets on the floor. Reviewing his other self’s memories lets him know that they live in a house somewhere in the woods, with Tobirama not even knowing which country they’re in. Looking at the window, he can see that it’s a few hours past sunrise, which is the normal time that he wakes up.

He crawls over to Kinkaku’s bed, naked except for his silver chain collar and piercings. He can’t remember when he got the piercings, but he has a silver stud in each ear and a silver barbell in each nipple. He climbs onto the bed, then slides the blanket off of Kinkaku’s naked form, his mouth watering at the sight of his Master’s cock.

Every morning, he wakes his Masters up with a blowjob. Unfortunately, he won’t be able to do this for Ginkaku as his other Master left yesterday and won’t be back for a few days. He doesn’t know where his Master has gone; they hadn’t volunteered the information and he’s not allowed to talk so he couldn’t ask.

His tongue flicks out, licking from the base to the tip. He takes his time leaving soft kisses and teasing licks all over his Master’s cock, breathing in his Master’s musky scent. When he hears Kinkaku let out a soft groan, waking up, he sucks the head into his mouth, humming in pleasure as he tastes his Master’s precum.

He feels fingers in his hair, a purring voice saying, “Good morning, pet. Did you sleep well?”

He lets out a soft moan in reply, Kinkaku’s hips jerking forward in response to the vibration. He relaxes his throat muscles, managing not to choke as he lowers his mouth all the way down. He looks up at his Master through half-lidded eyes, swallowing around the head of Master’s cock.

Kinkaku’s fingers tighten in Tobirama’s hair as he feels his pet’s throat muscles tighten around
him. “Hmm, such a good boy,” he moans, sparks of pleasure shooting up his spine as Tobirama’s
tongue, hot and wet, swirls around the underside of his cock.

Tobirama shivers, warmth pooling in his stomach when he hears the praise. There’s nothing better
than knowing he’s pleased his Masters. He can feel his cock hardening, turned on by the feel of
his Master’s cock sliding in and out of his mouth.

As he gets closer to release, Kinkaku struggles to keep his eyes open, loving the sight of
Tobirama’s lips wrapped around his cock. He groans as saliva drips out of Tobirama’s mouth to
coat his length. His pet knows just how he likes it. “Ah, you’re so good at this,…such a good boy
for me,” he gasps out. Predictably, his pet’s eyes light up, absolute devotion in his gaze. It’s that
expression that tips him over the edge, emptying his load down Tobirama’s throat.

Tobirama feels Master’s cock pulse in his mouth, eagerly swallowing every drop of the warm
liquid that shoots into his mouth. Kinkaku winces as Tobirama continues to suck and lick at his
now oversensitive cock, pulling on his pet’s hair until he moves back. He hears his pet let out a
disappointed whine, looking up at him with a pout as he forces his pet to move his mouth away.

Tobirama glances to the right, where Ginkaku normally sleeps, disappointed that he can’t pleasure
both of his Masters today. He cheers up as Kinkaku holds up three fingers to his lips, opening his
mouth for them to slide in. He sucks on them for a moment before they pull back about an inch;
they’ve done this before so he knows to follow the fingers until he’s sitting in his Master’s lap.

Kinkaku slides his fingers in and out of Tobirama’s mouth, his fingertips brushing against
Tobirama’s tongue, finding it arousing the way his pet leans forward every time he pulls his
fingers back. He uses his other hand to stroke up and down Tobirama’s thigh, coming close but
not quite touching the other man’s erection.

Tobirama’s hips twitch forward, his cock aching for release. He hisses as Master slaps his leg, the
sharp stinging sensation adds to his pleasure, causing his cock to twitch and precum to drip out.
“Be still,” orders Kinkaku. Tobirama whimpers around the fingers in his mouth; the most difficult
order his Masters give him is telling him not to move while they’re teasing him.

Kinkaku smirks, his hands roaming over Tobirama’s chest and abdomen. His pet is just as
muscular as the day they brought him home; the daily exercises they have him do make sure of it.
He brushes his fingertip against the side of his pet’s nipple, so gently that his touch can barely be
felt. His pet shivers, a hint of frustration beginning to show in his eyes. Grinning, Kinkaku pinches
the hardened bud between his thumb and index finger, Tobirama’s back arching to get more of
that pleasurable pain. “Hmm, I do believe I said not to move,” says Kinkaku, letting go of
Tobirama’s nipple to slap his thigh again.

“I want you to put your hands behind your back, holding your wrist with your right hand,” says
Kinkaku, getting instant obedience from Tobirama. “Good, keep them there. And remember that
you’re not allowed to cum without permission.”

With that said, Kinkaku lets his hand drift lower, lightly trailing his index finger over the shaft of
Tobirama’s erection. Tobirama’s legs tremble from the effort not to move. Kinkaku loosely wraps
his fingers around Tobirama’s length, moving his hand achingly slow, his thumb brushing against
his pet’s slit with every stroke.

Tobirama lets out a pleading whine, his eyes begging. Kinkaku pulls his fingers free of
Tobirama’s mouth, bringing his hand down to Tobirama’s entrance. Tobirama’s eyes fall shut, a
soft moan escaping through parted lips as Master’s finger slide inside him, a shock of pleasure
racing up his spine as calloused fingers brush against his prostrate. He bites down on his bottom
lip to keep himself from speaking, choking back the ‘please’ that wants to fall from his lips.

Kinkaku licks his lips, loving how desperate Tobirama looks. He watches as precum drips out of
Tobirama’s cock every time his fingers brush against his pet’s sweet spot. Seeing his pet’s mouth open so invitingly, he presses their lips together, sliding his tongue inside. Tobirama kisses him back desperately, a small amount of saliva escaping their mouths to drip down Tobirama’s chin.

His hand travels lower, cupping Tobirama’s balls in the palm of his hand. He gently massages them with his fingers, hearing Tobirama moan into their kiss. One of the reasons he loves teasing Tobirama so much is how vocal it makes him.

Deciding that he’s teased Tobirama enough, Kinkaku says, “You can cum anytime now, pet. And feel free to squirm around.”

He wraps his fingers around Tobirama’s cock and strokes firmly, pressing his fingers insistently against his pet’s prostate. Tobirama wraps his arms around Kinkaku’s shoulders, shuddering as the pleasure gets more intense. Now that he’s allowed to move, his hips sway back and forth, fucking himself on his Master’s fingers.

Tobirama cries out as he feels teeth sink into his neck, the pain making his cock throb. Hips twitching uncontrollably, pulses of cum shoot out of his cock to land on Master’s hand. He draws in ragged breaths, feeling his overheated body slowly return to a normal temperature.

He opens his mouth when Master brings his semen covered hand up to his mouth, lapping up the cum from Master’s palm then sucking each finger into his mouth, one at a time, to clean them. He much prefers the taste of his Masters’ cum, but he gets pleasure from knowing how much his Masters enjoy seeing him lick the cum off their hands.

“Hmm, that was a nice way to wake up. But I think it’s breakfast time now, don’t you?” asks Kinkaku. Tobirama hums in agreement and climbs out of the bed as Master gets up. He waits by the door as Master gets dressed then follows him to the kitchen. He’s glad that Master’s house has soft carpet in most of the rooms, as wooden flooring would be bad for his knees.

He sits by the table, on a cushion set out for him, and watches Master cook them food. Sometimes, he wishes he was allowed to stand up more often, not just when he’s in the bathroom. He would like to be able to help Masters out with the house chores. There are times when he’d like to be able to bring his Masters breakfast in bed or help them clean the house.

Kinkaku sets two plates of food on the table, then brings over a warm wash cloth for Tobirama to clean his hands with. Setting the cloth on the table afterwards, he hands Tobirama his plate of food. There are some days where he’ll hand feed Tobirama his food; but today he’s not in the mood, so utensils it is.

After they finish breakfast, they head into the living room. Kinkaku grabs a few books from the bookshelf and sits on the couch, Tobirama sitting down by his feet. He hums in contentment as Tobirama rests his head against his leg, reaching down to run his fingers through Tobirama’s hair. He opens one of the books with his other hand and begins to read, losing track of the time.

Looking at the books on the table, Tobirama feels a spark of curiosity and reaches for one, only to have his hand slapped away with a harsh, “No!” He snatches his hand back and looks up to Kinkaku’s disapproving gaze. Some of the shock and hurt must have shown on his face because Kinkaku’s stern expression softens. “Pets don’t read,” says Kinkaku more gently. “Why don’t you go play somewhere else?”

Tobirama crawls away to the bedroom, mind reeling. Suddenly, he wonders why they call him their pet instead of slave. It’s not as if he hadn’t known before that he wasn’t allowed to disobey them, but he hadn’t minded. He wanted to please them, wanted to be a good pet. But he has the sinking feeling that they have conditioned him to feel that way, though he doesn’t remember it.

There’s a big difference between pets and slaves. Pets are allowed to want things, slaves aren’t. It
makes his chest hurt, this new knowledge that his Masters didn’t care about him as much as he
cared about them. He could understand why they made him love them, it made him more
obedient. But why did they have to pretend they felt the same way? It made it more painful, to
know that their kind gestures were just a ruse to make him cooperative.

He lies down on his blankets on the floor, trying to stop the tears he can feel trying to escape his
eyes. He didn’t want to cry. He felt it wasn’t something he normally did, though he couldn’t
remember a time before the last five months. He thinks that’s how long it’s been since his Masters’
brainwashing had worked. Trying to remember what happened before the past five months just
gives him vague feelings of pain and humiliation.

He wonders if his Masters know that he doesn’t remember; had that been a goal of theirs or just
lucky chance? He sighs softly, wondering what he’s supposed to do now. He doesn’t think he can
act like nothing’s wrong, like he hasn’t just realized that he’s an object to be used for their
amusement.

He spends the next few days sitting in the corner of whichever room Kinkaku is in at the time,
only moving to do his afternoon exercises of sit-ups and push-ups. Every time he feels like getting
closer to his Master, he hesitates, wondering if he’d only be bothering the other man. If the only
reason they wanted him was for sex, then would they think him clingy if he asked for non-sexual
attention?

He knows that Kinkaku has noticed the differences in his behavior; he’s seen the puzzled and
somewhat concerned looks his Master has been giving him. He wishes he was allowed to speak
every once in a while; it would be nice if he could talk about what’s bothering him. His Masters
could then either stop pretending to like him, giving him false hope that his affections will be
returned, or perhaps they’d be kind enough to lie and assure him that they really do care about
him. He’s not sure which he’d prefer.

He hears the front door opening, Kinkaku standing up to greet Ginkaku as the other man comes
into the living room from the foyer. The two of them move to the opposite side of the room he’s
on, speaking quietly to each other. He can’t hear what they’re saying; and feeling curious, he
slowly crawls closer to them.

Ginkaku listens as his brother tells him about the odd way that Tobirama’s been acting, feeling
concerned. He glances down to see their pet sitting a couple feet away, hesitating to get closer.
Normally, if one of them was gone for a while, Tobirama would be all over them when they got
back. This change in behavior is troubling.

Ginkaku holds out his hand to Tobirama, inviting their pet to come closer. He thinks he sees relief
in Tobirama’s eyes as he crawls over to them. He leans back against the wall, threading his fingers
through his pet’s hair as Tobirama rests his head against his leg. “Kinkaku tells me that you’ve
been acting differently. Has something upset you?” he asks.

Tobirama’s muscles go tense, unsure of how to respond. With the limitations they’ve set for him,
he can only really make yes and no sounds, or nod his head. If he shakes his head ‘no,’ then
they’ll expect him to start acting normal again, but if he nods his head ‘yes’ then they’ll want to
know what’s wrong. How is he supposed to tell them what’s wrong if he can’t talk?

Not knowing what to do, he shrugs, looking at the floor. Ginkaku shoots a half concerned/half
annoyed look at his older brother. Kinkaku was the one who insisted they enforce the no talking
rule for their pet; he would have been content to make it so that Tobirama had to use a hand signal
to ask permission before being allowed to speak.

Honestly, they allowed their enemies to talk more than their pet. All they restricted their opponents
from saying was the word or phrase they said the most often. But Kinkaku wanted absolute
control over Tobirama, and words were power. Kinkaku was too worried that allowing Tobirama to speak would start to make their pet too independent, undoing all the effort they put into making him obedient and loyal to them.

Kinkaku frowned back at Ginkaku, aware of what his brother was annoyed about. “I’m sure we can find out what’s wrong without having him talk, Ginkaku,” he says. “We can use deductive reasoning. This behavior started a few days ago; I just need to think about what was different that day that could have triggered the behavior change.”

“Hmm,” replies Ginkaku, sounding skeptical. “Did anything different happen on that day?”

“Well,” says Kinkaku, “the only thing I can think of is that Tobirama tried to read and I told him no. Could that have upset him?”

Ginkaku stares at his brother, feeling kind of frustrated. His brother was usually rather observant, able to trick people during battle; but there were times when Kinkaku was oblivious to the emotions of others. “Considering that he doesn’t really have anything to do during the day when we’re not paying attention to him, I could see why that might have upset him.”

Kinkaku sighs. “That’s never been a problem for him before. He’s gone five months while being perfectly content. And if he was bored, wouldn’t he ask for more attention, not less?”

Tobirama slowly crawls away from them and back to his corner, feeling unsettled by their conversation. He wishes that he could have pretended that nothing was wrong. He’s supposed to be making their lives more pleasurable, not acting as a disruption.

Kinkaku and Ginkaku don’t notice that Tobirama has left at first, too busy arguing with each other. Eventually, one of them looks down and sees that their pet has moved and glances around the room, finding that Tobirama has gone back to the corner where he’s spent most of the day. Feeling concerned, the two of them go over there to see if they can figure things out.

Tobirama glances between the two of them, gaze apprehensive. “Come here, Tobirama,” orders Kinkaku, standing a few feet away. Tobirama does as instructed, kneeling at his Master’s feet. “It was something about the book that got you upset, wasn’t it?”

Tobirama looks up at Kinkaku, unable to help the frustrated look that enters his eyes. Without meaning to, a scowl appears on his face, feeling that it’s unfair for Kinkaku to ask him questions when he can’t speak. Kinkaku, however, perceives the look to be one of defiance. It reminds him of the time when they were still training Tobirama to be obedient to them. It’s almost a reflex for his hand to lash out, slapping Tobirama across the face.

Tobirama’s eyes widen in surprise and hurt, bringing a hand up to his stinging cheek. He doesn’t notice that Kinkaku looks as surprised as he does, a hint of guilt in his gaze. “Kinkaku!” says Ginkaku, angrily. “Why did you do that?”

Kinkaku winces. “It just sort of happened?” he says, guiltily. “He was giving me a defiant look and you know that’s how we responded to that sort of thing when we were training him.”

Ginkaku sighs. “He was frustrated because you were asking him questions while he’s not allowed to speak!” says the silver haired man, half yelling. He goes to say more, but stops when he sees what Tobirama is doing.

They both stare, speechlessly, as Tobirama bends down with his forearms completely resting against the ground, and presses his lips against the top of Kinkaku’s bare foot. It’s obvious to them that Tobirama is trying to apologize for something that isn’t his fault and it makes a fresh wave of guilt course through Kinkaku. He was supposed to be finding out what was upsetting his pet, not hitting him. Tobirama had been nothing but obedient and affectionate to them the last five months;
he shouldn’t be using the same methods of punishment they had used when the Senju was actively trying to resist their control.

“Tobirama, you don’t have to apologize. I shouldn’t have hit you,” says Kinkaku. When their pet looks up at him, he sees confusion in his eyes.

Tobirama stares up at Master Kinkaku, uncomprehending. It was Master’s right to do what he wanted to him. If Master wanted to hit him, then it didn’t matter whether he had done something wrong or not. Vague memories flash through his mind; he remembers there was something Master had done to show dominance during his training.

He gently grabs Kinkaku’s ankle and pulls, lifting the other man’s foot up. He leans down, pressing his forehead against the ground. He then pulls on Kinkaku’s ankle until his Master’s foot is resting on top of his head.

“You remember your training?” asks Ginkaku, watching as Kinkaku slowly pulls his foot away, looking a bit horrified.

Tobirama lifts his head up to look at Ginkaku, holding up his hand with his thumb and index finger a few centimeters apart.

“A little bit?" Ginkaku asks for clarification. Tobirama nods his head. “Hmm, I had hoped that you wouldn’t remember that, for your own sake. You were much happier when you forgot.”

Tobirama just stares at him silently. Ginkaku looks away awkwardly, then frowns at Kinkaku. “The no talking rule may have worked in the beginning but it’s become counterproductive. It was meant to be a way to show dominance; but as you just witnessed by the whole foot on head thing, he’s plenty submissive now. We need to be able to talk to him or else we won’t be able to figure out what’s bothering him,” says Ginkaku.

Tobirama looks at Kinkaku, unable to help the hopeful look that enters his eyes. Kinkaku considers it, then eventually nods his head. “Alright, but in the future, it’s not going to be a talk whenever you like kind of thing. We can work out some kind of hand signal later when you want to ask permission to speak,” says Kinkaku to Tobirama.

Tobirama nods his head in agreement, to which Kinkaku says, “Alright, then for now, you have permission to answer our questions with words instead of sounds.”

“Was it the book that upset you?” asks Ginkaku.

“Kind of,” says Tobirama, trying to figure out how to words things. “When Master Kinkaku told me I wasn’t allowed to read, it made me think that what he was really saying was that I’m not allowed to want things.”

A startled look appears on Kinkaku’s face, not having expected that. Tobirama sees the look and tries to explain further. “I still don’t remember anything before I met Masters, but I know that I like to read. I enjoy learning and creating things. I thought, ‘if Master would deny me something so important to me, then it doesn’t matter what I want. I’m only here for Masters’ amusement.’ It was a painful realization. I love the two of you and I want to please you, but I also want to be loved in return. I wondered, do the two of you actually care about me or do you only pretend so I’ll be more obedient?”

There’s a moment of silence as the two of them try to process Tobirama’s words. “I hadn’t meant to make you think you couldn’t want things, pet. I didn’t know how important reading was to you, though I suppose I should have been able to figure it out. You’re well known for your creation of jutsus, which is a difficult skill to master,” says Kinkaku. “There are some things that will have to be off-limits, but we’ll let you start reading.”
Tobirama sits in stunned silence for a moment, a smile slowly appearing on his face. He rubs his cheek against Kinkaku’s leg in gratitude. “Thank you, Master,” he says happily.

“We do care about you,” says Ginkaku. “In the beginning, it was just about the sex. But after your training was finished, you always looked at us with so much devotion. When someone loves you so unconditionally, it’s difficult not to start falling for them in return.”

Kinkaku runs his fingers through Tobirama’s hair, “You always looked so happy serving us; it didn’t occur to me that I might be asking too much of you. Is there anything else about our arrangement you think might need some adjustment?”

“There is one thing,” says Tobirama hesitantly. “There are times when I’d like to be able to stand. Sometimes, I want to be able to help you with the chores and I can’t do that from my knees. And, I have this idea of a game that I could play with Masters. I think it might be fun for Masters to chase me. I could run through the forest and Masters would catch me and then do whatever they wanted with me.”

Ginkaku feels heat pooling in his abdomen as he imagines the game Tobirama wants to play. Looking at Kinkaku’s face, he can tell that his brother also finds the idea arousing. He gives Kinkaku a curious look and receives a nod in response. He grins down at Tobirama, “I think it’s a yes to the chase game. Though not right now, as I’m a bit tired from the mission I was on,” says Ginkaku. “And the chores thing is a surprise. You really want to help us with that?”

“Yes,” says Tobirama, surprised that he would even have to ask. “I want to help Masters any way that I can.”

“Hmm, it would be nice to have help with the house work,” muses Ginkaku. “But you’d only be allowed on your feet when it was necessary. The rest of you the time, you’d be crawling like normal.”

Tobirama nods his head in agreement. “I don’t mind crawling. I enjoy kneeling at Masters’ feet.”

“You really enjoy serving us?” asks Ginkaku.

“Yes, Master. I love it,” says Tobirama. He crawls closer to Ginkaku and presses a kiss to Ginkaku’s leg. “It feels good to please Master, both in the emotional sense and that it turns me on. I find it arousing when you use me for your pleasure.”

Tobirama leans down and swipes his tongue over the top of Ginkaku’s foot, from the toes to the ankle. Ginkaku’s mouth goes dry, blood rushing to his cock. Looking up, Tobirama notices that Master has gotten hard and smiles. “Master has been gone for three days. I’d really like it if you’d use me, Master.”

“And how would you like me to use you, pet?” asks Ginkaku.

Tobirama licks his lips, his eyes on the bulge in Ginkaku’s pants. “I’d like it if you’d use my mouth for a bit and then fuck me. Please, Master,” says Tobirama, pressing a kiss against Ginkaku’s cloth covered erection.

Ginkaku shivers, pushing his pants down enough to free his erection. “Very well, since you’ve behaved so nicely today, I’ll give you what you want. Open your mouth,” says Ginkaku.

Tobirama presses his lips against the head of Ginkaku’s cock and opens his mouth as wide as he can. Ginkaku rubs the tip of his cock against Tobirama’s tongue, then slowly slides his length inside. He groans, heat pooling in his abdomen at the feel of wet heat surrounding his cock.

Grabbing a handful of Tobirama’s hair, he slides his cock in and out of Tobirama’s mouth, going
slow enough not to choke him. Kinkaku licks his lips, watching the two of them hungrily. He wants to see more. There’s a small table in between the couches, a bottle of lube resting on top of it. They keep a bottle of lube in each room of the house for convenience’s sake.

He grabs the bottle and walks over to the two of them. “Hold up your hand, pet,” says Kinkaku. Tobirama obeys, lifting his hand palm side up, feeling a slickness land on his fingers. “I want to see you prepare yourself, darling.”

Tobirama rubs the slick between his fingers, then slides the first two inside. He looks for that spot inside him, rubbing against it firmly when he finds it. He feels hot, shocks of electrifying pleasure coursing through him as his fingers brush against the sensitive bundle of nerves inside him. He moans around the cock in his mouth, flicking his tongue against the head every time Master pulls back.

Tobirama’s hands tighten in Tobirama’s hair, shuddering at the feeling of Tobirama’s clever tongue swirling and rubbing against his length. Remembering that his pet wants him to fuck him, he reluctantly pulls out, hearing Tobirama letting out a soft sound of disappointment.

“Heh, you said you wanted to be fucked, remember pet? I can’t do that if I cum in your mouth,” says Ginkaku.

“Mm, I know, and I still want that but I also like having Master’s cock in my mouth,” says Tobirama. He turns to look at Kinkaku as Ginkaku moves to kneel behind him. “Perhaps Master Kinkaku would be kind enough to use my mouth now?”

Ginkaku grabs Tobirama’s wrist and pulls, making Tobirama slide his fingers out. Tobirama pouts, hating the feeling of being empty. He lets out a soft sigh of pleasure as he feels Master Ginkaku slowly slide inside him, tilting his hips up for Master to penetrate him deeper.

He smiles as he sees Master Kinkaku walking towards him, mouth watering at the sight of Master’s hard cock. Kinkaku places his hand on the top of Tobirama’s head, smiling at how eagerly his pet opens his mouth as he presses the head of his cock against Tobirama’s mouth. Smirking, he rubs the tip against his pet’s lips. “How badly do you want my cock, pet? Beg for it,” says Kinkaku.

Ginkaku starts to think that sounds a bit silly but changes his mind at the arousing sound of his pet’s pleading whine. “Please, Master……ah!” begs Tobirama, crying out as Master Ginkaku nails his prostrate. He struggles to speak as Ginkaku sets a rough pace, hitting that pleasurable spot inside him each time. “I n-need it….use my mouth…nng…please, Master!”

Kinkaku lets out a low groan, cock throbbing at the sound of his pet’s begging words. He slides his aching arousal into his pet’s mouth, shuddering as Tobirama eagerly begins sucking on his cock. His pet keeps letting out soft moans and whimpers, the vibrations around his cock driving him wild. His hips snap forward, the muscles of Tobirama’s throat tightening around the head of his cock as his pet chokes.

He doesn’t get rough too often during oral sex, not wanting to hurt his pet, but sometimes Tobirama seems to like it. And his pet had just asked to be used. He holds the back of his pet’s head and slides his cock in all the way, holding it there for several moments. He pulls back long enough for Tobirama to suck in two deep breaths before pressing back in.

Ginkaku holds onto Tobirama’s hips tightly, driving his cock into that tight heat over and over again. One of his hands slide down, across Tobirama’s abdomen to his chest. He lightly rubs his finger over Tobirama’s nipple then pinches the hardened bud, hissing as Tobirama tightens around him.

Tobirama closes his eyes in bliss, letting the sensations wash over him. His cock aches, begging
for release but it’s not important. The only thing that matters right now is pleasing his Masters. His own pleasure can wait; and they haven’t given him permission to cum yet anyway.

As Kinkaku feels his orgasm approaching, he pulls back, enjoying the slide of Tobirama’s tongue against the underside of his cock. He leaves only the tip inside, shooting his load directly onto Tobirama’s tongue, wanting his pet to taste every drop.

Tobirama doesn’t swallow right away, swirling his tongue around his mouth, savoring the flavor before finally gulping it down. He hums happily as the taste of Master lingers on his tongue. He leans down, resting his weight on his forearms so Master Ginkaku can thrust more deeply into him. Now that his mouth isn’t full, the sounds he’s making are more audible. He doesn’t try to muffle himself, knowing his Masters love how vocal he is.

Tobirama cries out as he feels Master’s hand wrap around his cock. He draws in ragged breaths, feeling close to the edge. “Master, please….ah….nng,” he moans out.

“Hmm, do you need cum, pet?” asks Ginkaku a bit breathlessly, stroking Tobirama’s cock firmly. “Please,” gasps out Tobirama.

“Very well, since you behaved so nicely today. Cum for me, pet,” says Ginkaku.

Tobirama fingers claw at the carpet, shuddering as the pleasure consumes him. His mouth opens in a silent scream, cock twitching as he comes. Ginkaku groans as Tobirama’s muscles tighten around him. He thrusts a few more times into that welcoming heat before the pleasure consumes him, coating Tobirama’s inner walls with his seed.

Ginkaku pulls out of Tobirama and stands up. “Keep your hips raised, pet,” he orders. He kneels down next to Tobirama’s head and holds his semen covered hand in front of his mouth. He watches, mesmerized, as his pet’s pink tongue flicks out to lap the cum off his hand.

Kinkaku stares at the erotic sight for a moment before heading into the bedroom. He’s fairly certain he knows why Ginkaku told Tobirama to keep his hips up. He walks over to their toy chest and pulls out a butt plug, taking it with him when he goes back to the living room.

He holds up the toy for Ginkaku to see and gets an agreeing nod from his brother. The plug slides into their pet easily, his body happy to be filled. “You always seemed happy when we put a plug inside you after sex. You like to be filled with our cum, don’t you, pet?” asks Kinkaku.

Tobirama nods his head against the ground, hips still raised. “Yes, Master. Thank you,” he says, closing his eyes in pleasure.

“Hmm, I think it’s time for bed. Come on, pet,” says Ginkaku, standing up. Tobirama crawls behind his Masters to the bedroom, the plug inside him shifting pleasantly. He starts to head for his blankets on the floor, but Kinkaku stops him. “Why don’t you sleep with us tonight, pet?” asks Kinkaku, making a ‘come here’ gesture with his hand.

Tobirama’s eyes light up, quickly crawling over to the bed. He only gets to sleep on the bed a few days each month, with each time being picked randomly by his Masters. Each time, it feels like a reward, being allowed to sleep next to them.

He crawls up onto the bed, lying down between them. He closes his eyes and relaxes, slowly falling asleep to the feel of their muscular forms pressed up against him.

Tobirama disconnects from his alternate self’s memories, disoriently looking around his bedroom. He had spent three days inside his other self’s memories but looking at the clock, he sees that only a few hours have passed here. Hmm. That’s actually kind of interesting, being able to look at so
much memory in such a short amount of time.

Leaving the memory after such a long time feels weird, though. He’s also glad that his alternate self’s emotions feel muted to him; he’d rather not feel such unconditional devotion to Ginkaku and Kinkaku of all people. Still, the dominating way they had fucked him was arousing.

He wonders if the Kinkaku and Ginkaku of his own universe would want to fuck him every once in a while. He doesn’t want to have a relationship with them, however. From what he saw of that other universe, the two of them seem to want a 24/7 dom/sub relationship; and he only likes to be submissive during sex.

Hmm, if he does decide to have sex with them, he’s going to need to know where they are. Perhaps he should wander around the cities more often? With his sensing abilities, he should be able to find them if they’re in the same city as him. He heads downstairs to talk to Itama and Kawarama, planning on asking them to show him around. They should be happy about that, actually. They seem to enjoy taking him out to different places.

Chapter End Notes

Now for the pixiv pictures:

http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?
mode=manga_big&illust_id=47250826&page=35
I like this picture because it shows Tobirama masturbating and not being held down by them, indicating a certain willingness on his part to have sex with Ginkaku/Kinkaku.

http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?
mode=manga_big&illust_id=47250826&page=51
And this picture because it's what I like to think Tobirama looked like after Kinkaku got done teasing him and finally let him come.

When I first starting writing the Kinkaku/Tobirama/Ginkaku pairing, I thought I'd write chapter two and this sequel and that would be it. However, while I was writing this chapter, I got ideas for four more chapters for them in this universe and a fifth one in a different universe. My brain gives me ideas faster than I can write them.

It's frustrating how my brain wants to write everything at once, but I'm happy that I'm apparently never going to run out of ideas for this story. Every time I write a chapter, I get an idea for at least two news ones!

Well, I hope you enjoyed this chapter. Tell me what you think in the comments. :)
“Come on, Tobirama,” says Hashirama, pulling on his wrist and dragging him through the barrier of the prison area. A few months ago, Tobirama had somehow been convinced to join Hashirama when his brother is visiting Madara. This will be the sixth time he’s gone with his brother. The previous five visits had been rather awkward, with the two of them glaring at each other when Hashirama wasn’t looking.

Although, Tobirama had noticed that Madara was slightly less hostile to him now that the Uchiha has been reunited with Izuna and his other brothers. Most of Madara’s hatred of Tobirama came from the fact that he was the one to kill Izuna. Now that Madara had Izuna in his life again, some of that hatred was slowly dissipating.

Hashirama did most of the talking during their visits, while one of them would comment on what the brunette was saying. The only time Madara and Tobirama really talked to each other was when Madara mentioned something ridiculous that Hashirama had done while in the living world. Although embarrassed that they were laughing at him, Hashirama had been relieved that they were able to get along for at least a minute. It gave Hashirama hope that two of his closest friends might someday be able to get along.

The meeting with Madara goes differently today, as the Uchiha has decided that he wants to spar. Now, there are times when Hashirama doesn’t mind fighting with Madara but the vast majority of the time, he doesn’t like it. Fighting with Madara reminds him of the times before the village was founded when all they did was fight, as well as the time where he had no choice but to kill his friend to keep the village safe. The fact that they’re already dead and can’t be killed again doesn’t really make the idea of fighting Madara any more appealing right now. He quickly makes some excuse about somewhere he needs to be right now, leaving Tobirama to spar with Madara.

Before the fight starts, they agree that using this world’s ability to go intangible will count as a forfeit. They decide to start off their fight with taijutsu, both of them managing to dodge or deflect most of the other’s attacks. When Madara starts using his fire jutsu, Tobirama uses his teleportation jutsu to dodge the flames and appear behind the Uchiha.

Madara quickly spins around and brings his arm up to block Tobirama’s punch, lashing out with his leg to kick the Senju in the stomach. The two of them spend the next hour like that, trading blows, before Madara brings out the Mokuton.

Tobirama’s eyes widen in surprise as vines shoot up from the ground to wrap around his wrists.
and ankles. He hadn’t been aware that Madara still had that ability, and he guesses Madara knew about that assumption of his, judging by the smirk on the Uchiha’s face.

More vines appear from the ground and drag him to his knees. He’s forced into a kneeling position with vines wrapped over the top of his legs and back down into the ground, preventing him from standing up. He doesn’t want to forfeit the fight by going intangible so he attempts to get out of the vines without it.

The vines around his wrists drag his hands to the ground then force his hands to lay flat so that he can’t form hand signs. This situation reminds him of one of his alternate self’s memories. His other self had gotten hard from being tied up; would the same thing happen to him?

He feels vines wrap around his elbows, forcing his arms to bend, while another vine wraps around his neck and pulls down. “What are you doing?” he asks Madara angrily.

The restraints have forced him into bowing to Madara; and it’s now that he starts to feel the beginnings of arousal at being forced into such a submissive position. “Heh, I would think it’s obvious what I’m doing, Senju. I’m putting you in your place,” says Madara, smirking.

Tobirama scowls, glaring at Madara’s shoes. He struggles against the vines holding him, a blush spreading across his face when he feels his cock twitch in response to being unable to get free. There’s a part of him that thinks he should go intangible now, to avoid seeing Madara’s reaction when he realizes how Tobirama is responding to being tied up. However, there’s also a part of him that wants Madara to keep dominating him.

He decides to wait and see how Madara responds. He can go intangible anytime he wants to, if Madara does something he doesn’t like. And since Madara is stuck inside the prison area, he can avoid the Uchiha if things turn out negatively.

Madara frowns when he doesn’t get a response from the Senju and forces the vine to yank Tobirama’s head all the way to the ground. He hears the other man’s breath hitch and is puzzled. The noise had sounded sexual, but the Senju couldn’t be getting turned on by this, could he? Deciding to find out, he has the vines put Tobirama in a more upright position.

Tobirama finds himself once again in a kneeling position, this time with his arms tied behind his back. Instead of his legs being tied together, each one has a separate vine securing them to the ground. His legs are spread apart, giving Madara a good view of the bulge in his pants.

An amused smirk appears on Madara’s face, a slightly malicious gleam in his eyes. He takes off his gloves, storing them in his pocket, and grabs a handful of Tobirama’s hair. He tilts the Senju’s head back, forcing Tobirama to look up at him.

The look in Tobirama’s eyes is equal parts embarrassed and defiant. Wanting to get a reaction out of the Senju, Madara balances on his left leg and lifts his right foot, gently rubbing the bottom of his boot against the bulge in Tobirama’s pants.

Tobirama’s eyes widen in surprised pleasure before closing, his hips shifting to press himself more firmly against Madara’s foot. He hears the sound of Madara laughing but doesn’t open his eyes until he feels a sharp tug on his hair. He looks at Madara and shivers at the look of dark amusement and lust he sees in the other man’s eyes.

Madara ponders what to do next. Just how far does he want to take this? He could leave the Senju here, mocking him. It would certainly be humiliating enough, but he thinks it wouldn’t be as satisfying as completely dominating the other man. He concentrates and has four new vines grow from the ground and slide into Tobirama’s pants. The vines tug and pull until the Senju’s pants have slid down enough to reveal his erection and entrance.
Tobirama bites down on his lip as one of the vines wraps around the base of his cock, heat pooling in his abdomen as he realizes that he won’t be able to cum without Madara’s permission. Madara lets go of Tobirama’s hair and walks behind him, bringing one of the vines up to his chest so he can reach it.

Tobirama looks over his shoulder and watches Madara unseal a bottle of lube from a storage scroll pulled out of the Uchiha’s pocket, wondering why the other man carries lube around with him. Madara pours lube onto the vine in front of him, then directs it to the Senju’s entrance. Feeling his neck start to ache, Tobirama goes back to facing forward.

He can feel the vine at his entrance and closes his eyes as it slowly pushes inside him. A jolt of pleasure shoots through him as the vine brushes against his prostate, and a moan escapes his mouth before he can stop it. His wrists strain against their restraints, shuddering as the vine pushes its way deep inside him.

Madara watches the vine thrust in and out of Tobirama, his erect cock straining against his pants. He moves until he’s standing in front of the Senju, then pulls his trousers down enough to free his aching cock. He’s amused to see that Tobirama is looking at his erection with an lustful look. He threads his fingers through Tobirama’s hair, rubbing the head of his cock against Tobirama’s lips.

Tobirama doesn’t try to act aloof, as it’s rather obvious by now that he wants this. He opens his mouth, his tongue flicking out to lick the precum off Madara’s cock. He feels the grip in his hair tighten, as Madara slowly thrusts into his mouth. Madara’s breathing speeds up, feeling Tobirama’s tongue brush against the underside of his cock. His hips snap forward, shocks of pleasure shooting through him as he feels Tobirama’s throat muscles tighten around the head of his cock.

Tobirama gags at the sudden movement, trying to pull back but Madara’s grip in his hair stops him from moving. He lets out a muffled moan, aroused by the fact that Madara doesn’t let him move away. Madara stays fully sheathed in his mouth for a minute, choking him, before pulling back. He has enough time to suck in a deep breath before Madara is thrusting back in. His cock aches, begging for release. His hands strain against the vines holding them behind his back, to no avail.

Madara looks down at Tobirama with lust glazed eyes, amazed that the Senju is letting him do this. It would be easy enough for Tobirama to turn intangible and leave, but instead the Senju is on his knees, moaning around his cock. He lets out a deep groan, feeling his climax approaching. He shudders, barely managing to stay on his feet as the pleasure washes over him.

Tobirama feels Madara’s cock pulse, a salty liquid filling his mouth. Madara kneels down in front of Tobirama, seeing that some of his cum has escaped the other man’s mouth. He laps it up, slipping his tongue past Tobirama’s parted lips. He can taste himself on the other man’s tongue and it sends a new spark of arousal through him.

Pulling back from the kiss, he looks down to see precum leaking from Tobirama’s cock, a small wet spot on the ground. It looks like Tobirama is one of those men who creates a lot of precum. He wraps his fingers around Tobirama’s length, moving his hand achingly slowly up and down the shaft. A soft whimper escapes Tobirama’s throat, feeling like he’s getting close to begging Madara to take the cock ring off so he can cum.

Madara smirks at the sound, contemplating what to do next. He could let the Senju cum now but he doesn’t want this to be over already. He wants to draw it out and make Tobirama desperate for release. Perhaps a more comfortable setting is in order, like the house he has a few miles from here.

He wraps an arm around Tobirama, reaching down to grab the vine inside the Senju. At his command, part of the vine breaks off, leaving the equivalent of a butt plug inside Tobirama. As he
can make the vine regrow, he doesn’t need to worry about the vine getting stuck inside the Senju. He does the same thing for the vine wrapped around Tobirama’s cock, removing the part of the vine connected to the ground and leaving a band around the base of the Senju’s erection to prevent orgasm. He grabs Tobirama’s pants and pulls them up, hearing the Senju hiss as the fabric presses against his erection.

Next, he removes the vine still wrapped around Tobirama’s throat, noticing that the Senju almost seems upset to have it removed. Hmm, he has a few collars at home. Perhaps Tobirama will be interested in wearing one of them. Deciding that he wants Tobirama’s hands to be tied in front now, he makes the vines let go of the Senju’s wrists.

“Hold your hands out in front of you, wrists together,” he orders, smiling when Tobirama does what he asks without question. It’s rather arousing, seeing Tobirama acting so submissive. After the Senju’s hands are secured, he wraps an arm around Tobirama’s waist, hauling the younger man over his shoulder as he stands up.

Tobirama grabs the back of Madara’s shirt, a soft surprised noise escaping his mouth at being so abruptly picked up. He squirms in Madara’s grasp, finding the position a bit uncomfortable. “Stop wriggling around,” says Madara, swatting Tobirama’s ass.

The slap stings, a strangled moan escaping his mouth as his muscles tighten around the plug. He lets his body go limp, following Madara’s order. Though a part of him would rather keep moving, wanting more of that painful pleasure.

It doesn’t take them very long to reach Madara’s house. He looks around curiously as they enter the living room. He can see stairs to the right, leading to the second floor. There are two couches facing each other with a short table in between them. There’s no wall separating the living room from the kitchen, wooden flooring giving way to tile. He doesn’t see a dining room table, and assumes that Madara must eat at the couch.

Madara sets him down on the floor to the right of the couch, the vines unwrapping from his wrists. “I’ll be back in a minute. Get undressed and wait here,” says Madara before walking up the stairs. When Madara returns, he finds Tobirama kneeling on the floor where he left him, completely naked, his clothes laying folded on the living room table.

Tobirama watches Madara walk over to the table to set down his stuff. When the Uchiha comes over to him, his eyes are drawn to the black collar in Madara’s hands. Madara holds up the collar, asking silently if it’s what he wants. Tobirama tilts his head to the side, barring his neck. Taking that as permission, Madara wraps the collar around Tobirama’s neck, noticing that the Senju seems to relax after the collar is secured in place.

He feels Madara’s hand on his shoulder, pushing gently to get him to lie back. He stretches out on the floor, lying on his back. His head is lifted up so that Madara can slide two towels underneath him; one of them goes under his neck, while a thicker and softer one is placed underneath his head. It’s a nice gesture as the wooden flooring isn’t very comfortable.

A towel is placed under his entrance so the floor doesn’t get messy and a thicker towel goes under his tailbone, cushioning it. He finds it interesting that Madara is being gentle with him now when he was so rough earlier, but it was a consensual roughness. He’s guessing that Madara wants him to be comfortable enough to stay, so that the Uchiha can continue to use his body for his own pleasure.

He closes his eyes, relaxing his muscles as vines grow from the floor to restrain him. His arms are pinned down near his head, a vine going across his palm, wrist, elbow, with two each on his forearm and bicep. It’s a bit excessive but he likes the feeling of them holding him down.

There’s also a vine around his chest, waist, and hips, and he notices that the one on his stomach is
less tight, perhaps so it doesn’t push the air out of him. The vines don’t immediately wrap around his legs, which puzzles him until Madara begins speaking.

“Bend your knees and lay your feet flat on the ground,” orders Madara.

He follows the instruction, breath hitching at being so exposed. He feels the vines wrap around his ankles and top of his feet, as well as a few times around his legs. He squirms against his restraints, body heating up as he fails to get free. He chokes back a moan as his muscles clench around the toy inside him.

Madara watches curiously as Tobirama works himself into a higher state of arousal. Never in a million years would he have guessed that the proud Senju was into such things. His eyes are drawn to the dripping head of Tobirama’s cock, smirking as the sight gives him a new idea. He has the vine acting as a cock ring grow longer, wrapping a few times around the Senju’s length.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Sounding starts here~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Tobirama sucks in a startled breath as he feels the plant wrapping around his aching erection, lifting his head as much as he can to look at it. He stares, wide-eyed, as the tip of the vine begins to push into his slit. “What…?” he asks, breathlessly. There’s a hint of discomfort at first as it stretches him, but it feels good, feeling it sliding against the inside of his cock. The vine slides inside him smoothly as apparently he’s produced enough precum to use as lube.

“Is this hygienic?” he can’t help but ask.

At that question, Madara has the vine stop moving, only having penetrated the head of Tobirama’s cock. “Hmm, the vines are clean in that there’s no dirt on them, but there normally would need to be more sterilization. However, there’s a medical jutsu that’s useful for this activity. One of the Healers that visits this prison was kind enough to teach me. The jutsu cleans the area inside the penis, preventing infection,” explains Madara.

Tobirama swallows nervously at the word ‘infection,’ looking at the vine on his cock with a bit of apprehension. Of all the places on the body, his cock is the last place he’d want to get infected; and even without that risk, there’s still the possibility that Madara could go too fast and injure him. He’s not quite sure he can trust Madara to that extent, but he doesn’t really want to stop either. He’s supposes that if it starts to hurt, he can go intangible. “Alright.”

Hearing Tobirama’s consent, Madara focuses on the vine again, slowly sliding it further down. Tobirama rests his head back on the floor, eyes falling closed as he concentrates on this new sensation. He frowns in displeasure when the vine starts to slide out, letting out a soft moan when it slips back in.

He stares up at the ceiling with lust-glazed eyes, shuddering as the vine slowly works its way further inside him. The vine thrusts in and out of his aching cock, going further down each time it pushes back in. His hands clench around the vine on his palm, hips trying and failing to twitch up into the vine penetrating his cock.

His mouth opens in a wordless shout, feeling an intense burst of pleasure as the vine sinks even deeper, brushing against his prostate. He squirms against the vines restraining him, not trying to escape but unable to hold still as the pleasure overwhelms him.

Soft moans and whimpers fall from his lips, his aching cock begging for release. Later he’ll be embarrassed by how much noise he’s making, but right now it feels too good for him to care. Madara licks his lips, arousal thrumming through him at such an erotic sight. But he notices that the Senju hasn’t started begging yet, which means he needs to try harder.

With a wicked smirk, he picks up a red ball gag from the table and walks over to Tobirama,
kneeling down next to him. He holds it up to Tobirama’s mouth, pleased by the way the Senju’s lips immediately part for him. He places the ball between Tobirama’s teeth, and the Senju helpfully holds his head up while he straps it in place.

He hears the Senju make a questioning noise as he gets up and walks towards the kitchen. “Patience, Tobirama. I have a few things to do in the kitchen. It shouldn’t take more than an hour. I’m sure you can wait that long, right?” asks Madara, smirking.

Tobirama lets out a protesting whine, writhing against the bonds holding him down. His tongue pushes against the gag in his mouth, almost regretting letting the Uchiha put it in him. Heat rushes to his face as saliva builds up in his mouth and he has to turn his head so that it can drip out of the side of his mouth.

Madara opens the fridge, pretending to ignore the man tied down to his floor. Supper is in a few hours and he wants to make sure they have everything they need for after the fun is over. Simple things like deli meats, chopped vegetables, and fruits were best for this as he intended to feed Tobirama by hand.

Hearing muffled moans from his left, he glances back over at Tobirama. He sets his selection down and leans against the counter, taking a moment to admire the sight before him. Sweat glistens on flushed skin, Tobirama’s chest rising with every ragged breath he takes. Muscles flex as Tobirama writhes against the vines restraining him, precum dripping out past the vine sliding in and out of his slit.

Wanting to really drive the Senju wild, he focuses on the vine acting as a plug and has it grow outwards, attaching to the floor. His cock throbs when Tobirama lets out a muffled yell in response to the vine starting to fuck him again. He glances at the clock on the wall and makes himself wait. As much as he wants to just pound into the younger man right now, he wants to draw things out even more. And the rest of the household will be here soon to help with his goal of fucking the Senju’s brains out.

Tobirama sobs in pleasure, mind hazy from lust. He can barely think, all his focus directed on the vines fucking him and the need to cum. How long was Madara going to leave him in this sexually frustrated state?

An hour goes by like this, with Madara ignoring Tobirama as he writhes in pleasure. A few minutes before he expects his brothers to arrive, Madara finally goes back over the Senju and smirks at the glassy eyed look in Tobirama’s eyes.

He has the vine slowly pull out of Tobirama’s slit, hearing the Senju let out a soft whine. His hand glows green as he kneels down next to the younger man, placing a glowing fingertip against Tobirama’s slit. He slowly pushes healing chakra into Tobirama’s cock, hearing the other man let out a keening moan. “It feels good, doesn’t it? I bet you would have cum from just that if it wasn’t for this,” says Madara, tapping his finger against the cock ring vine.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~Sounding ends here~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

He rubs his thumb against Tobirama’s slit, smearing precum all over the head. “Desperation is a good look on you, Senju,” says Madara, smirking. “I know you want to cum, but you’ll have to wait until everyone else is satisfied.”

Tobirama blinks slowly, staring at Madara with unfocused eyes. It takes him a moment to understand the Uchiha’s words. What did Madara mean by ‘everyone?’ He sucks in a startled breath as he hears the front door opening, four chakra signatures entering the house.

Madara has the vine stop moving while it’s fully sheathed inside Tobirama, the other man letting out a sound that’s half relief and half disappointment.
“Brother, who have you brought home this time?” asks Jiro, walking past the couches to see who Madara has tied to the floor this time. He doesn’t recognize the person, but Izuna does.

“That’s Tobirama,” says Izuna, voice amused.

“The Senju that killed you? I thought Madara didn’t like him,” says Takeo, confused.

“You’re always talking about how prideful he is, how he should be taken down a peg,” says Keitaro to Madara. “I hadn’t thought this was what you meant.”

Madara shrugs. “It wasn’t what I meant at the time, but back then I wasn’t aware he was into this kind of thing. Though that’s probably for the best; with how angry I was about Izuna’s death, it wouldn’t have been safe for him at the time.”

“How did this end up happening?” asks Izuna, staring down at Tobirama. The Senju glares back at him, an embarrassed blush on his face. The sight makes Izuna smile. He never would have thought he’d end up in this kind of situation with the Senju, but he has to admit the other man looks rather delectable tied up like this.

“We were sparring and he got hard when I tied him up with the Mokuton,” replies Madara.

Madara sees the embarrassed look on Tobirama’s face and decides to distract the Senju. He grows two new, thin vines and has them wrap around Tobirama’s nipples. The vines tighten painfully and Tobirama lets out a muffled yell, back arching as much as it can with the vines holding him down.

Tobirama shudders, cock twitching as intense pleasure washes over him. What was that? He felt like he’d just cum, but his cock was still hard and aching. And he didn’t think any semen had come out, either.

“Did he just have a dry orgasm?” asks Jiro, looking at Tobirama with a lustful stare.

“I think so,” replies Takeo, fascinated. “We don’t see that very often with the people Madara brings home.” To his older brother he asks, “Did you do something different?”

“Well, I did tease him for an hour before you guys came home,” says Madara.

“He’s been hard for an hour? You really are sadistic,” says Keitaro playfully. “But, you know, he probably needs water now. He needs to replace the water he lost through sweating and drooling, if you’ve had him gagged the entire time.”

Madara nods his head, so Keitaro goes into the kitchen and gets a glass of water, placing a straw in it. He kneels down next to Tobirama’s head and sets the water glass down on the ground, so that he can unfasten the gag.

“Hey,” says Keitaro, holding up the straw to Tobirama’s mouth. “We haven’t been introduced yet. My name’s Keitaro. Over there are my brothers, Jiro and Takeo. And you’ve already met Madara and Izuna.”

Tobirama drinks the water gratefully, the cool water feeling good on his parched throat. He tries to ignore the lust thrumming through his veins long enough to listen to Keitaro, liking the gentle sound of the other’s voice.

Keitaro sets the water glass to the side when Tobirama’s done, then runs his fingers through the Senju’s hair. He sees Tobirama’s eyes flutter closed for a moment, a soft sigh of pleasure escaping his mouth. When Tobirama opens his eyes, his gaze is drawn to the bulge in the Uchiha’s pants.
Keitaro sees where he’s looking and grins. “So, what do you say? Are you up for helping me out with this?” he asks, rubbing his palm against his cloth covered erection.

Tobirama makes eye contact with Keitaro and nods, surprised by the bright grin that appears on the Uchiha’s face. Keitaro slides his pants down enough to free his erection. He leans forward, tilting his hips down to press the head of his cock against Tobirama’s lips.

“Good boy,” he says, a soft groan escaping his mouth as he slides his length inside Tobirama’s open mouth.

Tobirama’s eyes widen, electrifying heat coursing through his veins from the praise, letting out a muffled moan. He sucks on the cock in his mouth, flicking his tongue across the sensitive head every time Keitaro pulls back. He notices that Keitaro is more gentle than Madara, not pushing so far inside that he can’t breathe.

“Hey, Madara, can you move the vine out of the way? I want to fuck him,” says Jiro.

Tobirama whimpers as the vine slides out of him, hole clenching around nothing and hating the sudden empty feeling. Jiro snickers, kneeling down in front of Tobirama. “Don’t worry, darling. I’ll fill you up,” he says, tone amused.

An annoyed look flickers across Tobirama’s face at the condescending words, a look that’s replaced by bliss as the Uchiha pushes into him. He can feel Jiro’s length inside him, warm and pulsing. He clenches his muscles, hearing Jiro let out a soft curse. He hums in pleasure as Jiro’s hips snap forward, brushing against his prostate.

Keitaro shudders as Tobirama’s noises create vibrations around his cock, struggling to keep his pace gentle. He’s not into choking his partners, only occasionally doing so if they like it. He pants for breath, hand clenching and unclenching in Tobirama’s hair as he slides in and out of wet heat. “Hmm, your mouth feels so good around me, darling,” he says breathlessly.

Jiro smirks as he hears Keitaro’s words; out of all his brothers, Keitaro is the most talkative during sex. He grips Tobirama’s hips tightly, slamming his hips forward roughly. He lets out a deep groan as tight muscles clamp around his aching arousal.

Tobirama whimpers, shocks of pleasure shooting through him every time his prostate is hit. He closes his eyes and relaxes, thinking of nothing but the pleasurable sensations. He hears Keitaro let out a soft gasp, a warm liquid filling his mouth. “Hmm, that was nice,” says Keitaro, petting Tobirama’s hair. “Thanks, darling.”

Keitaro pulls out, seeing a drop of cum slide out of Tobirama’s mouth. He leans down and licks it up, then presses a light kiss against Tobirama’s lips. He hops up from the floor, moving back so Izuna can take his place.

Tobirama stares up at a smirking Izuna, absently thinking that he should feel more embarrassed than he does; but he feels too good to be embarrassed right now. Besides, Izuna clearly wants this as much as he does, judging by the bulge in the Uchiha’s pants.

Izuna kneels down next to Tobirama and holds up the object in his hand with a grin, revealing that he’s holding an o-ring gag. Tobirama raises an eyebrow in surprise. “Afraid I’ll bite?” he asks, amused.

“Maybe,” says Izuna, “or I just like the thought of you not being able to close your mouth. Open up.” He holds the gag up to the Senju’s mouth, Tobirama willingly opening his mouth so he can place the gag between his teeth.

After tying the gag on, Izuna slides his pants down, amused by the lustful way Tobirama stares at
his cock. He grips Tobirama’s hair roughly and snaps his hips forward, moaning as the Senju’s throat muscles contract around him.

Tobirama chokes as Izuna’s cock hits the back of his throat, unable to pull his head back in this position. Still, he doesn’t mind the rough treatment, even preferring it sometimes. He lets out soft whimpers and moans as he’s fucked roughly from both ends, arousal heightened by the fact that he can’t move. All he can do is lie there and be used.

Suddenly, the vines around his nipples loosen, causing the blood to come painfully rushing back in. The thin vines then tighten and loosen around his oversensitive nipples, the slight pain sending electrifying pulses of pleasure straight to his groin. He lets out a muffled yell, shuddering as he orgasms for the second time.

Jiro’s thrust become erratic as he feels Tobirama’s muscles clench around him. The pleasure overwhelms his senses, his focus narrowing down to the warm heat surrounding his length. His mouth opens in a soundless gasp, hips jerking uncontrollable as his climax hits.

Tobirama feels a flash of warmth inside him, humming in pleasure as one of the vines comes up to cover his entrance as Jiro pulls out, keeping the cum from dripping out. He doesn’t know why, but he likes the feel of someone cumming inside him.

“Hmm, you like that, don’t you?” asks Izuna breathlessly, noticing Tobirama’s reaction. He runs his fingers through Tobirama’s hair, his touch surprisingly gentle. “Cum slut.” Though the words could be taken as an insult, Izuna’s tone of voice was a mix of fondness and amusement.

Tobirama’s eyes lock with Izuna’s, a blush spreading across his face. “You want to taste me, don’t you, Tobirama?” asks Izuna, watching how his words make the Senju want to squirm. His hips twitch as Tobirama lets out a needy moan, the vibrations feeling wonderful on his cock.

He only lasts a few more moments before a rush of pleasure overwhelms him. He pulls out part way, emptying his load into Tobirama’s open mouth. He sees the Senju tilt his head back, apparently reluctant to let the cum slip from his mouth. Not wanting Tobirama to choke, he unfastens the gag and takes it off, allowing the Senju to swallow his seed. He’s a bit baffled as to why Tobirama wants to swallow, as he personally doesn’t like the taste of semen, but it’s an arousing sight none the less.

Takeo kneels down in front of Tobirama’s open legs, watching the Senju’s chest rise and fall as he pants for breath. The vine at Tobirama’s entrance moves out of his way, allowing him to slide inside. He stops moving once he’s fully sheathed inside the Senju, heat pooling in his abdomen as he feels his brother’s cum still inside Tobirama. He gasps softly as Tobirama’s muscles clench around him, a hint to keep moving.

Tobirama rests his head back against the towel on the floor, closing his eyes as Takeo begins moving inside him. Unlike Jiro, who thrusted into him roughly and at a random angle, Takeo sets a steady pace and aims for that spot that makes his insides light up with pleasure and heat.

It’s a blur of pleasure after that as first Takeo then Izuna and Keitaro after him have their way with him, until the only one who hasn’t fucked him yet is Madara. He’s vaguely surprised to feel the vines around his legs leave. Their disappearance makes more sense after Madara kneels down in front of him and places his legs over the Uchiha’s shoulders.

Madara grips Tobirama’s hips tightly and thrusts inside the Senju roughly. He knows he won’t last long, so he has the vine remove itself from the base of Tobirama’s cock. It’s extremely satisfying to see the way the Senju falls apart underneath him.

Tobirama holds onto the vine laying across his palms, his toes curling in pleasure as he’s finally allowed to cum. His mouth opens in a silent scream, vision going white as shocks of ecstasy flow
through his veins. Pulses of cum shoot out from his twitching cock to land on his stomach and chest. He closes his eyes, feeling his mind drift off for a moment. When he becomes aware of what’s going on around him again, he can still feel Madara moving inside him. He keeps his eyes closed, too relaxed to move.

Madara sees Tobirama’s eyes close and smugly wonders if he’s managed to make the Senju pass out. It doesn’t take much longer before he’s letting a deep groan as he reaches his own release, emptying his load inside the Senju to mix with his brothers’. Not wanting any of it to escape, he asks Izuna to hand him the anal plug on the table. He slides the metal toy into Tobirama as soon as he pulls out, then lowers the other man’s legs to the floor before standing up. He has all the vines remove themselves from the Senju and disappear, then crouches down to scoop Tobirama up into his arms, bridal style.

Tobirama opens his eyes as he feels himself lifted from the floor, wrapping his arms around Madara’s shoulders. He feels relaxed and peaceful; strangely he doesn’t feel any of the embarrassment he was expecting to feel once the sex was over. He can hear the others talking amongst each other but finds it difficult to concentrate on what they’re saying.

“Has he entered subspace?” asks Jiro, curiously.

Keitaro studies Tobirama’s expression and nods. “I think so.”

Madara walks down the hallway, past the kitchen, with his brothers following after him. As he’s got his hands full, Takeo opens the door for him. Inside this room is a large hot tub to the right and a shower area to the left. For now, they would just be using the showers, as it was nearing the usual time they ate dinner.

Keitaro grabs one of the stools by the wall and places it under one of the showerheads. Madara sets Tobirama down onto the seat while Takeo brings over two more stools for him and Keitaro to sit on. It would be too crowded for all five of them to try to help Tobirama clean up; and it’s usually Keitaro and Takeo who take care of one of Madara’s guests like this as out of the five of them, they’re the ones who like this the most.

Takeo sits on one of the stools and pulls Tobirama’s legs into his lap, cleaning them off with a sponge while Keitaro lathers shampoo into the Senju’s hair. Tobirama closes his eyes, relaxing into their touch. It feels nice to just be able to sit here and let them take care of him.

After they’ve finished washing Tobirama, they take turns cleaning themselves up while the other dries the Senju off with a towel. It’s interesting to see Tobirama this peaceful; the stories they’ve heard from Madara seem to indicate that the Senju is a workaholic. Perhaps he’s learned how to relax now that he’s dead.

Madara grabs his clothes from the shelf on the wall and gets dressed. He had gotten a spare set of clothes for everyone during the hour that he was teasing the Senju and placed them on the shelf. While his brothers are getting dressed, he grabs the robe he had gotten for Tobirama and helps the Senju put it on. The outfit Tobirama had worn to the house was currently in the wash and would be ready by the time the younger man was ready to go home.

This time it’s Izuna who picks Tobirama up, carrying the other man into the living room with them. He can feel Tobirama shivering against him. “Cold?” he asks. Tobirama blinks up at him, processing the question, then nods.

“Keitaro, can you turn the heat up a few degrees?” asks Izuna. “Tobirama’s shivering.”

“Sure,” replies Keitaro, going to the thermostat against the wall. He thinks about getting blankets from the hall closet, but Takeo beats him to it.
Izuna sits on one of the couches with Tobirama in the middle between him and Madara. He accepts the blanket from Takeo and wraps it around the Senju, pleased when he stops shivering. Jiro and Keitaro get their food from the kitchen and set the plates of food onto the table sitting between the couches.

Everyone grabs a plate and piles it with food, Madara and Izuna getting extra to give to Tobirama. The Senju doesn’t protest with they hold food up to his lips, just obediently opens his mouth and eats the food they give him. It’s a bit weird, seeing Tobirama this submissive; but Izuna prefers this situation to having to fight to the death on the battlefield.

Tobirama lets his mind drift, feeling safe and warm. He leans his head against Madara’s shoulder, feeling the plug shift inside him as he moves. They hadn’t taken it out during the shower and he could still feel their cum inside him.

Madara smiles when Tobirama rests his head on his shoulder, amused. The Senju is almost adorable when he’s like this. He holds up a bottle of water to Tobirama’s lips, watching the way the Senju’s throat moves as he swallows down the liquid.

After dinner, Madara can see that Tobirama is struggling to keep his eyes open. “Tired?” he asks. Tobirama nods, rubbing his head against Madara’s arm.

“I guess it’s time for bed then,” says Izuna, watching them with amusement. “Is he sleeping with you or one of us?”

“Hmm, I’d ask him which one of us he’d prefer, but I don’t think he’s able to answer questions right now,” says Madara. “I think this time, I want him to sleep next to me.”

Madara helps his brothers clean up the dishes then heads back over to the couch, seeing that the Senju is now lying down, the blanket draped across his head to block out the light. With an amused smile, he picks Tobirama up and heads upstairs to his bedroom.

He sets Tobirama down on the bed then goes over to the wall to turn the lights off. He gets undressed, letting his clothes drop onto the floor, then lies down next to Tobirama. He pulls the half-asleep man closer, wrapping his arm around Tobirama’s waist. He lets himself relax and slowly falls asleep to the soft sound of the other man breathing.

When Tobirama wakes up the next morning, his mind feels more alert. Tobirama looks to the left, frowning when he notices that Madara isn’t in the bed. Glancing around, he sees that his clothes are sitting on the dresser. He reluctantly gets up, slipping out of the robe they had given him last night and laying it on the bed.

As he walks over to the dresser, he can feel the plug shift inside him. A light blush spreads across his face as he starts to get aroused, wondering why it’s such a turn on to still have their cum inside him. Looking at his clothes, he frowns, not sure whether he should take the plug out before getting dressed. There’s an open door to the left, leading to a bathroom where he could get cleaned up. And he can still feel the collar around his neck but he wants to leave that on as long as possible.

Lost in thought, he doesn’t hear the bedroom door open. “You’re awake, I see.”

Tobirama forces himself not to flinch in surprise, slowly turning around to face Madara. He’s not sure what to say, staring back at the Uchiha awkwardly. “Cat got your tongue?” asks Madara, amused. His eyes roam over Tobirama’s naked form, smirking as he sees that the Senju is half hard. “It’s time for breakfast. Get dressed and join us downstairs.”
Although annoyed by Madara’s demanding tone, he grabs his clothes off the dresser and puts them on. As his back is to Madara, he’s sure that the Uchiha can see that the plug is still in him, but the other man doesn’t say anything about it.

He walks towards the door, expecting Madara to either lead the way or follow behind him; but instead, the other man grabs him by the hips and pulls him closer. He wraps his arms around Madara’s shoulders, feeling the Uchiha’s right hand leave his hip to grab a handful of his hair. He opens his mouth as Madara pulls him into a demanding kiss, moaning at the sensual feel of their tongues sliding against each other.

Madara takes his time kissing Tobirama, only pulling away after the Senju is panting for breath and his eyes are bright with arousal. He smirks when Tobirama tries to pull him back into a kiss, stepping back and out the door. “The food will get cold if we don’t hurry,” he says, teasingly.

Tobirama huffs out a frustrated breath. “Tease,” he accuses, walking past Madara to get to the stairs.

“Don’t pretend you don’t like it,” says Madara, laughing when Tobirama blushes at his words.

Keitaro looks up from the stove when he hears footsteps, grinning as he sees that Tobirama is awake. “Good morning, Tobirama.”

Tobirama can’t help but smile back at the other man, charmed by how friendly he is. “Good morning, Keitaro.”

He sees Takeo by the cabinets, pulling out plates, cups, and trays for everyone while Jiro gets out the silverware. The two of them set the items on the trays and pass them out to everyone, with Takeo giving Tobirama a good morning kiss as he hands the tray to him. Seeing the puzzled look in Tobirama’s eyes as the man looks at the tray, Takeo explains, “The tray makes it easier for us all to sit on the couch. The table we have over there is too short for us to use, but none of us really want a large table taking up space either. This is what works best for us.”

Tobirama nods in understanding, glancing over to the fridge as he hears it open. Izuna pulls out strawberries and a gallon of milk, setting it on the counter. Keitaro opens up the oven door and pulls out blueberry muffins. “Okay, everyone, it’s time to eat,” says Keitaro cheerfully.

One at a time, everyone goes up to the stove and piles food onto their plates, pouring the milk into the cup on their tray. The food is different from what Tobirama used to eat in the living world, but Kawarama and Itama have made the food before, saying that it was a ‘western’ breakfast. There were scrambled eggs, diced and fried potatoes, and bacon.

Tobirama eats his food in silence, listening to the others talk before Takeo asks him a question. “Do you like the food, Tobirama? Keitaro and I were the ones who cooked this morning.”

“Thank you for cooking for me as well. It tastes good,” replies Tobirama.

Sitting on his right, Keitaro grins. “I’d cook for you every day if it meant a repeat of last night, gorgeous.”

Tobirama blushes, scooping more food into his mouth to avoid replying. From the other couch, Jiro laughs. “Food in exchange for sex, huh? Sounds like a good deal to me.”

“Do you think this is something you’d want to try again?” asks Takeo, sitting to the left of Tobirama. “The sex, that is?”

Tobirama sets his fork down, thinking about it. Considering that none of them were mocking him for his submissive behavior last night, not even Madara and Izuna, he wouldn’t mind having sex
with them again sometime in the future. He nods his head in agreement.

“Good, last night was fun. And perhaps after a while, you’ll stop being so shy afterwards,” says Izuna. “Sex isn’t a weapon to be used against someone. If Madara and I had still hated you for what happened in the living world, last night wouldn’t have happened.”

Tobirama feels his muscles relax at Izuna’s words, a small smile appearing on his face. Izuna smiles back at him, pleased that Tobirama is starting to look less tense in their presence. As the six of them get close to finishing breakfast, Keitaro pulls out his phone and checks the time.

“Kawarama and Itama should be here soon,” he says. “Maybe Hashirama as well; they didn’t mention whether he would be coming with them.”

Tobirama blinks in surprise. “Why are they coming here?”

“Because I called them yesterday to let them know you were staying the night. I didn’t want them to worry about where you were. Since the five of us always eat breakfast at the same time, I was able to give them an estimate of when we’d be done eating,” replies Keitaro.

Well, that answers one question while creating two more. “Why do you have their phone number? When did you meet?”

“We met quite a while ago,” answers Takeo. “We started attending those Uchiha and Senju gatherings in the park when we were younger and met then. Eventually, Keitaro, Jiro, and I became friends with them.”

“Perhaps if you had agreed to go with them to the park at least once, you would have heard about this by now,” says Jiro, lips quirked in amusement.

Tobirama shrugs, unrepentant. “I wasn’t in the mood for socializing.”

Keitaro hums thoughtfully. “You’re one of those people who prefers to have a few close friends rather than a large group of friendly acquaintances, right?”

“Yes. I don’t like being in large groups of people,” says Tobirama.

“Are you an introvert?” asks Madara. “I remember you always looked a bit stressed after having to talk to a lot of people.”

He wonders if he should be surprised that Madara noticed such a thing. Then again, ninja try to notice everything, especially things about the people you don’t like. “Yes, I suppose I would be considered an introvert. It’s….tiring, to be around so many people for long periods of time. I need time to myself afterwards to relax,” says Tobirama.

“So perhaps instead of going to the Uchiha/Senju meeting in the park, you and your brothers could invite one or two of them to visit you. That would allow you to meet some of the other Uchiha without feeling overwhelmed by just how many Uchiha there are,” suggests Takeo.

“Maybe,” says Tobirama.

“We’re not saying you have to become friends with all of them,” says Keitaro. “We just think it’s a good idea for you to meet them and resolve any lingering hostility. I think it’s been a bit therapeutic for some of them, to see their former enemies in a peaceful setting.”

“I’ll talk to Kawarama and Itama about it,” says Tobirama. And speaking of his brothers, he can sense their chakra approaching the house. They’ve already finished breakfast, so after putting their dishes in the sink, the six of them go over to the front door.

Before opening the door, Madara walks up to Tobirama and unfastens the collar, tossing it onto
Before opening the door, Madara walks up to Tobirama and unfastens the collar, tossing it onto the table. Tobirama’s hand comes up to his neck, tracing his fingertips over where the collar used to be. It’s weird how quickly he got used to having it wrapped around his throat; and he almost feels a sense of loss at its removal.

He doesn’t want a 24/7 dom/sub relationship nor does he want a closed relationship with anyone, but he does like wearing a collar. It makes him feel wanted. Growing up, you were praised by the adults when you got stronger and successfully killed an enemy. And after Konoha was founded, a lot of the compliments he heard about himself were about how strong he was or how intelligent. When he wears the collar, he doesn’t feel like he has to be either of those things to be considered valuable. He doesn’t have to fight or solve problems; he can relax.

Standing by the door, Tobirama wonders if Madara has forgotten something. “What about the plug?” he asks.

“He’s still wearing that?” asks Jiro, surprised.

Madara smirks. “Consider it a gift.”

Before he can respond, Takeo opens the door, showing that all three of Tobirama’s brothers are standing a few feet away from the house. Tobirama starts to step outside but Madara grabs his shoulders and gently presses him against the doorframe, firmly pressing their mouths together. Tobirama opens his mouth to protest, not sure he’s comfortable being kissed in front of Hashirama, but Madara slides his tongue into his open mouth and his thoughts slip away in a haze of pleasure.

When Madara pulls back, a small strand of saliva connects their tongues together; the sight of it has heat rising to his face. Madara steps back into the house and before he can straighten up from the doorframe, Takeo is pressed up against him. Hands land on his hips, causing his backside to be pressed more firmly against the wall. His mouth opens in a soundless gasp as the plug inside him is jolted, and Takeo takes the opportunity presented to slide his tongue inside.

Tobirama forgets about his brothers standing a few feet away and wraps his arms around Takeo’s shoulders, relaxing back against the wall as Takeo kisses him firmly. Takeo places his hands on Tobirama’s ass, squeezing softly to hear the other man let out a soft moan.

He frowns when Takeo pulls back, but Keitaro quickly steps forward and presses their mouths together, kissing him gently. Keitaro places his left hand on Tobirama’s neck, lightly running his fingertips over soft skin. His right hand slips underneath Tobirama’s shirt, over the Senju’s abdomen and up to his chest.

Keitaro hears Tobirama let out a soft moan as his thumb brushes against his nipple. Wanting to hear more of those sounds, he grasps the hardened bud between his index finger and thumb, steadily increasing the pressure until Tobirama is squirming against him.

Tobirama rests his hand on the back of Keitaro’s head as they kiss, a bit annoyed that the other man’s hair is too short for him to run his fingers through it. When Keitaro pulls back from their kiss to breath, he glances to his right to see Izuna and Jiro watching them intently. Realizing that his brothers are eager for their own turn with the Senju, he steps back into the living room, allowing Izuna to take his place in front of Tobirama.

Instead of starting with a kiss like his brothers, Izuna latches onto Tobirama’s neck, licking and sucking on the soft skin. Tobirama shivers, tilting his head to the side to give Izuna better access to his neck. His eyes meet Itama’s and a blush slowly spreads across his face at the heated look the other man is giving him.

He likes the way Itama and Kawarama are watching him, their eyes full of lust. Hashirama’s stare is a bit more awkward. His eldest brother’s look is a mix of surprise, lust, and confusion. Izuna
places his hand on Tobirama’s cheek and turns the Senju’s head to face him, wanting Tobirama’s focus to be on him.

Izuna softly presses his lips against Tobirama’s, his teeth gently pressing against Tobirama’s bottom lip. He runs his fingers through Tobirama’s hair, liking the feeling of the soft strands sliding between his fingers. He lips move against Tobirama’s slowly, keeping the pressure teasingly soft. He slides just the tip of his tongue into Tobirama’s mouth then pulls back, slowly coaxing the Senju’s tongue forward to explore his mouth.

Izuna reaches down and presses the palm of his hand against Tobirama’s cloth covered erection, hearing the Senju moan into their kiss. Tobirama grips the back of Izuna’s shirt, his hips twitching forward as the Uchiha continues to rub his cock through his pants.

Izuna grins into their kiss, pleased by the sounds he’s causing Tobirama to make. But he can practically feel Jiro’s impatience and is sure his brother would be displeased if he made Tobirama come before Jiro has had his turn. Reluctantly, he steps back, smirking as Tobirama whimpers at the loss of contact.

Jiro is amused to notice that a small pout has formed on Tobirama’s lips. He steps closer to Tobirama and kisses the corner of his mouth and sees the Senju’s eyes widen slightly in surprise at the affectionate gesture. Tobirama turns his head a few centimeters so that their lips are fully touching, opening his mouth for Jiro’s tongue to slip inside. He makes a soft sound of surprise when Jiro licks the top of his mouth, finding it to be a bit ticklish.

Tobirama wraps his arms around Jiro’s shoulder and back, body jolting in surprise when Jiro’s hands land on his ass. He hums in pleasure when the hands squeeze, clenching his muscles to feel the plug brush against the sensitive bundle of nerves inside him.

Jiro angles his hips and presses forward, both of them moaning in pleasure as their erections brush against each other. Tobirama’s fingers clench around the back of Jiro’s shirt, shuddering as Jiro rolls his hips forward, sending sparks of pleasure throughout his body. Out of the corner of his eyes, he can see that the others are watching them. His face flushes and his body heats up, both embarrassed and aroused by their heated stares.

Jiro sees where Tobirama is looking and grins; it seems like the Senju has a bit of an exhibitionist streak. He grabs Tobirama’s chin and forces the other man to look at Madara and the others. “You enjoy having them watch you, don’t you, Tobirama? Does it turn you on to know that everyone here will be masturbating later to thoughts of you?”

Tobirama shudders, biting back a whimper as he listens to Jiro’s words. His eyes dart between the other Uchiha, cock throbbing at the lust he can see in their eyes. Jiro smirks at Tobirama’s reaction. He leans forward and nibbles on Tobirama’s earlobe, hearing the other man sigh in pleasure. He licks the shell of Tobirama’s ear then blows softly, causing the other man to shiver.

Jiro drops his hand from Tobirama’s chin as the other man turns his head. Tobirama buries his face in Jiro’s neck, arms tightening around the Uchiha as Jiro continuously rolls his hips forward. He squirms, toes curling inside his shoes. He can feel his release fast approaching, every thrust of Jiro’s hips driving him closer to the edge.

Tobirama cries out as the pleasure reaches its peak, knees going weak as he cums. His body goes limp, leaning against Jiro so he doesn’t fall to the floor. He’s surprised to feel someone else’s hands on him, pulling him away from Jiro. He recognizes Itama’s chakra signature and doesn’t resist, leaning against Itama as his brother wraps an arm around his waist.

After saying their goodbyes to the Uchiha, the three Senju brothers head home. Hashirama is silent on the walk back, thinking about what he had just seen. He was surprised to see Tobirama being intimate with the Uchiha, not just because they were Uchiha but because he had thought
that Tobirama didn’t like sex. In the living world, Tobirama had not shown much interest in anyone. And on the rare occasions when Tobirama did have sex with someone, Hashirama hadn’t thought he seemed all that happy afterwards.

Maybe Tobirama had specific sexual needs that his one night stands hadn’t been able to meet? His brother had seemed to enjoy being watched by them earlier. If Tobirama had been unaware of his own kinks while in the living world, then his sexual encounters would not have been very satisfying. But even more surprising than Tobirama’s sudden interest in sex was his own reaction to watching him. He was embarrassed to admit even to himself that he had gotten aroused at watching his brother’s pleasure.

However, he didn’t think his brothers would be angry at his reaction. He had noticed that Itama and Kawarama had gotten aroused as well, and neither of them had looked embarrassed by it. Likewise, Tobirama had seemed to find pleasure in having the three of them watch him. It was something the four of them would need to discuss later.

Chapter End Notes

http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?
mode=manga_big&illust_id=47115284&page=15
This picture is Madara/Tobirama with sounding

http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?
mode=manga_big&illust_id=47623424&page=37
This picture reminds me of the beginning of the chapter, right after Madara and Tobirama have finished fighting and right before the blowjob scene.

http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?
mode=manga_big&illust_id=49012750&page=21
This picture has Tobirama tied up with a ball gag in. It's not the same position as in my story, but it's a sexy picture.
Chapter Notes

The pairing for this chapter is Madara/Tobirama. Kinks: microphilia, crossdressing

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘Microphilia?’ thinks Tobirama, staring at the computer screen. He clicks on the link, wondering what it is. His eyes widen in surprise as the pictures load. Nothing could have prepared him for the sight of tiny people wrapped around the erections of normal sized people.

It did look kind of fun, though. He wonders if something like that was possible in one of the alternate universes. Madara’s plan to take over the world using the moon seemed more ridiculous than ninjas managing to create a jutsu to shrink themselves.

Intrigued by the idea, he gets out his phone and types in, ‘Tobirama creates a jutsu that turns him into the size of a doll. Someone decides to have fun with him while he’s tiny.’

He enters the memory just in time to feel his other self’s surprise as the world starts getting bigger. There are papers scattered across the floor, with seals scribbled all over them. Looking at his alternate’s memories, he sees that they’re in his bedroom and his other self was trying to create a shrinking jutsu for stealth and spying purposes.

Tobirama curses softly when he tries to change back and fails. He hadn’t even been intending to test the jutsu yet, but the seals had activated by mistake. He frowns and crosses his arms, contemplating what to do next. There’s no way he can keep his condition a secret as he’s going to need help doing normal things while he’s like this, such as getting food from the fridge.

He can still feel his chakra, so he should be able to use jutsus. He forms the hand signs for his teleportation technique and disappears from his room, reappearing inside the Hokage’s office, on his brother’s desk. Looking around the room, he sees his brother, Madara, and two Anbu.

All four of them are looking at him in surprise; he thinks they must have sensed his chakra to notice him so quickly. “Tobirama?” asks Hashirama, sounding surprised. “How did you get so… small?”

Tobirama rubs the back of his head sheepishly. “I was working on this jutsu, to be used for stealth missions. There was an accident and the seals activated unexpectedly, and I’m not sure how to change back yet.”

Tobirama keeps his gaze focused on his brother’s concerned face, not wanting to see Madara’s mocking expression. “That’s not good,” says Hashirama, “it would be a disaster if an enemy found you like this. Do you think you’ll know how to turn back soon?”

Tobirama thinks about it seriously, mentally reviewing the seals he had used. “Perhaps, in a few weeks?” he says. Then something occurs to him. “Though it’ll be rather difficult to write the seals down like this. I don’t think they make doll-size pens.”

Tobirama turns his head to the right as he hears Madara snickering, giving the Uchiha an irritated look. Madara just smirks back at him, unrepentant. Hashirama steps to the side, standing between the desk and Madara. “We’ll work something out so you can write, later. Though, I think more important than that will be what you’re going to wear or how you’re going to brush your teeth,”
Tobirama bites his lip, eyebrows scrunching together as he thinks. Before he can come up with a solution, Hashirama asks, “Your clothes shrank with you. Can you cast the jutsu on other objects? I could buy you a new toothbrush and a few outfits from the store. Just in case we can’t return them to normal size, I’d rather we not shrink any of your current items.”

Tobirama nods his head slowly, thinking about how he can make that work. “Yes, I think I’ll be able to shrink them.” His eyes flicker over to the Anbu who’ve been silently watching him this whole time. Hashirama sees his look and walks over to the two of them, making the Anbu swear not to say a word about this to anyone. Even after Tobirama has gone back to normal size, they want the knowledge of this jutsu to remain a secret so that it can be used for spying.

Even Madara agrees to keep quiet, perhaps realizing just how valuable this jutsu could be in the future. Tobirama says he’ll meet Hashirama at home and teleports back to his room, appearing on top of his bed. He peers over the side of the bed, seeing all of his papers scattered all over the floor. What a mess.

Hashirama comes home a few hours later, bringing with him new clothes for them to shrink. It takes them a while but they figure out how to make the clothes smaller, giving him enough outfits for the next couple of weeks. The next few days are kind of awkward as he’s unable to cook or open any of the cabinet doors. Luckily, he has enough of his seals around the house that he doesn’t have to have Hashirama carry him around too often.

The fourth day after his jutsu mishap, a letter arrives for Hashirama from one of the Kages, requesting a meeting. Although it’s a bad time for Hashirama to leave the village, refusing could result in hostilities between their two villages. Hashirama can’t take Tobirama with him and the two Anbu who know about his condition are out on missions of their own.

Tobirama is annoyed to realize that he really can’t be left on his own like this. There’s no way for him to reach the food or water like this. And although Hashirama could leave something on the table for him, what happens if he gets injured? If he ends up unconscious, he won’t be able to teleport himself to the hospital.

Later that day, when Hashirama comes home, Tobirama sees a contemplative and somewhat hesitant look in his brother’s eyes. “What?” he asks, warily.

Hashirama smiles sheepishly. “Well, I was talking to Madara earlier and ended up mentioning that I wasn’t sure who I could leave you with while I was away. He ended up volunteering. I told him I’d have to ask you and I’m not really sure if it’s a good idea because the two of you don’t really get along but…..”

Tobirama interrupts his brother’s rambling. “Do you think he’d kill me?”

Hashirama looks surprised. “What? No! Madara wouldn’t do that, if only because he knows how much that would hurt me. I just don’t think he’d be very nice about this. Probably gloat a lot. But I think he would at least make sure you had food and water.”

Tobirama thinks about it, wondering what Madara has planned. The Uchiha wouldn’t have volunteered to watch him if he wasn’t planning something humiliating. To his embarrassment, he suddenly feels a rush of excitement at the thought of what Madara might do to him. He’s known for a while that he has a bit of a submissive kink but this is new. It wasn’t just the thought of Madara dominating him that intrigued him but the thought of being humiliated as well. He’s not sure what to think about this newly discovered kink but he reasons that he should be able to teleport away if Madara goes too far, right?

“Alright,” agrees Tobirama. He sees his brother’s eyes widen in surprise and shrugs. “The fewer
people who know about this jutsu, the better. And I think you’re right about Madara not killing me. I can still use jutsu, you know. I’ll teleport away if he tries anything.”

On the day Hashirama needs to leave, he drops Tobirama off at Madara’s house. Hashirama sets Tobirama down on the kitchen table and reluctantly leaves. If he delays any longer, he’ll be late to his meeting with the other Kage.

As it’s lunch time, Tobirama is unsurprised to see Madara cooking food on the stove. What he isn’t expecting is for Madara to bring him a plate of food. A tiny plate. “Is that a doll plate?” asks Tobirama, taking the small dish from Madara and staring at it in confusion.

“It is,” replies Madara, handing him an even tinier spoon. “I henged into a civilian woman yesterday and bought a few things. It’s easier than eating from a plate larger than you, isn’t it?”

“Yes, I suppose so,” says Tobirama, wondering what else Madara may have bought.

After lunch, Madara picks him up from the table. He’s sitting on the other man’s palm, his legs dangling over the side of his hand. He grips onto Madara’s thumb which is lightly pressed up against his stomach. Madara sets him down onto the table in the living room, then pulls the table closer to the couch, putting Tobirama within easy reach.

Tobirama sits down on the table and stares up at Madara, watching the smirking Uchiha with wary eyes. He leans back as Madara’s hand comes towards him, blinking in surprise when the other man touches the top of his head with his index finger. He frowns when Madara starts to pet his hair. Reaching up, he grabs Madara’s finger and realizes that his hand is so small that it’s unable to fully wrap around the Uchiha’s finger.

Madara smirks at the sight of it. “You really are the size of a doll. Tiny and helpless,” says Madara, gripping Tobirama’s face between his thumb and index finger. He sees Tobirama’s throat move as he swallows, the Senju’s eyes widening in apprehension. “It would be so easy to crush you right now…..but I have something more fun in mind.”

Tobirama lets out a soft grunt as he’s suddenly pushed back onto the table, Madara’s finger on his chest preventing him from sitting up. He bites his lip, feeling a jolt of heat in his abdomen. Being this helpless is starting to turn him on. He doesn’t think about how he could teleport away, preferring to pretend that he’s at the mercy of Madara’s whims.

He’s startled when Madara suddenly pushes on his side, turning him over onto his stomach. Madara’s finger runs up and down his back and he has to bite back a groan when the finger goes lower, firmly rubbing his backside. He can’t stop the soft gasp that escapes his mouth when his hips are pressed firmly down, rubbing his cloth covered erection against the table.

Tobirama hears Madara laugh and blushes. “You’re not getting aroused from this, are you, Senju?” asks Madara in amusement. He frowns when Tobirama doesn’t answer and grabs the other’s man legs, lifting it up to give him easier access to his shoes.

Tobirama turns his head to see what Madara is doing, and finds out that the Uchiha is trying to take off his shoes. He tries to pull his leg out of Madara’s grasp and fails. He huffs in frustration and relaxes against the table, allowing Madara to undress him.

Tobirama closes his eyes when his pants are removed, his face turning bright red as his erection is revealed. Lying on his side, he brings his knees up and drapes his arm over his hip, trying to cover himself. Madara only laughs softly and reaches for the bag on the table. Tobirama’s muscles tense, wondering what the Uchiha is doing now.

Madara reaches into the bag and pulls out….a paint brush? Tobirama stares at the object, puzzled. What is Madara planning to do with that? Tobirama leans his head back as the brush gets closer to
him, closing his eyes as the soft bristles brush across his face. The brush pauses at his mouth, softly tracing the length of his lips.

“Open up,” commands Madara, pressing the brush more firmly against Tobirama’s mouth.

Tobirama gives the Uchiha a disgruntled glare but eventually parts his lips, feeling the tip of the brush enter his mouth. The bristles feel weird against his tongue; his nose scrunching up in reaction to the slight tickling sensation. He’s surprised when the brush suddenly jerks forward, gagging as it fills his mouth. He’s embarrassed to feel a surge of heat shoot through him at the rough treatment, his cock twitching as precum leaks from the tip.

Tobirama wraps his fingers around the handle of the brush, trying to push it out of his mouth. Madara keeps the brush in a moment longer, wanting to increase Tobirama’s sense of powerlessness, before he slowly slides the brush out. He sees the Senju’s chest heave as he draws in ragged breaths, feeling a jolt of heat in his abdomen at the sight of Tobirama so vulnerable.

Tobirama shivers as the brush caresses his neck, turning his head to the side to get more of that sensation. Thin trails of saliva are left on his skin as the brush moves from his neck down to his chest. His back arches as the brush reaches his nipples, a soft moan escaping his mouth. He squirms when the brush dips lower, teasing the sensitive head of his cock.

Tobirama can’t help but let out a disappointed whine as the brush is removed, his body craving more contact. He blinks up at Madara, frowning, and sees that the Uchiha is once again reaching inside the bag at the edge of the table.

Tobirama recognizes that the bottle is lube but he’s not sure what the other thing in Madara’s hand is. It seems to be a tiny stick, in the shape of the letter T. It almost looks like a butt plug; and though he’s sure that’s not what it actually is, that might be what Madara is planning to use it for. He bites his lip, body heating up at the thought of that thing going inside him. Almost subconsciously, he finds his legs spreading, inviting the Uchiha to penetrate him.

Madara opens the bottle of lube and pours a drop onto the toy, actually having to wipe some off as just a drop is too much for a toy this size. He reaches down and hooks his index finger under Tobirama’s knees, lifting the Senju’s legs up into the air.

Tobirama turns his head away from Madara, feeling a mixture of embarrassment and lust as his entrance is revealed to Madara’s eyes. He feels the toy at his entrance and tries to relax his muscles as it’s slowly pushed inside. His fingers claw at the table, pulses of electrifying pleasure coursing through his veins as Madara thrusts the toy in and out of him.

Just when he thinks he’s about to cum, the toy is rudely pulled away. Tobirama groans in frustration, his aching cock begging for release. He reaches down to grab his length, but Madara grabs his hands and pins them above his head. He lets out a whine, his hole clenching down around nothing, feeling annoyingly empty.

Madara sets Tobirama’s legs down on the table then picks the toy back up, fully sheathing it inside the Senju’s entrance. “Keep your hands there,” he orders, letting go of Tobirama to grab a few more things out of the bag.

Just when he thinks Madara is finished, the toy is pushed back inside him, moaning softly as it brushes against his prostate. He keeps his hands where Madara leaves them, feeling a rush of anticipation as he wonders what the Uchiha has planned for him next. Tobirama sees Madara hold up the items in his hands for him to see and his eyes widen. “Are those doll clothes?” asks Tobirama, surprised.

“They are,” replies Madara. “And they’re the high quality kind as well, made from nice fabric, instead of that plastic feeling stuff.”
Madara rubs the sleeve of the dark blue dress against Tobirama’s arm, and the Senju shivers at the soft, silky feel of the fabric. Tobirama is a bit surprised that Madara went to the effort to find a comfortable dress instead of just grabbing something random; but if Madara’s original goal was to humiliate him through forced pleasure, it made sense. Itchy fabric would have ruined the mood, while this silky material will heighten his arousal.

Tobirama lifts his feet for Madara to slide the blue panties onto his legs, breath hitching as the soft fabric is placed over his erection. He squirms as Madara softly rubs the tip of his length through the cloth, drops of precum leaking from his cock to wet the fabric.

Madara contemplates the tiny stockings in his hand, wondering how he’s going to get them on Tobirama without ripping the fabric. Perhaps he should have Tobirama put them on himself? “Sit up,” orders Madara, nudging a finger against the Senju’s shoulder.

Tobirama sits up and blinks in surprise as black stockings are held in front of his face. He takes the garment from Madara’s hands, realizing that the Uchiha wants him to put it on. He puts the stockings on, seeing that they come up to the middle of his thighs. He shivers as Madara reaches out and runs his finger down his leg. He’s a bit surprised by how much he’s enjoying this; wearing women’s clothes is not something he’s ever thought to try.

“Time for the dress,” says Madara, smirking. “You’ll need to stand up for this.”

Tobirama gets to his feet, holding up his arms when Madara tells him to, and the Uchiha slips the dress over his head. He’s baffled when Madara grabs a cotton ball from the bag, tears it into two and then reaches down to stuff it down the front of his dress. He blinks down at his chest, realizing that the cotton is meant to give him the appearance of having breasts.

Tobirama feels Madara’s hands on his back and hears the sound of a zipper. ‘He probably chose the dress with the zipper to make it more difficult for me to take it off myself,’ thinks Tobirama.

The dress reaches down to Tobirama’s knees, showing off the stockings. “Now for the gloves,” says Madara, holding them out to the other man. Tobirama takes the gloves and puts them on, wondering why Madara choose such long gloves. They’re the same shame of blue as the dress and go all the way up to his elbows.

“Good, now lift your foot,” orders Madara, holding up a pair of black heels.

Tobirama sticks his foot out, breathing in sharply as the plug shifts inside him. After Madara has slipped the shoes onto his feet, Tobirama takes a step forward and almost stumbles. Heat rushes to his face as Madara snickers, his blush coming back in full force.

Madara reaches out and brushes his fingertip over Tobirama’s cheek, feeling how warm the Senju’s face is. He shifts restlessly in his seat, feeling his pants get too tight. He feels the urge to just pin Tobirama down and rub his aching cock all over him, coating the Senju in his seed. But he has something else in mind first.

Madara grabs the eyeshadow and tube of lipstick from the bag, setting them down in front of Tobirama. He sees the Senju’s startled expression and smirks. He gets two new brushes from the bag, ones that have the tiniest sized bristled he could find. He dips the brush in the light blue eyeshadow and brings it up to Tobirama’s face. “Close your eyes,” he instructs.

Tobirama’s heart beat speeds up as the brush touches his eyelids, worried that Madara might use too much force by mistake. His worries are proven unfounded, however, as the brush stays gentle against his skin. He breathes a sigh of relief when it’s over, glancing over at the tube of lipstick. It’s a dark shade of red and he holds his face still as Madara applies it to his lips.

Tobirama wonders just how many things are in that bag as Madara reaches in and pulls out a tiny
mirror. His eyes widen in wonder as he gazes at his reflection, feeling a surge of heat at the way he looks. He doesn’t really look like a woman; he doesn’t have the right curves for that but he thinks the outfit looks nice on him.

Tobirama glances up at Madara, wondering if the Uchiha finds his outfit arousing as well or if he’s doing this because he thinks it will humiliate him? Personally, Tobirama doesn’t see the point of assigning a gender to clothing. Why restrict what someone wants to wear as long as it doesn’t show anything private in public? It would be the way people react to him in this outfit that would cause embarrassment, not the outfit itself.

Madara smiles at the look on Tobirama’s face. He hadn’t expected the Senju to like this outfit; he had just wanted to embarrass him but he wasn’t complaining. It was actually more arousing this way, to have Tobirama enjoying himself. But now it was time for the really fun part.

Tobirama stares at the object Madara grabs out of the bag, baffled. It’s a male doll, about his own height, dressed in a tux. “What?” he asks in confusion.

Madara sets the doll down in front of Tobirama and lets chakra pour forth from his fingers to connect to the doll as strings. He had learnt this technique a while ago, after watching one of the puppet masters of Suna with his sharingan. He has the doll go over to Tobirama and wrap an arm around the Senju’s waist and the other around his shoulders.

Tobirama staggers forward as the doll moves back, pulling him with it. He wraps his arms around the doll’s shoulders, realizing after a minute that Madara is making him dance with the doll. It’s awkward dancing in heels for the first time, the plug inside him brushing against his prostate with every step. And every time Madara laughs, it sends a surge of electrifying heat throughout his body.

Tobirama buries his face in the doll’s neck, wishing that he was normal sized and that it was Madara’s arms wrapped around him. He wants to feel Madara’s muscles pressed up against him and feel the warmth of a living being. Still, although this isn’t what he prefers, he’s getting pleasure out of being “forced” to dance with the doll.

With every step Tobirama takes, pulses of pleasure race up his spine. His cock throbs, precum causing the front of the panties to stick to him. Suddenly, the arm around his back moves and he feels a sharp stinging sensation on his backside.

Tobirama lets out a loud moan as the doll smacks his ass again, feeling his muscles clench around the toy inside him. He clings to the doll as it continues to spank him, his body shuddering as the combination of pleasure and pain pushes him over the edge. He bites onto his arm to muffle his shout, hips twitching as he cums.

Tobirama takes a moment to catch his breath then steps back as the doll’s arms let go of him. He watches it fall over as Madara dissolves the chakra strings. Madara reaches down and unzips the dress, then slowly pulls it off, letting it drop onto the table.

Madara doesn’t protest as Tobirama takes the gloves off or the heels but tells him to leave the stockings on. Realizing that the panties are probably starting to feel uncomfortably sticky to Tobirama, he gives the other man permission to take those off as well.

Tobirama watches as Madara lies back down on the couch and slides his pants and underwear down enough to reveal his erection. He’s surprised when Madara suddenly picks him up and sets him down on the other man’s stomach, right in front of the Uchiha’s cock.

This close, he can see that he’s just barely taller than Madara’s length. He hesitates, wondering how to bring Madara pleasure with how small he currently is. Just rubbing his hand on it won’t be enough, but the thought of rubbing his whole body over Madara’s cock is embarrassing.
Apparently, he waits too long to make a decision because he feels a finger against his back, pushing him forward into Madara’s length. His head ends up pressed right against the tip, smearing precum into his face. He wraps his arms around the head of Madara’s cock, letting his tongue flick out to lap up the precum.

Tobirama presses his whole body against Madara’s length and bends his knees a few inches, slowly rubbing his chest against the shaft. His hands roam over the head of Madara’s cock, while he lifts one of his legs to rub it against the lower part of the shaft. Hearing a soft moan encourages him to keep going, determined to bring Madara pleasure.

Madara pants for breath, fingers digging into the couch cushions beneath him. He watches Tobirama through half-lidded eyes, turned on by the sight of the Senju rubbing himself against his cock. A drop of precum leaks from the tip of his cock and he groans at the sight of Tobirama rubbing his face through the clear liquid.

Tobirama lets out a startled gasp as Madara suddenly places a finger underneath his ass and pushes up. He instinctively wraps his legs and arms around Madara’s length and holds on as the Uchiha pushes him up and down, rubbing his whole body over Madara’s cock. He lets out a soft moan as the plug inside him shifts, rubbing against his prostate. That, plus the friction of his lower half rubbing against Madara’s length, has him getting hard again.

Madara slides the Senju until he’s facing the underside of his cock; he wants the most contact with the most sensitive part of him. He squirms, hips twitching upwards as the pleasure intensifies. He rubs Tobirama against the head of his cock, soft moans and whimpers escaping his lips as he nears orgasm. His cock pulses, cum shooting out to cover Tobirama.

Tobirama covers his eyes as the cum splashes onto his face, feeling it drip down his head and over his back. He shivers as the cum drips down his chest and down to his groin. Madara slowly lowers him down onto the other man’s stomach and he hisses in pleasure as his aching cock rubs against Madara’s.

Tobirama kneels on Madara’s stomach and wraps his hand around his cock, groaning as he strokes himself firmly. He reaches behind himself with his other hand and grabs the dildo, sliding it in and out, hips squirming as the toy brushes over his sweet spot. As he feels Madara’s cum drip down his hair and over his face, he suddenly has a new thought. Just because Madara can’t fuck him while he’s like this, doesn’t mean he can’t have Madara’s cum in him.

Tobirama doesn’t particularly understand this kink of his, but he prefers it when his partners cum in him. He swipes a hand over his chest, collecting as much liquid as his hand can hold. He slides the toy out of him and slowly pushes Madara’s cum inside him, leaning forward so none of it can drip out.

Tobirama slides the toy back inside, groaning as he presses it firmly against his prostate. He brings a hand up to his face and collects more cum, licking the salty liquid from his fingers. He glances up and flushes in embarrassment at the surprised look Madara is giving him, though he notices with a sense of pride that the Uchiha also looks rather turned on by what he’s doing.

Tobirama bites his bottom lip, letting out quite moans and whimpers as he wraps his hand around his length and strokes firmly. He lets out a soft gasp as he feels Madara’s finger on his back, sliding lower until it reaches his butt. He presses back against the finger, pulses of pleasure racing up his spine every time the dildo shifts inside him.

Tobirama’s eyes close, his mouth opening in a wordless shout as the pleasure reaches its peak. He pants for breath, slowly opening his eyes as the pleasure fades. He looks up and is relieved to see no mocking glint in the Uchiha’s eyes. Instead, to his surprise, Madara’s expression is more like fond amusement.
Tobirama ducks his head, feeling embarrassed and sticky. Very sticky. He rests his hands on his legs, wondering if the stockings can be cleaned to be used again later. Will there be a later? He’s going to be staying at Madara’s house for the next few days while Hashirama is gone, so perhaps the Uchiha will want to have more fun with him.

Tobirama’s musing are interrupted as Madara suddenly picks him up. His legs dangle in the air, his hands grasping Madara’s fingers that are wrapped around his torso. His legs sway in the air as Madara stands up, watching Madara reach down with his free hand to pull his pants back up.

Tobirama glances around as Madara carries him into the Uchiha’s bedroom and then into the connecting bathroom. He’s set down on the counter next to the sink while Madara fiddles with the faucet, filling the sink up with warm water. He takes the stockings off and sets them on the counter, then steps onto Madara’s palm when the other man holds his hand out and is gently lowered into the, for him, waist-high water.

Tobirama sees Madara pick up a small sponge and pour a bit of soap onto it, closing his eyes as the Uchiha then softly rubs the sponge over his hair. He doesn’t understand why Madara is being this gentle with him but he’s enjoying the attention. It would not have been pleasant if Madara had continued to be demanding and mocking after the sex was over.

Tobirama feels his muscles relax as Madara washes him, starting to feel a bit tired. A nap would be nice right now. After he’s clean, Madara picks him up and takes him over the Uchiha’s bed. He’s surprised to see the bottom half of a shoebox sitting on one side, with a small towel folded inside the box, along with a handkerchief and what looks to be a doll-sized pillow.

Madara sets Tobirama down onto the handkerchief then folds it over him like a blanket. He sees Tobirama reach out for the pillow and pull it closer, laying his head down and closing his eyes. He brushes his finger through Tobirama’s hair, surprised to realize he’s feeling a bit fond of the Senju. He doesn’t think he has it in him to love Tobirama, not with what the other man did to his brother, but some of the hatred he’s felt towards the Senju has started to wane over the years. Whatever relationship he ends up having with Tobirama, it might not end up loving but at least it won’t be abusive. He turns the lights off and exits the room, letting Tobirama take a nap in peace.

Tobirama disconnects from his other self’s memory, blinking up at his bedroom ceiling. Well, that was certainly interesting and definitely arousing. He’ll need to look at that world later, to learn the completed version of that shrinking jutsu. He thinks it might be fun to shrink down and let Itama and Kawamra play with him. He feels a surge of arousal at the thought and hops up out of bed to go find the two of them and have some fun.

Chapter End Notes

Unfortunately, I don't have any pixiv pictures for this chapter. I've yet to see any pictures with a mini!Tobirama.
MadaTobi, impact play, dubcon

Chapter Notes

Mada/Tobi, impact play, dubcon
There is some blood in this story, caused by a whip, but blood is not the main focus of this story.

It was seven in the afternoon by the time Tobirama got back home. He had spent almost the entire day hanging out with Itama and Izuna. Although it had initially surprised him to learn that his brothers were friends with Izuna and the Uchiha’s brothers, he was willing to try to get along with them for his brothers’ sake……and because the Uchiha brothers were good in bed.

Tobirama had been surprised today to realize how fun it was to hang out with Izuna. The other man had a great sense of humor and was a bit mischievous but not spiteful with his pranks. He was only mean spirited towards his enemies. It made him wonder what it would have been like if Izuna had lived. Would their two clans have still made peace? Would he and Izuna have become friends?

Perhaps this was a question for the ‘Alternate View’ feature on his phone. But how to phrase the question? If he asked, ‘What if I hadn’t killed Izuna or injured him?’ then he might just be shown a memory of his death. He knew that if he hadn’t won their fight that day, then Izuna would likely have killed him instead.

Eventually, he figures out how he wants to word his question and lies down on the bed. He types ‘What if Izuna hadn’t died from the injury I gave him?’ into the phone and hits enter. When he opens his eyes again, he can’t see anything but he can feel a cloth wrapped around his head. Had someone blindfolded him?

Tobirama looks through his other self’s memories and realizes that he must have been kidnapped. The last thing he remembers is fighting against Madara in the woods. He had been patrolling the borders of the Senju clan’s territory when the Uchiha had found him. He remembers that it wasn’t a very long fight. Madara had thrown what looked like an explosive note but instead of exploring, it had released knock out gas. He was a bit disgruntled that Madara had used a sedative instead of fighting him, but there was no such thing as fair play amongst ninjas.

Tobirama takes a deep breath and concentrates on what he can feel and hear. There are metal cuffs around his wrists and ankles, with a chain between the wrist cuffs and a chain between the ankle cuffs. Underneath him, he feels a cold stone floor. There’s a collar around his neck; he can sense chakra coming from it, and he theorizes that it might be responsible for why he can’t feel his own chakra. And, most irritating of all, he appears to be naked.

His muscles tense as he hears the door behind him open and the sound of footsteps getting closer. “You’re finally awake,” says Madara, sounding amused. He feels the Uchiha’s hands grab under his arms, pulling him up and onto his feet. His eyes narrow behind the blindfold, contemplating how effective it would be to kick Madara in the shin.

“Before you do something stupid, like attack me, you should remember that you don’t have any chakra right now, which puts you at a severe disadvantage. Now, I don’t have any intention of killing you; but if you start fighting back, I might accidently use too much force and land a fatal blow,” says Madara.
“If you’re not going to kill me, then why am I here?” asks Tobirama, puzzled.

“Do you remember the last battle our clans had, a month ago? You almost killed Izuna. It was a miracle he survived. If he had died, I would have killed you. But he’s alive and I want him to stay that way. I’ve decided to accept Hashirama’s offer of a peace treaty, but I can’t just ignore what you did to Izuna. That injury you gave him caused him a lot of pain,” says Madara.

Tobirama’s mind reels, shocked that Madara is actually considering ending the war. He guesses Izuna’s near death experience has finally made Madara see sense. “You’re angry that I hurt Izuna. You want revenge but killing me would be counterproductive if you want peace with the Senju clan,” guesses Tobirama. “If not death, then what are you planning to do to me?”

Tobirama feels Madara grab the chain connecting his wrists, pulling it up until he’s on the tips of his toes. He can’t see what Madara is doing with the blindfold on, but he thinks there’s a hook on the ceiling. As soon as the chain is over the tallest part of the hook, he’s able to stand flat on his feet but he can’t pull his arms down. He hears the sound of Madara’s footsteps, circling him. He fidgets nervously, still not sure what the Uchiha has planned for him and why he needs to be naked for it.

Tobirama flinches as something suddenly smacks across his ass, a surprised gasp leaving his mouth. Blood rushes to his face as he hears Madara snicker. Was this Madara’s revenge then? Hitting him with, what was that, a crop? He forces himself to stay silent as the crop lands again, leaving pain and heat in its wake.

Tobirama bites back a moan as the crop strikes him several times in quick succession, surprised to feel a surge of pleasure along with the pain. He had known he liked being bitten and having his hair pulled, but hadn’t realized his pain kink was this strong. He grips the chains attached to his wrists, beginning to pant for breath as his body starts to heat up. His cock throbs as Madara continues to strike him with the crop, a drop of precum leaking from the tip.

It’s embarrassing how close to the edge he is, just from something like this. He bites his bottom lip, a whine building up in his throat as the pleasure consumes him. Right as he’s about to cum, an arm wraps around his waist, Madara’s fingers tightly gripping the base of his cock, cruelly denying him his release.

Tobirama whimpers, hips squirming as he tries to get free from Madara’s grasp. He hisses as the fabric of Madara’s pants rubs uncomfortably against tender skin, his traitorous cock twitching from the sensation. He hears Madara chuckle, shivering as the other man’s warm breath tickles the shell of his ear. His breath hitches as Madara nibbles on his ear, moaning when the Uchiha’s other hand comes up to roughly pinch his nipple.

Tobirama bites back a disappointed whine as Madara steps back, feeling desperate for more; more pleasurable touches, more painful strikes against his skin, just more. He writhes, struggling against the chains restraining him, groaning in frustration when he can’t get free.

“You have no idea how good you look like this, Senju, aroused and helpless,” says Madara, lust evident in his tone. “And at my mercy. You’re already desperate for release, but we’re not even close to being finished. You’re not allowed to cum until your punishment is over.”

Tobirama feels something slide over his cock, settling at the base, tight enough to prevent him from cumming. “Why do you have a cock ring with you?” he asks, breathless and confused. “Were you planning this?”

“Did I plan on you getting aroused? No. Was I hoping you would? Yes,” replies Madara. “At most, I just wanted to cause you pain, to get revenge; your arousal is an added bonus.”
Before Tobirama can think of a reply, he hears the sound of the crop moving through the air again, this time landing a stinging strike to his upper thigh. His leg twitches, the chains clanking as he shifts from foot to foot. He’s unable to escape as Madara relentlessly brings the crop down on the back of his thighs, again and again; but the helplessness of his position just turns him on even more.

Tobirama can’t keep himself silent any longer; breathless moans and whispers escaping his mouth every time the crop strikes sensitive skin. He wonders how long it’ll be before he starts begging, his cock throbbing in time with every stinging blow. He blinks in confusion when the blows stop, wishing the blindfold was off so he could see what was going on. He hears Madara’s footsteps, the Uchiha stopping right in front him. His breath hitches as Madara’s bare hands grab his ass, wincing at the strong grip. He tries to squirm away, but Madara’s grip remains firm, digging his fingers into reddened skin and pulling his hips forward.

Tobirama moans as his length comes into contact with Madara’s cloth covered erection, feeling a surge of heat at the knowledge that Madara is turned on by this, is aroused by him. Chapped lips press against his own, his mouth opening for Madara’s probing tongue. The kiss seems to last forever, Madara taking his time to explore every inch of his mouth. Tobirama feels weak in the knees by the time Madara pulls his mouth away, gasping as one of the Uchiha’s fingers suddenly slides down to teasingly rubs against his entrance.

“Madara,” moans Tobirama, pressing his hips back against the Uchiha’s finger.

Madara bites back a moan, cock throbbing at the sheer need in Tobirama’s voice. Reluctantly, he pulls his hands away from Tobirama’s ass, smirking as the Senju lets out a faint whine. “We’re not done yet, Senju.” His hands come up to caress Tobirama’s upper back. “This area hasn’t been touched yet. I’m going to use a flogger here, turn your skin a lovely shade of red, then I’ll use the whip. When I’m done seeing you writhe in pain, I’ll fuck you; and if I’m feeling generous, I’ll even let you cum as well.”

Tobirama shudders, hips involuntarily twitching forward at the mental images Madara’s words conjure up. Madara’s hands disappear from his back, hearing the other man’s footsteps as he walks a few feet away. He thinks there must be a table in the room, upon which rests the items Madara intends to use on him.

A moment later, Madara is back behind him. His back arches; a short, pained noise escaping his mouth as the flogger strikes his upper back. He notices that Madara seems to know what he’s doing with the flogger; he’s heard that it can be difficult for people to consistently hit the same spot with a flogger but Madara doesn’t have any problem with that. His skin feels unbearably hot, a new wave of pain radiating through his body with every hit of the flogger. His wrists ache from struggling against the chains, his skin chaffed red. He doesn’t understand why the pain affects him this way, sending bursts of electrifying pleasure straight to his cock.

Madara circles around Tobirama, licking his lips at the erotic sight before him. Sweat drips down toned muscles, the Senju’s mouth open as he pants for breath. Madara’s cock throbs at the sight, imaging how good it would feel to slide his cock into that wet heat. He enjoys seeing Tobirama tied up like this, helpless before him. And judging by how much precum is dripping from Tobirama’s cock, he’s sure the other man is enjoying this as well.

And he can’t get enough of the sounds Tobirama makes; each one sending a jolt of lust to his cock. He wants to hear Tobirama scream his name. He picks up the whip from the table and stands behind Tobirama, admiring the red marks on the other man’s skin. He lets the whip fly, loving the sound it makes as it whistles through the air.

Tobirama’s eyes open wide underneath the blindfold, crying out as the whip digs into his back, a thin trail of blood running down his skin. His legs tremble, and he’s sure he would have fallen to
the floor if not for the chains on his wrists keeping him upright. He flinches, barely stopping himself from screaming, as the whip hits his back again. He can feel the blood slowly trailing down his back and over the heated skin of his ass. He’s surprised that he’s still hard, but apparently he’s even more of a masochist than he had thought.

Tobirama tries to keep silent and fails, letting out a scream that’s half pain and half pleasure as Madara relentlessly lashes his back with the whip. His hips twitch, futilely trying to get friction for his aching cock. The need to cum is almost unbearable now. He’s certain he would be begging if he could get enough air into his lungs, his breath coming in ragged pants. A minute later, the blows finally stop, a whimper escaping his throat before he can stop it.

Tobirama sucks in a startled breath as Madara’s hand suddenly wraps around his cock, moaning as calloused fingers rub against sensitive flesh. His toes curl, white-hot pleasure racing up his spine. The cock ring cruelly denies him his release, though; and he can’t take it any longer, gasping out a desperate, “Please.”

Madara shudders, grinding his cloth-covered erection against Tobirama’s ass, hearing the Senju hiss in pain. His cock demands that he take the Senju right now, but he holds back, wanting to hear Tobirama beg first. He forces himself to be patient, teasingly asking, “Did you want something, Senju?”

Tobirama whimpers, struggling to speak as Madara continues to slowly pump his erection, swiping his thumb over the head. “Please…ah…just…..”

“Just what?” asks Madara, licking the shell of Tobirama’s ear, getting a breathy moan from the other man.

“Fuck me,” moans Tobirama, grinding his hips back against the bulge in Madara’s pants.

Madara groans in pleasure, reaching down to slide his pants down just enough to free his cock, grabbing the bottle of lube out of his pocket as he does. Too worked up to tease Tobirama anymore, he quickly lubes himself up, letting the bottle drop to the floor when he’s done. He grabs Tobirama’s ass, spreading the other man’s cheeks to watch his cock sink deep into wonderfully tight heat.

Tobirama’s mouth opens in a silent moan, shuddering as Madara’s thick length fills him. It aches at first, being so suddenly stretched, but his body adjusts soon enough until all he’s feeling is pleasure. He digs his feet into the ground, pushing his hips back to meet Madara’s rough thrusts, keening as Madara’s cock brushes against his prostrate, over and over again.

Madara tries to last as long as he can, enjoying having Tobirama fall apart under his touch. When he feels his release fast approaching, he reaches down and takes the cock ring off of Tobirama, deciding to be merciful and let the Senju cum. He sinks his teeth into Tobirama’s shoulder, muffling his moans, and runs his hands up Tobirama’s chest to roughly pinch the other man’s nipples.

Tobirama writhes, pleasure and pain setting his nerves ablaze. Tobirama throws his head back, a breathless scream erupting from his throat as he’s finally allowed his release. His muscles contract around the hard length inside him, pulses of cum shooting from his cock to land on the floor beneath them. He hears Madara groan, a burst of warmth filling him as the Uchiha reaches his peak as well.

Tobirama relaxes back against Madara, enjoying the afterglow. They stay like that for a minute before Madara reaches up and unhooks the chain from the ceiling. Tobirama would have sunk to the floor, but Madara grabs his arm and wraps it around the Uchiha’s shoulders. Madara helps him walk the few steps over to the table, which he still can’t see because of the blindfold. There is apparently a towel on the table because he feels Madara swipe it over his length, cleaning him up.
He hears the sound of cloth rustling and assumes that Madara has cleaned himself up as well and pulled his pants back up.

Tobirama feels blood rush to his face in an embarrassed blush as the towel is rubbed between his butt cheeks, cleaning the cum from his entrance. It’s also a bit uncomfortable; now that the haze of pleasure is gone from his mind, he’s suddenly become more aware of the ache in his ass, caused by Madara entering him so roughly. To his relief, it doesn’t feel like anything is torn, though. But aside from that, his back is still bleeding and he’s certain he’s going to end up with bruises on his legs and backside.

Having been distracted by his thoughts, he’s surprised to feel the chains around his feet suddenly removed. A minute later, the ones on his wrists are gone as well. He reaches up to take the blindfold off, but Madara grabs his arm, telling him to leave it on. He doesn’t understand why Madara wants the blindfold to stay on, but he’s too tired to argue with him. He lets Madara lead him through the room, up the stairs, and through a door that leads to a carpeted hallway. He thinks they must have been in the basement and are now in the ground floor of the house. He’s led down the hall and into a bedroom, instructed to lie face down on the bed.

Tobirama lets himself relax, letting out a sigh of pleasure at how soft the bed is. His hands grip the sheets as he feels Madara’s hands touch his back, rubbing a cool salve into his injuries. Madara’s soothing touch and the darkness caused by the blindfold almost has him falling asleep before the Uchiha suddenly speaks.

“I’ll have the clan healer take care of the injuries on your back, to prevent infection. Your legs and butt, however, can heal the old fashioned way. I like the thought of you having trouble sitting for the next few weeks,” says Madara, amusement in his voice.

Tobirama bites his lip, heat pooling in his abdomen at Madara’s words. Every time he tries to sit down, he’s going to be reminded of this night. It’s unexpectedly arousing, and he has to force himself to stop thinking about it so he doesn’t get hard again. He jumps in surprise as Madara suddenly speaks.

“Madara chuckles. “I wonder how long I can keep you here before Hashirama throws a fit. Perhaps I can refuse to give you back until our clans have agreed to a peace treaty. That ought to give me at least a few months with you, don’t you think?”

Tobirama shivers, subconsciously spreading his legs a little wider. “And what would you do to me during that time?” he asks, blood rushing to his cock as different possibilities flow through his mind.

“I think a better question would be: What don’t I intend to do to you?” says Madara, teasingly running his fingers over Tobirama’s entrance. “The first thing that comes to mind, though, is to tie you to this bed, face up. I’d spread your legs, tie them so they’re forced to stay open, knees pointed to the ceiling.”

Madara slips his fingers inside Tobirama as he talks, knowing he’s found the other man’s sweet spot when the Senju lets out a breathy moan. He rubs his fingers over that spot insistently as he continues talking. “I’d take my time getting you worked up, until you’re begging me to fuck you. But even after having my way with you, I wouldn’t let you cum yet. Instead, I’d slide a vibrator inside you, keep my seed from slipping out, and turn the toy onto the highest setting, keeping you on the verge of cumming for hours until you’re too incoherent with pleasure to even beg me to allow you to cum.”

Tobirama bites the bedsheets to muffle his whine, slowly grinding his hips against the bed. His muscles clench around Madara’s fingers, wishing it was something larger filling him. Though it’s probably good it’s not; his ass is still sore and needs time to heal. Still, just this feels really good,
sparks of pleasure racing up his spine every time Madara’s slender fingers rub against those sensitive nerves inside him.

“And that’s just one of the things I want to do to you,” says Madara, arousal making his voice deeper than normal. “I also plan to use your mouth, watch your lips wrapped around my cock. And with how much of a masochist you are, I wonder if you’d like it if I was rough, made you choke on my cock. Would you?”

“I….ah…don’t…know,” says Tobirama, panting for breath. “No one’s ever….mmm….been that….rough…."

“Hmm, and would you like to find out? Not right now, but later?” asks Madara. “Do you want to know what it’s like to have your mouth so full that you can barely breathe, feeling my cock pulse as I cum, forced to swallow my seed or choke?”

“I….ah….yes, ” hisses Tobirama. Bracing his forearm against the mattress, he thrusts his hips back against Madara’s fingers. He feels Madara’s other hand on his head, running his fingers through his hair. He cries out as those fingers suddenly tighten in his hair, pain mixing with pleasure to bring him over the edge.

Tobirama sags against the bed, panting for breath. The fingers disappear from inside him, leaving him with a feeling of emptiness. The fingers in his hair slip down to either side of his face, pressing against his cheeks to open his mouth. He hears Madara groan, the sound of skin sliding against skin as the other man strokes himself. Heat rushes to his face as he realizes what Madara intends to do, a soft moan escaping him as Madara’s seed lands on his tongue.

His mouth is held open for a moment longer, prolonging his taste of the bitter liquid, before Madara lets go and he’s able to swallow. The hand returns to his hair, petting him like a cat. He’s not sure what to think of this gesture. Is it meant to be mocking or some form of affection? Madara isn’t laughing at him, though, so he lies his head on the bed and lets himself enjoy the attention.

Tobirama blinks in surprise as the blindfold is suddenly removed, glancing around the room curiously. It’s a typical bedroom, with a dresser, a closet, and a small bookcase against the wall. There’s two doors, one leading to the hallway, and he’s guessing the other leads to a bathroom.

“So, can I trust you to remain here while I get the healer?” asks Madara.

Tobirama thinks about that for a moment, deciding that it’s probably safer if he stays here. The collar around his neck has a small padlock on it, keeping his chakra locked away. His best chance of getting out of here safely is for Madara to succeed in getting a peace treaty with Hashirama.

“Yes,” he eventually replies. “I’ll stay here.”

Madara smiles, pleased with his cooperation. “Good. I should be back within fifteen minutes. You can get water from the bathroom if you get thirsty, but don’t leave the bedroom.”

Tobirama stares at the door for a while after Madara’s left, then slowly climbs to his feet. He doesn’t realize how thirsty he is until after he starts drinking, gulping down several handfuls of water at the sink. He finds a small towel in the bathroom and takes it with him to the bedroom, getting as much of his cum from the bed as he can before tossing the towel into the tiny hamper in the corner of the room.

Tobirama gets back onto the bed, pulling the blankets over the lower half of his body. The sheets are a bit uncomfortable over his tender skin but he’d rather the healer not see his ass unless it requires healing. Feeling tired, he relaxes against the bed and is asleep before Madara and the healer arrive.
Tobirama disconnects from his other self’s memory and frowns at the ceiling. ‘That was not what I was expecting. I was actually wanting to know more about how Izuna being alive would affect the village. Would Madara still agree to a peace treaty if Izuna was alive? If yes, would Madara have stayed sane and not tried to destroy the village if he still had Izuna? …..But I guess it’s my fault for not being more specific…..’

And although it’s not what he had originally wanted, he had enjoyed the memory. Although, he’s fairly certain he doesn’t enjoy pain as much as his other self does. He likes rough sex, yes, but he doesn’t think he likes being made to bleed. It was interesting how similar his kinks were to his alternate selves, with some of his alternates having a more extreme interest in one of those kinks.

Tobirama hops up from his bed and heads to the study/library. He’s in the mood to do some research. There’s still a lot he doesn’t know, information people have learned from the other dimensions and written down. Perhaps he’ll research more about computers today; he thinks it might be fun to eventually be able to make his own electronics.
Izuna/mermanTobirama, oviposition/egg laying

Chapter Notes

This is my longest chapter yet, at 10,953 words!

Izuna/Tobirama, merman Tobirama with human Izuna, oviposition/egg laying, mpreg, pregnancy kink

Tobirama stares at the images on the computer screen, admiring how well some people can draw scales. He wonders what it would like to be a mermaid, or rather merman, able to breath underwater and travel to the bottom of the ocean. What do mermaids do on a day to day basis? What do they eat?

Deciding to find out, Tobirama gets out his phone and lies down on the bed. He types, ‘What if Tobirama had been born a merman?’ and hits enter, immediately being sucked into his alternate self’s memory.

Tobirama presses his hands against the glass wall in front of him, staring at all the humans walking past his aquarium. Several of them stare back. It’s rather rare for a human to see a mermaid; his kind are notoriously difficult to catch. His blue tail flicks in the water, feeling restless. The humans may have thought his aquarium was adequately sized; but it would be like trapping a human inside their house. It wasn’t big enough for him to get up enough momentum to really move. Inside his cage, he couldn’t do the human equivalent of running, forced to move slower than he wanted to or risk hitting the walls.

Tobirama sends waves of restlessness to the humans around him, along with images of a larger aquarium. He knows that humans communicate through words but sound doesn’t travel very well in the ocean. His kind communicate through telepathy. And he knows the humans can understand him. He’s seen the zoo’s visitors send him looks of sympathy and his zoo caretakers have apologized for the size of his cage. But they either don’t have the funding to build him something larger or the owner of the zoo is too greedy to give them the money.

Tobirama had known his fascination with humans was going to get him into trouble one day and now it has. He shouldn’t have gotten so close to that human ship in the ocean, but he had wanted to learn more about them. His family had warned him numerous times as a child to stay away from the humans, that he would be treated as a pet if he was ever caught. He should have listened to them but there was no use in wallowing about his mistakes. He would make the most of his situation, and eventually he’s sure he can convince the humans to give him a proper sized aquarium.

And his situation isn’t too terrible. The humans give him plenty of food and his caretakers are willing to spend hours communicating with him, answering his questions of the human world in exchange for information about his own species. He doesn’t tell them anything that could be used to harm his kind, of course, but they don’t seem to be looking for that kind of information. They have the mind of a scholar, like him, always curious about the world around them.

Tobirama is snapped out of his thoughts when he feels panic coming from one of the children near his aquarium, as well as odd feelings of lust coming from the adult dragging her through the zoo. His eyes narrow, focusing his attention on the mind of the adult and discovering that he’s kidnapping her for something heinous. He sends feelings of pain to the adult, causing the
pedophile to scream and let go of the little girl.

The other humans notice what’s going on and it isn’t long before everyone learns of what’s happened, and the girl’s parents are found. He’s relieved that he was able to save the child from such a horrible fate, but annoyed by the reactions of one of the police officers called to arrest the pedophile. It seems that the officer does not agree with his method for apprehending the criminal.

“He’s dangerous,” insists Officer Parkinson.

“He saved the life of an innocent child,” argues Victoria, one of his caretakers.

“He’s able to make people feel pain with his mind. You don’t think he’s a danger to everyone around him?” asks Parkinson, disbelief in his voice.

Indignant, Tobirama uses his telepathy to let everyone around him know he feels offended. Everyone stares at him in surprise, so he begins to send them images. He shows them a scene of a regular man seeing the pedophile kidnapping the girl and knocking out the pedophile. Then the police arrive and kidnap the rescuer instead of the pedophile. Along with the images, he sends the feelings of confusion.

“What is he doing?” asks Parkinson.

“He’s asking you whether you’d be wanting to lock up a human for rescuing that girl, since that’s what you’re wanting to do to him,” replies Victoria.

“Well, no,” says Parkinson, feeling awkward. “But humans can’t harm each other with their minds.”

Tobirama sighs, bubbles of air floating from his mouth through the water. This time, he shows an image of the rescuer leaving the zoo after saving the girl, going home to his family, acting like a loving father. Then the man is on the street, stopping a thug from attacking an innocent woman; and then back to him at home with his family.

Victoria tilts her head in thought. “I think this time, he’s trying to say that just because you’ll hurt someone to defend yourself or others doesn’t mean you’re a bad person or that you’ll hurt someone for any other reason than defense.”

Parkinson reluctantly nods his head. “I get what he’s trying to say and maybe he wouldn’t hurt anyone else, but I still think it’s dangerous to let someone with such abilities near the general public. And I know I won’t be the only one who feels this way. Don’t you think it’ll be bad for business if some of your customers are scared of him?”

Victoria hesitates to reply, knowing he’s right. Tobirama frowns. He had never meant to scare anyone, and he didn’t want the zoo to lose money as it might mean that some of the employees here could get fired. He doesn’t want any of the friends he’s made here to lose their jobs. He sends feelings of confusion and distress to Victoria.

Victoria sends him a reassuring smile. “Everything will be fine, Tobirama, don’t worry.” She turns back towards Parkinson. “I might have a solution. For the past year, the Uchiha family has been trying to buy Tobirama. Specifically, Izuna Uchiha has been wanting to buy Tobirama and has already prepared a rather large aquarium on one of the Uchiha properties. It seems like the young man is rather fascinated by mermaids.”

“Now, we’ve told him no in the past, as Mr. Jershin, the zoo owner, was making good money off of having people visit the zoo to see Tobirama. However, if having Tobirama here is now going to make him lose money, I think he’ll agree to sell Tobirama,” says Victoria.
She turns towards Tobirama. “I’ve met Izuna a few times. He seems like a nice young man and I think he’ll treat you well. You’ll finally get to have a large aquarium and the property Izuna has chosen is a few miles away from any other houses, which should put the public at ease. What do you think?”

Tobirama bites his lip as he thinks, nervous about leaving the zoo to live with someone he doesn’t know. Will Izuna treat him as well as Victoria and the others do? But he trusts Victoria’s judgement and eventually nods his head in agreement. He sees Victoria smile in relief and go off to make the arrangements.

A month later, he’s been transferred to his new home. He stares around his new aquarium with wide eyes. It’s huge! Not as big as the ocean, of course, but it’s large enough for him to live a comfortable life. He’s still unused to the way humans measure things but he’s heard one of them say that his aquarium is two acres big while the entire property it rests on is about five acres. And his aquarium has two levels. The ground level has clear glass, allowing him to look outside, and for the humans to watch him. He can see the ‘mansion’ that Izuna lives in not too far away from his aquarium.

The second level of his aquarium is underground, what the humans have called the ‘basement’ level. It’s dark down there, just like the real ocean would be, but he discovers that there are light switches along the wall. There’s sand on the floor, with different ocean plants growing. He loves it. And unlike the ocean, there are no fish to get in his way.

Tobirama spends a while just swimming through his new home, excited to see that behind Izuna’s house is the ocean. Perhaps one day he’ll be able to see his family again. Even if Izuna doesn’t want to give up his new ‘pet,’ his family might discover he’s here and visit. If Izuna is as nice as Victoria thinks he is, then Izuna might take him close enough to the shore that he can communicate with them telepathically.

Tobirama swims over to the part of the aquarium closest to the house. Here, there’s a ladder on the outside for the humans to climb up to the top. Most of the aquarium has a ‘roof’ that consists of interlocking metal bars, creating squares small enough that he can only fit his finger through. They’re trying their best to make it so that he can’t escape. But right next to the ladder, there’s a part of the roof that can be lifted up, if you have the key. It’s through this door that he entered the aquarium and where they’ll give him his meals.

Standing outside the aquarium are three humans: Izuna, who looks to be in his twenties, same as him, and two female marine biologists that Izuna has hired to take care of him. And possibly to study him. Though he’s not sure what more they could learn that he hasn’t already told the zoo caretakers. They even had him x-rayed and scanned by all sorts of other machines. Quite frankly, he’s glad he was born in an era where they have machines to see his insides, rather than having to cut him open.

Tobirama stares at his new ‘Master’ for a while, watching him talk to the two females. And realizing that just referring to them as ‘females’ is a bit rude, he quickly glances through their minds to discover their names. Susan and Maria. His eyes drift back to Izuna, surprised by how attractive the other man is. He wonders if he can talk the other man into bedding him, or perhaps Izuna already has those intentions. Izuna isn’t thinking about sex right now though, so he can’t be sure whether Izuna wants to use him for that.

Tobirama has heard stories about the mermaids that get caught by humans, about how they either get put in a zoo or become the exotic pet of some rich human. As a child, when he had heard the word ‘pet,’ he had thought of the animals that his own kind considered pets. He had thought about how well cared for and loved those animals were and wondered what it would be like to live a life like that.
Of course, he had known how unlikely it would be for him to be captured by a nice human and so hadn’t seriously considered letting himself get caught. But as he had gotten older, the fantasies had just gotten stronger and turned sexual. He still hadn’t let himself be captured, but now that he has been, he can’t help but hope that some of his fantasies will come true.

It doesn’t look like the humans will be done speaking anytime soon, so Tobirama goes back to exploring his habitat, eventually discovering a tunnel in the basement level that leads to the house. The house is three stories tall, with an aquarium running up the middle of it. On the first floor, his aquarium is between the kitchen and family room. The house aquarium is wide enough that he can spread out, his fingers touching one side while the tip of his tail just barely reaches the other. And in the middle of the aquarium, on each floor of the house, there’s a bench.

The bench is pointed towards both rooms, leaving him plenty of space on either side to swim around it. There’s also a hole in the middle of the bench that he can fit through, allowing him to sit on the bench facing either of the rooms. He finds it difficult to believe that this aquarium could have been built into the house after they decided they wanted to buy him. Perhaps, instead, the aquarium was already here and they added the bench later?

The second floor aquarium is facing the library and the gym. There’s no one in either of those rooms, so he moves up to the third floor. Unlike the other two floors, this part of the aquarium only lets him see into one room, the other side is a wall. It seems to be somebody’s bedroom and there’s a window near his aquarium that gives him a view of the ocean.

This part of the aquarium is not as wide as the first two floors, likely because it’s only built into one room instead of two. Nor is it as tall, because a set of stairs on the edge of the room leads to a platform on top of the aquarium. A platform that contains a lid, large enough for him to slip through if it wasn’t locked.

‘Hmm. I wonder if this is Izuna’s bedroom,’ thinks Tobirama, looking around. There’s a bookshelf and a bed across from his aquarium. He thinks the bedroom is in the corner of the house, with the outside walls being to his left and across from him. The right wall contains a door he suspects leads to a bathroom. His aquarium takes up half of the back wall, with a door just a foot to the right of it leading out to the rest of the house.

There’s a bench right up against the left wall in his aquarium. Tobirama sits down on it, facing the window so that he can watch the ocean. A few hours pass like that before Izuna enters the room, looking surprised to see him. He swims over to the other man, pressing his hands against the glass, sending feelings of welcome and contentment.

Izuna smiles, pleased by the positive reception. “I take it you’re enjoying your new home then?”

Tobirama nods his head, smiling back at Izuna. But he’s curious to know why Izuna went to all this trouble for him. With some effort, he manages to form the words of Izuna’s language and send them to the other man. ‘Why did you buy me?’

Izuna blinks in surprise. “I hadn’t realized you could send words as well as thoughts and images.”

Tobirama shrugs. ‘It’s more difficult this way. Mermaids and humans don’t have the same language, so I have to translate the words.’

“I see.” Izuna looks interested by his explanation but sees to realize that he still hasn’t answered Tobirama’s question. “I bought you because I want to learn more about you. Did you know that it’s said that humans share a common ancestor with apes? It makes me wonder if mermaids share a common ancestor with some aquatic animal. And why did our evolution split like that, one species on land and the other in the ocean?”
‘You’re a scientist?’ asks Tobirama, intrigued.

“Yes. I enjoy studying how the world works. One of the companies my family owns does scientific research,” replies Izuna. “Out of the 21 mermaids that are currently in captivity, you’ve been the most cooperative when answering questions from us humans. There are a couple of other zoos that have a mermaid that I could have attempted to buy, but you seemed like the best choice.”

‘And what do you expect of me?’ asks Tobirama.

“I want to talk to you,” says Izuna. “I’d like to learn how human and mermaid culture differs and the best way to learn that is to ask you questions and to hear you talk about your life.”

‘Okay.’

“Okay? Just like that?” asks Izuna.

Tobirama smiles in amusement. ‘Humans are interesting. I can learn as much about your kind by talking with you as you can about mine.’

“Are you a scientist as well?” asks Izuna curiously.

‘Well, we don’t really use the label ‘scientist,’ but I suppose so. I like to study the world around me and discover why things work the way they do. But mermaid society isn’t as organized as human society is. We’re a nomadic species, mostly focused on staying alive. We have to hunt for our food and defend our young from many dangerous predators. We don’t have a formal education system like you guys have. It’s mostly the parents who teach their children; and if they’re particularly good at teaching, they might teach their nieces and nephews as well.’

“What about when one of you gets sick? Is there someone who studies medicine?” asks Izuna.

‘We don’t get sick like humans do. We don’t have diseases or the common cold, but we can still be injured, so usually at least one person in the group will learn how to set a broken bone or bind a wound to prevent them from bleeding to death. However, there are a few useful plants that our kind uses for birth control.’

“There are birth control plants in the ocean?” asks Izuna, bemused.

‘If they have it on land, why not in the sea as well? Sometimes we want to have sex but aren’t ready for children yet, or we’re still busy raising the kids we currently have.’

“Have you had any children yet?”

‘No, but I’d like to someday.’

Izuna’s brows furrow in thought as he tries to figure out how that would work. There are some female mermaids in captivity and their ‘owners’ would probably be willing to let him introduce Tobirama to them, but there’s no guarantee that the two mermaids would want to have kids together. And who would the children live with anyway? And for that matter, how would Tobirama get someone pregnant as he doesn’t see any genitals on him?

Izuna thoughts are interrupted when he feels a sudden wave of amusement enter his mind from Tobirama. ‘You didn’t read the reports from the zoo caretakers, did you? My penis is inside me; it only comes out when I’m aroused. Also, I don’t need a female to have children. Mermaids have four sexes: males with a penis, males with a penis and uterus, females with just a vagina, and females with both vagina and penis.’

“What?” asks Izuna, baffled. He can see the mermaid start to laugh but can’t hear him through the water.
Both types of females can get pregnant, but it’s easier for the one with just a vagina to get pregnant while the one with a penis is able to impregnate others. The males with just a penis can only get someone else pregnant, while the males with both can either have the children or knock someone else up,’ says Tobirama.

“Okay, and are you saying you’re one of the males with both?” asks Izuna.

“Yes,’ says Tobirama. He can see more questions forming in Izuna’s mind and smiles. ‘My uterus is connected to the anus. When I get aroused, the entrance to the colon closes off, while the entrance to the uterus opens up. It allows me to get pregnant and keeps the uterus clean.’

“I see. So you don’t need a female to have children for you, but do you need a male mermaid to get you pregnant? Is it possible for mermaids and humans to conceive together?” asks Izuna.

Tobirama gives him a puzzled look. ‘Have none of the humans ever tried to mate with their mermaid ‘pets’?’

Izuna winces at the sarcastic way Tobirama says the word ‘pet,’ a bit ashamed of the way his fellow humans treat Tobirama’s kind. “I don’t know, but if they’ve gotten pregnant, nobody has let the public know.”

‘Hmm. It would complicate things if I got pregnant by a fellow mermaid as then he would want visitation rights to his kids, and his ‘owner’ might try to claim he has the right to half of them. And who knows what that human would do to them? But I don’t know if I can pregnant by a human. And you know, it’s possible that no human has mated with a mermaid because of our mental abilities. We can’t exert enough control to make them let us go, but I think we can kill any arousal that they might feel towards us,’ says Tobirama.

Izuna nods his head in understanding. “I hope that’s true; it’s bad enough the way humans treat mermaids without raping them as well.”

Tobirama gives him an odd look. ‘You sympathize with mermaids and yet bought yourself one? I know how your human laws see my kind; I’m legally considered your pet. The laws don’t allow you to kill me or outright torture me, but you can do pretty much anything else.’

Izuna runs his fingers through his hair sheepishly. “It does seem like a contradiction, doesn’t it? Buying a mermaid when I think they should be free. But if you’ve researched the laws, you should know it’s also illegal to set a mermaid free as well. I bought you because I want to learn more about your kind and because I knew I’d treat you better than many humans would; and I can afford to provide you a decent sized aquarium.”

‘It is much a much better sized cage than the one the zoo provided,’ agrees Tobirama, amused when Izuna winces at the word ‘cage.’

“If you did have children, would the aquarium be large enough for all of you?” asks Izuna.

‘Yes. Well, it’ll be large enough for one set of children anyway. Mermaids tend to have five children at once, or rather eggs that later hatch into children. There is a type of birth control that makes it so you only have one or two but I don’t think humans have found that particular sea plant yet,’ replies Tobirama.

“You lay eggs,” repeats Izuna, sounding a bit baffled. “I suppose you are part fish and fish lays eggs…..”

Tobirama laughs silently, amused by Izuna’s reaction. ‘Yes, we lay eggs. There’s also a type of birth control that will allow us to lay blank eggs, unfertilized ones that is. It only takes two months
for these eggs to develop and they harden after being birthed.’

“Why would you want to lay blank eggs?” asks Izuna, puzzled.

‘Well, for one thing, they look very pretty. The eggs tend to be the same color as their parent’s tail, only they might consist of a few different shades of that color. My tail is blue, so the eggs could have shades of dark blue, light blue, blue green, etc. My kind like to make things out of the eggs, necklaces, earrings, belts, cups,’ says Tobirama.

“Okay, I can see the usefulness of them, but does it not hurt to lay the eggs?”

‘I’ve never laid eggs before, but I know that it doesn’t. Does giving birth hurt?’

“From what I’ve heard, yes. It tends to hurt quite a bit, which is why the hospitals give women painkillers during the birth,” says Izuna. “It really doesn’t hurt to have an egg come out of you?”

‘No, it really doesn’t,’ says Tobirama, amusement in his voice. ‘The area where the eggs are going to come out stretches first, dilating to about ten centimeters. It’s a slow process and one that I’ve heard feels quite good.’

Izuna frowns, unconvinced. “You’re telling me that laying eggs feels good for mermaids?”

‘Mmhmm. I’ve heard it compared to sex. The eggs are smooth and they rub against all the sensitive places inside you as they come out.’

“And that’s not weird? To get aroused while you’re giving birth to your kids?”

‘Well, the kids are inside the eggs, you know. Their bodies never come into contact with their parent’s genitals. The children aren’t really aware while they’re inside the eggs. And it makes sense from an evolutionary stand point for giving birth to feel good, instead of painful. There are a lot of predators in the ocean who like the taste of baby mermaids, so the pleasure encourages mermaids to have as many kids as possible,’ says Tobirama.

“There are a lot of humans on this planet. I can’t imagine how much more crowded it would be if giving birth caused pleasure instead of pain,” Izuna mused. “But I suppose we don’t have the same issue with predators that mermaids do.”

Before Tobirama can reply, there’s a knock on the bedroom door. Izuna opens the door, stepping aside to allow one of the marine biologists, Susan, to enter the room as well as someone Tobirama doesn’t recognize. The unknown woman is carrying a tray of human food which she sets on the dresser next to the bed before exiting the room. He supposes she might be a hired servant of the Uchiha family.

“I guess it’s supper time then,” says Izuna.

“I brought Tobirama’s food with me,” says Susan, holding up a bag of seafood. She glances over at the mermaid. “There are motion detectors in the tunnel leading from the house aquarium to the outside one, so that we’ll know when you come in and out of the house.”

That didn’t particularly bother Tobirama as he’s sure they have monitoring devices on the rest of the house as well to keep track of people coming and going. It’s just good sense for a family as rich as the Uchiha’s to have a good security system.

His daily routine for the next few months doesn’t vary much from his first day here. He eats breakfast in the outside aquarium, given to him by Susan or Maria. Izuna doesn’t usually make an appearance until at least ten as the Uchiha is very much not a morning person. He’ll converse with the two marine biologists for a while before swimming around his tank, not coming back until
lunch time.

Tobirama spends his evenings in Izuna’s room, talking to the Uchiha about his life and learning more about the human world. And at some point, food is brought for the two of them. Sometimes, the marine biologist who brought the food will stay for a while and chat with them if the subject matter is of interest to her; but for the most part, it’s just the two of them at night.

The routine changes one day when he overhears a conversation that Maria and Susan are having. He often likes to listen to them talking as it gives him more insight into how humans think, and how human females think in particular. Right now, Susan is complaining about her ex.

“…..and he wasn’t even that good in bed. My vibrator is twice as good as he is,” complains Susan. “Maybe if he had actually listened when I said I liked something, instead of acting like he knows everything……”

Maria nods sympathetically, but Tobirama doesn’t hear what she says in reply. What the heck is a vibrator? He swims closer, causing them to look at him in surprise.

‘I don’t mean to eavesdrop,’ says Tobirama apologetically, ‘but I ended up hearing part of the conversation and don’t know what one of the words mean. What is a ‘vibrator’?’

Susan and Maria don’t seem angry by him having overheard, likely because they were having their conversation outside where anyone could walk by, but they do seem embarrassed. “Um, well, a vibrator is a…..it’s a sex toy,” says Susan, awkwardly.

‘A sex toy?’ he asks.

“It goes inside you,” explains Maria, face turning a light shade of pink. “Like the name implies, the toy vibrates, which, you know, feels good.”

Tobirama thinks about this for a moment. ‘I don’t suppose a vibrator would work underwater?’

They look surprised by the question. “Probably not. They make so called ‘water-proof’ ones but they don’t last very long. Electronics just aren’t meant to work underwater. But, um, they do make non-vibrating ones called dildos,” says Maria.

Tobirama looks at her intently. ‘And could you get me one of these ‘dildos’?’

Maria and Susan glance at each other. Susan eventually shrugs and says, “I don’t see why not. We could order one off the internet for you.”

Tobirama’s eyes light up. ‘Thank you.’

As Tobirama swims away, he can hear them talking about him. “Well, he is able to get pregnant, so I suppose it makes sense for him to enjoy that kind of thing.”

“…..Yeah.”

A few days later, a truck delivers a package to the Uchiha household right after lunch time. Izuna, Maria, and Susan had been hanging out with Tobirama when the package arrives. Izuna looks at the delivery curiously. “What did you order?” he asks.

“Just a few personal items for Tobirama,” replies Maria, getting a pocketknife out to open the cardboard box.

Izuna’s eyes widen at what he sees inside. “Are those dildos? You bought him sex toys?”

Maria gives him a slightly condescending look. “You do know that he’s an adult male, right? With adult needs?”
Izuna blushes and doesn’t reply. Maria shrugs and climbs up the ladder to reach the top of Tobirama’s aquarium. She hands the toys over to him, watching him inspect them curiously. “We weren’t sure which size was best, so we got you a few different ones.”

‘Thank you,’ says Tobirama. He looks at the three toys in his hand, inspecting them. The first one is about four inches long and a dark purple color; the second is black and seems to be six inches long, while the last one is red and as long as a ruler.

Tobirama thanks the two of them again and then swims down to the basement level of his aquarium, intending to try out the toys now. He flips on one of the light switches, causing two of the lightbulbs near him to turn on. Hmm, he wishes he had a mirror as well; he thinks it would be a turn on to watch his hole get stretched out by the dildo.

Tobirama sits down on the ground and places his hands on his hips, slowly sliding his hands down the length of his tail. He stretches forward until he can reach the tip of his tail, lightly rubbing his fingers over the sensitive area. He shivers at the pleasurable sensation, feeling a jolt of heat in his abdomen.

Tobirama leans back and trails his hands up his stomach and over his chest, sighing in pleasure as his fingers brush over his nipples. He grasps the hardened buds between thumb and forefinger and roughly pinches them, his hips snapping up as a pleased moan escapes his mouth. Tobirama glances down at his lap, licking his lips as he sees the tip of his cock poking out of its sheath. He reaches down and rubs his finger over the slit, coaxing it out further.

Tobirama flips his head back, eyes falling closed in pleasure as the shaft of his cock rubs against the side of his sheath as it comes out. *Fuck.* It’s no wonder that some mermen just going through puberty will cum just from that. The pressure around his cock as it slips free from its sheath feels like he’s sliding inside someone.

Tobirama loosens his grip around his length, stroking himself slowly. He likes to be teased, drawing things out until he’s desperate to cum. He wishes there was someone down here with him, touching him and making him beg. It’s been a year since he’s been captured by the humans and a year since he’s gotten laid.

Tobirama grabs the medium sized dildo with his free hand, bringing it up to his mouth. He flicks his tongue against the tip, sliding the toy past his lips. Gripping his hair tightly, he thrusts the toy in and out, imagining it’s someone else fucking his mouth. His cock twitches at the thought, a drop of precum leaking from the tip.

Tobirama turns onto his side, reaching back to slip a finger inside himself, moaning as his muscles contract, needing something bigger to fill him. He grabs the dildo from his mouth and positions it at his entrance, slowly pushing it inside. It aches a bit at first; it’s been a while since he’s had anything more than fingers inside him. And at the zoo, he didn’t even have enough privacy for that.

Tobirama forces himself to relax, his body quickly adjusting to the toy inside him. He slowly pulls the dildo out, groaning as it drags across sensitive nerves. His hips squirm at the slow pace, feeling a burst of pleasure travel throughout his body every time it hits his sweet spot.

Unable to keep the slow pace any longer, he slams the toy back inside, reaching up with his other hand to tug at his hair. His mouth opens in a soundless scream as intense pleasure washes over him, muscles rhythmically clenching around the dildo as pulses of cum shoot out from his cock.

Tobirama relaxes against the floor, slowly catching his breath as the water around him cools down his overheated body. He stretches his arm out and draws random shapes in the sand, letting his thoughts wander. As much fun as the toy had been, he prefers sex with another person; which
means he’s going to need to seduce one of the humans around him. Preferably, Izuna; he’s enjoyed the conversations he’s had with the other man. Izuna is smart, curious about the world, has a great sense of human, and he’s good looking. Now he just has to figure out how to seduce a human. How difficult could it be?

Very difficult, apparently. It’s been four months since Maria and Susan had gotten him the dildos and he’s still had no luck talking Izuna into bed with him. Maybe he wasn’t being direct enough? He hadn’t wanted to outright say, ‘I want to have sex with you,’ because it would have been more embarrassing if Izuna had rejected him. Instead, he had tried flirting with the man but Izuna was either oblivious to it or choosing to ignore it.

Tobirama tries not to look too deeply into other people’s minds, not wanting to invade their privacy, but sometimes he sees things without meaning to. Every time he communicates with them, he has to connect his mind to theirs to send them thoughts, feelings, and images. There have been times when he’s felt lust from Izuna, directed at him. But the lust was generally followed by a pang of guilt.

Did Izuna think it was wrong to be attracted to him? Perhaps he thought he would be taking advantage of Tobirama if he acted on his feelings. Technically, Tobirama was at Izuna’s mercy. He could influence someone’s emotions to a certain degree, enough to get rid of someone’s lust if they tried to force themselves on him, but he couldn’t free himself. He couldn’t make someone give him food or be nice to him.

So, it might be that Izuna worried that Tobirama would say yes to him even if he wasn’t interested because he thought that Tobirama would think that Izuna would turn on him if he said no. But Tobirama didn’t think that at all. He knew by now that Izuna was a good man and wouldn’t punish him for not having sex with him. Now he just had to tell Izuna that.

Tobirama swims to the aquarium in Izuna’s room and pushes the roof door up, glad that the design allows it to lay flat on the rest of the roof. It would be a pain if it was one of those cage doors that stays sticking up when you open it as not only would it block his view, it would prevent him from crawling up onto the platform.

Tobirama blinks in surprise to see that Izuna is already sitting on the platform a few feet away from him, a black cat in the Uchiha’s lap. He huffs in irritation at the sight of Izuna’s slender fingers running through the cat’s soft fur, annoyed to find himself jealous of a cat. He climbs up onto the platform and awkwardly scoots over to Izuna.

Izuna glances over at him and smiles, still petting the cat. “Good afternoon, Tobirama. You’re here earlier than normal.”

Tobirama sits next to Izuna and shrugs. ‘I just felt like visiting now. Also, I don’t exactly have a clock to tell whether I’m late or early.’

“True. I wonder whether they have water proof clocks,” says Izuna.

Tobirama doesn’t reply, staring at the cat in Izuna’s lap. Impulsively, he shoos the cat away, ignoring its annoyed meowing, and lays himself across Izuna’s lap. He folds his arms and rest his head on them, his chest resting on Izuna’s legs. He touches his mind to Izuna’s, feeling the other man’s confusion.

“What…” asks Izuna, his questions getting cut off by Tobirama.

‘Pet me,’ demands Tobirama, sending images of Izuna’s hand on his back and hair.
Bemused, Izuna runs his hand down Tobirama’s back, hearing the mermaid sigh in contentment. As Tobirama’s hair is still wet, he can’t really run his fingers through it, instead rubbing his fingers against Tobirama’s scalp. “Like this?” he asks.

‘Yes,’ replies Tobirama, his mental tone of voice happy.

Although confused by Tobirama’s request, Izuna can tell that it’s making the mermaid happy so he doesn’t mind. After all, it’s not exactly a hardship to touch such an attractive man, well, merman in this case. And now he’s wondering if the different genders of mermaids should be called different things. Everyone always calls them mermaids, but that term applies more to the females, doesn’t it? Should he have been calling Tobirama a merman or perhaps merperson?

Izuna is distracted from his thoughts when the texture under his hand changes, realizes that his hand has drifted over to Tobirama’s tail. He quickly moves his hand back to Tobirama’s back, not sure whether it’s considered inappropriate to touch there, especially as the area he was touching would be the equivalent of a human’s backside.

‘I don’t mind you touching my tail,’ reassures Tobirama, having sensed Izuna’s uncertainty.

Permission given, Izuna moves his hand farther down, curious about what a merperson’s tail feels like. The scales are smooth and wet, as Tobirama hasn’t been out of the water long enough for them to dry. And is it even safe for them to get dry? Do merpeople get dehydrated if they’re out of the water too long or would drinking the water be enough for them?

Izuna blinks down at Tobirama when he feels a jolt of lust from the other man, their minds still connected for the merman to speak to him. He glances over to where his hand is resting on the other man’s tail, realizing that he must have found a sensitive area. With a mischievous grin, he rubs his hand over that area again, causing Tobirama’s hip to twitch. Izuna bites his lip, feeling a spark of lust at Tobirama’s reaction. He can’t deny that he wants the other man, but doesn’t want to take advantage of the merman.

‘You’re over thinking this,’ complains Tobirama. ‘You want me and I want you, so why shouldn’t we have sex?’

Izuna blushed. “You’ve, ah, seen my thoughts then?”

‘Mhmhm. Sometimes, I can’t help but see something when I’m sending my thoughts to you. You think you’d be taking advantage of me, but I trust you. And I want you.’

Izuna’s breath hitches at the lust he can hear and feel in Tobirama’s thoughts. “You’re sure then? It doesn’t bother you that you’re technically my pet?”

Tobirama shudders, feeling a jolt of heat in his stomach just from Izuna’s words. ‘I used to fantasize about this, being caught by a human and made into their pet.’

Izuna’s mouth drops open. “What?”

‘I never deliberately tried to get caught, though. I knew the chances of getting caught by a nice human were rather slim, but I still thought about it. When I was a kid, it was just about how much people loved and cared for their pets; and then I hit puberty and the thoughts turned sexual.’

“What did you think about?” asks Izuna.

‘Well, the fantasy I thought about the most started out with me inside an aquarium, outside. My Master would be standing in the front of the aquarium with his friends. There would be obstacles inside the aquarium for me to swim around, so that I could put on a show for Master and his friends. Afterwards, Master would give me a reward. He’d hand feed my favorite food and say,
“Good boy,” while running his fingers through my hair.

Izuna’s fingers briefly tighten in Tobirama’s hair, his pants becoming tighter as the merman speaks. He glances down at Tobirama’s tail, noticing a small opening that hadn’t been there before. He’s guessing that means that Tobirama is getting turned on as well, especially since he can feel the merman’s erection pressing against his leg. “What happens after that?” he asks.

Tobirama’s hips squirm, biting his lip as his cock rubs against Izuna’s leg. His breath has gotten slightly heavier, his lips parted to let more air into his lungs. His mental voice is full of lust as he continues speaking. ‘Next, Master would pick me up from the aquarium and take me to his room. He’d set me on the floor, face down. I wouldn’t be able to get away, my tail making it difficult to move on land, but I wouldn’t want to escape anyway. It’s arousing, though, to be restrained with someone you want to have sex with.’

Izuna rubs his finger around Tobirama’s entrance, causing the merman to pause his story telling. He slowly slides his finger inside, noticing that Tobirama has started producing his own lubricant. He’s surprised to hear the other man let out a soft moan, as it’s the first time he’s heard Tobirama make any noise at all. He hadn’t even thought it was possible for the merman to make any sound. “And what would your ‘Master’ do next?” asks Izuna, slipping another finger inside, smirking as it wrings another moan out of Tobirama.

‘Next, he would undress and sit on my tail. He’d grab my hips and fuck me. Then he would say I belong to him and that he’s going to….’ Tobirama’s voice takes on a hint of embarrassment now.

‘to b-breed me.’

Izuna bites back a moan, cock throbbing at Tobirama’s words. “You have a pregnancy kink, hmm? Do you want me to breed you, pet?” asks Izuna, hoping Tobirama will find the words arousing. There’s a difference between fantasy and trying things out in reality, after all.

But Izuna worries for nothing as Tobirama lets out a breathy moan, rubbing his erection against Izuna’s leg. ‘Yesss,’ hisses Tobirama, muscles clenching around Izuna’s fingers.

“We’re going to have to switch positions, then,” says Izuna, wiggling out from underneath Tobirama. The merman lets out a soft whimper as he removes his fingers, but he needs his hands free to get undressed. After his clothes are removed, he kneels down over the merman, his legs on either side of Tobirama’s tail. He rubs the head of his cock against Tobirama’s entrance, hearing the other man’s breathe hitch. “Are you ready?”

Tobirama nods his head, letting out a shuddering moan as Izuna slowly pushes inside. The stretch doesn’t hurt at all; he’s thoroughly turned on and he’s been using one of the dildos every day since he got them. It’s just pure pleasure lighting up his nerves as Izuna’s thick length brushes up against every sensitive place inside him.

Izuna grabs a handful of Tobirama’s hair, leaning down to whisper in Tobirama’s ear. “You belong to me, don’t you, pet?” Izuna smiles as Tobirama just barely nods his head, his movements hampered by the hold Izuna has on his hair. “Good boy.”

Izuna grabs Tobirama’s hips and slams forward into wet heat, groaning as Tobirama’s muscles clench around him. He sets a rough, fast pace, aiming each thrust at the place that causes Tobirama to cry out and writhe. “You belong to me and I’ll make sure everyone knows it. I’ll fill you with my seed, get you pregnant with our young. You’ll like that, won’t you, pet? Your stomach swelling as the eggs grow inside you, letting everyone know who you belong to.”

Tobirama moans wantonly, bracing his arms against the ground to push his hips back to meet Izuna’s thrusts. ‘Yes, please, Master. Breed me,’ begs Tobirama.

Izuna gasps, heat coiling in his abdomen as Tobirama calls him ‘Master.’ He hadn’t even realized
that was one of his kinks until now, but it’s incredibly hot to have Tobirama call him that, especially since the merman has such a sexy voice. Izuna resumes thrusting inside Tobirama, one hand on the merman’s hip and the other reaching up to grasp Tobirama’s hair. And at Tobirama’s request, his fingers tighten, roughly pulling on the other man’s hair.

Tobirama keens, the ache in his scalp adding to his pleasure. Every thrust inside him rocks his body forward, rubbing his cock against the floor. All the sensations blend together, white-hot pleasure racing up his spine. His back arches, mouth opening in a wordless scream as he reaches his peak.

Izuna groans as Tobirama’s muscles contract around him, thrusting into welcoming heat a few more times before intense pleasure washes over him. His hand grips Tobirama’s hip tightly, fully sheathing his cock inside Tobirama, emptying his load deep inside the other man.

Izuna rests his hands on the ground on either side of Tobirama’s back, softly panting for breath. “Did that live up to your fantasies?” he asks.

Tobirama smiles. ‘It did. Thank you.’

Izuna leans down and presses a soft kiss against the back of Tobirama’s neck. “I had fun. I’m glad you trusted me enough to share that with me. Though I wonder, how likely do you think it is that I’ve actually gotten you pregnant?”

‘I don’t know. If our species is compatible, then it’s definitely a possibility. And, of course, if we repeat this experience, it increases the chance that I’ll get pregnant,’ says Tobirama, a hint of lust in his voice.

Izuna shivers. “Then, I suppose we’ll need to do this again to make certain, perhaps several times a day.” Still inside the other man, Izuna twitches his hips forward, causing Tobirama to let out a soft moan.

‘That sounds like an excellent plan,’ replies Tobirama. ‘I think we should start right now.’

Izuna grins, leaning down to nibble on Tobirama’s ear, gently rocking his hips forward. This time, he goes slower, running his hands over every part of Tobirama that he can reach. The first time was about fulfilling Tobirama’s fantasy. This, right now, is about expressing their affection for one another.

At nine months pregnant, Tobirama’s stomach was huge. Swimming had become difficult for him about a month ago, so Izuna had bought a portable pool and placed it in his room for Tobirama to lie in. It wasn’t safe for Tobirama to lay the eggs by himself, stuck on the bottom of the aquarium, so they had decided he would just have to stay in Izuna’s room until after he’d given birth.

It was a bit boring sometimes, but Izuna kept him company as often as he could, and Maria and Susan would visit him as well. And to keep him entertained, Izuna would read to him. Apparently, his telepathic translating abilities did not extend to being able to read any of the human languages or he could have read the books himself. But he thought it was sweet of Izuna to read the books to him, and perhaps after the pregnancy, he could convince the Uchiha to teach him how to read as well.

Tobirama glances over to the door as Izuna comes here, smiling at his boyfriend, or was lovers a better term for them? They hadn’t had a lengthy discussion of commitment, but they had grown closer over these last nine months.

“How are you doing?” asks Izuna, kneeling down next to the small pool.
‘I’m alright, I guess. A bit bored, and definitely ready for the eggs to come out. Any day now,’ replies Tobirama.

“I wonder what they’ll look like,” says Izuna. “White hair or black, tails or legs.”

‘I don’t know. I just hope they turn out healthy. No one’s ever heard of a human mating with a mermaid.’

Izuna grows concerned when he detects a hint of guilt coming from Tobirama. “I’m sure they’ll be fine. Don’t worry so much.”

Tobirama doesn’t look reassured. ‘And if they are healthy, will they grow to hate me for birthing them into a life of captivity?’

Izuna winces, feeling a pang of guilt. But it does remind him of something that he’s been seriously thinking of. “I may have an idea about that. It may be illegal to set a mermaid free, but they have to have proof that you had a mermaid to begin with. If none of the government officials ever see our children, then when the children are old enough, they’ll be free to go wherever they want.”

Tobirama looks at Izuna, surprised. ‘But isn’t there a government agency that checks on the mermaids each year, both to make sure they’re being treated decently and that they haven’t been freed? How could we hide the children from them?’

“You know how we have the tunnel from the house to your main aquarium? I was thinking of creating a tunnel that leads to the ocean. We get notice a week in advance that they’re coming to do their inspection. If you get in contact with your relatives, then one of them could watch the children while the inspector is here,” says Izuna.

Tobirama doesn’t reply for a moment, staring up at the ceiling with a contemplative look. ‘….That’s going to be an interesting conversation to have with my brothers,’ says Tobirama, already imagining their flabbergasted expressions when he tells them he fell in love with a human. ‘But there’s something I wonder about. Even if our children look like mermaids, won’t they still technically be half-human?’

“Yes?” answers Izuna, not sure where Tobirama’s going with this.

‘So then which laws apply to them? We’re currently living in American and I’ve heard that children born here are automatically American citizens, aren’t they?’

Izuna bites his lip in thought. That was an interesting point. “If I had children with a human, then they would automatically be considered American citizens,” says Izuna, “but all your children are automatically considered pets. It’s a contradiction.”

‘Exactly. I think, someday, we might be able to get that law modified and make it so that half-human, half-mermaid children have the rights of humans. And from there, it would be much easier to get them to agree that mermaids deserve their freedom as well. But, it will need to wait until our children are fully grown. When they’re adults, they can make the decision for themselves whether they’re willing to risk themselves to fight for mermaid freedom.’

Izuna’s eyes are wide as Tobirama speaks, realizing that his mate intends to become some sort of mermaid revolutionary. Despite his surprise, he nods his head in agreement. He doesn’t want to live in a world where somewhere as wonderful as Tobirama has to be kept in a cage just because he wasn’t born human. “And when that time comes, I’ll help you,” promises Izuna.

Tobirama smiles, a fond look entering his eyes as he gazes at Izuna. ‘Thank you.’

Izuna smiles back and the two of them sit in companionable silence for a while, Izuna gently
running his fingers through Tobirama’s hair. The silence is broken by the sound of splashing water as Tobirama’s tail suddenly twitches, his eyes widening in surprise.

“Are you alright?” asks Izuna, concerned.

‘I think I’ve started to dilate,’ says Tobirama, sounding a bit dazed.

Izuna looks at him in surprise. “What?”

‘The muscles are contracting. It’s a bit of an odd sensation right now,’ replies Tobirama.

“Huh. And it doesn’t hurt?” asks Izuna.

‘No, no pain. It’s actually starting to feel kind of good.’

Tobirama shivers as his muscles tighten then relax, a tendril of pleasure flowing through him. Placing his hand on the bottom of the pool, he turns over onto his side. He wants Izuna to be able to see the eggs when they come out. And there’s enough water in the pool for him to float, so the position isn’t uncomfortable.

Izuna moves closer to Tobirama’s tail and reaches out, running his hand over blue scales. He feels a sense of wonder, knowing that he’s going to get to see a merperson give birth today, perhaps the first human to ever see it.

Tobirama sighs in pleasure, his arousal steadily increasing as his body gets ready to lay the eggs. He can feel his cock swell, the tip starting to poke out of its sheath before it abruptly stops. He lets out a soft whimper, a constant pressure around the sensitive head of his cock.

“Tobirama?” asks Izuna, not sure whether the sound was of pleasure or pain.

‘I’m…fine,’ says Tobirama, struggling to concentrate through the pleasure to send his thoughts to Izuna. ‘It’s thought to be…some kind of evolution….thing…….When laying eggs, the merman’s erection….can’t….nng…..can’t leave the sheath……Less vulnerable that way.’

Izuna’s eyebrows raise in surprise. He gets up and moves to Tobirama’s other side, seeing just the tip of the merman’s erection peeking out. “It doesn’t hurt?” asks Izuna. The merman hadn’t sounded like he was in pain, but Izuna couldn’t be certain without hearing it from Tobirama.

‘It actually feels really good,’ replies Tobirama. ‘There’s, ah, c-constant pressure….around……around the head.’

Izuna reaches down and lightly rubs his finger against the slit, causing the merman to let out a soft moan as his hips twitch forward. Grinning, Izuna rubs more firmly, a drop of precum leaking from the tip of Tobirama’s cock. He hears Tobirama let out a disappointed noise as he pulls back, standing up to get undressed.

Once his clothes are off, Izuna kneels down next to Tobirama, who immediately reaches out to pull him closer. Izuna has to quickly brace his hands on the floor to stop himself from falling onto Tobirama as the merman drags him forward, until the tip of his cock is right in front of Tobirama’s mouth.

Tobirama smirks at the surprised expression Izuna is giving him, sucking the head of Izuna’s cock into his mouth, pleased by the soft moan Izuna lets out. He tugs on Izuna’s hips, humming in pleasure as Izuna begins to shallowly thrust into his mouth. He likes this, the taste of Izuna in his mouth and the lust-glazed look in the other man’s eyes.

Izuna threads his fingers through Tobirama’s hair, shuddering at the feeling of wet heat surrounding his cock. Izuna slowly pushes forward, moaning as Tobirama swallows around the
head of his cock. “Good boy,” he says in between panted breathes, knowing by now just how much Tobirama likes the praise.

And sure enough, Tobirama lets out a needy moan, fingers tightening on Izuna’s hips to pull him even closer. Hearing his lover start to gag, Izuna pulls his hips back, ignoring the slight whine the merman lets out. Now isn’t the time to play rough, not when Tobirama is going to be laying his eggs today.

Eventually, Izuna feels Tobirama’s fingers on his hips relax, the merman letting him set the pace. He enjoys moments like this, when Tobirama relaxes and lets him take the lead. It shows just how much the merman has come to trust him. His breath hitches as Tobirama moans, the slight vibration feeling wonderful around his cock.

Izuna bites his lip as Tobirama reaches up to play with his balls, his hips squirming as heat coils in his stomach. He’s noticed that the merman seems to have a fascination for his balls, most likely because Tobirama doesn’t seem to have any. Or rather, he thinks it’s actually that they don’t come out of the sheath. Tobirama has to have something in there or else where does his sperm come from?

Perhaps noticing that his thoughts are wandering, Izuna can feel Tobirama double his efforts, the merman’s hot tongue rubbing against all the right places. Izuna lets out a breathless groan, closing his eyes as intense pleasure washes over him. His hips twitch forward, spurts of cum shooting from his cock to hit the back of Tobirama’s throat.

Tobirama eagerly swallows Izuna’s seed, unbothered by the taste. His cock throbs, little shocks of pleasure racing up his spine as his body continues to stretch itself out. His skin feels hot, lips parted as he draws in ragged breaths. A keening moan escapes his mouth as Izuna reaches out and firmly rubs the tip of his cock, smearing precum over the head.

Tobirama sucks in a startled breath as he feels Izuna’s fingers at his entrance, not sure whether to arch forward into the touch on his cock or press back into the fingers slowly sliding inside him. Tobirama cries out, white-hot pleasure coursing through him as Izuna’s fingers rub against his prostate. He grabs onto the side of the pool, shuddering as he feels Izuna’s tongue against his slit, lapping up the precum.

Tobirama’s mouth opens in a soundless scream, hips involuntarily twitching forward. Electrifying pleasure courses through his veins, feeling his cock pulse inside its sheath, bursts of cum shooting out to land across Izuna’s face. He doesn’t sense any annoyance from the human at getting a face full of cum, but he doesn’t sense any enjoyment from it either. Guess it’s not a kink they share then. Personally, Tobirama enjoys it when Izuna cums on him; it feels like the human is claiming him.

It takes another five hours after that before he’s stretched out enough for the eggs to start coming out. And for the entire five hours, each contraction of his muscles causes him to feel a jolt of heat in his stomach, his cock hard and aching, trapped inside its sheath. The pressure around the head is a constant, maddening ecstasy.

Izuna sits next to him practically the entire time, watching him with a hungry gaze. Tobirama’s breath comes in ragged pants, a light sheen of sweat on flushed skin. He can feel something deep inside him shift, something large starting to push down, stretching him out. Tobirama squirms as the first egg begins it slow descent from his uterus to the outside world.

Izuna gets closer as he sees a bit of discomfort in Tobirama’s expression. “Tobirama? Are you alright?”

‘Yeah, I’m fine. The egg is starting to come down. I’ve heard it’s a bit uncomfortable at first, being stretched out that much. But it gets better, and the arousal this whole process is causing
Izuna moves to Tobirama’s other side, wanting to be able to see the egg when it comes out. He thinks it takes about ten minutes before the first one slides out, Tobirama squirming in pleasure the entire time. Izuna catches the egg as it slips out, eyes wide at just how big it is.

“How can you fit five of these inside you?” murmurs Izuna. He takes a moment to admire the egg, made up of various shades of blue, more shades than Tobirama’s tail has even. The egg is soft and looks like it’s made of scales. He sets the beautiful blue egg out of the way in the corner of the pool.

Izuna hears Tobirama’s laughter inside his mind. ‘You noticed how soft they are, didn’t you? They’re kind of fragile right now, almost squishy. I’ve heard human infants are kind of the same way at first. The eggs will harden within a few days. And in a couple of weeks, they’ll hatch. The babies will be small at first, but will quickly grow to the size of a newborn infant within a couple of months. After that, they’ll grown at about the same rate as a human child does.’

“Hmm. They were able to fit because they were able to squish together?” asks Izuna, seeing Tobirama nod his head in the affirmative. “Is the water warm enough for them?”

‘It is. The water is at room temperature, which is plenty warm for them.’

Izuna pauses to think about that. “The ocean is kind of cold, isn’t it? How do merpeople normally keep their eggs warm?”

‘There are underwater caves at different places in the ocean, near some kind of underwater volcano. During the last month of the pregnancy, the mermaid’s mate will help them get to the nearest cave. A few people always go with the couple to stand guard against predators,’ replies Tobirama.

Izuna is surprised to hear Tobirama suddenly let out a soft moan. ‘Feels good,’ murmurs Tobirama inside Izuna’s head. ‘Aches a bit too, but in a good way.’

“There’s a good kind of ache?” asks Izuna.

Tobirama’s reply is a pleased hum. Izuna finds himself smiling, happy to see the merman enjoying himself. He reaches out and rests his hand on Tobirama’s hip, rubbing his thumb against the smooth scales. His hand drifts down to Tobirama’s entrance, curiously sliding his finger into the loosened opening, feeling just how much slick the other man is currently producing. Eventually, his finger bumps into the second egg coming down.

Tobirama closes his eyes, a low whine building up his in throat as the second egg rubs against sensitive nerves as it slides down. He dips his head below the water to cool his flushed face, tail twitching as the egg continues its slow descent. He feels full, the large egg continuously pressing against his sweet spot.

Tobirama lets out shout muffled by the water as he feels Izuna’s fingers firmly rub against the head of his cock, pulses of cum shooting out of his cock just as the second egg slips free. Tobirama lets himself sink to the bottom of the pool, a couple feet of water covering him, feeling completely exhausted. Five hours of feeling his cervix expand and four orgasms have drained him of energy.

Tobirama feels Izuna’s hand on his stomach, rubbing gently. The water muffles sound, so he connects his mind to Izuna’s to ‘hear’ what the human is saying. ‘Are you alright?’ asks Izuna.

‘Yes, just tired,’ replies Tobirama, letting his mental tone of voice reflect his exhaustion.
Tobirama can feel Izuna’s concern and smiles, pleased to have someone who cares about him so much in his life. When he was first captured by the humans, he had worried that he would never find love, that he would never have a mate and children. He’s glad that things worked out alright in the end.

‘You’re having sappy thoughts, aren’t you?’ asks Izuna. ‘I can’t hear exactly what you’re thinking, but you’re giving off a sappy vibe.’

Tobirama laughs, air bubbles floating from his mouth to the top of the water. ‘I suppose I am. I was thinking that I’m glad we met,’ says Tobirama.

‘Sappy,’ teases Izuna, grinning. His voice then takes on a fond tone. ‘But I’m glad I met you too. Life is a lot more interesting with you around, and I enjoy the conversations we have.’

Tobirama smiles, closing his eyes as a feeling of happiness flows through him. He almost falls asleep like that, but the third egg chooses that moment to start moving. The arousal he’s feeling is almost painful by this point, the sheath still tight around the oversensitive head of his cock. Too tired to move, he lies at the bottom of the pool, letting the pleasure wash over him.

To Tobirama’s tired mind, it feels like an eternity before all the eggs are finally out; but in reality, it’s probably no longer than an hour or two. When it’s over, he curls around the eggs and almost immediately falls asleep with Izuna soothingly rubbing his back.

Tobirama chooses this moment to disconnect from his alternate self’s memory. He’s seen enough for now. Glancing at the clock, he can see that only a few hours have passed despite the fact that he’s watched about a week’s worth of memories. It had been interesting, going from one memory to the next, skipping months at a time.

‘And now I know what it feels like to lay eggs,’ thinks Tobirama, almost feeling a bit disturbed by the memory. At least it was a pleasurable experience; he would have skipped that memory if it had become painful. But he’s not quite sure what to think about the fact that in another universe, he’s had children with Izuna.

Tobirama thinks he might look at that universe again later to see how the children turn out. He’d also like to see if the merpeople ever get equal rights. He’s sure it’ll be a difficult battle for them, but he hopes that they succeed.
Lying on the bed in his room, Tobirama thinks about what Kawarama had told him a while ago, about how most of his alternatives preferred a dominant or submissive role. So far, most of the memories he’s seen have shown him in the submissive role. Today, he thinks he wants to watch a memory where he’s dominant, to see if it’s something he would like as well.

Tobirama enters the question into his phone and hits enter, his mind quickly slipping into his other self’s memory. The memory begins with him inside his bedroom, sitting on the bed with an adult Kagami. As his alternate pulls Kagami into a sensual kiss, he looks through his other self’s memories to see that they’ve been dating for about a year, since Kagami turned eighteen.

Tobirama threads his fingers through Kagami’s hair, his other hand slipping under the Uchiha’s shirt to caress his stomach. He takes his time kissing Kagami, until the other man lets out a soft moan. Leaning back, his eyes glance over to the rope lying next to them.

“You’re sure about this?” asks Tobirama.

Kagami smiles brightly. “I trust you. And I’ve enjoyed what we’ve tried so far and I know that you’ll stop if I get uncomfortable.”

“Alright then. Strip,” orders Tobirama, tone calm but firm.

Tobirama watches Kagami undress, licking his lips at the sight of toned muscles. He’s pleased to see that Kagami looks relaxed instead of nervous like the first time they tried bondage. He picks up the rope from the bed and moves to the center of the room, where they’ve recently attached a hook to the ceiling for their bondage activities.

He doesn’t need to say anything for Kagami to stand under the hook, allowing him to start wrapping the ropes around the younger man. The red rope makes an x around Kagami’s chest then goes up to wind around the other man’s arms. He ties the rope to the ceiling hook, keeping Kagami’s arms secured above his head.

“You look beautiful like this,” says Tobirama, trailing his hands up Kagami’s stomach.

A tinge of pink spreads across Kagami’s face. Even after a year of dating, the nineteen year old man still got embarrassed by his compliments. Smiling, Tobirama presses a kiss against Kagami’s cheek.

“Are the ropes comfortable? Not too tight?” asks Tobirama.

Kagami flexes against the rope, testing their hold on him. “They’re fine,” replies Kagami.

Satisfied that the ropes aren’t hurting his lover, Tobirama goes back over to the bed to pick up a
few things. He starts with the cock ring, sliding it over Kagami’s half-hard erection. He wraps his fingers around Kagami’s length, giving it a few teasingly light strokes, causing his lover to let out a soft sigh of pleasure.

Next, he ties a black cloth over Kagami’s eyes, blocking out the Uchiha’s sight so that his other senses will be heightened. He checks to make sure the blindfold isn’t pulling on Kagami’s hair then goes back over to the bed to pick up the next item. He kneels down on the floor and attaches the spreader bar to Kagami’s ankles.

Tobirama runs his hands up Kagami’s legs, lightly rubbing his fingers on the underside of Kagami’s knee, causing the younger man to squirm at the ticklish feeling. Lips twitching in amusement, Tobirama continues to tickle Kagami until the Uchiha begins to laugh.

“T-Tobi,” complains Kagami, struggling to speak through the laughter.

“Yes?” replies Tobirama teasingly. “Did you want something?”

Kagami lightly pants for breath, a bit relieved when Tobirama stops the tickling so that he can catch his breath. “Touch me, please,” begs Kagami.

“But I am touching you,” says Tobirama, pretending to be confused.

“T-that’s not….what I meant,” says Kagami, a blush spreading across his face as he realizes Tobirama wants him to be specific. Talking ‘dirty’ has never been his strong suit; he gets embarrassed too easily. He can’t see Tobirama’s expression but he can hear the mischief in his lover’s voice as he continues speaking.

“Then what did you mean?” asks Tobirama. “Where do you want to be touched?”

Tobirama trails his hands up Kagami’s thighs. “Here?”

Kagami squirms. “H-higher.”

“Hmm? Like right here?” asks Tobirama, placing a hand on Kagami’s stomach.

Kagami huffs in frustration, shaking his head slightly. His hips twitch as he feels Tobirama breathe on the head of his cock, lips just barely touching the tip. “Perhaps here then?” asks Tobirama teasingly.

“Please,” breathes out Kagami, shivering as Tobirama’s warm tongue flicks across his slit.

“Since you asked so nicely,” says Tobirama before sucking the head of Kagami’s cock into his mouth, pleased to hear the other man let out a soft moan. Slowly, he slides his mouth the rest of the way down, swallowing around the tip of Kagami’s cock. He grabs Kagami’s hips to keep him still, tongue lapping at the slit every time he pulls his head back.

Kagami pants for breath, shuddering as Tobirama’s hot tongue brushes against the sensitive glans of his cock. He can’t help but let out a soft whimper when Tobirama pulls back, his cock aching to be touched. His lips form into a pout as he hears Tobirama chuckle quietly.

“Patience, Kagami. You’ll get to cum eventually,” says Tobirama, smirking.

Tobirama gets up from the floor and walks back over to the bed, noticing that Kagami’s head turns to follow his movement even though the other man can’t see him. For a moment, he feels like a proud teacher, pleased that his student is able to track his movements from sound alone. Then he shakes off the feeling, reminding himself that Kagami is his lover now, not his student.

Tobirama grabs a bottle of lube and a black vibrator from the bed and walks back over to Kagami,
standing behind him. He slathers the toy in lube and places a few drops on his fingers before allowing the bottle to drop to the floor. He sees Kagami startle at the slight thump noise and smiles. He rubs the lube between his fingers, warming it up, before pressing his fingertips against Kagami’s entrance.

Tobirama teasingly rubs his fingers over Kagami’s opening, until the younger man is eagerly pushing his hips back against his fingers. As he slides his fingers inside, he just barely brushes them across Kagami’s prostate, causing the other man to let out a pleading moan. He takes a minute to stretch Kagami out, scissoring his fingers, before he withdraws them. He smirks at the disappointed whine Kagami lets out, then slowly slides the vibrator inside.

Kagami squirms as the toy enters him, groaning as it rubs against his sweet spot. He sucks in a startled breath as the toy is turned on, cock throbbing as it vibrates right against his prostate. He feels Tobirama’s hands on his hips next, trailing up his sides, thankfully not light enough to tickle. His back arches as fingers brush across his sensitive nipples.

Tobirama walks around to stand in front of Kagami, bending down to flick his tongue across Kagami’s nipple, lightly biting down on the hardened nub. He uses his fingers on the other nipple, drawing out the most erotic noises from Kagami’s mouth. Tobirama feels his cock twitch, turned on just by the sight and sound of his lover’s pleasure.

Tobirama steps back for a moment to get undressed, sighing in relief as his cock is freed from his too-tight pants. He sees Kagami frown, arms flexing against the ropes, and guesses that his lover misses his touch. Stepping forward, he wraps his arms around Kagami’s back, humming in pleasure as their bare skin comes into contact. He reaches down and turns up the vibrator, smirking as Kagami lets out a keening moan.

"Like that, don’t you?" Tobirama whispers directly into Kagami’s ear, blowing softly to see Kagami shiver. He runs his hands over every inch of skin he can reach, licking the shell of Kagami’s ear, delighting in the sounds he wrings from Kagami’s mouth.

Tobirama glances down, licking his lips at the sight of precum dripping from Kagami’s cock. He kneels down and licks the clear liquid from the tip before taking the entire length into his mouth. Kagami cries out, hips snapping forward. Tobirama gags, the muscles of his throat constricting around the head of Kagami’s cock. He grabs his lover’s hips to keep him still, then slowly begins to bob his head, his own cock aching at the sounds Kagami makes.

Deciding that he’s teased Kagami enough, Tobirama stands up, ignoring Kagami’s disappointed whine, and moves to stand behind his lover. He turns the vibrator off and slides it out, pressing the tip of his cock against Kagami’s entrance. He grips Kagami’s hips and makes himself pause. He doesn’t have to wait for very long before Kagami is begging.

"Please," whimpers Kagami, trying to push his hips back, whining when Tobirama’s grip stops him.

"Please what?" whispers Tobirama, rubbing the head of his cock against Kagami’s entrance, just barely pushing the tip inside. “Tell me what you need.”

“Please….ah….fuck me,” begs Kagami, too aroused to be embarrassed to say such things.

Tobirama slowly pushes inside, groaning as tight heat grips his cock. He tries to make himself go slow at first, wanting to tease Kagami as long as possible; but soon, he can’t help but increase his pace, arousal heightened by the sound of their skin slapping together and the wet noises created by his cock sliding into Kagami. Knowing he won’t last much longer, he reaches forward and takes the cock ring off, then wraps his fingers around Kagami’s cock, stroking him firmly.

Tobirama hears Kagami let out a wordless shout, muscles tightening around his cock as Kagami
finds his release. Tobirama presses his mouth to Kagami’s neck, licking and biting at the soft skin. He feels overheated, drawing in ragged breathes as white-hot pleasure races up his spine. His teeth sink into Kagami’s neck, almost hard enough to draw blood. It only takes a few more thrusts into blissful heat before he finds his own release, cock pulsing as he empties his load deep inside Kagami’s willing body.

After taking a moment to catch his breath, Tobirama slowly pulls himself out and grabs a towel from the bed to clean up the mess. He takes the spreader bar off and unties the ropes, but leaves the blindfold on as he leads Kagami over to the bed. He hands Kagami a bottle of water, helping his lover into the bed after he’s done drinking. He covers Kagami with the blanket, then gets up to put their stuff away.

When he’s done, Tobirama turns off the lights and returns to the bed, snuggling up to Kagami under the covers, pressing their lips together in a relaxed, closed mouth kiss. He takes the blindfold off and tosses it back onto the dresser, pleased to see a tired but content look in his lover’s eyes. He wraps an arm around Kagami and the two of them let themselves drift off into sleep.

Tobirama disconnects from his other self’s memory and stares up at the ceiling, thinking about what he’s just seen. It’s never crossed his mind to think of Kagami like that, as a romantic partner. However, he could feel his alternate’s love for Kagami and knew that in that universe, they were a good match.

And Tobirama did enjoy viewing a memory where he was dominant, though he’s sure now that it isn’t his preferred role. Something about submitting appeals more to him than having someone else submit to him. But it was an enjoyable memory, nonetheless.
Chapter Notes

This was a request by SilentReader. Vampire Izuna with submissive female Tobirama. Pleasure from being bitten, sadomasochism, possessiveness, public teasing, breeding kink.

The sex they have is rough but consensual.

Tobirama set the book he was reading down on the dresser and thought about the concept of the vampire. Was such a thing possible? An immortal species that needed blood to survive and who may or may not burn up in the sun, depending on which book you were reading? He thought it would be interesting to see a world like that. Getting out his phone, he types in, ‘What if Tobirama had been born in a world with vampires?’ and hits enter.

When he enters the memory, the first thing he notices is that his alternate is female. She’s standing in a line of women, all dressed up in their best clothes. He decides to look through his alternate’s memories to find out what’s going on.

In this world, there are many dangerous magical creatures that like to attack humans. Dragons, Sphinxes, Hippogriffs, Griffins, and so much more. A long time ago, the vampires of this country made a deal with the humans. The vampires would protect the humans of this country from the magical creatures in exchange for blood. And, every hundred years, each vampire clan would be allowed to choose a human to join their clan, to become the concubine of the one of the vampires in that clan. However, they could only choose a human who had volunteered.

Many humans were willing to become a vampire’s concubine because they knew there was a possibility of being turned. And outside of the Choosing, humans could volunteer to live with a vampire as servants and blood donors. They were paid a small wage with housing and food provided for free. And if they were lucky, one of the vampires there might take a liking to them and ask the human to become their concubine.

This time, Tobirama had heard that Prince Izuna would be choosing a concubine. Her village was right next to the royal vampire’s castle, but that didn’t necessarily mean that he would choose someone from here. If the prince didn’t like any of the volunteers, she knew he could afford to visit every village in the country until he found someone who interested him.

Tobirama was kind of hoping that he would choose her. Even though she was a bit of a tomboy, she had willingly put on a dress and even let her mother style her hair today in the hopes that Izuna would find her pleasing to the eye. It wasn’t the thought that he was a prince that made her interested in him, though; it was his strength. She had heard that vampires were at least three times as strong as humans and that they were more...kinky…in the bedroom.

Tobirama can feel her face get a bit warm at the thought. She’s never been physically intimate with someone, but she’s certain that her tastes in the bedroom are not as typical as the average women’s. She hasn’t felt any attraction to the soft-spoken men in her village, trying to win her affections with sweet words and chivalrous actions.

Tobirama wants someone who can pin her down with ease and take her. Though, granted, she does want him to ask first and listen if she says stop. The point is, she likes strong, confident men
who will fuck her into nirvana. She wants someone who will be rough with her because he knows it’s what she wants. She doesn’t think that the human men who’ve expressed interest in her will be able to give her what she needs.

Tobirama looks up at the sound of a carriage approaching, straightening her shoulders and trying not to let her nerves show. And so when the carriage passes by, Izuna staring out the window, she meets his gaze head on, not looking away from his piercing stare. She sees his gaze turn thoughtful before he turns his head and apparently orders the carriage to stop.

Tobirama lets a small smile cross her face as he approaches her, not flinching away as he uses his enhanced speed to cross the distance between them. She thinks he might be testing her, to make sure he won’t choose a concubine afraid of his abilities. She gives him an amused look as his eyes roam over her body, not acting offended when his eyes stare at her chest. She knows that some women take offense to such a thing, but it would be hypocritical of her, since sex is what she wants from him. Tobirama sees Izuna smile and wonders if she’s passed his test.

“How old are you?” asks Izuna.

“23.”

Izuna nods his head in approval. Approval of what, she wonders. That she isn’t too young or too old? Considering that vampires can live thousands of years, it would be weird if he thought her too old; but if he’s going to eventually turn her, then he probably wants her to be in her prime, not an old maiden.

“What’s your name?”

“Tobirama.”

Izuna blinks a bit at the unusual name then mentally shrugs. “Would you like to be mine, Tobirama?”

She smiles. “Yes, I would.”

Izuna entwines his arm with her and leads her up to the carriage. When she asks about saying good-bye to her parents and getting her stuff, he assures her that they’ll come back tomorrow for that. Right now, he wants to introduce her to his clan.

On the way to the castle, they tell each other a little bit about themselves. Izuna has four brothers and she has three. Her favorite color is blue and his is green. Neither one of them likes the taste of Brussel sprouts. Apparently, although vampires don’t need to eat human food, they still like to sometimes for the taste. Then their conversation switches to what they have planned for their future.

“Would you like children someday, Tobirama?” asks Izuna.

“Yes. Do you?” she asks.

Izuna nods. “I think two or three would be a good number, yes?”

She agrees. They arrive at the castle soon after that. Just inside the door, there are two female vampires near the wall, each holding a box of jewelry.

“Tobirama, these are my personal attendants: Alina and Cecilia. Now that you’re my concubine, they’ll be at your service as well. If there’s anything you need and I’m not around, feel free to ask them,” says Izuna.

Tobirama smiles at them. “Good evening.”
“Good evening, Lady Tobirama,” says Alina and Cecilia, almost in unison.

She blinks in surprise at the title. It seems becoming Izuna’s concubine has moved her up from ‘Miss’ to ‘Lady.’ The two servants step forward and open the boxes in their hands, displaying a pair of sapphire and diamond earrings, two matching silver and sapphire bracelets, and a diamond and sapphire tiara. Tobirama is sensing a theme here.

“Are these for me?” she asks Izuna.

“Yes. Do you like them?” he says.

“They’re gorgeous. I can really have them?” says Tobirama.

He looks at her a bit puzzled. “Well, you did become the concubine of a prince. Were you not expecting such things?”

Tobirama blushes. “It wasn’t the royalty thing that made me volunteer. I wanted to be with a vampire,” she admits.

Izuna smiles in amusement. “Since you seem a bit embarrassed, I think we can discuss your reasons in private. Right now, we should head to the ballroom. The whole clan has dinner together and dances every month. They chose this night for me to choose someone, so that if I found someone I liked, I could dance with her.”

“Oh,” says Tobirama, surprised. “Well, I suppose it’s a good thing I know how to dance then. I suppose I’ll have to thank my mother later for making me take those dance lessons as a kid.”

Izuna raises his eyebrow in enquiry. “You didn’t want to dance?”

She smiles sheepishly. “I’m a bit of tomboy. I preferred climbing trees and wrestling with the boys rather than dancing and playing house.”

“Do you still dislike dancing then?” asks Izuna, a bit of a concerned look in his eyes.

“Oh, no, it’s fine. I don’t mind dancing every once in a while, just not as an everyday thing,” she explains. “I think I’d like to dance with you, actually.”

“Good,” says Izuna, relieved. “Then would you like to put on the jewelry so that we can go join the others?”

Tobirama happily puts them on. She doesn’t like to wear jewelry very often, but even a tomboy like her likes to look pretty every once in a while. And the sapphires really did look beautiful.

“How do I look?” she asks.

“Stunning. Absolutely stunning,” replies Izuna. “And not just because of the jewelry.”

Tobirama ducks her head, a tinge of pink spreading across her cheeks, a pleased smile on her face. She lets Izuna wrap his arm around hers and lead them to the ballroom. She looks around the large room, a bit wide-eyed at all the people here. She thinks there must be a couple hundred vampires and humans here, dancing around the room.

There’s a stage to the right of the room, where a band is playing the waltz. On the far wall is a set of doors. Seeing where she’s looking, Izuna explains, “Those doors lead to the large dining room. After everyone’s danced for a while, the servants will set out a buffet for people to enjoy. Dance with me?”

“I’d love to.” Izuna twirls her around the dance floor, the sound of violins drifting through the air.
Occasionally, Izuna will stop next to a near-by couple and introduce her to them. She meets his brothers, Madara, Keitaro, Jiro, and Takeo. Izuna explains that their parents are visiting one of the neighboring countries at the moment, for diplomatic purposes, and thus couldn’t be here tonight to meet her. They should be back within a couple of months, though.

They dance for what feels like hours, until her feet are aching and her mouth is parched. Izuna takes her to the dining room then, walking them by the buffet table so that they can get a plate of food and drink, then sits down at one of the many tables. She’s surprised when just a moment later, dozens of people pour into the dining room and over to the food.

Tobirama wonders if Izuna coming in here was like some sort of signal that it was time to eat. Possibly, any of the royal vampires coming in here would have had the same effect. Halfway through the meal, Izuna stands up and holds out his hand to her. Confused, she takes his hand and lets him pull her to her feet.

Tobirama follows him to one side of the wall, noticing that everyone’s eyes are trained on them. Izuna takes both of her hands in his and explains, “It’s traditional that when a vampire takes a human concubine, he stakes a public claim on them by biting their neck.”

Izuna wants to bite her? In front of everyone? She’s pretty sure he won’t make the bite hurt, but she doesn’t particularly want to feel intense pleasure in front of all these people either. Maybe he’ll just make the bite feel like nothing?

“Will you allow me this?” asks Izuna.

“I-alright. But don’t make the bite painful or….or intense, okay?” she requests.

“It’ll be very mild,” he assures her.

Izuna pulls her closer, pressing their chests together. She wraps her arms around his shoulders and tilts her head to the side, baring her neck for him. She gasps as his teeth sink into her neck, warmth pooling in her belly. Her cheeks flush, her breathing becoming a little heavier. She’s nowhere near close to cumming, but he’s definitely gotten her into the mood for sex.

Unfortunately, they haven’t finished their meal yet, so they can’t go to his room right now. She wonders if he had planned that, choosing to bite her before they’re ready to leave. Is he trying to tease her? Tobirama sits down at the table and begins eating again, occasionally answering a question from one of the others at the table.

Tobirama is startled to suddenly feel a hand on her leg, glancing over at Izuna; but he’s not even looking at her, seeming to be deep in conversation with the person sitting next to him. What is he playing at? She decides to ignore his hand for now and resume eating; a moment later thinking that might have been a mistake as his hand moves up higher.

Tobirama bites her lip as Izuna’s hand rests on top of her pussy, trying not to moan as his fingers begin to rub her through the dress. The table is high enough that no one can see what he’s doing, and she doesn’t want to clue them in by making noise. She involuntarily spreads her legs as Izuna begins insistently rubbing her clit, brushing her hair in front of her face to try to hide how red it is.

Tobirama can feel her panties getting wet, starting to feel an ache to be filled. The only thing she’s ever had inside her is her own fingers, and the thought that today she’s going to get to know what it feels like to have a cock inside her is exciting. Without thinking about it, she grabs Izuna’s hand and moves it up, showing him that her ‘dress’ is actually a matching skirt and blouse.

Izuna briefly gives her a startled glance, before looking away, his hand slipping under her skirt and underwear. She can’t help but let out a quiet moan as two of his fingers slide inside her dripping entrance, hoping that no one heard that. Without meaning to, her hips begin to rock back
and forth, wanting his fingers deeper inside her.

“Are you alright, Tobirama?” asks one of the vampires at their table. She thinks his name was Hiroto. “You seem a bit flushed.”

“I’m f-fine,” she stutters. “Just a bit, mmm, warm.”

Hiroto nods, either believing her lie or pretending he believes her to be polite. She struggles to keep herself quiet after that, thankful when the meal finally comes to an end. She feels briefly disappointed when Izuna’s hand slips out of her underwear, then reminds herself that she’ll get even more than that when they get back to his room.

Izuna wraps his arm around Tobirama’s waist as they stand up, leading her out of the room. Tobirama’s aroused scent fills the air, a few vampires smirking knowingly at them as they leave. He’s pretty sure every vampire in the room knew what they were up to, though Tobirama seems to have no idea that they were being so obvious. Perhaps, to a human, it would have been somewhat discreet, but it’s impossible to hide the scent of arousal from a vampire’s keen senses, or the subtle way her breath hitched.

As soon as Izuna leads her into the bedroom, past the sitting room (he apparently had a set of rooms, not just a bedroom), she wraps her arms around his shoulders and presses their mouths together in a rough, lust-fueled kiss. Her lips eagerly part for his talented tongue, going weak in the knees at the skillful way he kisses her.

Izuna lowers his hands down to her ass and squeezes, causing her to let out a soft moan. He pushes her skirt and underwear down, with her kicking them off when they reach her ankles. He has to part from her mouth to lift her shirt off, letting it drop to the ground. He can see her nipples poking through the bra, sticking up like they’re begging to be sucked.

Before they go any farther, though, he feels he has to ask, “Is this alright?”

Tobirama gives a pleased smile. “More than alright.”

“Good.” Izuna reaches behind her and unclasps her bra, dropping it on top of her shirt. He cups her breasts in his hands, his thumbs brushing across her nipples, causing her to shiver. “Have you ever done this before?”

Tobirama shakes her head. “No, you’ll be my first. But, um, I have touched myself before, so I have some idea of what I like.”

Izuna thinks she looks beautiful when she’s blushing. “And what do you like?”

“Um, I l-like…” Her words stutter as he lightly pinches her nipples. “a bit of roughness.” She moans when he increases the pressure around her nipples, but it’s not enough. “Harder.”

Tobirama whimpers, back arching, as he roughly pinches her nipples. She reaches down to touch her clit, but his hand shoots out to grab her wrist. She gives him a startled look but doesn’t try to take her hand out of his grasp. She sees a contemplative look enter his eyes before he suddenly moves, blurring before her eyes. A surprised yelp escapes her mouth as she suddenly finds herself being held over his shoulder, his hand resting on her ass.

Tobirama grips the back of his shirt, wiggling a bit in his hold. Suddenly, she feels his hand smack across her ass, the heat of the blow going straight to her cunt. She can feel slick drip down her thighs, and is glad when he correctly guesses that she’s enjoying this and smacks her a second time. She feels him moving forward and gasps as he suddenly drops her on the bed.

Tobirama watches him get dressed, subconsciously spreading her legs when she sees his fully
erect cock. She frowns as Izuna looks at her for a moment and then heads to the closet. She stares at the door until he comes back, a set of nipple clamps in his hands. She relaxes against the bed as he attaches the clamps, hissing in both pleasure and pain at how tight they are.

“Good?” asks Izuna.

“Yes,” she says breathlessly.

Izuna smirks, reaching out and grabbing her wrists, pinning her arms to the side of her head. He can smell how aroused she is and doesn’t doubt that she loves the rough treatment. But he’s not sure what her limits are. How much pain does she really want? And he doesn’t think asking her right now will do any good because she likely doesn’t know, not having any experience at being physically intimate with someone else.

“Tell me if I do something you don’t like,” says Izuna, satisfied when she nods her head in agreement. He squeezes her wrists a bit harder and feels her arms just barely begin to struggle against his hold before she holds herself still. He tilts his head in thought. “You can struggle if that’s what you’re wanting. I won’t stop unless you tell me to.”

Apparently that was the right thing to say as she immediately begins futilely trying to free her wrists from his grasp. He easily keeps her pinned down, settling his weight down on her hips as she begins to buck up. His cock twitches at the sight of her swaying breasts as she squirms beneath him. He leans down and sinks his teeth in her neck, sending enough pleasure into her nerves to make her let out a pleasured scream.

Tobirama stops struggling as white-hot pleasure courses through her veins, unable to stop the scream from leaving her lips as she cums. She pants for breath, looking up at Izuna with dazed eyes. She’s suddenly very grateful that he didn’t bite her like that at dinner; it would have been embarrassing to have so many people see her cum. But in the privacy of their bedroom, she’ll let him bite her anytime he wants.

Izuna moves down her body, lifting her legs up onto his shoulders. He presses his nose to her groin, inhaling her scent. He grips her hips tightly, flicking his tongue between her folds. Tobirama squirms, still feeling overly sensitive from her earlier orgasm. She tries to pull her hips back but he holds her still, aggressively licking her clit. Her hands grasp the bedsheets, moaning at the combined feeling of pleasure and pain.

Izuna’s cock throbs at the taste of her, lapping up her juices like it’s the nectar of the gods. He holds her hips steady, not letting her get away from his tongue. But despite her struggles, he doesn’t think she really wants to get away. Her aroused scent hasn’t lessened and she’s yet to tell him to stop. He slaps her left butt cheek and is reward by more of her sweet nectar dripping onto his tongue.

Tobirama reaches up with one hand to tug on the nipple clamp while her other hand pulls on her hair. She sees Izuna watching her, learning what she likes. She wiggles her butt to feel his hands clamp down on her hips, keeping her still for his talented tongue.

“Izuna,” she moans, “fuck me, please.”

Izuna pulls his face back, hearing her let out a slight whine, and lowers her legs. She immediately wraps her legs around his waist, the tip of his cock brushing across her entrance. “How do you want to be fucked, darling? Since it’s your first time, do you want it gentle at first?”

“No,” she protests. “Not gentle. Fuck me hard. I don’t want slow; I don’t want time to adjust.”

Tobirama sees him raise an eyebrow, a skeptical look on his face. But he doesn’t argue with her, quickly thrusting his thick cock into her slick passage. All the breath leaves her lungs as he
brutally stretches her. He follows her request and doesn’t pause, roughly slamming into her, over and over again.

And it’s everything she’s ever dreamed of, better than all her fantasies. She aches in the best way possible, tendrils of pain and ecstasy racing up her spine with every brutal thrust inside her. She whines when he stops moving, but he just smirks down at her.

“You look beautiful like this, Tobirama. I can just imagine how pretty our kids are going to be,” says Izuna, rubbing her stomach.

It suddenly occurs to her that she isn’t currently taking any birth-control, which means there’s a good possibility that he could be getting her pregnant right now. The thought of it, of her stomach round with his child, causes her to let out a soft moan.

“You like that idea, don’t you? Being pregnant with my child? Do you want me to breed you, Tobirama?” asks Izuna, snapping his hips forward.

Tobirama cries out, tightening her legs around his waist. “Yes,” she hisses. She keens as he starts moving again, clamping down around him as hot pleasure washes over her, sending her over the edge.

Izuna groans as her muscles tighten around him, fucking her through her orgasm. But he’s not done with her yet. He pulls out of her and grabs her arm, roughly turning her over onto her stomach. He grabs her hips and thrusts back inside her, grabbing a handful of her hair and yanking, hard.

Tobirama yelps at the rough tug on her hair, pushing up onto her hands and knees to relieve some of the pressure. But Izuna just keeps pulling until she’s pushing her hips back every time he thrusts forward. Her breasts sway in the air, causing the clamps to tug on her aching nipples.

“You’re mine now, Tobirama. I’m going to fill you up with my seed; and every time someone sees your stomach round with my child, they’ll know you belong to me,” says Izuna.

Tobirama shudders at his words, her head tilted back from the tight grip on her hair. The ache in her scalp just adds to the bliss she’s feeling, soft moans and whimpers falling from her lips. The pleasure gradually gets more intense; and when Izuna delivers a stinging slap to her left ass cheek, it sends her over the edge.

Tobirama can feel Izuna’s thrusts get more erratic as her muscles clamp down around him. He thrusts a few more times inside her before his hips still, feeling a burst of warmth inside her as his cock pulses. His grip on her hair relaxes, allowing her to lie down on the bed. However, his hand stays on her hip, keeping her ass in the air, with his cock still buried deep inside her.

She turns her head back to see that he’s pouting. “What?”

“I don’t want to pull out yet. You feel so good around me. And, the longer I stay inside you, the greater chance my seed will have at fertilizing your eggs,” says Izuna.

“True,” she says, amused. “And if you added more of your seed, the odds of me getting pregnant will be even higher. How long is your refractory period?”

Izuna grins. “Vampires don’t need refractory periods.”

Tobirama blinks at him surprise. “What?”

“As long as something keeps stimulating our cock, we can stay hard. Although, each consecutive orgasm will have less sperm in it,” says Izuna. “But I am a bit worried about hurting you. If we
keep up this brutal pace, you may not be able to walk afterwards.”

Tobirama’s breath hitches, a new wave of heat washing over her. “Please,” she moans.

“Please what?” asks Izuna, a bit confused as to what exactly she’s wanting.

“Fuck me until it hurts to walk,” she begs, pushing her hips back.

“Are you sure?” he asks. “I don’t mind carrying you while you heal, but are you certain this is what you want?”

Tobirama huffs in frustration. “Yes, I know what I want. I like pain. So, please, hurt me.”

Izuna’s hand smacks across her ass several times in quick succession, causing her to cry out, muscles clamping down around his cock. He keeps slapping her as he fucks her, occasionally switching which side he hits so that he can keep one hand on her hips to keep her in place. She braces her hands against the bed and pushes her hips back to meet his thrusts, moaning at the lewd sound of his cock pushing inside her.

They have sex several times that night, each session just as rough as the last, until he finally fulfills her request. Tobirama lies face down on the bed, exhausted. Her ass is completely red, and she just knows it’s going to be bruised tomorrow. Her scalp aches a little bit from all the hair pulling. The inside of her vagina is hot, and it hurts when she moves her legs too much.

“Are you okay?” asks Izuna.

Tobirama hums an affirmative, still not moving.

“So, you really do like this? Not being able to walk because I was so rough with you?”

Hearing the bafflement in his voice, she sleepily lifts her head up to look at him. “I did say I like pain, didn’t I? Also, I kind of like the dominate factor. I don’t know, it just seems arousing to me, that I can’t get up from the bed without your help. Dominating and possessive. I like it.”

Thinking about it like that, Izuna kind of likes it as well. His little concubine is helpless without him, unable to even get up to go to the bathroom without his help. For the next few days, he’ll have to carry her everywhere or have one of the servants bring her something.

“I am possessive,” says Izuna. “I’ll be very annoyed if anyone else tries to touch you in a sexual or romantic way. I’m not one of those assholes who’ll get upset by platonic touches, though, or you having male friends. I just want to be the only one who sees you naked and is allowed to kiss you.”

Tobirama smiles. “Good. But that goes both ways. As long as we’re together, I don’t want you being physically intimate with anyone else.”

Izuna cuddles up next to her on the bed, draping his arm over her back. “That’s fine with me. I want to have a serious relationship, not a fling. I wonder, if we fell in love, would you be willing to be turned?”

“You mean, become a vampire?” she asks, surprised. He nods. “I’ve never thought about it before. I’m not immediately opposed to the idea, but I’ll need to think about it. Changing your species is a big decision.”

“Take as much time as you need. The decision won’t become relevant until, or unless, we fall in love. Well, and in case you want to become a vampire for the children we’ll have together. As half-vampires, they’ll have a much longer life-span than a human would,” says Izuna.
“….Right. I’m too tired to think about this.” Tobirama relaxes against the bed, taking deep, slow breathes until she falls asleep.

Tobirama disconnects from his alternate self’s memory and thinks about what he just saw. It seems odd to think about, that in some worlds, the Uchiha and Senju clans were never at war and always trying to kill each other. That in some worlds, a Senju could be intimate with an Uchiha and no one would call them traitors. He kind of likes that world. He sets his phone down on the dresser and heads downstairs, wanting to talk about the world he just saw with one of his brothers.
Okay, so when SilentReader made their prompt, my brain gave me two ideas when they said the word “possessive.” Either “No one else is allowed to see you naked except me” or “I’m going to show everyone you belong to me by having sex with you in front of them. But no one else can touch you except me.”

Since SilentReader wanted the first idea, but my brain gave me so many ideas for the second idea, I just decided to write two versions of that chapter. This is the second version.

This chapter contains: Vampire Izuna/female submissive Tobirama, pleasure from being bitten, possessiveness, pregnancy kink, humiliation kink, dirty talk in the form of degrading names, rough sex, rough oral sex, public sex. Dubcon.

Tobirama thinks about the memory he saw yesterday, wondering about worlds similar to that one. In that world, the humans had had a choice about whether to become the vampire’s concubine. What if they didn’t? For some reason, he really wants to find out the answer to that question. How would the situation with Izuna have gone differently if Tobirama was not particularly happy about being chosen by the vampire prince? Deciding to find out, he types the question into his phone and enters his alternate self’s memory.

Tobirama fidgets nervously while standing in line, feeling out of place wearing a dress. Normally a bit of a tomboy, she prefers wearing trousers. However, her parents had insisted that she dress up. As if it wasn’t bad enough that they insisted she keep her hair long, like a ‘proper’ lady, they always tried to make her wear dresses and make-up as well. They had been extra insistent this year, not wanting her to ‘shame’ the family in front of the royal family by dressing like a man.

Tobirama was actually a bit aggravated that they apparently wanted her to be chosen by this Izuna fellow. She knew it was considered a great honor to the family if their son or daughter was chosen, but didn’t it matter to them that she didn’t really want this? What kind of life could she have as some vampire’s pet?

Tobirama is distracted from her thoughts by the excited mutterings of the crowd as Prince Izuna’s carriage makes its way down the road. The carriage moves slowly, allowing Izuna to examine them from the window as he passes them by. As the carriage goes by her, she makes eye contact with the prince, meeting his stare with an almost defiant look.

A moment later, she wonders if that might not have been the best idea as the carriage comes to a stop, Izuna hopping out and walking towards her. But she refuses to show how nervous she is, straightening her shoulders and putting an indifferent look on her face as his eyes roam up and down her body. Judging by the smile that spreads across his face, he likes what he sees.

Izuna turns his head as the mayor of their city approaches, having noticed the carriage stop. “I want this one,” says Izuna to the mayor. “She is of legal age, correct?”

Tobirama frowns at him, a bit insulted that he’s acting like she can’t answer for herself. “Is talking about me like I’m not here part of the process of choosing a human? I’m 23.”
Izuna stares at her for a moment, a strange smile on his face. “You’re a lot more willful than some of the other human women I’ve met. I think I like that. I’d ask if you have any objections to this, but you unfortunately don’t have a choice.”

Tobirama scowls, crossing her arms. But that only makes Izuna chuckle, amused by her defiance. Izuna motions to his two guards and they step forward, lightly gripping her arms and pulling her into the carriage. She stares out the window on the way to the castle, ignoring him.

When they reach the castle, they lead her down several hallways before reaching their destination. But the odd thing is that she doesn’t see any people in the hallways. Izuna must notice her looking around because he says, “Everyone’s in the main ballroom right now. We have to get you ready first before they see you.”

Tobirama wonders what he means by ‘get her ready.’ Wasn’t she already in a nice dress? What more did he want? When they enter the room, she notices that it’s actually a set of rooms. The sitting room first, with a door leading to the bedroom. They enter the bedroom, where two female vampire servants are already waiting.

“First things first,” says Izuna. “Do you have any particular attachment to this dress? Such as it being made by someone you know or something you plan to wear again?”

“Um, no,” replies Tobirama, confused.

“Good,” says Izuna, a bit gleefully. He steps forward and grips the dress’s shoulders and pulls, ripping the fabric down the middle.

Tobirama’s mouth falls open, staring at the scraps of fabric in Izuna’s hands. When she realizes she’s just in her underclothes, she steps back, arms coming up to cover her chest. Izuna frowns as he looks at her arms and legs. “You don’t shave?” he asks.

Tobirama shrugs. “It’s time consuming. And most people don’t notice the hair, because it’s white and not that long.”

“Yes, well most people aren’t vampires. With enhanced eyesight, it’s very noticeable. But we’ll take care of that,” says Izuna. He gestures at the female servants and one of them brings forth a shaving kit.

A towel is placed down on the bed and Tobirama is instructed to sit. She does so reluctantly, and forces herself not to struggle as they grab her arms then legs. After the hair has been removed, a sweet smelling lotion is rubbed into her skin, to keep her skin soft and smooth.

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“Alright, now the rest of the clothes,” says Izuna.

Tobirama flails as one of the servants suddenly grabs her underwear and pulls it off along with her shoes, while the other servant un hooks her bra. In less than a minute, she’s sitting on the bed, completely naked. Izuna instructs one of the servants, Alina, to pick up her clothes and throw them out. She watches as her clothes are taken from the room, annoyed by all this manhandling.

“From now on, the only clothes you’ll wear are what I give you,” says Izuna. “And what I give, I can take away. If you misbehave, you’ll wear nothing. And make no mistake, being naked won’t stop me from taking you with me to wherever I’m going that day.”

Tobirama winces at the idea of going out in public with nothing on, pressing her legs together and covering her chest with her arms. An embarrassed blush spreads across her face as Izuna stares at her, his eyes full of lust as they gaze at her naked form. She’s almost relieved when Alina returns as Izuna finally looks away from her.
However, what happens next makes her wish that Alina had taken much longer. Because now, each servant grabs one of her legs and forcefully pulls them apart, giving Izuna the perfect view of her most private area. She tries to close her legs, but the vampires are too strong for her. She’s surprised to feel a jolt of heat in her abdomen as she struggles against the vampire’s grip, causing her to stop moving.

What was that? Did she just feel *arousal* at being manhandled by vampires? She didn’t remember developing that kink. She isn’t given much time to think about this revelation before the servants, Alina and Cecelia, begin to wax her private areas. She flinches as the first strip of wax is peeled away, ashamed to realize that the pain is just making her more aroused.

Tobirama bites her lip to stop any noises from coming out, almost moaning as a soothing cream is rubbed over her skin after the waxing is done. Next, she’s directed to stand in the middle of the room while the servants retrieve her outfit from the closet. Izuna circles around her, inspecting her body.

“At some point, I think I’d like to have your nipples pierced, but not before you give me children. The jewelry interferes with breast feeding,” says Izuna.

Tobirama blinks. “Children?”

“Yes, two or three should do it. Did you know that dhampires, the children born of vampires and humans, are less sensitive to the sunlight? Having my skin redden so quickly is quite an inconvenience, as is heatstroke. Dhampires have none of those problems, but have all the strength and speed of a vampire. They heal a bit slower and do begin to age after a thousand years, so they’re not perfect. But, they require less blood in exchange for eating human food.”

Tobirama is a bit confused. “Why does this matter to you?”

“Because of the deal my kind have with the humans, of course. Dhampires find it much easier to deal with *fire* breathing dragons. Dhampires are less likely to get killed when fighting one of them. I figure it’s a good solution; to have Damphires help us with the fire creatures while the regular vampires handle the rest,” replies Izuna.

Before Tobirama can respond, the servants come back with her clothes and lay them out on the bed for her to see. She stares at the clothes, speechless. This is what he wants her to wear? She picks up the blue panties, rubbing the soft material between thumb and index finger. Not wanting them to dress her, she slips the panties on herself.

And now the mini-skirt. It’s made of strips of blue and black fabric. A strip of black fabric on her hips, with black and blue vertical strips of fabric hanging from it. The vertical strips aren’t connected to each other, only the top strip, so if you lift one of the strips of fabric, you can easily see her panties. Also, the skirt is so short that it just barely covers her ass. She just knows that if she bends over, everyone will be able to see her underwear.

Next, is a blue corset. As she’s never worn a corset before, Alina helps her lace it up. The corset pushes her boobs up and makes them look bigger, the fabric ending right above her nipples, giving everyone a good view of her cleavage. And the bottom of the corset ends at her bellybutton, allowing them to see her toned stomach. She decides to leave the heels for last and holds still as Cecelia does her make-up: light blue eyeshadow and dark red lipstick.

“I suppose we don’t need to bother with blush, as her face is already red enough,” comments Izuna, tone amused.

Tobirama frowns, her face getting even redder. Well, of course she’s blushing! Who wouldn’t be embarrassed in this kind of outfit, with everyone staring at her? What she doesn’t understand is why she can feel herself getting wetter from Izuna’s mocking words. She had heard that women
were supposed to enjoy soft touches and romantic words. So, why was this humiliating experience making her body feel hot?

Tobirama sees Alina and Cecelia pick up the bottles of blue nail polish and sits down on the bed for them to paint her finger and toe nails. Afterwards, they spray something across her nails that helps the paint dry quickly. Now that her nails are painted, she puts on the black, thigh-high stockings with the black lace at the top.

Tobirama feels the two servants begin to fuss with her hair and sits still as they put a few curls in it. She thinks it’s a good thing her ears are already pierced as she puts on the diamond and sapphire earrings. She doesn’t know if Izuna would have had the servants pierce her ears if they weren’t. Next, she puts a bracelet on each wrist, made of silver with sapphires.

Now that everything else is on, she can’t delay any longer and has to step into the blue heels. The very tall heels. She stumbles when she takes a step forward, barely managing to stop herself from falling to the floor. She hears Izuna laugh at her and struggles to keep the lust from showing on her face. She makes her way to the full length mirror hanging on the back of the door and stares at her reflection.

‘I look like a whore,’ thinks Tobirama, bringing a hand up to her red cheek. At this rate, her blush is never going away. She looks at the corset, thinking that if she bends over, not only will people be able to see her panties, her boobs are likely to fall out. The thought of it sends a new wave of heat through her, and she has to resist the urge to ask Izuna to skip going to the ballroom and just fuck her now. But, she still has her pride and keeps silent.

“I think we’re ready now, don’t you?” asks Izuna, eyes roaming over Tobirama’s body. His cock twitches at the sight of her and he almost gives in to the urge to throw her down onto the floor and fuck her. But, no, he has plans for her far more fun than that.

Izuna walks up and entwines his arm with hers, and after Alina opens the door for them, he pulls her forward. It’s fun watching her stumble after him, struggling to keep up with his fast pace in such high heels. And he knows that she enjoys it as well. She’s reeked of arousal ever since they started shaving her cunt. And if she really does get off on being manhandled and embarrassed, then she’s going to just love what he has planned for her next.

Tobirama feels a sense of foreboding at the mischievous smile on Izuna’s face. Before she can ask him what he’s thinking, they reach their destination. As they approach, two guards open the large ballroom doors for them. There’s a stage to the right of the room, where she supposes a band would play, though there isn’t anyone up there right now.

And, of course, Izuna decides to lead her over to the stage. She nearly trips going up the stairs, feeling another jolt of pleasure as the entire rooms laughs at her. Izuna positions them in the center of the stage, standing behind her with an arm wrapped around her waist.

“Tonight, I would like to introduce you to my new concubine, Tobirama,” says Izuna. “As is traditional, I will claim her as mine, by biting her in front of witnesses.”

Wait, what? Tobirama feels his other hand come up to tightly grip her hair and tilt her head to the side. The moment before his teeth sink into her neck, she wonders which sensation he’ll choose to make her feel. Pain? Pleasure? Or will he make the bite feel like nothing?

Tobirama’s eyes open wide as intense pleasure crashes over her, a loud moan escaping through parted lips. She tries to keep silent, firmly pressing her lips together, but the pleasure makes thinking difficult. Her clit throbs, her panties quickly getting soaked from the amount of slick she’s producing. She tries to squirm out of Izuna’s arms, but he holds her tightly, painfully yanking on her hair.
Tobirama whimpers, the pain somehow enhancing the pleasure. Her nipples ache, begging to be pinched; but she keeps her hands down, not wanting to give them even more of a show. Distantly, she can hear the sounds she’s making, the soft whines and the loud, keening moans. She feels Izuna’s teeth sink into her neck, again and again, a new wave of ecstasy flowing through her with every bite. She screams as the pleasure overwhelms her, legs trembling with the force of her orgasm.

Tobirama’s legs refuse to hold her up, and Izuna lets her fall to the ground. She closes her eyes, keeping her head down, trying to pretend this isn’t happening. She’s confused to hear what sounds like a table being dragged across the floor. The noise stops and a hand grabs her hair, roughly pulling her to her feet. She stumbles as Izuna drags her over to the table that he’s moved near the front of the stage, his hand on her back pushing her to bend over it, her ass to the audience.

Tobirama feels Izuna lift up her skirt and push down her panties, exposing her ass and dripping cunt to the rest of the room. Izuna laughs. “Look how wet you are. I had no idea when I choose you that you were such a little slut,” says Izuna.

The words cause her to feel a mix of arousal and humiliation. She tries to get up from the table, but Izuna’s hand on her back stops her. She pushes her arms against the table, struggling against his hold, accomplishing nothing except tiring herself out. Suddenly, she feels a stinging slap against her left ass cheek.

“If you’re going to fight me, then I’ll just have to punish you,” says Izuna, slapping her again.

Tobirama squirms as his hand lands on her ass several times in quick succession. She has to struggle not to moan as the heat created by his blows seem to go straight to her cunt, feeling slick beginning to drip down her thighs. She can’t escape from his powerful blows, at one point going up onto the tips of her toes as she tries to wriggle away from him.

By the time he’s done, she’s craving release, almost ready to beg. Izuna grabs her shoulders and hauls her up, spinning her around to face the audience. She quickly closes her eyes, unable to bear the mocking, lustful glint in their eyes. However, a quick yank on her hair has her eyes snapping open.

“Don’t be rude, darling. Everyone has taken time out of their busy lives to come see you. The least you can do is look at them,” says Izuna.

Tobirama glances around the room, trying not to make eye contact. Every time she tries to look away, Izuna yanks painfully on her hair. She feels his hands on her back, unlacing the corset. She’s startled when Izuna suddenly grabs her wrists and brings her hands up to cup her breasts. When she tries to pull her hands back, Izuna’s hand smacks across her ass.

“Play with your tits for us, darling,” says Izuna, placing his hand on her stomach and the other on her hip.

Feeling his hand beginning to tighten on her hip, she reluctantly follows his order, rubbing her hands over her breasts. She bites her lip as her fingers brush against her sensitive nipples. Starting to get more into it, she lightly pinches her nipples, hips squirming as more slick runs down her legs. She thinks the sight of her blue nails looks nice against her pale skin.

Izuna moves one of her hands away and pinches her nipple between his thumb and index finger. “Match the pressure on your other nipple,” orders Izuna, slowly pinching harder and harder.

Tobirama reluctantly increases the pressure on her nipple, rubbing her legs together at the painful sensation. She can’t stop the whimper from leaving her mouth when his hand leaves her breast, quickly bringing her hand up to keep the firm pressure on her aching nipples.
Izuna smirks at the sight. “If I had known that you would like that so much, I would have brought the nipple clamps.” Out of the corner of his eyes, Izuna sees one of his servants, Alina, leave the room. Perhaps she’s gone to get them?

Tobirama feels his hands on her hips, pulling down her skirt. The fabric ends up around her ankles with the panties. At his command, she steps out of the two garments. Now the only things she’s wearing are the stockings, heels, and jewelry.

“The sapphires really do look lovely on you, my pretty little whore.”

Heat coils in her abdomen, a soft moan escaping her lips at his words.

“You like that, don’t you?” asks Izuna, amused. “Being called a whore and slut. My slut. No one else is allowed to touch you.”

Just then, the servant from earlier returns, a small box in her hands. He takes it from her, delighted to discover that it holds a set of his nipple clamps, the ones with the little weights on them. He brushes Tobirama’s hands out of the way and applies the clamps, making them tight enough to hurt.

With her hands now free, Tobirama tries to reach down to touch her aching clit, but Izuna smacks her hands away. “That belongs to me, darling. You don’t get to touch your cunt without my permission, and no one else can touch it, period. If you behave, I’ll be merciful and fuck you soon.”

Tobirama pouts, frustrated at having to wait. Izuna steps towards her, putting his hands on her hips and pushing her back. He lifts her up and sits her down on the table. She squirms as her sore, red bottom comes into contact with the table. He grabs her hands and places them under her knees, then pushes her legs up and out.

“Hold that position,” orders Izuna, walking away to get a chair to sit on.

Tobirama bites her lip as the audience stares at her spread legs, her cunt on full display for them. She accidently makes eye contact with one them, a wave of embarrassment sweeping through her, actually causing her to let out a soft moan. Craving the humiliation, she forces herself to make eye contact with as many people as she can before Izuna gets back, a jolt of heat shooting through her every time one of them smirks at her.

Izuna comes back with the chair and sets it down in front of her. He glances over at the audience, smug at the lustful way they stare at his concubine. He knows that, like him, they can smell her arousal on the air. “Do you see the way they’re looking at you?” Izuna says to Tobirama. “The hungry look in their eyes. They want to taste you as much as I do, and I’m not talking about your blood.”

Izuna sits down in front of her and spreads her outer labia with his fingers. “But the only one who gets to taste you is me.” Leaning forward, he flicks his tongue across her clit, hearing her let out a breathless moan. He presses his tongue against her entrance, lapping up her juices. His cock throbs at the taste of her, as well as all the erotic noises he wrings from her mouth.

Izuna is pleased to see that the entire time, she keeps her legs spread the way he ordered her to. He reaches up and tugs on the nipple clamps, causing her to let out a keening moan. Recognizing that she’s getting close to cumming, he pulls his mouth away, ignoring the disappointed whine she makes.

Izuna stands up from the chair and begins to take off the heels and stockings from Tobirama’s legs, then removes her bracelets and earrings as well. He notices that although her hands get close
to her cunt, she obeys him and doesn’t touch herself. He grabs her arm and pulls her up from the table, moving them a few feet to the side of the table before ordering her to get on her hands and knees.

Tobirama hesitates for a moment, but her body is still thrumming with arousal, desperate to cum. She gets down onto her hands and knees, facing the crowd. She sees Izuna move to stand behind her and spreads her legs.

“This must feel more natural to you than wearing all that fancy jewelry,” says Izuna. “Naked and on the floor like the slut you are.”

Tobirama whimpers, leaning forward a bit to raise her ass. She hears Izuna kneel behind her, then feels a stinging slap against her already sore ass. “Don’t be rude, pet. If you want something, you have to ask nicely,” says Izuna.

Tobirama hears the sound of fabric rustling before Izuna’s cock slides across her pussy lips. “Please,” she moans, pushing her hips back.

“Please what?” asks Izuna, teasingly. “You have to be specific and respectful. I’m your Master now, slut. Say it. Say you belong to me.”

Tobirama gasps as the head of his cock pushes against her entrance, stopping just before entering her. “Master,” she says breathlessly. “I belong to you, Master. Please, fuck me, Master.”

“Are you mine?” asks Izuna. “There are a lot of people who would love to be where you are right now. It’s considered a great honor to belong to a royal, but you didn’t seem very grateful earlier. Maybe I should go find someone who would appreciate me better.”

Tobirama whines as he pulls his cock back. “No, please. Master.”

“You want to be mine, don’t you? Beg for it. Beg to be my slut,” says Izuna, pushing the head of his cock inside her.

Tobirama moans, eagerly pushing her hips back. “Please, Master. Please make me your slut. Make me yours, please.”

“Since you asked so nicely,” breathes Izuna, almost unable to talk from how aroused he is by her words. He pushes inside her, groaning as tight, wet heat envelops his cock. He grips her hips tightly and sets a fast, rough pace, arousal heightened by the wet noises his cock makes as it slides in and out of her.

Tobirama moans wantonly, her breasts swaying every time he thrusts into her. The weights on the clamps pull on her nipples, and Izuna’s pants brush up against the bottom of her sore ass, adding a dash of pain to her pleasure. The sensations combine wonderfully, sending her closer and closer to her release.

“Master,” she pants, “may I cum, please, Master?”

Izuna’s hips still at her words, having to stop moving so he doesn’t cum right then and there. He hears her whine, her muscles clenching down around him. He reaches down and rubs her clit, keeping his pace slow as he thrusts inside her.

“And what would you do if I said no, pet?” asks Izuna. “I don’t think you could actually stop yourself from cumming, and then I’d have to punish you.”

Incoherent with pleasure, all Tobirama can do is whisper a mantra of ‘pleasepleaseplease.’ She feels his thrusts speed up, his thick cock filling her over and over again. The touch on her clit
doesn’t stop, and it’s too much for her. With a wordless cry, she’s cumming, her muscles rhythmically clamping down around him. A moment later, she feels his cock pulse and a burst of warmth inside her as he cums.

“You came without permission, pet,” says Izuna, slowly pulling out of her. “You know that means I’ll have to punish you, don’t you?”

Tobirama swallows nervously as the haze of pleasure leaves her mind. She can’t believe that just happened, that she acted so wantonly, and in front of so many people too! What would her parents have thought if they knew their daughter was acting this way? She snaps out of her self-recrimination when she feels Izuna’s hand smack across her ass.

“Pay attention, pet,” says Izuna, pleased when she turns her head to look at him. “I’ve decided what your punishment will be. You will go a week without being allowed to wear any clothing. The only exception to this is blankets if you get cold. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Master,” whispers Tobirama.

“Good. Stand up now,” orders Izuna.

Tobirama gets to her feet, hissing as the nipple clamps sway in the air. She shifts her weight from one foot to the other, embarrassed to feel Izuna’s seed drip down her legs. Izuna, however, greatly enjoys the sight of his cum on her skin. His gaze rises to the clamps on her nipples, realizing that he should probably take them off now to avoid causing her injury. He reaches up and takes them off, smirking when she hisses in pain as the blood rushes back to her nipples.

Izuna grabs her hand and leads her off the stage, knowing that one of the servants will collect the clothing and bring it to them later. Before they leave the room, he walks her through the throng of people, none daring to lay a hand on her but getting as close as they can get away with. He feels smug at all the jealous and envious stares his fellow vampires give him, knowing that his human is one of the most beautiful humans they’ve ever seen.

Remembering Izuna’s comments about not being rude, Tobirama forces herself not to look at the ground and actually make eye contact with the people around her. She’s a bit surprised to see that none of them look mocking or smug; in fact, they’re smiling at her. And she hasn’t missed the jealous looks that Izuna has been getting. Apparently, quite a few of the vampires here wishes she was their concubine instead.

Tobirama follows Izuna back to his room, wondering what’s going to happen next. Maybe a bath? His cum is starting to dry on her legs and she’d like to wash it off. However, when she asks if she can get cleaned up, he shakes his head.

“I like the look of my cum dried on your skin. It lets everyone know that you’re mine. You can clean the make-up off, but leave the cum. I might let you wash it off tomorrow,” says Izuna.

Izuna shows her where the bathroom is, showing her that there are wash clothes under the sink. She cleans the make-up off her face and wipes down her upper body to get rid of some of the sweat, then goes back into the bedroom. She sees him relaxing in the bed and gets in next to him. He doesn’t protest, so she crawls under the blankets, eventually managing to fall asleep.

The next morning, Tobirama awakens to the feeling of teeth sinking into her neck and a warm rush of pleasure coursing through her body. She rolls onto her back and Izuna’s strong, naked body rests on top of her. His hands grab her wrists and pin her arms to the side of her head, his tongue lapping up the blood from her neck.
“Good morning, darling. Sleep well?” asks Izuna.

“Yes, Master.” Tobirama moans as his teeth find her neck again, shuddering at the waves of ecstasy flowing through her. She feels his erect cock brush up against her warm sex and spreads her legs. “Please.”

“Hmm, not yet,” says Izuna. “Right now, I want your mouth.”

At Izuna’s command, she gets up and kneels on the floor by the side of the bed. Izuna shifts to face her, his legs dangling off the edge of the bed on either side of her head. He reaches out and grabs her hair, bringing her face closer to his groin. He’s pleased by how willingly she opens her mouth for him as he slides his cock inside her.

Izuna sighs in pleasure, guiding her movements by the grip he has on her hair. He loves the sight of her lips wrapped around his cock, her cheeks hollowing out as she sucks on his length. “You were made for this,” says Izuna. “Made for my cock to be inside you.”

Izuna’s hand tightens in her hair as she moans, the slight vibration feeling wonderful on his cock. “You like this, don’t you? You love having my cock inside you. My little cock slut.”

Izuna pulls her head forward, fully sheathing his cock inside her mouth, the muscles of her throat tightening around the head of his cock as she gags. He holds her there for a moment before letting her pull her head back a few inches to breathe. “Touch yourself, pet. If you don’t cum before I’m done then you’ll have to wait until later today when I fuck you.”

Tobirama reaches down with both hands, burying two fingers inside her cunt while her other hand rubs her clit. Her mouth feels stretched wide, choking on Izuna’s cock every time he pulls her head forward. Slick coats her fingers as she thrusts them inside herself, turned on by his rough treatment. Right when she’s on the verge of cumming, Izuna pulls out of her mouth, cum shooting out to land on her face and breasts.

Tobirama whines as she moves her hands away from her groin, her hips involuntary twitching forward a few times, humping the air. She puts her hands on Izuna’s knees, trying to resist the need to keep touching herself. She doesn’t want to be punished for disobeying and even more than that, she wants to obey him.

Before yesterday, she had no idea this part of her existed. The part that craved being dominated and humiliated. But, now, she couldn’t stop thinking about it, of all the ways he could use her next, each fantasy more humiliating than the previous one.

Izuna smiles at the look of desperate lust on her cum soaked face. He orders her to stand up and stand between his legs. She obeys him and he grips her hips, pulling her cunt closer to his face. He buries his face in between her legs, swirling his tongue around her entrance, lapping up the juices from her cunt. He hears her let out a keening moan, her hands coming up to grip his shoulders.

Izuna pulls his head back when he can tell she’s getting close, giving her a minute to cool down before he does it all over again. Her hand rests on top of his head, fingers threaded through his hair. At one point, she tries to keep his head from moving back, but his enhanced strength is no match for her ordinary human strength.

Tobirama sobs in pleasure, certain that Izuna is trying to drive her mad. Every time his talented tongue gets her close to the edge, he pulls away from her, stopping her from getting her sweet release. “Please,” she begs. “Please, Master, let me cum.”

“Hmm….no,” says Izuna. He stands up from the bed, forcing her to take a step back. He ignores her pleading eyes and heads for the closet. “I’ve got a few meetings scheduled for today. You’ll
Tobirama watches him get dressed, realizing that she’s still got cum on her face and chest. Somehow, she doesn’t think he’ll let her clean it off before they leave. And in her aroused state, she doesn’t want to get cleaned up, looking forward to the embarrassment she’ll feel as everyone stares at her.

Tobirama keeps her hands by her sides as Izuna leads them down the hallway, resisting the urge to cover up her chest as everyone they pass looks at her. Her face is bright red, slick dripping down her thighs. Izuna makes her stop and say ‘good morning’ to everyone they pass, giving them plenty of time to eye her naked body.

First, they head to the kitchens for Tobirama to get something to eat. Vampires don’t need human food, but they keep it in stock for their human residents. Instead of allowing her to eat in the kitchen, Izuna has her carry the plate of food with them to the meeting room. There, he has her kneel down by his chair while the plate of food rests on the table in front of him. He then proceeds to pick up a bite of food and hold it up to her mouth, forcing her to eat from his hand while the others in the room watch them with amused expressions.

Tobirama finds it interesting how no one seems to care that she’s covered in cum. They’ll look at her with a flash of lust in their eyes before ignoring it and going about their business. It makes her wonder if this kind of thing is normal in vampire societies.

After he’s finished feeding her, Izuna lets his fingers rest in Tobirama’s mouth, giving her something to suck on. She presses her legs tightly together, already desperate for the meetings to be over so that Izuna will fuck her. The day seems to pass slowly as she’s forced to sit through meeting after meeting.

Some of her lust does eventually dissipate, but it’s like Izuna has a sixth sense for when she’s not turned on anymore. Every time the arousal starts to go away, Izuna will have her sit up on the table and absent mindedly finger fuck her, most of his attention still on the meeting. When she feels like she’s getting close to orgasm, Izuna will remove his fingers and order her to go back to sitting on the floor. It’s maddening.

So at the end of the day, she eagerly follows him back to their bedroom, hoping that he’ll finally let her cum. When they reach the bedroom, she’s ordered to kneel by the side of the bed while Izuna gets undressed. Like earlier in that day, Izuna sits at the edge of the bed and guides her mouth onto his cock by the grip on her hair.

Izuna pulls her head forward, completely sheathing his cock in her mouth. He keeps her there as he begins talking. “I’ve been thinking about this all day, your sweet mouth wrapped around my cock. Mmm, but I also want to fuck you. Your tight cunt fits my cock so perfectly. You really were made to be mine.”

Tobirama struggles to breathe, a few tears leaking out of her eyes as she gags. Despite the uncomfortableness of it, she enjoys this, being used for Izuna’s pleasure. His words enhance her arousal, making her ache to be filled by him. His grip eventually relaxes on her hair, allowing her to pull her head back enough to breathe. He pushes her head down, pushing her mouth against his balls. The scent of his arousal is in every breath she takes, making her mouth water. She licks the delicate skin of in front of her, getting it wet with her saliva before blowing softly.

Tobirama feels a sense of pride as Izuna shivers and lets out a soft moan. She likes knowing that she can give him as much pleasure as he gives her. She feels a tug on her hair, pulling her to her feet. Her body quivers in anticipation, eagerly following him as he leads her onto the bed. He lies down on his back, pulling her into his lap, his hands on her hips.

Tobirama rocks her hips, rubbing his shaft over her labia, moaning as it rubs against her aching
clit. She positions her entrance over the head of his cock, whimpering when he won’t let her sink down. She looks at his eyes, seeing an expectant expression on his face, and realizes that he wants her to beg. “Master,” she says breathlessly.

Izuna smirks. “What do you need, pet?”

“You, Master. I need…” Tobirama’s chest heaves as she pants for breath, struggling to focus her lust-dazed mind to get the words out. “I need you, Master. Your cock inside me. Please.”

Izuna’s hands around her hips loosely, allowing her to sink down onto his cock. Her eyes close, tilting her head back as she moans. She inhales shakily, clenching her muscles around his thick cock. She yelps as Izuna’s hand smacks across her ass. “What do you say when someone gives you what you want, pet?” asks Izuna.

“Thank you, Master,” says Tobirama, doing her best to sound grateful.

Izuna grins at her. “Good girl. Now be a good slut and ride me.”

Tobirama puts her hands on the bed, legs flexing as she lifts her hips. She roughly slams her hips down, crying out as he fills her up again. It feels good, so she does it again and again, legs beginning to ache as she sets a brutal pace. She can feel herself getting closer to the edge, and desperately hopes that Izuna will finally allow her to cum.

Tobirama whines as Izuna begins to rub her clit. “Please, Master, let me cum, please.”

“Yes, cum for me, pet,” says Izuna, reaching up with his other hand to roughly pinch her nipple. Tobirama keens, grinding her hips down as exquisite pleasure washes over her, muscles clenching around Izuna’s cock as she cum.

Izuna waits until she’s done before flipping them over, grabbing her wrists and pinning her arms to the side of her head as he drives his cock into her. He feels her legs come up around his waist, encouraging him to keep using her body. He leans forward and sinks his teeth into her neck, loving the taste of her blood. He makes the bite only mildly pleasurable, not yet wanting her to cum again.

Izuna groans as her muscles tighten around him, realizing a moment later that she’s doing that deliberately, trying to make him feel good. With her clenching around him, it doesn’t take very long before he’s cumming inside her, closing his eyes as white-hot pleasure washes over him. Afterwards, he turns them back over so that she’s lying on top of his chest, his cock still sheathed inside her.

Tobirama relaxes against his chest, still feeling a bit aroused from his bite. She wonders if it’s his goal to keep her aroused at all hours of the day. Probably. Since he liked calling her a slut so much, he probably liked the idea of her wanting sex all the time. She wonders if it’s weird that that doesn’t bother her.

“Is it weird that I like this?” asks Tobirama.

Izuna blinks at her. “You mean being dominated by me and how you get off on being embarrassed?”

Tobirama feels her face heat up. “Yeah, that.”

Izuna smiles. “It’s not as uncommon as you’d think. There are a lot of men and women who enjoy that kind of thing. And, I’m thrilled that I managed to pick someone whose kinks match mine so
Tobirama sighs in relief. She wasn’t weird; her tastes just weren’t as commonly known. Her hips wiggle a bit, thinking that it felt kind of nice to have him still inside her. And keeping his cum from dripping out. She likes his seed being inside her much better than being dried on her skin. Although she does like the possessiveness of the gesture, but isn’t yet used to the feel of it on her skin.

“What are you thinking about?” asks Izuna.

“Hmm, I was thinking about how your cum is still on me, and that I’m not used to the feel of it. And also that I kind of like having your cum inside me. Is there a way to keep it in?” she asks.

Izuna raises an eyebrow in surprise. “You want to stay full of my cum?” She nods her head.

“Alright, then.” Izuna sits up and grabs her hips, her legs wrapping around his waist and arms around his shoulders as he stands up. He carries her over to the closet, sitting down next to his toy chest, careful to keep himself from slipping out of her. Reaching into the trunk, he pulls out a dildo the size of his cock, attached to a black harness.

Tobirama lifts her hips up, allowing his cock to slip free so that he can slide the dildo inside her. There’s a black cloth over the dildo, attached to a soft, cloth-like rope that goes around her hips and between the crack of her ass, keeping the toy from sliding out of her. The dildo is as large as Izuna’s cock but not as warm, though she supposes her body heat will warm it up soon enough. It’s not as good as the real thing, but it does feel nice.

“Do you like it, pet?” asks Izuna.

Tobirama smiles. “Yes, Master. Thank you.”

“Good. Let’s get you cleaned up then.” Izuna helps her to feet and leads her to the bathroom.

Tobirama feels her muscles squeeze around the toy as she walks, heat coiling in her stomach at the pleasurable sensation. She realizes that as long as this thing is inside her, she’ll be in a perpetual state of arousal. She likes the thought of constantly being filled.

When Izuna leads her into the bathroom, she asks, “Is it alright if the cloth gets wet?”

“Yeah, it’s fine. The cloth will dry quickly enough,” replies Izuna.

Izuna turns on the water for a moment to get their skin and hair wet, before turning the water off to get them soaped up. Izuna grabs the vanilla-scented shampoo and pours some into his hands. He puts the bottle back on the shelf and steps behind Tobirama, burying his fingers in her gorgeous hair. He runs his fingers through her hair and massages her scalp, happy with the way she sighs in pleasure and relaxes into his touch.

Next, he pours a drop of soap on her breasts and washes away his cum, running soapy hands all over her soft skin. He pinches her nipples, causing her to lean forward, pushing her chest closer. Laughing softly, he moves down to her stomach, thinking about what it’ll look like when she’s pregnant with his child. Which reminds him of something he forgot to ask earlier.

“Are you on any sort of birth control?”

Tobirama gives him a startled look. “No, I’m not. Huh. I suppose that means I’ll probably get pregnant.”

“Especially since my cum is being kept inside you,” says Izuna.
Tobirama hums in pleasure, squeezing her muscles around the toy. “Well, people in my village do tend to marry and have children in their twenties. Though, I wonder, will you expect me to be naked around the kids we have?”

Izuna shakes his head. “No, well, not your lower half anyway. Since you’ll have to breast feed anyways, I can keep you topless all the time. But as for our sex games, where I fuck you in public, I’ll make sure we get a babysitter to watch the children while we play.”

“Will there still be opportunities for me to walk around naked with your cum on me?”

“Of course. Today, the only areas of the castle we walked through were areas designated for adults only. If I ever take you to the more public areas of the castle, I’ll have you wear clothes.”

Tobirama blinks at that, realizing that she hadn’t seen any children since she got here. Though, it made sense when she thought about it. The vampires couldn’t have kinky sex in public if there was a risk of a child walking by.

“Do you want to have children with me?” asks Izuna.

Tobirama smiles in amusement. “It’s a bit late to be asking that, don’t you think? Already your seed could be fertilizing my egg. But, yes, I do like the idea. My stomach swelling with your child, showing everyone that I belong to you.”

Izuna hums in approval, coming up behind her and wrapping his arms around her waist. He rests his hands on her stomach. “When I’m not fucking you, I’m going to keep the dildo inside you, keep you filled with my seed. And after you’ve healed from giving birth the first time, we’ll do it all over again. I’d keep you pregnant all the time if I could, my little breeding bitch.”

Tobirama shivers at his words, letting out a soft moan. She doesn’t know why, but every time he calls her one of those degrading names, it sends a wave of heat through her. And it looks like she’s going to get her wish of constantly being filled.

“You like that thought, don’t you, pet? Always being full of my seed, stomach swollen with my child,” says Izuna.

“Yes, Master,” she agrees happily.

“Good. Let’s finish cleaning up now.” Izuna gets more soap and runs his hands over Tobirama’s back and up to her neck, lightly massaging her shoulders to hear her sigh in pleasure. He drops his hands down to her still red ass, pressing his fingers into the sore skin to see her squirm. He has them both sit down on the bathtub floor while he cleans her legs and feet, spending extra time on her inner thighs when he sees how sensitive the area is.

Izuna cleans her face last, then turns on the water to rinse the soap off. After she’s thoroughly rinsed off, he has her kneel in front of him and clean his legs while he lathers shampoo into his hair. His cock, which had become half-hard while he was cleaning her, becomes fully erect as she rubs her soft hands all over his skin.

Izuna grabs a handful of Tobirama’s hair and pulls her to her feet, instructing her to wash his back. After they’ve thoroughly cleaned up and dried off, he leads her back to the bedroom. He has her lie down on the bed, with her head hanging off the edge. He grabs the sides of her head and presses the tip of his cock against her mouth, pleased when she immediately opens up for him.

“Good girl,” says Izuna, shoving his cock into her mouth. He groans as her throat constricts around the head of his cock, his balls slapping against her face every time he thrusts inside her.

Tobirama grips the bedsheets as Izuna roughly uses her mouth, struggling to breath around his
thick length. Her eyes water at the rough treatment, a few tears leaking down her face. With his balls so close to her nose, every time she inhales, she breathes in his musky scent. Her clit throbs, begging to be touched.

Izuna lets out a deep groan as he cums, fully sheathing his cock in her mouth. “Swallow it all, pet. If you miss a drop, you won’t get to cum tomorrow.”

Tobirama tries to do as he commands, but a drop slips from her mouth, trailing down her cheek. She sees him grin mischievously and has a feeling that she’s going to be teased even more tomorrow than she was today, without the hope of release. Since Izuna doesn’t instruct her otherwise, she leaves the drop of cum on her face and crawls under the blankets with him.

Arousal still thrums through her, a wet spot on the cloth covering the dildo. Her nipples are hard and aching to be pinched and sucked, but she knows she’s not getting any relief tonight. She snuggles up to Izuna, his arms wrapping around her, and takes deep, slow breathes until she’s calmed down enough to fall asleep.

Tobirama exits his alternate self’s memory and sets the phone on the bedside dresser. He pushes his pants down and sees a wet spot on his boxers, caused by his precum. His body thrums with arousal, but he wants something a bit more than just masturbation. He could go downstairs and ask Kawarama or Itama to help him out, but his throbbing cock demands attention right now.

Tobirama creates a shadow clone, not having to say anything to it as it already knows what he wants. He watches as the clone pulls down its underwear and pants, then crawls closer to it, both of them on the bed. When he’s close enough, the clone roughly grabs his hair and shoves his mouth into its groin. He opens his mouth, gagging as the clone’s cock hits the back of his throat. This is what he needs right now, to be roughly used.

Tobirama’s eyes water as the clone roughly thrusts into his mouth, over and over again. The clone’s hand is tight in his hair, painfully tugging at his scalp. He closes his eyes, mind blanking out, the only thing he’s focused on is the cock in his mouth. He feels it pulse in his mouth, a bitter taste landing on his tongue that disappears as soon as the clone dispels.

Tobirama opens his eyes, shoving down his boxers to wrap his fingers around his cock. He strokes himself firmly, swiping his thumb over the head, precum making his hand slick. His body shudders as the pleasure reaches its peak, holding his hand in front of the head to catch the cum as it shoots out from his cock. He holds his hand out in front of his mouth, deliberating holding it at a height that makes him have to dip his head down to lap up the cum from his hand. He doesn’t know why he likes that so much, it doesn’t taste good. But he’s known that he likes having to eat his cum ever since he saw the first memory with Ginkaku and Kinkaku.

After taking a moment to catch his breath, Tobirama gets up from the bed, grabs a change of clothes, and heads into the bathroom to take a shower. He wonders if Izuna is busy today. He’ll call him after the shower and find out.
As it turns out, Izuna was free that day and willing to meet up with Tobirama. He put on one of his nicer outfits and met up with Izuna in one of the futuristic cities, amusingly named Techno World. He has to ask a few of the locals for directions to find the café that Izuna had suggested as their meeting point, but he manages to make it on time.

Izuna smiles as he walks up. “Good morning, Tobirama. Are you hungry? This café has some of the best food in the city.”

Tobirama glances at the restaurant, his stomach grumbling as a delicious scent wafts through the air when one of their customers exits the café. “I’m famished. What kind of food does this place have?” asks Tobirama as they enter the building.

“They have breakfast foods and some delicious sandwiches. A wide variety of soups and drinks, as well,” replies Izuna. “I think you’ll like it.”

As they sit down, a holographic menu suddenly springs up in front of them. Tobirama stares at it for a moment then hesitantly reaches out, discovering that it’s an interactive hologram. He doesn’t know how that’s possible, but decides not to question it at the moment. It’s likely that Izuna doesn’t know either, and he can research the subject later when he isn’t on a date.

Tobirama scrolls through the menu and chooses one of their sandwich and soup combos, deciding to get a plain water. A lot of the times, he’s discovered that the restaurants in these ‘modern’ or ‘futuristic’ cities have drinks that have way too much sugar in them. There was no such thing as soda and milkshakes when he was alive, and his taste buds aren’t used to such sweet things.

“So, what have you been up to since we last saw each other?” asks Izuna.

“Not much,” replies Tobirama. “ Mostly, I’ve been looking at alternate worlds and getting to know Kawarama and Itama again.”

“You’re getting along with them, then?” asks Izuna.

Tobirama smiles. “Yes. It’s fun hanging out with them, and they’ve helped explain a lot of the new technologies that exist in this afterlife. Everything would be a lot more confusing without them.”

Izuna nods in understanding. “Takeo, Jiro, and Keitaro helped me out a lot when I first got here, and then the four of us helped Madara when he arrived. Well, we’re still having to help him. Since he can’t leave the prison section, we’ve had to bring him things. And, of course, we’re trying to help him realize that his plan was a bit crazy. The sooner he admits he was wrong and means it, the sooner he can be free.”
Tobirama hums skeptically. “He tried to trap the entire world inside a genjutsu. That either takes a high level of crazy or a high level of arrogance. I don’t see him getting out of the prison section anytime soon.”

Izuna frowns. He would get offended by Tobirama’s words, except he kind of thought the same thing when he heard what Madara had done. “Yes, well, hopefully hearing his brothers explain why his plan was bad will help him see the error of his ways. Or something.”

The two of them eat in silence for a while, trying to think of something more pleasant to talk about. When he’s almost done, Tobirama says, “This food really is good. I’m glad you suggested eating here.”

Izuna gives him a pleased smile. “I’m glad you like it. I was thinking that after we eat, we could see one of the city’s 3D movies. The holographic special effects really bring the story to life.”

“Kawarama and Itama have actually taken me to a few 3D movies. It was amazing to see, and I would love to watch another one with you,” replies Tobirama.

Tobirama can see that Izuna is pleased by his answer and the two of them quickly finish up their meal to head to the movie theater. They have a bit of a debate on what movie to watch, eventually selecting an action/adventure movie. There are two different rooms they could choose to watch their movie in, one of the family rooms or one of the couple’s rooms.

In this case, the family room just means that there might be kids in the theatre, and the couple’s room has larger seats that can fit two people, so that couples can snuggle up to each other while they watch the movie. And he’s amused to see the sign on the door, informing the couples that all genitals must be kept out of sight and if they’re going to make any noise, talking or otherwise, then they should activate the privacy bubble. The privacy bubble being an invisible barrier that blocks sound from leaving their area; but there are speakers on their seats to still let them hear the movie.

After the two of them are done laughing at the sign, Tobirama stares at in thought. “You know, it doesn’t actually say that groping is not allowed, just to make sure it doesn’t disturb the other customers and to keep everything out of sight.”

Izuna blinks at the sign. “Huh, so it does. In fact, with the privacy bubble, it’s almost like they’re encouraging the couples to be intimate with each other. There are a lot more exhibitionists in the afterlife than I thought there would be.”

The two of them enter the room and find an empty seat in the back, which allows them to see the movie better and gives them better privacy. They agree to just start out with the privacy bubble on, in case they want to talk to each other during the movie…or do other things. Tobirama snuggles up to Izuna, the Uchiha’s arm around his shoulders. For a while, they do nothing but watch the movie in silence before he starts to feel Izuna’s fingers rub his neck.

Tobirama turns his face towards Izuna and presses a chaste kiss to the Uchiha’s cheek. Izuna looks startled, a pleased smile slowly spreading across his face. Izuna lifts his hand to caress Tobirama’s cheek, pressing their lips together in an open-mouthed, sensual kiss. Their tongues twine together, sending waves of heat throughout both their bodies.

Izuna slips his hand underneath Tobirama’s shirt, reaching up to rub and pinch Tobirama’s nipples. Tobirama shivers, moaning softly. He threads his fingers through Izuna’s hair, kiss getting rougher as their arousal increases. The movie plays in the background, almost forgotten. Tobirama’s hips squirm as Izuna squeezes his cock through his pants. He breaks away from their kiss, glancing around at the room, but no one is paying attention to them.

“We should probably go somewhere more private,” says Izuna. “We can’t have as much fun here
Tobirama nods his head in agreement. “Your place or mine?”

Izuna thinks about it for a moment. “Let’s go to my place this time. I’m not sure what toys you have at home, and there’s a few things I have in mind for tonight.”

Tobirama eagerly follows Izuna out of the theatre and to the edge of the city, jumping in surprise when Izuna slips his hands into his pants to grab his cock. And then the Uchiha keeps walking, basically acting like his cock is a leash. As they walk, Tobirama pushes his pants down a bit, freeing his erection and allowing Izuna to get a better grip on him.

Tobirama is almost disappointed when they don’t encounter anyone on their way to Izuna’s house, but the rest of him is relieved. He’s not sure his pride could handle the embarrassment. However, there’s a compromise, of sorts, as Izuna’s brothers are in the living room when they arrive. Since they’ve seen him naked before, it isn’t as embarrassing as if a complete stranger had seen this, but he still feels his face get hot as they smirk at him.

“Hey, Izuna. Back from your date already?” asks Jiro.

Izuna laughs. “We couldn’t seem to keep our hands off each other. Now, if you don’t mind, I’d like it to just be Tobirama and I tonight, rather than the group sex we had last time.”

“That’s fine with me,” assures Keitaro, the others echoing his agreement.

“Have fun, little brother,” says Madara, smirking.

Izuna leads Tobirama up to his bedroom, his hand keeping a firm grip on the Senju’s cock. He finds it interesting that as soon as they come to a stop in the middle of the room, Tobirama puts his arms behind his back, his wrists crossed. It’s undeniably a submissive position, which means that Tobirama wants to be dominated.

“Wait here,” says Izuna before going into the closet to get a few things. He puts some of the stuff on the bed, taking the collar, leash, and cock ring with him over to Tobirama. He starts out by slipping the cock ring on, giving Tobirama’s cock a few teasingly slow strokes, casing the Senju’s hips to twitch forward.

Izuna places his hand on Tobirama’s shoulder and presses down. “Kneel,” he orders.

Tobirama doesn’t hesitate, immediately going down to his knees. He tilts his head to the side, baring his neck for Izuna, eyes closing in pleasure when Izuna places the collar around his neck. He feels Izuna’s hand land on his head, fingers petting through his hair. His eyes open as Izuna attaches the leash to the collar, crawling behind the Uchiha as he walks to the bed.

“Your clothes are in the way,” says Izuna. “Strip, but don’t get up from the floor.”

Tobirama awkwardly pushes his pants and underwear down, already having removed his shoes at the door. Izuna then has to take the leash off so that he can get his shirt off. For a moment, he’s not sure what to do with his clothes, but Izuna motions for him to hand them over. The Uchiha then sets the clothes down onto the dresser.

“Okay, now that that’s done, what do you think of having your picture taken?” asks Izuna.

“You mean while naked?” asks Tobirama. Izuna nods.

“As long as you don’t show the pictures to anyone without my permission, then it’s fine. Right now, the only ones I’d be comfortable seeing the pictures are my brothers and yours,” replies Tobirama.
“Alright, then, sounds good to me,” says Izuna. He gets out his phone and snaps a pictures of Tobirama on his knees, black leather collar around his throat, and his cock hard and leaking.

Tobirama tilts his head to the side to bare his neck and places his arms behind his back, smiling as he hears the sound of the camera click again. He watches curiously as Izuna walks over to the bed and picks up an o-ring gag, opening his mouth for Izuna to place it on him. Tobirama blushes as Izuna takes another picture of him like this, his mouth forced open with drool beginning to drip down his chin.

Izuna feels his cock twitching at the sight and quickly strips off his clothes, tossing them over to a hamper in the corner of the room. “Stick out your tongue.” Izuna smiles as Tobirama’s obeys, rubbing his cock over Tobirama’s tongue. He holds up the phone and takes a picture of the sight, seeing the pleasure in Tobirama’s eyes at the sound of the camera. He realizes then that this isn’t just something that Tobirama is doing to make him happy; it’s something that Tobirama is turned on by as well.

Izuna remembers back to when Jiro had had Tobirama pinned against the door, telling the Senju that they would be jerking off to him later. Tobirama had seemed really aroused by the idea. Perhaps it’s the same thing with the pictures. He pushes his hips forward, groaning as the Senju’s warm, wet tongue slides against the underside of his cock. He grabs a handful of Tobirama’s hair, holding him in place as he fully sheathes his cock inside Tobirama’s mouth.

Tobirama focuses on relaxing his throat, moaning as Izuna begins to use his mouth. It feels good to able to relax and let Izuna take the lead. He whimpers when Izuna pulls out, trying to lean forward to get Izuna’s cock back in his mouth, but the Uchiha’s grip on his hair keeps him in place. Izuna laughs softly at his reaction.

“Don’t worry, Tobirama, I’m not done with you yet,” assures Izuna, picking up a bundle of rope from the bed. He grabs Tobirama’s hair and yanks, forcing Tobirama up and onto the bed. Although, ‘forced’ is probably not the right word as Tobirama doesn’t even pretend to fight him, willingly positioning his body the way Izuna instructs him to.

Izuna piles a bunch of pillows by the headboard and has Tobirama lie against them. Then he ties Tobirama’s ankles to his thighs, and his wrists to his ankles. Next, he attaches a rope from each ankle to the collar, keeping Tobirama in an upright position. Izuna runs his hands down Tobirama’s thighs and pushes the Senju’s legs farther apart.

“Here we go; you look perfect like this,” says Izuna. He takes a few pictures with his phone, grinning at the way Tobirama’s cock twitches, a drop of precum leaking from the tip.

Tobirama flexes against the ropes, finding them secure. He relaxes against the bed, closing his eyes as he hears the sound of a bottle opening. He twitches when Izuna’s fingers press against his entrance, the lube feeling a bit cold. He tries to keep himself still as Izuna slides two fingers inside him, but he can’t help but squirm as calloused fingertips rub against his sweet spot, sending waves of electrifying pleasure up his spine.

Tobirama turns his head to the side as more saliva escapes from his mouth, dripping onto the bedsheets. He blinks in surprise as Izuna slides three fingers inside his mouth, thrusting them inside his mouth in time to the fingers inside his ass. He licks at the fingers in his mouth, for a moment wishing the gag was gone so that he could suck on them. He whines as the fingers in his ass disappear, his hole clenching down around nothing.

“Are you ready for me?” asks Izuna, positioning his cock against Tobirama’s entrance, laughing at the Senju’s eager nod. He slides in slowly, moaning at the feeling of wet heat enveloping his cock. He gives a few short thrusts before picking up the vibrating cock ring next to them on the bed, holding it up for Tobirama to see.
Tobirama blinks at in surprise, not sure what it’s for until Izuna turns it on and presses it against the head of his cock. He lets out a muffled moan, hips squirming at the pleasurable sensation. He shudders as Izuna secures the vibrating ring around the head of his cock and then continues fucking him, nailing his prostate with every thrust.

Izuna grips Tobirama’s hips tightly and slams his hips forward, heat coiling in his stomach as Tobirama clenches around him. He can hear Tobirama’s moans getting more desperate, turning into soft whines and whimpers. Leaning forward, he slides his tongue inside Tobirama’s open mouth, sensually caressing Tobirama’s tongue with his own.

Izuna can feel his release approaching and reaches down to take the regular cock ring off Tobirama, putting the vibrating one back on when he’s done. He grasps Tobirama’s nipples between his index fingers and thumbs, slowly squeezing tighter and tighter, lazily thrusting his hips forward slowly.

Tobirama lets out a keening moan, back arching as white-hot pleasure courses through his veins. His muscles rhythmically clamp down around Izuna’s thick length, pulses of cum shooting out to land on his stomach. He groans as Izuna continues to thrust inside him, eyes getting wider as the vibrating cock ring stays on his now oversensitive cock. He can’t help but squirm, struggling against the restraints as the sensation becomes more painful.

Izuna grins as Tobirama continues to tighten around him, the pain making the Senju’s muscles clamp down. He thrust a few more times into the writhing man before his hips still, cock pulsing as he shoots his load deep inside Tobirama. He reaches down and, instead of taking the vibrating ring off, turns it up to the next level.

Tobirama screams, throwing his head back as he futilely struggles to get free. He whines as Izuna grips the base of his cock, his other hand beginning to mercilessly rub the tip of his cock. He tries to force himself to calm down, but his body won’t stop jerking against the rope.

Izuna chuckles. “You were enjoying this kind of thing just a minute ago,” teases Izuna. He doesn’t relent, swiping his finger over the cum on Tobirama’s stomach to make his fingers slicker when they rub over the head of Tobirama’s cock. He enjoys the sight of Tobirama squirming beneath him and the sound of his pained whimpers. “Don’t forget you can go intangible if it gets to be too much for you.”

Tobirama whines, a slight nod of his head indicating that he’s heard Izuna’s words. He hadn’t forgotten about the intangibility and has no intention of using it. In fact, he even uses the unique control over his body that the afterlife gives him to keep himself hard and painfully sensitive for a few minutes longer than normal, until tears are leaking down his face. It hurts, but he loves the helpless feeling of surrendering control to someone else.

Izuna takes the vibrating ring off of Tobirama, deciding that the Senju has had enough. He takes the gag off next, kissing Tobirama’s soft lips. He removes the ropes, but leaves the collar on, suspecting that Tobirama enjoys wearing it. He gets up from the bed and heads into the bathroom, coming back a minute later with a damp cloth and a glass of water.

Izuna holds the glass up to Tobirama’s lips, watching the way Tobirama’s throat moves as he gulps down the water. He sets the empty glass down on the dresser then cleans them both up with the cloth before tossing it into the hamper. Seeing how tired Tobirama looks, he decides that a nap is in order. He helps Tobirama get under the covers and then cuddles up next to him, softly running his fingers through the Senju’s hair.

“You like wearing a collar, don’t you?” asks Izuna, curiously.

Tobirama blinks at him sleepily then nods his head. “Yes. I think it would actually be nice if I
Izuna thinks about that while he pets Tobirama’s hair, staying cuddled up to him until the Senju falls asleep. He slowly gets up from the bed then and heads down into living room to talk to the others, and to make a phone call to Tobirama’s brothers.

Tobirama wakes slowly, glancing around the darkened room. Looking at the clock, he can see that it’s been a few hours since he fell asleep. He stretches for a moment, then gets up from the bed and gets dressed, a bit dismayed when he discovers the collar is already gone. A pout forms on his lips as his fingers trail over his bare neck. Before he can get too upset, he realizes that he can sense his brothers’ chakra downstairs as well as the five Uchiha brothers.

Puzzled, he heads downstairs, finding them into the living room, crowded around the small table in between the couches. He stares at the collar on the table, noticing that there’s a tiny padlock next to it along with eight keys. And if he’s not mistaken, he can feel his brothers’ and the Uchihas’ chakra inside the collar.

“What…?” asks Tobirama, confused.

Izuna grins nervously at him. “You said you wanted to wear a collar all the time, right?” Tobirama nods. “Well, I know from speaking to Itama and Kawarama that you want to be in a relationship with the eight of us, not just random sexual encounters like you might occasionally have with someone else. Which means, it wouldn’t be fair if just one of us collared you.”

“So, the eight of got together to make this for you,” continues Kawarama. “It has our chakra in it, to signify that you’re ours, and we each have a key to the padlock that goes on it.”

“Only eight keys. If you do this, you won’t be able to take the collar off yourself,” says Itama.

“Though, we will take it off if you need us to,” assures Hashirama.

Tobirama smiles. “I know. It’s the symbolism of it that’s important, especially since I could phase out of it if I needed to. But I can’t see myself wanting to take it off.”

Tobirama steps forward and kneels down in front of the table, placing his arms behind his back. The eight of them crowd around him, somehow all managing to be touching the collar as it’s placed around his neck. Tobirama shivers at the sound of the lock clicking into place, a soft moan escaping his lips. It feels right, in a way that he can’t explain, to have their collar on him, knowing that he’ll never have to take it off again.

Tobirama feels a flush of heat travel through him, settling low in his groin. He spreads his legs, telling them without words that he wants them. He can hear them whispering to each other, deciding what to do with him. Hands suddenly grasp at his clothing, pulling and tugging until he’s completely naked. Someone gets out a rope and secures his hands behind his back.

Tobirama looks up as he hears Keitaro moving the table out of their way, allowing them all to stand in a circle around him. He licks his lips as they all push their pants down, mouth salivating at the sight of their erect cocks. However, he pouts as he realizes that none of them intend to use his mouth, instead stroking themselves to completion.

Still, it is arousing to watch the pleasure on their faces. And, he likes the thought that in a few minutes, he’s going to be covered in their cum. He sucks in a startled breath as he feels a warm liquid land on his back and bound arms, his cock twitching at the sound of Itama’s pleasured moan. By the time everyone else has finished, he’s panting for breath, his cock aching to be touched. Cum drips down his face and from his hair, splattered across his chest and legs.
Tobirama glances up at the sound of a camera, seeing Izuna holding out his phone, grinning.

“Ooh, good idea,” says Kawarama, getting his phone out to snap a few pictures as well.

Tobirama huffs in frustrated amusement as the others get out their phones and start taking pictures of him. As much of a turn on as it is to imagine they’ll masturbate to his pictures later, he’d really like it if one of them would touch him. Eventually, they get their fill of picture taking and Hashirama steps forward to kneel down in front of him, wrapping a hand around his throbbing cock. Tobirama lets out a wanton moan, hips twitching forward as Hashirama touches him with slow, even strokes, swiping his thumb over the head to collect the precum.

Tobirama eagerly opens his mouth as Hashirama presses their mouths together, moaning as Hashirama’s tongue dominates his mouth. Heat coils low in his stomach, his toes curling in ecstasy as Hashirama grips him more firmly. He closes his eyes as intense pleasure washes over him, shuddering and moaning as pulses of cum shoot from his cock.

Tobirama opens his eyes when he feels a tug on his hair, seeing Hashirama holding his hand up, Tobirama’s cum in his palm. He willingly leans forward and laps up the cum, humming in pleasure as Hashirama’s grip on his hair turns into petting. The sound of more pictures being taken makes him smile.

“Should we get him cleaned up now?” asks Keitaro.

“Hmm, no. He can get cleaned up at home,” replies Hashirama.

Tobirama blinks up at him in surprise as his older brother gets a leash out of his pocket and attaches it to Tobirama’s collar. Did Hashirama intend for him to walk home like this? Apparently, the answer was yes, as Hashirama leads him to the front door, his hands still tied behind his back. Before the four Senju brothers leave, each one of the Uchihas comes up to Tobirama and gives him a quick peck on the lips.

Tobirama raises an eyebrow at Hashirama as the older man gives him a considering look. He holds still as Hashirama reaches out and swipes a finger over his cheek, collecting some of the cum. His breath hitches as Hashirama then smears the white liquid over Tobirama’s lips. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees the Uchiha brothers getting out their phones again, and turns to face them so that they can get more pictures.

Eventually, everyone is satisfied with the sheer volume of pictures they have of him and he’s let out the door by Hashirama. He bites his lip nervously as the cool evening air brushes across his skin, an embarrassed blush spreading across his face at being so exposed. They’re only outside for a few minutes, using the afterlife’s ability to basically warp space to get to their house faster than would normally be possible.

They don’t meet anyone on their journey back to the house, and a part of Tobirama is disappointed by that. As embarrassing as it would be for anyone to see him like this, there’s a part of him that wants to walk through a crowded street like this, showing off their possession of him. Maybe they could try that sometime in the future when he’s a bit more comfortable with the idea, in a city that has streets specifically for public nudity and sex.

When they reach the house, Kawarama suggests using his shower since it’s the largest one in the house and will have plenty of room for the four of them. Tobirama follows them upstairs, pleased that they keep him tied up and on the leash while cleaning him up. They keep him naked after the shower and go back down to the living room, where he kneels down at their feet while they talk for a while. Eventually, his arms start to cramp and they have to take the ropes off, but he enjoyed it while it lasted and intends to do it again sometime.
I've recently created an rp blog on tumblr: sexysubmissivesenju.tumblr.com
I'm willing to rp Tobirama in a variety of different alternate worlds, including some of
the alternate worlds I've written about in this story. So, if you liked one of the
chapters I've written and want to rp in that world, just let me know. Or if you have an
idea of your own that you want to rp, I might be willing to give it a try.
Chapter Notes

The first half of this chapter is Hashirama/Tobirama/Madara, petplay, felching (they use a medical jutsu so everything is clean and safe).
The second half of this chapter is Hashirama/Tobirama/Mito, also petplay

Lying on his bed, Tobirama stares thoughtfully at his phone. What does he want to see today? He thinks through the list of kinks he had read on the internet, there were a lot of them, and decides it might be interesting to try out pet play. He enters his question into the phone, intentionally leaving it somewhat vague to see what kind of result he’ll get.

When he enters the memory, his alternate self is walking down the streets of Konoha, heading away from the festival going on in the market district. It’s been two years since Konoha has been founded and people are using it as an excuse to party. Right now, he’s on his way to visit Hashirama. His brother is mostly living with Madara at this point, having been together with the Uchiha for a year now, but he does occasionally spend the night with Tobirama.

When he arrives at Madara’s house, he can only sense his brother’s chakra inside. He’s not sure where the Uchiha is, but is glad to not have to deal with him at the moment. Although he and Madara were learning to get along for Hashirama’s sake, the Uchiha still held a lot of animosity towards him for what had happened to Izuna. Tobirama’s insistence that Izuna would have killed him and it was just self-defense only mollified Madara’s anger to a small extent.

Tobirama gets out his spare key, given to him by Hashirama, and enters the house. Once inside, he finds Hashirama sitting on the living room couch, a cup of sake in his hands. It seems that his brother has started celebrating without him.

“Tobirama!” greets Hashirama cheerfully. “Isn’t it a wonderful day?”

Tobirama’s lips twitch in amusement. “I suppose it is. Are you drunk already?”

Hashirama shrugs. “Maybe a little bit. Would you like some?”

Tobirama considers it for a moment. He doesn’t usually drink but one glass shouldn’t kill him. He accepts the cup of sake from Hashirama and sits next to his brother on the couch. He listens silently as his brother rambles on about Konoha’s success. Tobirama is content to listen to his brother’s ramblings, slowly sipping at his sake. By the time their conversation winds to a close, he’s feeling pleasantly tipsy while Hashirama is most definitely drunk.

Tobirama sets his empty cup on the table and stands from the couch. “I need to use the restroom,” he explains.

After he’s finished, he begins making his way back to the living room when he notices that the door to the hall closet is slightly ajar. He can see something poking out of the door on the floor, and feeling curious, he opens the door to discover that the item in question is a leash. Next to it is what looks to be a shock collar and two pet bowls.

“What?” he asks in confusion. He turns around as he hears Hashirama sigh behind him, a pout on
his brother’s face.

“I’ve been trying to get Madara to let us get a dog, but no luck so far,” says Hashirama.

Tobirama almost steps back as Hashirama suddenly stares at him intently before grinning widely. He has a bad feeling about that look.

“I know! You can be our dog,” exclaims Hashirama.

Tobirama’s eyes widen. “W-what? You’re saying weird things. Just how drunk are you?”

Tobirama tenses as Hashirama steps forward, reaching out a hand to pet his hair. He tries to step back but Hashirama’s chakra suddenly flares, aimed directly at him. With his chakra sensitivity, it’s uncomfortable just when Hashirama’s chakra is flaring wildly; but when it’s directly aimed at him, it feels like ice inside his veins. His mind goes blank, his knees giving out.

When Tobirama can think again, he finds himself on his hands and knees, Hashirama’s hand petting through his hair. “Hashirama,” he says warningly.

“Hush,” scolds Hashirama. “Puppies can’t talk.” Hashirama grabs the shock collar from the floor and places it around Tobirama’s neck. “Be a good boy for me, pet.”

Tobirama kneels there in shock, a blush slowly spreading across his face. He doesn’t understand why Hashirama is acting this way, even while drunk. Did Hashirama really not understand the sexual undertones of this situation or did he just not care? ‘Perhaps,’ he thinks with a small degree of hope, ‘perhaps he returns my feelings.’

Tobirama had started to fall for Hashirama in his teens and the emotions had only gotten stronger as they got older. It’s for this reason that he doesn’t just teleport away, allowing Hashirama to attach the leash to the shock collar. He crawls after Hashirama as the other man leads him into the bedroom. He frowns in confusion as Hashirama pulls a trunk out of the closet, eyes widening at what Hashirama gets out of the trunk. A bottle of lube and a white dog tail anal plug.

At least that answers the question of whether Hashirama intends this to be sexual. But the fact that his brother is drunk is a cause for concern. What if Hashirama regretted this when he sobered up? “Hashirama,” he says, ignoring the slight static shock the collar gives him. At the setting it’s on, it isn’t painful. “What about Madara?”

Hashirama frowns at him. “I’ll take care of that. You be silent.” Hashirama grabs a remote from the trunk and presses a few buttons. “There, that ought to be keep you quiet.”

Tobirama blinks in confusion. “What…” His words trail off into a gasp as the collar painfully shocks him. He stares up at Hashirama in shock as he realizes that his brother had changed the settings on the collar. He’s a bit annoyed that Hashirama isn’t letting him speak but goes along with it for now.

Tobirama feels Hashirama’s hand on his head, slowly pushing down until his forehead rests upon the ground. He keeps his head bowed as Hashirama moves behind him and slides his pants down to his knees. He hears the sound of a bottle opening before cold, lube slicked fingers gently rub against his entrance. Closing his eyes, he focuses on relaxing his muscles as Hashirama’s fingers slowly slide inside him.

Tobirama twitches in surprise as he feels Hashirama’s chakra inside him, not understanding what the other man is doing. Before he can demand answers, his brother explains.

“It’s a medical jutsu to thoroughly clean you inside. It even gets rid of harmful bacteria.”
Tobirama relaxes at the explanation, feeling Hashirama’s fingers begin to move inside him, preparing him for the plug. His hips twitch as a jolt of pleasure races up his spine, biting back a moan as Hashirama begins to rub against his prostate. He’s wary of making any noise, not sure how loud he can be before the collar will shock him.

Tobirama frowns as Hashirama removes his fingers, then sighs in pleasure as the plug is pushed inside him. It feels wonderful pressing against his inner walls, almost stretching him as much as a cock would. It sits right against his prostate, sending a wave of pleasure through him every time he shifts his hips.

Tobirama glances up as Hashirama walks back over to the trunk and gets out a crop. He blinks at it in surprise, not having expected his brother to have such a thing. He keeps his ass raised in the air as Hashirama approaches, a barely heard moan escaping his mouth as the crop lands across his ass, his muscles clenching down around the plug.

“Get undressed,” commands Hashirama, slapping him with the crop again.

Tobirama awkwardly removes his clothes as the crop continues to leave stinging slaps across his ass. It’s a bit difficult to maneuver out of his clothes without sitting down, the plug making that impossible, and the leather striking his skin is distracting. He doesn’t know how the crop fits into Hashirama’s ‘pet’ theme but the masochistic side of him doesn’t care, his cock becoming fully erect by the heat and pain of the crop.

Tobirama feels a tug on the leash and crawls after Hashirama into the living room. The tail twitches every time he moves, wagging like a real dog’s would. That part is definitely embarrassing, but having his prostate rubbed kind of makes up for it. He kneels down by Hashirama’s feet as his older brother sits down on the couch. He leans against Hashirama’s leg as the other man begins to run his fingers through his hair. He rests his hands on his legs and has to resist the urge to touch himself, waiting for permission.

“Good boy,” murmurs Hashirama.

Tobirama bites his lip to hold back a smile, a flash of warmth traveling through him at the praise. To his confusion, nothing happens for a few minutes after that. He can see the bulge in Hashirama’s pants and doesn’t understand why his brother is hesitating to make use of him…until he senses Madara’s chakra approaching the house. He looks up at Hashirama, apprehension in his eyes, but Hashirama just smiles at him. He keeps his eyes on the ground as the door opens, practically able to feel Madara’s astonished gaze on his skin.

“What….” Madara can’t even finish the question, looking back and forth between Hashirama and Tobirama, automatically kicking his shoes off at the door. His lover doesn’t act like he’s been caught doing something weird, instead standing up cheerfully and picking up the leash from the ground, forcing Tobirama to crawl behind Hashirama as he walks towards him. He blinks in surprise as he realizes that the collar around Tobirama’s neck is the shock collar from the closet.

“You know, this is not what I thought you had in mind when you suggested getting a dog,” says Madara.

Tobirama can feel his face turn bright red as the tail wiggles back and forth as he crawls towards the Uchiha, Hashirama’s firm grip on the leash not allowing him to stay still. Hesitantly, he peeks up at Madara and has to quickly look away again as he meets that amused gaze.

“Madara,” greets Hashirama cheerfully, stopping right in front of his lover.

This close, Madara can smell the alcohol on Hashirama’s breath. “You’re drunk,” he accuses. Hashirama shrugs, looking unconcerned. “A little bit. But that’s not important right now. Look!
We have a new puppy!"

Madara looks down at an uncomfortable looking Tobirama then back at Hashirama, a skeptical look on his face. “Oh really? And tell me, what does the ‘puppy’ think about this?”

Hashirama laughs. “Don’t be silly, Madara. Puppies can’t talk. They do what their Masters tell them to.” Hashirama’s cheerful face darkens. “Or they get punished.”

Tobirama shivers, hunching in on himself. His cock, which had started to go soft since Madara entered the room, becomes fully hard once more.

Madara frowns at Hashirama. “Did Tobirama really agree to this? And for that matter, what makes you think I am going to agree to this?”

Hashirama pouts. “But Madara, he’s such a cute puppy. You don’t really want to throw him out, do you? Why don’t you try playing with him? I’m sure you’ll change your mind when you realize how much fun it is.”

Madara blinks. “Play?”

Hashirama nods enthusiastically. “Look, I’ll show you.” Hashirama grabs Tobirama’s hair and pushes Tobirama’s face to Madara’s uncovered feet. “One of the great things about puppies is how affectionate they are. They love to lick everywhere.”

Tobirama stares at Madara’s feet, horrified. Apparently, he hesitates too long because he feels Hashirama’s ice cold chakra flood his veins. Gasping, he lets his tongue flick out across the top of Madara’s foot, the Uchiha’s skin tasting faintly of salt.

Madara’s eyes darken with lust, aroused by the sight of the proud Senju licking his feet. He steps around Tobirama and sits down at the couch. “Very well. Bring him over here. If he’s as fun to play with as you say, then we’ll keep him.”

Tobirama follows Hashirama back to the couch, grimacing as Madara sticks his foot right in front of his face. He grabs Madara’s ankle and hesitantly licks the bottom of Madara’s foot. The soft sigh Madara lets out encourages him to continue, trailing his tongue up from the heel to the ball of the foot. He sucks the big toe into his mouth, cock twitching at the way Madara moans.

This isn’t as bad as he thought it was going to be. Madara’s expression is more pleasured than mocking and he gradually starts to get more into it. He firmly presses his tongue into the arch then licks between Madara’s toes, sucking each one into his mouth. He actually feels a bit disappointed when Madara pulls his foot back, but the Uchiha is simply switching feet.

Tobirama gives Madara’s other foot the same treatment, leaving a thin layer of saliva over the bottom of the other man’s foot by the time he’s done. His mouth is starting to feel a bit dry, so it’s bit of relief when Madara sets his foot down. But the sight of Madara’s erection straining against

Tobirama crawls closer, pressing his face into Madara’s groin. He feels a hand in his hair and whines as his head is pulled back. He frowns in confusion when Madara doesn’t slide his pants down like he expected. Instead the Uchiha gives a mildly irritated look to Hashirama.

“I don’t want his mouth on my cock after it’s just been on my feet,” says Madara flatly.

Tobirama blinks in surprise, a bit offended. Was Madara calling his mouth dirty? If his mouth was unclean, then it was only because the Uchiha’s feet were dirty. How rude. He turns his head as Hashirama leaves the room, hearing his brother open the hall closet before coming back into the living room and then into the connecting kitchen. He can hear the sound of water running before
Hashirama returns, setting a dog bowl filled with water in front of him.

Tobirama sighs, reluctantly bending down to lap up the water, “cleaning” his tongue and quenching his thirst. When he’s had his fill, he straightens up, pleased to see that Madara has removed his pants. It lets him crawl right up to the Uchiha and flick his tongue across the other man’s balls. He hears Madara let out a soft curse, the Uchiha’s hand reaches down to grip his hair. Feeling smug, he sucks one of the spheres into his mouth, humming softly.

Madara’s hips push forward into his mouth, the other man almost scooting off the couch. Tobirama dips his head down and flicks his tongue across Madara’s entrance, feeling the grip on his hair tighten to an almost painful degree. He swirls his tongue around the delicate skin, a bit surprised by how vocal Madara is starting to become. He’s never received a rim job before, so he doesn’t know if Madara is just more sensitive here or if this kind of thing normally just feels really good.

Tobirama presses the tip of his tongue into Madara’s entrance, feeling his length throb almost painfully at the loud moan Madara lets out. He flinches in surprise as he suddenly feels a hand on his back, Hashirama’s voice murmuring his ear, “That’s it, pet. Get him nice and wet for me.”

Madara faintly glares at Hashirama, a tinge of pink spreading across his face. He tries to sound annoyed, but it comes out as a breathless moan, “Hashirama…”

Hashirama chuckles. “Don’t mind him,” he says to Tobirama. “He secretly loves this. Go ahead and really dig your tongue in there. I used that medical jutsu on him earlier today, so he’s clean.”

Madara opens his mouth to respond but all that comes out is a choked moan as Tobirama’s hot, wet tongue circles his hole, just the tip pushing inside him. He hooks his leg over Tobirama’s shoulder, roughly pulling on the Senju’s hair, relishing in the sound of the other’s pained grunt.

Tobirama ignores the ache in his scalp, softly sucking on the skin around Madara’s entrance. Using his spit as lubricant, he pushes his index finger inside Madara, moving his fingers around until he finds the spot that causes the Uchiha to moan. He moves his mouth up to Madara’s erection, swirling his tongue across the head. His eyes widen as his head is suddenly pulled forward, gagging as Madara’s cock hits the back of his throat.

Tobirama glares at Madara through watering eyes but the Uchiha doesn’t see it. Madara’s eyes are closed, white teeth biting into his bottom lip, groaning at the feel of wet heat surrounding his cock. He tugs on Tobirama’s hair, forcing the Senju’s head to bob back and forth. His hips squirm as Tobirama’s fingers keep moving inside him, panting through his teeth as that pleasurable spot is rubbed over and over again.

“I think that’s enough prep,” says Hashirama, amused. “If you keep that up, pet, you’ll make him cum.”

Madara scowls as Hashirama pulls Tobirama away from him, his cock throbbing, begging for release. He watches Hashirama move the living room table out of their way and puts a blanket down on the floor, retrieved from the hall closet. He lies down on the blanket, wrapping his legs around Hashirama’s waist as the other man slowly pulls inside him.

Tobirama bites back a moan at the sight, crawling forward when Hashirama gestures him over. He straddles Madara’s waist, a soft whimper escaping his mouth as Hashirama pulls the tail plug out
of him. His hole clenches down around nothing, suddenly feeling empty. He grips the base of Madara’s cock and slowly sinks down, unable to hold back a moan as Madara’s thick length spreads him open.

Tobirama places his hands on the floor, on either side of Madara’s chest, pleased by the lust-glazed look in the Uchiha’s eyes. He clenches his muscles, causing Madara to curse softly. Tobirama lifts his hips up, then slams himself back down roughly. He throws his head back, crying out as white-hot pleasure races up his spine. In response to the loud sound, the collar shocks him, causing his muscles to once again tense up around Madara’s length.

After the slight pain fades, he moves his hips again, hearing Hashirama let out a soft moan as his brother begins to move inside Madara. He inhales sharply as Madara’s hand wraps around his aching length, shuddering as the other man’s thumb swipes over his wet cockhead. His eyes snap closed as Madara begins to pump his erection with firm, steady strokes. Heat coils low in his abdomen, cock pulsing as spurts of cum land on Madara’s stomach.

Tobirama takes a moment to catch his breath then begins to move his hips again, with less energy than before but still enough to bring Madara pleasure. He doesn’t want Madara to get annoyed that he didn’t last as long as the two of them and decide that he isn’t a good fit for their relationship. Luckily for his legs, it doesn’t take long after that before Madara finds his release as well, feeling a burst of warmth inside him.

Tobirama stays seated on Madara’s cock as Hashirama continues to move, jumping in surprise as his brother’s arm wrap around his waist. Hashirama’s mouth presses against his neck, right below the collar, licking and sucking on the soft skin. He shivers as teeth sink into his neck, hearing his brother let out a muffled groan.

Recognizing that Hashirama has finished as well, Tobirama slowly gets up from Madara’s lap, blushing as cum drips from his entrance to land onto the Uchiha’s stomach. He kneels down next to the two of them, wondering what’s going to happen next. He bites his lip in worry as he sees Madara frown.

“Tch. So messy. Another person just makes the mess worse,” complains Madara.

Tobirama glances down at Madara’s lap, realizing that the other man is talking about the cum. Does it actually bother Madara or is the Uchiha just complaining for the sake of complaining?

“Puppies can be messy at first,” agrees Hashirama. “but you can train them to clean up after themselves.”

Tobirama sighs as Hashirama grabs his hair and pushes his head down, willingly sticking his tongue out as Hashirama pushes his face into the mess in Madara’s lap. He licks up the cum, forcing himself to ignore the slightly bitter, salty taste. He pauses as he feels something against his ass but Hashirama’s hand tightening in his hair encourages him to keep licking. A moment later, he feels the tail plug being pushed back inside him. As his brother hasn’t pulled out of Madara yet and the toy was out of reach, he knows that it was the Uchiha who stuck the toy inside him.

“Good boy,” says Hashirama, lightly petting Tobirama’s hair.

Tobirama smiles at the praise, then takes Madara’s currently oversensitive cock into his mouth, feeling the other man twitch a bit in discomfort. He doesn’t linger, bobbing his head once, getting the cum off, before he pulls his head back. Feeling a tug on his hair, he gives Hashirama a curious look as his brother pulls him closer.

Hashirama slowly pulls out of Madara and pushes Tobirama between the Uchiha’s thighs. Tobirama catches on quickly and puts his mouth against Madara’s entrance, lapping up the cum as it drips out. He doesn’t stop until all the cum is gone, pushing his tongue as far into Madara as he
can to catch every last drop.

Tobirama is glad that his brother knows that medical jutsu so that he can do this safely. Though he finds it a bit amusing that his brother found a sexual use for a jutsu designed to help nurses take care of comatose patients. Tobirama sits up and licks his lips, the taste of Hashirama and Madara lingering on his tongue.

Tobirama crawls closer to Hashirama, pleased when the other man pulls him into a deep, sensual kiss. He reluctantly pulls his mouth away as Madara approaches, moving to the side so that the two of them can kiss next. He’s honestly surprised when Madara pulls him closer a minute later and presses their lips together roughly, dominating his mouth.

“Does this mean we can keep him?” asks Hashirama excitedly.

Madara huffs in amusement. “I suppose so. But he’s not sleeping on the bed. You can put a few blankets down on the floor for him.”

“Okay. Thank you, Madara,” says Hashirama. The eldest Senju brother picks up the blanket from the floor and gets a couple more from the closet, grabbing a pillow as well. He sets them down a couple feet from their bed before heading back into the living room to grab Tobirama’s leash.

Tobirama lets himself be led into the bedroom, biting his lip in embarrassment as the tail wags with every movement of his hips. He lies down on the blankets, lying on his side to accommodate the plug. It doesn’t feel like the right time to remove it. He closes his eyes and relaxes, listening to the sound of Hashirama and Madara getting ready for bed.

Tobirama falls asleep soon after they’ve settled down, not waking up until the sun is shining in through the windows. He blinks slowly, glancing around. His brother is still passed out, likely to wake up later with a hangover. As he watches them, Madara begins to stir. The Uchiha takes a moment to stretch then climbs out of the bed.

Tobirama tenses as Madara’s attention turns towards him. He reaches up to the collar but the other man’s frown stops him.

“No, don’t take the collar off. You’re less irritating when you don’t talk,” says Madara.

Madara walks over to the trunk by the closet and pulls out a white headband, with fake dogs ears attached. He kneels down and puts the headband onto Tobirama then grabs the leash and begins to lead the Senju into the kitchen.

“Come on, I’m sure you’re hungry by now. I’ll whip up breakfast for the three of us. Hashirama should wake up sometime after that,” says Madara.

Tobirama kneels down by the dining room table and silently watches Madara prepare the food. He’s not sure what to feel. Is this how they’re going to interact from now on, with him acting like their dog? He supposes he’ll just have to wait and see.

After the food is finished cooking, Madara retrieves Tobirama’s water bowl from the living room and gets the empty food bowl from the closet. He puts fresh water into one bowl and places Tobirama’s food into the other, setting both bowls down in front of the Senju.

“Eat up, pet,” says Madara, smirking.

Tobirama blushes, slowly lowering his head to the bowl, trying not to make a mess as he eats without utensils or even his hands. He’s almost finished eating when Hashirama stumbles into the kitchen, his brother blinking in surprise at the sight.
“…Oh. I guess that wasn’t a dream, huh,” says Hashirama sheepishly.

“No, it wasn’t,” replies Madara dryly. “You got drunk and decided that Tobirama was to be our new pet.”

Hashirama watches Tobirama finish eating, feeling a stirring in his groin at the sight of Tobirama eating from the bowl like a dog. Before yesterday, he hadn’t told anyone about his pet play fantasies or the fact that he was attracted to Tobirama. He was relieved that Tobirama apparently returned his affections and hadn’t run from him in disgust last night.

“Quit hovering and sit down. I made you breakfast. Have you healed your hangover yet?” asks Madara.

Hashirama sits down next to Madara and begins to eat. “Yes. I felt like my skull was going to split in two when I woke up. I hadn’t realized how much I had to drink at the time.”

“You were pretty drunk. Do you regret anything that happened last night?” asks Madara.

Tobirama glances up at Hashirama in apprehension, relieved when Hashirama shakes his head.

“No. I enjoyed last night. And if you’re agreeable, I would like it for Tobirama to be a part of our relationship,” says Hashirama.

Madara sighs. “Yeah, fine. But he’s still not sleeping on the bed. And I expect there to be times when it’s just the two of us.”

Hashirama smiles in relief. “Of course. I enjoy the time we spend together alone as well.”

Tobirama finishes eating then gets a drink of water from his other bowl, not sure what to think about the fact that the two of them are discussing him without his input. Though, they probably assume he’d take off the collar and complain if he had any objections. He crawls over to them and leans his head against Hashirama’s leg, sighing in contentment when Hashirama rests his hand on his head.

Tobirama chooses this moment to disconnect from his alternate self’s memory, staring up at his bedroom ceiling, his cock pulsing inside his pants. He gets up from the bed and heads to his closet, removing his clothes along the way. By now, he’s got a toy chest of his own, and he gets out a few things to play with.

Tobirama has a few tail plugs of his own, but unlike what his alternate wore, his were that of a feline, not a canine. Tobirama chooses the white tail and grabs a cat ears headband to go with it. He picks up a few more items from the trunk and then walks back into the bedroom.

Tobirama sits down on the bed, placing his stuff down next to him. He starts off with a cock ring, securing it to the base of his erection. Next, he pours some lube onto his fingers and lies back down on the bed, bending his knee and placing his foot flat on the bed. He doesn’t waste time teasing himself, sliding three fingers inside. He’s not interested in drawing this part out right now, simply getting himself lubed up for the tail plug.

Tobirama grabs the plug and pushes it inside him, moaning softly as it slides across his prostate. He gets up from the bed and puts on the headband, walking over to the mirror hanging on his wall. The tail and headband are a special type that can be manipulated by chakra. While looking at his reflection, he channels chakra into the tail and makes it sway from side to side, then has the ears twitch back and forth. Almost done.

Before putting on the next item, Tobirama opens his bedroom door. The cat paw mittens he puts on would make opening the door impossible. He crouches down and picks up the leash with his
teeth then walks out the door. There’s no point in crawling yet as the stairs would make that unnecessarily difficult. Currently, there’s no one inside the house. Itama and Kawarama left a few hours ago but Hashirama and Mito are in the garden.

Mito is aware of their relationship, having walked in on the four Senju brothers being intimate a few weeks ago. She had certainly been surprised, but not disgusted. She was actually curious about their relationship and had expressed an interest in seeing them together at some point. She was going to get her wish today.

The back door is one of those sliding glass doors and is thankfully unlocked. Tobirama is able to push the door open without needing opposable thumbs and then makes his way to the flower garden. Just before Hashirama and Mito are in sight, Tobirama gets down on his knees and begins crawling towards them. The ground is covered in soft grass and moss instead of rocks or rough stepping stones, and Tobirama suspects that his younger brothers may have designed this garden with the intention of having fun outdoors.

Tobirama crawls around one of the hedges and catches sight of Hashirama and Mito, sipping tea while sitting at the small garden table. Mito is the one facing him, and he can see the moment she notices him, her eyes widening in shock whilst almost dropping her cup. Hashirama must have noticed her look because he turns around, blinking at the sight of Tobirama crawling towards them.

“Tobirama,” greets Hashirama, smiling. “I can see you’re in the mood to play.”

Tobirama nods his head, then drops the leash into Hashirama’s outstretched hand. His brother attaches the leash to his collar and then tugs him up until he’s sitting in Hashirama’s lap. Tobirama opens his mouth as Hashirama kisses him, humming in pleasure as the other man’s tongue explores his mouth. He shivers as Hashirama’s hands begin to roam over his naked skin, moaning when fingers pinch and rub his nipples.

“So, what do you think, Mito? Doesn’t he make an adorable kitten?” asks Hashirama.

Mito turns considering eyes to Tobirama then slowly nods. “He is rather cute like this. Do you think he’d mind if I played with him too?”

Tobirama’s cock twitches at the idea, a soft purr escaping his throat. He can see Mito startle at the lifelike sound. Despite the fact that Mito has been in the afterlife longer than he has, he knows she’s not as adventurous as he is; thus, he’s not surprised that she didn’t yet know that, with practice, humans in this realm can mimic animals. Tobirama had taken this knowledge and learned how to purr like a feline, thinking it was the perfect nonverbal way of expressing happiness, pleasure, and contentment.

Hashirama laughs. “I think he likes that idea.”

Mito smiles and steps closer to them, placing her hand on Tobirama’s back. Her hand trails down to his backside and squeezes, hearing him let out a quiet moan. She reaches up and unbuttons her shirt, revealing that she’s not wearing a bra. She finds them to be unnecessarily restrictive. Besides, with the control of your body that this afterlife gives you, it’s possible to keep your breasts from sagging without a bra.

Mito doesn’t take her shirt off all the way, simply pulling it aside to bare her breasts. Stepping closer, she guides Tobirama’s mouth to her chest, sighing in pleasure as he licks and sucks on her nipples. Hearing him let out another lifelike purr noise, she glances down to see her husband’s hand wrapped around Tobirama’s cock, stroking him slowly.

Tobirama reaches up and rubs the palm of the cat mittens he’s wearing against her nipples, seeing her shudder at the new stimulation. His hips squirm as Hashirama’s thumb repeatedly rubs the
head of his cock, smearing the precum around. He blinks in confusion as Mito steps back, watching her lift up her skirt and slide her panties off. Then she sits down on the chair and beckons him forward.

Glancing at Hashirama, he receives a nod of approval and climbs down from his brother’s lap. He crawls over to Mito, understanding what she wants when she lifts up her skirt. He buries his face between her thighs, feeling her skirt fall down over him, leaving him in darkness. Flicking his tongue out, he licks from her entrance to her clit, circling his tongue around the sensitive bud. He can hear her let out a soft moan and continues trying to bring her pleasure.

Tobirama closes his eyes, enjoying the feeling of her skirt covering him. It feels like she’s blocking him from the outside world, keeping him safe. Here, all he has to do is focus on making her feel good. He can’t use his hands with the mittens on, so he uses his tongue, pushing it as far inside her as he can, lapping up her juices.

Tobirama moves back up to her clit, gently sucking it into his mouth, his cock throbbing at the soft, erotic noises she makes. He can see her thighs trembling and her hand comes up to rest on his head over her skirt, right between the fake cat eats. Her hand pushes on his head, pressing his face into her wet sex. He breathes in the smell of her arousal, rhythmically circling her clit with his tongue.

Tobirama hears her let out a loud moan as she cums, a new wave of slick dripping from her entrance to coat his chin. He keeps licking her until she gently pushes him away. Tobirama crawls out from under her skirt, seeing her chest rise and fall as she pants for breath.

Tobirama paws at the ground, his cock so hard it’s almost painful. When Mito doesn’t give him any new commands, he looks to Hashirama for direction. His brother beckons him over. He eagerly crawls over to Hashirama, the other man’s pants open by the time he gets there. He places his hands on Hashirama’s thighs and takes the other man’s cock into his mouth, moaning wantonly as it stretches his mouth wide.

Tobirama bobs his head, tongue rubbing against the underside of Hashirama’s sensitive glans every time he pulls his head back. He starts to push his head back down, letting out a slight whimper as Hashirama stops him. His arms are grabbed, pulling him up into Hashirama’s lap. Putting his hands on Hashirama’s shoulders, he feels the tail plug being pulled out of him, hearing a tap noise as it’s set on the glass table. His hips are grabbed, Hashirama slowly pulling him down onto his cock.

Tobirama grinds his hips down, sparks of pleasure trailing up his spine as Hashirama’s cock drags across his prostate. He slowly lifts himself up, feeling Hashirama’s hands tighten on his hips before he’s roughly pulled back down. Tobirama cries out, unable to stop himself from reaching down, trying to get friction on his aching cock.

Hashirama tsks, grabbing Tobirama’s hand before it can make contact. He places Tobirama’s hand back on his shoulder, then swats Tobirama on the ass. He groans as Tobirama tightens around him, leaving several more stinging slaps across Tobirama’s ass to make him keep clenching up.

“You know better than that, kitten. When you’re playing with me, you don’t get to touch yourself without my permission,” says Hashirama.

Truthfully, Hashirama wouldn’t mind if Tobirama touched himself, but he knows that his brother wants to be dominated. Tobirama wants to be controlled, denied, and teased. Hashirama wants to give Tobirama what he needs, not just what he wants at the moment.

Tobirama whines, frustrated but aroused at being denied. Not being allowed to cum just made him want it more. He pants for breath, hips squirming as Hashirama continues to leave stinging blows
across his ass, embarrassed that a part of him is aroused by being ‘punished’ for disobeying. His ass is red and sore by the time Hashirama finishes spanking him.

“Are you going to behave now, kitten?” asks Hashirama.

Tobirama nods his head quickly and is rewarded by Hashirama letting him move his hips again. He fucks himself on Hashirama’s cock, loving the erotic noises Hashirama lets out. He feels Hashirama’s cock pulse inside him and pushes his hips all the way down as the other man cums inside him.

Tobirama shudders as Hashirama takes off the cock ring and begins to slowly pump his erection with firm, steady strokes. He closes his eyes as white-hot pleasure coils low in his abdomen, letting out a keening moan as he finally reaches his peak. Blinking his eyes open, he sees Hashirama’s hand held up in front of his face, fingers covered in his cum. He opens his mouth to let the fingers into his mouth, sucking the cum off of them.

“Huh. That’s kind of hot,” comments Mito, standing just a few feet away from them.

Tobirama blinks at her in surprise, having not realized she had moved closer. She picks up the tail plug from the table and looks at them expectantly. Tobirama slowly lifts his hips up, feeling the plug at his entrance as soon as Hashirama’s cock is out of him. The plug is quickly slid inside him, preventing any of Hashirama’s cum from dripping out.

Mito grabs a napkin from the table and cleans Tobirama’s face. She figures it’s only right she helps clean him up since he got messy from pleasuring her. She watches him climb down from Hashirama’s lap, her husband grabbing the leash and leading Tobirama back to the house. As she follows behind them, she contemplates what she’s seen.

In the living world, Mito had assumed Tobirama to have a very low sex drive. He had seemed uninterested in men or women. After she had walked in on them, it had been Hashirama to explain what was going on as Tobirama had been too embarrassed to explain it to her. Apparently, Tobirama had been uninterested in sex because he had been unaware of his submissive nature. Vanilla sex had no appeal to him.

Mito thought the discovery was good for him. Tobirama looked more relaxed now a days. Clearly, regularly having sex was good for his stress levels. Mito sits down on the living room couch next to Hashirama, with Tobirama sprawled across their laps. She trails her hand up and down his back while Hashirama rubs a soothing cream into Tobirama’s reddened backside.

Tobirama can feel himself starting to doze off, relaxed by their gentle touch. He enjoyed the after sex cuddling as much as the sex itself. After spending his childhood and a lot of his adult life at war, this kind of attention soothed his soul in a way he hadn’t known he needed. Closing his eyes, he lets the outside world slip away, falling into a peaceful sleep.
Tobirama sits on the living room couch, chatting with his brothers. When their conversation becomes about the alternate worlds, he mentions the vampire world he’d recently looked at.

“You were a girl in that world?” asks Hashirama, startled.

“Yes.” Tobirama gives him an odd look. “Have you never looked at a world where you were female?”

Hashirama shakes his head. “No. It hadn’t really occurred to me, but I’m kind of curious about it now.”

Kawarama excitedly bounces in his seat. “You two should look at a world where you’re female together,” he suggests.

Tobirama tilts his head. “Do you mean together, as in our alternates are in a relationship together, or the two of us looking at the exact same world together?”

“Well, I meant the second one, but it could be both,” says Kawarama.

“How would we look at the same world?” asks Hashirama.

“You connect your phones,” says Itama, “and enter the exact same question. You’ll each be looking through your alternate self’s eyes on the same day.”

“It gives you something to talk about,” says Kawarama. “If you look at the exact same world.”

Tobirama shrugs. “Sure, why not?”

“Okay, but what kind of world should we look at?” asks Hashirama.

“Well, you should both be female, to start with,” says Itama.

“And it should be kinky,” suggests Kawarama, getting a raised eyebrow from Itama. “What? We want them to have fun with it, don’t we? Not much point in choosing to have different genitals if you don’t use them.”

“What’s sex as a female like?” asks Hashirama.

“In some ways, it feels a bit more vulnerable, but it feels good,” replies Tobirama.

“Now for the kinky part,” says Kawarama. “A few of the vampire worlds we’ve seen have been
pretty kinky, so we could choose a world like that.”

“How about one of the worlds where humans are slaves to vampires?” asks Itama.

“Slaves? Why would we want to see that?” asks Hashirama in confusion.

“A lack of control,” explains Tobirama. “Watching the memories doesn’t give us the traumatic feeling of being raped, but it does give us the physical sensations of having sex while not being in control.”

“Sometimes, it feels good to just let go and have someone else lead,” explains Itama.

Hashirama thinks about this for a moment before agreeing. “Okay, so how should we word the question?”

“We should make it so that they get bought by the same Master,” says Kawarama. “So the question could be, ‘In a world where vampires are the Masters of humans, what if female Tobirama and female Hashirama are humans bought by the same Master?’ What do you think?”

Itama nods, “I think that will get us the results we need. Are you guys ready to do this?”

Receiving an affirmative, he tells them to get out their phones and shows them how to connect the phones while the ‘Alternate View’ function is in place.

Hashirama and Tobirama get comfortable on the couch and type the question into the phone. After hitting enter, they find themselves sucked into their alternates’ memories.

Tobirama clings to her sister, ignoring their undressed state, as the vampires try to drag them away from each. Of course, the vampires are also trying not to damage their ‘property’ which is the only reason they haven’t been dragged off yet. But they refuse to be separated, knowing that if they let go of each other, they’ll be sold off to different Masters and may never see each other again. The idea of it is unbearable to them. They knew it would be more embarrassing for them if they were sold together, having to watch each other being used, but it was definitely preferable to never being together again.

“Would you two just behave?” demands Leonard, the owner of this slave market. “Not everyone can afford two slaves, you know. I’ll have a better chance of selling you separately, and you two need to get used to not getting what you want. You’d already be used to it if it wasn’t for that stupid age restriction on who can be a slave.”

Tobirama and Hashirama exchange uneasy glances. The two of them had grown up in a government-funded orphanage for humans. After it was found out that the children of slaves were being mistreated, the government had made it a law that human children would be raised in said orphanages until they turned eighteen. After that, they were sold to the slave market.

The law had been put into place when Hashirama was four and Tobirama was one year old. They knew for sure they were blood sisters, despite the differences in their looks. Technically, Hashirama had turned eighteen three years ago and should have been sold into slavery then, but the matronage of the orphanage had taken pity on them and waited until Tobirama was eighteen before selling them, in the hopes that they would find a Master to buy them both.

“What’s all this yelling about?” asks one of the vampires passing by.

Tobirama sees a look of surprise enter Leonard’s eyes as he sees who’s talking. “Lord Madara, please excuse me if I’ve disturbed you. I’ve recently acquired a couple of disobedient slaves who refuse to be separated. They’re sisters, you see, and quite attached to each other.”

Tobirama frowns as Madara’s eyes rake over their nude bodies, assessing them like cattle. They
had been sold into slavery two weeks ago and hadn’t worn a single stitch of clothing since then. It had been embarrassing at first, but now it was just aggravating.

“I’ll buy them,” says Madara.

Leonard blinks in surprise, but is wise enough not to protest. They haggle out the price, Madara unwilling to be ripped off just because he’s rich, while the guards tie Tobirama and Hashirama’s arms behind their back. Madara has his own collars and leashes with him, of higher quality than what the slave market sells for common use.

On Tobirama’s collar is the word “Slut” written in sapphires, while Hashirama’s collar has the word “Pet” written in rubies. Madara grabs their leashes and leads them back to his carriage. They’re forced to kneel by Madara’s feet as the carriage takes them to the vampire’s castle.

Stepping out of the carriage, Tobirama glances around curiously, seeing a few servants attending to the lawn. For some reason, Madara begins to lead them through the castle at an extremely slow pace. Her confusion doesn’t last long as everyone they pass by comes up and touches them. Madara is giving his servants plenty of time to feel them up.

Tobirama flinches as a hand smacks across her ass, scowling at the snickering vampire. She tries to move away from the group of men crowding her, but two of them grab her arms and hold her still. She opens her mouth to tell them to let her go, but gags as a couple of fingers are shoved into her mouth all the way down to her throat. By the time she recovers from her surprise, the fingers have been removed so she can’t even bite them.

The saliva slick digits are pressed up against her entrance, shoving in roughly. She lifts her foot and tries to kick him, but another vampire just grabs her ankle and keeps her leg up in the air, forcing her to keep her body weight on one leg. In this new position, it’s easy for the stranger to slide his fingers deeper inside her. Tobirama closes her eyes as the helplessness of the situation hits her, face going bright red as she begins to get aroused from their rough touches.

Hands paw at her breasts, pinching her nipples, causing a wave of heat to course through her. Her nipples have always been very sensitive, and she has to bite her lip to hold back a moan as the man increases the pressure on her nipples to a painful degree. She’s starting to think she may have a bit of thing for pain and being manhandled.

Tobirama turns her head as she hears the sound of a feminine moan, seeing her sister squirming as hands run all over her tanned body. Somehow, knowing that Hashirama is having the same reaction she is makes her feel a bit better about this situation. If they’re both getting aroused, it just means they’re reacting to the physical stimulation, right? It’s not their fault their bodies are reacting like this.

Tobirama’s attention is brought back to her own predicament as a hand roughly pulls on her hair, a pained moan leaving her lips. More fingers find their way into her mouth, getting coated in her saliva. She tries not to tense up as those fingers then rub against her asshole, moaning as they slowly push inside. She hadn’t realized that area could be so sensitive.

Tobirama’s breath hitches as a wet squelching noise reaches her ears, embarrassed to realize that it’s coming from her. She’s gotten so turned on by now that her pussy has gotten wet. The vampire finger fucking her laughs.

“Look at this guys, the little slut is getting off on this.”

Tobirama bites her lip as they laugh at her, ashamed to realize that their mocking words are just making her more aroused. She can’t quite keep her hips still, not sure if she wants to get away from the fingers inside her or push them deeper inside. She flinches as a stinging slap lands across her ass, muscles tightening around the fingers inside her.
“I want to see her pale skin turn red,” comments one of her assailants.

Tobirama stumbles as her ankle is suddenly released, allowing her to set both feet firmly on the ground. One of the men behind her grabs her hips and pulls her ass back while someone in front of her grabs her hair and pushes her head down. The hands on her hips leave but the grip on her hair stays firm, preventing her from going anywhere.

Tobirama moans in pain and pleasure as a hand lands on either side of her ass. The heat from their blows seem to travel straight to her cunt, causing slick to begin to drip down her thighs. Her face is bright red, ashamed by the way her body is reacting to their rough treatment. To her right, she can hear the sound of skin slapping against skin and knows that her sister is receiving the same treatment. And judging by her sister’s moans, Hashirama is having the same physical reaction that she is.

“I think that’s enough for now,” says Madara, “You guys can get better acquainted with them another day.”

Tobirama pants for breath, relived when the hands disappear from her body. She walks forward as Madara tugs on her leash, unwillingly following him to his bedroom. On the way there, a few of the servants that weren’t there during their initial assault will walk by them and pinch their nipples or slap their ass, keeping them in an aroused state.

There are a couple of guards standing outside Madara’s room, and their new Master invites them inside. When they enter the room, Tobirama notices a couch, a few chairs, and bookshelves to the right of the room, while the left side of the room contains a short pole and a stepstool. She gives the last two items a puzzled look.

Madara leads them over the pole and then hands their leashes to the guards while he goes over to the table in front of the couch, picking up a few items. When he comes back, Tobirama sees two vibrators in his hand, each attached to a harness, a pair of weighted nipples clamps, an O-ring gag, and a lot of rope.

“Hold them still,” commands Madara to the guards.

Madara has to set everything down, except one of the vibrators, onto the stepstool for a moment so that he has his hands free. He starts with Tobirama, grabbing her ankle when she tries to kick him. However, that just makes it easier for him to slide the toy inside her, smirking at how wet she already is. He lets her foot drop to the ground and secures the harness, making sure that the vibrator can’t slip out of her.

Madara picks up the second vibrator and secures it inside Hashirama. “Now, which one of you should get which treatment?” he muses out loud. He looks between the two of them and then nods at Hashirama. “Take Pet over to the table and put the stockings and heels on her,” he says to the guard, calling Hashirama by the name on her collar.

Tobirama frowns as the guard drags her sister over the other side of the room, glancing at Madara apprehensively as he comes closer to her with the rope. She doesn’t bother trying to kick him again, knowing by now how useless it is. She stands there, almost resignedly, as he ties a different piece of rope around each of her nipples. He then pushes down on her shoulders, forcing her sore bottom to sit on the floor.

She’s then forced to sit in a cross-legged position as her right nipple is tied to her left big toe and her left nipple is tied to her right big toe. The rope isn’t long enough for her to sit up straight, forcing her to lean forward if she doesn’t want her nipples to hurt. She hears the sound of the stepstool being dragged closer before her bound arms are yanked up as Madara ties a secondary rope onto them, attaching that rope to a hook on the ceiling.
Tobirama unsuccessfully tries to pull her arms down, finding this new position to be uncomfortable for her shoulders. She scowls as Madara suddenly presses the o-ring gag against her mouth, firmly pressing her lips together. However, Madara simply grabs her cheeks and forcefully pushes her mouth open, allowing him to slip the gag into her mouth. She does notice that he at least makes sure that her hair doesn’t get caught up in the straps as he secures the gag in place. As Madara steps back, Tobirama glances up, noticing that she’s facing the short pole.

“She’s ready for you, sir,” says the guard, dragging Hashirama back over to their side of the room.

“Excellent,” purrs Madara, his eyes raking over Hashirama’s body. The sight of her in black heels and stockings has his cock twitching. But it’s not time for him to use her yet. He wants to see the two of them squirm, and make them relieved when he uses them because it means they’re no longer tied up in such an uncomfortable position.

Madara grabs the weighted nipple clamps and puts them on Hashirama, loving the way she squirms in discomfort. He grabs her leash and drags her over to the pole. Right at the top of the pole, there’s a black dildo sticking out the side. He yanks on the leash and pushes on her shoulder, forcing her to bend her legs. He presses on her cheeks and presses her head forward, forcing her to take the dildo halfway into her mouth. He then ties her leash to the pole, making it so that she can’t pull her head back.

Madara nods in satisfaction, tugging on the nipple clamp to hear her let out a muffled moan. “There we go. I think half an hour like this should be good for your first time, don’t you? I imagine your legs aren’t used to doing this kind of work, but no worries, you’ll get used to it soon enough.”

Tobirama can see her own dismay reflected in her sister’s eyes. She could already see Hashirama’s legs trembling and her own shoulders were aching, and yet Madara expected them to hold this position for thirty minutes? She can see a sadistic gleam in Madara’s eyes as he smiles at them.

“Perhaps you’d like something to help take your minds off it?” he asks rhetorically, grabbing two remotes off the stepstool. Remotes to their vibrators, she finds out a minute later as it begins to buzz inside her. She clenches down around the toy, moaning as pleasure mixes with pain. She glares at him as he proceeds to ignore them, grabbing a book and sitting on the couch.

Tobirama squirms, futilely trying to pull her arms free of the rope. The ropes pull on her nipples every time she tries to lean back, but the pain just seems to add to her arousal. Her face is bright red, embarrassed by this entire situation. Drool drips down her chin, adding to her humiliation. For some reason, the embarrassment sends a wave of heat through her. She hadn’t realized before today that this was the kind of thing that turned her on.

Tobirama moans as the vibrations suddenly get stronger, glancing over at Hashirama when her sister lets out her own erotic noise. She stares at Hashirama, a bit ashamed by how much she enjoys the sight of her sister’s reluctant pleasure. As long as she can remember, she’s cared about Hashirama as more than just a sister. Seeing Hashirama in such a state makes it difficult for her to pretend that her inappropriate desires don’t exist.

As her arms begin to ache more, Tobirama tries to lean back, groaning in pain as the ropes painfully tug on her nipples. She can see her sister’s legs trembling and wonders how much longer they’ll be stuck like this, trapped in a state between ecstasy and pain. Her clit throbs as the vibrator is turned up again, closing her eyes as white-hot pleasure flows through her. Her muscles rhythmically clamp down around the toy as she finds her release, letting out an embarrassingly loud whimper.

Tobirama opens her eyes as she hears footsteps approaching, seeing Madara coming towards her.
She sighs in relief as the rope keeping her arms up is removed, sitting up straight as soon as Madara takes the rope off her nipples as well. Her hands are still bound behind her back, preventing her from struggling as Madara grabs a handful of her hair and pulls her up onto her knees. She watches with apprehensive eyes as he unzips his pants, gagging as he slides his cock into her mouth all the way to the back of her throat, the painful grip on her hair not allowing her to pull her head back.

“Don’t fight me, Slut. Your body belongs to me,” says Madara.

Madara snaps his hips forward, groaning as her throat tightens around the head of his cock. He sets a quick pace, driving his cock into her mouth again and again, his cock throbbing at the sight of tears leaking down her cheeks. Reaching down, he grasps her nose between his fingers, making it even more difficult for her to breathe. He loves how powerless she is beneath him. And weirdly enough, he can smell that she’s really aroused as well. He knows the vibrator is still on and that accounts for some of it, but the smell is too strong to just be from that. For some reason, she’s getting off on being used by him.

Madara rubs the tip of his cock against her tongue, forcing her to taste his precum. He watches her chest heave as she desperately pants for breath then roughly shoves his cock back inside her mouth, cutting off her air. Heat coils in his stomach as her tongue brushes up against the underside of his cock. His cock pulses as intense pleasure washes over him, cum shooting out of his length to hit the back of her throat.

Tobirama pants for breathe when he pulls back, his cum dripping out of her open mouth. She’s relieved when he takes the gag off of her; it was starting to make her jaw ache. She winces as he grabs her hair and roughly tilts her head back to look up at him.

“Being used by me is a privilege, Slut. You will thank me for using your mouth or else I’ll tie you back up and leave you and your sister tied up for the next four hours. And from now on, the two of you will refer to me as ‘Master’ or you’ll be punished,” says Madara.

Tobirama grimaces at his order, knowing she can’t refuse. Even if she was willing to endure being tied up like that, she isn’t willing to let Hashirama suffer when there’s something she can do about it. As humiliating as it is, she makes herself say, “Thank you for using my mouth, Master.”

“Good girl,” says Madara, smirking. He mockingly pats her on the head like a dog then kneels down to undo the ropes on her arms. “Stay here for a moment, Slut.”

Tobirama scowls at his back, realizing that he apparently intends to act like the word on her collar is her name. She watches him untie her sister, wincing in sympathy as Hashirama almost falls down, her legs shaking. But Madara grabs Hashirama under the arms and keeps her from falling. Tobirama can see a lust dazed look in Hashirama’s eyes as her sister pants for breath.

“Aroused, aren’t you?” asks Madara, nibbling on Hashirama’s ear.

Hashirama whimpers, rubbing her legs together. She hears Madara laugh, his hands coming up to cup her breasts. She yelps as the clamps are suddenly taken off, the blood painfully rushing back to her sensitive nipples. Her eyes widen as his teeth sink into her neck underneath the collar, waves of ecstasy flowing through her because of his bite.

Hashirama can’t stop the loud moan from escaping her lips, her muscles tightening around the toy inside her as she cums. She pants for breath as the pleasure begins to fade, slowly sinking to the ground as Madara lets go of her. Heat rushes to her face as she thinks about what happened, embarrassed that she got aroused by what the vampire did to her.

Madara grabs the remotes to the vibrators and turns them off, smirking as he hears them sigh in relief. He takes their vibrators out and sets them on a tray on the table, leaving it for one of the
servants to clean later. He grabs their leashes and makes them crawl behind him to the bedroom and then into the adjoining bathroom.

“You can stand up in here. If you have to go to the bathroom or need a drink of water, now’s the time. After this, you’re going to be locked up for the night,” says Madara.

Tobirama gets up from the floor and heads to the sink, gulping down as much water as she can drink. Out of the corner of her eye, she can see her sister awkwardly sitting on the toilet, uncomfortable with the way Madara is staring at them. When it’s her turn to use the toilet, she stares at the wall and pretends Madara isn’t there. She has a feeling they’re not going to get much privacy from now on.

When they’re done, they follow Madara out of the bathroom, reluctantly getting back on their knees when he orders them to. They’re lead over to a cage in the side of the room and crawl inside. When on their hands and knees, there’s only a few inches above their heads, not allowing them to even sit up. However, the cage is plenty wide, allowing them to stretch while lying down. There’s a mattress on the cage floor as well as pillows and blankets. It seems that Madara doesn’t intend to make them suffer when he’s not using them.

Hashirama and Tobirama lie down on their sides, cuddling up to each other, needing the comfort after the day they’ve had. It takes them a while to fall asleep, mind racing with thoughts of what they’ll have to endure next. But eventually, after their new Master has settled down for the night, they’re able to relax enough to fall asleep.

“Time to wake up, Pet. Open your eyes, Slut.”

Tobirama and Hashirama wake up to the sound of their Master’s voice. They glance at him warily, but he just opens the door to their cage and gestures them to go to the restroom.

“The two of you have an hour to get ready. Take a shower, use the restroom. You’ll be allowed to eat breakfast in the carriage as we head to the city,” says Madara.

They get ready as quickly as they can, not wanting to be punished if they go over their time limit. Once done, they’re each given a pair of stockings and heels to wear. It’s difficult to walk in such tall heels, but at least they’re not being forced to crawl at the moment. The breakfast they’re given once inside the carriage is surprisingly good. A mixture of fruit, a scrambled egg and muffin for each of them, and cold milk.

Madara smirks at their confusion. “I suppose it’s not food you’d expect a slave to eat. From now on, your lives are going to be a strange mixture of pain, pleasure, and luxury. I won’t lie to you. I will use you for my pleasure, and there will be times that you hate it. However, after you’ve been trained to be obedient, you’ll be given certain privileges.”

“May I ask what those privileges are, Master?” asks Tobirama.

“You may,” replies Madara. “Unless I command you to be silent or have you gagged, obviously, then you are allowed to speak as long as you’re polite about it. One of the main privileges that my obedient slaves are allowed is free time.”

Tobirama and Hashirama exchange surprised glances.

“Yes. I’m sure you’ll understand in the upcoming months just how valuable free time is when you’re never allowed to do anything for yourself. During free time, my slaves are allowed to wander the gardens, read from the library, or participate in one of their hobbies. I provide different fabrics, yarns, and sewing supplies for my slaves to create whatever they desire. Clothing, stuffed animals, tapestries. I also give them art supplies; canvases, paints, colored pencils, whatever their
“That is rather generous of you, Master,” says Hashirama. And she actually meant it. Most vampires treated their humans as possessions, nothing more than sex dolls. She’s sure the other vampires consider him eccentric for giving his slaves so much.

“I suppose it could be seen that way,” says Madara, shrugging. “Personally, I see it as more practical. If my slaves are able to have some happiness in their lives, then they won’t look for ways to kill themselves. And I’m not entirely heartless, I guess. I don’t want my slaves to hate their lives. But I am a selfish man. I will use you how I see fit, though I will try not to break you.”

Their conversation ends as they reach their destination, Hashirama and Tobirama setting their empty plates down on the floor as they exit the carriage. They seem to be in the town square right now, plenty of people walking around. The two slaves receive some lustful stares as they’re wearing nothing but their collars, stockings, and heels.

Tobirama bites her lip as she feels the beginnings of arousal at the way everyone is looking at her. She forces herself to ignore them and follows Madara over to a short pole by the side of the road. At Madara’s command, she bends at the waist, her neck right above the pole. Using a chain, her Master attaches her collar to a metal ring on top of the pole. Her hands are then tied to the pole, preventing her from freeing herself or standing back up.

Tobirama feels horribly exposed like this, her cunt on full display for the lustful vampires to stare at. She’s helpless like this, unable to move out of this uncomfortable position. She dreads what’s coming next, knowing she’s going to be fucked by a lot of men today.

Tobirama gasps as she feels her Master’s fingers push into her mostly dry cunt, wiggling her hips in discomfort, trying to get his fingers out of her. But she has nowhere to go, forced to keep her ass raised in the air. His fingers remain inside her for a moment longer before thankfully retreating.

“Hmm. You’re not wet enough for this yet,” says Madara. “I don’t want them to tear you open.”

Madara turns to Hashirama and orders, “Get your sister wet for me, Pet.”

Hashirama’s eyes widen. “W-what?”

Madara sighs. “You heard me. Get down on your knees and use your tongue.”

Hashirama hesitates, uncomfortable with the idea of sexually touching Tobirama without her sister’s consent.

Madara glares. “Really, Pet? Do you want your sister to be taken dry? That seems rather cold to me. If you love her, you’ll get her wet.”

Hashirama reluctantly gets down her knees, realizing that Madara is right. If she doesn’t do this, her sister will be brutalized by the men hovering around them, waiting for their chance to fuck her sister. Hashirama places her hands on Tobirama’s thighs and hesitantly swipes her tongue between Tobirama’s pussy lips.

Tobirama cries out in shock, a wave of desire coursing through her at the knowledge that it was Hashirama’s tongue touching her most intimate place. Her hips twitch, thighs trembling as Hashirama’s tongue pushes inside her. She can feel herself getting wet, letting out a soft moan as her sister’s finger gently rubs her clit.

Tobirama’s long white hair hides her red face from view, her mouth open in a soundless moan. Each lick to her cunt sends a spark of pleasure throughout her body, her hands tightly gripping the pole as her clit is rubbed and pinched. Hashirama is certainly putting a lot of effort into getting her
aroused. When Madara finally decides she’s wet enough, she’s almost looking forward to getting
fucked.

“Alright, Pet, I think that’s enough,” says Madara, tugging on Hashirama’s hair.

Hashirama stands up and follows Madara as he moves a few feet away from the pole. Madara
gestures to one of his servants, and the other vampire brings over a portable lounge chair for them
to sit on. Madara sits down on the chair, leaning against the back, the chair at the perfect angle for
him to watch Tobirama. He grabs Hashirama’s arms and pulls her down onto his lap.

Curling his arm around Hashirama’s waist, he motions with his other hand for the first vampire to
approach Tobirama. As he watches the show, he snakes his free hand down to his slave’s cunt,
rubbing his fingers between her folds. He feels her twitch in surprise but doesn’t fight against him.

Tobirama can’t see what’s going on behind her, suddenly feeling someone’s hands on her hips.
She pants for breath, body hot with arousal. She can feel slick drip down her thighs, biting her lip
as the tip of someone’s cock teasingly rubs against her clit. Although her mind doesn’t want this,
her body is aching for it.

Tobirama bites back a moan as the vampire thrusts inside her, his cock widely stretching her.
She’s not given much time to adjust as he begins to move, loud squelching noises filling the air as
his cock penetrates her wet cunt. It’s a bit uncomfortable, the way he’s roughly thrusting inside
her, and yet, it feels good as well. A jolt of pleasure courses through her every time his hips snap
forward.

Tobirama can hear the vampire’s labored breathing and an occasional groan escapes the man’s
mouth whenever her muscles tighten around him. She gasps in pain as he grabs her hair, an ache
in her scalp as he pulls her head back. She can feel the pleasure building up, on the edge of
cumming when he stops moving, feeling a burst of warmth inside her as he cums. She can’t help
but whimper as he pulls out of her, body trembling with need.

Tobirama flinches as a hand smacks across her ass, the pain causing more slick to drip down her
thighs. And it’s not just slick, she realizes, but the vampire’s cum as well. She expects another
stranger to come up and fuck her, and is thus surprised to hear her Master’s voice.

“Clean her up, Pet,” orders Madara.

“M-Master?” asks Hashirama uncertainly, kneeling down behind her sister.

“You heard me. Lick up the cum from her cunt or else I’ll tie you up to one of these poles as
well,” says Madara.

Hashirama grimaces and leans forward, swiping her tongue up her sister’s thigh, collecting the
cum that’s dripped out. As much as she dislikes the taste of cum, she knows it would be worse to
be tied up like this. She pushes her tongue inside Tobirama, swallowing the semen that falls into
her mouth. She winces as Madara grabs her hair, pulling her head back.

“That’s enough now, Pet. She’s clean enough.”

Tobirama grits her teeth, frustrated that Madara pulled her sister’s tongue away when she was so
close to cumming. Her body is so desperate for stimulation that she’s actually relieved when the
next vampire’s cock rams inside her. This one’s cock isn’t as thick as the first one’s but it’s longer,
painfully bumping into her cervix with every thrust forward.

Tobirama sighs, bewildered by her own body’s responses. Why is something so uncomfortable
making her clit throb with need? She wishes the vampire would touch her clit, but she doubts it’s
going to happen. The vampires don’t care about her pleasure; they’re just here to use her body like
a sexdoll. And most bewildering of all, she can feel a jolt of heat in her stomach from that thought, turned on by her body being used for someone else’s pleasure.

Tobirama can’t stop herself from moaning as the vampire grabs her hair, feeling his other hand holding her hip in a bruising grip. Her legs tremble, rhythmically clamping down around his cock as the odd mixture of pleasure and pain finally send her over the edge. She draws in ragged breathes, feeling aftershocks of pleasure jolt through her as the vampire keeps moving, fucking her through her orgasm.

With some of the pleasure fading, she’s more aware of the uncomfortableness of her position. Her feet are sore from being in these heels and her back doesn’t appreciate being forced to bend over for this long. Her pussy is getting sore from being pounded into, and she knows it’s just going to get worse as more men fuck her.

All Tobirama can do is weakly hold onto the pole, breasts swaying in the air as her body is repeatedly used. Every time one of the men cums inside her, she feels Hashirama’s tongue cleaning her up. A couple hours pass like this before Madara unties her collar from the pole, allowing her to stand up.

Tobirama stumbles as she walks behind Madara, walking a short distance away from the pole. She’s led to a tiny hole in the ground, which Madara tells her is her toilet for the day. It’s humiliating, having to squat down in front of all those people, but her bladder is aching by now and she can’t hold it in any longer. When she’s done, one of the servants brings Madara a squirt bottle filled with water, and he sprays her cunt to clean her up.

Tobirama is filled with dread as he leads her back to the pole, but he doesn’t immediately tie her up again. Instead, he orders her to sit on the ground beside him while he sprawls across his lounge chair.

“You’ve got a ten minute break now, Slut. Pet, why don’t you be a good sister and massage your sister’s back? I’m sure she’ll be glad to return the favor tomorrow when it’s your turn on the pole,” says Madara.

Hashirama sits down behind her sister and massages Tobirama’s shoulders, more for her sister’s sake than because Madara ordered her to. She can hear Tobirama sigh in relief, the muscles under her hand relaxing. She spends the entire ten minutes trying to help her sister relax, knowing she’s going to be very uncomfortable soon. She subconsciously licks her lips as she works, the taste of her sister and those vampires’ cum lingering on her tongue.

Hashirama watches Tobirama get chained back up, helpless to do anything as more men line up to use her sister. She’s forced to crawl back onto Madara’s lap, her Master’s fingers resuming their exploration of her pussy. She hasn’t been fucked yet, but knows it’s only a matter of time as her Master gets more and more turned on as he watches Tobirama get fucked.

Hashirama moans softly as Madara grabs her breasts, rubbing and pinching her sensitive nipples. Her hips squirm as he squeezes her nipples harder and harder, her body getting warmer from his rough treatment. The hands leave her body and she hears the sound of a zipper being undone, knowing that he’s just taken out his cock.

Her hips are gripped, pulling her back until she’s leaning against his chest. She feels the tip of his cock press up against her wet sex, breath hitching as he slowly pushes inside her. He stops moving once he’s full sheathed within her, and after a moment, she realizes that he expects her to move.

She grabs the armrests and uses it for leverage as she lifts her hips up, until only the tip of his cock remains inside her. She throws her head back, crying out as he roughly pulls her back down onto his cock. He feels big inside her, stretching her wide open. She’s only had sex a few times before,
a couple years ago, so she imagines her cunt must feel virgin tight around him.

Hashirama continues moving her hips, blushing at the lewd noises created by his cock moving inside her wet passage. She frowns as some of the vampires begin watching her instead of Tobirama, embarrassed by the attention. A startled moan escapes her mouth as Madara reaches down and begins to play with her clit, reflexively clenching down around him.

Hashirama hears him let out a pleasured groan before his lips press against her neck, licking and sucking marks onto her skin. She gasps as he bites her, bliss flowing through her body from her neck outwards. She closes her eyes, her movements becoming more frantic as she roughly pushes her hips down. She can feel her release fast approaching, mouth opening in a breathless scream as he repeatedly bites her. A new wave of ecstasy flows through her body with every bite, finally sending her over the edge.

Hashirama weakly sinks down onto his cock, unable to keep moving as she tries to catch her breath. She hears him sigh in exasperation before she’s pushed forward until she’s lying down on the lounge chair. Her breasts are uncomfortably squished but she doesn’t bother to complain, knowing he doesn’t care. Her hips are grabbed in a bruisingly tight grip before he begins to thrust inside her, seeking his own release.

Hashirama lets her body go limp, not fighting him as he uses her body. As she feels his cock pulse inside her, a burst of warmth filling her, she wonders if they’ll be given birth control. Are they going to be expected to have his children? Won’t being pregnant interfere in their slave duties?

“What’s with that contemplative look on your face, Pet?” asks Madara.

Hashirama blinks up at him. “Are we going to be given birth control?”

“Hmm. There’s no need. Vampires can only get humans pregnant with magical intervention. And the human men aren’t allowed to touch you. Of course, I’m sure you won’t let any of them take you, not wanting to be punished if your tryst results in a pregnancy. But if they take you by force, let me know and I’ll get you something to prevent pregnancy,” says Madara.

Hashirama nods in agreement, getting up from the chair as Madara tugs on her leash. She’s once again led back over to her sister, to lap up the cum from her sister’s sore cunt. Her own pussy is feeling sore just from being used by Madara, so she can only imagine how uncomfortable Tobirama must be. Though, she supposes she’s going to find out tomorrow.

At the end of the day, Tobirama can barely move, having to be carried back to the carriage by Madara. She’s exhausted, back aching, her pussy feeling hot and sore. She falls asleep on the way back to Madara’s castle, only waking up when the vampire picks her up. She looks around curiously as he carries her into a large room containing a pool and a hot tub.

Madara orders Hashirama to remove her and sister’s stockings and heels, then lowers Tobirama into the hot tub. He climbs in next to her and gestures for Hashirama to join them. He places his arms around their shoulders, pulling them closer until they’re forced to lean against him. He’s amused when Tobirama relaxes against him and falls asleep a few minutes later.

They soak in the hot tub for a while before Madara carries Tobirama back to his room, Hashirama obediently following along behind him. He has Hashirama retrieve a few towels from the bathroom and set them down on the floor of their cage, then locks the two of them up for the night.

Hashirama and Tobirama kneel before Madara in his bedroom, the vampire sitting down at the edge of his bed. It’s been five days since Madara bought them from the slave market. Like promised, he had tied Hashirama up to the pole on the third day then gave the two of them the
next 2-3 days to heal from their ordeal.

Tobirama is grateful that they were bought by a Master who will give them time to recover instead of fucking them while they’re in pain. She thinks that Madara definitely has some sadistic tendencies but he isn’t interested in torturing them.

“Alright, now that you’re healed up, it’s time to have some fun,” says Madara. “I’ve decided that today, I want you to put a show for me.”

Tobirama and Hashirama exchanged confused glances. “I’m not sure what you mean by a ’show,’ Master,” says Tobirama.

“It’s simple. I want the two of you to pleasure each other,” explains Madara.

Oh. Tobirama can feel her face turning red, glancing at her equally embarrassed sister. The two of them hesitate, a bit uneasy with the idea. Although Tobirama is attracted to her sister and suspects that Hashirama feels the same way, it feels wrong to touch her without clear permission. But neither one of them has a choice.

“You can either perform for me or I’ll tie you up in a very uncomfortable position for several hours,” threatens Madara.

Tobirama sighs in resignation, scooting closer to her sister. She places her hands on Hashirama’s shoulders and hesitantly presses their lips together. Hashirama wraps her arms around Tobirama’s shoulders, their lips gently moving together.

Tobirama opens her mouth, her tongue flicking out to lick Hashirama’s bottom lip. As their tongues slide against each other, Tobirama feels heat coil low in her abdomen at the soft moan her sister lets out. She cups Hashirama’s breasts, her thumbs lightly rubbing over her sister’s nipples. She has a feeling the only time they’ll receive a gentle sexual touch is from each other.

Still, they have to keep their audience in mind. Tobirama pulls her head back a little, allowing Madara to see the tips of their tongues touching. She angles her body towards Madara, Hashirama following her lead and doing the same thing. This gives their Master a better view of their hands caressing each other’s breasts.

Pressing her lips against Hashirama’s neck, she licks and sucks on the soft skin, body jolting in surprise as her sister’s hands slide down to touch her pussy. She spreads her legs, shuddering as her clit is continuously rubbed. A finger is slowly pushed inside her, and Tobirama blushes as she realizes how wet she already is.

Tobirama places her hands on Hashirama’s legs, caressing her sister’s inner thighs. Her hips squirm as Hashirama slides another finger inside her, rocking her hips forward to fuck herself on Hashirama’s fingers.

Hashirama feels heat coil low in her abdomen at the sight, reaching up with her free hand to rub and pinch her sister’s nipples, pleased by the soft moan Tobirama lets out. She instinctively spreads her legs as Tobirama’s fingers begin to rub between her labia, breath hitching as those slender digits find her clit.

Tobirama and Hashirama stop moving as they hear a deep groan, turning their heads to see that Madara has pulled down his pants and is slowly stroking his erection while watching them. Tobirama sits down facing him, with her legs spread wide so that he can have a good view of Hashirama’s fingers slowly sliding in and out of her. She turns her head towards Hashirama as her sister kneels down facing her, pressing their lips together in a sensual kiss.

Tobirama moans as Hashirama’s other hand grabs her hair, lightly tugging on the white strands.
She opens her mouth for Hashirama’s tongue, allowing her sister to dominate her mouth. Out of the corner of her eye, she can see Madara looking at her chest, the way her breasts rise and fall as she pants for breath.

“That’s enough of a show for now. Come over here,” orders Madara.

Tobirama and Hashirama reluctantly stop touching each other and crawl over to Madara. Once they’re close enough, Madara grabs their hair in a tight grip and pulls their faces closer to his cock. Understanding what he wants, they begin to lick up and down his shaft, their tongues occasionally brushing against each other.

Tobirama winces as Madara pulls on her hair, the ache in her scalp making her clit throb. She wants to touch herself but knows better than to do so without permission. However, Madara had asked for them to put on a show earlier and might not mind her touching Hashirama. As she sucks on the head of Madara’s cock, she reaches down and curls two fingers inside her sister’s cunt, hearing Hashirama let out a breathy moan.

Hashirama dips her head down and sucks one of Madara’s balls into her mouth, hearing her Master let out a pleasured groan. Her hips squirm as Tobirama’s fingers move in and out of her, reaching down between her sister’s thighs to return the favor.

Tobirama shudders, muscles clenching down around Hashirama’s fingers. Not wanting Madara to order them to stop touching each other because they’re getting distracted, she focuses on taking more of him into her mouth. She gags as his cock reaches her throat, trying to pull her head back, but Madara uses his grip on her hair to keep her still. Her eyes water as he forces her head forward, fully sheathing his cock in her mouth for several long moments before he finally allows her to pull her head back and breathe.

As Tobirama sucks in several deep breaths, she watches Madara tug on Hashirama’s hair, forcing her sister’s head up. Madara then proceeds to push Hashirama’s face forward, shoving his cock into her mouth. Tobirama hears her sister choke, and all the while, they keep their fingers moving inside each other, trying to use pleasure to help each other deal with the discomfort.

After a few moments, Madara allows Hashirama to pull her head back, then pulls Tobirama back onto his cock. As he forces Tobirama to choke on his cock, he watches the way Hashirama’s chest heaves as she gasps for breath. He groans in pleasure at the way Tobirama’s throat tightens around the head of his cock, reluctantly letting her pull her head back after a few moments so she can breathe.

Madara continues switching between them for a few minutes, making the one not sucking him off lick his balls. He can feel his orgasm getting closer and wonders which one he should make drink his seed. Tugging on their hair, he pulls until their faces are just inches away from his cock.

“Alright, which one of you wants my cum?”

Tobirama sees Hashirama trying to hide a grimace. As the taste of semen doesn’t seem to be as disgusting to her as it to Hashirama, she decides to be the one to swallow Madara’s cum. She leans forward, flicking her tongue across Madara’s slit. His hand tightens in her hair before he’s pulling her head forward again; though, this time, he doesn’t force his cock all the way down to her throat.

Since she can actually breathe right now, Tobirama sucks on his length, rubbing her tongue against the underside of his cock. She can feel him pulse inside her mouth before the taste of semen fills her mouth. She swallows, moaning as Hashirama begins to rub her clit. She glances up at Madara to see if he wants anything else but he just gives her a dismissive wave and lies back down on the bed.
Taking that as permission, Tobirama turns her attention back to Hashirama, dipping her head down to suck on her sister's nipple, her hand playing with the other one. Wet noises fill the air as their fingers continue to slide in and out of each other. A slight whimper escapes Tobirama's throat as Hashirama pulls her fingers out, blinking at her sister in confusion as her own hand is pulled away.

Hashirama doesn't explain with words, gently tugging on her sister's arms until Tobirama is sitting in her lap. As Tobirama's legs wrap around her waist, she grabs her sister's hips and pulls, causing Tobirama's hips to sway back and forth. Sparks of pleasure course through them as their wet cunts slide against each other.

Tobirama shudders as the pleasure gets more and more intense, closing her eyes with a wanton moan. Slick drips from her cunt as she cums, adding to the wet feeling between them. She gasps as she feels her sister's teeth in her neck, hearing Hashirama let out a muffled whimper as the other woman finds her release as well.

As the afterglow begins to fade, Tobirama turns her head to see Madara watching them. When the vampire catches her gaze, he stands up from the bed and smiles.

"I think the two of you have earned a short break. I'll be back in a few hours. While I'm gone, you're free to read one of the books in the sitting room. Don't try to leave my rooms, though; the guards won't let you leave without me escorting you," says Madara.

Hashirama and Tobirama watch him leave, a bit bemused.

"Is he trying to be nice?" asks Hashirama.

"I suppose. He did say that obedient slaves are allowed privileges. I guess being allowed to read in between serving him is a privilege we'll be given if we don't disobey," replies Tobirama.

"And the other privileges will come after he's trained us to be completely obedient?" guesses Hashirama.

Tobirama shrugs. The two of them get up from the floor and head into the sitting room, browsing the selecting of books. There's quite a selection, and they're both able to find something interesting to read. There's a moment of confusion where they wonder if they're allowed to sit on the couch. Madara hasn't expressively forbidden it, but they decide to play it safe and sit on the floor.

They're having a conversation of the books they're reading when Madara comes back into the room. They fall silent and watch him sit down on the couch.

"Don't stop talking on my account," says Madara. "I'm interested in learning what you like."

Tobirama looks at him, baffled. "Why?"

"Because I want to know the two of you. Unlike my other slaves, I won't be moving you to some other part of the castle once your training is done. The two of you will be my personal slaves," replies Madara.

"You've trained other slaves before, right, Master? What happened to them?" asks Hashirama.

"There's a hierarchy in this castle," explains Madara. "I'm at the top, the Lord. There are vampires living here whose rank is just below mine. They're allowed to have slaves of their own. There are vampires who are ranked below them, the paid servants, who aren't allowed to have slaves. Or rather, it's that they can't afford slaves. The vampire servants rely on me for their income, working directly for me, while the other vampires do not. They have their own businesses and pay a
monthly fee to live here.”

“The price they pay depends on what services they want. I have servants who work in the kitchens, preparing food for the slaves and any of the vampires who pay for that service. There’s also a laundry service, and a house keeping service.”

“Now, to answer your original question, where the slaves go depends on what I trained them for. Some slaves I train exclusively as pleasure slaves, like the two of you. Some become assistants in the kitchen, as there are tasks the vampires don’t want to perform. There are slaves that help in out the farms, slaves that help with the laundry, and slaves that help clean rooms. Before you two, I have trained a few pleasure slaves. When their training was done, I either gave them as gifts to become someone’s personal sex toy, or I made them one of the castle’s whores,” says Madara.

“I don’t understand that last part, Master. What do mean by the castle’s whores?” asks Hashirama.

Madara smirks. “There are a group of slaves in this castle whose sole job is to sexually pleasure the vampires, both the servants and the higher ranking vampires. There are about twenty of them right now. Considering there are hundreds of vampires in the castle, they get quite the work out.”

Madara’s expression softens at their shocked looks. “Although, they do get a few vacation days each month where they don’t have to have sex. And they are allowed a few hours to themselves each day. Like I said a few days ago, I don’t want my slaves to hate their lives. Also, the only slaves I make the castle’s whores are the ones who end up really liking sex and actually enjoy being used. Believe it or not, there are people with those kinds of kinks in the world.”

Tobirama thinks about how she’s reacted since being bought by Madara and has to wonder if she has those kinds of kinks herself. It had certainly made her wet to be used by them even if her mind had been more reluctant. She can feel her body getting warm as she remembers how it felt to be treated like a sex toy by so many men. Glancing up, she blushes as she meets Madara’s knowing gaze. Remembering that vampires have enhanced senses, she realizes that Madara is probably aware that she’s become aroused.

Madara stands up from the couch and heads to a door by the bookcase, opening it to reveal a walk-in closet. He disappears inside and steps out a few minutes later with dildos of varying sizes. Two of the dildos are enormously huge, and Tobirama cringes at the idea of one of them going inside her.

“I think it’s time for the next part of your training, stretching you out. By the end of the day, you’ll each have one of these inside you,” says Madara, holding up the largest dildo.

Madara sets the dildos down on the table by the couch and sits back down. “Now, to start off with, the two of you should get each other aroused. This time, I expect you to use your tongues on each other.”

Tobirama and Hashirama exchange mildly perplexed looks, not quite sure where to begin. Seeing their expressions, Madara rolls his eyes.

“You two really are inexperienced, aren’t you? Fine, I’ll give you more detailed instructions. Slut, I want you to lie on your back. Pet, I want you to kneel down over her with your cunt right above her face. This way, you can lick each other at the same time.”

Tobirama lies down, breath hitching as Hashirama’s legs settle on either side of her head. Reaching up, she grabs her sister’s hips and pulls down, bringing her sister’s cunt closer so she can swipe her tongue between Hashirama’s pussy lips. She hears Hashirama let out a breathless moan and smiles, rhythmically flicking her tongue from Hashirama’s entrance to her clit.

Tobirama’s legs twitch as Hashirama grabs her thighs and pushes her legs apart. She feels a
mixture of embarrassment and lust at just how widely her legs are spread. Her hips squirm as Hashirama’s tongue delves inside her, lapping up her juices. Hashirama’s hands press down on her legs, keeping her hips still.

Tobirama tries to concentrate past the pleasure to keep moving her own tongue, wanting to make Hashirama feel good as well. She blinks in surprise as something brushes against her hand, letting go of Hashirama’s hip to grab hold of it. Bringing it closer to her face, she can see that it’s one of the smaller dildos. She brings it up to Hashirama’s entrance and slowly pushes it inside. A moment later, she can feel a dildo being thrust inside her own slick passage, moaning as it presses against her inner walls. It’s about the same size as a cock, and the thought that she’s going to have something much larger inside her today has her muscles clenching in both apprehension and anticipation.

Tobirama’s toes curl in pleasure as Hashirama slides the dildo in and out of her, while her sister’s tongue swirls around her clit. She can hear Madara moving something around but ignores it, gently sucking on Hashirama’s clit. She gasps as Hashirama’s hips push down, closing her eyes as Hashirama rubs her wet pussy all over her face.

Tobirama puts her hands on the floor, letting Hashirama do what she wants. She can feel the pleasure building up inside her and knows that Hashirama is close as well by the soft moans and whimpers her sister is making.

“That’s enough,” says Madara. “I don’t want the two of you cumming yet.”

Hashirama’s hips still, reluctantly removing her cunt from Tobirama’s mouth. She kneels down next to Tobirama as her sister sits up. She can see her own frustration mirrored in Tobirama’s eyes. Trying to ignore her throbbing clit, she focuses her attention on Madara.

Madara has placed two wooden chairs in the center of the room, facing each other with only a few feet’s distance between them. The vampire has placed the two largest dildos on the chairs, secured in place so that they can’t be knocked off. There’s a metal ring on each of the seats, right in front of the dildo.

“Come over here,” orders Madara, “and take the dildos out of you.”

Tobirama and Hashirama crawl over to their Master, and reluctantly take the dildos out, leaving their bodies feeling empty. They’re ordered to stand up and put on a pair of high heels, then stand with a leg on either side of the chair. Their arms are then handcuffed behind them to the back of the chair.

Tobirama holds on to the back of the chair, trying to keep her balance. If she falls over, the chair will end up falling with her, and she’s sure it would be a rather painful landing. She frowns as Madara brings out a couple pair of clamps and attaches them to her and Hashirama’s nipples, a chain going from the clamps to the metal ring on the chair. The chain isn’t very long, forcing her to bend her legs and sink down onto the tip of the large dildo.

Tobirama winces as the dildo stretches her uncomfortably wide, seeing Hashirama grimace as well. She tries to pull her hips up, but stops as the clamps painfully pull on her nipples, feeling heat coil low in abdomen. She can feel a blush spread across her face, embarrassed to be reminded of how much of a masochist she really is.

Tobirama takes deep breaths, trying to keep her muscles relaxed. The more tense she is, the more difficult this will be. Slowly, her body begins to adjust to the large girth, so she pushes her hips down another inch. She can’t stop the low gasp from escaping her lips at the renewed stretched out feeling. She feels full and empty at the same time, wanting the rest of the toy inside her.

“Hmm. It seems like you’re doing what you’re supposed to, Slut,” says Madara to Tobirama. “But
Pet seems to be having more trouble. Unlike you, she isn’t trying to relax and fit more inside her. She just wants to get away from it.”

Tobirama glances over Hashirama, seeing her sister trying to pull her hips up, wincing at the tug on her nipples. Hmm. Perhaps Hashirama did not enjoy pain as much as she did, and found the toy to be too uncomfortable. As she watches Hashirama, Madara goes into the closet and comes back out with a leather crop.

“If you’re not going to put any effort into taking the toy inside, I’ll have to motivate you,” says Madara, bringing the crop down on Hashirama’s thigh.

Hashirama cries out in pain, her leg trembling. Without meaning to, her hips sink down, taking the first two inches of the toy inside her. Hashirama’s eyes water, humiliated to feel a burst of pleasure at the painful feeling. She draws in ragged breaths, resisting the impulse to pull her hips back up, knowing that Madara would just strike her with the crop again.

“Good girl,” purrs Madara, running his fingers through Hashirama’s hair. “Just relax and let it in.”

Tobirama licks her lips as she watches the dildo stretch her sister open, aroused by the sight. She pushes her hips down again, drawing in a sharp breath as another inch forcefully pushes against her inner walls. She’s wet enough that the pain isn’t unbearable, but it’s weird how full she feels. Her feet are starting to ache now as well, the heels causing her toes discomfort.

Tobirama warily glances at Madara as he comes closer, but all he does is start petting her hair. She thinks he might have a thing for long hair. She’s just glad he isn’t hitting her with the crop and is letting her push down onto the dildo at her own pace. The toy isn’t too long, just six inches, the average size of someone’s cock; but the first five inches are as wide as two cocks with the last inch being slightly bigger than that.

Tobirama whimpers as she sinks down onto the last inch, the pain causing her to involuntarily clench down. As she tries to catch her breath, Madara unties the base of the dildo from the chair, unties her hands, and takes the nipple clamps off. When Madara reaches out and tugs on her collar, she awkwardly climbs down from the chair and crawls behind him and over to Hashirama. It feels weird, trying to move around with this giant thing inside her.

Tobirama feels Madara’s hand in her hair, tugging until her face is right in front of Hashirama’s cunt. She flicks her tongue against Hashirama’s clit, trying to ease her sister’s pain using pleasure. It seems to work as Hashirama slowly relaxes, sinking down further onto the toy.

“Good,” says Madara, tone approving as Hashirama takes the entire toy inside herself. “These toys will help prepare the two of you to take two cocks at once. You’ll leave the dildo in for the rest of the day, taking them out just before you go to bed.”

Hashirama can’t find the breath to respond, her muscles clenching down around the toy as Tobirama continuously licks her clit. Her legs tremble at the mixture of pleasure and pain. It feels overwhelming being this stretched out and she starts to pull her hips up, but Tobirama reaches out and grabs her hips, forcefully pulling her back down onto the toy. She cries out in pain, moaning a moment later as Tobirama begins to suck on her clit.

Hashirama closes her eyes as Madara tugs on the nipple clamps, the pleasure building up inside her until she can’t take it anymore, her mouth opening in a breathless scream as she cums. As she basks in the afterglow, Madara unties her hands and the dildo from the chair and takes the clamps off. Not wanting to move yet, she leans back against the chair and watches Madara and Tobirama with tired eyes.

Tobirama yelps when Madara picks up the crop and swats her on the butt. Without thinking about it, she gets up on her hands and knees, giving him better access to her ass. Her muscles tighten
around the dildo as he continuously spanks her with the crop, making her ass sore and red. Soft whimpers and moans fall from her lips every time the crop strikes her, the pain enhancing her pleasure.

“You really do like this, don’t you, Slut?” asks Madara, amused. “I want to try something. Reach back and hold yourself open for me. Show me your hole.”

Confused, Tobirama does as he asks, using her hands to spread her ass cheeks. She yelps as the crop lands right on her asshole, staying in her current position through sheer force of will. Her body trembles as the crop strikes her hole again, groaning as she clenches down around the dildo. She digs her fingers into her sore ass cheeks, the pain making slick run down her thighs.

“Like I thought. You’re not just a slut, you’re a pain slut. We’ll have to test your limits some time and see just how much pain you can endure before it stops arousing you,” says Madara.

Tobirama doesn’t answer, knowing she doesn’t have a choice either way. She hears the sound of his footsteps and glances up to see him grabbing the nipples clamps from her chair. She expects him to put the clamps on her nipples, but instead he crouches down next to her and attaches one of the clamps to her clitoris.

It’s not as tight as she expected it to be, gripping her clit with a pressure that just borders on painful but is mostly pleasurable. Her hips squirm at the sensation, body jerking in surprise as the crop delivers another painful strike to her hole.

“Move your hands back to the floor, Slut,” commands Madara.

Tobirama obeys his order, moaning as he goes back to spanking her ass. She braces her hands against the floor and tilts her ass up, a jolt of pleasure racing up her spine with every hit. She doesn’t know why she likes pain so much, and right now, she doesn’t care. She just wants to cum.

Her focus narrows down to the pain of the crop, the pressure on her clit, and the overwhelming full feeling that the dildo gives her. She cries out as he grabs a handful of her hair and pulls, hard, her eyes rolling back in her head as her body shudders. White-hot pleasure sears through her as she cums, leaving her breathless. She slumps to the ground as soon as Madara lets go of her hair, lying there in a daze for several minutes.

Madara smirks at her reaction, pleased that he was able to make her cum so hard that she almost passed out. He glances back to Hashirama, his cock throbbing at the sight of her spread legs, the dildo beautifully stretching out her cunt. He sets the crop down on the table and unzips his pants, freeing his erection.

Madara gestures for Hashirama to come over to him, licking his lips at the sight of her crawling towards him. He grabs her hair with both hands, loving the soft feel of it against his fingers. He knew as soon as he saw the long hair on the two of them that he wanted them. Their bodies were beautiful, of course, but that kind of fitness can be achieved with exercise. Not everyone was blessed to have such gorgeous hair.

Madara brings her mouth up to his cock, roughly thrusting inside. She lets out a muffled moan of protest, her hands gripping his legs. He ignores her efforts to stop him, tightly gripping her hair to prevent her head from pulling back. He loves the feeling of her throat tightening around the head of his cock as she chokes.

Madara closes his eyes in bliss, tugging on her hair to make her bob her head. He groans as her tongue rubs against his sensitive glans, a drop of precum leaking from the tip of his cock to land on her tongue. He pulls her head forward, fully sheathing his cock inside her mouth. He shudders as she groans, the faint vibrations feeling wondering around his cock.
As Madara feels his release building up, he pulls out of her mouth, ignoring his body’s protests. It only takes a few strokes of his hand and he’s cumming, directing his seed to land on her large breasts. He takes a moment to admire the sight, then grabs a handful of her hair, using it to clean his cock of her spit. He smirks at her shocked look.

“You will leave my cum on you until I say otherwise, Pet,” commands Madara. “I know you hate the test of semen more than your sister does, so I was generous today and didn’t cum in your mouth. But you’ll either swallow my cum or wear it on your body.”

“Yes, Master,” says Hashirama reluctantly.

“Good. Now it’s time to show the two of you off to the rest of the castle. You can show everyone we pass by how widely you’ve been stretched out,” says Madara, grinning at their slightly dismayed expressions. “I’ll let you walk this time. Up you go.”

Tobirama and Hashirama awkwardly walk behind Madara, with Hashirama blushing at the looks her cum covered chest receives. Her humiliation only grows as every time they walk by someone, Madara forces them to lean up against the wall and lift up one of their legs, giving everyone a good view of the dildo buried inside them.

Tobirama finds herself unwillingly enjoying the attention, her body once again becoming hot with arousal at the all the lustful looks they receive. She shivers as one of the vampires comes up and traces the base of the dildo with his fingers, moaning when he lightly pinches her clit.

“Tomorrow is going to be a busy for you two,” says Madara. “I’m going to let several men fuck you, two at once this time. The day after that, I’ll give your cunts a break by fucking you in the ass. Has anyone ever fucked you there?”

Hashirama and Tobirama shakes their heads no.

“Good. I’ll be the first then. I’m sure it’ll be a memorable experience for the two of you.”

Tobirama slowly disconnects from his other self’s memories, deciding that he’s seen enough. He’s sure that there are dozens, even hundreds, of interesting memories he could watch in that world, but he doesn’t have the time for it. Here is as good a place as any to stop.

Tobirama glances to his right to see Hashirama coming out of the memory as well. His eyes flick down, seeing that Hashirama is just as aroused as he is. Standing up from the couch, Tobirama quickly divests himself of his clothing, smiling as Kawarama and Itama come up to him.

He moans as Kawarama pulls him into a rough kiss, hearing the snap of a bottle opening before Itama’s lube-slicked fingers slide inside him. They don’t spend much time on prep, apparently able to tell how impatient he is. Once slicked up, they nudge him over to the couch where a naked Hashirama is lying down. He straddles Hashirama’s lap, lining his brother’s cock up with his entrance before slamming his hips down.

Tobirama cries out, throwing his head back as Hashirama’s thick cock fills him. He’s too keyed up to wait, quickly pulling his hips up before roughly pushing himself back down. He shudders as Hashirama’s hand wraps around his cock, closing his eyes as hot ecstasy trails up his spine, mouth opening in a soundless moan as he cums. His muscles clench down around Hashirama’s cock, pushing Hashirama over the edge as well.

As Tobirama tries to catch his breath, he glances to the right, blinking at how close Kawarama and Itama are. His mouth waters as he watches them pleasure themselves, feeling hungry for the taste of them in his mouth. He crawls off Hashirama’s lap and kneels down in front of the couch, opening his mouth as Kawarama steps forward. He groans at the feel of Kawarama in his mouth, hot and heavy on his tongue.
Tobirama sucks on Kawarama’s length, reaching out as Itama gets closer to wrap his fingers around Itama’s erection. With his other hand, he grips Kawarama’s hip and pulls him closer, eyes watering as he gags. He makes a muffled noise of protest as Kawarama starts to pull back, pushing his head forward. At the same time, he makes sure to keep stroking Itama, feeling the other’s man cock pulse in his hand.

Tobirama moans as Kawarama roughly grabs his hair and begins to fuck his mouth, letting his eyes fall closed. He loves the sounds of pleasure they let out, and the scent of their arousal filling his every breath. With his eyes closed, he doesn’t notice Itama cumming until the other man’s cum lands on his face, feeling some of it land in his hair. A few moments later, Kawarama’s seed fills his mouth, a salty, bitter liquid that he’s starting to get used to.

Tobirama swallows and licks his lips, feeling Itama’s cum drip down his cheek. Before Kawarama steps back, Tobirama brushes a kiss against the head of the other man’s cock, smirking as Kawarama shivers. He stands up and heads to the bathroom, smiling as the three of them join him in the shower. Today was a good day.

Chapter End Notes

The first predicament bondage:
Tobirama:
http://realpredicament.tumblr.com/post/103625888325/tasksforsubsandslaves-last-one-for-the-day#notes

The secondage predicament bondage:

The third predicament bondage:

And this is how I imagine Hashirama and Tobirama look as they both give Madara a blowjob:
http://girlishcuriosity.tumblr.com/post/123064589931
Sequel to Ch 4, Izuna/femTobi, hypnotism, dubcon

Chapter Notes

As requested by Bebraveforever27 and Ada, here is a sequel to Chapter 4. Izuna/female Tobirama, brainwashing, hypnotism, dubcon/noncon, public masturbation, dirty talk in the variety of calling someone a slut

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“What should I view today?” Tobirama asks himself, sitting on his bed, phone in hand.

He thinks about all the things he’s seen online as well as the memories he’s already viewed. And, that reminds him that he had planned to someday look at how his female self was doing after being captured by female Madara and Izuna. Had the Uchiha managed to hypnotize her?

Deciding to find out, he looks up what letter/number combination that universe had been given by his phone and makes sure his question has to do with that universe in particular. Then, he types his question into the phone and enters his alternate’s memory.

Tobirama picks up her scrolls from the desk and stacks them back onto the bookshelf, humming a quiet tune. She’s currently in her office at the Hokage tower, having finished her portion of the paperwork a couple hours ago. As one of the Hokage’s assistants, she helps her brother keep everything organized and makes sure the village is running smoothly.

After finishing up her paperwork for the day, she had begun to work on her own research. But it was starting to get late, and she needed to head home now and get supper ready. She was going to make a stir fry today with rice, chicken, and vegetables. She had made the dish before and Izuna had loved it.

Sensing chakra behind her, Tobirama doesn’t startle as her husband’s hands reach around her to grab her breasts. She smiles and leans back against him, swaying her hips as she pushes her ass back, grinding back against his erection. Hearing him let out a quiet moan, she feels a thrill of anticipation for what they’ll be doing later tonight.

Izuna traces the shell of her ear with his tongue, lightly squeezing her breasts. “Did you have a good day at work, darling?” he asks.

“Yes, sir. I was just putting things away before I head home and make us supper,” she replies.

“Good girl. I’m glad you’re able to be punctual today,” says Izuna, trailing one of his hands down her stomach.

Tobirama shivers as his hand dips down into her underwear, even as a flush of shame spreads across her face in reaction to his mildly scolding words. Her husband had not been happy the few times she had been unable to get her work done before supper time, and she had hated disappointing him.

“Now, now, there’s no need to get upset,” says Izuna gently. “I’ve already forgiven you for being late, haven’t I?”

Tobirama nods, relaxing into his hold.
“Good. I like how eager to please you are,” murmurs Izuna, the tip of his finger lightly rubbing her clit.

Tobirama’s breath catches, feeling herself beginning to get wet. There were times where she was amazed by the depth of his control over her, where he only barely had to touch her to get her so aroused. Such a light touch, and yet it created a hunger for him that could only be quenched by him joining his body with hers.

Izuna presses a kiss against her neck, smirking, knowing exactly what kind of affect he had on her. “I’ll be home in about an hour, darling. I expect supper to be on the table by then, understood? Otherwise, I’ll have to...punish you.”

Tobirama whimpers, remembering the blissful heat created by his hand striking her skin. That part of her punishment she liked, his hand against her ass and the back of her thighs. It’s what came afterwards that she didn’t like. He would get her worked up, until she was begging and incoherent with need, and then he would withdraw all touch from her, denying her sweet release.

Izuna chuckles. “I can tell that you understand. I’ll see you later, pet.”

Izuna steps in front of her, drawing her into a sensual, toe curling kiss. When he lets her go, she walks out the door with shaking legs and a soaked pair of panties. She’s calmed down a bit by the time she gets home, creating a shadow clone to begin fixing supper. It’s a useful technique, allowing her to create a pair of helping hands when she’s on a time limit. She’s glad that she created that jutsu, and that she has enough chakra to use it so casually.

Tobirama heads into the bedroom and stands in front of the full length mirror hanging on the wall. Plucking the senbon from her hair, she watches it fall from a neat bun to hanging down to the middle of her back. She still finds it a bit odd to have long hair now, preferring short hair for most of her life for practicality’s sake.

However, Izuna had asked her to grow her hair out. It was a bit more work to take care of now, but it was worth it for the obvious enjoyment her husband got from running his fingers through her hair. Plus, it was a major turn on the way he pulled on it while they fucked.

Humming softly, Tobirama pulls her shirt over her head and tosses it into the small hamper resting in the corner of the room. Hooking her thumbs into the waist of her pants, she pushes the garment down, leaving her only in a matching set of black lacy panties and bra.

Walking over to the dresser, she sets the senbon down on top of it before opening the first drawer. Reaching inside, she pulls out a black leather collar and fastens it around her neck. Whenever she’s at home, alone or just with Izuna, she’s to wear this collar.

Izuna also likes her to be naked whenever possible. She unhooks her bra and slides it off, then pushes her panties down to her ankles. Bending down, she picks up her clothes from the floor and then tosses them into the hamper.

Tobirama enters their walk in closet and gets out their box of sex toys, setting it down beside the bed. She pulls out a bottle of lube and a metal anal plug with a blue sapphire on the base. Izuna likes the sight of it, and she likes the way it feels.

Crawling onto the bed, she positions herself so that her ass faces the mirror, looking over her shoulder to watch her reflection as she presses two lube-slicked digits inside herself. She moans in pleasure, scissoring her fingers to stretch herself out. It feels good, her fingertips rubbing against her inner walls, but she wants something larger.

Pulling her fingers out, she grabs the plug and slowly pushes it inside her. The plug is wide and long, giving her a wonderfully full feeling. Standing up from the bed, her breath hitches as her
muscles clench around the toy.

As she walks into the bathroom, she can feel slick trail down her thighs from her dripping pussy. Washing her hands in the sink, she wonders if it’s normal that she’s already so worked up. Just the thought of Izuna fucking her has her muscles clenching in anticipation. Did people normally react to their lovers this way or was it a result of Izuna’s hypnotism?

Tobirama knew how much Izuna liked to tease her, so it wouldn’t surprise her in the least if he had decided to make her more easily aroused. It should probably bother her, but she wanted to be what he wanted. The extreme loyalty she felt towards him was also a result of the hypnosis, she knew, but it didn’t matter. Izuna had made sure she loved him to the point it would be devastating to lose him, and that wasn’t changing any time soon, or ever if he had his way.

She dries off her hands, then heads back into the bedroom to grab her leash. Attaching it to her collar, she makes her way to the kitchen, smiling at the mouth-watering smell. Cooking was something she had enjoyed even before she had met Izuna, so she didn’t mind cooking supper for them every night. She watches her clone cook for a while, checking to make sure everything’s going smoothly.

Everything’s going according to schedule, so she gets the plates out and sets the table. Her clone finishes up the food just as she senses Izuna’s chakra approaching the house. She heads to the front door while her clone dishes the food out and kneels down, facing away from the door.

She leans forward until her forehead touches the floor and reaches back to grab her ass cheeks, pulling them apart to give Izuna a good view of the jeweled plug. The door opens, causing her to shiver as the cool air touches her bare skin.

“What a wonderful sight to come home to, and I can smell the delicious meal you’ve cooked for us. Well done, pet,” says Izuna.

“Thank you, Master. I live to serve you.”

She hasn’t heard the sound of the door closing yet, and it sends a shiver of excitement down her spine to think that anyone could walk by and see her like this. It would be embarrassing as well, of course, but Izuna could erase their memories so that her reputation wouldn’t be tarnished. Mostly, she just wants to show off how completely Izuna owns her.

There have actually been a few times where Izuna would take her to a nearby city, and henge the two of them to look like different people. Then, he would find a club that allowed exhibitionism and fuck her in front of multiple people.

“What are you thinking about, pet?”

“I’m thinking about the last time we went to a club, Master. It was fun.”

“Hmm. You like to be put on display, don’t you, pet? I’ve got an idea of something fun we can do after dinner.”

Izuna closes the door and picks up her leash, leading her over to the table. She kneels down next to the table, accepting a plate of food from Izuna. She waits for him to start eating before digging in. Her clone stands in the corner of the room, waiting to be dismissed or given further orders.

After supper, her clone cleans up the dishes while Izuna takes her into the bedroom. There, she’s given her robe from the bathroom and told to put it on. It’s a black, see through robe that just barely covers her ass. If she bends down, everyone will be able to see her butt.

Tobirama goes to tie the robe closed, but Izuna orders her to leave it open, keeping her breasts and
pussy exposed. Then he grabs her leash and leads her to the backdoor. She can see her surprise reflected in her clone’s eyes as Izuna takes her outside.

“You come, too,” Izuna orders her clone. “We’re going for a walk in the woods.”

Their house is at the edge of Konoha, so all they have to do is cross their back yard before they’re in the forest. She glances around, but doesn’t see or sense anyone else outside near them. She’s not sure whether to be disappointed or relieved by that.

When they’re deep enough in the woods that no one would be able to see them from the line of houses, Izuna orders her to take off the robe and her clone to strip down. Izuna glances down and smiles as he sees how wet they are.

“Now then, what should we do first?” asks Izuna, a teasing note to his voice.

Izuna leans back against a tree, beckoning her forward as he unzips his pants and lowers them.

“The real you will pleasure me while your clone uses her mouth on you. And don’t come until I give you permission.”

Tobirama almost rolls her eyes at that. Izuna knows very well that his hypnosis makes it physically impossible for her to cum without his permission; he just likes to remind her of the power he has over her.

Kneeling down in front of him, she flicks her tongue over his leaking slit, tasting his precum. She spreads her legs wide as she takes the head of his cock into her mouth, making room for her clone to lie her head underneath her. Her doppelganger’s hands grab her hips and pull them down, her body shuddering as the other’s tongue delves inside her dripping pussy.

She sucks gently on the tip of his cock before pulling her head back to run her tongue along the length. Pressing her nose against his balls, she breathes in deeply, her clit throbbing at the scent of him. She kisses the sensitive spheres before caressing them with her tongue, pleased to hear him let out a soft moan.

Her hips squirm as the clone continues to lap up her juices, feeling the other’s hand come up to rub and pinch her clit. It’s difficult to focus past the heat coiling low in her abdomen, but she wants to make Izuna feel good as well. She slowly takes his cock in her mouth, her cheeks hollowing out as she sucks on his length.

Placing her hands on his legs, she feels them tremble as he tries to stay upright. She would smile if her mouth wasn’t full. Her lips are stretched wide, his hands coming up to tangle in her hair. She hums in pleasure as his hands tug on the white strands, hearing him let out a soft curse.

Tobirama whines as he pulls her head back, trying to take his cock back in her mouth, but his hand in her hair stays firm.

“Enough, pet. Any more of that and I’ll cum, and I want to be inside you when that happens.”

Tobirama’s eyes light up. “Yes, Master. Please fuck me.”

“Get on your hands and knees, pet. And your clone should lie down in front of you. It’s your turn to pleasure her.”

Her clone lies down on her back, and she kneels down over her. Bending forward, she buries her face between her clone’s thighs, her ass raised in the air. It still feels a bit weird to taste herself as she licks between her clone’s pussy lips, but she’s slowly getting used to it. Izuna likes the sight of it, like that twin fantasy so many men seem to have.
She moans as she feels the head of Izuna’s cock at her entrance, eyes closing in bliss as he thrusts inside her. He sets a fast pace, too worked up by her mouth to take things slow. It feels like heaven inside her, wet bliss surrounding his cock.

“You like this, don’t you, pet? Having my thick cock stretch you out.”

“Yes, Master. It feels….ah….so good,” she moans.

“Good. I’m glad you enjoy it because this pussy belongs to me, and I intend to take it whenever I want, wherever I want,” purrs Izuna.

Izuna smirks as his possessive words have het letting out a wanton moan. “You like the thought of that, don’t you, pet? With my hypnotic abilities, I can fuck you in front of whoever I want. I could bend you over the Hokage’s desk and fuck you while your brother watches, helpless to do anything as I ravish his sister.”

Izuna grabs a handful of her hair and yanks, hard, loving the way she cries out in pain and pleasure. “Maybe I’ll fuck you in front of your students, let them see how much of a slut their teacher is. I think it would be fun to show the world how much of a cockslut you are for me. And, instead of erasing their memories afterwards, I’ll make them think it’s normal. You’ll be able to wear your collar all the time, and I’ll make you suck me off in front of the Daimyo and no one will bat an eye.”

Tobirama’s eyes are wide, heat rising to her cheeks at the images Izuna’s words invoke. Beneath her tongue, her clone’s pussy positively gushes and she knows she’s becoming just as wet. Her arousal is only heightened by the wet, lewd noises created by her Master’s cock pounding away inside her.

She winces as her hair is tugged again, having to struggle to keep her head in place so she can continue swirling her tongue around her clone’s clitoris. Her muscles clench around him as he reaches down and rubs her clit, feeling a jolt of pleasure in her stomach.

Izuna’s thrusts turn erratic as she tightens around him, groaning low in his throat as his cock pulses, filling her with his seed. He pulls out of her, ignoring her protesting whine. Letting go of her hair, he smacks his hand across her ass.

“Would you like that, pet? For everyone to know you belong to me? I could keep you plugged all day, both your holes stuffed full.”

Tobirama’s hips squirm as Izuna continues to slap her ass while his other hand mercilessly rubs her clit. She’s not sure how to answer his question. Did she want what he was offering? For everyone to know that she was addicted to his touch and his cock?

She kind of did, actually. It would be humiliating at first, but that just made her more aroused. And, honestly, she was tired of having to hide the type of relationship she had with him. She hated having to take her collar off before she left the house.

“Yes, please, Master. I want them to know I belong to you,” she says breathlessly.

Izuna’s hands still. “Really?”

She nods desperately, her body trembling, on the edge of orgasm but unable to cum until he gives the word.

“Very well then. Clone, turn over onto your stomach.”

Her clone does as commanded.
“Good. Now, pet, dispel her like I showed you.”

Tobirama smacks her hand across her clone’s ass, painfully hard, causing the other to yelp and disappear. She can feel a phantom ache in her backside as she receives her clone’s memories. The need to cum also transfers over, making her feel twice as desperate.

“Master, please. I need to cum.”

Izuna pretends to consider it, letting the silence linger as her fingers dig into the dirt, trying her best to resist the urge to touch herself.

“Hmm…..No. You don’t get to cum yet, not until I’ve made you beg.”

Tobirama opens her mouth, but Izuna shakes his head. “Not here, pet.”

She frowns in confusion as he makes a serious of hand signs, feeling his chakra throughout the city. “What…?"

“My hypnosis doesn’t need to be immediate. I can plant suggestions into people’s heads, to be awakened later. Since the village was founded, I’ve made it a point to plant ideas into people’s heads, resting deep in their subconscious mind until I was able to activate it. Which I just did. Now, the whole village knows you’re my submissive slut, and everyone is fine with it.”

Tobirama blinks, her mouth opening in surprise. When she had agreed, she hadn’t expected him to work this fast. Apparently, he had been planning this from the very beginning.

“Come on now, pet. Put your robe back on and follow me.”

Tobirama stands up, her legs trembling. She slips the robe back on, leaving it open like earlier. It’s difficult to keep her hands off her clit as she follows him into the village. The first time they pass someone by, her face turns bright red and stays that way as they encounter more and more people. But, no one says anything about her attire. A few of the men leer at her, lust in their eyes, but everyone accepts that this is normal.

She can feel Izuna’s cum dripping down her thighs as they walk to the park. Once there, she’s ordered to sit on the bench with her legs spread wide. There aren’t any children around, thankfully, as that would just seem weird. However, there are a few adult men and women that gather around to watch the show.

“Touch yourself for me, pet. And feel free to beg; you might eventually convince me to let you cum.”

Tobirama shoves two fingers inside her and curls them, body jolting as she touches a particularly sensitive area. It’s a bit uncomfortable to sit right now, with her ass red and aching, but the pleasure distracts her.

It doesn’t take very long before she’s at the edge again, desperate pleas falling from her lips.

“Please, Master! Please let me cum!”

“Not good enough, pet.”

Tobirama whimpers, her back arching as she roughly pinches her nipples, first one then the other. She has some idea of what Izuna wants her to say from some of their previous sexual encounters, but it’s a bit embarrassing to have to say them in front of their audience.

“I need it, Master. This pussy that you own aches. Its clit throbs and it won’t stop gushing. Please give your pussy what it wants, Master. Please let me cum.”
“That’s better, pet. Now, tell the audience here what you are.”

“Ah, I’m a….a slut, Master. I’m a cockwhore and a cumslut, but only for you, Master.”

“Yes, you are,” purrs Izuna. “Cum for me now, slut.”

Tobirama cries out, waves of pleasure washing over her, her muscles clamping down around her fingers. She slumps against the back of the bench, her chest heaving as she tries to catch her breath. She removes her fingers and looks around, seeing their audience begin to disperse.

“Thanks for the show, Izuna, Tobirama,” says one of the men before leaving.

She’s surprised to note that none of the men and women seem mocking or amused by her little display. They just thank her for the performance and leave. Her bewilderment must show on her face because Izuna laughs.

“Did you think I would have them mock you, darling? I didn’t hypnotize the entire town to humiliate you. The relationship we have is nothing to be ashamed of, and I was tired of hiding it,” says Izuna.

Slowly, a smile spreads across Tobirama’s face. “Thank you, Izuna.”

Izuna grins. “Come on, Tobirama, let’s go home. We should still have some of that blueberry cheesecake left from the other day.”

Tobirama’s eyes light up, hopping up from the bench in her excitement. Blueberry desserts were her favorite and Izuna knew it, often using them as rewards for good behavior. It was not only the prospect of getting a dessert that made her happy, but also the knowledge that she had pleased Izuna enough to earn it.

Tobirama chooses this moment to exit his alternate’s memories, not wanting to see anymore. The ending to that memory would have been cute if the rest of it hadn’t been vaguely creepy. A world where Izuna could hypnotize the whole village. That was a scary thought.

How did the Yamanaka clan never notice the ideas he had planted into their subconscious? Was he able to make it impossible for them to notice or make it so that they thought it was normal to have that in their minds?

It was mind bogglingly how powerful Izuna was in that universe. Or perhaps skilled was a better word? He doubts that Izuna could hypnotize the whole village in one day, but by planting his ideas in one person’s head at a time, he bended the entire village to his will.

Tobirama wondered: did the Izuna of his universe have that kind of ability? His Izuna had died before he could fully discover the abilities of his Mangekyo. Part of him wants to find out what this Izuna can do, and the other part wants to forget that hypnotism even exists.

In fact, in an effort to forget what he’s just seen, he grabs a book from the shelf and begins to read. Soon enough, the words of the text draw him in, that strange alternate universe forgotten for the moment.

Chapter End Notes

Picture time!
Here we have Izuna groping female Tobirama:
http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?
mode=manga_big&illust_id=49206840&page=32
Female Tobirama with her top off:
http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?
mode=manga_big&illust_id=51180384&page=44
Naked female Tobirama being fucked:
http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?
mode=manga_big&illust_id=51180384&page=43
Tobirama idly clicks through different websites on the internet, looking for a new idea to view with his phone. He’s in the mood for something vaguely supernatural, but not too different from his own world. Perhaps vampires and werewolves? With the Uchiha’s red sharingan, he thinks they would make the perfect vampires. His own clan could be the werewolves.

Getting out his phone, he types in, ‘What if the Senju clan were werewolves and the Uchiha vampires, in a world similar to my own?’ Hitting enter, he’s immediately sucked into his alternate self’s memory.

Tobirama stares at the papers in front of him, feeling his head begin to throb. Gritting his teeth, he tries to hold back a growl, realizing he hasn’t succeeded when Madara and Izuna begin to stare at him. Judging by the odd feeling in his eyes, he knows that they’ve begun to switch from his normal red to werewolf gold. Likewise, he’s sure his teeth have sharpened.

The words begin to blur in front of him, and he breathes out sharply, trying to calm down. He’s been trying for a week to come up with a solution to their dwindling funds, but no miraculous idea has come to him. The village is only half complete, and at this rate, he’s not sure if it ever will be.

Hashirama is out in the village, using his Mokuton to help speed up construction, but his brother is not an architect and can’t do everything himself. Somehow, Madara, Izuna, and he have been put in charge of figuring out the budget. The other two haven’t been having any more luck than he has in figuring out a solution to this mess.

In a distant part of his mind, Tobirama wonders why they aren’t as stressed as he is. Perhaps it was because he was a submissive werewolf and didn’t have an alpha mate to help him relax. Although submissives were just as capable as dominants, being in charge was not in their nature and thus it caused them more stress than it would a dominant.

As vampires, Madara and Izuna didn’t have to worry about submissive and dominant dynamics. Humans didn’t have to deal with this either. Just werewolves. How lucky he was to have been born in to the Senju clan.

And since everyone in his clan thought he was a dominant, they gave him the responsibilities of one, instead of the lighter load they would have given to an unmated omega. He wasn’t about to tell them after all these years, though. If they couldn’t be bothered to ask what his dynamic was when he was a teenager, instead of assuming, then they didn’t deserve to know now.

However, just thinking about how easily his family had mislabeled him doubled his agitation. He stands from the desk, his chair loudly scraping across the floor, and begins to pace. If Madara and Izuna didn’t like it, they could go hang out in their own offices, instead of loitering in his. They didn’t actually need to be in the same room just because they were working on the same problem. If they came up with an idea, they knew where to find him.

Madara does not seem to share his opinion, however, and begins to glare at him. Perhaps anger was contagious, or else the Uchiha was just easily riled.
“Would you sit down already? Wearing a hole into the floor isn’t going to solve anything,” gripes Madara.

Tobirama scowls at him, then turns his head away dismissively. He hears Madara growl and almost smiles. If he couldn’t get what he really needed, then perhaps a fight would tire him out enough to sleep tonight. The bags under his eyes could attest to the fact that he hadn’t been sleeping well the past few days.

Hearing Madara approach, he steps to the side, not allowing the Uchiha to grab his shoulder. Turning around, he sees the other’s eyes narrow before a fist comes flying towards his face. Blocking, he lashes out with his foot, kicking Madara in the shin. Madara curses and it turns into an all-out brawl, chairs getting knocked over as they move across the room.

Izuna stays out of their way but doesn’t intervene. By now, he’s used to the two of them fighting. Even Hashirama just sighs at them now. With how often he fought Izuna on the battlefield, you’d think it would be the younger Uchiha that he had a problem with, but Tobirama found Izuna’s personality to be more agreeable than Madara’s.

He’s actually started to develop a friendship with Izuna, much to Hashirama’s delight. And not all of his fights with Madara are full of spite. They’re just both too stubborn and full of pride to come to an easy compromise when they disagree about something. However, some of his debates with Madara have been almost fun, and he thinks the Uchiha might feel the same way.

Eventually, their fight ends with him on his back, Madara pinning his arms to the ground. Madara is physically stronger than him, and he’s yet to win a purely taijutsu spar against the other man. On the rare occasions that jutsu is allowed, his teleportation technique gives him an advantage, and he’s just barely managed to win a couple of those fights. Never let it be said that submissives were weak.

Tobirama bares his teeth at Madara, struggling against his hold. Madara just flashes his fangs right back, and he freezes as the other’s hand slips down to his wrist, thumb pressing into his scent gland.

Every werewolf has eight scent glands that are sensitive to touch, the mating glands that when bitten, create a bond between omega and alpha. He tries to yank his wrist out of Madara’s grasp, fighting against the feeling of calm peace that having his scent gland touched induces. It’s a feeling that every werewolf gets when pressure is applied to their scent glands, whatever their dynamic is.

The difference is that alphas hate that sensation, of having control taken from them. Submissives love it, and Tobirama is having a hard time not letting his body go limp. After the stressful week he’s had, he craves that relaxed feeling, but he doesn’t want them to realize what he is.

But the feeling doesn’t let up, and after a minute, his body becomes pliant, eyes languidly closing. Subconsciously, his head tilts to the side, baring his throat. He hears Madara’s breath hitch before fangs hesitantly brush across his neck. Werewolf blood is practically an aphrodisiac for vampires, considered to be ten times better than human blood.

Naturally, Madara can’t resist what he’s offering, and he has to bite back a groan as fangs pierce delicate flesh. He’s heard that vampires can transmit pleasure or pain with their bite, but Madara doesn’t seem to be doing that. Even so, the bite feels pleasurable, teeth having found the scent gland on his neck. The glands were made to be bitten during sex, so it makes sense that it would feel good.

He shivers at the feeling of a tongue brushing across his skin as teeth pull out, swiping up any remaining blood. His breathing has deepened, pupils dilating with lust as whatever blood Madara
isn’t drinking heads south. His erection strains against suddenly too tight pants, and he almost lets out a slight whine as Madara’s mouth leaves his skin.

Madara stares down at him thoughtfully. “You’re not actually a dominant, are you?”

Tobirama flushes and averts his eyes. The silence is broken a moment later by Izuna.

“Wow, that was kind of hot. Can I bite him next?”

Tobirama’s wrist slips from Madara’s lax fingers as he raises his arm, reaching out to Izuna. The logical part of his brain says he should put a stop to this, but the throbbing between his legs is very insistent.

Izuna practically sprints over, and Madara lets him sit up so that Izuna can sit behind him. The younger man’s arms wrap around his waist before Izuna’s fangs pierce the unbitten side of his neck.

“Ah!” Tobirama cries out, almost hunching over as a wave of hot, hot ecstasy flows through him. He trembles in Izuna’s grasp, holding onto the other’s arms. His mouth opens, but the only sound that can be heard is his hitched breathing, a quiet noise that sounds quite loud in the silent room.

The pleasure never lets up, a constant current like lightning from his neck to his cock, making it twitch and drool. He’s sure there must be a wet spot in his boxers by now from how much precum he’s leaking. At this rate, he’s not going to last much longer. But that seems to be Izuna’s intention, as the other man’s hand slides down to palm his erection, wrenching a keening moan from his throat.

His vision goes white at the edges, cock pulsing as his underwear becomes a sticky mess. Finally, Izuna’s teeth leave his neck, though the other’s hand stays upon his cloth-covered erection, making his hips squirm in discomfort as his cock becomes over sensitized.

“You were right, that is hot,” comments Madara, watching them with lust darkened eyes.

Izuna grins, slipping his hand into Tobirama’s pants. “And the fun is just getting started. Care to join us? If he’s going to keep squirming like this, I might need you to hold him down.”

Tobirama meets Madara’s eyes, sees the question in them, and nods, giving them permission to do what they want with his body. He tries to keep his body pliant as they undress him, but he can’t help but twitch when Izuna touches his cock. Werewolves have a short refractory period but it still takes them a few minutes to recover, and until then, it’s nearly painful to have his cock touched. Izuna doesn’t seem to care, or rather, he likes to see him writhe.

Once the three of them are undressed, and Izuna has gotten a bottle of lube out from a storage scroll, Madara grabs his wrists and pins his hands down above his head. The Uchiha is kneeling down beside his head, his hard cock just inches away from his mouth. His lips part, eyes riveted to the drop of clear precum that slides down the head of Madara’s cock.

Madara smirks teasingly, pushing the tip of his cock into Tobirama’s mouth before pulling out. Tobirama lifts his head, struggling to get Madara’s cock back into his mouth, but the Uchiha keeps it just out of reach. His head thumps back against the ground, a pout forming on his lips.

He hears Madara chuckle before the other’s cock begins pushing past his lips, stretching his mouth wide open. Humming in pleasure, he sucks on Madara’s thick cock, loving the taste and the way it pulses inside his mouth.

Farther down, Izuna’s hands rest on his inner thighs, caressing the soft skin before pushing his legs apart, far enough that his hips begin to ache. But, he doesn’t try to close them, enjoying a little
bit of pain during sex. With his legs this open, everything is on display: his flushed cock and his
tight, little hole. Nothing is hidden from those red eyes, red from a vampire’s bloodlust this time
instead of the sharingan.

“Hmm. I’m torn between fucking you so hard you can’t walk the next morning and teasing you
until you beg and cry,” says Izuna, lightly circling Tobirama’s hole with the tip of his finger.

Tobirama shivers, nerves lighting up at the gentle touch. He moans around Madara’s cock,
gagging slightly as the tip brushes against the back of his throat. His tongue flicks across the slit
every time Madara pulls out, causing the Uchiha to let out a low groan.

“Why not both?” asks Madara. “Tease him until he can’t stand it and then fuck him until he passes
out from exhaustion?”


Mouth stuffed full, Tobirama purrs to show his consent, causing Madara to curse as his throat
vibrates around the other’s cock.

Izuna laughs. “Guess he likes that idea.”

Tobirama lets his muscles relax as Izuna slicks up his fingers and begins to stretch him, heat
coiling low in his abdomen as Izuna’s fingers rub tight little circles against his prostate. He startles
as Izuna’s tongue begins licking his balls, light teasing flicks meant to drive him insane. But in
some ways, it’s exactly what he needs.

Having the two of them over him like this, dominating him, felt exquisite. All his life he’d felt like
he had to be in control, that there was something wrong with him for wanting to submit. After all,
if he was meant to be an omega, wouldn’t at least one person in his clan have noticed? Not even
Hashirama, the person who knew him best, had figured out that he wasn’t a dominant. But now,
he had not one, but two men demanding his submission. It was liberating.

His eyes close as Madara grabs his head and begins to gently fuck his throat, keeping his arms
above his head. He’s not going to move unless they order him to or physically move him
themselves. He wants to prove he can be a good submissive.

However, it’s difficult to keep his hips still as Izuna’s tongue slowly traces every inch of his cock
and balls, fingers curling inside him while his other hand caresses his inner thigh, thumb lightly
pressing into his scent gland. His toes curl in pleasure as Izuna sucks the head of his cock into his
mouth, warm bliss engulfing his cock as Izuna lowers his head.

Distracted as he is, he almost doesn’t notice when Madara’s hips still, having just a moment’s
notice before his mouth is full of cum. He hastily swallows it down, trying not to choke. Licking
his lips, he stares up at Madara, pleased by the satisfied look in the other’s eyes. He liked knowing
that he had given the other man pleasure.

His attention is quickly brought back to Izuna as the other continues to suck his cock, pulling his
mouth away when it looks like he’s getting near orgasm. He writhes underneath Izuna’s skilled
touch, unable to hold back a pleading whine as Izuna denies him again.

"Please," he gasps out.

Madara chuckles. “He’s begging already, but I don’t see any tears yet. Guess we need to step up
our game.”

Tobirama breathes in sharply as Madara bends down and sucks on one of his nipples, back
arching as Madara’s fingers pinch and rub the other one. He loses track of time as hands wander
over every inch of skin, finding all of his hotspots and mercilessly exploiting them. Soon enough, the two of them get what they want as his eyes begin to water, body overwhelmed by all the stimulus.

His body feels like a furnace, skin flushed nearly everywhere with a light sheen of sweat. They don’t seem to mind it, if their appreciative gazes are anything to go by. Perhaps they like seeing him so undone. He trembles as their teeth once again pierce his flesh. They had found out rather quickly that they didn’t even need to transmit pleasure to him if they bit his scent glands.

“Please….Madara, Izuna…just….just fuck me already,” he begs between panted breaths.

“Hmm, you want it that badly?” teases Izuna.

“Yes!” Tobirana practically shouts, pride snuffed out underneath the searing need roaring through his veins. “I need you inside me, please.”

“Well, if you insist.” Izuna slicks up his cock and slowly pushes inside Tobirama’s welcoming body, groaning as tight heat envelops his aching erection. Teasing Tobirama had been fun, but it hadn’t left him unaffected. It was a relief to finally be inside him, and he couldn’t find the willpower to go slow this round.

Tobirama’s mouth opens in bliss as Izuna enters him, feeling overwhelmingly full. It’s a new sensation as he’s never let anyone else take him, too worried that he’d slip up and show his more submissive side. Now, all the worries are driven from his head as Izuna begins to thrust inside him, eyes nearly rolling back in his head as the other’s cock nails his prostate.

Izuna’s hands are on his thighs, keeping his legs spread. Madara leans down and kisses him, nearly making him melt as the Uchiha’s skilled tongue explores his mouth. He purrs as Madara pinches his nipples, hard, the pain making his cock leak precum.

“A masochist, are you? How fortunate for you that we like to cause a bit of pain,” murmurs Madara. “And you’re so submissive, too. This is a good look for you, Senju, on your back with your legs wide open, eager to have us fuck you raw.”

Heat rises to his face even as the words make him moan. Who knew such embarrassing words could be this arousing? His body jolts, a short cry escaping his mouth as Izuna’s fingers wrap around his cock. It only takes a few strokes before he’s cumming for a second time, muscles tightening around Izuna’s cock, milking him of his seed.

Tobirama nearly purrs as Izuna’s hips still and a burst of warmth is felt deep inside him. It felt good to have Izuna cum inside him. He wanted more. Instead, he gets Izuna pulling out of him, leaving him feeling unbearably empty. Before the other man’s seed can slip out of him, though, Izuna’s hand slips underneath his ass and lifts his hips up.

“Can you get the storage scroll out of my pocket?” asks Izuna.

Madara raises an eyebrow in confusion but does as asked, bringing over the scroll. Izuna thanks him and unseals a black butt plug, sliding it inside Tobirama’s loosened hole before either of them can ask what he’s doing.

“What’s the purpose of that? I didn’t think either of us was done with him,” Madara says, puzzled.

“Oh no, we’re not anywhere near done. However, if we tire him out here, we’re going to have to carry him home when we’re done. That would draw a lot of stares. Better to take him back to our place while he can still walk, and he can spend the night afterwards,” answers Izuna.

Madara nods, giving Tobirama a questioning glance. He nods his agreement and sits up, blinking
as Izuna’s hand appears in front of his face, covered in cum. Flushing, he realizes what Izuna wants him to do and begins cleaning Izuna’s hand with his tongue, tasting himself.

He’s rewarded for his obedience with an approving smile and feels warmth swell in his chest. Dormant submissive instincts awaken inside him and he lowers his eyes to the floor, a sweet purr rumbling his chest. There’s a subtle difference in the sound now, and he wonders if the two vampires can hear it. This time, his purr isn’t just one of pleasure and happiness; it’s the sound an omega makes to their alpha to convey ‘I belong to you.’

Crawling closer, Tobirama rubs his cheek against Izuna’s, nonstop purring filling the silent room. He’s practically in Izuna’s lap when the other man snaps out of his shock, gently pushing him away. Watching them get dressed, he nearly pouts as all that bare skin is covered up.

“He’s acting….different,” comments Izuna. “Is this normal werewolf behavior?”

Madara shrugs. “Hashirama and I have discussed a lot about werewolf dynamics and culture, but the exact way a submissive acts during sex has never been mentioned.”

Tobirama huffs as they ignore him, reluctantly putting his own clothes back on, leaving off the sticky underwear. That he sticks in a storage scroll to be cleaned later. The plug shifts against his prostate every time he takes a step, his cock twitching with renewed desire. It makes walking to their house a delicious kind of torture, and they know it, choosing to take the scenic route. By the time they arrive, his cock is throbbing and his balls ache.

“You two enjoy teasing me, don’t you?” he asks once they’re safely inside, the door closed and locked. And now that he thinks about it, the office door hadn’t been locked. Anyone could have walked in on them. The idea was as horrifying as it was arousing.

“Don’t pretend you don’t like it,” replies Izuna.

Tobirama doesn’t bother trying to deny it, not when it was so obvious he was right.

Madara chuckles. “You don’t have to worry as much about the teasing for now. From here on, we intend to figure out how many times you can cum in one night.”

Speechless with desire, he stares at them hungrily, waiting for them to do something. Touch him, command him, bend him over the nearest flat surface, something.

What he gets is Izuna heading into the kitchen, bringing back with him three bottles of water. One of the bottles is tossed at him. Impatient, he quickly downs it, staring at them intently when he’s done.

Izuna smirks in amusement. “Don’t act so huffy. You know as well as I do that you needed the water after the blood we took from you. Let’s go into the bedroom now.”

Tobirama eagerly follows them into the master bedroom, Madara’s room by the scent of it. The two water bottles are set on the dresser for later, and they quickly disrobe. He’s glad that they seem just as eager as he is; he wouldn’t want to come off as desperate.

All the breath leaves his lungs as he’s pushed down onto the bed, the two of them settling on either side of him. His wrists are grabbed and pinned above his head, pressure on his scent glands making his muscles involuntarily relax.

“Beautiful,” murmurs Izuna. “You’re so wonderfully submissive.”

“Yes, he is. But what I can’t understand is why he tried so hard to hide his real dynamic,” says Madara.
Tobirama blinks as they stare at him expectantly. It seems like they wanted an explanation. In this state of mind, it doesn’t even occur to him not to answer or to deflect. As his body is laid bare, so is his mind.

“Werewolves figure out what their dynamic is when they go through puberty, but no one in the clan asked me what my dynamic was. They assumed because I was so much stronger than the other children my age, that I must be a dominant like Hashirama.”

“So then why not correct them?” asks Izuna.

Tobirama grimaces. “Everyone assumed I was a dominant. It made me feel like there was something wrong with me that I wasn’t. If I was truly a submissive, then why was I apparently acting so much like a dominant?”

Izuna stares at him thoughtfully. “Earlier in the office, I said you were acting differently. I think I’ve figured out in what way. You’re more…open right now. Like all your barriers have come down. I don’t think you’re a bad submissive; you just needed someone to bring out your submission. You won’t bare your throat for just anyone, and that’s not a bad thing.”

Throat beginning to ache, he tries to stop his eyes from watering, overcome with emotion. It was a relief to have someone else tell him that he wasn’t defective. A hand caresses his cheek and he looks up to see Madara watching him with a surprised yet concerned gaze.

“This has really been bothering you, hasn’t it?” asks Madara.

Too choked up to speak, he nods. Madara’s lips turn down before the other is leaning forward, kissing him softly but sensually, tongue slowly exploring his mouth. He moans helplessly, reaching up to thread his fingers through Madara’s soft hair.

Tobirama jolts in surprise as Izuna’s hand wraps around his softening erection, bringing it back to full hardness. Toes curling in pleasure, his hips thrust up, but Izuna lets go of his arousal to firmly hold in hips down. Before he can feel disappointed, molten heat surrounds his cock as Izuna takes him into his mouth.

His strangled cry is muffled by Madara’s lips on his, fingers tightening in the other’s hair. Madara nips his bottom in warning and he loosens his fingers, laying his hands back down on the bed, on either side of his head. Madara purrs his approval and grips his wrists, rubbing slow circles into his scent glands. He trembles from the force of the pleasure racking his body in waves, a slow heat that drives all thought from his mind.

He tries to hold out, wanting this sensation to last as long as possible, but then Izuna nudges the toy inside him, making it brush across his prostate. His balls tighten, vision going white as he cums inside Izuna’s mouth. As he tries to catch his breath, Madara scoots over so that Izuna can begin kissing him, realizing the other hasn’t swallowed yet when his own cum drips into his mouth.

The taste was bitter, but he loved the dominance of Izuna’s action, feeding him his own cum. He eagerly swallows every drop, shivering as Madara’s tongue swipes across his neck. Fangs sink into his skin and he keens into Izuna’s mouth, a shock of pleasure trailing down from his neck straight to his cock. It’s almost painful how quickly he gets hard again.

Madara chuckles against the side of his neck, hot breath making his skin tingle. “That’s three so far. How many times do you think we can make you cum in one day, Tobirama?”

Izuna releases his mouth for him to answer. “I…don’t know,” he replies through panted breath. “I guess….as many as you want? If I take breaks to drink water and eat something in between, being a werewolf means I’ll recover quickly.”
Madara grins devilishly. “Is that so? Perhaps I’ll take you up on that, make you cum until you pass out from exhaustion.”

Helplessly aroused, all Tobirama can do is nod. In this state of mind, he’d agree to almost anything they said. It was foreign to feel this submissive. He hadn’t realized before now just how much he needed this.

A werewolf was born to submit or dominate. Going against their natural instincts was bad for their health and temperament. It was unnatural for werewolves to stay single and never go through the alpha or omega transformation. Humans and vampires, Tobirama knew, had some who were born without the need to pair off, but he had never heard of a werewolf being that way.

Having frequent sex is what triggered the transformation and your dynamic didn’t automatically control how you’d change. The one who penetrated their partner grew a knot on their penis. The penetrated partner, in the case of males, would grow a uterus and become self-lubricating. Omega females became more fertile. In the case of two females, the one who was most dominant during sex would grow a penis and knot, gaining the ability to impregnate while becoming half as less likely to become pregnant. Both omegas, male or female, would go through heats twice a year.

Tobirama ached to have a family, for his stomach to swell, broadcasting to the world that he was claimed, that he was wanted. Likewise, he craved the feeling of a collar around his neck for the same reasons.

He breathes in sharply as Madara’s hand slides down his chest and caresses his stomach, almost as if the other was reading his mind. Madara smirks at his startled reaction.

“You were looking at your stomach,” explains Madara. “You haven’t gone through the omega transformation; we wouldn’t have needed the lube otherwise.”

“Omega,” says Izuna. “Those are the werewolves who can get pregnant, aren’t they?”

Madara nods.

Izuna stares at Tobirama speculatively. “Do you want children, Tobirama? To be a good little house omega and have your alpha’s babies?”

Tobirama flushes and averts his eyes. A part of him did want that. It wasn’t the only thing he wanted, of course. He still liked researching, creating new things, and sparring. But those were just hobbies, taking up only a few hours of his day. Raising children would be a full time job, a job he would enjoy a lot better than being one of the administrators in charge of running the village.

Politics were a pain in the ass, and people difficult to deal with for an extended period of time. Planning a budget and all the other numerous details that went into running a village were not things he enjoyed, though he was fairly good at it. He would not mind helping out on occasion, but the thought of doing it regularly as a job for the rest of his life made his soul ache.

“So you do want to be a house wife?” asks Madara, astonished.

Tobirama closes his eyes, trying not to let shame burn through him. A hand gently grasps his chin, turning his head towards Izuna. Reluctantly opening his eyes, he sees only calm understanding in those blood red eyes. Still red from bloodlust, he notices, for the both of them. He wouldn’t be this relaxed if his former enemies were staring at him with the sharingan.

“There’s nothing wrong with that,” assures Izuna. “Many people enjoy having children. There’s no shame in it.”
Madara looks abashed. “I didn’t mean to imply there was,” he tells Tobirama. “I was just surprised to learn you wanted that.”

Tobirama’s embarrassment eases at their understanding words. “Thank you.”

Izuna grins, a mischievous gleam appearing in his eyes as something occurs to him. “To have children, you’ll have to undergo the omega transformation first, won’t you? Perhaps we can help with that.”

“What?” asks Tobirama in surprise.

Madara catches on quickly to his brother’s plan and smirks. “You have to have a lot of sex for a few months to transform. We can help with that. Whether you choose us to have children with, we can still have fun for a few months.”

Tobirama’s thoughts still at Madara’s last sentence. Children…with Madara and Izuna? Did the Uchiha basically just offer to have a family with him?

“Would you want to have children with me?” he asks curiously.

Madara looks to Izuna and the two share an unreadable glance. “Maybe,” says Madara after a moment. “Izuna and I come as a package deal. If the three of us work well together as a triad during those three months, then I don’t see why we wouldn’t continue the relationship.”

“What do you say, Tobirama?” asks Izuna. “Do you want to give us a try?”

Tobirama’s thoughts race. He knew that triad relationships could be tricky to navigate; jealousy could become a big problem. However, the idea of having two alphas was too tempting to easily dismiss. Nothing permanent had been decided yet anyways. Giving them a three month trial period wouldn’t hurt anything.

“Yes. I’d like that,” decides Tobirama.

“Good, then maybe we can continue things now. Talking about having lots of sex for the next few months hasn’t done anything to quell my erection,” says Madara.

Izuna laughs and Tobirama cracks a small smile. The two brothers rearrange themselves until Madara is between his spread legs and Izuna is sitting next to him. It seems like it was Madara’s turn to take him.

The idea fills him with excitement, and he eagerly tilts his hips up as Madara removes the plug. Izuna’s hand on his lower back keeps his ass raised long enough for Madara to grab his hips and slide all the way inside him. Not a single drop of Izuna’s seed drips out.

Madara groans as he sheaths himself to the hilt. “Even after Izuna fucked you, you’re still so tight. Guess you really don’t do this very often.”

Tobirama huffs and wiggles his hips impatiently. It should be obvious by now that he hasn’t had many sexual partners, and he’d rather not waste time talking about it when they could be fucking. He moans appreciatively as Madara’s hands tighten on his hips, slick noises filling the air as Madara begins to thrust inside him.

His fingers grip the bedsheets, eyes falling closed as white-hot pleasure trails up his spine every time Madara’s cock drags across his prostate. He feels the bed dip down as Izuna moves around, back arching as the other’s mouth finds his nipple, firm suction dragging a whine from his throat. So close to his previous orgasm, his skin feels over sensitized, the lightest touch enough to make him writhe.
Tobirama’s eyes snap open with a slight yelp as Izuna grabs a handful of his hair and yanks, hard. He sees Izuna studying his reaction, the way his cock twitched and leaked precum. Although thinking it a bit rude that Izuna had pulled his hair without finding out if he liked it first, it felt too god for him to complain.

Izuna grins at his reaction. “Liked that, didn’t you? We’ll have to explore just how much of a masochistic you are at a later date.”

Tobirama nods, Izuna never loosening his grip. His eyes glaze over in pleasure at the ache in his scalp, loving how firmly they’re holding him. Madara’s tight grip on his hips never falters while Izuna keeps his head down on the bed. It makes him feel like he wouldn’t be able to get up even if he tried, a thought that shouldn’t make him feel this hot.

Perhaps, sometime in the near future, they could have a playful wrestling match that ended with him pinned to the ground while they fucked him. And it wouldn’t be an easy match either. They would have to put in real effort, and it was only after they’d proven he couldn’t escape them that he would go limp and pliant, surrendering his body for their use.

Tobirama groans as Madara’s thrust speed up, realizing that the other must be getting close. He imagines Madara cumming inside him, his seed mixing with Izuna’s. Breath hitching, his muscles clench down around Madara’s cock as currents of pleasure sear through him like lightning. His cock twitches as just a few drops of cum spurt out this time. It seems that his body didn’t have enough time to create the normal amount of semen.

He squirms uncomfortably as Madara never lets up, nerves beginning to feel over sensitized this soon after orgasm. It’s a relief when Madara finally cum, savoring the feeling of heat deep inside him. But as soon as Madara pulls out, he’s flipped onto his stomach, knees underneath him to keep his ass raised in the air.

There’s a moment where he thinks about protesting, but decides against it. He’s tired, but he’s got another round in him. Not having the energy to do much else, he lies there contently as Izuna takes him. There’s a bit of an ache in his ass, but he kind of likes the feeling. Hopefully, though, they won’t expect him to cum five times every time they have sex in the future. He doesn’t think he could survive it.

As tired as he is, it comes as surprise when he feels his balls tightening. No semen comes out but he knows he came because of how good it felt. Eventually, Izuna’s hips still, and he smiles at the familiar feeling of warmth deep inside him. He keeps his hips raised as Izuna pulls out, unsurprised when the plug is shoved back in.

It makes him happy to have their seed kept inside him. Normally, an alpha would knot their omega and stay inside for the next fifteen to thirty minutes. It’s instinct then, for him to enjoy the feel of their cum trapped within him.

Tobirama turns on his side, facing Madara. He watches through half lidded eyes as the Uchiha strokes himself. He doesn’t have the energy to get hard again, but it’s still a pleasing sight.

He closes his eyes when Madara groans, the other’s cum splattering across his face. After a moment, fingers swipe across his cheek, rubbing the cum into his skin rather than off. The hand trails down, smearing the cum across his neck, causing him to purr at the possessive action.

Madara and Izuna lie down on either side of him, wrapping their arms around. It seems they were done for now. Good. He was too tired to get it up anymore.

“So, are you more relaxed now, Tobirama?” asks Madara.

Tobirama smiles. “Yes. The headache’s even gone now as well. Thank you.”
“It was no trouble at all,” murmurs Izuna.

He twitches in surprise as Izuna’s tongue swipes across the back of his neck, eyes a bit wide when Madara starts licking his cheek. It takes a moment, but he realizes they’re licking the cum from his skin. He wouldn’t have minded sleeping with it on, but it makes him purr to them cleaning him up like this.

An alpha takes care of their omega. Keeps them safe and happy. In return, the omega submits to their alpha’s will, trusting that their mate won’t give them an order that will make them miserable. A mutually beneficial relationship. And it looked like he now had the chance to experience that type of relationship for himself.

Tobirama drifts off to the feel of their tongues on his skin and the scent of them filling his every breath. When he wakes up the next morning, he feels fully rested for the first time in weeks. He hadn’t realized just how stressed out he’d been until now.

Opening his eyes, he finds Madara watching him, Izuna’s breath warm against his neck. Slowly, he sits up, trying not to wake Izuna, but the other is a ninja and can’t sleep through his moving about.

“Hmm. Is it morning already?” asks Izuna, bringing his hand up to cover his mouth as he yawns.

“Unfortunately, yes,” answers Madara. “We’d better get up if we want to be on time for work.”

Tobirama frowns at the idea of more paperwork, but it’s not as daunting a thought as it was yesterday. Now he had two people to help him deal with the stress when it became too much. And someday, when the village is more settled, he may be able to give up this annoying administrative job to raise their children.

“Did you sleep well, Tobirama?” asks Izuna, snapping him out of his thoughts of the future.

“Yes, I did. Last night helped me relax.”

Izuna looks pleased. “Good, I’m glad we could help.”

Madara chuckles. “It’s not like we were being entirely altruistic, though. We got just as much enjoyment out of it as he did. And now it’s time to clean up.”

“The shower is big enough for three,” suggests Izuna. “Join us?”

The idea sounds perfect. He agrees and the three of them take their time washing each other, soapy hands sliding over wet skin. He keeps the plug in the entire time, something they find arousing. As they don’t have time for penetrative sex, he sees no reason to take it out.

In fact, he intends to leave it in the rest of the day, until they come home from work. The other werewolves and vampires will be able to smell Madara and Izuna’s seed inside him, but he doesn’t care. He wants the world to know he found someone to belong to.

It’s as they’re drying off that Madara notices something odd. “The bite marks haven’t healed yet. Don’t werewolves have faster healing?”

Tobirama frowns down at his wrists, the inside of his elbows, his inner thighs, and looks at his neck in the mirror. True enough, the puncture wounds can still be seen. Odd.

“They should have healed by now. Unless…” Tobirama raises his wrists to his nose and inhales. Just as he’d expected, he could smell Madara and Izuna’s scent mixed with his.
Well, it was sort of what he’d expected. He hadn’t realized it was possible to create a mate bond with two people, even just the temporary one.

“When we were in the office, the two of you must have bitten all eight scent glands. It was before the sex happened, so only the temporary three month bond formed. All it does is change my scent. The permanent one would have created a mental bond between us,” explains Tobirama.

Izuna looks surprised, Madara less so. As Hashirama’s friend, Madara has likely heard stories about werewolf anatomy and culture.

“I didn’t know you could bond to two different people at the same time,” says Madara.

Tobirama shrugs. “Neither did I. But then, if anyone tried, they probably had one person bite all eight glands and then have the second person begin biting. But, the first bond would have stopped the second one from forming.”

“Then how did this happen?” asks Izuna. “One of us must have bitten all eight glands first. Since this wasn’t planned, there’s no way we could have accidently bitten the eighth one at the same time.”

“Yes, but you were both biting. When the first bond formed, the second person’s saliva would have still been inside me. It’s just a theory, but I think that’s why two bonds could form,” says Tobirama.

“And what about the bite marks? Will they heal?” asks Madara.

“Yes. It just takes mating bites an extra day to heal,” answers Tobirama.

“Well, I suppose this doesn’t really change anything. We were already planning to give a relationship between us a try for the next few months. This will just let everyone with a good nose know that they should keep their hands to themselves,” says Madara.

Tobirama tries not to grimace.

Madara notices. “What?”

“It actually does change things. Unless you’re willing to let me bite you back? You’re not werewolves, but if I bite you where the scent glands would be on one of my kind, your scent will change as well,” says Tobirama, hopeful.

Izuna raises an eyebrow. “I don’t have any objections to that, but I’m curious as to why it matters. If we had been dating for a while, I could understand wanting to scent mark us too, but this soon into the relationship?”

“It’s….a cultural thing. I’m guess this is one of the few things Hashirama hasn’t you told,” he says to Madara. “But, a one way bond, either temporary or permanent, is considered a very possessive thing. Excessively possessive. It’s not even seen as a mate bond to most werewolves, but as a way for someone to claim another person as their property. The whole clan would be in an uproar if we left the bond this way.”

“I can see why,” says Madara, shocked.

Izuna’s eyes are wide.

Tobirama relaxes. “So you’ll let me bite you?”

“Yes, of course,” says Izuna. “We’ll do that and then make breakfast.”
Madara nods. “None of us are leaving the house until the bonds are two-way.”

Relieved, Tobirama bites them, finding it very soothing when they begin to smell like him. It’s not the life he had imagined for himself as a child, but he thinks he can be happy with them.

Tobirama chooses this moment to exit his alternate self’s memory, a peaceful smile on his face as he stares up at the ceiling. That had actually been a bit relaxing to watch. His alternate was on the way to finding love and starting a family of his own and the village hadn’t yet experienced a war with the other countries.

It was a bit depressing that there was such a large rift between the other him and his family, but it seemed those misunderstandings were on their way to being cleared up. With any luck, his alternate would get to enjoy many years of happiness before the first war started, if a war started at all. But, he wasn’t quite optimistic enough to think that there would never be any conflict between the elemental countries. Humans were not that free of violence.

Even in this peaceful afterlife, he’s sure there would be battles if not for everyone’s ability to go intangible. No point trying to kill someone when you couldn’t even touch them. Besides that, he’s not sure they can even be killed a second time.

Tobirama frowns as he realizes his thoughts are becoming a bit morbid. He wasn’t in the mood to contemplate the horrors of life right now. Instead, he decides to head downstairs and hang out with his brothers. They’ve always been good at cheering him up.
Tobirama/Madara, kitsuneTobi, noncon

Chapter Notes

This chapter was requested by CrybabyBoyfriend. Kitsune Tobirama/poacher Madara, breeding kink, bondage, animal characteristics, and it is noncon that becomes slightly more like dubcon towards the end.

Tobirama scrolls through the website he’s on, fascinated by just how many different interpretations of the same myth there could be. This website was dedicated to documenting the different creatures people had seen in the alternate memory viewer, as well as comparing and contrasting the different versions who had the same name.

For instance, in one world, kitsune was just the name for an ordinary fox. In another world, it was the name for a shapeshifter with many different tails. He thought it would be rather interesting to see one of those worlds. He wanted to know what it would be like to be a shapeshifting kitsune with magic.

Clicking through the website, he finds the pages dedicated to kitsunes. He chooses the version he likes the best and notes down the number and letter combination of the dimension that kitsune had been spotted in. Next, he gets out his phone and types in ‘What if I was a kitsune, like the type from world Y3X?’ Hitting enter, he’s sucked into his alternate’s memory.

He’s running through a forest, four paws hitting the ground instead of two feet, his chest heaving for breath. Ducking under low hanging branches, he tries not to let his fur get caught on anything. He doesn’t want to leave any trails for the hunter to find him.

It was an indignity to be treated as prey like some common fox. He was a kitsune with five tails. Five! He had more magic in his pinky toe than that human had in his entire body. Unfortunately, he had used up most of his magic defending his territory from being stolen by a rival kitsune. He only had enough magic to transform and to enforce contracts, not enough to defend himself.

Stupid human. Why did he even want to capture him? It couldn’t just be for his pelt, like some common fox. He was much too difficult to capture for something like that. He knew any kitsune above three tails was considered rare. Did the human want him as some exotic pet?

Or what if the hunter planned to sell him to a witch? He had heard that some potions required kitsune fur…and other body parts. He didn’t want to be killed for some stupid potion!

Tobirama mentally curses as he trips over a tree root, a low whine escaping him as he tries to stand back up. His left wrist is throbbing. He doesn’t think it’s broken, just sprained, but it’s still going to slow him down.

His ears twitch at the sound of a twig breaking, glancing around warily. Had the hunter managed to catch up with him already? He must have been more tired than he thought if a human was able to keep up with him.

He tries to hobble away, but a net comes sailing out between two trees and lands on him. Immediately, he can feel the enchantment on the net interfering with his magic. He tries to shake the net off, but whoever enchanted the net was clever and it won’t come off.
The net isn’t draining his magic, but making it difficult to access. Reluctantly, he decides to transform. If he’s going to be stuck in one form, then he’ll choose the one that can communicate with the human.

He ends up on his back, completely naked. So far, he still hasn’t figured out how to make his clothes change with him. His long white tails, as long as his legs, are draped across his lap, protecting his modesty. He glares as the hunter approaches him, lips pulling back to reveal sharp fangs as he lets out a deep growl.

The hunter chuckles. “Is that supposed to frighten me? You’re not very intimidating like this, naked and helpless beneath my net. It was definitely worth the money to have that net enchanted. And worth the time I spent waiting for your kind’s annual territory disputes.”

Tobirama eyes the human warily. Obviously, this hadn’t just been a spur of the moment capture. The hunter had been planning this, learning about his kind.

“Who are you? What do you want from me?” he asks.

“Madara Uchiha,” says the hunter, smirking at his shocked expression.

An Uchiha. That family was well known among the supernatural. They couldn’t cast spells and enchantments like regular witches, but they had just enough magic to create potions. The whole family was into collecting rare potions ingredients, either to sell or use themselves. Does that mean Madara had captured him to use his body for potion ingredients?

Some of the worry must show on his face as Madara’s expression softens, just a little. “Relax, kitsune. I don’t have any intention of killing you. As long as you cooperate, anyway.”

“Cooperate?” he asks, confused. “With what?”

“I mean, as long as you don’t fight me, I won’t kill you.”

Tobirama considers the hunter’s proposal. He knew he wasn’t getting out of this situation. The net was keyed into Madara’s magical core; and thus, the Uchiha was the only one who could take it off him. And as long as the net was on, he couldn’t use his magic to defend himself. He could see a knife strapped to Madara’s leg, and knew he wouldn’t win a hand-to-hand battle. The only way to stay safe was to make a bargain with the hunter.

“What if you start hurting me? Am I not allowed to defend myself?” he asks warily.

Madara narrows his eyes, a pensive frown on his face. “If I’m truly hurting you, then you will tell me. If I don’t stop within half a minute, then you may defend yourself. The time limit is so you don’t use it as a loop hole, only giving me two seconds after speaking before attacking.”

“What if I can’t speak at the time?”

Madara scowls. “Then I won’t deliberately hurt you when you’re unable to speak.”

“Okay,” he agrees reluctantly. “But you can’t order me to hurt myself or someone else.”

“Fine,” huffs Madara, annoyed. “In return for obeying me, I won’t order you to hurt yourself or someone else. You can defend yourself only if I’m actually hurting you, as in not for your health like bandaging a wound, and if you verbally ask me to stop and I don’t within thirty seconds. As long as you obey these rules, I won’t kill you.”

“What if I can’t speak at the time?”

Madara scowls. “Then I won’t deliberately hurt you when you’re unable to speak.”

“Or ask anyone else to kill me?” asks Tobirama.

“No, I won’t kill you,” repeats Madara.
“Promise?”

Madara gives him a look, obviously aware of the magic of giving your word to a kitsune. If the hunter breaks his promise to him, then magic will stop his heart. If Tobirama or Madara don’t have the magic to enforce the contract, then the magic found in nature itself will strike Madara dead.

“I promise,” says Madara, sighing. “Do you agree to my bargain?”

Tobirama bites his lip, then nods. “Yes.”

“Good, then move your tails out of the way. I want to get a good look at you.”

With a slight grimace, Tobirama moves his tails to the side, uncomfortable with the way Madara’s eyes rake over his naked form. He can tell from the lust in the other’s eyes what he intends to do to him.

He shifts nervously as Madara gets closer and kneels down beside him. His heart races when Madara reaches out and touches his neck, fingertips resting against his pulse point. Closing his eyes, he tilts his head to the side, showing his submission with a bared throat.

“Beautiful,” murmurs Madara. “But the net will get in the way like this.”

Tobirama blinks as the net begins to glow. The strands disconnect from each other and move, like snakes, repositioning themselves to different parts of his body. A few of the strands tie his wrists together, while another one wraps around his neck several times like a collar. He doesn’t doubt that if he tries to get away, the makeshift rope will tighten.

The ropes don’t restrain him in any other way, but they do wrap around his body. A few crisscross across his chest, while others wrap around his thighs. It’s very odd, seeing the glittering strands on his pale skin. He would think it pretty if they weren’t preventing him from using his magic.

He startles as the last one winds around the base of his cock and balls, acting as a cock ring. Then he winces as the slight movement of his body causes him to shift some of his weight onto his tails.

Madara notices his expression. “Are you in pain?”

He shakes his head. “The base of my tails are just squished underneath me, and it’s uncomfortable.”

“Hmm. That won’t do. Sit up,” orders Madara.

Tobirama does as instructed, confused as to why Madara cares about his comfort. Their deal had specifically been for pain, not minor inconveniences. Whatever the reason, it’s a relief to not be lying on his tails anymore. They spread out behind him, brushing against the ground.

“You’re going to get them dirty like that,” comments Madara, amused. “White shows dirt very easily.”

Was that supposed to bother him? He lived in a forest. Dirt was a part of life. Though, he wasn’t completely without vanity. He had often used his magic to clean his fur, so it didn’t end up looking brown.

Not knowing how to respond to Madara’s comment, he just shrugs.

“You don’t care? Such gorgeous fur and you let it get filthy.” Madara tsks and grabs one of his tails, his other hand coming up to gently pet his fur. “So soft.”
Tobirama struggles not to react, his hands clenching into fists. The touch felt good. It was also irritatingly intimate. A stranger shouldn’t be touching his tails. This human shouldn’t be making his breath deepen while a slow heat travels through him, leaving his cheeks flushed with desire.

Madara smirks at his reaction. “I guess that means they’re sensitive. Good. Now, should I take you here on the forest floor or is there somewhere more comfortable around here?”

“I have a den,” he admits reluctantly. “It has furs to lie on.”

For years, he had owned this territory, and not a single person had found his home. It didn’t matter anymore, though. He was sure that after this, Madara would be taking him with him to wherever the human lived.

“Then take me there,” commands Madara.

Standing up, Tobirama begins walking in the direction of his home, leading them to an underground cave system. The entire time, Madara keeps a hold of his tails, constantly petting them so that by the time they reach his home, his cock is hard and throbbing. He doesn’t let it distract him, brushing away the vines keeping the entrance to his cave hidden.

The first cave is bare, as it’s too close to the entrance to be kept properly warm. They go down a short tunnel to reach his real den. Along one side, there’s a makeshift fireplace, with a bunch of furs just a few feet away. As it’s pitch-black, he decides to get a fire going before they do anything else.

He doesn’t have any matches, but a few rocks to strike together to create a spark. Unfortunately, with is wrists bound together, it proves impossible for him to do it himself. Thus, he isn’t surprised when Madara kneels down behind him, pressing right up against his back as the other grabs the rocks from his hands. Madara must be used to using spark rocks because it doesn’t take him very long to get a fire going.

“Interesting,” says Madara, inspecting the fireplace. It’s a rectangle carved into the side of the cave, a hole in the left going up to the outside to let out the smoke. On the right, rests a hook to hang pots above the fire for cooking soup. “You’re a clever kitsune, aren’t you?”

Tobirama shivers as Madara presses a kiss against the back of his neck, feeling the tension leave his muscles without his conscious control. His breath hitches as Madara begins to lick and suck on his skin, somehow finding just the right spot to make him moan.

“Yes, it…ah…it is. That’s where the……the male kitsune……bites the female when he’s….mounting her,” says Tobirama, struggling to speak through panted breaths. A strangled cry escapes him as Madara bites down, firm but not hard enough to break the skin.

“Is it just females that the males mount? Are you straight, little kitsune?”

“Straight? I…no. Gender doesn’t matter……I just….thought I’d….end up with a female….to have kids,” admits Tobirama.

“Hmm. You can barely speak you’re so aroused. You’re even leaking,” says Madara smugly.

Tobirama’s hips squirm as Madara swipes his finger over the head of his cock, collecting the precum. He blinks in confusion when Madara holds that finger up to his mouth, wondering if the other wants him to lick it off, but Madara just swipes his finger across his bottom lip.

He lets Madara maneuver him around until they’re facing each other, unsurprised when the
hunter’s next move is to kiss him. His lips are pried apart by the other’s insistent tongue, tasting his precum from when Madara’s tongue brushed across his bottom lip. Heat pools low in his abdomen, feeling so aroused it’s almost painful. He reaches for his cock, but Madara grabs his hands.

“I don’t think so. You’re not allowed to touch your cock without my permission, understand?”

Tobirama glares, realizing he has to follow this order if he doesn’t want to break their agreement. As if it wasn’t bad enough that Madara was forcing him to feel this pleasure, now he couldn’t even bring himself release.

“Yes,” he replies through gritted teeth.

Madara doesn’t look impressed. “Let’s try that again, shall we? This time, try to sound a little more respectful and call me Master.”

Tobirama bites his lip so hard it bleeds and glares off to the side. He breathes out sharply and forces back the tide of anger and humiliation. Did Madara understand the way a kitsune’s magic worked? His kind could lie by implying things and by getting you to make assumptions, but they couldn’t outright state an untruth.

If he called Madara his Master, then Madara would become his Master. He didn’t have a choice, though. If he disobeyed, then the hunter would kill him. To survive, he would have to resign himself to being this human’s pet. However, he wouldn’t stop trying to gain the advantage. If he could get Madara to become fond of him, then the human would treat him nicely.

That decided, he turns back to Madara, his voice calm as he replies, “Yes, Master.”

Madara gives him a pleased smile. “It seems that you can be trained, after all. Your cooperation will make things a lot easier for you.”

Right. Somehow, he manages to refrain from rolling his eyes. He leans back a bit as Madara stands up, watching the human undress. Madara sets his clothes down away from the fire, getting out a small bottle from his pocket. He can’t read the label from here, but he guesses it’s a bottle of lube.

He doesn’t move as Madara gets closer, trying not to let his apprehension show. The hunter grabs a handful of his hair and tugs, gently, prompting him to follow Madara to his pile of furs, still on his hands and knees.

The hunter sits down next to him on the furs and sets the bottle down next to them. Then Madara grabs his arm and pulls him closer, onto the other’s lap. His breath hitches as their cocks brush against each other. Madara grabs his hips and rocks him forward.

They both let out a soft moan, precum just barely making it so that the friction isn’t dry and uncomfortable. He rests his arms on Madara’s shoulders, his bound hands behind the other’s head. With his arms out of the way, Madara begins to run his hands up and down his body.

“You really are a gorgeous little thing, aren’t you?” murmurs Madara. “Such a pretty kitsune. You’d look beautiful pregnant, your stomach swollen with my kits.”

“But…I can’t…” Tobirama’s confused protest dies off at Madara’s sharp glare.

“But… I can’t…” Tobirama’s confused protest dies off at Madara’s sharp glare.

“Don’t ruin the fantasy for me, pet.”

“Yes, Master,” he replies automatically, unable to hide the slight hint of relief from his voice.

It was a relief to hear Madara call it a fantasy. He didn’t know if it was possible for witches to get
men pregnant, but he didn’t want to find out. The idea of being pregnant didn’t freak him out, but
he didn’t want to have Madara’s children. Still, he would play along with the hunter’s fantasy.

“Your belly wouldn’t be the only thing getting swollen, pet.” Madara reaches up and pinches one
of his nipples, causing his back to arch with a short cry. “Hmm. I can see that they’re already
sensitive. But did you know, that they can become even more sensitive during pregnancy? A
woman’s breasts also get a bit larger as they begin producing milk.”

Tobirama bites back a moan as Madara proceeds to pinch and rub both of his nipples. “Are….are
you saying I’d…..grow breasts?”

Madara hums in agreement. “They’d be small, but yes. I wonder how many children kitsune have
at once. Do you have litters like ordinary foxes?”

“Y-yes,” he practically hisses out the word as Madara sharply pinches his nipples. They’re starting
to feel a little bit sore, but it still feels good.

“Good. I think five would be a good size litter, though you don’t have enough nipples to feed
them at the same time. I suppose they’d learn how to share early in life,” says Madara with a slight
smile. “Your nipples would get quite a work out feeding them all. Perhaps I should give you a
taste of what that’d be like.”

Madara grabs his hips and pulls up, so that his chest is level with Madara’s mouth. His toes curl in
pleasure as the hunter begins suckling on his nipple. His hands come up to Madara’s head, as if to
keep him there. Every soft pull on his nipple sends a wave of heat through him, causing him to
instinctively rock his hips forward, desperate for any kind of friction on his cock.

He yelps in surprise as Madara suddenly smacks his ass, a flush of shame spreading across his
face as the pain makes his cock twitch and drool.

“Naughty kitsune,” chides Madara. “Humping against me like an animal.”

A low groan escapes him, shocking both of them into silence. Why had Madara’s words affected
him like that? All the praise had just left him feeling irritated, but being mocked like that made him
feel desperate for more.

“It seems my little pet has an interesting kink, one that he didn’t even know about if his expression
is anything to go by,” says Madara, amused. “Get on your hands and knees for me, my slutty little
kitsune. I’m going to fuck you now.”

Tobirama scrambles to obey, deciding not to analyze his reactions any further. He doesn’t need to
understand why he enjoys something. Honestly, he should probably consider it a good thing that
he likes what Madara is doing to him, or this whole experience would be a lot worse.

He feels the magic in the rope around his thighs activate before his legs are being pulled further
apart. Apparently, Madara didn’t think he looked slutty enough. He leans forward until his
forearms are against the ground, pushing his ass up. His tails lie on either side of him so that they
don’t get in the way or block Madara’s view.

Madara chuckles. “That eager for my cock, are you? Let’s get you nice and wet so this doesn’t
hurt.”

Tobirama hears the sound of a bottle being opened before Madara’s fingers are pushing inside
him, slick and cold from the lube. He tries not to tense up, but it’s difficult. He’s never had
anything inside him before.

“You have such a tight little hole. With how eager you are, I’d have expected you to be looser.
Am I the first one who’s going to mount you?” asks Madara.

“Yes, Master.” It’s embarrassing to be talked about like this, but it makes his body feel hot and his cock throb. His hips squirm as Madara’s fingers begin moving inside him, pressing in deeper and stretching him. Pleasure sings through him like lightning as those fingers find a spot inside him that he didn’t even know existed.

“What…..what was that?” he asks, bewildered and struggling not to push his hips back like a vixen in heat.

“Huh, you really haven’t done this before. Allow me to show you the wonders of the prostate,” says Madara.

“Mm!” His body jolts as Madara touches that spot again, fingers digging into the soft fur beneath him. Eventually, he can’t control himself anymore and starts thrusting his hips back, letting out a pleading moan as Madara insistently rubs against his prostate.

“You are just aching for a cock inside you, aren’t you? Fucking yourself on my fingers like that.”

Tobirama tries to hold still, embarrassed by his own reactions, but can’t stop himself. His body instinctively knows what it needs, and that’s to be fucked. And apparently to be treated like a slut. When had he even developed that kink?

“Please.” The word slips out before he can stop himself, desperate for release.

“What do you need, pet? Ask me nicely and I might give it to you.”

Tobirama’s pride wars with his desperate need for release. The desperation wins. “Please, Master. I need to cum.”

“Really, pet? Is that all you want?” asks Madara, slowly sliding his fingers out.

Tobirama bites back a whine at the loss of contact, disgruntled to realize he feels empty. Madara was clever, somehow making it so that he wanted to be fucked. Admitting defeat, he begins to beg the way Madara wants him to.

“Please fuck me, Master. I need you inside me.”

“Well, since you asked so nicely, I’ll give you what you need, pet.”

He feels Madara grab his hips before the other man begins pushing inside him. It starts out a bit uncomfortable, but Madara goes slow enough that it doesn’t hurt. Madara’s cock is warm, rubbing against sensitive nerves as the other thrusts deeply inside him.

It doesn’t take very long before the slow pace is maddening instead of helpful. Did Madara think him to be some delicate flower? Impatiently, he pushes his hips back, trying to get the hunter to go faster.

Madara lets out a startled laugh. “Ah, I forgot. You don’t want to be treated like a virgin, do you, pet? You like being treated like a slut.”

He cries out as Madara suddenly snaps his hips forward, setting a fast and rough pace. It feels exquisite having the other man pounding away inside him. A low gasp escapes him as Madara grabs his hair with one hand, pulling his head back and making his scalp ache. He doesn’t protest the rough treatment, realizing that a bit of pain just seems to make this whole thing better.

However, he does think about protesting when Madara begins to slap his rear. It was a bit embarrassing to be spanked, but the slight pain did feel good and the way he clenched down
around Madara’s cock with every hit made both of them moan. In the end, he decides not to put up a fuss and just enjoy these new sensations.

He frowns when Madara lets go of his hair, but his disappointment disappears as soon as the other’s hand wraps around his cock. The rope around his cock doesn’t loosen for a moment, making him worry that Madara intends to tease him till the point of torture. The hunter eventually takes pity on him and the rope falls away, allowing him to cum.

White-hot pleasure sears through him, so strong he doesn’t even have the breath to scream. His vision whites out and he slumps forward, Madara having to grab hold of his hips to keep his ass in the air. He lets his body stay limp as Madara continues to fuck him, groaning as little aftershocks of pleasure tingle through his nerves.

It’s just a minute later that he feels a burst of warmth inside him, hearing the hunter’s breath hitch as he cums. He’s almost disappointed that Madara has stopped. That had felt….nice. He was starting to understand why so many people, human and otherwise, were so obsessed with sex.

He frowns at the empty feeling when Madara pulls out, but cheers up when the ropes around his wrists disconnect from each other, wrapping around his wrists like bracelets. It keeps his magic bound but returns his freedom of movement to him.

“So, do you have somewhere to clean up in here?” asks Madara.

“Um, yes. There’s a stream further in. I usually get some water in a bucket and clean up with it. It’s usually cold, though. Would you like me to heat it up over the fire?”

Madara gives him a perplexed look, probably at his helpful attitude, eventually nodding his head. He gets one of his cleaning buckets and heads deeper into the cave system, grimacing a bit as Madara’s seed begins to run down his legs. That felt odd.

The hunter follows him to the stream and then back to his den where he begins heating up the water. He takes it off the fire before it can start boiling and gets out a couple of washcloths for them to use.

“Where do you get things like this?” asks Madara, accepting one of the cloths.

Tobirama gives him an amused look. “From the human villages, of course. I don’t need all the furs from the animals I catch for food, so I trade them. Cooking pots, bowls, spoons, towels, and clothes are all things I’ve traded for.”

Madara raises an eyebrow. “You have clothes?”

“A few outfits. Humans tend to frown on people walking around naked.”

Tobirama dips his cloth into the water, discovering it to be an acceptable temperature, and begins washing. Madara follows his example, wringing out the cloth until it’s merely damp. Neither one of them wants to get water everywhere.

“I suppose we should talk about where we go from here,” says Madara.

Tobirama gives him a flat look. “I suppose so.”

“First of all, I know that kitsune can’t lie. What does it mean for you when you call me Master?”

“Of course you’d ask the most uncomfortable question first,” he says, sighing. “By calling you Master, you became my Master. My thought process is going to change over time. It’s going to start to seem normal that I follow your orders. It won’t make me like you, not if you treat me badly. But disobeying an order that doesn’t harm me or someone else will become a foreign
“So, if I ordered you not to run away from me, you wouldn’t?” asks Madara skeptically.

Tobirama scowls. “That’s right.”

“Huh. Then I order you not to run away from me. That is, you’re not allowed to try and escape. You’ll be allowed to run around the forest near my home at certain times. It’s on Uchiha property, so you shouldn’t have to deal with other hunters there.”

His eyes slightly widen. “You’re going to allow me to run around, in my kitsune form?”

“Yes,” confirms Madara, smiling his amusement. “I believe there’s even a few caves on the property as well. You can make yourself a new den. If you’re well behaved, I’ll let you sleep there for a couple nights a week.”

Slowly, a smile crosses his face. “Thank you, Master.”

Madara stares at him a moment, clearly a bit stumped by something. “You’re not acting how I expected. Even with this whole Master thing, I didn’t think you’d be this calm. Shouldn’t you be a bit….traumatized by what happened?”

“You mean when you coerced me into having sex with you?” asks Tobirama.

Madara nods.

Tobirama smiles humorlessly. “I’m not a human, Master. I’m a fox that gained human-like awareness of the world. There are humans that can turn into animals. They have some animal instincts, but at their core, they’re human. I don’t react to things the way humans do. I’m a bit angry that you attacked during a moment of weakness and made me your slave, but you didn’t hurt me enough for me to be traumitized.”

“Didn’t….hurt you….enough?” asks Madara, slowly. “Even though I raped you? Most would consider that a form of harm.”

Tobirama gives him an impatient look. “And most of those people are humans. I suppose there are kitsune who might be traumitized by what happened. We don’t all react the same to things. But like I said, I’m not human. You can’t expect me to have the same emotional reactions as a human would.”

“….I see,” replies Madara, looking thoughtful. A moment of silence passes. “….Earlier, you said you were a fox that gained human awareness. Does that mean you weren’t a born kitsune?”

Pride fills Tobirama as he recalls his youth. “That’s right. I was a regular fox that lived long enough to be granted magic by the earth. When that happened, I grew a second tail and gained the ability to have complex thoughts like humans. At three tails, I had enough magic to start looking for a territory of my own. No one really takes territory challenges from you seriously until you have three tails.”

Madara’s eyes are curious as he listens to him speak. Likely, the hunter has never heard of anything like this before. It’s not widely available knowledge.

“What about born kitsune? How many tails do they usually start off with?” asks Madara.

“Hmm. It depends on the strength of the parents. If two five tail kitsune reproduce, then that child will end up with three or four tails. The lowest number of tails a kitsune will ever be born with is two tails, as that’s what distinguishes us from regular foxes. Magic doesn’t allow us to hide that
we’re different in that way,” explains Tobirama.

“Why?”

“Because our abilities were a gift from the earth. Extended lifespan, shape shifting, and other forms of magic. All of it was a gift, and to hide would be to show ingratitude. Therefore, magic makes sure that all kitsune are at least born with two tails to show that they were blessed.”

“Can kitsune have children with other species?” asks Madara.

Tobirama tilts his head curiously. “With humans and other shapeshifters, yes. We can’t reproduce with regular animals, and in fact, feel no desire to. We have the same views of bestiality as humans do.”

“And what species would the child be?”

“That depends on which parent has the strongest magic. A low level kitsune and a high level witch will produce another witch ninety percent of the time. It’s rare for the child to take after the weaker parent,” replies Tobirama.

“And someone of our strengths? If we could have children, what would they be?” asks Madara.

Tobirama eyes him suspiciously. “…..They’d be kitsune. Do I even want to know why you’re asking that?”

Madara smirks. “I’ll start off by saying that I have no intention of ever forcing you to have children. I’m not that much of an asshole. However, it is possible through potions for men to conceive. It’s not a very well-known potion. The recipe was created by one of my ancestors.”

“Huh,” Tobirama says absently, mind in shock. Madara could get him pregnant if he chose? The hunter had shown to have a pregnancy kink. Was that merely a fantasy or something he hoped for in the future?

“So, do you have any drinking water around here? Water that’s been filtered?” asks Madara.

Tobirama frowns in confusion. “Filtered?”

Madara gives him an ‘are you serious right now’ look. “Yes, filtered. To take out any bacteria or anything else that could make humans sick. I suppose animals aren’t affected by the same thing, or else they wouldn’t be able to drink from the river.”

When Tobirama just continues to stare at him, Madara adds, “Boiling the water can also get rid of some of the bacteria.”

Boiling. Right. He grabs one of his clean cooking pots and collects more water from the stream, hanging it above the fire. He searches through his pile of stuff and finds his small collection of cups. He had traded for metal ones, as glass and ceramic would break too easily in the forest. Now, they were perfect for getting hot water out of the pot without shattering.

“You’re very accommodating right now. I didn’t even have to order you to get water,” comments Madara.

“I told you my mindset was going to start changing because I called you Master. It’s a slave’s job to make sure their Master’s needs are met,” says Tobirama.

“Hmm.” Madara didn’t look satisfied by that answer. “When I had you call me Master, I was thinking more of Master/pet dynamic.”
“Well, that’s not what you got. You can set me free any time you feel like it.”

Madara huffs. “I don’t think so. With how tricky it was to capture you, I’m not letting you go.”

“Tricky?” asks Tobirama incredulously. “You waited until I was weakened by someone else and threw a net on me.”

“It was not that simple,” protests Madara. “It’s not as if all of you kitsune have territory fights on the same day. The fights just usually happen within the first few months after spring starts. I had to hang around this area for the past two weeks.”

“The challengers came out early this year. You’re lucky the first to challenge me was so strong or else you’d have been waiting longer. Anyone under five tails, and I still would have had enough magic to fight you off.”

“You won against another five tails? That means you’re a skilled fighter, doesn’t it?” asks Madara.

“Yes. Kitsune with the same number of tails have roughly the same amount of magic. The only way to win a fight with your magical equal is to be more skilled than them,” replies Tobirama.

“Good. I like knowing that my pet is more skilled than the other kitsune.”

Tobirama rolls his eyes at Madara’s smug tone. Also, it suddenly occurs to him that Madara may be constantly referring to him as ‘pet’ and ‘kitsune’ because he hasn’t told the hunter his name. The part of himself that has begun to think of Madara as his Master nags at him.

“More skilled than some. And my name is Tobirama.”

“Tobirama,” repeats Madara. “A unique name for a unique kitsune.”

He takes the water off the fire and sighs. “You don’t have to keep flattering me. Seduction is for those who can’t escape you.”

Dragging his cleaning bucket over to his makeshift bed, he begins trying to clean the fur. Sex was messy. He should have just taken Madara to a nearby bed of moss.

“I don’t agree. Seduction is for convincing someone to be willing. I’d rather you actually enjoy having sex with me, rather than just wishing it to be over with.”

Tobirama considers his words. “I don’t think you have to worry about that. The sex was pleasant enough that I won’t mind repeating it. I’m just irritated at being your slave, though I suppose I’ll get over it eventually as long as you treat me right. If you abuse me, I’ll never stop looking for a way to revoke your status as my Master.”

“If I wanted a kitsune to hurt, I would have captured a weaker one. It would have been easier. And like I said earlier, I think of you more as a pet than slave. It’s a Master’s job to make sure their pet has food, water, shelter, and affection. If I have my way, you’ll thrive under my care,” declares Madara.

Thrive? Madara wanted him to be happy as a house pet. Was that even possible? Since he was going to be allowed to run around the Uchiha forest, he shouldn’t end up feeling claustrophobic and cooped up. And, for some reason, he had found the way Madara treated him to be arousing. He supposes that if Madara treated him more like a pet than a slave then it wouldn’t be too bad.

Noticing that the drinking water isn’t steaming anymore, he fills up their cups and hands one to Madara. It’s a bit odd drinking warm water, as he usually drinks it straight from the stream. Judging from Madara’s expression, he isn’t used to it either.
“You know, this would be nice if we had tea leaves,” says Madara.

Without saying a word, Tobirama goes over to his pile of stuff and finds the tin of tea leaves, grabbing a few apples as well. Madara’s startled look is priceless.

“What….how much stuff do you trade for?” Madara asks, sounding a bit baffled.

He shrugs. “I don’t trade for tea very often, as it isn’t that essential. The apples are things I picked from the forest. I can also find peaches, walnuts, garlic, onions, carrots, and a few other things around here. Sometimes, I use that to trade instead of the furs.”

Madara looks at him thoughtfully. “Your life here is more sophisticated than I was expecting. I always thought kitsune lived mostly in their fox form.”

Tobirama adds the tea leaves and sits down next to Madara on one of the clean furs. “I did in the beginning. Shapeshifting is difficult for two tails, and only mildly easier for three tails. It wasn’t until I grew my fourth tail that I started to trade for things. Before that, I just ate raw meat and whatever fruit fell off the trees. I still eat my meat raw sometimes, but I usually prefer it cooked with seasonings now. Garlic and onions are delicious.”

As he sips his tea, his eyes are drawn to the enchanted rope still around his wrists. The strands are silver and shine in the light of the fire. They were beautiful, but annoying. He startles at the feeling of fingers on his neck.

“I won’t be able to keep these net strands on you forever. It would stop you from transforming. But I do like the look of a collar around your throat. I’ll have to get one that isn’t enchanted,” says Madara.

“One that’s comfortable?” asks Tobirama. “I know humans sometimes sacrifice comfort for fashion, but it’s not a sacrifice I want to make.”

“Yes, it’ll be comfortable.” Madara’s voice is slightly exasperated. “I wouldn’t wrap something bulky and stiff around your neck.”

Tobirama opens his mouth to respond, but doesn’t get anything out before Madara is pulling him forward, shifting them around until his head is in the hunter’s lap. They’re both surprised when a purr rumbles forth from his chest as Madara alternates between rubbing his ears and petting his hair.

“You can’t say you’d completely hate being my pet when you react like this,” Madara points out.

Tobirama huffs, but doesn’t deny it. The petting was so soothing that he didn’t care he was being treated like a pet. His breath hitches as Madara’s second hand begins petting his tails.

“Due to your apparent obsession with my tails, I feel that I should point out that they are connected to my spine. Unlike the hair pulling, having my tails pulled would not be in any way enjoyable and would cause enough pain that I’d feel like hitting you.”

Madara’s hand stills for a moment, then resumes petting, a little bit softer this time. “Good to know. I actually have a few questions about your tails. Would it hurt to have your fur trimmed? And would the fur grow back?”

“Due to your apparent obsession with my tails, I feel that I should point out that they are connected to my spine. Unlike the hair pulling, having my tails pulled would not be in any way enjoyable and would cause enough pain that I’d feel like hitting you.”

Madara’s hand stills for a moment, then resumes petting, a little bit softer this time. “Good to know. I actually have a few questions about your tails. Would it hurt to have your fur trimmed? And would the fur grow back?”

“No to the first, yes to the second. I assume you’re wanting the fur for potions ingredients. As spring began only a few weeks ago, I’m still shedding my winter coat. If you brush me in my kitsune form, you should be able to get plenty of fur,” answers Tobirama.

“Sounds fun. Kitsune fur is a powerful ingredient. Though I’m curious, if your fur gets trimmed in
your kitsune form, does it affect your human appearance?” asks Madara.

Tobirama shakes his head, his cheek rubbing against Madara’s thigh. “No. The two forms are mostly separate. Having my human hair trimmed doesn’t affect my kitsune form in any way either. Though the tails and ears are the same.”

“Interesting.” Madara continues to pet Tobirama, amused by the way the kitsune’s hips begin to subtly twitch. “You’re getting aroused again.”

“Mmm.” A slow heat works its way through him, making his cock once again fill with blood. He also becomes more aware of the slight ache in his ass, most notably the left side where Madara spanked him. “It’s uneven.”

Madara frowns in confusion. “What is?”

Tobirama scoots forward so that his ass is within easy reach, moving his tails out of the way so that Madara can see how red his left cheek is. He doesn’t say anything, hoping that Madara will take the hint without him having to ask for something so embarrassing.

“You want me to spank you?” asks Madara, amused.

Face burning, Tobirama nods. He jerks as Madara’s hand smacks across his ass, letting out a pleasured moan. His hips rock forward with every hit, rubbing his cock against Madara’s leg. It reminds him of Madara’s earlier order to ‘not hump against him like an animal.’ The memory of Madara’s mocking words makes his cock throb, precum dripping from his slit.

Since he’s not purposely rubbing himself against Madara this time, he isn’t under any obligation to try and raise his hips up. And since Madara doesn’t order him to stop, he assumes the hunter isn’t bothered by it this time.

“You really like this, don’t you? Answer me,” orders Madara.

Tobirama shivers. “Yes, Master.”


He hadn’t thought it was possible for his face to get any redder, but he was mistaken. Biting his lip, he tries to think of what to say. “I…I like your hands on me. It feels good when you…..when you spank me, the heat and pain. And….pulling my hair….mmm…..”

Tobirama’s words trail off into a moan as Madara just does that, grabbing a handful of his hair and pulling. Heat coils tight in his abdomen as Madara alternates between smacking his ass and the back of his thighs, the tight grip in his hair never relenting. Part of him thinks he should get Madara’s permission before cumming, but he can’t hold out any longer, falling apart with a shuddering cry.

Madara chuckles breathlessly. The hunter lets go of his hair to tap a finger against his lips. “You got my leg messy, pet. Clean it up.”

He’s never considered himself oblivious, and so immediately understands how Madara wants him to ‘clean’ him. Getting up onto his hands and knees, he scoots back until his face is above Madara’s lap and lowers his head to lick the cum from the human’s leg. The taste is odd, bitter and salty, but the submissiveness of the act appeals to him.

Turning his head, he sees Madara’s cock jutting up, a drop of precum beading at the tip. He mentally curses as feels his mouth watering. Why did he suddenly want the hunter’s cock in his mouth so badly? Did it have anything to do with the way his thought process was shifting due to
calling Madara ‘Master?’ He knew he would start feeling more submissive towards Madara, but he hadn’t thought it would affect his sexual tendencies.

Deciding not to think about it any longer, his tongue flicks across Madara’s slit, lapping up the precum. It tastes sweeter than he was expecting. He takes the tip of Madara’s cock into his mouth and sucks, trying to get more precum to come out. His tongue brushes across the underside of Madara’s glands, apparently hitting a sensitive spot as the hunter lets out a quiet groan.

His gaze locks with Madara’s, seeing the hunter’s lust-glazed eyes, and a sudden urge overtakes him. He needs to bring Madara pleasure. His tails twitch restlessly and he slowly lowers his head, taking as much of the other’s cock into his mouth as he can. It’s not enough though. There are still two inches that don’t fit, and trying makes him choke.

“Easy,” gasps out Madara. “You don’t have to fit it all in right now.”

Tobirama whines in protest, realizing the sound created slight vibrations around Madara’s cock when the hunter curses softly. He’s pleased when the human’s hips instinctively buck up, shoving the rest of his length down his throat. He gags, desperately sucking on the other’s cock, trying to give his Master as much pleasure as possible before he’s forced to bring his head up for air.

Madara’s hands come up to rub his ears, causing him to purr. Pride fills him as the hunter moans. Opening his mouth wider, his tongue dips down to caress his Master’s balls. He doesn’t pull his head up until his eyes begin to water, desperately sucking air in through his nose as he keeps his lips wrapped around the first few inches of his Master’s cock.

“This…enthusiasm of yours….is a real turn on, pet,” says Madara, lightly panting and cheeks flushed red.

Ah, that explains it. A slave is supposed to meet his Master’s needs, and thus his magic is causing his kinks to line up with Madara’s. It’s probably a good thing. This way, he’ll enjoy what Madara does to him instead of suffering through it.

Humming in reply, he dips down again. One of his tails swishes forward to bump into Madara’s leg. As he predicted, the hunter grabs his tail and begins to pet it, his other hand still rubbing his ear. It feels nice, though it’s still too soon for him to get aroused again.

Eventually, he feels Madara’s cock twitch inside his mouth, the human letting out a breathless moan as he cums. Bitter seed spills down his throat, and he eagerly swallows every drop. He doesn’t stop suckling on Madara’s cock until the human begins to squirm in discomfort and insistently tug on his hair.

Pulling his head up, he locks eyes with Madara, and slowly licks his bottom lip. He sits down in Madara’s lap and wraps his arms around the other’s shoulders, pressing their lips together in an open-mouthed kiss. It’s difficult to believe that he’s kissing the other man willingly, but he has this instinctive understanding that his Master wants to taste himself on his tongue.

He shivers when Madara’s hands cup his ass and squeeze, feeling a slight twinge of pain as the reddened skin is touched. Instead of pulling away, he leans into the touch, not trying to deny to himself that he likes a bit of pain.

Madara is the first to pull away from their kiss. “That was amazing, pet, but I think it’s time we head out. It’s going to get dark in a few hours, and I’d like to reach the village’s teleportation circle before then.”

Tobirama blinks. “Teleportation circle?”

“Yes. I suppose you’ve never seen one used, which isn’t much of a surprise. Only witches and
their guests are allowed to use them, and they’re kept relatively out of sight. The circles use stored magic to transport people from one circle to the next. There’s a village near my clan’s property that has a teleportation circle,” explains Madara.

“Are witches able to teleport themselves without a circle?” he asks curiously.

Madara frowns. “The more powerful ones can. Uchihas aren’t known for their high magical cores. An average witch might be able to teleport just themselves and the clothes they’re wearing, but it would use up most of their magic. Even the powerful witches don’t like to teleport themselves because it drains them. It’s just more practical to use the teleportation circles.”

“But where do they get the stored magic?”

“People donate some of their magic on days they’re not doing much spells. Also, the circle draws on some of the natural magic in the earth,” replies Madara. “Now, enough questions about that. Gather up whatever you want to take with you.”

Tobirama nods and stands up. First, he puts on some clothes, a simple shirt and pair of pants. He doesn’t like wearing underwear and so doesn’t own any. His other two outfits he places inside a backpack, along with some apples. He doesn’t bother trying to bring his pots, bowls, and spoons. They’re too bulky to carry, and he’s sure Madara has enough of them at his own home. He refuses to leave his furs behind, though.

Madara sighs when he tries to pick all of them up and comes over to help. With both of them carrying the furs, he’ll be able to bring all of them with him.

“You’re really attached to these things, then?” asks Madara.

“Yes, Master. I’ve had this territory since I was a three-tails and caught all these furs here. I suppose they’re like a memento of my accomplishments. I don’t want to just leave them here like none of that ever happened,” answers Tobirama.

Madara’s expression softens. “I suppose I can understand that. It doesn’t overly inconvenience me to help you carry them, so I see no reason to make you leave something so sentimental to you behind.”

“Thank you.”

As the two begin making their way to the nearest city, Tobirama decides it’s time to exit his alternate self’s memory. Although he’s somewhat curious about this ‘teleportation circle,’ it’s something he can look at another day. It’s something he would only be looking at out of idle curiosity. No one here in the afterlife had any trouble getting from one place to another in the blink of an eye.

Standing up from his chair, he stretches his arms above his head, thinking about the memory he’s just seen. It was odd that his other self’s magic could be used against him like that, changing parts of himself to better suit his ‘Master.’ It reminded him of the memory he’d seen with his female self and the hypnotist Izuna. Unlike what Izuna could do, he didn’t think his alternate’s magic would force him to fall in love with Madara. The hunter would have to earn his alternate’s affection.

Good. Hopefully, his alternate would be able to find happiness with Madara or else find some way to escape. As much as he enjoyed watching the less consensual scenes, he didn’t want his alternates to suffer. He just liked experiencing those types of memories because he felt dominated during them. And that still felt like an odd thought sometimes. While alive, he never would have guessed he’d enjoy submitting so much. Now, he couldn’t imagine his sexual encounters not having that D/s dynamic.
Tapping his foot slightly, he wonders what he should do now. He could sense Itama downstairs. Maybe his brother would be interested in hearing about the memory he just saw. He and Kawarama seemed to enjoy looking at alternate worlds as much as he did. Sliding his phone into his pocket, he heads downstairs to hang out with Itama.
As soon as Tobirama wakes up that morning, he heads downstairs to prepare a traditional Fire Country breakfast, which he’s noticed resembles what the Japanese eat in the mornings. It’s interesting how similar the recipes are between his home country and the other dimensional country known as Japan. His brothers have prepared many such dishes from that universe, from various countries. As great as they had been, he was in the mood for something familiar today.

He and his brothers take turns cooking breakfast for each other, and usually prepare dinner together if they’re all home at the same time. Sometimes they like to eat out for lunch in one of the various cities, trying out all the different foods of this world.

Tobirama glances over to the doorway as Itama enters the kitchen. “Good morning. Breakfast will be done in a few minutes. Did you sleep well?”

“Mmhmm. That smells delicious,” replies Itama.

Tobirama looks back at the food and smiles. “Thank you.”

Itama prepares himself something to drink and sets the table while he waits. Hashirama and Kawarama enter the room as they’re serving the food, drawn in by the wonderful scent.

“It looks good,” praises Hashirama, sitting down at the table.

“Thank you for the food, anija,” says Kawarama.

After everyone is seated, they all dig in. Smiles all around let him know that his mother’s cooking lessons were a success. Once they’re done eating, they begin discussing their plans for the day.

“I was thinking of going out and exploring. All these animals that we didn’t have in the living world, I want to see them in person,” says Tobirama.

“That sounds like an excellent idea. I’ve been thinking of going on a nature walk to see both the new plants and animals,” replies Hashirama. “I’ve heard that there are flowers in colors we’ve never seen before.”

“You should join me. We can search for them together,” suggests Tobirama.

Hashirama beams. “I’d love to.”

“Can I join?” asks Kawarama. “I think it would be cool to get some sketches of them.”
“Of course you can come. What about you, Itama?” asks Tobirama.

“Sure, it could be fun. A family outing. I’ll take my camera. Maybe some of the animals will come up to you and I can snap a picture of it,” replies Itama.

With that decided, everyone gathers up their stuff and heads out. Both he and Kawarama bring a sketch pad with them. It had been a surprise to learn how artistic his brother was. Vaguely, he could recall seeing Kawarama drawing when he was a kid, but their father had viewed it as a civilian hobby and discouraged his brother’s passion. Now that they were dead, Kawarama drew to his heart’s content and had become quite good at it. His own artistic talent was limited to sketching.

He had needed that ability when performing autopsies on animals he had hunted in the forest. Just reading about how many bones they had was not the same thing as seeing a drawing of it. Though not many in his clan had cared for his drawings, some of the civilians he had met who wanted to become veterinarians had found the information to be helpful.

“Having read the forums, I know where other people have found what we’re looking for,” says Itama.

“Lead the way then,” replies Tobirama.

They follow Itama to a distant forest. Very distant. If they didn’t have the ability to teleport, it would have taken them three months to get there by foot. And that was with a ninja’s speed, not a civilian’s slow gait.

A clicking noise is heard as Itama begins snapping pictures. Following his brother’s gaze, Tobirama spots several multi-colored birds sitting in the branches of a tree. He can hear the chirps of the birds, and farther away, that weird noise squirrels make.

They venture farther into the forest, eventually stumbling upon a clearing of wild flowers. It’s a maze of colors. Red, blue, yellow, purple, pink, white, and orange in many different shades.

“Oh, wow. Look at this. I don’t even know what color this is,” Kawarama says excitedly, bending down to inspect one of the flowers. “I wonder where I’d have to go to get paint in this color.”

“Probably a shop that specializes in painting,” says Itama. “I’ll take a picture of it so you can show them, seeing as how we don’t yet know the name of this mystery color.”

“Thanks.”

“Maybe we could plant some near the house,” suggests Hashirama. “I wonder if they have any medicinal properties.”

Kawarama blinks. “Do we need medicine now that we’re dead?”

They glance over to Itama, who shrugs. “I don’t remember ever getting sick since we’ve died, nor have I gotten any headaches. We can still be injured, though. Cuts, bruises, broken bones. The injuries heal faster, though.”

“What about medicine for pain relief?” asks Tobirama. “Can people will away the pain or do they need to take something?”

“I’m…not sure,” Itama says, looking flummoxed.

Tobirama hums thoughtfully. “I once willed away my body hair. It seems that being dead gives us a supernatural ability to manipulate our bodies. However, I imagine that not everyone’s noticed
“So there would be a need for pain medicine,” concludes Hashirama.

“And even if there isn’t, it’s still interesting to find out what each plant can be used for. Discovering new uses for things is fun,” says Tobirama.

“Let’s take some plant samples with us then,” says Hashirama. “You have scientific equipment to analyze them at home, don’t you, Tobirama?”

“Yes, I do.”

He had actually built himself a small laboratory next to the house. It had only been finished recently, so his brothers haven’t been inside yet. They would be able to see his lab in action soon.

“Okay, then, let’s collect plenty of samples for testing!” declares Itama.

Tobirama smiles at his brother’s enthusiasm and pulls out several small storage scrolls from his bag. “Here. Make sure to put different types of plants into a different scroll. Mixing them together could change the result of the tests.”

“Huh. You like to come prepared for everything, don’t you, anija?” asks Kawarama, eyes lit up with silent laughter.

“Of course,” he replies, tone mock-serious. “I never leave the house without a storage scroll and a kunai.”

Itama squints at him. “Your tone is joking, but I think you’re actually serious about that.”

Tobirama shrugs. “Habits are hard to break. And just because we can’t die again doesn’t mean we’ll never get into fights. I don’t like to leave the house without a weapon.”

“I actually, kind of, feel the same way,” admits Hashirama. “As much as I like to believe the best of people, I’ve been in too many battles to feel comfortable without a weapon.”

“Well, I guess Kawarama and I died before we could get that paranoia, seeing as how we don’t carry weapons everywhere,” says Itama.

“Okay! I think we’ve talked about the depressing stuff enough. We’re here to have fun, remember? Let’s change the subject,” says Kawarama, trying to sound cheerful.

Hashirama grins sheepishly. “Right. Let’s start collecting the plant samples.”

They start in the clearing, gathering up a few flowers in each new color. Then they begin exploring the rest of the forest. There are some berries they’ve never seen before as well as some new trees. They take bark and leaf samples from them, as well as some of their flowers. They’ll need to come back later to see if any of these trees have started producing fruit.

Three hours later, they’re back in the clearing, sitting under a very large tree. The shade and the occasional cool breeze gives them some relief from the heat.

“I found some multi-color feathers, probably from those birds we saw earlier,” reports Itama.

“Maybe we could make some kind of decoration from them. They seem too pretty to sit in a box,” says Kawarama.

“We can use the flowers too. I saw a recipe online for a liquid that preserves the petals.” Hashirama gestures at the field. “We’ve got plenty here to work with.”
“What kind of decoration?” asks Tobirama.

“I think they meant gluing the petals and feathers onto paper to make a picture,” guesses Itama.

Hashirama and Kawarama nod.

“But what kind of picture?” he asks.

They exchange glances and shrug.

“We can figure that out later. If we gather enough supplies, something will come to us,” replies Hashirama.

“And we can always look up ideas online,” adds Kawarama.

“Alright.”

These flowers they put in the same scroll as they don’t intend to run any tests on them. They get as wide a variety of colors as they can. At one point, Hashirama suggests they can use grass to add green to their picture, but that’s something they can collect later at the house. Grass wilts quickly, but they can put the flowers in vases while they work on preserving the petals.

They’re careful not to take large clumps of flowers from one spot, not wanting to create any ‘bald spots’ in the field. It would be rude of them to reduce the beauty of this area when so many other people could come by to enjoy this place.

Scattered throughout the flowers are large patches of clovers. Lying down amongst them, Tobirama closes his eyes, hearing the sound of Itama’s camera a moment later. Something soft touches his face, causing him to reluctantly blink open his eyes to see Kawarama dropping flowers petals all over his body.

“What…?”

“You’re very photogenic, anija,” teases Kawarama. “We like taking pictures of you, remember?”

Tobirama flushes, his pupils dilating as he remembers his first time with them. They haven’t had a ‘photo shoot’ like that since then, but he has a feeling that’s about to change.

“I wish I could have been there,” says Hashirama, pouting. “Those pictures were amazing.”

He can’t help but laugh at that. It’s still a bit surreal to be doing these kinds of things with his brothers.

“We didn’t think you’d be comfortable with this kind of relationship so soon,” says Itama.

“You were more open-minded than we thought you’d be, anija,” adds Kawarama.

Tobirama interrupts their conversation by taking off his shirt and tossing it into the field. His brothers stare at his naked chest hungrily, making his lips twitch up into a small smirk. He loves having this effect on them. It’s a rush to see them get so easily aroused by him.

Of course, it works in reverse as well. Sometimes Kawarama’s shirt will slip down to reveal his neck and his mouth will water. Watching Hashirama’s strong hands carve into a piece of wood makes him remember the sensation of those calloused fingers on his skin, causing his breath to hitch. Itama’s lips will curl up into a mischievous smile, and his pants will tighten as he imagines those sinful lips wrapped his cock.

He’s snapped out of his reminiscing as Itama begins taking more pictures. Kicking off his shoes,
he pushes his pants down off his legs, leaving him completely naked. Itama freezes in surprise before quickly recovering, the sound of the camera flash clearly heard in the quiet clearing.

“No underwear today, otouto?” asks Hashirama teasingly.

Tobirama stares up at him through lowered eyelids, going for seductive. The bulge that begins to form in the front of their pants lets him know he’s succeeding.

“I figured it would have just gotten in the way.” Emphasizing his point, he slowly slides his hand down from his stomach to his groin, lightly wrapping his fingers around his thickening cock. He rubs slow circles onto the underside of his glans, sighing softly in pleasure.

Hashirama is the first one to join him, followed quickly after by Kawarama. They shuck their clothes and kneel down on either side of him. He lets his eyes trail over them, admiring the obvious strength in their muscles, leisurely stroking himself.

“So, who’s in the mood for what?” asks Kawarama.

“Hmm. I think I want to taste him,” answers Hashirama.

They reposition themselves until Hashirama is between Tobirama’s legs. Hashirama is kneeling down, with Tobirama’s thighs over his own. In this position, Hashirama is able to easily spread Tobirama’s legs wider just by moving his own legs.

He likes the vulnerability of this position, everything on display for them to see. His breath hitches as Hashirama begins caressing his inner thighs. He reaches out, pleased when Hashirama leans forward and kisses him. One of his arms goes around Hashirama’s shoulders while his other hand rests on Kawarama’s leg, trying to get him to join in.

His silent request is heeded as Kawarama scoots closer. It’s a bit of an awkward position, but Kawarama presses up against his side, mouth latched onto his neck. He moans softly, heat pooling low in his abdomen at the feel of a tongue licking the sweat from his skin. Teeth scrape across his throat and his hips buck up, biting back a cry as his cock comes into contact with Hashirama’s.

Hashirama moans quietly and breaks away from their kiss. Before he can complain, his lips are captured by Kawarama’s. He threads his fingers through their hair, absently noticing the differences between them. Hashirama’s hair is long and kept silky by conditioner, while Kawarama’s hair is short and has a bit of a rougher feel to it.

Tobirama’s back arches involuntarily as a tongue traces around his nipple, trying not to clench his fingers in Hashirama’s hair as he begins sucking. His nipples are played with until they ache, not sure whether it’s relief or disappointment he feels when Hashirama finally begins heading lower. Soft kisses trail down his stomach before Hashirama’s hands slide underneath his ass and push his hips up into the air.

Hashirama stops at his cock only long enough to lick the precum from his slit before moving lower. His cheeks are spread, exposing his hole to the cool air. Kawarama swallows his strangled cry as Hashirama licks a broad stripe across his sensitive entrance.

He lays his hands on the ground to avoid clawing at them, accidently ripping up clovers as he squirms around. Hashirama’s tongue is warm and wet against his skin, sending little shocks of pleasure up his spine. Vaguely, he thinks to be grateful that no one in the afterlife needs to use the restroom, meaning they never need to worry about cleanliness ‘down there’. It allows them to have random, spontaneous sex in a field of flowers.

“I think he likes that,” comments Kawarama, grinning at the badly stifled moans and whimpers Tobirama is making.
“His pleasure is a gorgeous thing to see,” replies Itama, snapping another picture.

Tobirama ignores them, focusing instead on the sensation of a firm tongue probing at his entrance, tilting his head back in bliss. He swallows at the feeling of lips against his Adam’s apple. It was a bit thrilling to have someone he trusted so completely touching such a vulnerable part of him. In this position, it would be laughingly easy to cause serious damage, but he knew with certainty that Kawarama never would.

Kawarama smiles against his neck, pressing a soft kiss against his skin before lifting his head. The younger man then moves forward, placing his legs on either side of his chest. His mouth waters as Kawarama’s cock bobs in front of his face, the tip brushing against his lips.

He grabs Kawarama’s hips and pulls him forward, eagerly opening his mouth for the other’s cock to slip inside. At the same time, Hashirama’s tongue never relents, causing him to moan around his brother’s thick length. He can smell Kawarama’s arousal, the scent making his cock throb.

“You know, it’s a real turn on being able to see in your eyes how much you like having me in your mouth,” says Kawarama.

Tobirama locks eyes with Kawarama and sucks, relaxing his throat as the other man instinctively bucks forward. He likes the look of exquisite pleasure on Kawarama’s face as he swallows around the head of his cock. It’s addictive, being able to bring so much pleasure to the men he loves. That’s why he enjoys sex so much, though of course, his own orgasms are a nice bonus.

His toes curl in pleasure as Hashirama slides two fingers inside him, unerringly finding his prostate and rubbing it mercilessly. The friction is nearly painful, the saliva providing just enough moisture that he doesn’t try to squirm away.

“Do either of you have any lube with you?” asks Hashirama.

“I do. I was hoping we might be able to have some fun today,” admits Itama, pulling a bottle out of his pocket and handing it to Hashirama.

Hashirama shakes his head in amusement. “You really like sex, huh?”

“Of course,” responds Itama promptly, grinning.

His legs are moved over Hashirama’s shoulders before the other man’s fingers slide back inside him, now coated in a thick layer of lube. He can feel precum drip from his slit to land on his stomach. The added moisture makes everything ten times better.

Tobirama closes his eyes and gets lost in the pleasure of Hashirama’s fingers massaging his inner walls, and the pleasant weight of Kawarama in his mouth. The sound of a camera can be heard a few times a minute as Itama tries to get pictures from as many different angles as he can.

He nearly chokes as bitter speed spills down his throat, his brother letting out a low groan. Kawarama takes a moment to catch his breath before pulling out and rolling over to sit beside him. With his view now clear, he can see the arousal in Hashirama’s eyes as he watches his fingers plunge in and out of him.

“Don’t you think I’m loose enough by now?” he asks, nudging the heel of his foot against Hashirama’s back.

“I’m just being thorough. I wouldn’t want to accidently hurt my precious little otouto,” teases Hashirama.

Tobirama huffs but decides to change tactics, purring out, “But don’t you want to be inside me,
anja? To have your cock surrounded by wet heat that grips it so perfectly?"

Hashirama’s breath hitches, shuddering faintly. “You don’t play fair.”

“All’s fair in love and war,” retorts Tobirama. “Now, if you could speed it up a bit, I’d appreciate it. I’d like us to get home before dark.”

Hashirama narrows his eyes and swiftly pulls his fingers out. If his brother wanted fast, then he would give him fast. Gripping Tobirama’s hips, he positions himself at his brother’s entrance and slams inside. The haughty expression slips from Tobirama’s face to be replaced by shocked pleasure, the younger man letting out a strangled cry.

He doesn’t give Tobirama time to adjust, setting a punishing pace that has his brother clawing at the ground and his back arching in ecstasy. Deliberately, he keeps the angle of his thrusts random, only occasionally brushing up against Tobirama’s prostate. The frustrated look Tobirama shoots him says his little brother knows exactly what he’s doing.

Good. That would teach Tobirama not to goad him in the future. Feeling Tobirama begin to clench around him, he reaches down and tightly wraps his fingers around the base of the other’s cock, preventing him from cumming.

Tobirama bites back a whimper as release is denied to him. He knows it’s meant as a ‘punishment’ for trying to direct things earlier. Hashirama is trying to show him that he’s still in charge, which is something both of them know he needs. Something inside him seems to click and he relaxes against the ground, allowing Hashirama to set the pace.

That relaxation comes in handy as Hashirama leans forward, nearly bending him in half, to press their lips together in a wet, open mouthed kiss. His legs ache a bit at the stretch, but he’s flexible enough to handle this position. Deliberately clenching his muscles, they groan almost in unison at how good it feels.

“Little minx,” breathes Hashirama.

His brother grabs his legs, underneath his knees, and pushes them up and forward. Through some nonverbal conversation, Kawarama ends up kneeling behind his head, grabbing hold of his ankles to hold him in place. The new position strains his muscles in ways he’s not felt before, each foot pinned to the ground on either side of his head.

He groans softly as his breath tickles the head of his cock, the flushed glans nearly touching his lips. Tilting his head a fraction of an inch, he pointedly stares into the camera as his tongue flicks out to lap up the clear precum dripping from his slit.

Tobirama glances back over to Hashirama in surprise as the other’s breath catches, his cock pulsing inside him, spilling his seed deep inside him. Apparently, that sight had been even more erotic than he had assumed.

“Do that again,” urges Kawarama, staring at him intently. “We need more pictures of that.”

Well, if that was they wanted to see, he was more than happy to oblige. Wrapping his lips around just the tip, he lets out a quiet moan. It wasn’t as good as having someone else’s mouth on him, or even his shadow clones, but it was still pleasurable. He struggles to take more into his mouth, but it’s an awkward angle.

A discontent noise leaves him when Hashirama suddenly pulls out, his hole clenching around nothing at the sudden empty feeling. At least with his ass raised like it is, none of Hashirama’s seed manages to slip out. And Hashirama raises it up even higher by grabbing his hips and pushing forward, forcefully shoving more of his own cock into his mouth.
He almost gags, relaxing his throat as the head of his cock penetrates his throat. His back twinges in discomfort, but he doesn’t think he’ll be in this long position long enough for it to hurt. Already he can feel his balls tightening, the molten heat around his cock making desire coil tight within his abdomen.

A keening moan escapes him as Hashirama suddenly spreads his cheeks, his broad tongue swiping over sensitive nerves. He can’t hold back any more, vision whiting out as hot bliss spreads through his veins. Letting his head tilt back, the first splash of cum lands on his tongue and the rest across his face.

His legs are then carefully lowered back to the ground, Hashirama’s seed slowly dripping out of him to soak into the ground. A few more pictures are taken of him as he slowly stretches, trying to get rid of any lingering tension in his back. The sound of rustling cloth has him sitting up to watch as Kawarama swallows Itama’s cock to the hilt.

Itama groans softly, head thrown back and fingers clenched tightly in Kawarama’s hair. Seeing the camera looking like it’s about to fall, Tobirama gets up and takes it from Itama’s lax fingers. Now it’s his turn to play photographer as Itama slowly rocks his hips forward, gently fucking Kawarama’s mouth. The brunette’s hands are locked behind his back, letting Itama have complete control.

He’s noticed that Kawarama’s tastes seem to be pretty similar to his own, though the other man does occasionally enjoy being in control. Itama likes to dominate, and Hashirama is fine with vanilla sex but does prefer dominating over submitting.

With the afterlife’s shorter refractory period, Tobirama knows he could get hard again, but he chooses not to. He’s not really in the mood for another round yet. Instead, he leans against Hashirama, humming contently when the other’s arms wrap around him.

After Itama finishes, they clean up and lie around in the field for a little while longer. It’s a pleasant day, though Tobirama wonders if it’s possible for them to still get sunburnt. In the living world, showing this much skin outside was just asking for misery. At least Hashirama could help heal him if that happened.

“I think I’d like to head back now. The air-conditioning is calling my name,” says Kawarama.

“Yeah, me too,” agrees Itama.

Languidly, they dress, making sure they have all of their storage scrolls before making their way back home. None of them are in the mood to cook something complex for lunch, so they eat simple sandwiches with some fruit. The flowers are put in vases of water, and they’ll begin preserving the petals tomorrow.

After spending the last few hours hiking in the woods, they’re in the mood to unwind. Itama turns on the t.v. and starts flipping through the channels, eventually selecting a comedic movie for them to watch together. He and Hashirama still find it a bit fascinating to watch the special effects these movies have. All that was available when they were alive were live-action plays.

Later, he lies in his room, peacefully reading a book. After spending the morning and most of the afternoon with his siblings, he needed some quiet time to himself. But the book wasn’t able to hold his attention for more than half an hour, and he found himself looking for something else to do. Perhaps he could watch one of his alternate’s memories?

Despite the fact that there were other people in the memories, they never felt socially draining, as it wasn’t actually him interacting with those people. It could be emotionally draining, though, depending on the memory. Today, he was most definitely in the mood to see something
consensual. He didn’t want to deal with any of the vague feelings of guilt he sometimes felt after watching his alternate self be raped. Even though he couldn’t do anything to help his alternate, sometimes it felt morally dubious to watch his suffering.

Deciding not to think about it for now, he grabs his phone from the bedside dresser and opens up the memory viewer. He types in ‘Show me a consensual memory with some kink,’ and hits enter.

Tobirama slowly begins to awaken as he feels someone touching him. He doesn’t want to wake up yet. Having stayed up late the night before, he had decided to take a quick nap this afternoon while Hashirama was out grocery shopping.

The chakra he senses isn’t Hashirama’s, though it is familiar. It feels safe. Not wanting to wake up enough to identify the chakra, he lets his mind drift off back into sleep.

Eventually, he’s unable to ignore what the other is doing, his mind reluctantly leaving the oblivion of sleep. He can feel something wrapped around his wrists, ankles, and neck; and it feels as though his back is propped up against the wall by the headboard.

Reluctantly, he opens his eyes and immediately sees Madara sitting in front of him on the bed. He frowns at the other but doesn’t say anything yet, too busy assessing the situation.

His ankles are tied to his thighs, keeping his legs bent. There’s a rope around his neck, connected to the ones around his thighs. He can’t lean back without choking himself. His wrists are tied to his ankles, and he’s naked. Madara removed his underclothes while he was sleeping.

“What are you up to? And was it really necessary to concoct your scheme while I was sleeping?” he complains.


Tobirama fidgets under Madara’s intent stare, reflexively struggling against his bonds but the ropes stay firm. It’s not as though Madara has never seen him naked. He and Hashirama have invited the Uchiha into their bed a few times over the years, but this is different. He’s never been this vulnerable before.

Strangely, he can feel his body heating up, the tips of his ears turning pink. Why was he feeling something akin to anticipation? Normally, he was indifferent to sex, finding it to be only mildly pleasant. But now, his skin tingled wherever Madara’s eyes wander, waiting for the other’s touch.

He doesn’t know what expression he’s making, but it causes Madara to smirk. His pulse races, and he tries to free himself again. The inability to get away sends an unexpected burst of heat to his stomach, making him groan softly.

“Did you know,” asks Madara, startling him from his thoughts, “that your brother will occasionally whine to me about his sex life? Apparently your reactions, or the lack of them, have led him to believe that he’s bad in bed.”

Tobirama flushes and averts his eyes. He hadn’t meant to give Hashirama that impression. Sex just wasn’t that interesting to him.

“Now, as I’ve slept with the two of you before, I knew what he was talking about, and that his skills are not in any way mediocre. I told him that the problem was likely either that you had a low sex drive or that you needed something different in bed.”

“Does Hashirama know you’re doing this?” he asks.

“Not yet,” admits Madara. “I’m sure he’ll be home soon enough. When he gets back, he can join
“And why did you decide to this?” asks Tobirama, tugging against the ropes around his wrists.

“I wanted to try something different. Bondage. Dominance and submission. You boss Hashirama around a lot in the office. I figured it would be a greater change for you to try the submissive role in bed, rather than the dominant one.”

Tobirama bites his lip nervously. “I suppose it would be.”

Madara smiles and scoots forward, laying a hand on his knee. “Don’t worry about a thing. By the time we’re through, you will have completely surrendered your body to Hashirama and I. Pride will mean nothing to you as you beg us for permission to cum, only to be denied again and again until we finally grant you release.”

Eyes wide, his breath hitches, his mouth captured by Madara’s a moment later. His lips are prided apart by the other’s insistent tongue, closing his eyes as he kisses Madara back. He feels breathless from the sheer want that Madara’s words have evoked inside him. Was this how people normally felt during sex?

He groans softly as Madara’s hand skim up the sides of his torso, thums softly brushing across his nipples. The sound he makes surprises him. He doesn’t remember his skin being this sensitive, or being this vocal. Hashirama would no longer need to pout about how quiet he was in bed.

Pleasure spikes through his veins as a hand wraps around his erection, stroking it to full hardness. His hips squirm as Madara keeps his touch light and his movements slow, but he says nothing. Madara would need to tease him a great deal more than this to make him beg. And that thought shouldn’t be as exciting as it is.

He frowns in confusion when Madara scoots back and leans over the side of the bed. There must be a bag down there as Madara grabs a few things from it and sets them on the bed. A long piece of cloth, a bottle of lube, nipple clamps, and a leather case of some sort. It’s closed, so he can’t see what’s in it.

However, Madara isn’t done yet and brings out one more item. A metal devise that he’s never seen before.

“What is that? And is the cloth meant to be a blindfold or a gag?”

Madara gives him an amused look. “It’s a gag, for later. I want you to be able to see what I’m going to do to you.”

Tobirama eyes the metal devise warily as Madara gets closer. He waits for an explanation, but apparently Madara thinks a demonstration is simpler. The Uchiha opens up the bottle of lube and pours a few drops onto his dick, making him twitch from how cold it is.

Madara pumps his length a few times, spreading the lube, before lowing the metal devise down. It fits snugly around his cock, becoming more firm around the base as Madara secures it. There are straps at the bottom that Madara wraps tightly around his balls, which he knows is meant to stop him from cumming.

Four vertical pieces of metal with three horizontal circles around it and a metal ring that frames his slit. It looks like some kind of cage for his cock.

“Why….” He trails off, not sure what to ask, just knowing that he’s confused.

“To make you feel owned,” answers Madara. “I figured it would be easier for you to submit if you
felt as physically dominated as possible.”

Looking at his cock, Tobirama conceded that the sight was making him feel more submissive. And that he liked that feeling. How had he never realized that about himself?

“Now for the nipple clamps,” says Madara.

Tobirama hisses in pain as the clamps are put on. His cock throbs at the sensation, precum steadily dripping from his slit. He hadn’t known he could leak that much.

“That hurts,” he gasps out, back arching.

“Is that good or bad?” asks Madara.

“It’s….it’s good,” he admits softly. “Ah….mmm…..”

It’s as he’s subtly writhing while the clamps mercilessly tease his nipples that Hashirama walks into the room. His brother stops in the doorway, mouth dropping open in surprise. For a moment, all he can do is stare back, need written across his face. Something akin to wonder enters Hashirama’s eyes.

“Madara….what…how did you get him to look so aroused?” asks Hashirama, baffled.

Madara chuckles. “I told you, didn’t I? That he probably just needed something different in bed. It turns out that your brother has a submissive kink. Come over here and help me dominate him.”

Looking intrigued, Hashirama sits down on the bed next to them. Warmth flows through him as Hashirama touches him, calloused hands running all up and down his body. Hashirama studies his reaction carefully.

“This is alright?” asks Hashirama.

“Yes.” He’s unable to hold back a moan as Hashirama’s fingers bump into the clamps, the ache of it sending a sharp jolt of pleasure straight to his cock.

“You’re so responsive right now,” murmurs Hashirama, voice awed.

Tobirama blushes and tries not to fidget under Hashirama’s fascinated perusal. He could barely make sense of his own emotions right now. There were was nervousness from being this vulnerable and exposed, unable to get away from them. Anticipation for what they intended to do next. Arousal at an intensity he’s never felt before.

He closes his eyes as Hashirama kisses him, unable to help the slight pang of disappointment at how gentle the kiss is. It’s sensual, certainly, with Hashirama’s tongue slowly exploring his mouth, but it doesn’t make him feel owned the way Madara’s kiss did. Turning his head away, his lips involuntarily turn down into a pout.

“Tobirama?” asks Hashirama, confused.

“I think you were being too gentle,” says Madara. “If your ordinary technique worked for him, I wouldn’t have had to step in. Now, try being more forceful. Maybe pull on his hair a little bit.”

Hashirama looks uncertain at first, before taking a deep breath as resolve enters his eyes. His brother grabs a handful of his hair and tugs firmly, pressing their mouths together as he lets out a pleasured gasp. He eagerly opens his mouth as Hashirama passionately kisses him, loving the forceful way the other man’s tongue explores his mouth.

This is what’s been missing from their sex life. For some reason, he needed his lover to be
assertive and take control in the bedroom. Without that feeling of being dominated, his body would barely respond to being touched.

A soft moan escapes him as Hashirama pulls his hair again. He frowns as Hashirama leans back to stare at him. Were his reactions really that surprising? His wrists jerk against the rope impatiently, glancing over at Madara while hoping his expression isn’t as pathetically needy as he feels.

Madara chuckles at his reaction. “Let’s move on to the next event, shall we?”

Hashirama blinks. “Next event?”

“Yes.” Madara picks up the leather case from the bed and opens it, revealing five metal rods, of varying widths. He’s trying to puzzle out what they’re for when Madara slides an arm underneath his back and pulls him forward, angling him until he’s leaning against the other man.

Tobirama shivers as Madara nibbles on his ear, the other’s warm breath making his skin tingle. He tilts his head back, exhaling softly as Madara nips at his jawline. Madara’s lips press against his pulse point and teeth gently scrape against his neck. It feels good, knowing that Madara could easily kill him in this position and trusting that he won’t.

“Can you feel the rope around your neck, Tobirama? Right now, the only thing keeping you from falling and choking is me,” says Madara quietly.

Hashirama overhears and looks scandalized. “Madara!”

Contrary to what Hashirama thinks, he isn’t bothered by Madara’s words. He tucks his head underneath Madara’s chin, his cheek rubbing against the Uchiha’s clothed chest. When he was younger, he never thought a day would come that he would be able to trust his life to an Uchiha, but he knew Madara wouldn’t seriously hurt him.

Madara gives Hashirama a smug look. “See? I know what I’m doing. Tobirama wants to feel like we’re in control of him. And I have just the thing to make him feel that way.”

Tobirama watches curiously as first Madara pulls out some kind of alcoholic wipe from the leather case and cleans his hands before selecting one of the thinner metal rods. He still doesn’t understand what Madara intends to do with them.

“I sterilized these this morning, so they’re safe,” assures Madara. “Now, Hashirama, why don’t you pour some lube onto the sounding rod?”

“Um, okay,” replies Hashirama, seeming just as confused by what’s going on as he is.

After the lube is applied, Madara places the tip of the rod against his slit. He tenses up as he finally realizes what a sounding rod is for.

“It doesn’t hurt,” Madara says, noticing his reaction. “There might be a little discomfort at first, but I promise you it feels good. I’ve tried this on myself before.”

Tobirama bites his lip as he stares at the rod. Slowly, Madara rubs the rod around the head of his cock, giving him a taste of that promised pleasure. Thoughts racing, he gives a hesitant nod, choosing to trust that Madara wouldn’t suggest this if it wasn’t safe.

He forces himself to relax as Madara slowly pushes the rod past his slit. There’s an uncomfortable stretching feeling as it goes in, but no pain. His nerves don’t seem to know how to interpret this new stimulus at first, making his hips squirm in discomfort.

“I don’t think he likes it,” says Hashirama.
“Just give it a minute,” replies Madara.

Tobirama breathes in shakily as Madara slowly pulls the rod back up and then lowers it again. The Uchiha doesn’t really push the sounding rod down so much as let gravity pull it back into his cock. His nerves tingle as it finally begins to feel good. It feels like his cock is being stroked from the inside out.

A low whine escapes him as the pleasure builds, making his face flush in mortification. He’s not used to hearing himself make these kinds of noises.

Madara chuckles, lips brushing against his ear. “You’re going to need to hold his hips down, Hashirama. If he thrusts up into the rod, he could hurt himself.”

Hashirama quickly complies, his large and calloused hands grabbing hold of his hips firmly. He can feel how strong his brother is and it makes him moan. Like this, he feels completely owned by them.

Both of them are fully clothed while he’s completely naked and tied up. His cock is trapped by a metal cage while a metal rod drives him mad with lust. He can feel the air against his exposed hole and wishes he had something inside him. Fingers or their cock, he just wants to be filled.

“All right, Tobirama,” he groans, hips squirming against Hashirama’s hold and not being able to budge an inch.

Hashirama’s eyes darken with lust at his lover’s pleading tone. “What do you want, Tobirama? Tell me.”

Tobirama shudders, pleased that Hashirama has gotten with the program and started acting more dominant. It wouldn’t help their relationship much if Madara had to be with them in the bedroom all the time to direct Hashirama’s actions.

“I want….I want you inside me.”

“He’ll need to prepare you for that. Can you keep your hips still?” asks Madara.

Tobirama nods quickly, willing to agree to almost anything at this point to have one of them fuck him. He holds still as Hashirama picks up the lube and slicks his fingers up. It takes effort not to moan as slick fingers circle around his hole, letting his muscles relax as first one, then two fingers push inside him.

Madara doesn’t stay idle, either, continuing to fuck his cock with the sounding rod. His toes curl in pleasure as Hashirama finds his prostate and mercilessly rubs his fingers his against it. It feels like they’re trying to test his self-control, to see if he can keep his promise of holding still.

He frowns when Madara takes the sounding rod out, but his displeasure doesn’t last long. With his hands now free, Madara begins to tug on the clamps until his nipples are sore and aching. He doesn’t know whether to lean into the touch or away.

His muscles clench down around nothing as Hashirama withdraws his fingers, leaving him feeling empty. The only thing that stops him from loudly complaining is that Hashirama begins to undress. Soon enough, Hashirama is slicking up his cock, grabbing his hips, and sliding inside him. His lover’s cock is warm inside him, brushing up against sensitive nerves.

Tobirama groans in frustration when Hashirama stops moving as soon as he’s all the way inside him. His cock is throbbing, desperate for release. He can’t focus past the fire in his veins, every touch from Hashirama and Madara making his body feel hotter. His mind is clouded with need, and he can’t understand why Hashirama isn’t moving.
“Please,” he says softly, shifting his hips impatiently.

Hashirama smiles mischievously. “Please what?”

Oh. It looked like Hashirama wanted to make him beg. That was more arousing than he thought it would be. Hashirama was gradually getting more into the dominant role. That was a good sign for their future sex life.

“Please move.”

“Like this?” Hashirama slowly pulls out and thrusts back inside him, being way too gentle. It wrings a frustrated whine from his throat.

“Faster,” he pleads.

Tobirama cries out as Hashirama suddenly snaps his hips forward. Heat coils tightly in his abdomen and a new wave of pleasure flows through him ever time Hashirama thrusts inside him. His cock is so hard, it almost hurts, and his pride finally slips away.

“Please,” he gaps out. “I need to cum……pleasepleaseplease.”

His desperate begging is cut off as Madara picks up the long piece of cloth and gags him with it. He nearly sobs in frustration, feeling his eyes beginning to water. A part of him thought he was acting a bit pathetic, but he couldn’t focus past the heat and pleasure consuming him. He needed release.

“Shh,” hushes Madara, beginning to gently pet his hair. “You can’t cum until we give you permission. All you can do is lie here and accept what we give you, unable to even beg for release.”

The words were said softly, but with an undercurrent of sadistic amusement that made him whine helplessly. How did Madara know so perfectly well what would turn him on when even he hadn’t know this about himself?

“I was…enjoying listening….to him,” pants Hashirama, punctuating each word with a forceful thrust of his hips.

“So was I,” Madara replies with an amused tone, “but you’ll have plenty of opportunities to hear him beg in the future. Now, the focus has to be on making him as helpless as possible.”

Hashirama’s slight frown disappears and he leaves the gag where it is. “Fine.”

Tobirama lets his body go limp as he leans back against Madara’s chest. Closing his eyes, he focuses on the feelings of pleasure and tries to ignore the aching need to cum. He has a feeling he’s not going to get release until Hashirama and Madara do.

He can’t tell whether to feel relief or disappointment when Hashirama cums a few minutes later. On the one hand, it means he’s closer to being given permission to cum, but he was enjoying having Hashirama fuck him so forcefully.

“Don’t pull out of him yet,” says Madara. “Here, hold him while I get undressed, okay?”

Hashirama looks confused, but wraps his arms around Tobirama and holds him close. His head ends up tucked underneath Hashirama’s chin, and he can feel the warmth from his brother’s arms across his back. He’s certain he would be purring if he was able to.

Out of the corner of his eye, he can see Madara undressing. Also, it seems the Uchiha is pulling
another item out of the bag on the floor, but he can’t see what it is from this angle. And Madara sets it down out of sight when he gets back on the bed, apparently not wanting him to know what it is yet.

“Okay, now we’re going to tip him back, bringing his legs up at the same time so he doesn’t choke. I don’t want any of your seed slipping out of him before I get inside him,” says Madara.

“Alright,” agrees Hashirama, still looking a bit bemused.

Tobirama tries not to tense up as Hashirama slowly lowers him back, feeling the rope beginning to tighten around his neck. Strangely enough, he finds himself liking the sensation just a little bit. Madara grabs one of his legs and Hashirama the other, and they lift them up. It’s odd having his feet in the air, and Madara even lifts his ass up from the bed as Hashirama pulls out.

He stares up at the ceiling as Madara settles in between his legs. The low groan Madara lets out as he thrusts inside him sends of a flush of pride through him. He likes being the one to bring Madara and Hashirama pleasure. Perhaps he’ll suggest to Hashirama that they invite Madara into their bed more often.

After Madara is all the way inside him, the Uchiha grabs his arms and pulls him up, Hashirama settling in behind him and wrapping his arms around his waist. It’s soothing to have Hashirama holding him even as Madara tries to make him loose his mind with lust.

He closes his eyes and doesn’t even try to stop himself from moaning wantonly. The whole point of this encounter was for him to give up control, after all, and he knew that neither of them would mock him for it.

Slick, erotic noises fill the air as Madara ruts into him. He imagines Hashirama’s seed coating Madara’s cock and shudders at the strong wave of desire that washes over him. He wants to feel that flash of warmth as Madara cums inside him, his seed mixing with Hashirama’s.

Tobirama tilts his head to the side as Madara’s lips fasten to his neck, sucking a mark into delicate skin. The Uchiha’s hands grip his hips firmly, tight enough to leave bruises behind. He likes the thought of it, of having reminders of this night that he’ll see every time he looks in the mirror. It also feels like Madara is claiming him, owning him in this moment. He wants Hashirama to leave marks in his skin as well.

He groans in pleasure and pain as Madara’s teeth suddenly clamp down on his neck, the other’s hips stilling as he cums. The empty feeling left behind when Madara pulls out doesn’t last long as the Uchiha picks up the mystery item from earlier and slides it inside him. It seems to be some kind of anal plug, a wide one. He can feel it stretching him out more than Hashirama and Madara did. Why had Madara chosen a toy that was wider than him? Had he realized that Tobirama would like the stretching feeling?

His body jolts in surprised pleasure as Madara wraps his hand around his caged cock. The Uchiha’s thumb presses in between the metal bars to rub around his slit. A whine builds in the back of his throat, and he stares at Madara pleadingly.

“Can you see the desperation in his eyes, Hashirama? Isn’t it the most erotic thing you’ve ever seen?” asks Madara.

Hashirama grabs a handful of his hair and turns his head to the side. Their faces are so close together that the tips of their noses touch. It’s uncomfortably intimate being this close. He tries to turn his head, but Hashirama’s firm grip on his hair doesn’t allow him to break eye contact.

Eventually, he stops trying and lets Hashirama examine his expression. He’s sure the need and discomfort of being aroused for so long can be clearly seen in his eyes. For some reason, they both
seem to like that look.

“It is,” agrees Hashirama. “Though I think he’s suffered long enough, don’t you?”

“Hmm.” Madara pretends to consider it. “I suppose we can take pity on him since he’s so new to this. In the future, though, he should be able to go twice as long without cumming.”

Tobirama’s eyes widen. Twice as long as this? He didn’t know whether to feel dread or excitement by the idea. It would mean twice as much pleasure, but twice as much frustration as well.

“I’m not sure he likes that idea,” says Hashirama.

Madara shrugs. “He’ll get used to it if you increase the time gradually.”

“And what if we want to have sex but don’t have that much time?” asks Hashirama.

Madara gives him an exasperated stare. “I feel like you’re just looking for things to argue about at this point.” He ignores Hashirama’s protests and continues. “Ultimately, how you conduct your relationship is up to the two of you. I’m just trying to give advice on what I think he’ll like based on his reactions tonight. If the two of you explore his submissive side, you’ll discover what works for the two of you.”

Tobirama glances between the two of you, trying not to wiggle impatiently. It was nice that Madara was trying to help them, but he still needed to cum. Couldn’t the relationship advice wait until after that?

Apparently, he must have made some kind of noise because they both turn to look at him at the same time. He sighs in relief as Madara begins to undo the straps around his balls, sliding the cock cage off afterwards. His hips buck up as Madara’s hand wraps around his cock, stroking him firmly.

“Take the clamps off,” Madara says to Hashirama. “It’ll make this better for him.”

Tobirama’s back arches as Hashirama does just that, blood immediately rushing back into his nipples. The pain of it mixes with the pleasure of Madara’s touch. His cock pulses in Madara’s hand, closing his eyes as ecstasy overtakes his senses.

He feels dazed, lying pliantly within Hashirama’s arms. His bones seemed to have turned to jelly as he can’t find the energy to move. Distantly, he feels the ropes around his skin loosening before disappearing altogether, but he keeps his eyes closed. Something brushes against his lips, his mouth opening automatically.

Fingers coated in a bitter liquid enter his mouth, and he realizes that Madara is feeding him his own cum. Without thinking about it, he sucks on Madara’s fingers, licking his palm to clean off every drop.

“Good boy,” murmurs Madara, gently running his fingers through his hair.

Tobirama hums contently and relaxes against the bed, pleased when the two of them snuggle up to him. Madara is at his back and Hashirama is in front of him, both of them draping one of their arms over his side.

“Thank you, Madara. I haven’t seen him this relaxed in a while, and especially not after sex,” says Hashirama.

“Mmhmm. It looks a bit odd to see him without a frown,” replies Madara. “I like this look better. Make sure to fuck his brains out every night.”
“Sure, I’ll do just that,” Hashirama, sounding like he’s just barely holding back a laugh.

Tobirama feels his breath catch at Madara’s words. To feel this state of bliss every night sounded like utopia. He wanted it. If it wasn’t for refractory periods, he’d be asking them to fuck him again.

“He seems to like the idea,” says Madara, sounding smug. “If you ever need more help dominating him, just let me know.”

Hashirama is silent for a moment. “I would like that. To be honest, I’ve been wanting you to join us more often but haven’t said anything to Tobirama because of how dissatisfied he was with sex.”

Tobirama blinks slowly and lifts his head to stare at Hashirama. His mind is working a bit sluggishly at the moment, so it takes effort to put his thoughts in order.

“This was fun. Invite Madara more.” With that said, he lies his head back down and closes his eyes.

“Uh, okay.” Hashirama sounds surprised. “Is he alright? He seems kind of out of it.”

“I think he’s just in subspace,” replies Madara. “It happens sometimes when people submit. I’ve heard people describe it as feeling floaty or just blissed out. I suppose something about this situation triggered his brain into releasing happy chemicals.”

“Huh. And this is safe?” asks Hashirama.

“As far as I can tell, it is. I’ve had sex with a few submissives in the past, and they seemed fine. They told me about something called subdrop and how aftercare could help. Sometimes, a submissive can feel out of sorts for a few days after submitting, though I don’t know if it’s after every time they submit or just the more extreme stuff. Anyways, aftercare is basically just cuddling with them and making sure they’re hydrated,” explains Madara.

“And this helps with subdrop?” asks Hashirama, still confused.

“Yes. Apparently, it’s supposed to make the subdrop less intense. Perhaps we should do more research about this. I know a few people living in Konoha who are into this stuff. They should be able to give us advice,” replies Madara.

“Uh….I imagine we’re going to have to word that carefully, else they find out who I’ll be using that information on,” says Hashirama.

Madara huffs. “Of course. We’ll just say that the two of us have noticed we prefer dominant roles in bed and want information on how to dominant a submissive safely.”

“Okay.”

Tobirama shifts, starting to feel a bit irritable that they’re still talking. He’d kind of like to go back to taking his nap now that they’re done. Raising his hand, he presses his index finger to Hashirama’s mouth, vaguely amused by the other’s shocked look.

“Shh. Sleep.”

Once again closing his eyes, he ignores Madara’s soft laughter. He can hear the two of them whisper to each other quietly for a moment before they settle down. Safely held between them, he relaxes and lets his mind drift off. Within minutes, he’s fast asleep.
Tobirama disconnects from his alternate’s memory and smiles. That dimension reminded him a lot of his own; the main difference seeming to be that Izuna had lived. Without that hatred clouding his judgement, Madara had actually become close friends with both his alternate and Hashirama. It would have been nice to live in that world, but he’s content enough with how things turned out.

Getting up from the bed, he grabs his notes from his desk drawer. He jots down the time he entered his other’s self memory and the time he got out, as well as how long he thought the actual memory was. He’s been doing this for a lot of the memories he’s viewed, trying to determine if there’s a consistent ratio of how much time passes in this world to how much time passes in the alternate world.

So far, about a minute seems to pass in this world for every twenty four minutes that passes in the memory. Or one hour for every twenty four hours, though he’s yet to watch an entire day’s worth of memories. That sounded exhausting.

“What’s that?”

Tobirama looks up from his papers in surprise to see Itama in the doorway, looking at him curiously. His brother ventures into the room and peers over his shoulder.

“I was trying to figure out how much time passes in our world versus how long the memories actually are,” he explains. “Though I don’t yet know if it’s consistent for everyone.”

Itama hums, looking at his results contemplatively. “Perhaps Kawarama, Hashirama, and I could start doing this as well. If our results are different, then we know for sure that not everyone has the same time. But the only way to know for certain that everyone has the same time ratio would be for everyone in the afterlife to do these calculations.”

“Which isn’t likely to happen,” Tobirama says dryly. “Still, it would be nice to know how our own times compare.”

Itama grins. “It’ll be fun. And you know, the dimension we’re viewing could effect the time. If we’re looking at similar dimensions, then it could be the same.”

“And completely different dimensions could have differing times?” guesses Tobirama.

“Exactly. It’ll be an extensive experiment, but a fun one. We get to view our alternate’s memories….for science!” exclaims Itama.

Tobirama chuckles. “Sure, for science. Do you think different types of memories will affect the times? Sex scenes could be different than when someone is fighting or taking a stroll through the woods.”

“Hmm. There are a lot of variables to consider. We’ll definitely need to make a chart.”

Standing up from the desk, he heads for the door. “Shall we tell the others our idea?”

“Sure.” Itama follows him to the living room, both of them looking forward to the amused reactions they’re sure the others will have when they hear about their proposed ‘experiment.’ Even if the other two don’t end up being interested in learning about the time ratio, they’ll likely go along with it for the fun of viewing more alternate memories.
Dom Hashirama/female sub Tobirama

This is a request from Bebraveforever27. Dominant Hashirama and female submissive Tobirama in a world where they aren't related. Everything is consensual. The first sex scene is in private and the second is in public (but no humiliation like some of my previous chapters).

‘I think I’m in the mood to see another world where my alternate is female,’ thinks Tobirama, staring at his phone pensively. ‘And a memory that isn’t remotely tragic.’

The worlds most similar to his own tended to have the most sorrow. He would need to be specific if he wanted to get the kind of memory he was wanting. Typing into his phone, he enters the words: ‘What if I was female and had a healthy BDSM relationship with someone?’ Hoping that would get him what he wanted, he hits ‘enter’ and lets his mind submerge with his alternate’s.

Tobirama meanders around the ballroom, her heels clicking against the floor, drawing the eyes of everyone she passes. She commandeers a glass of champagne from a passing waiter and sips it slowly, glancing around to assess if there’s anyone worth talking to. By now, everyone knows better than to approach her, not unless they want to deal with her acidic tongue. Honestly, she wouldn’t mind it so much if they actually wanted to talk business. Instead, all they seemed to want to do was flirt their way under her dress. She hadn’t gotten this dolled up because she wanted to get laid. She was here to represent her company.

Today’s event was a bit of a recruitment party. Several of the students who had graduated this year in the top 1% of their University had been invited. Perhaps she should have been mingling with some of them, but that wasn’t her job. A few of her employees were wandering around, assessing the graduates’ potential.

If it were up to her, who knows how many, if any, of them would get hired? She was rather selective, perhaps unreasonably so, when it came to who she wanted working for her. Besides, she probably would have scared them off with her attitude.

She had a bit of a temper when faced with stupidity. Thus, she had a few trusted employees that she put in charge of reprimanding the others when they made a mistake, as well as to give suggestions on how to do better in the future. Positive reinforcement wasn’t something she was good at.

Tobirama pauses her aimless wandering as she catches sight of someone new. She recognizes his face from one of her business magazines. Hashirama Kimura. He was one of the newer C.E.O’s., his business having just become truly successful within the last five years.

Her own cooperation had been inherited when her father passed away ten years ago. Having only been nineteen at the time, the board of directors had wanted to elect someone else to run the company. However, she had convinced them to give her a chance and had more than doubled the company’s profits within six years. They had been very impressed.

The only downside to her success was the attention it brought her. Many times she had been approached by submissive men who thought her take charge attitude in the business world meant
that she was a dominant. She hadn’t made her dynamic widely known as she didn’t think it was any of the media’s business.

Even worse than that was being approached by dominant men who couldn’t handle her assertive personality. The only time she was ever submissive was in the bedroom. The media liked to romanticize the notion of a sub who obeyed their Dom 24/7, giving her dating partners an unrealistic expectation of how she would behave with them.

They knew she acted bossy in the work place, but expected her to be docile with them. It just wasn’t going to happen. Many of her relationships had ended because they kept pushing and nagging, even subtly trying to get her to act differently.

When backed into a corner, Tobirama’s response was to act more domineering, not less. They had forced her to engage in a non-sexual, not at all fun, power play in their everyday lives. It was beyond frustrating. If they had just accepted her as she is, then they would have had an equal relationship outside of the bedroom, and she would have submitted to them during sex. Why did they need her to bow to their every whim all the time?

Tobirama had been single for a year now, not even having a one night stand. She missed the feel of a man on top of her and in her, but the idea of another failed relationship made her cringe. There were only so many times she could put herself out there before her heart closed off.

As the night progressed, Tobirama noticed the lingering, interested looks Hashirama threw her way. When she caught his eyes, he would smile invitingly, but didn’t approach her. It took her a while but she eventually realized that he was waiting for her to make the first move.

It was such a different approach that she started to seriously think about going over there. She realized that all the other men she had dated had pursued her, like little puppies trailing after her. Hashirama expected her to chase after him.

Without meaning to, she finds herself getting a bit excited. Confidence had always been a big turn on for her. Hashirama thought himself worthy of being chased, and that made her want to chase after him. She wanted him. Now all she had to do was go get him.

Tobirama makes her way through the crowd of people, seeing Hashirama’s smile widen when it becomes apparent that she’s going towards him.

“Good evening, Mr. Kimura,” greets Tobirama. “Are you enjoying the party?”

Hashirama accepts the hand she offers, bringing it up to his lips to kiss. A charming first move. Handshakes don’t make a woman feel attractive.

“I am enjoying myself a lot more now that you’re here, Ms. Mizushima. And, please, call me Hashirama.”

A smile crosses her face. “Very well, Hashirama. You should call me Tobirama then.”

“Tobirama,” he practically purrs her name, watching in satisfaction as her pupils dilate. “Would you do me the honor of this dance?”

Tobirama blinks, glancing over at the section of the room being used as a dance floor. Considering that she hadn’t gone anywhere near that area all night, it was bold of Hashirama to ask her that. What if she didn’t like dancing? But the idea did have some appeal, and it would let her discover whether Hashirama was a gentleman who kept his hands to himself without an invitation.

“I would like that.” Accepting his hand, she lets him lead her to the dance floor. She’s pleased to discover that he’s good at this, never once stepping on her toes.
A slow heat blossoms within her as they move together. She can feel the strength of his arms as he holds her, a hint of pink appearing on her cheeks as she imagines that strength being used to pin her down. The scent of his cologne is subtle, perfectly blending together with his natural masculine scent. She hadn’t realized how much she had missed just being held by a man until now.

If the slow simmering lust in his eyes is anything to go by, then he’s just as affected by her touch as she is his. Gradually, their bodies get closer together as they dance, until there’s not an inch of space between them.

Her soft breasts press against his firm chest, their breath mingling together as they stare into each other’s eyes. They’ve barely spoken to each other, but she feels a connection between them. Even if all that’s between them is sexual energy, she’s been celibate long enough. They can talk more in the morning to see if there’s a chance for something more than sex. For now, she kisses him, their lips melding together as they share one breath.

Tobirama almost moans as his skilled tongue softly explores her mouth. It’s only the knowledge that others are within earshot that keeps her quiet. Liquid heat pools between her legs, Hashirama’s hold on her the only thing keeping her upright as her legs turn to jelly.

When they part, both of them are out of breath and eager for more. His lust darkened eyes slide over her body, his gaze resting on her chest where her nipples have begun to poke through her bra and dress.

“Hopefully, I’m not being too forward, but would you like to come home with me, Tobirama?” offers Hashirama.

Licking her bottom lip, she smiles as his eyes track the movement. “I’d love to.”

The drive back to his house does nothing to cool her desire for him. There were no other cars in the drive way when they got here, so after the door is closed, she gives a quick sweep of the living room with her eyes to make sure they’re alone before pulling him into another kiss. He responds enthusiastically, pressing her back to the door as his hands trail up and down her sides.

Tobirama tilts her hips forward, moaning at how hard he is for her already. His hands slide down to cup her ass, pulling her closer. She runs her fingers through his hair as his mouth devours hers, marveling at how soft it is.

Her own hair was not as long as his, having only just begun to let it grow out a couple years ago. She had wanted to try something different than her normal pixie cut, and had been gratified when the longer locks had drawn appreciative stares from both men and women.

Now, she pulls her hair out of its bun, reluctantly parting from Hashirama to set her hair sticks on the coffee table. He takes this time to remove his shoes with her falling suit as he begins to undress. It’s difficult for her to reach the zipper in the back of her dress, so after he’s taken off his shirt and pants, she steps closer. Turning her back to him, she lifts up her hair, shivering as he slowly pulls down the zipper.

Hashirama’s hands settle on her shoulders, sliding down her arms to push the dress down. It pools at her feet and she steps out of it, slowly turning to face him so that he can get a good look at her. She feels her breath hitch as her eyes roam over his muscular figure. Beautiful.

Locking eyes, they surge forward, hands roaming over bare skin, mouths locked together. Hashirama’s hands slide underneath her panties to grip her ass, pulling her cheeks apart so that his fingertips can teasingly rub against her hole. Nerves tingling, she grinds forward, annoyed by the barrier of fabric between them.
On the same page, they take each other’s underwear off at the same time. He unhooks her bra next, and they leave their clothes on the living room floor as he leads her to his bedroom. They force themselves to keep their hands to themselves until they reach his room, not wanting to end up fucking against the wall.

She doesn’t give his room more than a quick glance before sitting on the bed, not in the mood to talk about the décor. Instead of immediately joining her, he slides a large box out from underneath the bed and flips open the lid.

“How do you feel about bondage?” he asks.

She grins as she examines the contents of his toy chest. “Yes, please. And the nipple clamps would be welcome as well.”

Hashirama grabs what he needs and sets it on the bed, then begins to arrange her the way he wants. “You like a bit of pain then?”

“I do. Just having my hair pulled is enough to get me in the mood. I also enjoy biting.”

“What about spanking?”

“It can be fun sometimes, especially if I’m going to have to be sitting in meetings all day the next morning.”

His eyes light up. “Kinky girl. Are the ropes comfortable?”

Tobirama flexes against her bonds, finding them to be firm but not painful. Her hands are tied above her head while each ankle is tied to her thigh. Two separate ropes run diagonally from her ankles to the bedposts, keeping her legs spread.

“Yes, very comfortable. Thank you.”

She feels hot underneath his gaze, her dripping pussy on full display. Before he applies the clamps, he sucks on her nipples, the feel of his tongue on her sensitive buds making her squirm. Her breath hitches as he tightens the clamps, leaving the pressure at borderline painful. He seems to know what he’s doing, using just enough pressure to make her nipples ache, but not cutting off her circulation. This way, they won’t have to take the clamps off before they’re done.

“You look like a feast,” comments Hashirama, “laid out just for me.”

His hands caress her inner thighs and she holds her breath in anticipation as his head lowers. A shock of pleasure hits her as his tongue touches her, licking between her wet folds. She moans softly, writhing against her restraints as his tongue delves inside her.

It feels so good she can hardly breathe. His tongue never stops moving, heat coiling tight in her abdomen. Her toes curl in pleasure, a breathless cry erupting from her as his hot mouth latches onto her clit and sucks.

Unable to hold back, her muscles clench as she cums, hips twitching with aftershocks of pleasure as he continues licking her, lapping up her juices. Two of his fingers slide inside her and curl, relentlessly rubbing against her hot button. Her eyes widen in surprise before slamming closed as another wave of ecstasy rips through her, stunned that he could make her cum twice in such a short amount of time.

If her legs weren’t bound, she probably would have kicked him away reflexively as he keeps touching her, nerves tingling almost unpleasantly. Hadn’t this man ever heard of a refractory period? Apparently not as he keeps going, wringing another orgasm out of her before pulling
away, his face slick with her juices.

Dazed, she barely reacts as he kneels between her legs, rubbing his cock between her pussy lips, coating himself with her slick. She hums contently as he slowly pushes inside, his thick cock stretching her out nicely. Making her muscles clench, she grins as he groans low in his throat and snaps his hips forward.

It’s as good as she thought it would be to feel his heat between her legs. Going without sex for an entire year sucked.

“Cheeky girl, trying to make me lose control. Just for that, I’m going to go extra slow.”

Tobirama frowns as he does just that, wiggling her hips impatiently. However, Hashirama just holds her down and continues to move at that maddeningly slow pace. She can’t cum like this, his thrusts only fast enough to keep her aroused.

His self-control is actually rather impressive. She’s sure his cock must be throbbing right now, with how long he’s been aroused, but he doesn’t show any signs of impatience. It’s not going to be him that cracks first.

She nearly whines as he stops moving all together, his cock fully sheathed inside her. When he leans forward to grab her hair, the head of his cock breaches her cervix, a sweet ache that makes her moan. He begins to tug on her hair with varying strength, testing to see what she likes.

“How can you stay this still?” she groans.

Hashirama laughs, rolling his hips forward. She bites her lip, pride slowly unraveling as he continues to tease her.

“Please,” she whispers.

Hashirama stills, raising an eyebrow at her. “What was that? I couldn’t hear you.”

Taking a deep breath, she repeats herself, speaking loud enough for him to hear. “Please, sir. Please go faster.”

“Certainly, since you asked so nicely.”

Tobirama cries out as he roughly pulls out and plunges back in, feeling a jolt of heat in her stomach. Finally, she was getting the friction she needed, enjoying the slick sounds of him filling her over and over. Soft moans and whimpers fall from her lips as she gets closer to the edge, clenching around him with a short scream as he pulls her hair.

Her vision goes white, all her senses focused on the wave of bliss flowing through her. Distantly, she hears him groan, his hips stilling as he cum, his warm seed filling her.

They’re both silent for a while, basking in the afterglow as they try to catch their breath. Eventually, he pulls out, his seed slowly trickling out of her.

She almost falls asleep as he gets a towel and cleans them up, taking the ropes off next. It’s been a long day for her, attending meetings and then going to that party. She’s glad she has the day off tomorrow so that she can sleep in.

Tobirama stretches out on the bed as he puts the rope and clamps away, scooting underneath the covers. He smiles and climbs in beside her.

“Do I need to set an alarm for you?” asks Hashirama.
“No. I’ve got the day off tomorrow. What about you?”

“Unless they call with something important, I’ve got the day off as well.”

“Good.”

Tobirama snuggles up to him, finding it comforting to feel the body heat of someone else next to her while she sleeps. She feels his fingers begin to run through her hair as she drifts off, helping her relax into a deep sleep.

The next morning, she wakes to the smell of food. Hashirama isn’t in bed next to her, so she assumes he’s the one cooking. Her clothes are still on the living room floor, so she follows the scent of food to the kitchen, completely in the nude.

Tobirama sits down at the table and waits for Hashirama to notice her. When he finally turns around, he almost drops his spatula in surprise.

“Tobirama!” he exclaims. “You’re…still naked.”

She laughs. “You don’t have that much on either.”

Hashirama looks down, as if just now noticing that he’s only wearing a pair of boxers and an apron. He blushes.

Tobirama smiles at his flustered response. Where had the suave, confident man she had met last night gone?

“Yes, well, it’s a bit different during sex. I’m not used to women just casually walking around naked.”

“No?” she asks playfully. “You’ve not been to many exhibition events, have you?”

“I’ve been to one. Is that something you’re into? Exhibition?” he asks.

She purses her lips in thoughts. “A little bit. I don’t mind others watching as long as it’s only one person doing the touching.”

Hashirama’s eyes roam over her hungrily. “You would be a lovely decoration at any party.”

Tobirama smiles. “You’re going to burn the food.”

She laughs as he whirls around, frantically flipping the food and turning down the heat. The food ends up a bit brown on one side, but it tastes good nonetheless.

After breakfast, they sit on the couch and watch the morning news together.

“So, about being on exhibit….is that something you’d be interested in?” asks Hashirama.

Tobirama studies his expression, realizing that he’s asking because it’s something he’s interested in seeing. She doesn’t have any problem being naked around a bunch of strangers, and public sex has been seen as a normal part of life for centuries, so she doesn’t have to worry about the media finding out. No one will judge her for it, so it won’t hurt her company’s reputation or her own.

“It sounds like it could be fun. What did you have in mind?” she asks.

“The office I have at work, the wall facing the hallway is mostly glass windows. I like to be able to wave at the employees as they walk past. Later, it occurred to me that I could tie someone up on the desk and the employees would be able to see her. About a dozen employees pass by my office
every hour.”

His expression is hopeful, waiting for her answer. It does sound appealing, so she doesn’t keep him waiting for long.

“Alright,” she agrees. “When would you want to do this?”

He grins. “Tomorrow? If you’re not busy.”

“Sounds good. My schedule is free. We can spend today getting to know each other and have fun in your office tomorrow.”

It’s fun talking to Hashirama. He has a playful, cheerful sense of humor and doesn’t make fun of people to get a laugh. Her own jokes are more sarcasm based, but she’s gratified that he finds her jokes funny as well.

They talk about their family for a while. Both of them have a little brother who’s just a few years younger than them. Her own brother, Itama, has finished school and become a teacher at the local University. Hashirama’s brother, Kawarama, is studying to become a doctor.

Of course, they don’t spend all day just talking. She was sitting next to him completely naked, after all. It was cute watching him get more and more distracted. His eyes kept trailing down her body then snapping up to her face when she said something.

Eventually, he can’t ignore his lust any longer and takes her right there on the couch. This time, her arms are free to wrap around him, her nails lightly digging into his back. Her legs wind around his waist, drawing him deeper inside her.

It’s just as passionate as their first time, but with less teasing. Afterwards, they take a shower together, exploring every inch of each other’s skin as they wash up. She doesn’t bother getting dressed after drying off, not when she’s sure they’ll just end up on the floor again later. Besides, she likes having Hashirama so focused on her.

Later, they’re lying in bed together, Hashirama languidly running his fingers through her hair.

“You know, as beautiful as you are naked, you’d look absolutely stunning with a collar around your neck.”

“A collar?” she asks, surprised.

“Yes. Would you be interested in wearing one? I know some people see them akin to marriage rings, but others like to wear them during play sessions.”

“Hmm,” she hums thoughtfully. “Some submissives will wear collars when they begin dating, as a show of exclusiveness. I do prefer monogamy, so I wouldn’t be opposed to wearing a dating collar, if that’s what you wanted.”

“It is,” he confirms. “I’m monogamous as well. I would like to get to know you and see if a relationship can develop between us.”

“I’d like that too.”

Hashirama gets up and retrieves a box out of the closet, opening it to reveal a thin, black leather collar with cloth lining. She pulls her hair out of the way and lets him put it on her, pleased by the way it feels on her neck. She didn’t always let the men she dated collar her, but Hashirama seemed to have a laid-back personality. It was unlikely that he would try to control every aspect of her life.
“Beautiful,” murmurs Hashirama.

Tobirama doesn’t know why that starts to make her blush. Her appearance has been complimented many times in the past. However, there’s something about the sincerity in Hashirama’s voice that gets to her.

“Thank you.”

Hashirama smiles at the tinge of pink spreading across her face. “It’s going to be fun showing you off tomorrow. I imagine all my employees are going to be quite jealous.”

That draws a laugh from her. “You’re quite the flatterer, aren’t you?”

“Well, of course. With how many other men there are, I need to make sure you know you’re appreciated. Otherwise, you’d find somewhere else who makes you feel wanted,” explains Hashirama.

Tobirama blinks. “That view is more pessimistic than something I’d expect someone as cheerful as you to say, but you have a point. A lot of relationships end because someone stops feeling appreciated by their partner, or some other need of theirs is no longer being met.”

“Right, so I hope you’ll tell me if you need something I’m not giving you,” replies Hashirama. “Some people simply aren’t compatible but a lot of it is just communication problems.”

Tobirama feels her smile widen. After all the overly macho men she’s dated, it’s thrilling to have a dominant man indicate he’s willing to compromise with her. She had heard that reasonable dominant men like this existed, but has had poor luck finding one for herself.

“I don’t have any problem telling people what I need,” she says. “Though apparently I’m not always the most polite about it.”

Hashirama lets out a short laugh. “We can work on that,” he promises. “If I take offense to the way you say something, I’ll let you know. That way, if you weren’t trying to cause offense, you can reword it.”

That sounds reasonable to her. They talk for a little while longer before deciding it’s time to sleep. She’s excited for tomorrow, eager to have his hands on her again. Exhibition is something she’s only tried a few times, but she had enjoyed it.

She can tell Hashirama is just as excited as she is, as the next morning, they leave right after breakfast. Not having a spare change of clothes with her, she had borrowed an outfit from Hashirama. Surprisingly, she had discovered a few skirts and women’s blouses in his closet. Apparently, Hashirama liked the look of a woman in a mini-skirt and had bought a few in case he could convince any of his one-night stands to wear them during sex. The blouses were also sensual in nature. The backs consisted of crisscrossing fabric, showing plenty of skin. Even the top of the blouse, around the neck, needed to be tied or else the whole thing would fall right off her.

Neither one of them says much in his car on the way there, too excited for what’s to come. She can feel herself getting warm as she imagines what might happen. When they arrive, Hashirama gets a leash out of his bag and attaches it to her collar. He leads her inside the building and into an elevator, pressing the button for the top floor.

She shivers as he drops his bag to the floor and wraps his arms around her from behind. His broad hand trails down from her stomach to her groin and begins to rub her clit through the thin fabric of her skirt. As she’s not wearing underwear, it isn’t long before slick is trailing down her thighs.
Hashirama chuckles as she tries not to squirm, his warm breath tickling her ear. She huffs in frustration as the elevator stops and Hashirama steps back. She follows him to his office, impressed by the size of it. And she’s starting to think part of the reason the inner wall is made up of glass is because there are no windows on the outside wall. Was Hashirama afraid of heights?

He leads her over to his desk and sets down his bag. Glancing over her shoulder, she can see some of his employees have stopped outside the office and are watching them curiously.

“They’re not used to me bringing women over,” says Hashirama, noticing her gaze. “They’re in for quite the show today.”

“That they are,” she agrees. “Shall I get undressed now?”

“Allow me.” Hashirama moves behind her and slowly unties her blouse, letting it fall to the ground. His hands rest on her hips and slide down, forcing the skirt to slip down her thighs. Soon enough, the only thing she’s wearing are her heels, collar, and leash.

She can see the lusty gazes of the men peering at her through the window and gives them a cheeky wave. To her amusement, one of them actually waves back. It gives her a bit of a thrill to be the center of their attention.

Hashirama grabs her leash and leads her over to the desk, helping her up onto the sturdy structure. From his bag, he procures dark blue rope, a color that looks beautiful against her pale skin. Kneeling on the desk, he ties her wrists together and her thighs to her calves. In an x-shaped pattern, he winds a piece of rope between her breasts.

Having braided her hair this morning, it’s easy for Hashirama to tie a rope from her wrists to the end of the braid, creating a constant, gentle tugging on her scalp. She’s positioned so that she’s facing the window, and her breath quickens at the way the men are watching her.

Her back arches as Hashirama attaches clamps to her nipples, the blue beads attached to them swaying with the motion. A small towel is placed between her legs, protecting the desk from her dripping pussy. She peers over her shoulder as Hashirama sits down at his desk and pulls out several papers from the top drawer, along with a pen.

Before she can question what he’s doing, the fingers of his left hand begin slowly tracing her outer labia, while he uses his right hand to fill out his paperwork. No matter how much she squirms, his touch stays light and teasing, keeping her aroused but unable to cum.

Tobirama huffs in frustration, but he ignores her. A flash of light catches her attention, noticing that a few people have begun taking pictures. That does manage to draw Hashirama’s attention.

“Should I tell them to stop?” he asks, brows furrowed with concern.

“No, it’s fine,” she assures.

“Even if the pictures end up in a magazine? You are kind of famous, after all.”

“Maybe they’ll finally stop mistaking me for a dom,” is her sardonic response. “All of my most competent employees know I’m a sub and are fine with it. Anyone else who makes a fuss will get fired.”

“And you don’t think it will hurt business?” he asks.

“Not enough to matter,” she replies dismissively.

“Okay.”
His touch becomes a bit more firm, fingers venturing further inward. She moans softly as he rubs her clit, hips twitching when the touch moves away. There’s no pattern to his movements that she can detect. His fingers will rub between her labia for a while before randomly touching her clit for just a moment. It’s a bit maddening.

She tries rocking her hips down to get more friction where she needs it, but Hashirama withdraws his touch and gives a quick slap to her rear. It stings, but in her already aroused state, the pain just makes her clit throb.

“Patience,” rebukes Hashirama. “You don’t get to cum until I finish this.”

Looking at the large stack of papers, Tobirama almost whimpers. Panting softly, a warm flush surges through her as Hashirama pushes two fingers inside her, curling them at just the right angle to make her keen. The pleasure continues to build up inside her as Hashirama slowly, almost absent-mindedly, slides his fingers in and out of her.

She doesn’t realize how close to the edge she is until Hashirama withdraws his fingers, her eager moans replaced by a frustrated cry. Her muscles clench down on nothing, desperate to have something filling her.

Hashirama laughs softly at her reaction. She notices with some satisfaction that he sounds a bit breathless. He isn’t as unaffected by her as he tries to pretend. The way he discretely lowers a hand beneath the desk to adjust himself has her smothering a smirk.

Her head tilts back as Hashirama tugs on the rope connected to her braid, little pinpricks of pain spreading across her scalp. It still baffles her sometimes that she finds something like this arousing. What made masochists different from others that pain could heighten their pleasure?

Time seems to pass achingly slowly as Hashirama continues to bring her to the edge, only to deny her at the last second, until release is all she can think of. Her world narrows down to the feel of his hands on her skin, the ropes around her body, and the heat building up inside her.

She doesn’t realize she’s begun whimpering until Hashirama is softly shushing her, standing up from the desk to kiss her cheek. His arm wraps around her waist and his fingers plunge back inside her, his thumb firmly rubbing against her clit.

“You’ve been a good girl, Tobirama, patiently waiting for me to finish my work. Would you like to cum now, sweetheart?” murmurs Hashirama, nipping gently at her ear.

“Nnn. Yes, please.” Her voice is nearly breathless, her lungs working overtime to pull in air to cool her overheated body.

His fingers curl inside her, drawing a strangled gasp from her lips at the sharp bolt of pleasure that jolts through her. Soft lips brush across her neck before a gentle suction creates possessive marks in her skin.

“Do you see all those people watching you, Tobirama? Look at them.” Hashirama waits for her lust-glazed eyes to focus in on them before continuing. “You can see how much they want you. The desire is plain on their faces. In this moment, you’re the most beautiful thing they’ve ever seen.”

Tobirama shudders softly, wondering how Hashirama knows just the right things to say. Somehow, he understood exactly what she liked about this, being the center of everyone’s attention. It was a rush to see how turned on they got from seeing her like this.

“Let’s show them something even more beautiful. Cum for me, Tobirama.”
Her release isn’t instant. She hasn’t been trained to cum on command yet, but it only takes a few more thrusts of Hashirama’s fingers inside her before she’s letting out an ecstatic cry. Pleasure blurs out her version, slumping back against Hashirama’s chest as her muscles rhythmically clench down around his fingers.

“Good girl,” praises Hashirama. “Let’s get you off the desk now, hmm?”

She’s surprised when instead of untying her, Hashirama simply scoops her up from the desk and gently sets her down on the floor. His strength was definitely impressive. He grabs his chair and rolls it in front of his desk, sitting down right in front of her.

A hungry look enters her eyes as he unzips his pants, revealing how hard he is for her. She licks her lips and opens her mouth as Hashirama rests a hand on her head and slowly guides her forward. His cock pulses against her tongue, heavy and warm. She stifles a moan and sucks softly, laving her tongue against the underside of his glans every time he pulls out.

He groans deeply when she swallows around the head of his cock, his grip in her hair tightening. With how securely she’s bound, all she can do is sit here and accept what he gives her, letting him use her mouth for his pleasure. It’s incredibly freeing. Right now, she doesn’t have to think, doesn’t have to make decisions that could earn or cost her company millions. It’s a moment free of stress.

She hums softly as the taste of him fills her mouth, swallowing his seed without complaint. Contentment thrums through her, breath steadying into an even rhythm as she enjoys this moment. She stays pliant as Hashirama begins to remove the ropes. Their guests slowly disperse as they realize the show is over.

Hashirama puts his stuff away and gets out a couple bottles of water for them to drink. She redresses while he puts his paperwork away, curious when he then pulls out what looks like paper menus.

“I was thinking I could call in takeaway for us and pick it up on the way back to my place. Which one of these restaurants do you like?”

She flips through the menus. “This Chinese place has good food. I like their eggrolls and cashew chicken.”

“Then we’ll definitely get some of that,” he assures her. “How about some fried rice and egg drop soup?”

“That sounds good too. Order enough of all that for both of us.”

Hashirama laughs good naturedly at her slightly demanding tone and gets on the phone to order their food. She was pleased that he didn’t get offended and call her bossy. It had never been her intention to sound like she was giving her boyfriends orders; she was just so used to being obeyed at work that that tone of voice came instinctively to her sometimes.

Perhaps as a fellow C.E.O., Hashirama understood that about her. Whatever the reason, it was good that he didn’t get prickly over such a minor thing. A lot of her relationships in the past had ended because the men couldn’t get over how assertive she was outside of bed. It was nice to know that her new relationship with Hashirama wasn’t going to end the same way. Maybe he would be the one that stayed with her.

Tobirama chooses this moment to exit his alternate’s memory, pleased by how happy his female self had been. It was nice to see worlds where his alternates led productive, relatively safe lives with no major tragedies. That had been just the kind of memory he had wanted to see.
This was a request from CrybabyBoyfriend. After a jutsu gone wrong where Tobirama tries to turn himself into a cat, he ends up in a feral state of mind with the ears and tail of a cat. He ends up following Hashirama to the river when he goes to meet Madara. All of them are in their early twenties. It's dub-con because Tobirama isn't in his right state of mind, but he ends up being fine with the situation after he's back to normal.

Scrolling through various websites, Tobirama takes note of how popular it is to draw people with cat ears and a tail. It was like some version of pet play with real animal appendages instead of the toy accessories. He wonders if any of his alternates ever accidentally gave themselves cat ears via experimental jutsu. It would certainly be interesting to find out.

Typing the question into his phone, he enters his alternate’s memory. There’s an immediate feeling of disorientation as he tries to process what his alternate is thinking. He glances through his other self’s memories to figure out what’s going on.

The other Tobirama had been trying to turn himself into a cat to sneak into the Uchiha clan compound. It was a secret to no one that the Uchiha had a fondness for cats and were very welcoming of strays. Sneaking in as a cat would have been the perfect way to gather Intel, but something had obviously gone wrong. The jutsu had only given his alternate the ears and tail of a cat, and had affected his mind in some way.

His alternate is currently sitting in a tree, mind hazy. The world is viewed through scent and images, finding it difficult to remember the names of things. It’s almost as if he’s thinking like a cat, all instinct.

Tobirama’s ears twitch at the sound of snapping twigs, hearing a familiar voice saying… something. After a while, he’s able to recognize that one of the words is his name. A man with long brown hair walks underneath his tree a minute later.

Happiness surges through him at the sight of that man, the name Hashirama floating through his mind. Without thinking about it, he leaps from his tree branch and tackles the other man to the ground. Hashirama yelps in surprise, arms flailing as he’s knocked back.

“Tobirama,” complains Hashirama. “What was that for?”

He doesn’t, can’t, answer. Not in words. Instead, a purr fills the air as he rubs his cheek against Hashirama’s. His brother blinks in bewilderment, grabbing onto his shoulders to push him back. His ears droop at the perceived rejection, giving Hashirama a mournful look.

Hashirama winces. “Your pupils are slitted and you’ve got cat appendages. And a cat brain, apparently. I don’t think this is what your jutsu was supposed to do.”

Tobirama perks up as Hashirama awkwardly pats his head, leaning forward to lick his cheek. His head tilts as the other makes an odd choking sound.

“This is so weird,” mutters Hashirama. “Maybe Takeru will know how to fix this. He’s the one
who taught you the basics of jutsu creation, after all.”

Tobirama refuses to move when Hashirama stands up, instead wrapping his arms around his brother’s shoulders and his legs around his waist. Hashirama sighs but doesn’t try to pry him off, carrying him through the forest.

His brother’s long hair draws his attention, the way it swings in the wind absolutely captivating in his current state of mind. He begins to run his fingers through it, even bringing a strand up to his mouth to taste.

“Are you eating my hair?” Hashirama asks incredulously.

The tone gives him pause but when Hashirama doesn’t stop him, he continues to nibble on the soft strands. He looks around warily when he hears the sounds of other humans, arms tightening around Hashirama’s shoulders.

“Hmm. I suppose when you’re back to normal, you’ll be embarrassed if anyone else sees you this way,” muses Hashirama. “Luckily our house is near one of the compound walls.”

Hashirama takes them around the fence, walking up and over it using chakra when they’re near the house. He quickly goes in through the backdoor before anyone else can see them, and locks it. Not knowing what else to do, he goes into his room and tries to set Tobirama down on the bed, having to pry his little brother’s arms and legs off him.

Ignoring the uncharacteristic pout on Tobirama’s face, he begins rifling through the back of his closet. Triumphantly, he holds out his prize for Tobirama to see, the bell on the collar jingling.

“I’ve been hoping you’d eventually cave in and let us get a cat, but this wasn’t really what I meant,” says Hashirama, coming over to put the collar around Tobirama’s throat. “I’m going to laugh at you when you’re back to normal, just so you know. It’s my right as your big brother.”

Tobirama frowns and flicks his index finger against the bell, uncertain of the purpose behind having this thing around his throat. However, he trusts Hashirama and so doesn’t try to take it off. If Hashirama wanted him to jingle every time he moved, then he would just have to put up with the noise.

“You look adorable in that,” says Hashirama, amused. Out of the corner of his eye, he catches sight of the clock. “Oh! It’s almost time for supper. I guess it’s my turn to cook today, huh?”

Heading to the kitchen, he smiles fondly as Tobirama follows him. Not knowing if his brother’s taste buds were affected by the jutsu, he grills them up some fish with minimal seasonings. Tobirama seems happy enough with the food, but can’t work out how to use the chopsticks and so just eats with his hands.

“You normally hate getting messy. Seeing you so casually pick up fish with your hands is bizarre,” comments Hashirama. He knows that Tobirama can’t really understand him, but it makes him feel better to voice his thoughts. And who knows, maybe talking will help Tobirama’s brain start remembering what words are.

With that in mind, he takes them into the living room after supper and begins to read to Tobirama. Even if it doesn’t end up helping, his brother seems to be enjoying it, so that’s good enough for him.

About half an hour after he starts reading, he glances up from his book to find that Tobirama has fallen asleep. He picks the younger man up, awed by how Tobirama trusts him enough not to wake up at his touch. Needing to search Tobirama’s room for his jutsu notes, he takes him to his own room for the night.
Despite the late hour once he finally manages to find said notes, he takes them straight over to Takeru, relieved beyond measure when the elderly man agrees to help them figure out what’s gone wrong with Tobirama’s jutsu. After thanking him profusely, he hurries back to the house, not wanting Tobirama to wake up and discover him gone.

However, his brother is still slumbering on, oblivious to the world. He puts on his night clothes and climbs in next to Tobirama, pleased when the other cuddles up next to him in his sleep. He drifts off to the soft sound of Tobirama purring.

The next few days pass in much the same way. Tobirama knows that something is wrong with him, knows that it shouldn’t be so difficult to understand what his brother is saying. He watches Hashirama closely, hoping he can relearn what he used to know. This routine is interrupted on the third day when his brother disappears sometime during the afternoon. He paces inside the house, feeling vaguely agitated until Hashirama returns.

Hashirama huffs in surprise when he tackles him to the floor as soon as he steps inside the house. “This is becoming a habit with you. I was only gone for a few hours.”

Tobirama doesn’t try to pay attention to the confusing gibberish that is anyone trying to speak to him, his eyes zeroed in on the red mark on his brother’s neck. There’s an unfamiliar scent on his brother’s skin, something like smoke with an undercurrent of muskiness and salt. Subconsciously, he recognizes that his brother smells like sex.

It makes something unpleasant twist inside his stomach, a tight ball of misery and jealousy. Eyes watering, he nips Hashirama’s neck harshly, right next to that offending red mark, and then angrily stalks away.

Hashirama yelps in pain, hand coming up to his neck, watching in bewildered silence as Tobirama retreats to his bedroom. It’s not until he gets up and passes the living room mirror that he realizes there’s a hickey on his neck. Is that what had upset Tobirama so much?

“I told Madara not to leave a mark,” sighs Hashirama. “But why did Tobirama react that way? He can’t have known who I was meeting, so why…..?”

He ignores the faint hope that Tobirama could be reacting out of jealously. Just because he had inappropriate feelings for his brother doesn’t mean he should assume those feelings could be returned. With no way to find out what’s going through his brother’s mind, he tries to forget about the incident. Whatever angered Tobirama, he seems to forgive him after a few hours of sulking and a gift of more grilled fish and a glass of milk.

His decision to ignore the issue ends up backfiring on him when Tobirama follows him to the next meet up with Madara. You’d think the bell would have given him away, but the cat instincts have only improved his brother’s ability to be sneaky.

“What the hell?” asks Madara, baffled by the hissing Senju.

Tobirama was clinging to Hashirama’s arm, tail fluffed up and ears folded back as he glared at Madara. He recognized this new person’s scent. He was the one trying to take Hashirama away from him!

Hashirama laughs nervously. “Ah, as you can see, Tobirama isn’t in his right mind at the moment. There was a jutsu mishap. I wasn’t expecting him to follow me though.”

“He was trying to turn into a cat, wasn’t he?” realizes Madara. “To spy on us?”

Hashirama eyes him dubiously at the offended note in Madara’s voice. “You’re not going to try and convince me your clan wouldn’t spy on mine if they could, are you? I may try to be optimistic.
about people, but I’m not *that* naïve.”

Madara is silent for a moment. “….I suppose you have a point,” he concedes reluctantly. “But now I’m going to have to be suspicious of every stray cat that wanders into the compound.”

Tobirama tenses as Madara takes a step forward, causing the Uchiha to roll his eyes. “Are you going to try and calm him down or wait for the stress to give him a heart attack?”

“Um.” Hashirama awkwardly reaches up and begins to pet Tobirama’s ear.

Angry fear is replaced by confusion as the neko tries to understand why his brother would be giving him such a soothing feeling while an enemy is nearby. Turning around, Tobirama searches Hashirama’s expression. Unlike what he expected, there’s no anger, wariness, fear, or anything like that in his brother’s eyes. Did Hashirama not realize this man wanted to take him away from Tobirama, or did he just not care? Did Hashirama want to leave him?

His ears droop at the thought. Pressing his face against Hashirama’s neck, he tries to memorize the other’s scent. If Hashirama left with this man, would he ever see him again?

Hashirama gives Madara a helpless look at how despondent Tobirama has become. “He’s acting like I’m about to abandon him. What do I do?”

Madara shrugs. “I don’t know, pet him a lot? If he’s as cat-like as he seems, that ought to cheer him up.”

“Right.” Hashirama lowers them to the ground, pulling Tobirama into his lap. He gently scratches Tobirama’s scalp, right between his fuzzy ears, while his other hand rubs up and down Tobirama’s back. Slowly, the tension eases out of the other’s muscles and a soft purring can be heard.

Madara approaches at a leisurely pace, giving Tobirama time to get used to his presence before kneeling down next to them. Curiosity getting the better of him, he cautiously reaches out and begins to pet one of those soft, snow white ears. Red eyes peek up from at him from Hashirama’s shoulder to regard him warily.

“Hmm. You’re not so obnoxious like this. Perhaps because you can’t talk,” says Madara mockingly. Despite the meaning of his words, his tone is soft. He couldn’t bring himself to be harsh when Tobirama was looking at him with such an innocent expression. It would like being mean to a cat.

Tobirama blinks in confusion at the man his brother had called “Madara.” It was almost as if the man was trying to comfort him. Had he been wrong when he thought this man was trying to take his brother away from him? But that possessive mark on his neck…..maybe they could share Hashirama?

He gives Madara a speculative glance, wondering how to convey his proposal. His tail flicks from side to side as he thinks, occasionally brushing against Madara’s leg. He startles as the other’s hand grips his tail, shivering at the flare of heat inside him when Madara begins to stroke the length of his tail. The odd rumbling sound coming from his throat increases in volume.

“You like that, huh?” asks Madara rhetorically. “I wonder how similar to a cat you really are.”

With his free hand, Madara strokes his index finger down Tobirama’s cheek, watching the neko’s eyes flutter closed. Taking that as a good sign, his finger continues down, briefly rubbing underneath Tobirama’s chin before trailing down his neck.

“He looks peaceful,” says Hashirama quietly. “I haven’t seen him look this content in a while.”
“I guess constantly being at war will do that to a person,” Madara says flatly.

Hashirama frowns. “Your clan elders are still being difficult, then? Do you think there will ever be a day that our clans can agree to peace?”

Madara shrugs, feigning disinterest. “Who knows?”

Tobirama senses their mood change, but doesn’t understand the cause. Wanting to cheer them up, he leans forward and flicks his tongue against Madara’s cheek. The other’s eyes go wide, staring at him in surprise. Well, it wasn’t quite the reaction he wanted, but at least he didn’t have that vaguely sad look anymore.

“Did he just lick me?” asks Madara blankly.

“Huh.” Hashirama stares at the neko contemplatively for a moment before grinning brightly. “I think he was trying to cheer you up!”

Tobirama tilts his head curiously at the way Hashirama’s lips have turned up. He didn’t quite know what it meant, but it looked like a happy expression. He brings his thumb up to trace Hashirama’s lips, careful to keep his claws out of the way.

Madara snickers at Hashirama’s dumbfounded look. “I think he’s trying to figure out what your expressions mean. Cats may appear as though they’re smiling at times, but I doubt it’s on purpose.”

Tobirama’s ears flicker, glancing between the two of them. He was starting to get a bit annoyed by all the words he couldn’t understand. Things were much less confusing when they were just petting him.

He grabs Hashirama’s hands and puts one on his head and the other on his back, underneath his shirt. The contact felt better when it was skin to skin, instead of over his clothing. He flicks his tail, still held loosely within Madara’s grasp, prompting the other man to begin petting him again.

“He’s certainly an attention hog, isn’t he?” asks Madara.

“I guess he is, though it’s weird seeing him so affectionate. Nice, but weird,” replies Hashirama.

Tobirama purrs loudly, pleased that they’ve finally stopped talking to pet him. He closes his eyes contently as Madara’s free hand comes up to rub his stomach. An odd feeling slowly catches his attention, a pleasurable heat flowing through him.

He doesn’t know what this feeling is, but he likes it. Every gentle stroke to his tail sends a surge of ecstasy through him, making his face flush and his breath come out in soft pants.

“Is he…aroused?” Hashirama asks, wide eyed.

Madara looks down at the growing bulge between Tobirama’s legs and smirks. “Yes, he is. It’s not that surprising. Despite the extra appendages, he’s not actually a cat right now. Petting like this is foreplay for humans.”

“.…..should we stop?” asks Hashirama.

Madara studies his lover’s expression: embarrassment, a hint of guilt, and a lot of intrigue. Despite the question, he could tell that Hashirama didn’t actually want to stop; he just thought he should. He reaches down and squeezes Tobirama’s clothed erection, feeling the neko’s hips buck up into his touch. The soft moan Tobirama lets out has Hashirama’s pupils dilating with lust.
“No, we shouldn’t stop,” answers Madara.

Hashirama blinks dazed eyes at him. “But, he’s not in his right mind like this?”

The protest is weak, Hashirama’s hands continuing to pet Tobirama, further heightening his little brother’s arousal. In response, Madara begins to nibble on Tobirama’s ear, ignoring the taste of fur in his mouth, smug when the other shivers in pleasure.

“He wants this,” rebukes Madara. “What he can’t understand right now is why you’d deny him.”

Hashirama looks torn.

Madara sighs, his warm breath ghosting over the neko’s ears. He kisses his way down the side of Tobirama’s face. As soon as Tobirama turns to face him, his tongue flicks across the other’s lips. When the neko’s lips part in surprise, he presses their mouths together and slips his tongue inside. The kiss is clumsy at first, Tobirama uncertain of what to do and just licking at his tongue. Eventually, Tobirama follows his example and the kiss turns quite pleasurable.

He smirks at the lustful way Hashirama is watching them and gently pushes Tobirama towards him. Tobirama takes the hint and kisses Hashirama, trying out everything he learned from Madara on the brunette. Hashirama kisses him back hungrily, his fingers tightening in the neko’s hair.

Tobirama grips the back of Hashirama’s shirt, slowly grinding his hips down. He hears his brother moan as the hardness between their legs rubs together. There’s a need growing inside him, but he doesn’t know what it is that his body wants.

What he did know was that skin contact felt really good, and he was starting to feel too warm to wear clothes. He tugs his shirt off, then impatiently pulls on Hashirama’s shirt until he gets the hint and takes it off. Madara understood better than his brother did, not needing any prompting from him to start undressing.

In fact, the Uchiha even begins to help him undress, being careful as he moves the fabric over his tail. Tobirama would have preferred not wearing any pants, but Hashirama had cut a hole for his tail and forced him into it. After a wrestling match that he had lost, he had resigned himself to wearing them. It was relief to finally get out of the restricting fabric.

“Mm?” He makes a questioning sound when Hashirama stares at him instead of getting fully undressed. That seems to snap him out of it, and soon enough, Hashirama is just as naked as they are.

Madara hums appreciatively and trails his hand down Tobirama’s stomach. “Your brother is prettier than you are, Hashirama.”

Hashirama rolls his eyes. “Men aren’t supposed to be called pretty, anyways. Though with those cat ears, he is adorable.”

“He’ll be even more adorable when he’s writhing on our cocks,” says Madara, no trace of embarrassment in his tone at the sexual words.

Hashirama, however, turns bright red. “You….how can you say things like that so bluntly?”

“It’s one of my many talents,” replies Madara dryly. “Now help me prep him. He’s going to need a lot of stretching to fit both of us.”

Hashirama blinks. “Both of us? At the same time?”

“Yes. It should get him used to the idea that the two of us are a package deal. He can’t have one without the other,” says Madara.
“Uh-huh.” Hashirama eyes Madara dubiously. He doubted that was his lover’s actual reasoning. More likely, Madara just thought it would feel good.

“You doubt me?” asks Madara, getting the lube out from his pants pocket.

“Not doubt. I just know you well enough to tell when you’re not being entirely truthful,” says Hashirama. “Whatever your reason, I would like to try this, as long as it doesn’t hurt Tobirama.”

Madara uncaps the lube and slicks up his fingers. “He’ll be fine.”

Tobirama startles at the feeling of wet fingertips against his hole, looking over his shoulder at Madara with wide eyes. He slowly relaxes as the fingers rub against his sensitive opening, allowing Madara to push one inside him. It feels odd at first, but there’s no pain. His eyes flutter closed as Madara adds a second finger, gasping out a moan as pleasure jolts through him. He pushes his hips down against Madara’s touch, wanting more of that feeling.

“See?” Madara asks smugly. “He likes it.”

“Good.” Hashirama reaches for the bottle of lube and joins Madara’s efforts to thoroughly stretch out Tobirama.

“Nnn.” Tobirama rests his hands on Hashirama’s shoulders, trying not to tense up as two fingers becomes three, then four. He’s starting to understand that they intend to put the thing between their legs inside him, but has his doubts as to whether they’ll fit. It aches when they spread their fingers, but the pleasure of having that spot inside him touched makes up for it.

“Relax, kitten.” Madara uses his free hand to gently play with Tobirama’s nipples, hoping the pleasure will help distract him. “Open up for us.”

Tobirama whines softly in confusion when their fingers leave him, ears drooping at the sudden empty feeling. It’s a relief when Madara starts to push into him. He’s even starting to enjoy that stretched out sensation, though it verges on the edge of too much when Madara’s fully seated inside him. He has no idea how they expect Hashirama to fit inside him as well.

Madara begins to suck on his neck, leaving the same kind of possessive marks he saw on Hashirama’s neck earlier. It eases his earlier worry that Madara planned to take Hashirama away from him. He was glad Madara was willing to share.

He pulls Hashirama closer to him, wincing when the other begins to slide inside him. It hurts, his muscles unused to being stretched this much. He breathes through the pain, sighing in relief when Madara notices his discomfort and wraps a hand around his cock. The pleasure of his touch allows his muscles to slowly relax.

It still aches a bit when they begin to move, but the blissful heat that travels up his spine every time they thrust back inside him makes up for it. He pushes his hips down, impatient with how slowly they’re moving. They exchange more words he can’t understand before their movements speed up, a strangled moan escaping him as each thrust has their cocks brushing up against that sensitive place inside him.

There’s never a moment where he’s empty, one of them pushing in as the other pulls out. It feels amazing. The pleasure builds up, his eyes slamming shut with a breathless cry as he cum. His body goes limp, unresisting as they continue to move inside him. He purrs softly when Hashirama stills with a low groan, liking that burst of heat inside him as the other finds release.

It doesn’t take more than few moments before Madara is cumming as well, their seed slowly trickling down his legs as they pull out. He curls up next to Hashirama afterwards, the pleasant
warmth of the sun making him feel drowsy.

“I guess it’s nap time,” says Madara, lying down next to them. “It’s a good thing anyone hardly ever passes by this area.”

“We’d sense them approaching, anyways, even while asleep,” points out Hashirama. “Personally, I’m glad he trusts you enough now to fall asleep near you.”

“And how long will that trust last after he’s back to normal?” asks Madara pessimistically.

Hashirama doesn’t reply.

Tobirama reluctantly opens his eyes, able to tell that the mood has shifted into something somber. He doesn’t know why. What they just did felt amazing, and he was still feeling relaxed. Did he have the same kind of mood shifts they did back when he understood words?

He grabs Madara’s arm and puts it around his waist, hoping the skin contact was as soothing for the other as it was for him. The tension slowly eases out of Madara’s muscles and he relaxes against him. When they don’t begin talking again, he lets himself drift off into sleep.

The sun is setting when he wakes up, his head clearer than it has been in days. He carefully sits up, trying not to wake Hashirama and Madara up. The cat appendages haven’t gone away, but at least he can think again. Ironically, he’d rather not be thinking right now. He doesn’t know how to react to the fact that he just had sex with his brother and the leader of the Uchiha clan.

He remembers everything that happened since his jutsu backfired. If he hadn’t misunderstood what he heard, Madara had implied he wanted peace but his Clan Elders were against it. Despite being Clan Head, Madara wouldn’t want to accidently spark a civil war within the clan by blatantly going against the wishes of the Elders. Still, it meant Madara wasn’t as much of an enemy as he had previously thought.

Shifting slightly, he bites back a curse as pain flares up inside him. It may have felt good at the time, but his body hadn’t appreciated them both taking him at the same time. Green chakra flares around his hand as he presses his fingers against his hole, sending the healing energy inside him. It only takes a minute to heal the minor damage, but his brother wakes up before he’s done and freaks out.

“Tobirama, are you okay?” asks Hashirama with wide eyes. “Did we hurt you?”

Resisting the urge to roll his eyes, he shakes his head. “I’m fine. However, I don’t have sex very often. As gentle as the two of you were, my body wasn’t prepared to be that stretched out.”

“Oh.” There’s a moment of silence before realization crosses Hashirama’s face. “You’re back to normal! How did that happen?”

“And I would know that how?” he asks sarcastically. “The jutsu was only intended to turn me into a cat, not this.” Tobirama gestures vaguely at his ears and tail. “I guess whatever affected my mind wore off.”

“Right. Sorry.” Hashirama looks away awkwardly. “Um, Tobirama, are you…angry about what happened?”

Was he angry? He didn’t feel angry, but objectively he knew he should. They had taken advantage of his altered mental state, but…he had liked it.

“I don’t know what to feel,” he admits. “The right thing to do would have been to wait until I was back to normal and could consent properly. However, my feelings for you haven’t been entirely
platonic for quite a while. I was jealous when I saw that hickey on your neck, even if I didn’t fully understand what it meant at the time. It’s actually relieving to know those feelings aren’t one-sided.”

“And what about Madara?” asks Hashirama cautiously. “How do you feel about him?”

Tobirama frowns. “….He’s not entirely stupid.”

Hashirama laughs softly. “That’s high praise from you. And also sounds like something Madara would say. I think the two of you could get along if you tried.”

Tobirama shrugs. “It’d be easier to get along with him if we weren’t at war. And it’ll be a moot point if Izuna kills me or vice versa. I’d either be dead, or he wouldn’t want anything to do with me.”

“Then you just have to not kill each other,” says Madara, opening his eyes as he stops pretending he’s still asleep. “Izuna has slowly come around to the idea that peace would be better than war. If he knows you aren’t seriously trying to kill him, then he’ll hold back as well. You two just have to put on a good enough show to fool the Elders until I can convince them to stop being stubborn.”

“Well, if anybody could out stubborn them, it’d be you,” answers Tobirama. He smiles as Madara’s eyebrow twitches in irritation. “I don’t know if this will work out, but I’m willing to give it a try.”

Madara sits up to regard him thoughtfully. “Try to end the war, or try to be in a relationship with us?”

“Both.” Tobirama ignores Madara’s pleased smile and starts getting dressed. “The clan’s going to start wondering where we went if we don’t get back soon. I’d rather avoid the interrogation.”

“My clan stopped asking where I was going after the third meeting with Hashirama,” says Madara, though he begins getting dressed as well. “I got fed up with them treating me like a wayward child and threatened to set them on fire.”

“No one would take Hashirama seriously if he threatened them. He’s too kind hearted.”

Hashirama gives him an uncertain look, not sure if he’s being insulted or not. With Tobirama, it was difficult to tell. “I can be threatening if I need to; I just prefer to solve things non-violently.”

“Sure, you can be very scary,” says Madara, his tone making it obvious that he’s just humoring him. As Hashirama pouts, the Uchiha steps closer to give him a kiss.

Tobirama tries not to feel envious as he watches them. They kiss with a comfortable familiarity, indicating just how long they’ve been sneaking out for these romantic rendezvous. He wanted to have that kind of intimacy with someone, preferably them.

It was not in his nature to hope for seemingly impossible things, but with both the leaders and second-in-commands of their clans vying for peace, there was a possibility they could succeed. Working towards the same goal would give them common ground, and hopefully allow trust to build. Of course, there was no guarantee that his and Madara’s personalities would be compatible, but he knew the Uchiha and his brother were a package deal. For the sake of being with his brother, he was willing to try and make things work with Madara.

He’s snapped out of his thoughts as Madara steps towards him. The Uchiha gives him a light, nearly hesitant, kiss. When he leans forward instead of away, Madara becomes more bold. Fingers tangle in his hair as a tongue delves into his mouth, a soft moan escaping him as heat is rekindled inside him. He even has to bite back a protest when Madara pulls back.
“Incentive to end this war as quickly as possible,” says Madara. “When the Elders are being stubborn, let this motivate you to keep trying.”

“Sure of yourself, aren’t you?” asks Tobirama, amused. It was an arrogant thing for Madara to say, but also strangely endearing.

“Of course.” Madara smirks briefly before placing a lingering kiss against Tobirama’s lips. The Uchiha then walks back over to Hashirama before saying something too quiet for him to hear, a farewell most likely, before he begins to walk away. “See you later, Senjus.”

Hashirama and Tobirama begin to head back to the clan compound after that before the jingling of the bell reminds Tobirama that he’s still wearing that stupid collar. He takes it off and tosses it to Hashirama.

“That sound is annoying.”

Hashirama grins sheepishly and puts the collar in his pocket. “Heh. Sorry about that. You looked really cute with it on though.”

Tobirama rolls his eyes and doesn’t answer. He refuses to admit even to himself that the compliment was pleasing. Or that wearing the collar was not as irritating as he had proclaimed.

Feeling it was as good a time as any, Tobirama disconnects from his alternate’s memories. He had seen what he wanted and didn’t care to watch them walk home.

‘Is every memory I view going to have sex in it unless I specifically request otherwise?’ thinks Tobirama.

After having learned about computers, he wonders if the questions people ask are stored on some large network. Had people asked to see a sexual memory so often that the computer just started to expect that was what everyone wanted? Statistically, his alternates can’t be having sex so often that every vague question will result in a sexual memory.

Before he had discovered his submissive kink, he would have thought humanity’s obsession with sex to be strange. Now he was able to understand a bit better why people liked it so much. However, he still thought it peculiar that it was the most searched for type of memory. There were so many mysteries of life that could have been solved in another dimension that using this Alternate View for just sexual gratification was a waste.

Tobirama had already used the Alternate View to answer a few of his own questions, though for most things, he preferred trying to figure them out himself. He enjoyed research and experimentation to figure out what things could be used for. A lot of the draw of seeing his alternate’s lives wasn’t just the sex but to see how his life could have turned out differently.

In this particular memory, the fun had been in trying to decipher what his alternate was thinking. There had been emotions and mental pictures when his alternate was trying to guess what was going to happen next. When his other self had been trying to figure out what Hashirama and Madara were doing, there had been an image of them sticking their cocks inside him, along with a feeling of acceptance.

So in the end, his alternate had understood what was going to happen, which made the situation a bit more consensual. His other self may have been in an altered mental state, but he wouldn’t have just gone along with what anyone wanted of him. He knew and trusted Hashirama, and after seeing that Hashirama trusted Madara, he had trusted the Uchiha as well.

That feral state of mind had essentially lowered his inhibitions. He hadn’t been able to hide how he was feeling, or remember why he shouldn’t act on said emotions. His alternate may have felt
embarrassed by the way he behaved during that time, but it had also acted as a sort of vacation where he didn’t have to worry about anything significant.

Hopefully, the war would end in that other world and his alternate would get to enjoy a few years of peace before the next one started. Another war always started. At least in the afterlife, no one bothered trying to kill each other. You couldn’t even touch someone without their permission.

A knock at the door distracts him from his thoughts. At his call of ‘enter,’ Kawarama peeks his head in through the doorway.

“Hey, Tobirama.” Seeing the phone, Kawarama asks, “Are you about to view a memory?”

“I’m done actually. Did you need something?”

“Hashirama and Itama are making supper right now. Would you like to help me make a cake for dessert?”

Tobirama blinks. “We had cake just a few days ago.”

Kawarama grins. “When you can control how much you weigh, why not have cake every day?”

“Because my teeth would rot from all the sweets? Metaphorically, anyway.”

“We could make a blueberry cake,” says Kawarama cajolingly.

“…..Fine.”

It was pleasant spending time with his brothers in the kitchen. While they cooked, they told each other about their day, recounted stories from their youth, and talked about possible plans for the future. After dinner, they continued working on the picture made from flower petals that they’d started on a few days ago. Rather than trying to make something specific, they arranged the petals in whatever way they thought looked nice.

“Do you think one of Madara’s brothers might be interested in something like this?” asks Hashirama. “I already know Madara himself isn’t that into crafts.”

Itama hums thoughtfully. “Maybe Keitaro, Jiro, or Izuna. They have more playful personalities. Takeo is a rather serious individual, but this kind of activity can be kind of calming. We can ask them sometime.”

Hashirama nods. “I’d like that. We’ve got to find some kind of group activity we can do with them besides sparring and sex.”

“It doesn’t have to be the same activity,” replies Kawarama. “Some of us could be doing crafts while the others play a board game or something. As long as we’re in the same room or outside within earshot of each other, we’ll be able to have conversations while doing our own thing.”

“It also doesn’t have to be all nine of us at once,” suggests Tobirama. “We can have days where all of us hang out and days where we break up into smaller groups. The conversations can be more personal if there are just two of three people at a time.”

Hashirama smiles at how readily they go along with his idea to hang out with the others. They begin discussing different activities they could do together, Itama and Kawarama having the most idea of what the others might like.

Tobirama enjoys moments like this, peacefully hanging out with his brothers. Their crafting activities might seem a bit childish to some, but then they never got to have a normal childhood. They might as well get to experience these things now.
MadaTobi, demon/angel au, dubcon

Chapter Notes

A request by Lil.perv for an au where people either become angels or demons when they turn twenty years old. The pairing was left up to me, and I chose Madara/Tobirama.

It's a modern day au where people are basically humans until their twentieth birthday. After that, they either grow angel or demon wings and gain a new ability. In this au, the species isn't determined by good or evil, but general personality type. People are also either submissive or dominant.

Dubcon that gradually becomes consensual, breeding kink, self lubrication, wing kink, scent kink

Tobirama twirls a red feather between his fingers, wondering what it would be like to have wings. Would they feel heavy upon his back? How large would they need to be for him to fly? How would an entire society of winged-humans be different than his own?

He imagines that the doorways would need to be larger and the ceilings higher. Travel would be different. Not everyone could have traveled from city to city on their own power in his world. The civilians had horse drawn wagons. Would there be winged-people who didn’t have the strength to fly everywhere and alternate modes of transportation would be made for them?

It was something he intended to find out. He types ‘What if everyone had wings?’ into his phone and enters one of his alternate’s memories.

Tobirama shifts uncomfortably in his chair, trying to ignore the aching in his back to focus on the teacher’s lecture. He wished he could have taken the day off, but they were reviewing today for next week’s chemistry test. Hopefully, his wings would wait until after class to make their appearance, or better yet, after the ‘surprise’ birthday party Hashirama had planned for him.

A pang of hunger has him getting another granola bar out of his backpack. So far, he’s eaten three in the last hour, despite the fact that lunch was only two hours ago. He’s consumed twice as much food as he normally would in the past month, all in preparation of his wings appearing on his twentieth birthday. It doesn’t make much sense from a scientific view, his body storing up nutrients for just a month and then suddenly wings will grow from his back within minutes.

Of course, most people thought there was nothing scientific about the abilities they got after their wings grew either. Angels either got the ability to heal, to sense emotions, or to detect lies. Demons got enhanced senses, such as night vision and better hearing. About half the demon population gained fangs and venom as well as better fighting instincts, such as knowing when to duck as soon as their opponent even thought of throwing a punch.

Both species got an increased sense of smell when it came to finding a compatible mate. The better the smell, the better a partner they would be to you. Those you were better off being platonic with had a very mild scent, and those who would use you and spit you back up had an appalling scent like garage. At least, that’s what all the textbooks said.

It’s a relief when class is over and he can go back to the house he shares with Hashirama. As he
suspected, the party guests are already in attendance. His eldest brother is at the grill, cooking up chicken and steaks. A table has been placed in the backyard to hold the dishes and presents their guests have brought.

He looks around, making note of who’s here: Kawarama, Itama, Mito, Toka, and Hiruzen. Good. Hashirama had remembered his complaints from last year that he didn’t want a large party and had only invited their closest friends and family.

“Tobirama! Welcome home!” calls out Hashirama cheerfully. “The meat is almost ready, so we’ll be eating soon. Would you like to open your presents before or after supper?”

Tobirama considers it for a moment and decides, “Before. We don’t know when my wings will appear, and that’ll be enough of a distraction we might forget the gifts entirely otherwise.”

“Normally, I would say ‘who could forget about gifts?’, but you have a point,” replies Hashirama. “Getting your wings is a big deal. Today we find out whether you’ll be an angel or a demon.”

“My bet’s on angel,” says Toka. “Tobirama may be a bit anti-social sometimes, but he doesn’t really have any malice in him.”

“Doesn’t liking martial arts fit the demon profile, though?” argues Hiruzen. “Tobirama has a black belt in three different fighting styles and is currently working on his fourth.”

“It isn’t the love of fighting that makes a demon,” says Kawarama. “They get enjoyment out of actually causing someone pain. That’s why there are so many demon fighting clubs, so that they can work off their sadistic tendencies on a willing participant.”

At that, his party guests turn at look at him curiously. Toka chuckles at his uncomfortable expression. “Well, cousin? Ever felt the urge to hurt someone?”

Tobirama frowns at her disapprovingly. “Not unless you count wanting to hit someone with a book when they’re so painfully, obviously wrong about something and refuse to admit it.”

“Hmm, I don’t know if that counts,” says Kawarama. “You do have a bit of a temper, though.”

Mito turns skeptical eyes to Kawarama. “There are plenty of angels that get angry and insult someone. That isn’t really a good indicator. Even when demons get angry, not all of them will attack someone either physically or verbally. There’s generally a very thin line between angels and demons. While it’s true that demons are the aggressive criminals, committing rapes and murders, it’s always the angels who commit emotional abuse.”

“Are we seriously having a philosophical discussion about the difference between angels and demons at Tobirama’s birthday party?” asks Itama, amused. “If so, let’s summarize. Both angels and demons can be jerks, but the majority of us learn how to fit into society and not go to prison.”

A few of them chuckle at his words and the discussion is put on hold until later. Tobirama begins opening up his presents. From Mito, he receives a pair of goggles and a bottle of shampoo specifically for cleaning feathers.

“The goggles are for when you’re flying,” explains Mito. “The force of the wind can make opening your eyes difficult. A lot of people just wear cheap lab goggles, but those are uncomfortable and the straps break easily. These ones are made for flying. As for the shampoo, you won’t have to clean your wings that often, just if you get mud on them. If you groom your wings properly, the natural oils will help protect them.”

He thanks her and moves onto the next gift. From Hiruzen, he receives a gift card to one of his favorite restaurants. Itama gets him a murder mystery; from the summary, he thinks it’ll be an
enjoyable read. His younger brother understands his taste in books and has many of the same favorites that he does. Kawarama gives him an Amazon gift card to buy more books on his Kindle, knowing he likes to read but not wanting to get him the wrong thing.

Hashirama gets him a one year subscription to National Geographic, the first magazine having already arrived and been wrapped up for him to open. Toka gives him a globe that shows a satellite view of the Earth, which slowly rotates due to solar power. She also gifts him with an ice cube tray in the shape of tiny robots.

“Cute,” he says, examining the ice tray.

“Isn’t it?” she asks with a grin. “I thought you’d like it. Something simple, but science-y.”

Tobirama smiles back at her. “I do like it. Thank you.”

The food is finished cooking soon after that, and they all sit down to eat. The ache in his back slowly worsens. As soon as he’s finished eating, he gets up from the table and stands in the middle of the yard. The others know to keep their distance when he removes his shirt.

The ache turns into a tingling sensation before light erupts from his back, fading away to reveal newly grown wings. He nearly falls over at the added weight of them. It takes a few minutes for his brain to process the extra appendages, but he slowly learns how to move them.

He practices pulling the wings in and spreading them out, grimacing as the wind ruffles his feathers. It doesn’t hurt, but the nerves aren’t used to any stimulus yet. His friends watch him quietly, giving him time to adjust. His younger brothers, still in high school, watch his wings with wonder and a bit of longing for feathers of their own.

Like most of his family had expected, he has the feathered wings of an angel. Demons have wings more like bats, smooth and leathery, though some had scale like patterns similar to snakes. Whatever the species, there was no limit on what color your wings could turn out to be. He had once even seen a demon with neon green wings, and an angel with feathers as dark as coal. So far, there had been no link found between color and personality.

The colors on his wings were arranged in layers. The bottom layer was the largest and consisted of a light shade of blue. Above that were feathers the color of snow and then a light shade of purple. The last and top most layer of feathers were dark blue, though not so dark it could ever be mistaken for black in any decent lightning.

His wings were beautiful. He didn’t know whether to preen with pride or look at them with dismay. Although he was now sure he wouldn’t have to worry about being rejected for having unappealing wings, they would draw far too much attention to him. He didn’t want to have every unmated dominant in the area trying to flirt with him.


Father’s wings had been brown and Mother’s were snow white. Hashirama’s were mostly brown with gold and red here and there. Despite the darker color, the rarity of multi colored wings had gotten Hashirama plenty of potential suitors vying for his attention. As a whole, their society seemed to prefer lighter colors, though he had no idea why that trend had started.

If Hashirama had gotten so much attention with wings of a less popular color, he could only imagine how much worse it would be for him. Hopefully, he would be able to find a compatible mate quickly. Once he was bonded, no one would dare bother him, lest they incur the wrath of his dominant.
“Hey, this means you’re old enough to drink alcohol now,” says Toka. “Maybe we should go to a bar to celebrate.”

“What?” he asks, startled.

“That’s a great idea,” says Hashirama. “Bars are also places to interact with people. Maybe you’ll meet someone there.”

Tobirama tries to protest at first, but Hashirama and Toka are insistent. Eventually, he gives in, reluctantly curious about the taste of alcohol. Mito declines to go with them, finding it unpleasant to be even mildly buzzed. Hiruzen would go with them, but he has class in the morning. And of course, Kawarama and Itama are still too young to drink.

So that’s how he finds himself being flown to the nearest bar by Hashirama, Toka soaring along beside them. With how new his wings are, it would be a challenge to keep them folded up long enough to ride in the car and he still has no idea how to fly by himself.

His first taste of an alcoholic beverage is…not that great, actually. The flavor isn’t that appealing, but he’s curious about this ‘buzzed’ feeling people talk about. If it really can make him more relaxed, he’s going to need it with all the people coming up to flirt with him.

“Hey,” greets an angel, sitting down next to him at the bar. “I’m Marcus. You have a really nice scent.”

“Really?” asks Tobirama dryly, “because I can’t smell you at all.”

Judging by the genuine surprise on Marcus’s face, he wasn’t lying. How odd. Can compatibility be one-sided? He has heard some divorce stories where one person was happy in the relationship and was oblivious to the other’s misery until they divorced them. Perhaps it was like that.

“I don’t think we’re compatible,” says Tobirama, not unkindly.

“Right, I’ll just…go.” says Marcus slowly. He gets up from the bar and heads back to his group of friends, still looking a bit confused by what just happened.

Tobirama wishes he could say that was the only incident of its kind, but many people come up to him throughout the next few hours. Whether they like his scent or can’t smell anything at all, they still flirt, trying to get him into their bed. It doesn’t seem to occur to them that he might not be looking for something casual, despite how many people he turns away.

Hashirama and Toka aren’t any help. Social as he is, his brother got pulled into a conversation with a group of women and doesn’t even seem to notice his dilemma. Toka occasionally glances away from the man she’s chatting up, her eyes full of laughter at his predicament.

He tenses up as he hears more footsteps approaching him, preparing himself to deflect more unwanted attention when the stranger’s scent reaches his nose. It’s an immediate reaction, heat flushing through him as his mouth waters. He turns around, eager to see who has such an alluring scent, expression freezing when he sees that the dominant in question is a demon.

Long black hair that reaches his waist, dark eyes with hints of crimson, and light skin. His wings were smooth and such a dark red they were almost black, and like a third of the demon population, there were tiny spikes on the tips. He was masculine and handsome, but the wrong species.

That is, there were no laws against angels and demons mating, but it was so rare. Everyone assumed it was better to marry within your own species because it was personality that determined what you would be. Society was puzzled by just angel-demon friendships, let alone life partners.
Why did his sense of smell have to indicate that a demon would be the perfect mate for him?

“This is certainly unexpected,” says the demon, echoing his thoughts. “I’m Madara. Allow me to buy you a drink?”

“…Sure,” he says slowly. “…I’m Tobirama.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Tobirama,” Madara practically purrs, sitting down so close to him that their legs touch. “What would you like to drink?”

Tobirama glances up at the menu, scanning through the unfamiliar drink names. He chooses something at random, though being polite enough not to pick something too pricey. It’s awkward sitting next to this man, trying to think about the situation rationally while that scent tries to turn his mind towards sex. If biology had its way, he’d be choosing a mate with his dick.

However, he’s not sure he wants to deal with the social ramifications of dating outside his species. Everywhere they went, they’d draw attention. He didn’t know if he could handle having everyone whisper about them as they walked by on the sidewalk, or have strangers come up to them to ask awkward personal questions.

And that would just be the mild reactions. He knew there were religious extremists out there who believed it to be a sin for the two species to intermarry. Why, he didn’t know. The fact that they could have children together was indication enough to him that it was natural. Still, he didn’t want to have to deal with their reactions.

“The way you hold your wings, you haven’t had them very long, have you?” asks Madara.

Tobirama stares into his drink, trying not to blush as his wings involuntarily fluff up at the other’s attention. “No. I just got them today.”

Madara chuckles softly at his reaction. “You’re just three years younger than me then. Are you in University? I’m studying Criminology.”

“Yes. My major is Biology.” Tobirama sips at his drink, wondering how Madara can sound so composed. Wasn’t he just as affected by his scent as Tobirama was of his? He glances over at the demon, startled by the intense desire he can see in Madara’s eyes.

It was too much.

“I can’t do this.” The bar stool scrapes across the floor as he abruptly stands, turning towards the door. There’s a moment of hesitation as he feels the slickness between his cheeks. Submissives didn’t begin self-lubricating until they grew their wings; he needed a moment to get over the shock of it. A moment that Madara uses to his advantage.

A hand closes around his wrist, stopping him from getting any further. He scowls down at Madara, faltering at the barely concealed desperation in the demon’s eyes.

“You didn’t finish your drink,” says Madara, holding the beverage up to him.

Tobirama doesn’t stop to think, just grabs the drink and downs it, barely noticing that it tastes better than it did a minute ago. All his attention was focused on getting away. He knows if he stays here a moment longer, he’ll do something he regrets. Like give in to this unacceptable desire.

“Now I have. Goodbye, Madara.” His tone is final, making it clear that this is a permanent farewell. He sets the empty glass back on the counter and heads for the exit. His brother and cousin glance up at him questionably, but he shakes his head at them. He doesn’t need to interrupt their fun; a taxi can take him home.
However, while he’s waiting by the side of the road for a taxi to pass by, he’s overcome by a wave of dizziness. Rapidly blinking, he tries to clear his vision….and fails. His knees give out but arms catch him before he can hit the ground.

“Is he alright?” a stranger’s voice asks.

“He’s fine. Just had a little too much to drink. I’m taking him home now.”

That voice….that was Madara. What had the demon done to him? He knew he hadn’t consumed enough alcohol to be this drunk. Did Madara drug him? Why?

Before he can make sense of anything, he mind goes blank. He doesn’t know how long he sleeps before the drug wears off. Blinking groggily, he glances around the new room he’s in. Candlelight shines from the lanterns on the wall, just barely illuminating his surroundings.

The room seems to be some kind of basement, judging by the plain stone walls and lack of windows. He’s lying on his stomach, padded manacles around his wrists. The chain on them loops around some kind of metal stick lodged into the ground in front of him. A padlock keeps the loop in place, and the stick has a flared top to prevent him from simply slipping the chain off of it.

His arms are fully extended in front of him, with only enough slack in the chain for him to bend his elbows. He can feel metal around his ankles, keeping his legs spread. Luckily, he’s still wearing pants, but his shirt is nowhere to be found. There’s a soft mat underneath him, protecting his bare skin from the chill of the stone floor.

Underneath his head, acting as a make-shift pillow, is a folded up shirt. He turns his head away, wings twitching irritably. An ache in his back brings his attention to the clamps keeping his wings fully spread. As long as he doesn’t try to move them, it didn’t hurt. Everything here seemed designed to keep him immobile but unharmed.

Tugging on the bonds is futile, and no matter what he does, he can’t get away from that scent. It’s like Madara taped his shirt to the mat so he couldn’t push it away. All he can do is lie here and slowly become aroused, trying not to push his steadily hardening cock against the ground. He wouldn’t give Madara that satisfaction.

His self-control is worn thin by the time Madara finally enters the room, hips subtly twitching as his cock throbs. He hisses at the sight of the dominant, warning him away. Of course Madara doesn’t listen. The demon carefully steps over him and kneels down between his spread legs.

Tobirama chokes as slender fingers bury themselves between his feathers, hot pleasure jolting through him. His body trembles as sensitive nerves are stimulated for the first time.

Madara tsks disapprovingly. “There’s no oil on your feathers at all. Your family just took you to a bar first thing instead of helping you groom, when they’re the only ones who can touch your wings without this reaction? Don’t they know how easy it is for feathers to dry out or to carry diseases? Your body creates anti-bacterial oil for a reason.”

Gritting his teeth, Tobirama tries not to let any embarrassing noises slip through as Madara proceeds to slide his fingers over every inch of wing he can reach. His eyes snap closed as oil glands are gently prodded, Madara spreading the moisture over his feathers as soon as it’s released.

He can’t handle this….can’t think….

Mind overwhelmed with pleasure, he ruts against the floor, grinding his dripping cock down onto the soft mat. The only sound that escapes him as he finds blessed relief is a hitched moan.
“Beautiful,” murmurs Madara.

The dominant’s fingers never stop moving, spreading the oil outwards. Madara is completely focused on his right wing now, having to occasionally scoot further away from his body to reach. Little aftershocks of heat pulse through him, cock twitching with renewed interest.

No….no….this was not allowed to happen again!

Trying to distract himself, he asks Madara the first question that pops into his head. “How did you become a demon?”

Madara’s hands pause for just a brief moment before resuming. “I got too much enjoyment out of beating up the delinquents bullying my younger brothers. If it had just been an act of defense, it wouldn’t have mattered, but I got satisfaction out of making them suffer. They drove my youngest brother to tears, and it was unacceptable.”

That….wasn’t all that horrible, actually. He had been imagining something worse, what with the kidnapping and molestation.

“Have you ever…ah!” His face flushes when Madara begins grooming the underside of his wings, a breathless noise escaping him. Somehow, the feathers in front were even more sensitive than the back.

“Have I ever what?” prompts Madara teasingly.

“Ever…kidnapped….someone,” pants Tobirama.

“Besides you? No. I’ve never wanted anyone even half as much as I want you.” There’s frustration and barely hidden sorrow in Madara’s voice as he adds,” Three years and I’ve barely met anyone who had even a slightly pleasing scent. Apparently, I am difficult to be in a relationship with, and I am not going to let the only person who might be able to put with me slip out of my fingers so easily.”

It wasn’t a good enough justification for the kidnapping, but it did explain why Madara had reacted so strongly to his rejection. Perhaps if the demon had actually said something, he would have given him a chance out of pity. Now, he didn’t know what he would do if he managed to escape.

“You still plan to reject me, don’t you?” asks Madara, tone dark and knowing. “I’ll make you change your mind.”

Tobirama doesn’t respond, lost in the pleasure of Madara’s touch. By the time his first wing is groomed to Madara’s satisfaction, he’s on the edge again, fingers clawing at the ground as he tries to regain control of himself. He grits his teeth, a low whine building up in the back of his throat when Madara’s hands leave his wings.

Before he can lose what’s left of his dwindling sanity and demand that Madara finish what he started, the sound of rustling cloth reaches his ears. A moment later, a fully nude demon is sitting on his back, the weight of him pressing his cock more firmly into the ground.

Like this, he’s completely pinned down, helpless and unable to get away. The thought shouldn’t be as arousing as it.

He moans softly as Madara begins moving his hips, rubbing his cock against his back, leaving a trail of precum upon his skin. It’s alarming how much he wishes Madara was rutting into him instead, slick dripping from his entrance to soak into his boxers.
Fingers wind through his hair as Madara’s movements speed up, yanking on the soft strands. The
pain sends a jolt of lust straight to his cock, tearing a needy whine from his throat. His body goes
limp as waves of pleasure wash over him, distantly hearing Madara let out a pleased growl as hot
cum splashes across his back.

“My pretty submissive,” whispers Madara, gently carding his fingers through Tobirama’s hair.
The sudden change in demeanor was startling. “I love seeing you like this, marked with my scent.
And now that I’ve taken the edge off, I can focus on grooming your other wing.”

Tobirama’s head thunks to the floor, exhaling sharply in exasperation. “How often is it necessary
for the wings to be groomed?” he asks wearily.

Madara chuckles softly, moving into a better position, fingers already diligently at work. “Once a
month at the minimum, but once a week is better. It doesn’t always have to turn into a sex
marathon, though. You’ll be able to reach a lot of the inner wing yourself, and I’ll help you with
the rest.”

Tobirama realizes Madara is talking about it like a sure thing, like of course he’ll be around to
help. Strangely, he finds he doesn’t care as much as he thinks he should. Perhaps it was the sex
hormones at work, but life with Madara was not a horrid thought.

“Fine,” he says stiffly, “but could you take my pants off first? They’ve gotten….sticky.”

“Certainly, darling. I’d be happy to,” purrs Madara.

The fabric is pulled down to his ankles, the farthest it can go with the cuffs in the way. He’s too
tired to protest when Madara goes back to preening his feathers, not fighting against the
accompanying bliss.

“Would you just fuck me already?” he complains later, after every feather has been meticulously
groomed and the two of them are so hard they’re leaking. Madara had the most self-control of
anyone he’s ever met, or else he’s just the most stubborn.

“You actually want me to now?” Madara asks carefully.

Tobirama sighs. “I’m not getting any younger. Get on with it.”

Madara snorts. “Demanding, aren’t you? I can just imagine how our kids would turn out.”

Tobirama blinks, reminded that submissives can get pregnant if they so desire. What would it be
like, he wondered, to have children with this man?

Madara grins as he realizes he’s piqued Tobirama’s interest. Gripping the other’s hips, he slowly
sinks inside, panting harshly at the vice-like grip around his cock. He forces himself to remain still,
giving his submissive time to adjust.

“You would look beautiful swollen with my child, stomach round as the new life grows within
you. Everyone would know that you’re mine, my perfect mate.”

Tobirama makes the mistake of imagining it, unprepared for the sheer want that slams through
him. He can feel something inside him shift, instinctively knowing he’s made himself fertile.

His breath hitches as Madara begins moving inside him, reflexively clenching down around the
thick length penetrating him to his core. He wants this man with an intensity foreign to him. Every
instinct he has says Madara was made for him. Society can go screw itself. Since when has he
ever let someone else’s opinion stop him from doing what he wants?

With that new acceptance comes a subtle altering of his blood, no longer toxic to consumption
now that he wants to bond. He can tell Madara notices the change in scent as soon as the dominant’s teeth sink into his neck, claiming him. The demon’s magic floods through his cells, every part of his body attuned to Madara in that moment.

It isn’t necessary for him to bite Madara back to complete the bond. All he has to do is let their magics intertwine, which he gladly does. His awareness of who Madara is snaps into place, their minds briefly open to one another, letting him know how perfectly imperfect this man is for him. No one is without flaws, but their jagged edges were meant to fit together.

Pleasure sears through their connection in a feedback loop, heightening with every circuit. Too breathless to scream, his body shudders as he comes, nearly blacking out from the force of it. He’s never felt anything that good before.

Warmth splashes inside him as Madara finds his release as well, the dominant beginning to lap up the blood from his bite mark while they bask in the afterglow. The demon was a pleasant weight against his back, their bodies still connected. His eyes close in contentment when Madara’s wings lower to cover his own.

He’s almost begun to doze off when Madara finally moves. It’s an odd sensation to go from comfortably full to completely empty. He lies still as his mate moves around, relieved when the clamps are removed from his wings, allowing him to pull them closer. His arms and legs are released next.

After kicking his pants off the rest of the way, he crawls into Madara’s lap, pressing their lips together in their first kiss. He can feel Madara’s cum leaking down his thighs, leaving behind a sticky mess. It was strangely erotic, but he’d still rather be clean.

“I need a shower. Could I borrow something to wear?” asks Tobirama.

Madara blinks. “….Sure. The shower room is on the second floor.”

Tobirama follows his mate through the house, relieved that no one else is home to see his nude state. It was a two-story house, kitchen, dining room, and living room on the first floor with a small bathroom that just contained a toilet and sink. The second floor contained two bedrooms, as well as a shower area that was just as large as one of the bedrooms.

“How can you afford this as a college student?” he asks curiously. “My elder brother and I rent a house together, and all we can afford is a one story with the bath and shower combined. And although still a decent sized shower room, it’s not as big as this.”

“Scholarships, mostly,” answers Madara. “I’ve also got a large family. They help out when needed.”

“Hmm. Any of them interested in being babysitters? I don’t think the two of us could raise a kid by ourselves while going to school full-time,” says Tobirama.

“I-yes,” replies Madara, looking a bit dazed. “They would be thrilled to. Do you think you’re pregnant?”

“It’s too soon to tell.” Tobirama turns the hot water on and begins washing up, his mate joining him a moment later. “But it’s definitely a possibility. Hope you’re ready to be a father, since you’re the one who brought up the idea of children.”

Madara runs soapy hands over Tobirama’s back and smiles. “I was serious about what I said. You’ll be gorgeous pregnant, and I’m excited to see how our children will turn out.”

Tobirama fights back a blush, unprepared for the compliment. “That’s….good. I’m sure my
brothers will enjoy being uncles. Though, that reminds me, how long was I unconscious? Hashirama will worry if I’m gone too long without at least calling him.”

“It was just a few hours. I made sure not to give you too strong a dose of my venom.”

Tobirama stiffens in surprise. “Venom? I thought the only effect that had was death, not unconsciousness?”

“It’s not talked about much, but there are the rare few who can create a non-lethal form of their venom. Angels are already a bit wary of us. We didn’t want them fearing us over this when hardly any of us even have that ability. Besides, it’s meant to be a way to defend ourselves without killing our opponent. The way I used it was…not typical,” explains Madara.

“I see….Don’t ever drug me again,” orders Tobirama, voice mild but with an undercurrent of simmering anger.

Madara swallows, actually looking nervous. Perhaps he can feel the threat in their currently muted bond. Tobirama wouldn’t so easily forgive his mate a second time, and he could be quite creative when getting revenge. Public humiliation ought to be enough of a deterrent for Madara to keep his venom to himself.

“I won’t,” Madara promises seriously. “Now that you’re my mate, the idea of hurting you in any way is anathema to me.”

Tobirama nods solemnly and the matter is dropped.

They finish cleaning up, and Tobirama is surprised to discover that a few of his feathers have fallen out. His mate picks them up from the ground and carefully dries them.

“Is that normal?” asks Tobirama, puzzled. “I only just got the wings.”

Madara hums thoughtfully, inspecting his feathers. “I once read that this happens after angels have chosen a mate. It’s been debated as to whether the angels are supposed to exchange the feathers as some kind of courting ritual, or if it’s a nesting instinct. You don’t actually lay eggs like birds do, but the wings suggest a common ancestor.”

“The way you worded that, did you read research done about angels?” asks Tobirama.

“Yes. Not just about them, either. If I find a topic interesting, I’ll read scientific articles about it,” answers Madara.

“I enjoy that as well,” says Tobirama, giving the other a faint smile. It seemed that their scents really did indicate compatibility, and that he had been blessed to have a mate with the same sense of inquisitiveness that he did.

Madara smiles back, twirling a blue feather in front of his face. “That gives us something to talk about, at least. Your feathers really are nice to look at. I think I’ll make them into a necklace.”

“A necklace? You don’t strike me as the type to wear jewelry.”

His mate shrugs. “Normally not, but I’ll make an exception this time. I want to have something of you with me all the time. This is more intimate than a wedding ring, don’t you think?”

It certainly was. There was something pleasing about imagining his feathers hanging from Madara’s neck, knowing his dominant liked them so much he wanted to keep them with him at all times. Everyone would recognize what it meant, as well, that this demon had already chosen his submissive.
The only problem was that none of the lilac ones had fallen out. He didn’t want there to be any doubt that it was his feathers Madara was wearing. Drawing his wings closer, he begins looking for the loosest one he can find and gently tugs it out.

“There, now you have one of each,” says Tobirama, handing the feather to his mate.

Madara accepts the feather with a short laugh. “You’re surprisingly calm about all this, being kidnapped. You never really said no when I was touching you, and I don’t think you were too intimidated to speak up. Why did you reject me at the bar if you actually do want me?”

Tobirama grimaces. “Society doesn’t consider relationships between our species to be normal. I was hesitant in the beginning because it seemed too much of a hassle to put up with everyone’s reactions. I don’t even know what my siblings think of it, though they’re usually pretty open-minded, so I’m only partially worried about their reactions.”

Arms wrap around his waist from behind, Madara pressing right up against his back. “I’ll scare off anyone who badmouths us. My uncle is the Police Chief. He can arrest anyone that dares attack us.”

“Uchiha Fugaku?” he asks, surprised. “Hmm. I can see the family resemblance. My parents read about that in the newspaper when he got the position. It was a bit of a shock for them. Demons don’t tend to get such positions of power, though I heard he got extensively questioned by an angel with lie detecting abilities.”

“He did,” confirms Madara. “My uncle is willing to follow the rules, though most times, he’d rather drop the worst of the criminals off a pier and let them drown.”

Tobirama smirks. “Well, that’s one way of cleaning up society.”

“Hah. You’ve got the same dark sense of humor as me. That’s good.”

The two of them finish drying off and head to Madara’s room where the demon lends him some clothes for the night. He’s also given back his cell phone so that he can text Hashirama.

‘Staying at a friend’s house tonight. Talk to you tomorrow.’

He gets a reply a few minutes later, expressing his brother’s relief at him being safe and scolding him for not telling anyone he wasn’t going straight home. It’s going to be a hell of a conversation when he tells his family he created a mate bond with someone he just met. His siblings are just as protective of him as he is of them.

“Are you coming to bed any time soon?” asks Madara.

Tobirama sets his phone on the dresser and eyes the king sized bed. “How are we doing this? This will be my first time trying to sleep on a bed with wings.”

“That depends. Did you normally sleep on your stomach, back, or side?”

“Usually on my side, sometimes the stomach. I never allowed myself to sleep on my back because I knew when I got my wings it would be uncomfortable,” answers Tobirama.

“Then we can sleep on our side,” replies Madara. “If we need to switch which side of our body we’re sleeping on half-way through the night, then we’ll switch places on the bed.”

“Okay.” Tobirama carefully climbs in next to Madara, angling his wings so that they don’t bump into anything in the room. There’s an awkward moment as they try to figure out where to put their arms, both of them unused to sharing a bed. After they’ve gotten as comfortable as they can, they relax against each other and let their minds drift off into sleep.
Now that the action is over, Tobirama disconnects from his alternate’s memory and contemplates what he’s seen. The wings had felt heavy on his back at first, but his body had quickly adjusted to the extra weight. Perhaps the muscles themselves had changed to accommodate the wings.

As he had expected, the doorways were wider. The bathrooms were even bigger, with the shower room consisting of a tiled floor, a drain in the middle, an extendable shower head, and shelves to hold shampoo bottles. The rooms weren’t big enough to fully extend the wings, but they were less cramped than the bathrooms of his world.

His alternate’s world had cars for people without wings and trains for traveling from city to city. Clothing shops had shirts with Velcro straps in the back to put on over the wings. Those with truth telling abilities went into law enforcement, empaths became counselors, and healers became doctors. A lot of the televised professional fighters and military personnel had been demons as they had less compunction when causing someone else pain.

Aside from that, it had been pretty similar to other 21st century worlds he’s seen. He thinks in the future, it would be interesting to view other worlds with winged humans to observe how their cultures have developed differently.

Slipping his phone back into his pocket, Tobirama stands up from the bed to grab a book from the nearest shelf. He had plenty of time before dinner to get some reading in.
Tobirama/Uchiha brothers, crossdressing

Chapter Notes

This is a request by tiear: Tobirama/Uchiha brothers, crossdressing, clone jutsu, photoshoot

Hope you like it. :) 

Tobirama is minding his own business, idly walking through the streets of a random futuristic city and admiring the architecture, when Izuna and Jiro suddenly appear beside him. Before he can react, they grab his arms and teleport him into the middle of their living room. It’s jarring to have his surroundings change so suddenly without his input.

He pulls his arms free and steps back, stiffening when he bumps into someone’s chest and arms wrap around his waist. The chakra signature is Madara’s, but that’s not exactly reassuring. Despite their recent relationship, he had spent years in the living world thinking of Madara as an enemy.

“What is going on?” he asks irritably.

Madara chuckles softly, lips brushing against his ear as he speaks. “Your brothers showed us some interesting photographs yesterday. They seemed quite smug about it, too.”

Tobirama exhales slowly, muscles relaxing as he realizes what’s going on. He had recently given Kawarama and Itama permission to show Madara and his brothers the sexual pictures they had taken of him. Obviously, that had put them in the mood for sex, though he didn’t understand why they felt the need to essentially kidnap him to make it happen.

“Now we want a photoshoot of our own,” says Jiro. “First, we have to get you dressed up.”

“Dressed up?” Instead of an answer, Madara pushes him forward to the center of the room. He sits down on a cushioned, backless chair. There’s a small table in front of him, upon which rests blue nail polish and quick drying spray. The two chairs near the table are soon occupied by Takeo and his clone.

“I have the steadiest hands when it comes to things like this,” explains Takeo.

Tobirama blinks. “At painting nails? How did that happen?”

Takeo uncaps the bottle and grasps Tobirama’s hand, beginning to spread the blue liquid across his nails. “I’ve had a few relationships in the past where they asked for my help. Sometimes it’s more difficult to paint your own nails, and I didn’t mind assisting them.”

A light thunk has him turning his head to see that Izuna has brought another one of the dining chairs to the living room. The younger man sits down right next to him, a tube of lipstick and eyeliner in hand. Izuna gently grabs his chin and holds his head in place while the red gloss is spread across his lips.

“Beautiful,” proclaims Izuna, amused when it causes Tobirama to blush. He waits only long enough for the lipstick to dry before placing a lingering kiss against the other’s mouth.

Tobirama notes the lack of red on Izuna’s lips, concluding they must have the gotten the no smear
kind of lipstick. The eyeliner is applied next, the pencil feeling odd against his skin. Did women eventually get used to that sensation or was it weird every time?

His nails are done soon after, and the table is scooted to the side. Takeo and his clone each grab one of his feet and place them in their laps, forcing him to lean his hands against the seat or risk falling back. They slip his shoes and socks off, and the firm grip around his ankles as they begin to paint his toenails is actually quite calming.

With nothing else to do, he begins to look around the room. The two couches have each been placed against the wall, side by side and opposite from the staircase. It will give whoever is taking pictures a good vantage point. Soft footsteps can be heard from upstairs before Keitaro descends down the staircase, two clothing bags in hand, one long enough to be a dress.

“Tobirama,” greets Keitaro cheerfully. “I see they talked you into the photoshoot. I’m glad. We’ve got a beautiful dress picked out for you. The shop owner said it was based on a t.v. character named Jessica Rabbit. Of course, first we have to put on the underclothes.”

Jiro hops up from the couch and grabs the smaller bag from Keitaro, removing things and setting them down on the table. A pair of red heels, light pink panties and matching knee-high stockings, lube, a cock ring, and earrings with the Uchiha clan symbol.

Out of all of it, the jewelry is the most surprising. He holds still more out of shock than submissiveness as Jiro inserts the earrings, the jewelry lying flat against his earlobes. Apparently, they were more possessiveness than he had thought, to be willing to put their clan symbol on him this early in their relationship.

Jiro studies his reaction, hands cupping the side of his head. “Is this alright?”

Tobirama relaxes into his touch, appreciating the concern. “It’s fine. Unexpected, but I don’t mind having the Uchiha symbol on me as long as it’s one of you putting it there.”

Jiro smiles. “Good. We may not have been together for very long, but I don’t see our relationship ending anytime soon. The earrings are a gift to you, to wear whenever you want.”

“Now for the rest of the outfit,” interjects Izuna. “You’ll need to get undressed first.”

Tobirama gets to his feet, tugging his shirt up and off his head. The pants and underwear soon follow, leaving him completely bare to their eyes. Their heated gaze soon has his cock stiffening, Jiro getting closer to slip the cock ring on. The familiar pressure around the base of his erection feels good, getting a mental thrill out of being unable to cum without their permission.

It doesn’t matter to him that he could become intangible. The illusion of the loss of control is enough for him. And the fact that his submission is completely willing makes it more meaningful.

“Your body is already hairless. Do you keep yourself shaved all the time?” asks Jiro.

“I don’t shave, but yes. It turns out that in the afterlife, you can make your body hair disappear,” replies Tobirama.

“Hmm. That’s cool,” says Keitaro. “We’ll have to learn that then. Although we don’t grow beards very fast, the hair does grow.”

“Beards aren’t part of my style,” agrees Jiro.

Tobirama grabs the panties off the table and slides them on, taking the stockings and heels with him back to the chair. Before he can put them on himself, Takeo and clone grab the stockings and help him into them. Takeo spends a moment caressing cotton-clad feet, digging his thumb into the
Keitaro drags a free chair behind him and begins to knead his shoulders while Takeo massages his feet. It’s odd, but soothing, to have their hands on him in this way. He’s used to thinking of the submissive as the one who’s supposed to be pleasing the dominant, but that’s not an entirely accurate way to view the Dom/sub dynamic. It was a give and take relationship, and it didn’t make them any less dominant to be the one doing the giving.

After about ten minutes, Takeo stops the massage to slide the heels on. He sits up with a contented sigh, giving both Keitaro and Takeo a thank you kiss. Another click can be heard from the left, and he finally turns his head to see that it was Madara and Izuna taking pictures of him during the massage.

“It’s nice seeing you so peaceful,” says Izuna.

“He used to get stress headaches in the living world,” reveals Madara. “Hashirama may have good people skills, but he’s lousy at paperwork. It left Tobirama to pick up the slack.”

Tobirama tries not to frown. He didn’t like anyone else insulting his brother, but Madara was Hashirama’s best friend. The insult wasn’t said with malice, just an acknowledgement that Hashirama wasn’t perfect.

“You don’t have to worry about running a village anymore,” says Keitaro, wrapping his arms around Tobirama’s waist. “It’s nice, isn’t it? Not having any more responsibility than what you choose for yourself now.”

“It is,” he agrees, relaxing against Keitaro’s chest.

Jiro picks up the long shopping bag and slides out a beautiful red dress. It’s strapless and sleeveless, and has no fabric on the back. There’s a slit on one side, starting just below the hip. When he tries it on, a hint of pink can be seen from his panties.

The dress comes up to his chest, just above his nipples. There’s a dip in the fabric, which would show off his cleavage if he were a woman. Gender aside, he has no idea how to keep the dress from slipping.

“How do I keep the dress up?” he asks.

“Well, we thought about using tape, but that would be sticky and could be distracting during sex,” says Keitaro. “Instead, we thought back to our ninja training and decided to use seals.”

“Seals?” Tobirama looks up from the dress in surprise.

“Yes. Izuna and I have studied fuinjutsu. If you look at the top of the dress, on the underside, you should see tiny seals stitched in. Just hold the dress to your skin, apply chakra, and it should stick,” explains Keitaro.

Tobirama follows his instructions, impressed when it works. He was used to thinking up ways to use seals in battle, not for everyday use. Later, he’ll have a discussion with them about other uses they’ve thought up for them.

“Alright, I’m dressed up. Now what?” he asks.

“Now we dance,” declares Keitaro.

“…”

Keitaro laughs at his befuddled silence. “Izuna had that same expression when he learned Jiro,
Takeo, and I dance. It’s not something that was encouraged when we were alive. Everything was always about getting stronger. He came around eventually, and we’re still trying to convince Madara to loosen up and have fun with us.”

“Maybe he’ll finally give it a try to get his hands on you,” says Jiro, eyeing Tobirama provocatively.

Tobirama fights back a blush as Keitaro turns on the stereo; a slow, romantic tune filling the air. He lets Jiro pull him into an embrace and the two of them begin to whirl around the room as soon as Takeo and clone have moved the table and chairs out of the way.

“You’re not stumbling in the heels at all,” observes Jiro.

“I’ve had practice walking in them, both as myself and from viewing my alternate’s memories.”

“That’s probably a good thing for me. It means you’re less likely to step on my toes,” replies Jiro, smiling cheekily.

Tobirama rolls his eyes. He senses a flare of chakra and observes Keitaro making a shadow clone to take pictures of them, alongside Takeo’s clone. Izuna and the real Takeo begin dancing together, and Keitaro stares at Madara until he gives in with an annoyed huff. The elder Uchiha’s movements are stiff and awkward at first, but he slowly relaxes as Keitaro guides him through the steps.

They switch partners after a couple of songs. Tobirama ends up in Izuna’s arms, the Uchiha’s hands idly stroking down his back. It was nice to be held like this. He hadn’t given dancing much thought before, but it was turning out to be an enjoyable activity.

“Having fun?” asks Izuna.

“Yes. My brothers and I have thinking that the nine of us should hang out sometime, for more than just sex. Perhaps going dancing could one of those activities,” says Tobirama.

Takeo dances closer with Keitaro. “We could also go to plays and movies, perhaps even museums,” suggests Takeo.

In near unison, Jiro and Madara make a disagreeing face.

“Maybe if it was a really action packed movie,” says Jiro skeptically. “But I’m not that into plays. Museums are hit-or-miss, depends on what they’re about. I prefer going to sports events, or even better yet, playing the sport myself.”

“Agreed,” says Madara. “I prefer physical activities, not passively watching someone.”

“I think we all enjoy physical activity sometimes,” says Keitaro. “It’s Takeo, Izuna, and I who get just as much enjoyment from the arts.”

“I also like strategy games,” says Izuna.

“So do I. We can all get together later and plan out when to hang out,” says Tobirama.

“Does that mean we can get to the main event now?” asks Jiro.

“Impatient brat,” Madara says fondly. “Alright, everyone, clear the floor.”

Madara takes out a storage scroll as they get out of the way and unseals a very large mattress. It was more than big enough for the six of them, and could have easily fit Tobirama’s brothers as well. At their direction, he lies down on his back in the center of the mattress, trying to adopt a
pose that looks ‘sexy.’

One hand lies on his chest and the other above his head, palm up but fingers curved to show off the nail polish. His head is tilted away from his hand, baring his throat and perfectly showing off the collar. He has one leg bent at the knee, heel flat against the ground, dress parted to reveal light pink stockings.

It feels a bit silly to be posing like this, but their reactions make up for it. Cameras click as they take pictures of him, arousal clearly showing in their eyes. It makes heat flare up inside him, his breath deepening as his cock hardens again, having begun to go soft during the dancing.

Jiro hums appreciatively. “There’s something very appealing about this. Masculine strength in delicate clothing while posing submissively. You are a treat.”

Tobirama colors red and looks away. Jiro isn’t having any of it, though. He creates a clone to take pictures, then kneels down beside him and grips his chin, turning his head back to face him.

“You’re so pretty. Would you like to suck my cock, gorgeous?” asks Jiro.

His breath hitches, the blush spreading down to his neck. He nods, lust darkened eyes watching as Jiro unzips his pants and slides them down to his knees. His lips part for Jiro’s cock, moaning softly at the taste and feel of him in his mouth.

Slender fingers grip his hair, tugging softly as Jiro shallowly thrusts into his mouth. He watches the other’s expression intently, loving the glimpses of ecstasy he sees in dark eyes. Sucking on the hard length as Jiro pulls back earns him a deep groan, and flicking his tongue across the slit to lap up the precum causes the other to faintly shudder.

He twitches in surprise when hands suddenly grip his thighs, pushing his legs far apart. Cool air hits the head of his erection, the tip just barely poking out the top of his panties, before a hot mouth wraps around the sensitive glans.

He groans, sending soft vibrations around Jiro’s cock. The Uchiha curses, hips snapping forward. His lover doesn’t slow down, knowing that if he wanted gentle, he’d give some indication for him to stop.

Little flicks of a tongue against his erection have him squirming before hands firmly push his hips down. He can’t see who’s teasing him, a tight grip in his hair not letting him turn his head even an inch. Heat coils tightly in his stomach as Jiro spills down his throat, immensely satisfied that he was able to bring the other so much pleasure. After a lifetime of fighting and war, it was nice being able to cause pleasure instead of pain.

Finally able to lift up his head, he gets to watch Takeo pull down his panties and swallow him down to the hilt. Back arching with a breathless moan, he reaches for Takeo only to have Jiro grab his wrists and pin his hands above his head. He forces his body to go pliant, turning his head to stare at one of the cameras with lust glazed eyes.

Izuna and Madara go with the flow and create their own shadow clones, then join him on the mattress. There’s some awkward shuffling as they try to figure out who’s going to do what. Keitaro and Izuna end up on either side of his chest, rubbing and pinching his nipples through the silky fabric of his dress.

Madara takes control of his mouth, watching him with a faintly amused expression as he eagerly sucks on his cock. He’s seen that same look in Izuna’s eyes before. It’s the expression of a man who can’t believe they have a former enemy in their bed, submitting to them so readily.
Despite their past history, Madara and Izuna don’t let that hold them back from showing affection, evidenced by Madara gently petting his hair. The Uchiha brothers seem to have caught on quickly to the fact that he likes to have his hair played with, especially during blowjobs.

Tobirama feels the panties being slid down and off his legs, giving Takeo better access to his most sensitive places. He whines softly as Takeo gives a long, slow lick from his balls to the tip of his erection, unable to beg with Madara’s cock in his mouth.

He squirms desperately, the unrelenting heat in his body making him dizzy. They don’t let him move. Vines grow from the floor to firmly wrap around his arms and wrists. The sound of a bottle being opened can be heard before slick fingers, two of them, are pushing inside him.

Pleasure sparks up his spine as Takeo finds his prostate and rubs it mercilessly. The fingers on his nipples are replaced by mouths, suction and soft bites causing his cock to throb. He can’t escape their touch, can’t reach down and take off the cock ring. All he can do is lie here and accept what they give him. It’s as maddening as it is wonderful.

Wanting to give them pleasure too, he turns his focus to the cock in his mouth, sucking and licking until Madara cums down his throat with a hitched moan. After, Madara kisses him, soft and languid. He returns the kiss sloppily, too distracted by pleasure for coordination.

Cool air hits his cock as Takeo removes his mouth, causing him to shiver. His hole clenches around nothing as Takeo withdraws his fingers. Before the emptiness can bother him too much, hands grip his waist as Takeo slowly pushes inside him.

Tobirama sighs softly at the full feeling, wrapping his legs around Takeo’s waist. Takeo thrusts into him at a slow, steady pace, sinking all the way inside him before pulling out. Pleasure jolts through him with every thrust, leaving him shaking with the desperate need to cum.

He isn’t given a chance to beg. Madara and Izuna takes turns kissing the breath from his lungs until Takeo stills inside him with a pleasured sigh. His hips are held up while Keitaro enters him, preventing any of Takeo’s seed from spilling out.

Wet, erotic noises fill the air as Keitaro’s hips slap against his. The other moves inside him almost urgently, likely riled up by watching him get fucked. His pleasured cry is muffled by Madara’s mouth as Jiro wraps a hand around his cock, stroking him tortuously slow.

He pulls away from the kiss, panting harshly. Unable to hold still, he writhes futilely, the cock ring unrelenting as it denies him sweet release.

“Please,” he gasps out.

Jiro grins wickedly. “Did you need something, darling?”

Tobirama shudders as Keitaro’s hips stutter, feeling a flash of heat inside him as the other man cums. It fuels his desperation, making it easier for his pride to take a backseat as he begs.

“Please,” he repeats, “let me cum. I need it.”

Tobirama holds his breath as Jiro has a silent staring contest with the others, sagging in relief when Jiro shrugs and removes the cock ring. Jiro chuckles at his reaction and continues to stroke his erection. Heat sears through him as he’s finally allowed release, vision whiting out as he gets lost in the pleasure.

When he can focus again, it’s to the feeling of Izuna sliding inside him. He groans weakly as oversensitive nerves are stimulated, closing his eyes as he lets them do whatever they want to him. His body starts to respond a few minutes later, vaguely uncomfortable sensations becoming
pleasurable again. Naturally, Madara slips the cock ring back on as soon he notices. He’s not going to be allowed to cum tonight without their permission.

Movement catches his eye and he watches as Keitaro and Takeo trade places with their clones. He doesn’t understand why until the doppelgangers are kneeling down on either side of his face, the tips of their cocks brushing across his cheeks. They take turns brushing their cocks against his mouth so he can lick them, leaving drops of precum against his tongue.

It’s a welcome surprise when the clones don’t dispel as soon as they cum, leaving their mark across his face. He wonders how many times they had to practice before their clones stopped dispelling when they came.

Tobirama faces the cameras, licking his lips as cum trails down his mouth. It was a heady thought to know they would be masturbating to images of him later. He liked knowing they desired him that much.

Above his head, Keitaro and Takeo begin kissing while Izuna continues to thrust into him, hands on his hips with a nearly bruising grip. He liked that too. Dark marks against pale skin that took days to fade away, a reminder of their passionate time together. He purposely squeezes his muscles around Izuna’s cock, causing the other’s lips to part in a silent gasp. Spurred on by that reaction, he continues to clench around him until Izuna is cumming with a soft curse.

Without prompting, he sets his feet flat on the ground, keeping his ass raised in the air as Izuna pulls out. That naturally leads everyone to gather around with their phones, taking pictures of his stretched out hole. He lets out a frustrated breath, pulling against the vines around his arms.

“Can we nix the bondage for now? I want to touch you,” says Tobirama.

He can see the question has surprised them, but the vines slowly sink back down into the floor and disappear. Madara’s clone hands his phone off to the original and kneels between his legs. He’s sitting up as soon as Madara is inside him, settling down in his lap and arms wrapping around the Uchiha’s shoulders.

They both groan as his muscles clench down, his nails digging into Madara’s back as the other’s hands grip his waist. The head of his cock drags across Madara’s stomach as he lifts himself up and slams his hips back down, throwing his head back with a breathless cry as white-hot pleasure races up his spine.

Madara growls in pleasure, directing the pace by forcibly pulling his hips up and down. Tobirama winds his fingers through Madara’s hair, muffling his needy moans against the other’s mouth. A drop of cum ends up on Madara’s cheek and he licks it away, amused when Madara returns the favor.

It doesn’t seem to bother Madara that it’s his brothers’ cum he’s licking from Tobirama’s face. What is it about being dead that made incest less weird? Or was it just them? He hadn’t conversed with many people outside his family since coming to the afterlife, and so didn’t know how the general populace’s views about different taboos may have changed.

Tobirama gets lost in a blur of pleasure as first Madara’s clone, then Jiro’s and Izuna’s, fill him up. They don’t let him cum until they’re all done, but they let him touch them, warm skin against his own, sucking marks into their neck. He knows the marks will fade when the clones dispel, but they’ll have the memory of it when he’s done.

Afterwards, they stick a plug inside him and carry him to the bathing room. The clones stick around for a while, letting him enjoy the feeling of being filled with their seed. He likes the possessiveness of the gesture, knowing that they want to mark him as theirs.
“Time to get cleaned up,” says Izuna cheerfully, helping him undress.

The bathing room is a bit like an onsen. There’s a drain on the left half of the floor with extendable shower heads on the walls. They sit on stools and clean themselves off before heading into the large hot tub on the right. The bath is able to contain all of them, including the clones, eleven people total.

“Isn’t the house a bit large for just the five of you?” he asks.

The brothers shift a bit, noticeably uncomfortable by his question. Uncomfortable, but not pained, so he waits a moment to see if they’ll answer or if he should change the subject.

“Our house was a bit small in the living world,” replies Takeo. “There were only two bedrooms, so the five of us had to share. Before the three of us died as kids, we would all imagine different designs for houses, hoping to be able to build it one day. This was the house we all agreed we would want.”

“We wanted to each have our own room, large enough to have a bed for two. The kitchen, living room, and bath are so big because we planned to each live here with a spouse,” says Keitaro.

“The original design had two extra rooms for children,” adds Jiro, “but we skipped that part when we learned Madara was stuck in the prison area. We aren’t going to raise children here.”

“When, or if, Madara is able to leave, then we’ll build a new house, or maybe two side-by-side,” says Izuna. “Of course, we’d also have to find a woman that doesn’t find our relationship strange.”

“More like several women,” says Jiro. “A person can only have one kid per century in this afterlife. For the kid to have any siblings, other women would have to birth them.”

“How many children were you thinking of?” asks Tobirama curiously.

Jiro shrugs. “Maybe three or four? Since we don’t have to worry about them dying, we don’t have to have a litter of them like our parents did.”

Tobirama watches with interest as Madara snorts and Izuna huffs with silent laughter. Takeo and Keitaro are just as vaguely amused, all of the siblings seeming to have the same kind of dark humor that he did. Hashirama was more likely to give him reproachful looks than laugh whenever he made any kind of morbid joke.

He sinks further into the hot water, quietly listening to them make plans. The barest flash of guilt will appear in Madara’s eyes anytime someone mentions being ‘stuck’ inside the prison sector. Clearly, he regretted that his brothers had put their lives on hold to live with him here, but not enough to be able to leave. Was there anything they could say that would make Madara realize he was wrong to try and put the whole world under a genjutsu?

After their bath, the clones finally dispel and he asks to speak with Madara alone. They head up to the older man’s room and he’s given a spare change of clothes to wear for the night.

Madara sits on the bed and looks at him curiously. “What did you want to talk about?”

Tobirama leans back against the wall, crossing his arms as he tries to order his thoughts. “That genjutsu you tried to put everyone under, would that tree have supplied nutrition to its captives or would they have just died in a week?”

Madara eyes him warily. “It would have kept them alive until they died of old age.”

He hums thoughtfully. “How did the illusion work? It was supposed to be a person’s idealized
He hums thoughtfully. "How did the illusion work? It was supposed to be a person’s idealized world, but how accurate would everyone’s personalities be? If they misremembered or didn’t know something about that person, how would the genjutsu have handled that?"

Madara frowns, not liking where this is going. "The genjutsu wasn’t designed for accuracy. It was meant to create a paradise for the individual. Every annoying habit wiped away, leaving nothing to fight about."

Tobirama stares at him incredulously. "Are you telling me if that genjutsu had worked on me, I would have ended up in a world where Hashirama wasn’t Hashirama? He can be irritating at times, but that doesn’t mean I want him to be a different person."

For the first time, he actually sees Madara falter. When they had been alive, the only thing he had felt they had in common was that they both loved Hashirama, despite his less than endearing qualities. His brother’s naïve optimism had been as frustrating as it was charming.

Pressing his advantage, he continues speaking. "Do you think you would have been happy, living years with fake versions of your brothers, only to realize how different they truly are when you died? Not just you, everyone would have this revelation. By the time they died, they wouldn’t even recognize their friends and family, having gotten used to this so-called ‘idealized’ version of them. They’d be discontent with each other and feel guilty for it. Your genjutsu would have ruined their afterlife."

What was a century of false happiness compared to an eternity in a real utopia? Resources were free and nobody could die (again). The living world may have had its grief, but there was just as much joy to be found. (And how weird was it that he, the realistic to the point of pessimistic Senju brother, was the one thinking this? Optimism was Hashirama’s thing, not his.)

"You may have a point," concedes Madara reluctantly. "I’ll think about what you’ve said."

Tobirama nods in understanding. It would have been too much to expect Madara to change his mind after one conversation. That Madara was willing to consider his words was enough for now.

"Anyway, we should go back downstairs. I’m sure the others are wanting to start the ‘sleepover’ part of the evening now," says Madara, gathering up the pillows from his bed to take with them.

The large mattress is still in the living room when they return, several blankets and pillows already there from the other rooms. Madara adds his pillows to the collection and joins his brothers on the make-shift bed. The only one not there was Keitaro, but he joins them a moment later with a tray of snacks from the kitchen. Grapes and strawberries with a bottle of water for each of them.

After rehydrating, he ends up snuggled between Jiro and Izuna, the blankets a warm cocoon around them. Izuna softly nibbles at his ear, showing his satisfaction that Tobirama is still wearing the earrings. Jiro’s hand slips underneath his shirt, caressing his stomach before sliding up to tease at his nipples. He shifts a bit at their touch, debating whether to stop them. It felt nice, but he wasn’t up for another round yet. After being fucked six times in a row, he was feeling a bit sore, though not enough to remove the plug.

Being the observant men they were, Jiro and Izuna notice his reaction and stop their attempts to arouse him. It was nice that they didn’t even need a reason. He wasn’t in the mood for more, so they were content to just hold him.

One thing nagged at him, though.

"Is it even late enough for us to go to sleep?" he asks, glancing at the sunlight pouring through the windows.

"We’re just taking a nap," says Keitaro. "Who doesn’t feel a bit tired after an orgy? We can hang
out more in a few hours when we wake up.”

“Enjoy the moment and relax,” adds Jiro.

A nap actually did sound good right now. Takeo was already starting to doze off against Madara’s chest, the elder running gentle fingers through his hair. It was cute to see the normally gruff man being so affectionate with his sibling.

He turns onto his side to get more comfortable, pressing his face against Izuna’s chest. With the light blocked out, it’s easier for him to shut out the world and drift off into sleep. The feel of their chakra on either side of him is soothing; such a contrast from his time in the living world that he has to smile. He was glad that he had decided to give them a chance instead of holding onto past hated. His life was much better for it.
Madara/Tobirama, dubcon, alpha/omega

Chapter Notes

Request by Ghoul. Panther demon Madara/snow leopard half-demon Tobirama. (In this case, the term demon is used as it is in the Inuyasha anime). Alpha/omega biology, dubcon because Tobirama is in heat, private then public sex, biting and scratching

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sitting on the couch beside his brothers, Tobirama lets his mind wander, only half paying attention to the animated show on the television. It was something called ‘Inuyasha’ and set in the feudal period of Japan with demons and humans. The plot of the show was somewhat interesting, but the way the characters were acting wasn’t able to hold his attention.

“How many species in the multi-verse call themselves demons?” he asks as soon as the commercial break starts.

“I don’t know, but there are a lot of them,” replies Kawarama.

“Different dimensions have different ideas about what a ‘demon’ is,” says Itama. “Not all of them are actually evil, like the species in the Inuyasha world.”

“There are worlds with creatures like Inuyasha?” asks Hashirama curiously.

“There are. I’ve seen a few of them,” says Itama. “You need to be careful if you go looking for worlds with demons in them. If you don’t word your request carefully, there’s a chance you’ll end up viewing horrors.”

“Some creatures get the demon name honestly,” says Kawarama. “You don’t want to see what they’re like.”

“Some of them eat people,” adds Itama.

Hashirama’s nose wrinkles in disgust. “That’s horrible. I don’t think I’ll ever use the word ‘demon’ in the Alternate View search box. There’s too great a chance of seeing something creepy.”

Tobirama hums in disagreement. “I saw a world where ‘angel’ and ‘demon’ just meant humans with different wings and abilities. I plan to view another memory of that world again in the future, plus it would be interesting to see one of these Inuyasha-esque worlds.”

Kawarama grins at the mention of wings. “I’ve viewed a few memories where we had wings. Flying is fun, but it makes maneuvering inside buildings more difficult. Each world I saw had a different way of dealing with that challenge.”

“Wide doorways and tall ceilings,” says Tobirama.

“That’s one,” agrees Kawarama. “Another was to not live in buildings at all. I guess they got used to the rain, and it never got cold enough in their region to snow.”

“The commercial is over,” says Itama, turning the volume back up on the tv.
They quiet down and turn their attention back to the show. Tobirama watches a few more episodes of Inuyasha with them in the name of brotherly bonding before he heads upstairs to his room. He was much more interested in experiencing a world like that than just watching it.

Sitting down on his bed, he gets out his phone to type in his what-if scenario. He asks for a world that has ‘demons’ like the Inuyasha show, but doesn’t specifically ask to see the Inuyasha world itself. He’s heard a multi-verse theory that every tv show or book is real in at least one dimension, and if it’s true, he doesn’t want to meet this Inuyasha character or the villains of that world. After typing in his question, he hits ‘enter,’ and his surroundings blur for a moment before he’s suddenly seeing through his alternate’s eyes.

Tobirama walks through the forest about a mile away from the Senju clan compound, his tail twitching irritably, just barely brushing across the ground. He had been feeling weird all day, his body too hot. When he had gone to see the clan’s healer, his suspicions had been confirmed. He was going into heat.

He had kept the news to himself, not wanting the others to know yet. It was no secret that many in the clan had been waiting for this moment for fifteen years, ever since they found him when he was three and newly orphaned. His mother, a full blooded snow leopard demon, had been killed by the leader of a nomadic pack when she refused to abandon him and become the leader’s mate. He had just barely gotten away from them and had been found a few days later by the Senju wolf pack.

He hadn’t had anywhere else to go as his human father was killed before he was even born. Humans and demons don’t tend to mix very well, and the village where his father had lived had taken exception to his father breeding with a demon. And so, he had willingly gone with the wolf demons back to their clan compound, even though he knew they only wanted him for his rare genes. There were only a handful of snow leopard youkai left in the world, making him a valuable addition to their pack.

When two demons of differing species mated, the child was always one or the other species, not a combination of both. It was the human genes that stubbornly insisted on being passed down. So any children he had would either be three fourths snow leopard and one fourth human or three fourths some other demons species and one fourth human. The wolf pack knew that if he had enough children, at least one of them would end up being part snow leopard, giving his species the chance to come back from the brink of extinction. Of course, Tobirama doubted they really cared about whether his species was extinct or not. They simply wanted the prestige that came with having such a rare species in their pack.

Tobirama leans against a tree, biting his lip as a jolt of arousal goes through him. He’s not sure what he’s supposed to do now. Should he go back to the clan compound and approach one of the alphas he thinks would treat him decently? Or should he try to find somewhere to hide for the next week until his heat is over?

His eyes narrow as the wind changes direction, bringing with it the scent of an unfamiliar demon. He breathes in deeply and tries to analyze the scent. If he’s not mistaken, the other man is a full-blooded alpha, with an underlying feline scent. He frowns unhappily and continues moving through the forest, away from the direction of the alpha. He was already nervous at the thought of mating with someone from the Senju clan; he certainly didn’t want to get mated to a complete stranger.

Unfortunately, the alpha seems to have caught his scent and is rapidly getting closer. He can just barely sense the man’s aura now, despite how close they are. The alpha must be concealing his energy to avoid detection. He turns his head at the sound of a twig cracking and catches sight of him. He frowns as he takes in the other man’s appearance: long black hair, pointed ears like all full blooded demons seem to have, and red eyes with slitted pupils. He’s pretty sure that the eye color
means that this man is an Uchiha, which should mean he’s a panther youkai.

Being a half demon, Tobirama has a tail and animal ears resting atop his head. He wonders if his status as hybrid will make the man lose interest or if his rarity as a snow leopard will outweigh that. He tenses as the man steps closer, turning and running deeper into the forest in an attempt to get away. He’s not going to make it easy for this stranger to claim him. If he really wants him, then he’s going to have to work for it.

They run for several miles before the Uchiha is able to catch him. He’s tackled to the ground, but refuses to give in. Lashing out with fists and knees, he tries to make the demon let go of him. Nothing works. Frustration wells up inside him along with a desperate need to get away.

The world goes gray, colors blending together for a long, frightening moment, before everything comes back into clarity. It suddenly feels as though the energy has been drained from his body, unable to do anything but lie upon the ground and stare up at the sky. Distantly, he notes that the trees around him are different, and he can sense a village just a few miles away that wasn’t there a moment ago.

“Amazing,” breathes the panther, sitting up to take in their new surroundings. “I had heard the rumors that some snow leopards had the power of teleportation, but I hadn’t truly believed it until now.”

Tobirama blinks up at him in a daze. Teleportation? Was that why he felt so tired? He struggles up into a sitting position, glancing around with a slight frown. The panther demon doesn’t try to stop him, but grabs onto his shoulders and settles more firmly into his lap.

“Did you know you could do this?” asks the panther.

He shakes his head.

“Hmm. You’re more valuable than I had originally thought. As the heir of the clan, I needed someone unique as my mate. Someone who had done something great or was of a rare breed, like you. The fact that you can also teleport is a nice bonus.” The panther smirks at him. “Now, what is your name, my little omega? I am Madara of the Uchiha clan.”

Tobirama huffs silently. He was not little. Out of a desire to never be called that again, he reluctantly states, “Tobirama Senju.”

Madara blinks. “Senju? That’s a wolf clan. Were you adopted?”

Did he really need to tell this man his life story? Apparently, yes, if Madara’s expectant, demanding, expression was anything to go by.

“Yes. Mother was killed when I was three, and Father was dead before I was even born. The Senju clan found me after her death and took me in,” he reveals.

Madara’s eyes narrow. “Because they want you to have their pups. They’re going to be very disappointed, as you’re going to have my cubs.”

Heat flares up inside him as Madara leans closer, the scent of a strong alpha intoxicating. He forces himself to scoot backwards, trying to get away. Madara growls at his defiance, grabbing him roughly and shoving him over onto his stomach. His eyes go wide as the alpha’s teeth sink into his neck, intense pleasure shooting through him. An instinct he didn’t even know he had forces his hips up and his forehead against the ground.

He blushes in mortification as soon as he realizes what he’s done, but he can’t force his hips down. It’s like his spine has locked into that position, presenting himself to be mounted.
“Good,” purrs Madara. “You’re starting to learn your place, little queen.”

Tobirama whines softly as Madara’s hips shift forward, feeling the hard length of him through several layers of fabric. He can feel slick soaking into his underwear, a sudden empty feeling leaving him shaking with confused desire.

“Shh. I’ll give you what you need soon enough,” assures Madara, “but first, you have to be punished for your earlier defiance. It wouldn’t do for you to think you can get away with disobeying me.”

Understanding sets in as soon as Madara begins to yank as his trousers, pulling them down to his knees, but he still can’t make himself move. His rear end stays raised in the air, at the perfect distance for Madara to slap him. Pain jolts through him at the first strike, quickly replaced by the feeling of heat spreading across his skin.

In this position, all he can do is watch as his cock twitches, precum dripping from the slit after each hit. Somehow, his brain must have confused the sensations of pain and pleasure, thinking them deserving of the same reactions.

He grits his teeth, trying not to cry out, but Madara was relentless. His backside felt like it was on fire, and he was sure there would be bruises tomorrow. Worse than that was when fingers would teasingly brush across his slick hole in-between strikes, taunting him with the promise of more and yet not delivering.

It’s when a hand wraps around the base of his tail and strokes down to the tip that his resistance truly shatters. His cock throbs with every gentle touch to his sensitive tail, clawing at the ground as pleading moans escape his lips.

“Have you learned your lesson yet, little omega?” asks Madara, tone darkly amused. “Are you ready to submit to me now?”

“Ah...yes, alpha....please.” He bites back a whimper as the hand around his tail leaves, hearing rustling cloth before the head of Madara’s cock presses against his entrance. His muscles give way easily as Madara pushes inside him, the heat cycle making his body loose despite never having done this before.

Madara growls in approval, snapping his hips forward. His little queen practically yowls in pleasure, pushing back against his thrusts. It was perfect. He grabs Tobirama’s hips, claws digging in until the scent of blood reached his nose. The sight of red on pale skin makes something possessive flare up inside him. He needed to thoroughly mark this one, so that one else ever touched him.

Tobirama yelps in shock as Madara’s hands dive underneath his shirt, nails scraping across his back. He squirms, unable to move away when it means Madara’s cock leaving his body. The emptiness would be worse than the stinging pain. However, he was a bit miffed that Madara was ruining his shirt with bloodstains. The panther had better supply him with a replacement later.

The claws leave his back soon enough, but his relief is short lived as Madara grabs his tail. He was getting blood on his white fur! The outrage only lasts a moment before the panther tugs on his sensitive appendage, not hard, but causing enough pain for his muscles to clamp down around Madara’s cock. Both of them groan at the sensation with Madara repeating the action every few thrusts.

Was it his heat causing him to withstand anything to get a knot, or was he just naturally this masochistic? It was insane what he was allowing this demon to do to him, but the pleasure outweighed the pain.
Madara purrs at how submissive his little omega is acting, leaning forward to nip at his neck, sucking marks into the soft skin. His hips still as his hands caress Tobirama’s stomach, causing the other to wiggle impatiently. “You’re going to look beautiful pregnant with my cubs, little queen. Everyone will know by the sight of your rounded stomach that you’ve been claimed.”

Tobirama flushes at being called *queen*. It was what the feline demons called their female mates and could be considered a bit derogatory to call a man such. However, he had a feeling that Madara meant it in a more literal sense. The Uchiha clan was all but royalty in this country, with many people seriously calling the alpha pair of that clan king and queen.

He frowns in confusion when Madara suddenly pulls out, the empty feeling getting worse every second. His spine unlocks and he turns with a frustrated growl to throw himself into the Uchiha’s lap. Swiftly impaling himself on Madara’s cock, he viciously bites the other’s neck, the taste of blood filling his mouth.

Madara chuckles victoriously as a mating bond snaps into place between them. As realization starts to enter Tobirama’s eyes, he pushes his hips up, replacing that look with pleasure.

Tobirama bites his neck again in retaliation, grinding his hips down to meet the other’s thrusts. He purrs in satisfaction as Madara’s knot begins to swell, shuddering in bliss as he receives echoes of Madara’s pleasure through the bond. Feeling Madara’s release, both physically and mentally, tips him over the edge as well, his muscles rhythmically clenching down around the alpha’s knot.

As the pleasure fades, the energy seems to drain out of him and he sags against Madara’s chest. That teleporting trick he had used earlier had been tiring, and fighting against Madara hadn’t helped either. He barely twitches as he feels Madara’s hand against his softening erection, blinking tiredly when cum coated fingers are placed in front of his mouth.

It wasn’t worth the energy to argue, so he obediently opens his mouth for Madara’s fingers. The taste of cum was odd, salty and bitter, but not as disgusting as he had thought it would be. He could tell Madara enjoyed the sight and knew it was something he would just have to get used to.

He shifts slightly, an involuntary purr escaping him when he can’t get free of Madara’s knot. Something about being claimed like that was appealing to his base instincts. The new mating bond was also affecting the way he was thinking. No longer was Madara an alpha to run away from. Now he was the one to run to, a pillar of support and someone who would keep him and his future children safe.

Tobirama closes his eyes and leans against Madara. They wouldn’t be going anywhere for the next half-hour, so he may as well take a nap to regain his energy. Madara seems to have the same idea and gently tilts back until he’s lying on the ground with Tobirama resting on his chest. Within just a few minutes, he’s fast asleep.

When he awakens later, the sun is lower in the sky, indicating at least a few hours have passed. It amazes him that he didn’t wake earlier when Madara was moving him as he now finds himself lying on his stomach against the ground. The panther demon is above him, tongue lapping at the blood on his back, cleaning his wounds.

“You’re awake,” says Madara. “Good. I was starting to worry.”

“Mm. Teleporting is apparently tiring,” he replies.

“I guess that was your first time doing so, huh? You seemed pretty surprised. Our mating marks have formed, by the way,” says Madara.

Tobirama lazily lifts his head up from the ground to peer back at Madara’s neck. A moment passes as he stares at the mark before abruptly sitting up to get a better look. The whole thing was blue, a
vine circling around Madara’s neck with leaves connected on either side. It was odd to realize the
exact same thing was now on his own skin. Mating marks were always identical on the
submissive and dominant.

“It’s so detailed,” he says in wonder.

“Yes, though I’m curious to know what it could mean,” says Madara.

So far, people were still trying to puzzle out if color and type of plant had any special significance.
Flowers, leaves, vines, and on rare occasions, insects were the symbols that made up the mating
marks. There was one thing people were starting to agree on, though.

“I’ve heard of those who have marks that go all the way around the neck instead of just on the
side. The mates were equally possessive of each other,” says Tobirama. “Normally, the alpha is
much more possessive of the omega than the omega is of the alpha.”

“And so it wouldn’t make sense for the alpha to have a possessive type mark on him when the
omega doesn’t feel that way,” realizes Madara. “That means you feel possessive towards me?”

Tobirama hums in affirmative and nips at Madara’s neck. “I hope you weren’t expecting this to be
some political arrangement where you’re only with me to have a unique enough mate to become
the next Clan Head. You’re not going to be having any lovers on the side. If you have sex with
anyone else, I’ll make you rue the day you were born.”

Madara laughs nervously, eyes slightly wide. Despite being a few hundred years older than
Tobirama, he had no doubt that his new mate could make his life hell if he crossed him. There was
a viciousness in Tobirama’s eyes when he spoke of any possible infidelity.

“No, that was never my plan. I don’t need more than one mate, and casual sex isn’t appealing to
me. I get too attached to those I sleep with. You should be prepared for me to get jealous
whenever someone flirts with you,” says Madara.

Tobirama’s lips curve up into a small smile. “Then we get to have ‘you belong to me’ sex. It
sounds fun, as long as you don’t get angry at me for their actions. If I’m not flirting back, I don’t
want you acting like it’s my fault they find me attractive.”

Madara gives him a brief kiss on the lips before standing up from the ground. “I’m not that level of
jealous asshole; don’t worry. It’s getting dark, so we should be on our way. Luckily, the nearby
village you teleported us to is where I live. We’re even on the correct side of town, so it’ll just be a
few miles of walking before we reach the manor home.”

With a barely audible sigh, Tobirama adjusts his clothing until he looks presentable, and begins to
follow Madara to the village. He’s not sure how to react when he feels Madara’s seed begin to
drip down his thigh. It wasn’t quite disgust, but the feeling was decidedly odd.

His ears pull back when they reach Madara’s home, uncomfortable with the way the servants
tending the lawn stare at him as they pass. Madara notices his discomfort and wraps an arm
around his shoulders, giving a pointed look to the servants until they return to their duties.

They’re met at the door by an older gentlemen, a butler if his outfit is any indication. The bow he
gives Madara seems to further prove his theory.

“Welcome home, Lord Madara.”

“James,” greets Madara. “Meet my new mate, Tobirama. I’ll need you to prepare the viewing
room as soon as possible. Alert the witnesses. I want to get this over with tonight, so that we have
no interruptions during the rest of my mate’s heat.”
“The room has already been prepared, sir. Orders from your father. He was hoping your search would prove fruitful this time,” replies James.

“Good. Tobirama and I will be in the viewing room. Send the witnesses to us as quickly as possible,” orders Madara.

Tobirama listens to them with a growing sense of confusion. Who were these witnesses and what would they be viewing? Was it some kind of marriage ceremony? His suspicions grow as Madara gives no explanation as he leads him through the large house. If it was something as benign as a marriage, surely his mate would have said something?

The room they enter contains only a bed against one wall and five chairs on the opposite side facing the bed. He isn’t given long to contemplate the situation before Madara is pushing him down on the bed and forcibly kissing him. His protest is muffled as Madara’s hand snakes underneath his shirt.

He bites Madara’s lip in retaliation. Blood wells up from the bite mark as Madara gives him an annoyed frown, but he just glares back.

“Explain what’s happening,” he demands.

Madara sighs deeply, as if he’s the one acting unreasonable. “There’s a tradition in my clan that started a few thousand years ago. Five major clans allied with the Uchiha to help them take over the country, but they were only willing to follow the Uchiha Clan Head if he had a powerful, unique mate. And to make sure they didn’t just paint matching marks onto each other, a member from each of the five clans had to watch the omega be claimed.”

“What.” Tobirama asks flatly. If this is going where he thinks it’s going…..

Madara eyes him warily. “A representative from each clan arrived at the castle when I started searching for a mate. If I don’t prove my claim to them, I can’t become the next Clan Head.”

“And you couldn’t have found someone who was into exhibition?” he asks dryly.

“How do you know you aren’t?” counters Madara. “Have you tried it before?”

That gave him pause. “Well…no, but it’s still something you should kept in mind when choosing a mate. Are you truly going to force me to have sex with you in front of strangers?”

“Not…force,” says Madara slowly, looking conflicted. “The mating bond doesn’t really allow that, and I don’t want to traumatize you. Still, I can’t become Clan Head any other way. Could you not give this a chance? Due to your heat, you may not even really notice anyone else while you’re aroused.”

“…..This is the only time we’ll be expected to have sex in front of someone else, right?” At Madara’s nod, he reluctantly gives in. “Fine. I’ll put up with this once.”

“Thank you, Tobirama. I’ll make sure you enjoy yourself,” promises Madara.

Tobirama lets Madara take his shift off and lies back down on the bed, focusing on the feel of Madara’s hands on his skin rather than their impending audience. As he’s still on his heat cycle, it doesn’t take long for him to get aroused. Just Madara’s hands skimming up his sides sends a shiver of desire coursing through him.

“Sensitive right now, aren’t you?” murmurs Madara. He dips down to take one of Tobirama’s nipples into his mouth, causing the omega to arch up with a strangled gasp.
Tobirama threads his fingers through Madara’s hair, holding his head in place as little pulses of pleasure go off in stomach. Madara seems to enjoy his reaction and spends several minutes just playing with his nipples until they begin to ache. Tugging at Madara’s hair and tilting his head to the side invitingly gets him to move up his neck.

His eyes close in bliss as soft lips kiss up the side of his neck, followed by little pinpricks of pain as Madara’s teeth sink into his skin. Lost in sensation, he doesn’t hear the door opening but the sound of footsteps catches his attention. He tenses, but doesn’t open his eyes, letting Madara distract him.

Of course, then the idiots have to go and speak.

“Lord Madara certainly chose a pretty one, didn’t he?”

“Mm. Indeed. Just imagine how pretty their children will look. The next Uchiha heir isn’t going to have any trouble finding a mate.”

“Are those snow leopard ears? I hadn’t realized there was any from that clan left.”

“A strong addition to the Uchiha clan. I’m impressed that Lord Madara managed to find such a rare mate.”

“Oh, look, he’s blushing. I guess the future Queen is shy.”

Tobirama scowls at their audience. Why did their witnesses have to be so chatty? As though the risk of performance anxiety wasn’t enough, now he would have to deal with their commentary?

“Do they intend to talk the entire time?” he asks Madara.

“They had better not,” replies Madara, shooting the witnesses a warning glare.

The one in the middle seat raises his hands placatingly and they all fall silent. Satisfied with their compliance, Madara goes back to leaving a trail of hickies down Tobirama’s neck. His omega is tense beneath him, staring at the wall with embarrassed arousal.

Hmm. That wouldn’t do. He wanted Tobirama to enjoy himself. Gently grasping the other’s tail, he strokes down the soft appendage, causing Tobirama’s eyes to open wide with pleasure. He hadn’t realized before just how sensitive a half-demon’s tail was. His omega almost got as much pleasure from this as having his cock touched.

Tobirama’s hips twitch, biting his lip as his fingers clench around the bedsheets. He didn’t want to make any noise, but it was getting really difficult not to moan. It didn’t help that Madara seemed to take his silence as a personal challenge.

Heat flushes through him as Madara’s thigh nudges against the bulge in his pants. His eyes glaze over as a soft moan escapes him, faintly shuddering as the feeling of emptiness returns. He needed Madara inside him, and the desperation of that was starting to outweigh the embarrassment of being exposed in front of strangers.

He tugs at Madara’s shirt, prompting the other to begin undressing. With only a moment’s hesitation, he removes his pants and drops them down on the floor. The witnesses don’t say anything about his nude state, but he can smell the sudden spike in arousal from them. Their reaction is…oddly pleasing.

Against his better judgement, he turns his head, blush travelling all the way down to his chest at the hungry way they’re watching him. It makes his cock throb even as he feels like covering up in embarrassment. Apparently Madara hadn’t been wrong to say he couldn’t know whether he
would like this kind of thing without trying it.

His tail curls around his hips, partially hiding his cock from view. It causes one of the witnesses to pout at him. He hears Madara laugh before hands wrap around his waist and tug him backwards onto the alpha’s lap. Madara grabs his tail, moving it out of the way before wrapping slender fingers around his cock.

A purring moan leaves his throat as Madara’s thumb flicks across his slit, smearing clear precum around the head of his cock. Madara’s other hand hooks underneath his left knee and pulls up and back. His leg ends up against the side of his chest, foot dangling in the air. It’s a position that gives their audience a good look at his cock and wet hole.

His breath hitches as Madara’s finger trails down the underside of his cock before circling around his entrance. He whines softly when Madara continues to tease him, squirming impatiently to have something inside him. It’s a relief when Madara finally pushes two fingers inside him, letting out a keening moan as Madara rubs against his prostate.

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He turns slightly, hiding his face against Madara’s neck, embarrassed by the slick noises his body makes as Madara fingerfucks him. Madara seems to enjoy his reaction and takes longer than needed to prepare him, purring smugly when he squirms.

“Have you noticed, little queen, that they can’t take their eyes off you?” murmurs Madara.

“Stop…calling me…that,” he says through panted breathes.

Madara’s eyes narrow, curling his fingers and insistently rubbing against the other’s sweet spot. Tobirama moans wantonly against his neck, muscles involuntarily clenching down around his fingers. He lowers Tobirama’s leg back down onto the bed and grabs his chin, forcibly turning his head to look at their audience.

He presses gently against Tobirama’s cheeks when he sees the other try to bite down on his lip, opening his mouth and not allowing Tobirama to silence himself. Pleasure coils tightly in his abdomen at the sight of mortified arousal in his omega’s eyes. Despite what Tobirama tried to protest, it was easy to see he was getting off on this.

Tobirama can’t help the whimper that escapes him when Madara’s fingers leave his body. Need clouds his head, making him desperate to be filled. He reaches back and grabs Madara’s waist, grinding his hips down to rub his ass against Madara’s cock. In response, Madara’s teeth latch onto his neck, hard enough to draw blood, but that just makes his desire sharpen.

Not being able to see what he’s doing makes it more difficult, but eventually he gets Madara’s cock lined up with his entrance and slowly sinks down, letting out a relieved moan at the wonderfully full feeling. His movements are limited by Madara’s refusal to stop biting him, but he manages to move enough to get the friction he needs inside him.

Madara lets him move as he likes, focusing his attention on driving Tobirama mad with pleasure by playing with his nipples and petting his tail. Luckily, there’s no pulling this time, as his tail is still a bit sore from earlier. He can feel Madara’s knot beginning to swell and pushes his hips all the way down, letting out a soft sound of pleasure as Madara releases inside him.

Fingers wrap around his cock while a wrist is pressed against his mouth. He bites down as blissful heat sears through him, coating Madara’s hand with semen. It’s not until the afterglow fades that he realizes why Madara wanted him to bite him. A mating bond was created during sex when both partners drew blood with their teeth. They had to prove to their audience that the marks around their necks were real.

He laps up the blood from Madara’s wrist, hesitating slightly when the alpha switches which hand
is in front of his face. He gives a small lick to his index finger, some of his reluctance fading when Madara purrs his approval. The sound was very soothing, making it worth it to deal with the odd taste of cum.

After he finishes cleaning Madara’s hand, the alpha gently presses against his back until he’s lying down on the bed on his stomach. He folds his arms under his head, hiding his face from view as their audience gets up to get a closer look. Madara stays sitting mostly upright, allowing the others to see that they’re knotted.

One of the witnesses goes to the door, opening it just a crack. Not enough to let anyone see inside, but enough to grab something from whoever is on the other side of the door. The item in question turns out to be two robes for him and Madara to wear as soon as they’re able to separate. In the meantime, their guests decide to introduce themselves.

The deer youkai is the first to step forward. “I’m Shikai of the Nara clan. We specialize in making medicines and have an affinity with the shadows.”

To demonstrate, Shikai holds out his hand and the shadow rises up from the ground to touch his fingers. It was an impressive ability, and explained how a prey species could have become one of the five Noble clans in this country. They could use their opponents’ shadows against them to attack and bind them.

A bird youkai, he didn’t know which species, is the next to approach. “I’m Shohei of the Yamanaka clan. Our ability is to create illusions and to be able to sense the people around us. The range of our sensing abilities depends on the person.”

Shohei cups his hands together and light forms between them, creating the image of a bird. It was a detailed image and surprisingly realistic. He could see how that would be useful on the battlefield, making it difficult for your enemies to even see where you were.

The next one to speak was a bear youkai. “I’m Takuya of the Akimichi clan. We can increase our physical size, temporarily making us giants. It makes us stronger, but not slower.”

Tobirama blinks at that. They could increase their mass without it affecting their speed? Perhaps they channeled energy through their muscles to move faster?

The lone female of the group steps forward next, this one a dog youkai. “I’m Kotone of the Inuzuka clan. Like other youkai, we have an animal form, but ours are several times larger than any other clan in this country. Additionally, some of us develop venom or poisonous breath.”

His tails flicks with interest. “Can they control the poisonous breath, so that they aren’t producing it all the time?”

Her smile is wry. “Not at first. Obviously, they have to go into the wilderness for a while until then to avoid killing anyone. Luckily, whoever they bond to ends up with an immunity to their poison, or else they’d risk death by kiss.”

A kiss of death. Tobirama would think that a good assassination technique if he hadn’t heard about how unsubtle the entire Inuzuka clan was. They were good trackers, but that didn’t lend itself to stealth.

The last witness is a bug youkai with completely black eyes. “I am Saburo of the Aburame clan. We have an affinity with insects and can command them to track our enemies. Additionally, there are species of insects capable of draining a person’s magic, making it easier for us to defeat our opponents.”

With the introductions out of the way, the five of them return to their chairs to wait. It’s a bit
amusing to realize that they’re still aroused. The fact that he and Madara were still undressed and knotted together probably wasn’t helping. He didn’t understand why they hadn’t simply left to take care of the problem.

Shikai notices his curiosity and smiles wryly. “Lord Madara’s ancestor was a cunning man. He may have had to concede to let others watch such an intimate moment, but he got his own sort of revenge for it. The witnesses aren’t allowed to masturbate until they leave the room, and they can’t leave until the Uchiha and his mate are able to physically separate. Additionally, the witnesses have to either be the Lords or heirs of the clans. It was considered less of an embarrassment if no one in the audience was of a low rank.”

“I suppose that makes sense, and it makes me feel better that I’m not the only one dealing with some discomfort in this situation,” says Tobirama.

“Discomfort is one way of putting it,” mutters Shohei, shifting slightly in his chair.

Kotone rolls her eyes. “Don’t be such a wimp. It’s almost time for us to leave.”

Shohei shoots her a sour look. “You’re an alpha. I know you’ve got the same equipment we do, so you can’t say this isn’t uncomfortable.”

Kotone shrugs. “Or maybe your sex life is really boring, and you finish too early. The orgasm is better if you draw it out.”

There’s an incredulous silence before Takuya shakes his head. “Drawing it out that long is just a form of masochism.”

Kotone glances at Saburo. “And what do you think of this?”

Saburo sighs at their expectant stares. “Delayed gratification is not my preference,” he says diplomatically.

“Hmph.” Kotone crosses her arms and ignores them for the rest of the waiting period.

Tobirama hisses softly as Madara pulls out, beginning to feel a bit sore. The scratches on his back had thankfully begun to heal, but his ass still felt warm and uncomfortable to sit on. Madara’s seed drips down his thigh as he stands up, but he ignores it and puts on one of the robes. Madara gets dressed as well, and they bid their guests goodbye before leaving the room.

They go down a few different hallways before entering a suite of rooms. A sitting room connects to a small office/library, a master bedroom, and a guest room. Madara leads him into the master bedroom and into the connecting bathroom. Madara then grabs a sponge from underneath the sink as well as a jar of medicinal cream.

“I doubt you’ll really want to take a bath right now. The water wouldn’t feel pleasant against your healing skin. Instead, you can clean up with the sponge and I’ll help you apply the medicine,” says Madara.

“Alright.” He gets into the tub and wets the sponge, cleaning himself of cum and sweat. Afterwards, he lies face down on the bed while Madara applies the cream to his reddened skin.

The gentle touch of his mate is shockingly soothing, a purr rumbling forth from his chest as his muscles relax. It was one thing to know that a mate bond affected your emotions, and another thing entirely to experience it for yourself. He was already starting to view Madara with some measure of affection, and knew it was only a matter of time before the bond caused him to fall in love with the panther demon.
He turns onto his side when Madara is done, eyeing the other man thoughtfully. Having Kotone mention the demon transformation earlier had made him curious. “You’re able to turn into a panther, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I’ve been able to since I was eight years old. Why do you ask?”

Tobirama huffs slightly. “From what I’ve heard about half-demons, we don’t get the ability to transform until we’re at least a few centuries old. I’ve seen a few of the Senjus transform into wolves, but most of them didn’t shift in front of me. I guess they didn’t want to make me jealous.”

“Would you like to see my panther form?” offers Madara.

He nods, sitting up to get a better view. Madara steps a few feet from the bed, and then his form blurs, being replaced a moment later by a black panther with red eyes. His mate’s animal form was about six feet tall and larger than the few Senju wolves he had seen.

“Impressive.” Tobirama holds out his hand, smiling when Madara steps forward so he reach. He runs his hand over Madara’s head, marveling at how soft his fur was. His alpha purrs softly and licks his jaw, tongue slightly rough against his skin. He presses his face against Madara’s cheek and closes his eyes, breathing in the other’s scent.

Madara abruptly shifts back and wraps strong arms around him, nudging him back until they’re lying on the bed together. Then his mate realizes the lights are still on and has to sit up to turn off the lamp. He grabs the sheets as Madara settles back down and pulls the blankets over them. Madara’s arm wraps around his waist and they lapse into a comfortable silence as they begin to drift off into sleep.

Tobirama chooses now to disconnect from his alternate’s memories, having seen enough to satisfy his curiosity for now. It was funny, in a way, that even in alternate universes, he was able to teleport. Was that a theme of his lives? If it was at all possible, he would learn how to teleport?

That was actually an interesting thought. Was there something that every Tobirama in every universe had in common? Age, gender, species, and family relation had already proven to be different, but those were all physical. Perhaps something mental, a personality trait or an interest in creating things? Considering how many worlds there were, he wasn’t sure if there was even any way for him to check.

Even if every alternate had something in common with him, it wouldn’t necessarily be the same thing. In fact, he was fairly certain that everyone had at least one thing in common with everybody else, no matter how different they were.

The challenge nags at the scientific part of his brain that likes to dissect a problem and find answers, but he stomps it down. He could spend all day, every day for the next millennia looking through each alternate world and still not have seen every dimension that contains a version of himself. Such a minor curiosity wasn’t worth such time.

Instead, he decides to head over to his lab, a building within walking distance of the house. There were a few experiments he had been thinking of trying lately, and now was as good a time as any. It was better for him to focus his attention on something concrete, something that didn’t have an infinite number of variables.

Chapter End Notes

http://redhohollyberries.tumblr.com/post/149238125864/resubmitted-because-i-
I wanted to do a coloured
This is a picture on tumblr of Tobirama with snow leopard ears and tail. Isn't it wonderful?

I was asked recently to post a list of the prompts I'm planning to write on my tumblr. I decided to pick out the ones I have the most inspiration for and posted it here: http://kaelvercorian.tumblr.com/post/149569761552/httparchiveofourownorgworks4142373chapters9

I have two different blogs: kaelvercorian and sexysubmissivesenju
You can contact me on either, but the first is my Naturo/writing blog and the other is for roleplaying.
Kagami/Hiruzen/Danzo/Tobirama, consensual

Chapter Notes

This is something I've been wanting to write for about a year now, which might explain why it ended up so long. 19, 573 words!

The pairing is Kagami/Danzo/Hiruzen/Tobirama, with submissive Tobirama. Consensual.

Here are the pixiv pictures that gave me the idea to write this pairing in the first place:
http://www.pixiv.net/member_illust.php?mode=manga&illust_id=50514513, pic 4-10

Also, I have a beta reader now. This chapter was edited by Tiear. Thank you for your hard work!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tobirama adjusts the picture on the wall a fraction of an inch to the left, eying it critically, trying to make sure it was level. He and his brothers had recently taken some family portraits to put up around the house because Hashirama had heard it was a ‘tradition.’ Cameras hadn’t existed yet when they were children, and Hashirama was determined to make up for lost time.

The village being built had sped up technological advancement, to some degree. Civilians with a penchant for inventing had been able to share ideas much faster when they were living near each other. And having a ninja deliver a message for you within Fire Country became much cheaper once parts of it were no longer in enemy territory.

By the time he had a Genin team, cameras were a regular part of life. He had kept a picture of them in his living room, and then a copy on his desk once he became Hokage. Seeing their images every day reminded him why he put up with all that paperwork and the hassle of trying to maintain diplomatic ties with the other nations.

Unfortunately, war had come without his input. Having two teams he trusted to go with him on missions had greatly helped during the war effort. They barely needed to speak to convey plans of attack, and had developed their own variation of the Konoha sign language. By the time of his death, it was a full-fledged language, instead of the handful of phrases it had started out as.

It was a tragedy that Kagami, Danzo, and Torifune’s original sensei had died on a mission, but he would be worse off if he hadn’t taken them on as his second team. Technically, they had been Chunin at the time, and didn’t legally require another Jounin sensei, but their potential would have been wasted if no one continued training them.

It had been six months since he was finally allowed to pass on to the Afterlife, but he hadn’t gone to see them yet. Only hours after giving the Hokage mantle to Hiruzen, he had been brought back to life by Orochimaru to find that years had gone by for his former student.

‘Little Saru is older than I am now,’ thinks Tobirama.

Unsettling was the only word for it. He knew in a distant way that Hiruzen wouldn’t look like that now. The afterlife restored you to your prime. But knowing and believing were two different things.

Tobirama blinks slowly, bringing his mind back to the present. He turns away from the picture to see Kawarama watching him with a worried frown.

“I was thinking about the last time I saw my team. Hiruzen, Homura, Koharu, Kagami, Danzo, and Torifune. We were on a mission together before my first death. I think it’s time I go visit them, but I’m not sure how to find them,” says Tobirama.

Kawarama’s expression clears. “Ah, is that all? I know where they live. Kagami has visited that park where Uchiha and Senju meet up. Itama and I figured you’d want to see him again eventually, so we’ve kept in touch over the years. We have their numbers on our phones. Should I call them and set up a meeting between you guys?”

“Yes. That would be helpful. Thank you.”

At this point, he doesn’t even know why he’s surprised. Kawarama and Itama have practically made it their mission to know as much as possible about this place. They have maps of the various regions hanging up in the study/library, with color-coded pins to show which cities to avoid, where the best food is, the best futuristic cities, and the most artistic cities, to name just a few of the categories.

Kawarama starts making calls and within half an hour, he’s got a meeting set up with his old team for later this afternoon. He thanks his brother with a kiss and goes back to hanging up the pictures, finishing in record time. Then there isn’t anything for him to do but wait, trying to tell himself that there’s no reason for him to be nervous. Obviously, his team must have missed him just as much, for why else would they have agreed to meet on such short notice?

Then he catches sight of himself in the mirror, at the collar around his neck, and has a whole new reason to worry. What if they found his relationship with his brothers to be unnatural? He knew there were those who still hated the idea of incest, and then there were those who were indifferent to the idea of it for others but had no desire towards their own siblings. He could only hope that his teammates were in the second category.

He knew it would make things easier if he simply took the collar off while meeting with his former students, but he wasn’t willing to do that. To deny the love and joy Kawarama, Itama, and Hashirama brought to his life was an abhorrent thought.

About ten minutes before the agreed upon time, he teleports himself to a small glade in the woods. It was a location that Koharu had chosen, having remembered that Tobirama was always more relaxed around his students when there wasn’t anyone else around. She had given them the latitude and longitude of the area, which is something he hadn’t realized they could teleport to before now.

Looking around, he sees that he’s the first to arrive and leans against one of the nearby trees to wait. It’s not long after that his former students start appearing, one after another. Shifting his expression into something neutral, he steps forward to greet them.

“Tobirama-sensei,” says Kagami happily. “It’s good to see you again.”

“Likewise. I’m glad to see you’re all doing well,” replies Tobirama.

Everyone returns his greeting with good cheer, except for Danzo, who mutters something about being ‘stuck in prison.’ Now, it’s not as though he hadn’t noticed they were all meeting up at the prison area, but…

“I thought we weren’t going to mention that, to have a peaceful reunion,” says Tobirama.
Danzo reddens, then straightens his back with a defiant look. “Everyone always brings it up eventually to lecture me. I figured I’d get it over with.”

Silently, he approaches Danzo, noting the way he tenses like he’s expecting a blow, and places his hand lightly upon his shoulder.

“Despite what you’ve done, I still think of you fondly as one of my pupils. However, I am deeply disappointed.” He pauses as Danzo flinches, then continues. “Hashirama and I created Konoha because we were tired of children fighting and dying at the whims of adults. How could you think brainwashing children into mindless soldiers was acceptable?”

He stares at Danzo until the man realizes he expects an actual answer.

“Emotions cloud judgment. It causes one to show mercy to enemies. I believed they would be better protectors of the village if they could fulfill orders without hesitation,” says Danzo.

Tobirama frowns. “It sounds to me like you forgot that the village is people, both civilian and shinobi. They protect their home because of their emotions, not in spite of them. People are more motivated when something they care about is on the line, although emotions can make one more reckless. It would have been a better idea to teach them how to manage their feelings and to think critically in a hostile situation.”

“That is precisely why I ordered him to disband Root the first time,” says Hiruzen. “The safety of the village has never depended on turning people into mindless automatons.”

Danzo folds his arms in front of him, obviously displeased but at least appearing to take their words seriously. “I will concede that my methods may not have been the best. Several former Root operatives have sought me out since my death, dying having removed the emotional numbness I had trained into them. They were…angry at what had been done to them.”

“You don’t say,” mutters Hiruzen.

Danzo scowls at him. “I did what I thought was best at the time. I thought it was worth it, to do something unethical if it meant the safety of the village. If I had the chance to re-do my life, I would have done differently.”

“Such as?” asks Koharu.

“I would teach them how to control their emotions, instead of trying to remove them altogether,” replies Danzo.

“You could have also used adults in your army instead of stealing orphans,” says Homura.

“Does anyone else think it odd that no one noticed that?” asks Torifune. “I was dead by the time he started doing that, but shouldn’t someone have been keeping track of the kids?”

“It was more difficult to keep track of everything during the war,” explains Hiruzen. “We were focused on what the enemy was doing, planning counter attacks and anticipating their movements. Danzo was subtle about taking the war orphans and fabricated paperwork to give the false impression that they were being looked after by distant relatives.”

Danzo shrugs when Hiruzen gives him a disgruntled glare. “I don’t know what else you expect me to say. I can’t change the past, and I’ve already expressed as much regret as I can at the moment. You can’t expect me to change my entire world view in less than a year.”

“That’s essentially what Madara said. You’ll both understand the extent of your mistakes eventually,” says Tobirama. “Now, let’s focus on why we’re actually here: to have a pleasant
“Well, normally I would have suggested a team spar, like we used to, but…” Torifune’s eyes flicker over to Danzo. “I don’t think any of us are calm enough for that to be safe, not after the tense conversation we just had.”

“No, that probably wouldn’t be a good idea,” agrees Kagami, staring at Danzo with a hint of betrayal showing in his eyes, still upset by what had happened to his clan.

Danzo looks away, for the first time showing traces of guilt. It had never been his intention to hurt Kagami. He had seen the Uchiha clan as a threat when they were planning a coup, and despite what some had accused him of, gaining the Uchiha’s eyes was not why he had them killed. Their plans of treason had seen them executed, and he hadn’t seen the point in letting their eyes go to waste when he could use them to continue protecting Konoha.

“Right. So what is there to do in this place?” asks Koharu.

“Does the prison area have entertainment?” adds Homura.

“Yes, it does. There are very few differences between this place and the outside. We built our own cities and technology. Plants are easy to grow and resources are plentiful. The only major difference I can think of is that there are no children here,” says Danzo.

“No children? What happens if someone gets pregnant?” asks Torifune.

“The simple answer is that they don’t,” replies Danzo. “Even if they visit from the outside, they can’t get pregnant while inside the prison, and no pregnant woman may enter this area. Just as no child can get past the barrier.”

“Is that common knowledge?” asks Tobirama. Madara hadn’t mentioned anything like this…. Danzo shrugs. “It’s not a secret, but people generally don’t volunteer the information. You have to ask around. I’ve seen families right outside the barrier, talking to one of their relatives on the inside. There isn’t any sound restriction, so they can still communicate. It’s just to make sure that no pedophiles have any access to minors.”

“Ohay. So aside from that, it’s pretty similar?” asks Kagami. “If so, maybe we could go see a movie or a play.”

“There are plenty of theaters to choose from,” says Danzo. “Personally, I tend to like plays better.”

Tobirama glances at the others, but none of them appear to object. “A play it is. You know the way better than us, Danzo. We’ll follow you to the theater.”

They decide to walk out of the forest the normal way, rather than instantly teleporting there, so that they can talk on the way. They tell him little snippets of their life from after he died, mainly about their families. He still can’t believe how old Saru had looked when he was revived, and it’s a bit of surrealism that he learns that he had gotten married and had kids.

Eventually, the questions turn to his own life.

“Sensei, I know you’re normally a private person, but is it alright if we ask about your new accessory?” asks Kagami.

Subconsciously, Tobirama reaches up to touch the tiny padlock keeping his collar firmly in place. His students stare at him curiously, though thankfully not judgmentally. They must know that the collar at least represents a D/s relationship, but that doesn’t seem to bother them.
“I’m now in a polygamous relationship,” he explains. “The collar is from those in the primary relationship. Well, that’s what I think of them as anyway. I don’t know if there are any official labels for what I have with them.”

“If there’s a primary, does that mean there’s a secondary?” asks Kagami curiously.

“There might be in the future. To me, primary and secondary just denotes who I’ll spend the most time with. The relationship I have with them began shortly after I arrived in the afterlife, and I’m still getting to know most of them,” says Tobirama.

Hiruzen frowns at his collar, looking a bit puzzled.

“What is it, Saru?” he asks.

“Well, it’s just that we all thought you might be asexual. When we were alive, you didn’t seem to be interested in dating or sex,” says Hiruzen.

It is decisively odd to hear that question coming from his former student. He never thought he’d end up discussing his sex life with them, but that might just be because he didn’t use to have one. Now that they were all older, and dead, there wasn’t any reason for him to keep treating them like children instead of as his peers.

“At the time, I was unaware that I needed something specific to find sex enjoyable. I just assumed after the first two encounters that I didn’t like it, and gave up on non-platonic relationships,” says Tobirama.

“How did you figure out what was missing?” asks Torifune.

“I wasn’t specific enough the first time I used the Alternate View feature on the phones and ended up seeing a sexual memory. It surprised me that I was reacting to it, but it didn’t take me long to realize what part of it I was reacting to,” explains Tobirama.

“Is that chakra I sense from the collar?” asks Danzo.

The others glance at his neck curiously. Apparently, they hadn’t noticed that before Danzo pointed it out.

“Now that you mention it, I can sense that too,” says Koharu. “Is that the chakra of the people you’re dating?”

“It is.”

“I can’t separate out individual chakra signatures like you can, sensei. How many people are you dating?” asks Homura.

“Eight.” Tobirama waits for the scorn to come, but none does. His students are certainly startled but have yet to look at him like they’re judging his life choices. “All of you are taking this better than I expected.”

Koharu shrugs. “A shinobi is supposed to be adaptable, and this isn’t the weirdest thing we’ve heard of. Everyone that’s been dead tends to have a very open mind, and those that never adjust live in their own little villages together.”

“We’ve also seen some weird things in the alternate worlds,” says Kagami. “Apparently, there are some places where incest isn’t a taboo.”

Tobirama fixes his face into an expression of neutrality, refusing to fidget under Kagami’s knowing gaze. “And what is your opinion of that?”
“We were confused at first,” replies Koharu. “Nearly everyone in the living world disdained it. Of course, it’s still horrible when it’s an elder abusing a younger member of their family.”

“But the circumstances are different when it’s two consenting adults,” says Homura.

“One of the memories we viewed had you dating Hashirama,” says Danzo. “We ended up discussing the memory, and viewing several others to deepen our understanding of the subject. We respect you a great deal, sensei, and those others weren’t too different from you.”

“Which meant to us that incest couldn’t have really been a crime against nature like some thought it was,” says Hiruzen. “We’ve compared worlds where you and Hashirama were platonic vs when you were romantic. All that really changed is that you had a different form of intimacy with him.”

“One of the chakras in your collar is Hashirama’s, isn’t it?” asks Kagami. “We aren’t going to scorn you for it.”

Tobirama nods, shoulders un-tensing at their ready acceptance. “Yes. Not just Hashirama, but Kawarama and Itama as well.”

“That’s three. Who are the other five?” asks Hiruzen.

“Madara, Izuna, Keitaro, Takeo, and Jiro.”

Kagami stops walking in shock. “You’re dating Madara? You two hated each other!”

“Actually, it was mostly him who hated me. I was the one who killed his brother, but now that he’s reunited with Izuna, he doesn’t have a reason to quarrel with me.”

Tobirama frowns as Kagami huffs, recognizing that flash of emotion in the younger man’s eyes as jealousy. What did Kagami have to be envious of?

Hiruzen steps closer to Kagami and the two of them converse quietly for a minute, then gesture Danzo over to get his opinion on whatever they were discussing. He glances to his other students, and while they appear to have some idea of what’s going on, they don’t deign to clue him in.

“Fine. Fine, I’ll tell him,” concedes Kagami. He pushes at Hiruzen and Danzo’s shoulders until they scoot to the side, letting him face Tobirama with an unobstructed view. “Sensei…no, Tobirama. I don’t know if you ever noticed, but I had a crush on you when I was younger. That’s why it was so disconcerting to hear that you’d chosen Madara of all people.”

“We feel the same way,” adds Hiruzen. “Danzo, Kagami, and I. We admire you. It doesn’t make any sense to us that you would end up choosing someone who acted so spiteful towards you when you could have chosen one of us instead.”

Tobirama stares at them blankly, mind reeling. How had he missed this? He doesn’t bother trying to think back to his time in the living world, knowing the mind is fickle. People remember things as they expect to.

“I never noticed that,” he admits. “Perhaps because I had given up on relationships, I wasn’t able to recognize the signs that someone was interested in me.”

“I told them they should have just confessed to you,” says Koharu. “Maybe things would have turned out differently then.”

Personally, he thought that if Kagami, Hiruzen, and Danzo could just barely find the courage to confess, then they weren’t going to be forceful enough to convince him to give them a chance. They would have had to do something to make him realize he liked submitting to give a
relationship a chance. However, that wasn’t something he felt comfortable saying aloud.

“Perhaps,” he says noncommittally. “But enough of the what-ifs. We were on our way to see a play.”

None of them look satisfied by his answer, but Danzo begins walking again nonetheless. This time, they use the Afterlife’s ability of essentially folding space to reach the theater within just a few minutes.

Danzo chooses a political drama for them to watch, assuring Kagami that it has action scenes so he doesn’t protest. The actors do an excellent job at telling a story of two young Princes trying to navigate court life. Predictably, there’s an evil relative who wants to inherit by having the Princes killed, but at least it isn’t the Uncle this time.

“That was actually really interesting,” says Kagami as they exit the theater. “They did a good job of not making the political part of it boring.”

“And the women were more integral to the storyline that just being the love interest,” says Koharu, pleased. “Without Kiyoko’s insights, the Princes never would have figured out all of their cousin’s schemes.”

“The choreography was really good, too,” says Torifune. “Both the fight scenes and the dancing was well practiced.”

Danzo smiles as his teammates praise the play he had picked out. “I’ve been to this theater a few different times before and noticed that they have a talent for dialogue. Their lines tend to be less cliché and over-the-top than some of the plays at the other theaters.”

“Their characterization was consistent, and I didn’t see any major plot holes,” says Homura. “They must have good writers.”

“Who creates these plays?” asks Hiruzen. “Is it the residents of the prison or those from outside?”

“It’s a mix of both. I believe it was started by outsiders, but a lot of the actors are those who live in here. It’s meant to give them something productive to do, and a means of entertaining themselves without being destructive,” answers Danzo.

“It’s a good use of their time,” says Tobirama. “Should we go out for dinner now? I’m starting to get hungry.”

“So am I,” agrees Koharu. “Where should we eat?”

“I haven’t been to a hotpot in a while,” says Torifune.

Everyone voices their approval for the idea, so Danzo leads them to a restaurant that he thinks serves good food. Luckily, it also has a table large enough to fit seven people. A waitress brings them a menu and takes their drink orders before giving them a moment to decide what they want.

“They’ve got a wide selection to choose from,” says Torifune approvingly. “What kind of broth should we get? With this many people, we’ll likely need two different pots.”

“I want one of the sweeter broths,” says Kagami.

“And I’d like something spicy,” says Koharu.

They debate over which one to try, then move onto choosing the other ingredients. For meat, they get some beef, lamb, and pork. To be healthy, they get some leafy greens and carrots. Next, they decide on potatoes, mushrooms, tofu, and noodles. With their choices selected, they call over the
waitress and let her know what they want.

“Okay, we’ll have that out for you shortly. Our sauce table is just over there if you would like any of them,” says the waitress, pointing the table out for them.

They take turns mixing up the sauce they want while the waitress brings their ingredients to the table, then sit down to begin eating. In between bites of food, they get onto the discussion of how they’re adjusting to being dead.

“It’s much more relaxing now that I don’t have a village to run,” says Hiruzen. “I have more time to hang out with my children and grandson. And it was nice to see Biwaki again, though it was awkward having the conversation of whether we want to still be wife and husband now that we’ve been separated for so many years.”

“What did you decide?” asks Tobirama.

“That we’re better off remaining friends for now. It’s been too long apart to jump back into romance. If we fall in love again, then we’ll get back together,” says Hiruzen.

“Thankfully, it was less awkward for me,” says Kagami. “Miyu and I only married in the first place because the clan wanted me to have Uchiha children. It wasn’t all bad, though. She gave me a wonderful son named Katsuro and he later gave me a grandbaby named Shisui.”

Hiruzen snorts. “Does he know you call him your grandbaby? He’s not exactly a child anymore, Kagami.”

Kagami waves a hand dismissively. “I know that, but it’s difficult not to think of him as a child. Before I died, Katsuro was still a toddler and now he’s got a kid of his own. It’s difficult not to think of them as children when they’re not around. It still hasn’t sunk in how old they are yet.”

“I think most parents express that feeling,” says Torifune. “I’ve heard several of them say they can’t believe how old so-and-so is now, and ‘they grow up so fast.’ Even people in the Afterlife say things like that.”

“Did you ever have children, Torifune?” asks Tobirama.

“Nah. Child-rearing isn’t really my thing. Luckily, there were enough adults in the clan who did want kids that they didn’t pressure me into it,” says Torifune.

Tobirama’s eyes flicker to Homura and Koharu. They realize he wants to know the same thing about them before he has a chance to ask.

Homura shakes his head. “I decided to put my career first, doing missions for the village instead of taking time off to raise a kid. Granted, I know it’s expected of the mother to do most of the child-rearing, but I wasn’t comfortable with that. Maybe now that we live in a peaceful place, I may have eventually settle down to raise a family.”

“And I’m just not interested in children at all,” says Koharu. “I’ve dated a few people over the years, long-lasting relationships but I never felt strongly enough about them to marry.”

Tobirama glances at Danzo, who shrugs. “I was unwilling to trust anyone enough to marry them, and I was too busy with Root to date, anyways. I focused my energy on doing what I believed would keep Konoha safe.”

Koharu hums skeptically, giving Danzo a shrewd look. “Or perhaps you simply never got over your crush on Tobirama-sensei.”

Danzo’s back stiffens, a tint of pink spreading across his face. “That had nothing to do with it.
Danzo’s back stiffens, a tint of pink spreading across his face. “That had nothing to do with it. Running a secret sect of the military doesn’t exactly leave one with much free time.”

“Enough time to stir up trouble,” mutters Hiruzen.

Tobirama tries not to sigh, but some of the displeasure must have shown on his face because his students go abruptly silent. Determined to make this team meeting work, he turns to Torifune, acting like nothing just happened, and asks, “How do you like the food?”

Torifune gives a faint grin, playing along. “It tastes good. The meat is perfectly tender. They did a great job of preparing it.”

“And the vegetables are really fresh,” adds Kagami.

“The broth is just the flavor I was wanting,” says Koharu.

“They’re generous with the portion sizes. I’m nearly full,” says Homura.

Danzo and Hiruzen don’t say anything, in fear that they’d start bickering again. They finish their food in silence, then thank the staff for the wonderful meal before leaving the restaurant.

“It was nice meeting up with you again, sensei, but I think I need to get going,” says Torifune. “Let me know when you want to hang out again, okay?”

“I will,” he promises. “Soon.”

Torifune smiles then flickers out of view as he teleports away.

“I think I’ve had enough of team bonding tonight as well,” says Koharu. “See you later.”

She flickers away as the last syllable of his farewell leaves his mouth. Homura follows her example, having had enough of the tense atmosphere. It was more surprising that Kagami, Danzo, and Hiruzen decided to stick around.

“Can we go somewhere private?” requests Kagami.

They head back to the glade in the woods that they met in earlier and sit down in a circle on the softest part of the ground they can find. His former students whisper amongst themselves for a moment before turning to look at him with serious gazes.

“Earlier, you didn’t really give an answer when Koharu suggested that us confessing in the living world would have changed anything,” says Hiruzen. “But could it change things now?”

“Are you suggesting that you want to date me?” asks Tobirama.

“Yes,” replies Danzo. “Koharu wasn’t entirely wrong when she implied I never married because I was still interested in you. No matter who I tried to date, I always ended up comparing them to you.”

“Give me a minute to think about it,” he says absently, mind already going through the possibilities. From the one memory he had seen of himself with an alternate Kagami, he thought they had a chance of working out, but only if this Kagami was interested in being dominant in the bedroom. While fun every once in a while, it would be unexciting in the long run to be the sexually dominant partner.

Saru had always been his favorite student, though he tried not to be too obvious about it. They had the same love of learning, and although he dreamed of peace, he wasn’t irritatingly naïve about people like Hashirama sometimes was. It was easy to get along with Saru, and they always found something interesting to talk about. That was basis to start a relationship, wasn’t it?
He wasn’t as sure things could work out with Danzo. The man had become coldly ruthless over the years, transforming into someone he barely recognized. On the other hand, there had been moments throughout the evening where he had caught glimpses of the Danzo he used to know.

Could a relationship, even a casual one, work between them? It might be better to wait until Danzo was more reformed, but then, Tobirama’s activate encouragement might hasten along his redemption. Hmm….

“I have a suggestion,” says Kagami. At his encouraging nods, Kagami continues, “We could look at an alternate universe where the four of us did get together. Seeing proof that we can work might lessen your doubts.”

“Yes, that would help,” he says after a moment’s thought. “But is it possible to see a memory together as a group, not just two people?”

“It is,” says Hiruzen. “We’ve tried it before.”

Tobirama gets out of his phone, and they show him how it works. After connecting the device to one of theirs and opening Alternate View, there was an icon that appeared in the corner of the screen that they can push to active Group View. A list then appears.

You are connected to:

Hiruzen Sarutobi

Then all he has to do is temporarily connect his phone to the others’ and their name pops up on the list. After everyone’s name is on everyone else’s phone, they just have to decide on a scenario to enter into the text box.

“It should be a world that’s similar to our own,” suggests Danzo. “That way, our personalities will be basically the same.”

“We should also give a general time frame,” says Hiruzen. “Before the war, so there’s actually time for romance, but after we turned seventeen. I doubt Tobirama would be all that comfortable if we were younger than that.”

“No, I definitely wouldn’t,” he agrees. “And the only reason I’m not asking for an older age is because of the war.”

Kagami frowns. “If you aren’t entirely comfortable with the memory, it won’t be effective. Just because the world is similar to ours doesn’t mean the exact timeline has to be. Also, our current situation isn’t the same as it was back then.”

“Meaning we could view a world that’s a bit more peaceful like our current lives are?” guesses Hiruzen.

“Exactly. Even with a later war, we would still be going on missions and training together,” says Kagami.

“Actually, I think that’s something we’re going to have to be specific about,” says Danzo. “Our original Jounin sensei got killed and then Tobirama decided to teach us. With circumstances changed so that the war happened later, Noburu-sensei might not have gone on the same mission.”

“Oh okay. Is there anything else we should specify?” asks Hiruzen.

Tobirama taps a finger against his collar. “My alternate should have the same…interests as me, and preferably be aware of them. Although not everyone connects sex with romance, I’ve never
seen a point in a non-platonic relationship if I was never going to have sex with them. Your alternates won’t convince mine to date them if he doesn’t know sex can be enjoyable.”

Kagami types something into his phone, the words slowly appearing on their own screens. Danzo modifies it a bit, making the scenario more specific. The age they settle on for the three of them is nineteen, and thirty-six for him.

“This should work,” he says approvingly.

The four of them press ‘enter’ and get sucked into a series of memories. Later, Tobirama will compare times with them, finding out whether one of them saw more than the others despite exiting the memories at the same time. For now, he focuses on what his alternate is doing.

Tobirama rubs the side of his neck, sitting up straighter in his chair. He sets aside the completed reports and decides a walk is in order. His legs were starting to fall asleep from sitting at his desk all day, but someone had to do all this paperwork. Delegating only worked when the information hadn’t been marked ‘Hokage’s eyes only.’

He had to personally review each Anbu mission report and file them. For the other ranked missions, he had Chunin look through the reports and write him up a summary. Besides that, he also had to approve all the building permits and budget requests. The village was constantly expanding, and different governmental programs needed funding.

All of that, although tedious, paled in comparison to the diplomatic aspects of his job. He was still trying to convince the other Kage to agree to his proposed Chunin exams. It would be a good way for the villages to show off their power to one another, with the hoped for end result being that they would think twice before starting a war.

Tobirama snaps out of his wandering thoughts as one of the administrative Chunin greets him as they pass by in the hallway. He returns the greeting and continues on his way, heading for the Hokage Tower’s library when he senses Saru’s chakra. Inside, he finds his pupil on the lone couch, holding a scroll above his head as he reads.

His neck twinges in jealousy, knowing that that position was easier on the spine. He ignores it and steps into the room, as always pleased by the sight of the books and scrolls lining the shelves. This was one part of his job he didn’t mind.

When a shinobi had occasion to see an enemy’s hand signs as they used an unfamiliar jutsu, they would write it up in their report, and then he would try to discover how the jutsu worked. After succeeding, a copy of his notes wound up in the Hokage’s library, which only he and a select few could enter. If he found the jutsu safe for public use, he would also add a copy to the Shinobi’s public library.

“Saru.” His lips twitch as Hiruzen startles, nearly dropping the scroll on his face.

“Sensei! I didn’t hear you come in.” Hiruzen sits up and sets the scroll down beside him. “Are you done with work for today?”

“Almost. I needed a break before my neck got stiff. The spine does not appreciate being hunched over a desk for several hours,” says Tobirama.

Hiruzen frowns worriedly as he unconsciously begins to rub his aching neck again. “Would it help if I massaged your neck for a while, sensei?”

“That would help. Thank you, Saru.”
Tobirama sits facing the side of the couch with his back to Hiruzen. He sighs quietly as hands begin to knead at his shoulders and neck, tension slowly seeping out of his muscles. He doesn’t try to suppress a quiet groan as a particularly stubborn knot is massaged away, knowing by Hiruzen’s quietly hitched breath that he likes the sound.

As always, he feigns obliviousness to his friend’s reaction, not wanting the game to be over yet. He had noticed that Hiruzen, Danzo, and Kagami had a crush on him when they were about sixteen, but hadn’t seriously considered returning their interest until last year when they turned eighteen. All of them were Jounin now, and legally no longer considered his students.

It wasn’t out of maliciousness that he didn’t outright state his interest. He was trying to steer them away from competing for his attention by showing that he cared for them equally. When they were younger, he held team meetings at his house once a month, with all six of them. Now, he also held once a week meetings with just the three of them.

Surprisingly, his other students had displayed no jealousy over the extra attention he was giving to Hiruzen, Kagami, and Danzo. Perhaps, one of them had figured out his intentions and clued the other two in. Probably Koharu, she was the most astute out of the six of them.

“Are you sure you have to keep working tonight, sensei?” asks Hiruzen. “It’s already late.”

Tobirama checks the time, conceding that Saru probably had a point. None of the paperwork left to do was particularly time-sensitive, and if he stopped now, he could spend time with Saru before heading home.

“I suppose not. I’ll finish the rest tomorrow. What were you reading earlier?” he asks.

“It was a report from one of our infiltration shinobi about Sunagakure. Have you even been there?” asks Hiruzen.

“I haven’t yet. Why don’t you tell me about what you’ve read?” suggests Tobirama. He wanted to see how much information Saru had retained from the scroll, while also giving his student the opportunity to say it out loud to help with memorization.

Hiruzen talks about Suna for a few minutes, then invariably ends up asking a question that requires Tobirama to spend several minutes answering. By now, he knew that Saru did it on purpose. It seemed that Hiruzen didn’t just like the vaguely sexual noises he made during the massage, but just enjoyed the sound of his voice in general.

He didn’t mind humoring him but always made sure that Saru didn’t space out during his lectures either. As flattering as it was that Saru liked his voice, this was information that he needed to know. He was eventually going to need a successor, and so far, Hiruzen was the best candidate. That meant he needed to be as knowledgeable as possible about the other countries.

Of course, right now, he was the one most likely to get distracted as Saru’s hands continue to work their magic on his neck. He falls silent, just enjoying the feel of skin-on-skin contact. With Hashirama dead, killed a few years ago by an enemy’s poison, he didn’t get nearly as much positive physical contact as he used to. As close as he was to his team, they were either too reserved (Koharu, Torifune, and Homura) or too embarrassed (Kagami, Danzo, and Hiruzen) to initiate contact with him.

It was why he didn’t try to hide the discomfort in his neck, as it was a sure-fire way of getting Saru to touch him. As Kagami, Danzo, and Hiruzen got flustered whenever they came into contact with him, they tried to minimize such occurrences so he didn’t catch on to their infatuation. Perhaps, one of these days he would ask them why they tried so hard to keep their feelings hidden. Did they think he would react negatively, or did they just not want to deal with any sort of rejection?
“I was thinking,” says Hiruzen, sounding hopeful, “maybe we could go camping this weekend. The weather is supposed to be warm on Saturday, and you’ve been working hard this week. I think a break could be good for you.”

Tobirama considers the suggestion, surprised. It did sound like a nice idea if a little bold for Saru to suggest they spend the weekend alone together. Unless…

“Just the two of us?”

Confirming his suspicion, Hiruzen stutters out, “Ah…no. Danzo and Kagami too. I asked the others, but they declined.”

Hearing the odd note in Saru’s voice, he looks back to see his face slowly turning red. Most likely, one of the others made some kind of joke about giving them ‘alone time’.

“Well, it could be a good way to practice our survival skills. We can hunt or fish and identify edible plants in the woods,” says Tobirama.

Hiruzen chuckles at his answer. “A teacher to the end, huh sensei? Does that mean you agree?”

“Sure. Let the others know. We’ll pack Friday night and leave after breakfast on Saturday. They can bring spices and tools, but no food. We’ll get what we need from the forest.”

“Yes, sensei.”

The next day found him sitting at his desk, trying to get through his reports as quickly as possible. He had today and tomorrow to get through anything urgent so that he could take the weekend off. An approaching chakra signature has him pausing, calling for Koharu to enter before she even has a chance to knock.

Koharu opens the door, giving him an amused smile. “It’s still a bit eerie when you do that, sensei. How’s work going?”

“Tediously,” he says wryly. “Did you need something, or is this just a social visit?”

“Social,” she replies, stepping further into the room. “I’m going on a mission in a few hours and wanted to let you know I was leaving. A civilian town about a day’s travel from here is having trouble with bandits. I should be back in a few days.”

“A C-rank mission?” he asks.

“B-rank, actually. Some of the bandits are suspected missing-nin, but low ranked. It shouldn’t be a problem for me,” says Koharu.

“Nevertheless, be careful. Even a low ranked nin can get in a lucky shot if you don’t take them seriously,” he cautions.

“Of course. I’ll be careful, so don’t spend the whole time I’m gone worrying for my health. I hear you’ve got plans for the weekend,” she says, smiling knowingly.

Tobirama eyes her speculatively and sets down his pen. “It doesn’t bother you then? That I want to date them?”

Koharu crosses her arms, returning his gaze steadily. “I trust that you’re serious about them. It isn’t like you to play games with people’s emotions. I don’t have a problem with polygamy as long as everyone is honest with each other about their expectations.”
“I am serious about them,” says Tobirama. “That’s why I’ve been taking my time with this. Inviting them over to my house, just the four of us, has let me see how well we get along in a private setting. It also got them to stop not-so-subtly trying to compete for my attention.”

Koharu huffs out a quiet laugh. “Seeing that was simultaneously funny and sad. It’s a wonder they still think you haven’t caught on yet.”

Tobirama smirks. “Apparently, I am a wonderful actor.”

Koharu grins. “I remember that time you touched Kagami’s forehead and acted all concerned because he was blushing, asking if he had a fever. For a second, it was like we were living in a romance novel.”

Tobirama snorts. “They got flustered so easily in the beginning. At least they never acted that way in the field. I wouldn’t have been able to go on missions with them if they had.”

“Ah, that would have been bad,” agrees Koharu. “And speaking of missions, I should get going. I need to double check my supplies and say good-bye to the others.”

“Alright. Safe travels, Koharu.”

“See you later, sensei.”

He goes back to his reports as she leaves, losing track of time until his stomach growls. The clock reads one p.m., definitely time for lunch. Before he can decide if he should eat out or return home, Kagami comes into the office with two bento boxes.

“Ah, good. It looks I got here on time,” says Kagami brightly. “I made extra for lunch today for you, sensei.”

“You have good timing, Kagami. Let’s eat in the break room today. I need to stretch my legs.”

They head to the small room just down the hall from the Hokage’s Office, which contains a sink, ice-box, small stove, cabinet, and table. He gets out the tea leaves and begins preparing them something to drink while Kagami sits down.

Originally, there had only been one chair in the room as this place was designed for the Hokage’s personal use. There was a larger, more public break room for the other shinobi that worked at the tower. After Kagami had made it a habit to bring him meals at least three times a week, when one of them wasn’t out of the village on missions, he had added a second chair to the room. It was his way of inviting Kagami into his personal life, though he was uncertain if the other man caught onto the gesture’s hidden meaning.

After the tea is done, he sits down across from Kagami and begins to eat, finishing off half the meal before his hunger is sated just enough to engage in conversation. “You returned from a mission recently, didn’t you? How did it go?”

Kagami shrugs. “Not too bad. No one died, but there were some minor injuries. All healed now. More importantly, Hiruzen says we’ll be going camping this weekend?”

“Mm-hmm. I look forward to getting away from the office. How have things been with your family? Are they still pressuring you to get married?”

Kagami smiles oddly. “No, that conversation you had with the Clan Head, the one no one will give me details about, seems to have mellowed them out.”

“Have they been giving you grief about that?” Tobirama asks, concerned. He hadn’t made things
“Not grief, exactly, though there’s been some teasing. Anyway, that’s not important,” says Kagami dismissively. “You wanted me to find out how the Uchiha were handling the responsibility of running the police force.”

Tobirama nods. “Yes. How are they doing?”

“It seems to be going good so far. The civilians feel safer now that there’s always someone on active duty to stop in-village crimes, rather than having to reply on a passing ninja noticing there’s a problem. Not everyone in the clan wants to join the police force, but they don’t appear to have a negative opinion of those who do,” says Kagami.

Tobirama listens intently to his report, needing the feedback if he’s going to make this work. “Are they aware that they can switch between the police force and going on missions? I know the military police doesn’t pay as much as high-ranked missions, so they shouldn’t feel it’s an either/or situation.”

Kagami pauses. “I don’t know. I’ll bring that up with them and make sure they understand.”

“Thank you. It’s important that we make this work.”

After Madara had defected from the village, he had thought long and hard about how to keep the rest of the clan from deserting as well. While those being arrested may end up resenting the police, the law-abiding citizens would come to admire the Uchiha as the ones who kept them safe. That positive attention should go a long ways towards making the Uchiha feel appreciated and needed within the village. They needed to feel important.

Kagami smiles at him understandingly. “Of course. I think my clan is starting to get that as well, that you genuinely care about their well-being and want them to get along with the other citizens. Madara tried to implant doubts into their heads before he left, claiming that you would try to oppress us. So far, you haven’t tried to do anything of the sort.”

“Madara was paranoid, even for a shinobi,” replies Tobirama. “He dreams of peace between our clans, then tries to destroy the village after it’s built, like a child who builds sandcastles just to knock them down.”

It was disappointing that things had turned out this way. He had caught glimpses of the real Madara by watching him interact with Hashirama. He thinks that if life had turned out just a little differently, if Izuna hadn’t been killed, then he and Madara could have been friends.

That wasn’t something he liked to think about often. He was a scientist at heart, and what-if questions were a basic part of the scientific process, but he had learned at an early age not to apply what-could-have-been’s to his personal life. That just led to heartache.

(What if…I had been fast enough to save Kawarama?)

(What if….Itama hadn’t gone on that mission until he was older?)

(What if….their father hadn’t seen them as tiny soldiers?)

There were too many what-if questions and almost all of them were painful. It was better to shove the past to the back of his mind and focus on the now. And better, even still, not to think of the future and hope for something better.

At least, he hadn’t used to feel hope. Hashirama had changed that with his unwavering optimism and determination to change the entire shinobi system. Of course, he hadn’t had much of a plan
for after people agreed to build a village with him, but Tobirama had been practical enough to fill in all the small details.

“Are you alright?” asks Kagami. “You look like you’ve spaced out.”

Tobirama blinks, mind snapping back to the present to see Kagami staring at him with a worried look. He takes a sip of his cooling tea to gather his thoughts before speaking.

“I’m fine. Thinking about the past always leaves me a bit melancholy,” he says, shrugging.

Kagami’s expression turns faintly sad. “Well, maybe you’re thinking too far back into the past, or just, at the wrong moments? You should think about us instead…um, the team, that is. Training us couldn’t have been all bad?”

Tobirama smiles as a ting of pink spreads across Kagami’s face. Kagami’s words stutter to a halt at the expression, something like love flashing in dark eyes before Kagami can suppress the emotion.

Kagami takes a deep breath and continues, “And we’ll be creating a lot of happy memories in the future, won’t we? Like the camping trip this weekend, and the times we hang out at your house. You can think back to those times when you’re feeling down.”

Warmth blossoms in his chest as Kagami speaks, appreciating the attempt to cheer him up more than words can say. “Thank you,” he says quietly, hoping that Kagami can hear the sincerity in his voice. He thinks by the shy smile he gets in return that he does.

He glances away before the moment gets too emotional, biting back words of love. Confessing now, when they’re alone like this, would give Kagami the wrong idea. He needed to wait until they were all together before making his feelings known.

Instead, he goes back to eating, not wanting the wonderful food Kagami made him to go to waste. They finish their lunch in comfortable silence, but he finds himself reluctant to go back to the office when he’s finished. What more could he say to prolong their lunch meeting?

The slight ache in his neck gives him an idea. Unlike Hiruzen, he couldn’t get Kagami to offer to massage his neck. It wasn’t that Kagami didn’t want to help, but that he seemed to have an embarrassing reaction the one, and only, time he had tried. He had pretended not to notice but made a mental note to wear low-collar shirts when he knew he would be meeting with the other man.

“You don’t mind if I stretch for a few minutes, do you? I need to get some of the tension out of my neck before going back to the office,” he says casually.

“Um, no, that’s...fine,” Kagami’s words trail off as Tobirama stands up, hands stretching above his head. His mouth goes dry as his shirt rides up, revealing smooth skin. It wasn’t helping anything that Tobirama was wearing that shirt today, the one that revealed his collarbones and occasionally slipped down to show off his shoulders.

How was he supposed to concentrate when all he could think about was marking that perfect skin, showing the world that this wonderful, intelligent man belonged to him? Well, Tobirama didn’t belong to him yet, but he was determined to change that. Somehow.

Tobirama hides a smirk as Kagami watches him avidly, slowly twisting from side to side to ease the tension in his back. He! sits on the ground and leans forward, spreading his legs so far out he’s nearly doing a split. Kagami’s breath catches at the display of flexibility, no doubt imagining all the ways that could come in handy in the bedroom.
He doesn’t spend more than few minutes stretching, not wanting Kagami to get suspicious. By the
time he’s done, the other man is noticeably flushed. Never one to let an opportunity pass by, he
feigns concern and steps closer.

“Do you have a fever?”

“No, no, I’m fine,” Kagami stutters, moving away before Tobirama can touch his forehead. “I
should probably go now, let you get back to work. See you later, sensei.”

Tobirama waits until Kagami is gone before he starts laughing. How did they still think he didn’t
know how they felt about him when they reacted so obviously? Well, at least it let him know not
to ever send them on infiltration missions.

He heads back to the office, glancing at the clock to see his next appointment is in an hour. The
head of the Department of Food Regulation thought they needed a budget increase. Considering
that it was their job to make sure the farmers sold safe food and that restaurants prepared their
dishes in a sanitary manner, he was willing to take the request seriously.

Still, that didn’t mean he would just blindly give them money from the treasury. They would need
to have a compelling argument for how they would use the money, and why what they were
already given wasn’t enough. Until then, he goes back to doing his paperwork.

It was a bright day on Friday, giving him hope that the weather would continue to cooperate on
Saturday and Sunday. However, it also made him seriously consider bringing an umbrella with
him on their camping trip. He burned easily and didn’t want to have to cut their outing short
because his skin was trying to imitate a lobster. Perhaps he could convince one of them to help
him put on sunscreen.

The hours pass slowly as he works in the office, almost wishing he had an appointment today to
derail the monotony. His secretary/assistant comes in every so often to bring him more reports and
to take away the completed ones to file. The highlight of his day ends up being when Danzo
comes to visit in the afternoon.


“No, it’s fine. Come in. I’m due for a break about now anyways,” he assures, setting aside his
pen. “What can I do for you?”

Danzo raises his hand to show a stack of papers. “I was wondering if you could look at these.
Kagami, Hiruzen, and I were playing that strategy game you taught us, where we imagine a
possible scenario we might encounter on a mission and have to come up with multiple possible
solutions.”

Tobirama gestures for him to hand the papers over, intrigued to see what his former students have
come up with. He takes his time reading through each page, absently noticing Danzo sit across
from him. The scenarios they imagined are elaborate but realistic. However, he doesn’t feel they
were creative enough with how the enemy might respond to their actions.

He and Danzo spend the next hour coming up with a variety of strategies to use against different
types of opponents. First, he’ll ask a question such as ‘You’re facing off against a taijutsu
specialist who’s faster than you. How do you respond?’ Then Danzo answers with ‘Try to slow
them down,’ and explains different ways he could do so.

Not everyone was good at coming up with plans in the heat of battle. By imagining different
situations ahead of time, they stood a greater chance of creating a working strategy no matter what
their opponent threw at them. Plus, it gave them some idea of what to bring on missions. He had
taught all his students how to create storage scrolls, so they were not limited by what they could physically carry.

“You’re good at this,” says Danzo. “At seeing all the possibilities. Were you always gifted at that or did it come with experience?”

Tobirama leans back in his chair, setting the papers on the desk. “Partly from experience,” he allows, “but most of it is just the way my mind works. I’ve been in many battles since I was a child, and to survive as long as I did, I had to get good at anticipating their next move. Especially against the Uchiha with their Sharingan. They can tell by the slightest shift of your muscles how you’re going to move, and if you can’t learn to do the same or at least become faster than them, then you don’t stand much of a chance.”

“Is that what gave you the idea to invent teleportation?” asks Danzo.

“All of the jutsu I invented were for the purpose of war. Maybe now that we’re in a more peaceful time, I’ll be able to use my creativity for something less destructive,” says Tobirama.

“I’m sure the village would benefit from whatever you come up with, sensei,” says Danzo.

Tobirama breathes slowly and tries not to blush at the easy confidence in Danzo’s voice. That was one of the signs that had clued him in to the fact that he was starting to return their feelings. He had been praised for his intelligence nearly all his life, and yet all of a sudden he was getting embarrassed when the compliments came from Danzo, Hiruzen, and Kagami?

“Thank you. Though I’m not sure the entire village will be able to benefit from everything I create. Some of these things are going to require chakra to work, which civilians are lacking in,” says Tobirama. “I’ve had an idea for a while now about prosthetic limbs, controlled by seals and powered by chakra. Although civilians would also benefit from such a device, I’m not sure how they would use them.”

“Well, you’ve probably already thought of something like this, but is it possible to store chakra? That way, the civilians could ask a passing ninja to give their prosthetic more power when needed,” suggests Danzo.

“It might be possible,” he muses, ideas flashing through his head. “The seal work would need to be a lot more complex to keep the chakra under control as the civilians wouldn’t be able to direct the flow of energy. It would be dangerous if not done right, but I’ll work on it when I have the time.”

Danzo nods and gets his papers from the desk, folding them up and placing them in his pocket. “Considering how long we’ve been talking, you probably have to get back to work soon, but before I leave, I have a question. Do you ever come up with diplomatic situations instead of combat ones? It’s just, I was thinking I could be a diplomat in the future and help you keep the peace between the villages.”

Tobirama’s eyes widen fractionally, unable to completely hide his surprise. This was the first time he had heard that Danzo had such a goal, and the way it was worded….like Danzo wanted to become a diplomat for him. It was extremely flattering that Danzo would choose a specialization to help him.

“I have a few situations in mind based on experience,” says Tobirama. “I’ll write them down for you later. Then perhaps we can schedule time next week to go over them and think up new ones.”

Danzo smiles. “I’d like that. Thank you, sensei. Hiruzen tells me we’re meeting by the gate tomorrow morning, so I’ll see you there.”
“See you then, Danzo.”

Trees stretch out in front of them for miles, and the sound of birds chirping and insects chittering fill the otherwise silent air. Tobirama searches for a good camping spot with his students, all of them a bit lethargic from the early hour.

“This spot looks comfortable,” says Kagami. “And the river isn’t too far away.”

Tobirama eyes the area critically before nodding decisively. “Let’s set up the traps. Nothing too lethal. We’re too close to the village. A Genin might accidently stumble by.”

“You don’t think they would notice? We could spot traps by then,” says Kagami.

“Are you suggesting I haven’t taught you how to make traps that can fool a Genin?” asks Tobirama dryly. “Not every Jounin instructor covers the same topics in the same order, and the Academy doesn’t have time to teach you advanced techniques.”

“Good point. We’ll set up alert traps rather than lethal ones then,” replies Kagami.

Once the perimeter was secured, they begin to set up their tents, and a debate starts up about whether they should share or have individual sleeping arrangements. As the tents his teammates brought could only hold two people, they then began to bicker about who should share with who. He solves that problem by unsealing his own tent, large enough to fit all four of them.

“Sensei,” says Hiruzen, surprised.

“This is supposed to be a bonding experience, yes? It makes sense for us to share,” he says calmly.

They all look so happy by that that he doesn’t even try to hide a smile. Once the tent is set up, they gather wood to make their campfire later. It’s too hot to make one now, but they’ll need it once they’ve caught something to eat. Though speaking of the warmth, it was definitely time to put on sunscreen.

“What is that?” asks Hiruzen as he gets out a bottle from a storage scroll.

“It’s sunscreen. I was thinking we could go swimming in the river, but I need to put this on first,” answers Tobirama.

Danzo’s eyes take on a calculating glint. “We could help you put on the sunscreen if you like, sensei,” he offers, trying to sound casual.

Hiruzen catches on quickly. “We can help too, sensei.”

“Maybe we could help each other,” says Kagami. “Hiruzen may tan instead of burn but I have pale skin like sensei.”

“Did everyone bring swim trunks?” he asks.

They give an affirmative, so he has everyone go a few feet into the forest in opposite directions, out of sight of each other so they can change. Modesty may not have meant as much to shinobi as it did civilians, but it was little different when you were attracted to the person. He had taken his shirt off before when it was hot, but that was the extent of the ‘free show’ that he would give them.

“Alright. Now let’s get the sunscreen on before my skin bakes,” says Kagami.
Tobirama pops open the sunscreen bottle, their gazes snapping over to him at the sound. He pours a generous amount into his hand and tosses the container over to Kagami. It was odd to have them watching him spread the lotion across his face, and it didn’t take a genius to realize what the white cream reminded them of as their pupils dilated.

He returns their stare with a pointedly raised eyebrow, which kicks them into gear. Hiruzen manages to get ahold of the bottle next and begins to help him apply it to his back. The gentle touch is soothing and he returns the favor, pleased when Saru actually leans back into his hands.

And although it wasn’t necessary, Danzo rubs the sunscreen onto his biceps while Kagami spreads it across his neck. He doesn’t protest, finding it adorable the way Kagami bites his lip and tries not to physically react to touching him. Was it the Uchiha clan’s possessive tendencies that caused Kagami’s preoccupation with his throat?

Did it work in reverse?

He gets more of the lotion and reaches for Kagami’s neck. Kagami freezes but doesn’t pull away, and the heartbeat beneath his fingers beats rapidly. It’s fun to feel Kagami shiver at his touch. Regretfully, he spreads the sunscreen on in a brisk, professional manner instead of as a smooth, sensual glide.

One of these days he would give each of them a massage, an informal celebration at finally being allowed to touch them as much as he wants. What he really needed was a sign that they were open to the polygamous arrangement that he desired. It did give him hope that Danzo was watching him patiently instead of jealously. He had tried to show them over the past year that they didn’t need to fight for his affections because he would give all three of them attention.

He rewards Danzo’s good behavior by helping him apply the sunscreen to his back, and then they all focus on making sure none of their skin has been left uncovered. Even Hiruzen would burn eventually if the harsh sun was allowed to wage war against his skin.

Then it was time to swim. This part of the river was ten feet wide and four feet deep, not as good as the time he got to swim in the ocean but it would serve their purpose.

Tobirama wades into the water, sitting down and leaning back until he’s floating atop the surface of the river. He lets the currents pull him downstream a little ways then swims back to his starting location.

Meanwhile, Kagami tackles Hiruzen into the water, initiating the beginnings of a splash fight. Danzo tries to stay out of their way, but Kagami and Hiruzen like dragging him into their mischief. Amused fondness spreads its warmth through his chest at seeing them act so carefree, away from the battlefields that try to strip the innocence from their bones.

He gets up from his leisurely swim and joins them in their mock battle, cupping his hands in the water and splashing the water directly into Kagami’s face. Kagami splutters, staring at him in astonishment. Gradually, a cheeky grin spreads across Kagami’s face before he lunges towards him. He dodges out of the way, only to be intercepted by Hiruzen.

Showing that they have an excellent grasp of teamwork, the three of them manage to herd him into Danzo’s arms, who tackles him down into the river before he can escape again. His shoulders shake as he laughs, and Danzo looks down at him with a nearly awed expression. He stops laughing to grin deviously, flipping their positions so that Danzo is under him. Before the man can react, he dunks him into the river, letting him up as soon as his head dips beneath the water.

Danzo comes up spluttering, wiping water out of his eyes. He gives Tobirama a challenging look and the splash war is back on. They spend about fifteen minutes play fighting before settling down and swimming normally. On such a hot day like this, it was wonderful to feel the cool water
against your skin.

Unfortunately, they couldn’t spend all day in the river. Their skin would shrivel up if they did. Besides, they needed to spend some time before lunch searching for wild edibles or else they’d be looking on an empty stomach.

“My skin is starting to wrinkle,” says Kagami, holding up his hand for them to see.

“As is mine,” replies Danzo. “Perhaps a break from the water is in order.”

“What should we do next, sensei?” asks Hiruzen.

“Let’s start searching the forest for food. It’s nearing lunch, and I’d like us to have something found before the hunger sets in,” says Tobirama.

“How about a contest?” suggests Kagami. “Last one to find something has to skin whatever animal we decide to hunt.”

“Sure. I bet I find something before all of you,” declares Hiruzen, grinning.

“Don’t count on it,” says Danzo.

Tobirama smirks. “No, that will be me. The contest begins now.”

He bounds forward into the forest before they can react, hearing them scramble to catch up with loud grumblings of ‘cheater’ and ‘no fair, sensei.’ As it’s the middle of spring, the forest is bursting with greens, and it doesn’t take them long at all to find edibles.

“I found chickweed!” calls out Kagami.

“There’re some Lambs quarters over here,” says Tobirama.

“And here are is some wild garlic,” says Danzo.

“I’m last?” asks Hiruzen. He sighs then continues glancing around. “Ah, I think this is chives. Oh, and there are some mushrooms. They look like the safe kind. Sensei?”

Tobirama goes over to inspect the plant and nods. “Yes. That one is safe. Let’s collect our finds and head back to the campsite.”

“What are we going to make with this? Some kind of salad?” asks Kagami.

“Or we could make a soup. I brought a pot with me,” says Danzo.

“You brought a pot?” asks Hiruzen, bemused.

Danzo shrugs. “It’s not like we couldn’t bring one with us on missions. If it’s safe to make a fire, then it would be safe to make soup too, wouldn’t it?”

“Depends on the situation,” says Tobirama. “Soup takes longer to prepare, though clean up wouldn’t be much different. Seal everything in a scroll until you can get home.”

“Since we’re doing soup instead of salad, I guess that means we’re catching rabbits instead of fish?” asks Kagami.

“Yes. Two or three should be enough depending on their size,” says Tobirama. “Danzo and I will get the water boiling while you and Saru go hunting.”
Now that their skin was dry from their earlier swim, everyone gets dressed before Kagami and Hiruzen head off in search of rabbits. He and Danzo gather the plants together and head to the river. It takes just a moment for Danzo to unseal the cooking pot and then he’s speeding through the hand signs for a water cleansing jutsu. His chakra grabs hold of the water and purifies it as he directs it into the pot.

He unseals two large bowls and repeats the process. One he uses to wash the greens, leaving them in the container after draining it. The other bowl is water for them to drink during the meal.

“That should do it. Now to get the fire started,” says Tobirama.

They carry everything back and Danzo uses his chakra to light the wood on fire, then unseals a metal tray to set the pot on. The water is beginning to heat up by the time Kagami and Hiruzen return, prize in hand.

As Hiruzen lost the bet, he begins to prepare the meat for cooking. Tobirama takes pity on him and helps with the third rabbit while Danzo and Kagami remove leaves from stem and cut up the garlic and chives to add to the pot. It feels vaguely domestic, despite the outdoor scenery. He could imagine them hanging out like this in the future, all working together to make supper.

After the food is done and Danzo has added spices from home, they divide the soup into bowls and dig in. For something they threw together from found ingredients, it was surprisingly good.

“That was fun,” says Kagami. “Perhaps we should cook together more often.”

“If we can find the time,” says Danzo.

“You already meet at my house once a week. If you’re willing to stay longer, we can cook supper together,” says Tobirama.

“Sounds good to me,” says Hiruzen, the other two echoing his agreement.

Tobirama gets a second helping of the soup and smiles. It looks like his wishes were coming true after all. In light of that, he decides to take another step forward.

“I’ve been thinking for a while now that the title of sensei and student doesn’t really fit for us anymore,” says Tobirama. “I do still give you advice from time to time, but we act more like friends now, don’t we?”

“You don’t want us to call you sensei anymore?” asks Kagami.

Tobirama makes eye contact and says firmly, “No, I don’t. Call me Tobirama from now on.”

Kagami and Hiruzen still look unsure but something like understanding flashes through Danzo’s eyes.

“Equal footing,” says Danzo. “This is a way of saying you don’t see us as children anymore.”

“Oh,” says Hiruzen. “Have you made this offer to Koharu and the others too?”

“Not yet. The moment seemed right now, but I’ll mention it to them the next time I see them,” says Tobirama.

“Tobirama,” says Kagami, trying out the word. “It seems weird to say without the suffix. You really don’t mind?”

“I wouldn’t have offered if I did. It’s better for us to be on equal footing,” replies Tobirama.
Their expressions slowly change as the implications of that statement sink in. At one point, they must have had the worry that he wouldn’t return their affections because of their age. Now, he should have given them the hope that he didn’t see them as ‘too young’ or as ‘just his students.’ There was potential for more.

“You’ve been a good sensei to us all these years, and now you’re a good friend,” says Hiruzen.

Tobirama can feel heat rising to his cheeks and mentally curses. It doesn’t help that they stare at him in surprise, unused to seeing him get flustered. He had been slowly letting his guard down with them more and more, wanting to be able to be open with them once they were finally in a relationship. Now that was working against him as he was unable to completely hide his embarrassment at how heartfelt Hiruzen was with him.

Kagami grins, finding his reaction endearing. “We all felt lucky to have you as a sensei. The genius who invented teleportation and shadows clones.”

“And who helped the teachers at the Academy develop their lesson plans,” adds Danzo. “The ANBU and Military Police have made things run smoother in the village as well. We admire your wisdom and strength.”

His ears were burning. Why did hearing such things from them matter so much? He was usually indifferent to praise, if a bit flattered, but coming from them it meant so much more. In fact, it wasn’t just his face that was feeling hot…..

What was this called? A praise kink? Is that what he had?

Tobirama sets his empty bowl to the side and stands up. “I’m going for a walk,” he announces, walking briskly while trying not to seem like he was running away, even though that was exactly what he was doing.

Before he’s out of earshot, he distantly hears Kagami say, “I don’t think I’ve ever seen him that embarrassed.”

He walks until he’s well and truly out of earshot then leans against a tree, breathing slowly to try and calm down. It doesn’t work. Their words play in a loop inside his head, arousal drumming through his body. Ignoring it wasn’t working, so he would just have to deal with it the old-fashioned way.

Reaching down, he frees his erection from constricting fabric, hissing at the first touch to heated flesh. His fingertips trail lightly down the underside of his cock, a drop of precum welling up at the tip as he teases himself. He swipes his thumb against the head, then licks the clear liquid from his finger, moaning softly at the taste. The noise was too quiet to be heard at the campsite, but just the thought of them hearing him made him more excited.

How would they react to seeing him like this? In his imagination, they would crowd around him, Danzo and Hiruzen on either side, each of them pinning one of his arms to the tree above his head. That would leave one hand free to touch him.

He pinches a nipple between forefinger and thumb as he imagines Danzo doing the same, while Hiruzen’s fingers would be in his mouth, whispering promises in his ear of giving him something larger to suck on later.

Kagami would be in front of him, hand wrapped around his dick and stroking tortuously slow. He mimics the fantasy touch in reality, trying to keep his hips still, imagining Kagami’s hand pressed flat against his stomach to keep him pinned in place.
He sucks on his fingers and trails them down his neck as fantasy Hiruzen does the same, shivering as air wafts across damp skin. Pleasure coils tightly in his stomach as his cock throbs needily. Unable to help himself, his hand speeds up, breath hitching on a moan. He was never able to take things as slow as he liked, but he probably shouldn’t be taking his time right now anyways.

One of these days, he was going to have Danzo, Hiruzen, and Kagami tie him up and tease him until he begged. Just the thought of it sent shivers of pleasure up his spine. He grabs a handful of his hair as he feels his release approaching, tugging on the soft strands as the pleasure spikes.

He slumps against the tree, taking a moment to regain his breath. Bringing his hand up to his mouth, he licks away the mess, then gets out a tissue to clear away the saliva. He straightens up his clothes and continues walking, not ready to head back yet.

Eventually, he ends up stumbling upon a blackberry bush, not yet completely devoured by the wildlife. Getting out a basket, he collects some of the fruit for tonight’s supper then begins actively looking for other food sources. At least this would give him a good excuse for why he stayed away for so long.

He finds a blueberry bush next, then an apple tree, and last a walnut tree, somehow not infested with insects. There were other shinobi who liked to camp outside the village. One of them must have sprayed the trees so that they could have apples and nuts the next time they were out here.

With his basket full, he decides it’s time to head back to the camp. His former students were capable of being tactful and considerate. He didn’t think it likely that they would tease him for needing to get away for a little while.

Back at the campsite, Danzo, Hiruzen, and Kagami were discussing Tobirama’s sudden departure.

“Is it just me, or did that seem like more than just embarrassment?” asks Hiruzen.

“It almost looked like…arousal,” says Danzo slowly.

“Tobirama hasn’t reacted like that to anyone else, has he?” asks Kagami. “He’s had both men and women compliment him before, but the only time he’s gotten even mildly flustered was when one woman commented on his ass.”

“I think he was more shocked that she was saying such things in public,” says Danzo.

“He was reacting to us,” realizes Hiruzen. “He’s attracted to us?”

“All three of us,” says Kagami thoughtfully. “After we turned eighteen, he started inviting us to his house every Saturday, instead of just the monthly Sunday meeting. Why didn’t we see that as significant?”

“Because it didn’t occur to us that he could be interested in all three of us,” says Danzo.

“And because he did meet with the others weekly,” says Hiruzen. “Every Sunday that isn’t scheduled as team meeting, he walks around the village and Koharu, Torifune, and/or Homura will end up seeking him out to spend time with him. On the surface, it seemed like he was spending the same amount of time with all of us; we were just spending the time at a different place.”

“The home is more personal, though. Is he romantically interested in us, or does he just get along better with us than our other teammates?” asks Kagami.

“If his interest is romantic, why hasn’t he said anything?” asks Danzo. “I always thought
Tobirama was ignoring how we felt about him to be polite. He’s too observant not to have noticed our feelings.”

“Observant enough to notice us fighting over his attention,” replies Hiruzen. “He may have thought we wouldn’t be open to a polygamous relationship.”

“Are we?” asks Danzo.

The three of them have to stop and think about it for a while. Could they handle sharing Tobirama with each other? There was some jealousy at the thought, but past actions had proven to them by now that Tobirama wouldn’t choose one of them over the other. They didn’t have to worry about losing him to each other, and they trusted their teammate not to try and steal all of his attention for themselves if they made the agreement not to.

“I think I could handle it, as long it’s you two,” says Kagami. “For clarity’s sake, are we talking about us just dating Tobirama or are we going to date each other as well?”

Hiruzen and Danzo look at each other thoughtfully, then back to Kagami.

“It might make things easier if we were all dating,” says Hiruzen. “I vote we give it a try, and if it doesn’t work, we’ll just date Tobirama and remain friends.”

“Agreed. Now, how are we going to ascertain Tobirama’s interest in us?” asks Danzo.

“We could stop trying to be subtle?” suggests Kagami. “Just flirt with him outright?”

“We’ll be sharing a tent with him tonight. We could try snuggling up to him and see how he reacts,” says Hiruzen.

“I like that plan,” says Kagami.

With that decided, they begin to clean up the dishes they used for preparing lunch. They got water from the river and unsealed some soap, then dumped the wash water on an open patch of ground, hopefully well enough away from the trees to make any of them sick. By the time they’re done, they can sense Tobirama heading back towards camp.

“Welcome back, sen--I mean, Tobirama,” says Kagami. “Still trying to get used to that.”

Tobirama gives them a cautious smile and approaches the fire, a basket of food in hand. As soon as he’s sitting down, Kagami plops down next to him, close enough that their shoulders brush. Danzo and Hiruzen follow suit, sitting on his left.

Kagami grins at Tobirama’s look of confusion. They don’t normally invade his space to this degree, but he doesn’t seem to be upset by it.

“I see you found us dinner,” says Hiruzen. “Though we might need to catch some fish as well. I don’t know if that’s enough for four shinobi......I vote we have Kagami and Danzo deal with preparing the meat this time.”

“Seconded,” says Tobirama in amusement.

Kagami huffs. “Fine, but you two are cleaning the dishes afterwards.”

Danzo laughs. “That sounded rather domestic. ‘I’ll cook and you clean the dishes.’ It’s like something married couples say.”

Hiruzen makes a thoughtful noise. “What are Konoha’s laws about marriage? Are there restrictions on gender or number of spouses?”
Tobirama’s eyes widen as he realizes why Hiruzen would be asking such a question. Was it just idle curiosity or was Hiruzen actually hoping they could get married in the future? He wasn’t the only one surprised; Danzo and Kagami also looked gobsmacked by the question.

“Konoha has never been a village based on any religions. Hashirama made it so that the only restriction on marriage was that the brides and grooms had to be of legal age,” replies Tobirama.

“He was a progressive thinker even with that, huh?” asks Kagami. “He was a good man.”

Tobirama sighs. “Yes, he was.”

Over Tobirama’s shoulder, Hiruzen frowns at Kagami for making him sad. Kagami grimaces and stares back helplessly. Danzo rolls his eyes at both of them and searches his mind for a new topic to discuss.

“What should we do until it’s time to fish? Go swimming again?” asks Danzo. He hadn’t ever seen Tobirama look melancholy in the water.

Tobirama considers it, then shakes his head. “No, I’ve gotten my fill of swimming for today. Did any of you bring any board games or a pack of cards?”

He remembered that was something they used to bring with them on missions that might have a lull in the action. As he had only said they couldn’t bring food with them, games were something they might have thought to pack.

“I did. How about a card game?” asks Hiruzen.

They rearrange themselves into a circle, with Tobirama secretly missing the warmth of having them pressed against him, and then begin playing. One game turns into two then three and four, each of them having a different game they want to play. Hours pass as they spend the time just relaxing and enjoying each other’s company, then suddenly it’s time to start preparing supper.

Catching fish was not one of Tobirama’s favorite activities, though he did greatly enjoy the fruits of his labor. They fry the fish in a pan, seasoning them with salt and pepper, then divide everything out onto four plates.

“Does anyone else notice the sudden influx of mosquitos?” asks Kagami.

“They’re attracted to the fire now that it’s getting darker,” says Tobirama. “Perhaps we should migrate into the tent when we’re done eating. We can play card games just as easily in there as we can out here.”

“Or board games. I brought go and shogi,” says Danzo.

“I call dibs on the go board,” says Kagami.

“I’ll play against you,” says Hiruzen to Kagami.

“Then I guess you and I are playing shogi,” says Tobirama.

“I look forward to it,” promises Danzo.

The threat of mosquito bites has them eating quickly then Hiruzen and Tobirama go down to the river to wash the dishes while Kagami and Danzo set up the board games. With the size of the tent, he ends up sitting right up against Kagami while Danzo and Hiruzen sit together across from them.
It’s interesting to see how they act when they aren’t trying so hard to hide their interest in him. They haven’t said anything outright, but the talk of marriage and practically snuggling up to his side is telling. As soon as their camping trip was over, he would make his feelings known. If the confession lead to anything intimate happening, he didn’t want their first time to be in the middle of the woods.

Their game lasts long enough that they’re ready to go to bed by the end of it. They woke up early this morning, and have seen the stars often enough that they don’t feel the need to stay up late to watch them. Although, it does sound a bit romantic in theory. Perhaps in the future, they can have a star-gazing date.

As they start setting up their sleeping bags, Kagami quickly sets his next to Tobirama, giving a triumphant grin to Hiruzen and Danzo. The two of them actually start playing rock-paper-scissors to see who will sleep on his left.

“Two out of three?” asks Hiruzen.

“Hmm. No,” answers Danzo. “I won fair and square.”

Tobirama shakes his head in faint disbelief and lies down on his side. He stiffens in surprise when Kagami lies down right next to him, and actually wraps an arm around his waist.

“Is this okay?” ask Kagami.

He relaxes. “Yes, it’s fine.”

Seeing Danzo hesitate, he lifts his arm in invitation. Danzo understands after a moment and scoots closer, cuddling up to his chest. He takes it as a good sign that Hiruzen lies close to Danzo. It seemed their rivalry over who got to be closer to him was a friendly one now.

He closes his eyes and lets his mind wander, sensing the other’s chakra settle down as they begin to fall asleep. It felt a bit odd at first to have someone so close to him while he was trying to sleep, but it was also comforting to have the warmth of another human being beside him. This type of intimacy was new to him, but it was one he would gladly get used to.

Hours pass as they slumber on before Kagami’s eyes slowly open. He looks around the tent blearily, mind taking a minute to fully awaken when there was no danger about. It was just his bladder demanding he take care of business.

Carefully, he moves back, trying not to wake the others. Miraculously, no one stirs as he exits the tent. They always had to be on high alert on missions, so in the past, they would have woken up as soon as he got up. Here, it was peaceful and the traps they set around the campsite would have alerted them if anyone else approached. They didn’t have reason to wake up otherwise. Even on a deep subconscious level, they trusted that the people they were sharing a tent with wouldn’t hurt them.

After dealing with his body’s needs, he returns to the tent and curls back up around Tobirama. With his nose this close to Tobirama’s hair, he catches a faint scent of vanilla and realizes it must be from the type of shampoo he uses. Interesting. He wouldn’t have thought Tobirama to be the type to use scented shampoos, but maybe he found the scent relaxing.

Feeling affectionate, he presses a soft kiss against Tobirama’s neck. The other man doesn’t even twitch at his touch, still deeply asleep. Smiling, he hugs Tobirama close to his chest and joins him in slumber.
When Tobirama awakens, it’s to a tangle of limbs and the feeling of something hard pressed against his backside. He flushes red as soon as he realizes what it is. Shifting slightly, his thigh brushes against something else hard, causing Danzo to moan softly in his sleep.

He stops moving, uncertain how to deal with this situation. Should he wake them up? Would it be weird if he didn’t? He liked being held between them like this. The choice is taken out of his hands when Kagami begins to wake up.

“Mm?” Kagami mumbles sleepily, arm tightening around his waist before suddenly withdrawing. “Oh!”

Tobirama rolls over onto his back to see Kagami has scooted back to the end of the tent, face bright red in embarrassment. Kagami begins to stammer out apologies, but he shakes his head, causing him to fall silent.

“You can’t control your body’s reactions. It’s fine,” assures Tobirama. He hesitates for a moment, then adds, “It wasn’t entirely unpleasant.”

Kagami blinks. “Uh...thanks? What...”

Tobirama waits but Kagami doesn’t say anything else. The awkwardness of it was starting to get ridiculous. It was definitely time for them to talk.

“Let’s wake up the others, then head back to my house. I don’t think this conversation should happen in the middle of the woods,” says Tobirama.

Looking simultaneously nervous and hopeful, Kagami prods the others awake. They’re confused at first that they’re leaving so soon, but get the same look on their faces as Kagami has when they learn he ‘wants to talk.’

Once home, he gets out some fruit for them to stave off their morning hunger and has everyone sit down in the living room. They eat in silence for a while before Hiruzen gets the courage to speak first.

“What is this about?”

“I’ve known the three of you like me for a while now,” says Tobirama bluntly. “At first, I saw you only as my students, but we’ve become closer over the last year. Choosing between you isn’t an option for me. Are the three of you okay with the idea of a polygamous relationship between us or should we remain friends?”

“We did talk about that possibility, actually,” says Hiruzen. He doesn’t mention that they only had that conversation yesterday. It was kind of embarrassing how long it took them to realize Tobirama’s growing interest in them when Tobirama had apparently known since the beginning.

“We’re willing to give a polygamous relationship with you a chance,” says Kagami.

“As long as it’s just the four of us,” adds Danzo.

Tobirama blinks in surprise, hardly daring to believe that it was that easy. He had read a book once about one man’s personal experience with polygamy. It had told him to expect jealousy and possibly even questions of ‘aren’t I enough for you?’ Maybe it was easier if everyone started the relationship at the same time?

“I only want it to be the four of us,” assures Tobirama.

“…..Does that mean we can kiss now?” asks Kagami.
Tobirama nods and Kagami stands from the couch, quickly crossing the distance between them to sit down on his lap, legs on either side of his. His hands instinctively come up to grip Kagami’s hips, staring up at him in surprise. Kagami grins at him cheekily and then presses their mouths together for the first time.

The kiss is sloppy at first, inexperienced. He shows Kagami how it’s done, dominating the kiss only long enough for Kagami to catch on, though it takes a bit of coaching for Kagami to take over after that. Somehow, he was going to have to get across the message that he wanted them to be in charge during sex. The mature thing to do would be to just say it, but this was one thing he had trouble being blunt about.

Heat flares up in his belly as Kagami shifts forward, practically pinning him against the chair. Lost in the pleasure of Kagami’s mouth against his, he doesn’t notice the sound of footsteps approaching.

“Do we get a turn now?” asks Hiruzen amused.

Kagami parts from him reluctantly, letting Hiruzen take his place. Tobirama makes a soft noise of surprise at how forcefully Hiruzen kisses him, though it’s probably more out of enthusiasm at this point rather than a deliberate attempt to be dominating.

He wraps an arm around Hiruzen’s waist and the palm of his other hand rests against his back, keeping him close. Hiruzen’s hands settle on either side of his face, holding his head in place as the kiss becomes more heated.

His hips twitch when Hiruzen shifts forward, unable to hold still when their hardening erections make contact, separated by only a few layers of fabric. Hiruzen makes a low noise in the back of his throat and deliberately grinds down, sending sparks of pleasure racing up his spine.

“So, uh, are we taking things slow or is sex on the table?” asks Hiruzen, breath coming out in light pants.

“Only if you mean table metaphorically. The bed is more comfortable,” says Tobirama.

Hiruzen grins and hops up from his lap. Tobirama stands and moves over to Danzo, pulling him into his arms. Danzo tenses in surprise then relaxes quickly as their lips meet. Hands slide down his back to cup his ass and he smirks into their kiss. Considering how many times he had caught Danzo checking out his ass, it wasn’t a surprise that he took the first opportunity he had to grab it.

“Are you guys coming?” asks Kagami from the bedroom doorway.

Danzo rolls his eyes and joins Kagami and Hiruzen in the bedroom, Tobirama following after him. While the three of them makes themselves comfortable on his bed, he crouches down in front of his dresser and opens the bottom drawer, revealing a bottle of lube and a variety of sex toys.

“Is that rope?” asks Hiruzen.

“And other forms of restraint,” notes Danzo, looking thoughtful. “Do you prefer tying others or being tied down?”

“The second one.”


Tobirama raises an eyebrow at him, looking unimpressed.

Kagami blushes. “I guess that was a bit rude of me? It was just unexpected.”
“Would you like to be tied down this time?” asks Danzo.

Tobirama considers it then nods slowly. “Yes, I think I would.”

He gets the rope and lubricant from the drawer and sets it on the bed, then looks back at the other items thoughtfully. Should they keep it simple for their first time?

“What is that circle thing?” asks Kagami.

“That’s a cock ring. It delays orgasm,” answers Danzo. “Judging by what Tobirama has in that drawer, it looks like he enjoys being dominated. Is that right?”

Tobirama nods, relieved that they had caught on quickly.

Danzo picks up the rope. “Alright then. Undress so we can tie you up.”

He moves to the center of the room, giving them the best vantage point as he undresses. They watch him hungrily as each new inch of skin is revealed. Perhaps it should have made him uncomfortable to be the only naked one in the room, but he reveled in the way they couldn’t look away from him. Their desire for him was addictive.

When he goes over to the bed, Danzo has him lie down on his back and ties his wrists together. Although not attached to the headboard, he keeps his arms above his head, giving them the perfect access to touch his body as they like.

Kagami licks his lips at the sight of him, leaning down to kiss the side of his neck. He tilts his head back, breath hitching as a tongue licks the sweat from his skin and soft lips suck marks into his neck. Hands caress his thighs and he hears a rustling sound as someone peruses his dresser drawer.

“You have a paddle in here,” says Danzo. “Do you find pleasure in pain?”

“Sometimes, but nothing extreme,” he answers.

“Hmm.” Danzo gets back onto the bed, setting the paddle down beside them. He gives Tobirama’s cock a few light strokes, watching his muscles tense as he tries not to arch into his touch. As he slides the cock ring on, he says, “I’ve been thinking about this past year in a new light since you told us you’ve known about our feelings. There have been times where it seems you’ve deliberately been trying to arouse us. Is that true?”

“….Yes.”

Kagami pulls away from his neck to stare at him in surprise. “The low-collar shirts and the stretching? And that time you poured water over your head after a spar! You were trying to seduce us?”

Hiruzen starts laughing.

“Well, it worked, didn’t it?” he asks rhetorically.

“So it did,” agrees Danzo, “but it isn’t nice to tease. Perhaps you should be punished?” He picks up the paddle.

Tobirama shivers.

“I’ll take that a yes,” says Danzo amused. He turns to Hiruzen. “Let’s tie his legs up too.”

They tie a rope a few inches below his knees and another around his feet and thighs, keeping his
legs bent at the knee and his feet flat against the bed. Then he’s flipped onto his stomach, knees positioned underneath him so that his ass is raised in the air. He’s got a year’s worth of anticipation built up for this moment. Having Danzo stare at his ass all year without doing anything about it had been maddening.

Danzo starts off slow, giving light slaps against his skin with the palm of his hand. Tobirama bites down on a pillow, muffling himself as the hits increase in frequency and strength. He can feel his skin turning red, the heat of every slap seeming to sink down to his cock, leaving him dripping precum.

“He’s being kind of quiet,” complains Hiruzen.

“If you want me to make noise, then try harder,” says Tobirama. He knew Hiruzen liked the sound of his voice, but it wasn’t that easy for him to let go. If they wanted him to be loud, then they needed to wear away at his self-control.

“That sounds like a challenge,” says Kagami. He reaches underneath Tobirama to touch his chest, fingers skimming over his nipples, pausing when he hears Tobirama’s breath stutter. So they were sensitive. He grabs one between forefinger and thumb and tries to find the right pressure to make Tobirama squirm.

Hiruzen wraps his fingers around Tobirama’s cock, alternating between light and firm pressure, grinning when he finally elicits an audible moan. He feels a spark of pleasure just from the sound alone. He had lost track of the number of times he had gotten aroused just from hearing Tobirama’s deep voice; and now that he thinks back, there are times when Tobirama seemed to know exactly what effect he was having on him. Perhaps Danzo was on the right track to ‘punish’ him.

Tobirama flinches when Danzo suddenly switches from using his hand to using the paddle, a strangled moan escaping him when Danzo aims for the same area five times in a row. His cock throbs in Hiruzen’s grip and he can’t stop his hips from twitching forward, trying to get more friction.

“That’s more like it. We’re going to help you come undone,” says Hiruzen. He slows his hand down even further, causing Tobirama to nearly whimper. “This is what you want, isn’t it? For us to take away your control?”

“Ah…yes,” he says breathlessly. He pushes his hips down, but Hiruzen just goes with the movement, leaving him frustrated. Danzo begins to alternate between striking his ass and the back of his thighs, the mix of pain and pleasure causing him to squirm.

Eventually, Danzo tires of the spanking and sets the paddle down. He runs his hands over red marks, admiring the color against Tobirama’s otherwise pale skin. His fingertips dip down, brushing across Tobirama’s hole, and the other man jerks back against his touch. Sensitive, huh? That gave him an idea.

Tobirama shudders as chakra is pushed inside him, recognizing the hygiene jutsu that he had taught his students. You didn’t always have toilet paper with you in the woods. He hadn’t realized how different it would feel to have someone else’s chakra against such a sensitive place. His nerves tingled as the jutsu did its job, and he had to bite back a disappointed moan when it was done.

Danzo grips his ass cheeks and spreads them. “You’ve taken your punishment well. I think you’ve earned a reward.”

“Nng!” Tobirama jerks as a warm, wet tongue swipes across his hole, but Danzo’s hands hold him firmly in place. His body trembles as Danzo licks into him, eyes wide at the new sensation.
He hadn’t known this felt so good.

Kagami stares transfixed as Tobirama’s eyes close in pleasure, his fingers clutching at the headboard. He trails his hand down Tobirama’s back and leans forward to kiss the nape of his neck. He was so hard it nearly hurt, and different fantasies he had thought about throughout the last few years flashed through his mind, uncertain which one he wanted to try first.

“Not that this isn’t nice, but maybe we could speed things up a little?” suggests Kagami.

Danzo pauses, eyes flickering over to Kagami. “If you’re that impatient, you can have his mouth. I’m not done preparing him.”

Kagami turns back to Tobirama, finding that the other has opened his eyes to look at him expectantly. Although fairly certain of the answer, he has to ask, “Is that alright?”

Tobirama smiles and nods.

Kagami quickly undresses, sighing in relief as his cock springs free of restricting fabric. He kneels beside Tobirama’s head, sliding fingers through soft white hair. Red eyes lock with his as warmth envelops his cock, and that image nearly undoes his self-control right then and there.

Forcing himself not to cum yet, he slowly pushes his hips forward, inhaling sharply when muscles contract around the head of his cock. He’s a bit worried about choking him, but Tobirama seems to know how to suppress his gag reflex. And the thought of how Tobirama must have learned that skill doesn’t do anything to cool his desire, though it does make him a bit jealous. His fingers tighten in Tobirama’s hair, and for the sake of his sanity, he decides to pretend Tobirama learned it all from practicing on phallic shaped objects instead of with people.

He watches as Tobirama’s eyes slowly glaze over with pleasure as Danzo begins to finger him, using actual lube instead of just spit to ease the way. It takes effort to stay gentle when Tobirama begins to moan around his cock, the soft vibrations driving him crazy. He pulls Tobirama off his cock just as the pleasure reaches its peak, satisfied by the way his cum lands across Tobirama’s face and neck.

Tobirama licks away a drop of cum that landed on his mouth, groaning as Danzo adds another finger. He pushes his hips back, needing more. Hiruzen hadn’t once stopped his teasing, and the frustration of it was starting to make him desperate.

“Please,” he gasps out.

Danzo’s fingers still, smirking when Tobirama lets out a whimper. “Please what? Tell us what you need.”

Tobirama’s fingers clench in the bedsheets, desire warring with pride. Desire wins.

“Please, fuck me. I need you inside me.”

The words were said quietly, but Danzo recognized that it was difficult for Tobirama to give up even that much control and didn’t push for more. In the future, it would be easier, more natural, for Tobirama to submit to them. For now, he slicks up his cock and slowly slides inside, breath stuttering at the way Tobirama clenches around him.

“Mm. You feel so good around me, Tobirama.” Danzo leans forward, plastering his chest against Tobirama’s back, whispering the words against his ear. As hoped, Tobirama flushes with pleasure and practically turns to putty in his hold.

He wraps an arm around Tobirama’s chest, bracing his other hand against the bed as he begins to
move, rolling his hips forward. Tobirama shudders underneath him, soft moans and quiet groans escaping the other’s lips as his cock continuously drags across his prostate. He nips at Tobirama’s neck, not wanting Kagami to be the only one leaving his mark.

Tobirama closes his eyes against the onslaught of pleasure, finding it to be too much and not enough all at once. Danzo’s weight keeps him fully pinned down, not allowing him to move his hips and speed things up. And Hiruzen’s touch was starting to be more maddening than pleasurable. As much as he liked to be teased, there was a point where he needed more.

“Saru, no more teasing, please.”

Hiruzen’s breath catches as Tobirama moans his name. He doesn’t need any more encouragement than that to carefully remove the cock ring, then firmly strokes Tobirama’s cock until his seed is coating his hand, the other’s hoarse cry echoing in his head. That sound would be a reoccurring feature of his fantasies for the foreseeable future.

Danzo groans as Tobirama clenches around him. He wasn’t going to last much longer. Sitting up, he grabs Tobirama’s hips and speeds up his pace, driving his cock deep into Tobirama’s body with every thrust. Heat coils tightly in his stomach, urging him to move faster and faster until he finally stills with a breathless moan.

Tobirama all but collapses onto the bed when he pulls out, looking lust dazed. He recovers after a moment and turns over onto his back, locking eyes with Hiruzen as he spreads his legs. Hiruzen takes the hint and eagerly pushes inside him, slowing down when he can’t hide a wince.

“Are you alright?” asks Hiruzen, concerned.


Hiruzen hesitates, not wanting to hurt him, but Tobirama wraps his arms around his back, his bound wrists not stopping him from pulling Hiruzen closer.

Tobirama whispers against his ear, “Don’t you want to feel me around you, Saru? So tight and warm?”

Hiruzen swallows audibly and continues moving, setting a slow but deep pace. Tobirama’s eyes closer, sighing softly as little aftershocks of pleasure tingle through his nerves. The slight discomfort was worth it to feel Hiruzen inside him. Once his muscles get used to this, he should be able to have sex with all three of them in a night without it aching.

Lips begin to kiss his neck, then another pair joins in as Kagami and Hiruzen lick away the cum still on his skin and leave behind possessive marks. It seems the three of them were determined to make sure that even the most unobservant could tell at a glance that he was spoken for.

He relaxes against the bed as Hiruzen finishes inside him, waiting patiently for them to untie the ropes. Afterward, he rolls onto his stomach, not wanting to put any weight on his backside while the skin is still red and tender.

“That was fun,” says Kagami. “Did everyone else enjoy it too?”

“I did,” assures Tobirama. “You were all very considerate of what I needed.”

“The aftercare is supposed to come next, right?” asks Danzo. “Do you have anything to put on your skin?”

Tobirama gestures to the dresser. “There’s a cream in the drawer. It helps speed up the healing process.”
Danzo retrieves the jar, taking a moment to put away the ropes and other items while he’s at it. Hiruzen peers at the cream curiously as he unseals the cap.

“What is aftercare?” asks Hiruzen.

“I’m not sure how to explain it exactly, but it usually consists of cuddling, taking care of any injuries received, and making sure everyone’s hydrated. Things like that,” says Danzo.

“Emotional and physical care after a D/s scene,” adds Tobirama. “Making sure everyone is alright with what happened and just enjoying the moment after the sex is over.”

Kagami scoots closer. “I want to help put the cream on.”

Danzo holds out the jar for Kagami to scoop some out, then they set about spreading the healing salve over his buttocks and thighs. It had a slight cooling affect, causing Tobirama to sigh in relief as some of the heat left his skin. Spanking might be fun in the moment, but the aftermath of it was uncomfortable.

“You mentioned hydration earlier. Should I get us some water?” asks Hiruzen.

“Yes, that would be helpful. Thank you,” replies Danzo.

They finish applying the salve while Hiruzen retrieves four glasses of water from the kitchen. He has to sit up on his knees to drink, not wanting to ruin their efforts by letting the sheets absorb the cream instead of his skin. Afterwards, they set the cups aside and lie on the bed together.

“I guess this is the part where we cuddle?” asks Kagami.

“It is. Do you like cuddling?” asks Tobirama.

“Um, maybe? I think it would be better at night before going to bed, though. I have too much energy in the morning to sit still for very long,” answers Kagami.

“I think I feel the same way,” says Hiruzen. “Relaxing a bit after sex is fine, but I’m going to get restless if we sit here too long.”

“You two have no patience,” says Danzo mildly.

Tobirama interrupts before they can start bickering. “We’ll wait a few minutes and then take turns using the shower.”

“What about showering together?” asks Kagami.

Tobirama shakes his head. “My shower is barely big enough for two, and we’d be cramped. And I doubt we’d actually focus on getting clean being pressed so close together while naked.”

Kagami nearly starts pouting. “I suppose…”

Hiruzen stands up from the bed. “I call first dibs on the shower.”

Tobirama exits his alternate’s memory as Kagami and Danzo begin to play rock-paper-scissors for who gets the shower next. He opens his eyes, looking around the clearing as the others slowly wake up as well. The memories he had viewed were positive ones, showing that there was definitely potential for a relationship to work between them if they could forgive Danzo for what he had done.
He wasn’t sure how he felt about the fact that his alternate had, in part, chosen to enter a relationship with Kagami, Danzo, and Hiruzen because he was lonely. True, he had begun to love them over the year he had tried subtly seducing them, but he had started in the first place because he was starved for affection.

They were similar in that people didn’t often try to hug them because of their aloof nature, thinking they wouldn’t want to touched, with Hashirama being the exception. And so with their brother’s death, they didn’t get enough physical affection, though they had plenty of social interaction as Hokage and mentor to two teams.

In his own life, he hadn’t considered sex an answer to his problem because he hadn’t realized it could be enjoyable. Mostly, he had distracted himself with work and research projects. Pride hadn’t allowed him to ask for the physical contact he needed, which is probably why he was so sex-obsessed now. He was making up for lost time. (Or maybe it was normal to want sex a couple times a day, and it only seemed excessive because he was used to none. He didn’t know what the average sex drive was.)

“Tobirama?”

He snaps back to the present at Kagami’s voice, finding all three of them staring at him. Time to make a decision then.

“I’m willing to give this a chance.” He pauses as they nearly slump in relief. “However,” They tense back up, “we’ll be taking things slower than they did in that memory. They didn’t have the same years separating each other that we have. I want to get to know the three of you again before becoming sexually intimate.”

And perhaps it was odd that he was choosing to wait with them when he hadn’t with Madara’s brothers, but then Madara had sprung that idea on him after sexually teasing him for an hour….

Whatever. It would be healthier in the long run if he reconnected with them emotionally and mentally before having sex. Not to mention, figuring out how to forgive Danzo for the shit he had pulled. At least he hadn’t been alive for it.

Well, no. If he had been alive, none of that would have happened in the first place. Either being alive would have kept Danzo on the right path or he would have kicked his ass when he found out what he was doing. There would have been none of that ignoring the problem because he didn’t have enough ‘evidence’ for a ‘trial’ like Hiruzen had done.

He would just have to help Danzo re-learn ethics, by force if necessary. There was a time he could have loved Danzo like his alternate had, and at his core, Danzo hadn’t truly changed. He had just become a more extreme version of himself, forgetting that the ends don’t always justify the means.

“Waiting is fine with me,” says Hiruzen.

“For me as well,” says Danzo.

“Does this mean we’ll be going on dates?” asks Kagami. “And if so, will it always be the four of us or will we get individual bonding time as well?”

“It will be individual dates at first,” answers Tobirama. “There’s too much tension in a group setting right now for the conversation to flow.”

Tactfully, he doesn’t point out the obvious cause of said tension, but everyone glances at Danzo anyways. Danzo grimaces but doesn’t try to protest their silent accusations. None of them felt like discussing Danzo’s guilt again, and so move on to a new topic. Mainly, choosing times for them to meet up.
After they’ve set up the next time to meet, they say their goodbyes and head their separate ways. Tobirama stops by a shop and picks up a day planner before heading home. If he was going to be dating multiple people, he needed an effective way to keep track of his schedule. It would also help him see at a glance whether he was planning too many social events in a week. He needed time for himself to recharge and relax, as well as for his research projects.

This polygamous arrangement wouldn’t work if he devoted all of his energy towards social interaction. He would start to feel smothered by people if he didn’t have enough alone time.

When he returns home, his brothers are sitting in the living room together with the TV on. There’s a variety of snack foods resting on the coffee table, both western and Japanese.

“Tobirama, welcome home. You’ve got good timing. We were just about to start a movie. Would you like to join us?” asks Hashirama.

“Sure. What are we watching?” he asks, sitting down beside them.

“We haven’t decided yet. Hashirama and Itama are both voting for a different romantic comedy, and I want to see an action movie,” says Kawarama.

Itama shows him the DVD cases. “Which do you want to see?”

“Whichever I chose, we’ll just end up seeing the others on a different day,” says Tobirama. He taps on the movie Itama wants to see, knowing he had less dramatic taste than Hashirama.

The others pout a bit that he didn’t choose the movie they preferred, but the disappointment fades as the movie starts. It may not have been their first choice, but they end up enjoying the movie anyways.

He smiles when Kawarama snuggles up to him. When he doesn’t try to shrug him off, the nonverbal cue that he’s not in the mood to cuddle, Itama scoots closer as well. It was a pleasant way to end the day, quietly watching a movie with some of the most important people in his life. He was glad to have his brothers back.

Chapter End Notes

For those of you who think Tobirama may have gone too easy on Danzo, I think Tobirama just knows there’s no point in giving him a long lecture. He’s already gotten chewed out by a bunch of different people, and receiving Tobirama's anger will just make him more defensive. Tobirama hasn't completely forgiven him, but he also wasn't there during the horrible things Danzo did. He knew Danzo back when he was a good person and wants to help him back onto the right path, rather than spending an eternity hating the new person Danzo has become.

In the alternate world, I see Danzo as having more experience with D/s because he strikes me as more of a control freak than Kagami and Hiruzen. I think that need for control would have extended into the bedroom and he would have sought out information to understand his desires.

Somewhere in this chapter, I mentioned 'folding space.' There are two techniques people use to get around in this world. They can either just straight up teleport there or they can 'fold space,' which really just consists of a series of little jumps. To them, it feels like they're walking while the scenery seamlessly blends together from several
locations. To other people, it just looks like they teleported in. If someone teleports in, then immediately teleports out, people figure they're folding space.
Ginkaku/Kinkaku/Tobirama, consensual

Chapter Notes

This chapter was requested by CRMGrimmie, seconded by Lightning_darui, and thirded by Senjuchiha_Que24.
It's Ginkaku/Kinkaku/Tobirama in the afterlife verse.

Here is a picture of the type of cock ring Ginkaku and Kinkaku use on Tobirama:

Edited by Tiear

Tobirama shields his eyes from the sun as he steps outside, clutching his newly acquired book in his other hand. He loved shopping in large cities, especially the high-tech ones. They always had so much to choose from. The bookstore he had just been in was six stories tall and had a wide selection of literature, both fiction and nonfiction from not only different timelines but different dimensions as well.

People move around him, and he quickly picks a direction to walk before he gets in their way. Although not as crowded as the large cities it was based off, Athens still had a large population. In the Afterlife, they had no need to cram as many people as possible into one city and tiny apartments. This world was vast and teleportation made living in the country and working in the city a viable option.

As he progresses down the sidewalk, glancing in at shop windows, he becomes aware of two familiar chakra signatures getting closer. They were lightning and the wild energy he associates with the bijuu. Gold and silver hair catches his eye, but he tries to stay out of sight. He didn’t know how they would react to seeing him and was hesitant to find out.

Fate was not on his side this evening as he hears twin cries of “Senju!” and “Nidaime!” Obviously used to the ways of city life, the two of them make their way through the crowd with ease to reach him, practically crowding him into a wall so that the tide of strangers can pass them by.


“What, we can’t say hello to our favorite Konoha shinobi?” asks Kinkaku.

“Favorite?”

“Of course,” says Ginkaku. “You managed to keep up with both of us at once, and still managed to get away after losing.”

“And then you fought off our elite team of twenty Jounin, killing half of them and seriously wounding the others,” says Kinkaku.

“Your skills are very impressive, Nidaime-sama,” purrs Ginkaku, lips a mere centimeter from his ear.

Tobirama shivers, eyes dilating with lust. This wasn’t the reaction he had expected from them. It was better.
Then Kinkaku catches sight of his collar and frowns. “You’re already taken?” he asks, sounding disappointed.

“Not exactly,” says Tobirama, wondering if he’s making the right choice. “I’m in a polygamous relationship. The people I’m in the main relationship with have a key to the collar, but none of us are restricted to only having relations with each other.”

“Relations,” repeats Ginkaku, amused. “Is that a pretty way of saying sex?”

Tobirama flushes and doesn’t answer. He tries subtly edging away from them, but their hands clamp down on his arms. Their surroundings blur, and he knows he could stay where is by phasing out of their grasps but he lets them change the scenery, appearing in front of a tall apartment building.

“This is where we live. Come upstairs and have a cup of tea with us,” says Kinkaku.

It’s an order, not a request. He doesn’t protest and follows them to the elevator. They live nearly on the top floor in a two-room apartment with a spacious living room and kitchen. Almost an entire wall of said living room is made of high-strength glass, giving them a beautiful view of the city.

“This is where we live. Come upstairs and have a cup of tea with us,” says Kinkaku.

Tobirama follows the suggestion, hesitating only a moment before sitting in the middle of the couch. Ginkaku’s pleased grin lets him know that he understood Tobirama was giving them permission to sit on either side of him. He waits, a bit impatiently with his finger tapping against his thigh, as they make the tea.

He forces himself not to tense as they settle on either side of him, so close their legs and shoulders touch. They hand him a cup of tea, one of his favorites he notices. How odd. Was it just a lucky guess or had they seen alternate memories of him drinking this particular beverage?

“I suppose it must seem a bit sudden to you, us practically ambushing you like this,” says Ginkaku, “but it has to do with the alternate dimensions we’ve seen. Of course, we don’t know how similar you actually are to them, but the memories we viewed were… enjoyable.”

Tobirama frowns. “Were they consensual?” he asks pointedly.

Ginkaku pauses. “….Some of them were.”

“There’s a key difference between us and them,” interjects Kinkaku. “We may both like the rough stuff, but anything forced for us is just roleplay. Some of the memories we’ve seen, our alternates had to break the other person’s will to make them what they wanted. We’ve always been of the philosophy that if you have to break something to like it, then you never really liked it in the first place.”

“There are so many people in the world that can match our desires. We’ve never seen the point in going after someone who can’t and forcing them to be what we want,” says Ginkaku.

“And in many of the alternates, you fit our desires. So we wondered, is it something that this you likes as well? To submit and be manhandled?” asks Kinkaku.

“With the occasional bit of pain play,” adds Ginkaku. “I like the memories where you let us bite you and our hands turn your skin red as flesh forcefully meets flesh.”

Tobirama huffs slightly in surprise or disbelief. It was almost like Ginkaku was trying to sound poetic when describing spanking. It was an odd contrast to the more brutish way they had acted in
the alternate memories.

“I’ve only seen a couple of memories with you two,” he admits, “and both of them were nonconsensual.”

“Is that why you looked so wary when we approached?” asks Kinkaku. “You didn’t even give us that look when we were fighting to kill you.”

“Yes. The memory was from a world similar to our own. I didn’t want you trying to brainwash me the way your alternates had done to the other me,” says Tobirama.

“Ah, that memory,” says Ginkaku. “The pet-play thing is fun, but you’re not really a pet if we have to keep you prisoner. Would you be interested in us if everything’s consensual? We can have a safe word and everything.”

Tobirama thinks about it seriously. One of the first memories he had ever viewed had been of them. They and Madara had essentially been part of his sexual awakening, those memories causing him to realize he even had sexual needs.

“Alright,” he decides. “How about shuriken as the safe word? I don’t think we’re likely to start talking about weapons during sex.”

“Sounds perfect. Why don’t we head to the bedroom then? That’s where we keep our equipment,” suggests Kinkaku.

Tobirama follows them to the other room, watching curiously as Ginkaku pulls out a box from the walk-in closet. Before he can catch a glimpse of what Ginkaku is taking out, Kinkaku pulls him into a sudden kiss. It starts out soft then gradually becomes rougher, and Kinkaku’s hands begin to roam, traveling down his sides and back, eventually settling at his ass.

This is how he had originally expected them to seduce him, rather than the casual discussion of consent. It actually makes the whole situation hotter, that they were touching him this way because they knew he liked it and not just for their own selfish pursuit of pleasure.

He moans softly as Kinkaku’s tongue explores his mouth and hands squeeze his ass. Heat flushes through him as the minutes tick by, turned on by the way Kinkaku dominates his mouth. Cloth rustles behind him as Ginkaku disrobes, and he and Kinkaku separate to join him in his naked state.

Arms circle around his waist and a firm chest presses against his back. He shivers as Ginkaku’s fingers skim over his cock, breath hitching as he wraps some kind of leather harness around the base of his cock and around his balls. A strap then goes between his balls, separating them and adding to the wonderful feeling of pressure around his sensitive organ.

Ginkaku purrs in approval, nipping at his ear. “How does it feel?”

“It’s good, but different. I haven’t worn one of this type before,” answers Tobirama.

Kinkaku grins. “So we get one of your first experiences after all. Good to know.”

Tobirama’s lips twitch in amusement. The hint of possessiveness in their eyes wasn’t a deterrent at all. When he had sex with someone, he liked to feel that he belonged to them in that moment. In a way, it was true. This memory, here and now, was between them and no one else.

“Now for the rest of the toys,” says Ginkaku. He grabs the cat ears headband out of the box and sets it on Tobirama’s head. “We thought of you as soon as we saw it in the shop. It’s the same color as your hair.”
“And we can’t forget the paws,” adds Kinkaku. He takes Tobirama’s wrist and slides the mitten on then does the same with his other hand. “Kittens don’t have opposable thumbs.”

Tobirama flexes his fingers, studying the way the movement is reflected by the glove. Distracted as he is, he isn’t prepared for Kinkaku to suddenly grab his arm and drag him over to the bed, forcefully pushing him down. He ends up lying sideways across the bed, legs hanging over the edge and Kinkaku’s weight pressing down on him.

“Alright?” asks Kinkaku against his ear.

He nods, unable to speak past the rush of arousal. Kinkaku acknowledges his nonverbal reply with a kiss to the back of his neck then places a hand on his head and pushes his face against the mattress. He can hear the click of a bottle opening before Kinkaku shifts over, leaving his backside exposed.

Ginkaku doesn’t waste any time in shoving two slick-coated fingers inside him, setting his nerves ablaze with pleasure. He can’t help but squirm as they brush across his prostate, his cock rubbing against the bed. A firm swat to the rear has him stilling, groaning as his muscles clench down around Ginkaku’s fingers.

“Hold still while we prep you, kitten,” says Ginkaku, deliberately rubbing his fingers across Tobirama’s sweet spot to see his muscles tremble with the effort to not move. “Good boy.”

He groans quietly as Ginkaku spends another minute just teasing him, managing to hold still through sheer force of will. There’s a brief moment of emptiness when Ginkaku withdraws his fingers before he’s being filled with something larger, the cat tail plug. Experimentally, he sends a thread of chakra into the tail, and finds it’s like the set he has at home when it starts to move.

“You have experience with this type of toy, huh?” asks Kinkaku.

In answer, he lets out a soft purr, sounding exactly like a cat. With his face pressed against the bed, he can’t see Kinkaku’s expression, but both of them end up laughing in pleasant surprise. To say that Kinkaku and Ginkaku had sometimes purred their words in those alternate memories would not be a metaphor. Perhaps it was due to the influence of the Kyuubi’s chakra. If Jinchuuriki could growl when angry, why not extend that to other animal sounds?

He wonders if they like it now, that other people can make those same sounds. They’re no longer the odd men out, one of the select few whose vocal cords aren’t limited.

Ginkaku retrieves a leash from the box and clips it to Tobirama’s collar, waiting until Kinkaku lets him up before he starts tugging. “Come on, kitten. Let’s go for a walk.”

Tobirama follows him on hands and knees to the living room, making the tail twitch from side to side. They seemed to enjoy seeing him act like a cat. He watches curiously as Kinkaku walks over to the edge of the long window and press something against the wall, changing the tint of the windows.

“There. Now we can see out, but they can’t see in,” says Kinkaku.

“People can be rather nosy now a days, can’t they, Kinkaku?” asks Ginkaku.

“Indeed, they are, Ginkaku. And now that they’ve got those fancy cameras, they aren’t even limited to how far their eyes can see,” says Kinkaku.

Ginkaku leads him over to the window, and he puts his paws on the glass, looking out curiously like a cat would. Kinkaku heads to the kitchen and is gone for a minute, coming back with a saucer of milk that he sets beside him. Knowing exactly what they want, he puts his paws on
either side of the bowl, dips his head down, and flicks his tongue against the milk.

He looks up at the sound of a groan, finding Kinkaku to be watching him hungrily. A drop of precum wells up at the tip of Kinkaku’s cock, and he finds himself crawling closer and placing a paw on Kinkaku’s leg, licking his lips.

Kinkaku laughs breathlessly. “Milk isn’t enough for you, huh, kitten? You want the cream. Well, you’ll have to work for it.”

Purring, he licks from the base of Kinkaku’s cock to the tip, swirling his tongue around the flushed head. Kinkaku shudders, resting his hand on top of Tobirama’s head, right between the furry ears. He lets Kinkaku guide him forward, relaxing his jaw as Kinkaku fills his mouth.

Closing his eyes, he focuses on nothing but this moment, the scent of Kinkaku’s arousal and the feel of him in his mouth, hot and heavy on his tongue. He moans as his cock throbs, unable to resist reaching down to rub his gloved hand against his erection. He has only a moment to appreciate the feel of fur before Ginkaku is kneeling down behind him and pulling his arms behind his back.

“Naughty, kitten. We didn’t say you could touch yourself,” says Ginkaku.

“Don’t you know that bad kittens don’t get cream?” asks Kinkaku.

He groans in disappointment as Kinkaku pulls his head away, making the cat ears flick back to show his discontent. Kinkaku chuckles and pats his cheek mockingly.

“That’s cute, but it won’t get you what you want,” says Kinkaku. “Ginkaku, hold him in place while I get the ropes.”

“Sure thing, Kinkaku.”

Tobirama flexes his arms, testing the strength of Ginkaku’s grip. He exhales on a breathless moan when hands tighten on his wrists, refusing to let him go. Relaxing in his hold, he waits for Kinkaku to return.

They fold his arms behind his back, tying his forearms together. Kinkaku pulls on his leash, forcing him to crawl over to the couch. Ginkaku drags him up by his bound arms and onto the couch, bent at the waist so that his feet touch the ground and his ass is at the perfect angle for them to strike.

His muscles tense, expecting pain, but instead there’s a gentle caress down his back and ass. Kinkaku waits until he’s relaxed before bringing his hand down on his left ass cheek. He groans as his muscles contract around the plug, but they don’t give him any time to get used to the feeling. Both of them take turns leaving stinging slaps against his ass, until his skin is red and hot. They don’t slow down until he’s squirming with every hit, moaning as his cock rubs against the couch.

“Red really is a good look on you, kitten,” says Kinkaku.

Kinkaku kneels down behind him and runs his hands over tender flesh. Tobirama instinctively tries to jerk away but Kinkaku’s hands tighten, his fingers digging in to Tobirama’s ass cheeks.

Tobirama shudders as pleasure jolts through him, turned on by the rough treatment. He stops trying to move, letting his body go limp against the couch.

“Mmm. You’re learning,” says Ginkaku. “Submit to us and we’ll make you feel good.”

“Are you going to behave now, pet?” asks Kinkaku.
“Yes.”

“Yes what?” prompts Ginkaku.

Tobirama hesitates. He was fairly certain he knew which title they wanted and while it would be embarrassing to say, it would be humiliating if it wasn’t what they were asking for.

“Are you going to be good for your Masters, kitten?” asks Kinkaku.

He can feel a blush spread across his face. “Yes, Master.”

“Good boy. Up now, knees on the floor,” replies Kinkaku.

Tobirama kneels in front of the couch, and Kinkaku moves to sit in front of him. His mouth waters as Kinkaku’s cock bobs in front of his face. He makes himself wait until Kinkaku gives the go-ahead then swallows him down to the hilt, purring when Kinkaku curses and grips his hair tightly.

Closing his eyes, he focuses on keeping his throat relaxed as Kinkaku sets the pace. He flicks his tongue across the slit every time Kinkaku lets him pull his head back, enjoying the taste of precum and the hitch in Kinkaku’s breath.

Behind him, Ginkaku pushes his legs farther apart to sit between them, hands caressing his inner thighs. He moans softly as those hands go higher, one gently cupping his balls while the other grabs hold of the tail plug and twists it. A whine builds up in the back of his throat as Ginkaku begins to fuck him with the toy, making sure to graze his prostate with every thrust.

Hot pleasure curls through him, making his cock throb. His hips twitch, body seeking friction, and it takes effort not to simply rub his cock against the couch.

“That’s right. Hold still for us, pet,” says Ginkaku. “Just relax and accept what we give you.”

That was easier said than done with Ginkaku’s fingers teasingly tracing every inch of his cock, paying special attention to the sensitive tip. It was making it difficult to concentrate on giving Kinkaku pleasure, but the other man didn’t seem to mind. He just kept pulling on Tobirama’s hair, forcing his head to keep moving.

A particularly forceful tug moves him forward too fast, causing him to gag. When he not only doesn’t try to pull away, but actually pushes forward, Kinkaku grins and holds him there. It isn’t until he can’t hold his breath any longer that Kinkaku lets him go. He has just enough time to suck in a quick breath before Kinkaku is filling his mouth again.

He makes himself purr, vibrating his throat against the head of Kinkaku’s cock. The other man stills with a deep groan, cock pulsing in his mouth before liquid is shooting against the back of his throat. He chokes but Kinkaku’s tight grip on his head stops him from pulling back.

“Swallow it down, pet,” orders Kinkaku. He grins as Tobirama struggles to comply. “That’s it. You can do it.”

Kinkaku finally lets him go, avidly watching the way Tobirama’s chest heaves as he sucks in desperate gasps of air. The man’s beautiful red eyes had begun to tear up, and he licks his lips as a drop of water slides down flushed cheeks. He wanted to see Tobirama’s composure completely shattered.

“Did you enjoy your cream, pet?” asks Kinkaku.

“Yes, Master. Thank you.”
Kinkaku grins and pets him on the head approvingly.

“And now it’s my turn to play,” says Ginkaku. He wraps his arm around Tobirama and pulls him back against his chest, laying a series of nipping kisses down the side of his neck.

Tobirama breathes in sharply when Ginkaku bites down, feeling a trickle of blood trail down his back before Ginkaku licks it away. His cock twitches, precum welling up at the tip. He tries not to squirm as calloused fingers grip his cockhead, applying just the barest amount of pressure as an index finger circles around his slit.

He groans, half pleasure and half frustration. Ginkaku smirks against his neck and brings his other hand up to play with his nipples, rubbing and pinching the sensitive nubs. Finally, he can’t sit still any longer, hips bucking up with a desperate whine.

“Did you need something, pet?” asks Ginkaku teasingly. “Ask nicely and we might give it to you.”

Desperate for release, he doesn’t hesitate to beg. “Please, Master. I need to cum.”

“Hmm.” Ginkaku pretends to consider it. “Maybe later. You don’t get to cum until we’re fully satisfied.”

Tobirama whimpers.

“But since you did ask so nicely, I’ll move things along,” continues Ginkaku.

He scoots Tobirama forward until he’s partially lying on Kinkaku’s leg, allowing him to get his hands on Tobirama’s ass. He hears the other hiss in pain as his hands touch reddened skin and lets himself linger there, gently rubbing his ass to see him squirm. Then he moves on to pulling the tail plug out, seeing Tobirama’s hole clench at the sudden emptiness.

“You want to be filled with my cock, don’t you, pet?” he asks, pressing his thumb against Tobirama’s entrance.

“Nng...Yes, Master.”

“Then come here and take what you want, pet. Ride me,” orders Ginkaku.

Tobirama awkwardly scoots back, looking over his shoulder as he pushes his hips down. With his arms bound, he can’t reach back to align Ginkaku’s cock with his entrance, causing a few frustrating tries as he misses before Ginkaku takes pity on him and helps.

They groan nearly in unison as he sinks down, not stopping until Ginkaku is fully sheathed inside him. As he begins to move, Ginkaku’s hands settle on his hips, not directing but helping him to keep his balance. It’s frustrating that he can’t move as fast as he wants in this position, wishing that Ginkaku would just hold him down and fuck him roughly.

He’s glad now that he’s kept up with his exercise routine since his death as his legs don’t tire. It isn’t until Ginkaku’s grip on his hips tightens that he stops, feeling the other man’s cock pulse inside him along with a flash of warmth, shivering at the sound of Ginkaku’s pleasured moan against his ear.

As soon as Ginkaku loosens his hold, he lifts himself up, tensing in surprise as the tail plug is shoved back inside him without warning. He makes the cat ears flick back in annoyance and hears Ginkaku chuckle.

“I don’t want any of my cum to slip out of you yet, kitten,” explains Ginkaku. “By the end of the night, we’re going to have thoroughly marked you as ours.”
Tobirama shivers at the possessive tone, purring deeply in response.

“He likes the sound of that,” says Kinkaku, amused.

Kinkaku grabs his leash and leads him over the window, then pushes him down until he’s lying parallel to it on his stomach. Like this, he can just turn his head to watch the people down below, walking by oblivious to what’s going on up here. It gives him a bit of a thrill, the illusion that if they just looked up they would be able to see him. The specially tinted windows keep him safe from view, though.

“Look at all of them, pet. Millions and millions of people in this realm and you’re here with us,” says Kinkaku. “Not just anyone gets to fuck you, do they?”

“No, Master. I’m a bit more selective than that.”

Kinkaku places a hand between his shoulder blades and sits down on his legs, pinning him more firmly to the ground. He feels a bite on his neck as Kinkaku leans forward, on opposite side from Ginkaku’s mark.

“Good. I’d hate to think we were just one of many,” replies Kinkaku. “Don’t give your submission to just anyone. Remember that not everyone will know what to do with it.”

Tobirama blinks in surprise. That sounded less like possessiveness and more like concern for his wellbeing. “I’ll keep that in mind,” he promises.

Kinkaku nips at his ear in response, then shifts back so he can pull out the tail plug. He only has a moment to register that irritatingly empty feeling before Kinkaku is slowly pushing inside him. His toes curl in pleasure as Kinkaku begins to move, rough thrusts that rock his body forward against the carpet.

He can’t keep his eyes open as heat coils tightly in his stomach, panting harshly as his body comes so close to release only to be denied by the straps wrapped around his cock and balls. It’s a blissful sort of torture, held at the edge of intense pleasure without being able to cross over.

A keening moan escapes him as the carpet drags across his cock and nipples, a dry friction that causes almost as much discomfort as it does pleasure. He doesn’t notice he’s begun to quietly beg until Kinkaku’s fingers are in his mouth, muffling him and pressing down on his tongue.


Tobirama lets his teeth graze against Kinkaku’s fingers, not biting but showing his displeasure. Kinkaku tsks and shoves his fingers in deeper, nearly gagging him even as his cock wrings desperate groans from his lips.

“Is that any way to get what you want?” asks Kinkaku, sounding way too composed for Tobirama’s liking. Obviously, he would need to do something about that.

He clenches his inner muscles and sucks hard on the fingers in his mouth, smug when it causes Kinkaku’s hips to stutter. He’s only given a moment to savor his victory before Kinkaku pulls his fingers out and grabs his hair, knocking the cat ears headband askew to get a good grip. His face is pressed firmly into the ground, scalp aching with the force of Kinkaku’s hold.

The sound of skin slapping against skin fills the air as Kinkaku practically slams his hips forward, a slight growl emitting from his throat as he drives his cock deep into Tobirama’s body. His lips curve up into a satisfied smirk at the pleased cry Tobirama emits, spurring him on to go even faster. The rougher he gets, the more lust glazed Tobirama’s eyes become.
He holds out as long as he can, but soon enough his vision whites out, pleasure searing through him like an inferno. His teeth sink into Tobirama’s neck as his hips still, spilling his seed deep inside him. It makes a possessive growl rise up in his throat, the thought of how thoroughly they’ve claimed Tobirama’s body in this moment.

Tobirama whimpers softly when he pulls out, hips shifting restlessly until he slides the plug back in. Kinkaku grips his arms and pulls him up and sideways onto his lap, facing the window. It hadn’t escaped his notice how aroused Tobirama was by the idea of being seen. He’ll have to ask him about the possibility of exhibition in the future.

Kinkaku wraps his arm around Tobirama’s shoulder to hold him steady then uses his other hand to jerk him off. Precum slicks the way as needy moans fall from Tobirama’s lips. This time, he doesn’t try to stop him from begging, glancing over at Ginkaku to see his brother’s reaction to their pet’s pretty words.

Propped up against the couch, Ginkaku strokes himself lazily, eyes half-lidded as he watches them. Kinkaku tilts his head in invitation and Ginkaku stands, muscles shifting enticingly as he makes his way over to them.

Ginkaku settles down opposite of his brother and grips Tobirama’s chin, turning his head so he claim his lips in a dominating kiss, cutting off his moaning please. His hands roam over Tobirama’s chest, feeling the other twitch as his fingers brush against his nipples. Grinning, he rubs his thumbs against the hardened nubs in slow circles. Tobirama’s slight whine spurs him on further, ducking his head down to suck one into his mouth, teeth grazing the sensitive skin.

“Ah!...Master..., please,” moans Tobirama, hips bucking up into Kinkaku’s touch. His cock throbs, nearly painful in its intensity, and heat flushes through him strong enough to leave him dizzy. Another pull on his nipple has him shaking, relieved and disappointed when Ginkaku stops.

His eyes widen as Ginkaku’s head dips lower, and he only has a moment to brace himself before Kinkaku’s hand is replaced by Ginkaku’s mouth. Eyes screwing shut in ecstasy, his mouth opens on a hoarse shout as wet heat envelopes his cock. He sucks in desperate breaths, unable to get enough air into his lungs as Ginkaku works to drive him insane, tongue pressing against the sensitive underside of his glans.

He presses his face against Kinkaku’s neck, shuddering weakly when Ginkaku swallows around the head of his cock. The plug shifts inside him as he moves, sending sparks of pleasure up his spine. His thoughts feel scattered, the blissful heat pulsing through him making it difficult to think. All he can do is sit here and let them do as they please.

Ginkaku notices Tobirama go silent and hums around his cock, drawing out an involuntary moan. It wasn’t any fun if Tobirama was quiet. He pulls his mouth off with a soft pop and moves lower, flicking his tongue against his balls. It really was erotic seeing them framed by the leather harness, like they were on display just for him.

He wraps a hand around his own cock, stroking himself firmly while he uses his tongue to give Tobirama pleasure. With his enhanced senses from the Kyuubi’s chakra, he could smell Tobirama’s arousal, the pheromones driving him closer to the edge. Taking Tobirama’s cock back into his mouth, he groans at the taste of him, precum smearing across his tongue as he bobs his head.

Tobirama shudders at the feeling, toes curling in pleasure. He can hardly believe it when Ginkaku starts unstrapping the harness, sighing in relief when the pressure around his balls disappears. He isn’t able to last a minute more after that, cumming as soon as Ginkaku’s mouth is back around his cock.
His vision whites out, nearly passing out from the intense pleasure that jolts through him. When he comes to, it’s to the feeling of lips pressed against his own and fingers pushing on his cheeks to open his mouth. A bitter liquid lands on his tongue, realizing that Ginkaku is feeding him his own cum. Apparently, that was a kink they shared with their alternates.

“Good boy,” says Ginkaku when he swallows. “Now keep your mouth open for me.”

Tobirama does as instructed, lips parted as he watches Ginkaku stroke himself to completion. Even after Ginkaku is done, he keeps his mouth open, waiting for permission to close it.

Ginkaku pats the top of his head. “So obedient. Go ahead and swallow your treat, pet.”

Tobirama swallows, but the taste lingers on his tongue. He makes no attempt to get rid of it.

He’s shifted onto his side next, lying on the ground while Kinkaku unties the ropes around his arms. Nothing tingles or feels numb, so it doesn’t appear his circulation was cut off. He stretches his arms above his head then rolls over onto his hands and knees.

They haven’t taken the cat gloves off or any of the other accessories, so perhaps they aren’t done playing. Confirming that, Kinkaku grabs his leash and brings him into the bedroom and up onto the soft mattress. Ginkaku disappears into the bathroom, returning with a jar of salve and a glass of water.

“Here, pet. Drink up.” Ginkaku holds the glass against his lips and tilts it slowly, allowing him to drink his fill before setting it aside. “Lie on your front now. We need to apply the salve.”

Tobirama sighs at the first touch of cool cream against heated skin, relaxing against the bed as they tend to the wounds they created. He slips into a light doze as they work, vaguely registering them climb into bed with him. Arms wrap around him, his eyes fluttering open for a moment.

“Go ahead and take a nap, pet. We’ll have more fun when you wake up,” whispers Kinkaku.

Tobirama hums softly, the best reply he can make in this half-awake state, and closes his eyes again. He can feel their wild chakra settling down as they rest, making it easier for him to fall asleep. He looked forward to finding out what more they had planned for him.
Madara/Tobirama/Izuna, mermen, dub/noncon

Chapter Notes

This was a request from incandescentkitsune. Madara/Tobirama/Izuna, with merman Tobirama and meroctopi Madara and Izuna. It has breeding kink and brainwashing at the end. (The brainwashing wasn't requested but it's where my muse lead me.) Dub/noncon

Tobirama flips through a book about aquatic life with vague interest. There were a lot of pictures of undersea creatures and plants in this book, which was starting to make him want to visit the beach. It was unfortunate that he hadn’t learned how to breathe underwater yet.

Wait…..could he give himself gills?

He still didn’t know what the limits were of their ability to alter their body. They could make themselves intangible and get rid of body hair with just a thought. What else could they do?

Just speculating about it wasn’t going to get anything done, but he didn’t want to try growing gills until he was near a large body of water. Fish needed to be in water to breathe and that was the only type of gills he had ever seen. The alternate version of himself who had been a merman hadn’t needed gills. There had been something internal in him that had filtered the air out of the water.

Perhaps he should view a memory of mermaids that did have gills and could still breath above water? It might give him a better idea of what to try. Afterward, he could go to the beach.

Setting aside his book, he gets out his phone. He types in ‘What if I were a merman with gills that could breathe in and out of water?’ and hits enter, letting himself immerse into his alternate’s memories.

Tobirama swims along the ocean floor, red eyes carefully scanning his surroundings. Not only on the lookout for predators, he was also searching for oysters and unusual looking rocks. Whenever he finds something of value, he places it inside his bag made from fish scales, strapped around his shoulder using seaweed.

The oysters not only made a good snack, but some of them contained pearls. He was trying to build up a collection of beautiful things, such as pearls, seashells, and rocks, to give as a courting gift to a future mate. It was a custom among his tribe and for some of the other group of mers he had met during his family’s travels.

He had no idea if it was a tradition among every mer of his species, (i.e. fish tails), but most people he knew enjoyed getting gifts. As for the other species of mer, the octopi, he had little care for their traditions. It was very unlikely he would end up mated to one of them, considering the rumors he had heard of them keeping slaves. He wanted to stay as far away from them as possible.

The only thing he had heard of them was that they had strange powers and liked to trick innocent mers into becoming their slaves. Unlike fish-tails, he never saw the octopi-tails traveling in large groups, suggesting that they either weren’t nomadic or didn’t live together in large families. There were a lot of caves at the bottom of the sea, so it was possible that they made their homes there.
As he goes about collecting his oysters, he begins to have the nagging feeling that someone was watching him. Glancing around, the only thing moving he sees are fish. However, there was a dark blob in the distance that looked like a rock. Perhaps someone was hiding behind there? It was difficult to see very far under the sea with the lack of light.

To be honest, he wasn’t sure what allowed them to see at all. The first time he popped his head above water, he was shocked at how far he could see. That is, after his eyes adjusted to the blinding sunlight and the pain went away. However, that had given him the knowledge that light played a role in their sight. Obviously, something in their eyes must allow them to see despite its lack, just not at a distance.

He stretches his senses out, but whoever is there is suppressing their presence. Not for the first time, he thinks of how useful it would be to communicate via sound like the humans. Then he would just be able to demand whoever is there to show themselves.

Mers communicated telepathically. His kind had given each word a symbol, and they would project those symbols into another mer’s head to speak. With this other person hiding their mind from him, he couldn’t speak to them.

He decides not to chance a confrontation and takes off in the opposite direction. Considering he’s the fastest swimmer in his tribe, it comes as an immense shock when he feels tentacles wrap around his tail. He tries to shake them off, but they just keep winding themselves around him. Three at different points on his tail, one on his stomach, another around his chest, one each around his wrists, and the eighth loosely coils around his neck.

The threat was clear. He stops moving and waits for the octopi mer to make his intentions known.

’Beautiful.’

The word flits across his mind, along with the knowledge that the mer was admiring the sight of dark tentacles contrasted against light silver-blue scales. He spins around, the octo-mer at least courteous enough to allow him that. He finds dark eyes watching him covetously.

The mer had long, dark hair, pale skin, broad shoulders, and strong biceps. In short, he was everything Tobirama looked for physically in a mate. His attitude left much to be desired, however.

Tobirama scowls and tries to put some distance between them, but the mer’s tentacles could only extend so far, especially when wrapped around him.

’Let go of me!’ he demands angrily.

’Hmm. No,’ replies the mer, smirking. ‘It’s not easy finding someone who would fit mine and Izuna’s standards. You’re not getting away that easily.’

Tobirama’s eyebrows furrow in confusion.

’My name is Madara. Izuna is my brother. What is your name?’

‘….Tobirama,’ he answers reluctantly. He didn’t want to know what kind of nicknames Madara might come up with if he didn’t give his name. ‘What is the purpose of this?’

‘The purpose?’ asks Madara, bemused. ‘I would think that obvious. I want you to be mine.’

Tobirama tenses, about to make an escape attempt, but Madara notices immediately. The tentacles tighten around him painfully, the one on his neck blocking his gills. As he chokes for breath, Madara pulls him closer, right up against his chest.
An odd purple cloud envelops them, obscuring his view. It reminds him of the times he’s seen regular octopi releasing ink into the water. At first, he doesn’t know what the purpose of this cloud is until it disappears and he discovers they’re in a completely different location.

‘….We didn’t move,’ he says slowly, eyes wide as he looks around. The tentacle at his gills shifts away as he stops struggling, allowing him to draw breathe again. ‘How did you do that?’

Madara smirks and the tentacles around his stomach and neck let go so the mer can drag him deeper into the cave they had appeared in. ‘I’m sure you’ve heard the rumors that my kind have strange powers. Surprise. They’re not just rumors.’

Tobirama looks around the new room curiously, seeing a large bed of some kind in the corner. He wasn’t sure what it was made of exactly, but it seemed to have a stone base with woven seaweed to cushion it. There were shelves built into the other walls, holding various belongings. As he inspects them, his bag is taken from him and placed on one of the empty shelves.

Madara places his hand against the wall and light flares up from some of the jars on the wall. It wasn’t particularly bright but it still caused his eyes to sting as he blinked rapidly. When he can see again, he finds Madara watching him with speculative eyes.

‘You’ve been to the surface. Do you have human-curiosity?’

Tobirama rolls his eyes at the familiar question. Why did everyone always ask that?

‘No. I have everything-curiosity. I like learning new information.’

‘Is that so?’ asks Madara, lips curved in amusement. ‘You’ll fit in well with Izuna and I then. A common trait for our species is our curiosity and thirst for knowledge.’

Tobirama scowls. ‘Like I’d care about fitting in with my kidnappers!’

Madara’s expression sours. ‘You will,’ he promises darkly.

His struggles renew as Madara pulls him over to the bed. He’s forced onto Madara’s lap while the mer leans against the wall. One of the tentacles around his wrists winds itself around both of his arms, leaving the other tentacle free.

‘Now, what do to first,’ says Madara, eyes roaming over him lustfully.

‘You could let me go,’ suggests Tobirama irritably.

Madara ignores him, the tentacle around his chest shifting up higher. Tobirama frowns suspiciously, then tenses in shock as just two of Madara’s suction cups contract, the ones right over his nipples. He tries to squirm away, but the tentacle refuses to be shaken off.

It was uncomfortable at first, but that quickly gave way to pleasure. He hisses in frustration, trying to twist his body away. Mocking laughter drifts through his mind as Madara refuses to budge.

‘Why don’t you just relax and enjoy it? What would it hurt?’ asks Madara.

Tobirama gives him an incredulous look. ‘You think I’ll just go along with what you want after you kidnapped me? What ocean have you been living in?’

‘I’ll guess we’ll have to do this the hard way then. Either way, you’ll be begging me to fuck you by the end of the night.’

About to say how ridiculous that is, he stops when the tentacle around the top part of his tail tightens. He looks down and realizes for the first time where exactly it was located. Right over his
sheathed cock. It didn’t take a big leap to realize how Madara intended to make him beg. If his cock couldn’t come out, then he couldn’t cum.

Tobirama grits his teeth as Madara’s hands and the three tentacles not needed to restrain him begin to roam over his body. He didn’t want to give in, but he could feel himself reacting to Madara’s touch. There was a particularly sensitive spot on the side of his tail, just under his hip, and he curses as Madara finds it, a rush of heat flooding through him.

It’s just his luck that Madara notices….and takes gleeful advantage of it. Every one of his hotspots is carefully searched out and caressed mercilessly. He can feel his cock hardening inside his sheath, creating a gentle pressure around it as his body tries to push it out.

His tail thrashes, mouth opening in a soundless moan. He didn’t have any control of those inner muscles, forced to endure the constant touch around his cock without any friction. It was maddening.

It’s as Madara begins nipping at his neck that another mer enters the room. He had a similar coloring to him as Madara but with shorter hair, so he was probably Izuna. Though when Izuna got close enough to reach out a tentacle to touch him, he noticed there was a slight difference in the coloring of their tentacles.

If Madara hadn’t turned the light on, he probably wouldn’t have even noticed it. Both of them had dark tentacles, but while Madara’s had a tint of dark maroon, Izuna’s had a hint of blue. It was actually kind of mesmerizing to see.

‘So what do you think?’ asks Madara, directing the question at Izuna but letting Tobirama ‘overhear’ him.

‘He’s pretty. And I like his face stripes.’

Izuna trails his finger down the red line on Tobirama’s cheek. Tobirama retaliates by trying to bite him.

‘Now, now. None of that.’

Two of Izuna’s tentacles come up and forcefully open his mouth. The tips of them curl over his teeth and one pushes up while the other pushes down, opening his mouth wider. His eyes widen as his jaw begins to ache, but Izuna stops before any damage can be done.

Two fingers enter his mouth, poking and prodding at his tongue. He tries to pull it back, but Izuna grips his tongue between two slim fingers and pulls until it extends out of his mouth.

‘You certainly picked a feisty one, brother,’ says Izuna. ‘It’ll be fun taming him.’

Madara smiles. ‘I thought you’d like that.’

‘Have you checked to see if he’s a breeder yet?’ asks Izuna.

‘Ah, no. I had forgotten about that.’

Izuna tsks. ‘That’s the most important part.’

Tobirama twitches as Izuna’s tentacle touches the back of his tail and begins to slide around, searching. He can’t help but moan when it glides over his hidden entrance. The tentacle stops with a suction cup right over his hole and begins to suck. Pleasure surges through him as his muscles tighten then loosen, his hole opening up enough for Izuna to slide the tip of his tentacle inside.

‘He’s wet,’ says Izuna gleefully. ‘You managed to find someone pretty, willful, and able to give
Pet? Wasn’t that what the humans called their tiny furry creatures that they kept around because they were ‘cute’?

Izuna uses his moment of confusion to slip his tentacle further inside him without resistance. He cries out, shuddering at the sweet ache of the sudden stretch. The texture of the suction cups was weird at first, but they stimulated his nerves just as well as a cock would.

His mouth is invaded next, one of the tentacles pushing inside while the other loosely curls around his throat. The message was clear. If he bit, they would cut off his air supply.

He only chokes once before Izuna learns where his limit is at and begins to gently fuck his mouth, careful not to go deep enough to trigger his gag reflex. It was a bit odd, the level of care Izuna was displaying considering the lack of consent in this situation.

Izuna’s lips caress the sensitive shell of his ear before gently sucking on the lobe while Madara resumes leaving possessive marks on his neck. He couldn’t stay still even if he tried as all the sensations drive his pleasure higher. But no matter what he did, he couldn’t shake the tentacle off his tail, leaving him in a state of frustrated denial.

‘Ready to beg yet, pet?’ asks Madara. ‘You get to cum after we fuck you.’

Tobirama considers it with a brain fogged from lust. Would it really be so bad to give in to them? They hadn’t hurt him yet, and there was no way he could concentrate on trying to escape with this aching heat coursing through his blood.

His thoughts scatter as Izuna’s tentacle fucks into him roughly, glancing across his prostate. All he can do is moan out a helpless, ‘please.’

‘What is it, pet? What do you need?’ asks Izuna teasingly.

‘Fuck me, please,’ begs Tobirama, his need transmitting through the mental connection.

Madara and Izuna shiver at the emotional feedback, their tentacles writhing over his body. He’s flipped onto his stomach and moved off Madara’s lap to the bed. Madara’s tentacles keep him firmly bound as Izuna crawls on top of him.

‘Are you sure this is what you want, pet?’ asks Izuna, rubbing his tentacle against Tobirama’s prostate.

‘Yes!’

Tobirama blushes as he realizes his exclamation came off as more excited than frustrated. He doesn’t have long to stew in his embarrassment before Izuna’s tentacle is being replaced by his cock. His eyes nearly roll back in his head as Izuna begins to move, deep thrusts that rock his body forward. Almost subconsciously, he finds himself sucking on the tentacle in his mouth, mindless with the ecstasy pulsing through him.

‘Mm. That feels good, pet. Do you like having me inside you?’ asks Izuna, satisfaction laced with his words.

Tobirama whimpers when he stops moving, nodding his head desperately until he kept going.

‘Good. Because I intend to fuck you every day. I’ll fill you up with my seed and fertilize those pretty eggs of yours.’

Every word was punctuated with a harsh thrust inside him, leaving him unable to respond. All he
could think about was the need to cum. He nearly growls when Izuna stops moving, feeling the other man pulse inside him as he cums. His arms strain against Madara’s hold as he tries to push his hips back, groaning in disappointment when Izuna pulls out.

He needed more!

‘Huh. You certainly found an eager one, brother,’ says Izuna, smirking in amusement. ‘It’s your turn now.’

Tobirama waits impatiently while Madara and Izuna trade places with the younger mer now restraining him so Madara won’t accidently release him in a moment of distraction. He stops struggling when Madara finally sinks into him, purposely tightening his muscles to make the other man shudder.

Madara retaliates by using his suction cups on his nipples, pulling at them constantly. His back arches and he doesn’t know whether he wants to lean into the touch or away. It felt good but pushed his desperation higher.

‘Do you like that, pet? That’s what you’re going to feel every day after your eggs hatch. And we’ll time it just right, so that by the time the first litter is ready to be weaned, you’ll be ready to lay a new clutch,’ says Madara.

An image flashes into his mind created by Madara’s imagination of five little ones cuddled up to him, some with his white hair and Izuna’s blue-black tentacles and others with black hair and his silver blue tail. He closes his eyes as a surge of longing flows through him. One of the main reasons he wanted a mate in the first place was to have children.

If they did manage to knock him up, there was no way they would ever let him go. Their instincts would demand that they keep him close to protect him and the little ones.

‘That’s right,’ says Izuna. ‘We’re not letting you go.’

Tobirama scowls as he realizes they overheard his thoughts. It was difficult to keep them out of his head when they were distracting him with so much pleasure. He squirms when Madara’s thrusts speed up, his cock throbbing inside its sheath.

His worries about being bred fade as Madara’s cock brings him closer to the edge. He just wanted Madara to finish and let him cum. In fact, in his aroused state, the idea of his stomach swelling from the growing eggs just made him feel hotter.

‘Is that so?’ asks Izuna, amused. ‘Don’t worry then, pet. You’ll get your wish soon enough. From now on, you’re going to be pregnant as often as is safe.’

Tobirama blinks as he tries to make his brain focus. That was what, twice a year? And each clutch could be up to five eggs, ten babies a year for as long as he able to reproduce.

‘That’s right,’ says Izuna, hand snaking down to caress his stomach. ‘Don’t worry though, darling. We’ll help you look after the little ones when you’re too big to move.’

Tobirama shudders, disturbed when he doesn’t know if it’s from disgust or excitement. He really hoped this was just sex talk and they didn’t intend for him to have that many children.

He actually feels a spike of irritation from Madara in response to his thoughts before the other man pushes more forcefully into his mind. Sensations not his own float into his head as Madara shares what it feels like to fuck into him. He can feel what it’s like to sink into a hot, wet hole and the pleasure that comes with having it tighten around you.
Experimentally, he clenches his muscles, both of them groaning at the sensation. Heat coils tighter and tighter in their abdomen, but while Madara got to feel the explosive feeling of orgasm, his own cock was still stuck in its sheath. He writhes at the not-orgasm, pushing his hips down to try and get the tentacle off.

‘Please. You’ve had your fun. Just let me cum already,’ he begs.

‘You know,’ says Izuna in a sly tone, ‘to let you do anything, you’d have to belong to us. Do you belong to us, Tobirama?’

Strong hands grasp his wrists as Izuna speaks, one from each of them. Part of him knows it’s a mistake, but he can’t stop himself from saying, ‘Yes. I belong to you. Please.’

Magic pours into him, starting from his wrists and down to the rest of him. He barely notices as, in that moment, the tentacle blocking his sheath finally moves, allowing his cock to spring free. He’s cumming as soon as the head pushes past the tight ring of muscles, just that enough to set him off after such a long bout of teasing.

It’s the strongest orgasm he’s ever had, leaving him dazed for several minutes. When he comes to, he’s on his side and snuggled between Izuna and Madara. The tentacle in his mouth is gone, but there’s now one inside him, keeping their cum from spilling out.

His arms have been released and he brings his wrists up to his face to see weird markings branded onto his skin. It was a bunch of unknown symbols overlapping. The “bracelets” were about an inch thick and went all the way around his wrists. There was only one symbol different between them, which he assumed correlated to which of them had created the brand.

He looks up to see Madara watching him smugly, but none of the expected anger rears its head. Instead, he feels oddly peaceful. Content. Like he was where he was supposed to be.

What had they done to him?

From behind him, Izuna’s fingers trail up his chest and then loosely wrap around his throat. Instead of tensing, his body relaxes, eyes half closing in bliss. It felt right to have Izuna touch him so possessively. He was theirs.

‘How are you feeling, pet?’ asks Izuna. ‘Are you happy to belong to us now?’

Tobirama shivers as Izuna’s mind touches his. He hadn’t had to lower his mental shields for Izuna to speak with him; the man had gone through his shields like they weren’t even there.

‘Yes, Master,’ he replies, not having to think before using that title.

‘Good,’ says Madara. ‘And how many children are you going to give us?’

‘As many as you want, Master……..but do you really want me to have ten children a year?’

Even with the forced obedience they’ve instilled into his brain, he still couldn’t help but think about how much work that would be. He’s be taking care of ten infants, then ten one-year-olds and ten infants, and then ten two-year-olds and ten one-year-olds and ten babies. And so on and so forth. How was anybody supposed to handle that and stay sane?

Madara smiles in amusement. ‘No. That was just sex talk. But you’ll be giving us a clutch every other year. Izuna and I do have relatives that can babysit if it gets overwhelming for you.’

Relatives. Hashirama. Itama. Kawarama. Would he be allowed to visit them? Would they ever see the faces of their nephews and nieces?
'It depends on how well-behaved they are,' says Izuna. ‘If they try to take you from us, we’ll take you far, far away. It will probably help if they don’t know you’re our slave. We have bracelets that can cover up the slave marks.’

If not Master and slave, how would they be introduced? As mates? Tobirama sits up at the thought, the tentacles hanging on but not restricting his movement, and looks over to the shelf where his bag was. He had someone to give his pearls to!

Before he can leave the bed, water swirls around the shelf and actually lifts his bag up and brings it to him. Izuna grins when he looks at him with bafflement.

‘You didn’t think teleportation was our only power, did you?’ asks Madara. ‘Magic is also a dominant trait, so our children will inherit the ability.’

Tobirama has to take a moment to think about that. Being able to control water must be tremendously useful when fighting off predators. It looks like he wasn’t going to need to worry as much about the little one’s safety. Madara and Izuna would easily be able to protect them.

‘And you,’ says Izuna. ‘We’ll keep you safe too, pet. You don’t have anything to worry about anymore.’

Blushing, Tobirama opens up his bag and takes out the pearls and rocks. He divides them up in half, giving the blue/green stones to Izuna and the red/orange ones to Madara. His Masters accept his gifts with a curious expression.

‘My people use these as courting gifts,’ explains Tobirama. ‘Dominant and submissive doesn’t play a factor into it. They each give their mate something.’

‘In our culture, the dominant brings the submissive food to prove he would be a good provider,’ says Izuna.

‘We have some fish in the next cave if you’re hungry,’ says Madara.

‘I ate not too long ago, but thank you.’

Satisfied by his answer, they go back to examining his courting gifts. He can feel their appreciation for the colored stones and can’t help but smile. Examining his own reaction, he can tell that there’s now a part of him that seeks their approval. What exactly had they done to him? Was he allowed to ask?

‘How much of me is still me?’ asks Tobirama.

‘We haven’t altered your memories in any way,’ answers Madara.

‘Think about all the things you used to like. Do you still like them?’ asks Izuna.

‘…..Yes,’ says Tobirama, surprised.

‘All we did was alter how you would respond to us,’ says Madara. ‘Sexually submissive with a desire to make us happy. You still have your own wants, which might conflict with ours.’

‘You’ll obey us whether it’s something you enjoy or not,’ continues Izuna. ‘Though we’ll probably compromise when those occasions arise. We didn’t go to the trouble of making you like us to make you miserable.’

‘That was….almost thoughtful of you,’ says Tobirama.

‘And you still have your sense of humor,’ says Madara.
Tobirama just gives him an unhappy glance.

Madara frowns, trying to think of something to cheer him up. ‘You like the human world, right? Did you know mer-octopi can shape-shift into human form? And turn other mers into humans? Temporarily, anyway.’

Tobirama’s eyes widen. ‘Seriously?’

‘Yes. Izuna and I have visited the surface world before. You can join us next time. It’ll be fun.’

Reluctantly, Tobirama can feel his bad mood lifting. He had always wanted to visit the surface, not only to learn about the humans but also the odd plants and animals that lived up there. Perhaps he could make this situation work for him.

‘I would like that,’ he replies. ‘Is it safe to shapeshift while pregnant?’

‘No, probably not. No one has tried that yet, but human males don’t have the same reproductive organs that you do. We’ll wait until after the babies are born. It’ll be safe to shift them into human infants, so we can bring them along,’ says Izuna.

‘Like a family vacation. Where would we go first?’

Tobirama disconnects from his alternate’s memories as the three of them begin to plan out their ‘vacation.’ How many times was it now that he had seen one of his alternates be brainwashed or hypnotized into obedience? If they were forcing his alternate to be happy, did it still count as a happy ending?

He wonders what happened to them after they died. Did the brainwashing wear off? Did they feel traumatized afterward or did their emotional state revert back to before the brainwashing?

Unfortunately, these were questions he was probably not going to get an answer to. It was impossible to view memories of his alternates living in the afterlife. And even if someone from his own dimension had experienced such mental conditioning, it would be more than a bit insensitive of him to start interrogating them about it.

Deciding there was no point in dwelling on it, he gets up and starts looking for his swimwear. Now that he knew what it felt like to breathe through gills, he wanted to try it out. He would have invited his brothers to come with him, but they already had their own plans. Hashirama was having a date night with Mito and Kawarama and Itama were out with friends.

Perhaps Madara and/or his brothers would want to go with him? With that in mind, he grabs his beach towel and starts teleporting to different beaches within the prison zone until he finds one unoccupied. Then he gets out his phone and sends a group text to the Uchiha brothers.

‘I’m at the beach. Are any of you free to join me?’

He only has to wait a few minutes for a reply.

‘I’m in. Which beach?’ –Keitaro

‘I’m free too. The others are in the middle of something.’ –Takeo

Tobirama texts them his coordinates, a bit surprised by how quickly they show up. Either they really liked spending time with him or they were bored. Possibly both.

Keitaro and Takeo set their towels down next to his, even going so far as to set up beach umbrellas. His raised eyebrow gets a grin from Keitaro.
“We may not get sunburnt as easily now, but the shade is still nice,” says Keitaro. He sits down next to Tobirama, close enough so that their legs are pressed together. Takeo does the same on Tobirama’s other side, the two of them practically squishing Tobirama between them.

“Madara, Izuna, and Jiro will be disappointed they missed out on beach day,” says Takeo. “They’re playing some kind of sports game with a few of the other prisoners right now.”

“A sports game?” asks Tobirama.

“Mm-hmm. We played with them last time, but we didn’t find it that exciting,” says Keitaro. “However, they like games where you’re running around and competing against another team.”

“Jiro’s mentor was into sports, and Madara and Izuna grew up fighting. The mentors Keitaro and I got were more into arts and science,” says Takeo.

“Kawarama and Itama chose the mentor system as well,” says Tobirama. “They said they weren’t comfortable accepting anyone else as their parents.”

Keitaro nods. “That’s how we felt too.”

When children ended up in the afterlife, they had two choices. They could either be adopted into a new family, usually relatives of their parents, or they could be assigned a mentor to teach them how to care for themselves.

“The three of us lived in a pre-made apartment until we grew up,” says Takeo. “When Izuna joined us, we had to move into a house to fit everyone. We waited until Madara arrived before building the house we wanted.”

“Do your mentors know about the type of relationship you and your brothers have?” asks Tobirama. “Kawarama and Itama tell me their mentors were rather blasé about the whole thing.”

“Mine was shocked,” says Keitaro with a laugh. “He has siblings of his own and feels completely platonic towards them. Still, there was a reason he wasn’t living in one of those conservative and/or religious towns. He’s got a liberal view of sex and he was okay with our relationship after making sure it had started after we were all adults.”

“My mentor just cared that I was happy,” says Takeo. “Though she was a bit disappointed that our relationship wouldn’t result in babies for her to spoil until I mentioned our plan of a surrogate in the future.”

“She wants to be a grandmother figure to them?” asks Tobirama, amused.

“Yes. She’ll be a good grandmother for them. She has good maternal instincts,” says Takeo.

It was nice to hear the quietly fond tone in Takeo’s voice when he talked about his mentor. He was glad he had found a supportive adult after his death. Dead or alive, all children deserved to have a positive parental figure in their life.

“I think I’d like to meet her in the future then, as well as Keitaro and Jiro’s mentor,” says Tobirama.

“Sort of like a meet the parents thing?” asks Keitaro.

Tobirama nods. “Something like that. Speaking of parents, do yours know about this relationship?”

Keitaro grimaces. “Yes. They were….not as accepting.”
“At least they’re not as angry anymore. Just confused,” says Takeo.

Keitaro sighs. “Yeah. Honestly, I don’t really blame them for their reaction. The time period we grew up in, incest was a big no-no. Still, there are worlds where incest isn’t a big deal. It’s based on cultural, not just some inherent human instinct.”

“Aren’t there a lot of creation myths where there are only two humans in the beginning?” asks Takeo. “There are a lot of people who believe in those religions who are also conservative and think incest is a sin, which always seemed hypocritical to me.”

“That is weird,” agrees Keitaro. He turns to Tobirama. “How did your parents react?”

“Father was….disapproving. Mother was just kind of bewildered by it. She’s not angry, at least, but I don’t know if she’ll ever really understand. And I don’t particularly care if Father ever does. I didn’t get along with him when I was alive. Being dead hasn’t changed that,” says Tobirama, trying not to sound bitter.

Keitaro gives him a sympathetic glance. “It’s not easy having a strict parent. I haven’t given up hope that they’ll be supportive someday. Time does have a way of giving perspective and we’ve all got nothing but time. But enough of the depressing stuff for now. Let’s take advantage of the nice weather and go swimming.”

Tobirama lets Keitaro help him up and follows him into to the ocean, stopping when the water is waist high. Takeo gives him a curious glance when he doesn’t start swimming around with them.

“There’s something I want to try. Have you ever heard of anyone giving themselves gills?” asks Tobirama.

Takeo’s eyebrows lift in surprise. “No, I haven’t. Have you attempted this before?”

Tobirama shakes his head. “Not yet. I don’t think anything will go wrong, but I decided not to try it out alone for the first time.”

“Smart of you,” says Keitaro, floating up to them. “If you start to drown, we’ll zip you over to the hospital.”

“Thank you,” says Tobirama dryly.

He closes his eyes and concentrates on how it felt to breathe through gills, mouth closed and oxygen coming in through his neck instead. Imagines what they would look like on his skin based on the glimpse he had seen of them on Madara and Izuna’s alternates. Slowly, he can feel a tingle on his neck as something shifts.

“Oh wow. It worked!” Keitaro stands up to get a better look at his neck.

“Can you breathe with them?” asks Takeo.

“Let’s find out.” Tobirama lowers himself into the water, keeping his mouth firmly closed. Nothing happens until his lungs start screaming for air and his body has no choice but to look for an alternate means of getting oxygen.

It was weirder to feel it in person, but the sensation would be worth it to be able to go scuba diving without a mask. He would need to find a way to modify his body to handle the water pressure, but after that, he could go exploring at the bottom of the ocean. No longer would he have to stick to viewing his alternate’s memories to discover the mysteries of the sea.

He stands back up, unable to repress a grin. Keitaro beams back at him while Takeo’s smile is
more reserved but no less pleased by his success.

“You did it! Amazing,” says Keitaro, excited. “How did it feel?”

“It was a bit odd, but I’m sure I’ll get used to it,” replies Tobirama.

“Do you think you could teach others how to do that?” asks Takeo.

Tobirama considers it. “Maybe. I think the best way for them to learn is to view memories of
themselves as merpeople, breathing underwater. And perhaps read a book on the anatomy of how
we breathe. That helped me imagine how the gills would work.”

“What about the merman tail? Do you think you could change your legs into that?” asks Keitaro.

Tobirama shrugs. “It seems possible, but I’m not sure I want to. I’ve gotten used to having legs.”

Keitaro nods thoughtfully. “Yeah, I can understand that. In theory, it sounds cool, but the reality
could just be unsettling.”

“Others might not react negatively,” says Takeo. “I wonder how many people have tried to
become merpeople. With our current access to technology, anyone who’s seen a mermaid movie
has probably thought about it.”

“And possibly blogged about the idea,” muses Keitaro. “We should check the internet later and
see who’s been experimenting.”

“I would enjoy speaking with someone who’s succeeded in such a transformation,” says
Tobirama. “Or even someone who’s still in the process of trying.”

“There are actually a lot of blogs made by people who try to imitate or recreate the things they see
in the alternate worlds. Some of them even get together in groups to share ideas. Perhaps you’d
find one of those groups to be worth joining,” suggests Keitaro.

Tobirama nods, intrigued by the idea.

“Then later, I can show you some of the websites I’ve come across,” says Keitaro.

“I would like that. Thank you.”

With that, they end the conversation and go back to swimming. Tobirama practices using his new
gills, trying to decrease the time it takes him to switch from using his lungs. The lull didn’t seem to
be a defect in the way he had made them but rather a lack of conscious control on his part. It took
him a while to figure out how to choose to use the gills instead of having to wait until he ran out of
oxygen and his body would make the switch for him.

All in all, it was both a fun and productive day at the beach. And after they get bored, they head
back to Keitaro and Takeo’s house for fun of a different sort.
Kagami/Tobirama, Tobirama/OC, Madara/Tobirama

Chapter Notes

This was a request by Red, who wanted to see a world where Tobirama discovered his submissive side early on and became a sex worker.

This chapter is divided up as follows:
Tobirama/Kagami, on a date in the afterlife
Tobirama/OC female, light D/s, femdom
Tobirama/OC male, spanking, overstimulation
Tobirama/OC male, bondage, wax play, sensation play
Tobirama/Madara

“They’re really good, aren’t they?” whispers Kagami.

Not taking his eyes off the stage, Tobirama nods his head. The coordination and the hours and hours of practice it must take to dance in sync like this was impressive. Currently, he and Kagami were at some kind of festival with live shows, games, and various food stands.

The performers were using a mix of technology, genjutsu, and ninjutsu to pull off their special effects. It was nice to see chakra being used for something besides war techniques.

After the show is over, they wander around for a while, trying out some of the different foods. Kagami plays one of the games that require hitting a target and wins a stuffed lion. All in all, it was not a bad date.

Two months had passed since he had decided to enter a romantic relationship with Kagami, Hiruzen, and Danzo. He had made it a point to see them each week. So far, he was having better luck connecting with Kagami than the other two. All three of them had changed to some extent, but the Afterlife tended to mellow people out while being a shinobi in the living world caused more stress.

He had yet to let either of them in his bed, knowing his tendency to rely on sex for intimacy would backfire in this case. Madara’s brothers had been strangers to him and thus there was no risk of preconceived notions getting in the way of truly getting to know them. He didn’t want the euphoria from sex to get in the way of assessing whether Kagami, Hiruzen, and Danzo were actually a good fit for him.

However, things were going remarkably well with Kagami. It wouldn’t be too long before he decided to take their relationship to the next level. He enjoys sex too much to make them both wait any longer than necessary.

“I heard they were going to be shooting off fireworks after dark. Do you want to hang around until then?” asks Kagami.

A quick check of the time shows that it should only be an hour or two before it was dark enough for fireworks. That wasn’t too long.

“Sure. It’s been a while since I’ve seen fireworks. Do you think they’re any different than in the living world?” asks Tobirama.
Kagami nods. “I’ve seen a few fireworks displays since dying. Whatever techniques they’ve learned from alternate worlds has given them a lot more ability to be creative with the designs. Unfortunately, they’re not any quieter.”

They start looking for a good vantage point to watch the fireworks, picking up different snacks and drinks to enjoy during the show. And once it started getting dark, the vendors began handing out glow sticks of varying colors. It was the kind of scene that would make one feel like they were a teenager again. That is, it would if they had ever had the opportunity to experience such things as a teenager. Tobirama certainly hadn’t.

Rather, it reminds him more of the festivals he had gotten to enjoy in Konoha. This one was more extravagant, however, seeing as how those who had organized this event had more cultures to draw inspiration from.

As the loud popping sounds fill the air, Tobirama and Kagami look up to the sky to watch the fireworks. Colors of all kind swirl through the air, some forming shapes of various animals and flowers. Cats, dragons, tigers, and wolves. Roses, lilies, camellias, and violets. It was breathtaking to see.

Kagami leans into him, a warm weight against his shoulder that makes him smile. Slowly, he tilts them back until they’re lying on the ground. This new position was easier on their necks, and he has a feeling they’re going to be here a while. It was too interesting to leave before it was done.

“They’ve really gone all out this year,” says Kagami, half an hour later. “It doesn’t look like they’ll be stopping anytime soon.”

“Good. I don’t want them to stop,” says Tobirama.

Kagami chuckles, but his eyes turn red as he looks back to the sky, evidence that he’s enjoying this as much as Tobirama that he would activate his Sharingan to memorize this sight. He doesn’t know how much time passes as they stare at the sky, mesmerized, but eventually the air quiets and the colors stop appearing. Languidly, they rise up and make their way out of the festival grounds, hand in hand. Of course, they could just teleport directly home, but they wait until the last minute to do so, not wanting this night to end a moment sooner than necessary.

They reappear in front of Kagami’s apartment. With the late hour, there’s no one around to see Kagami push him up against the front door and seal their mouth together. The kiss starts out gentle, a soft brushing of their lips together, then ratchets up in intensity. It was exactly how he likes to be kissed.

Heat flushes through him, traveling down to pool at his groin. Kagami trails his fingers down the back of his neck, light enough to him shiver. It isn’t until he’s subtly squirming that Kagami pulls back, giving one last lingering nip to his lower lip.

“Same time next week?” asks Kagami.

Tobirama nods, taking a moment to catch his breath. “Yes. I’ll see you later, Kagami.”

“Good night, Tobirama. Sweet dreams,” replies Kagami with a small smirk, the implication clear of just what kind of dreams he expects Tobirama will be having.

Tobirama huffs out an amused breath, giving Kagami another kiss goodbye before teleporting away, reappearing in his bedroom. He was definitely giving serious consideration to the idea of staying the night with Kagami after their next date.

Taking his shoes off, he leaves them by the door, then gets dressed in his nightclothes. He sits down on his bed and takes out his phone. He was too aroused to fall asleep yet, so he might as
well watch one of his alternate’s memories to deal with it.

But what to watch?

His recent date with Kagami brings to mind the memory he had viewed with him, Hiruzen, and Danzo. In that world, he had discovered his submissive tendencies while still alive. What other outcomes might have occurred from that?

He types into his phone, ‘What if I had discovered my submissive side early?’ and hits enter, lying back down onto the bed before he gets sucked into his alternate’s memories.

Tobirama idly flips through the pages of a book as he contemplates buying it, pretending he doesn’t notice the woman at the other end of the shop watching him. He had just finished an information gathering mission in which he had needed to disguise himself as an ordinary civilian. On his way out of the village, he had spotted this bookshop and thought it wouldn’t hurt to get himself something.

However, a few minutes later, he had noticed one of the other customers staring at him. Did she suspect something? Why did she keep glancing over at him?

He surreptitiously looks up, then tenses when he sees her walking towards him. Now what?

“Hey, stranger,” says the woman, adopting a friendly tone. “I haven’t seen you around here before. My name’s Tsuya. Are you new in town or just visiting?”

“I’m just passing through, on my way to visit relatives living in another town,” says Tobirama. And then, knowing it was expected, he gives her a name, though not his real name obviously. He still had no idea what she was after. “My name is Kouhei.”

“Kouhei. That’s a lovely name for a handsome man,” says Tsuya, red painted lips curving up as she steps closer.

Tobirama nearly drops his book as all the cues click together in his mind, realizing that Tsuya was flirting with him. She had been staring because she found him attractive? Did he not seem a bit young for her? He had thought age was more of a factor to civilians, though granted, he was seventeen; that was the age of adulthood to them. And she must have assumed he was at least that age to be traveling alone. Civilians didn’t allow their children to leave the village unaccompanied.

“.….Thank you?” he says uncertainly.

Tsuya stares at him a moment, at the way his ears were turning pink, and understanding alights in her eyes. “You’re not used to women showing interest, are you? A pretty thing like you, I would have expected you to have some experience.”

Tobirama frowns, wondering whether he should be offended.

“Don’t get upset, darling. It’s not a bad thing. In fact, I wouldn’t mind showing you the ropes, so to speak. It’s only right for those who have more experience to share their wisdom,” says Tsuya.

Tobirama has to look away from her intent gaze, not even sure why he suddenly felt so flustered. There was just something about the confident way she held herself and her manner of speech that left him feeling warm. Should he go along with her request? Let this woman he barely knew be his first?

The silence stretches on, but Tsuya just waits. Not saying anything.
‘Not pressuring me,’ realizes Tobirama. ‘She’s letting me think things through without trying to sway my decision through my hormones.’

It wasn’t quite trust but… it was enough.

“Alright,” he says and puts the book back on the shelf. “I assume you have somewhere private for us to go?”

Tsuya smiles, satisfied but not smug. “Yes, I do. I have any apartment over the bakery.”

“Do you work there?” asks Tobirama, following her out of the shop.

“I own it, actually. I baked a variety of items this morning and left my assistant in charge around one o’clock. Sunday and Thursday afternoons are my break days,” says Tsuya. “What about you, Kouhei? What do you do for a living?”

“Well, my parents are farmers, so I’ll probably follow in their footsteps. There aren’t many job opportunities when you live in the country and someone will have to look after the crops when they’re too old to work,” says Tobirama.

“Do you not have any siblings to help?” asks Tsuya.

“I have an older brother. He does help, but I think he’d be much happier living the city. As much as he likes nature, he likes people even more. He would enjoy working in a shop where he could interact with people every day,” says Tobirama.

“It’s nice that you care so much about him. I hope things work out for the both of you,” says Tsuya.

“Thank you.”

Tsuya leads him up a staircase on the side of the bakery and into her apartment. It was a modest size place with a connecting kitchen/living room, one bedroom, and one bathroom. He declines her offer of tea, not wanting to give himself time to change his mind. Tsuya seems to understand and invites him into her bedroom.

“Greens and blues,” he comments. “It’s a nice color scheme.”

“I’m glad you like it,” she says, amused. “Now, would you like to jump right in and both of us can undress, or shall we take it a bit slower and only remove our shirts?”

Tobirama thinks about undressing, being completely naked in front of a woman for the first time, and can feel himself blushing. “Just the shirts for now?”

“Okay,” she says patiently.

Tsuya sits down on the bed and lifts her shirt up above her head, a white bra cupping her modest size breasts. She drops the shirt onto the floor and he lets his eyes roam over the newly revealed skin, raising a neatly trimmed eyebrow when his eyes lock with hers.

Tobirama takes the hint and removes his top, then approaches the bed almost shyly. What was it about this situation that had him so hesitant? He could kill a man without flinching but the idea of touching a woman made his heart pound?

“Don’t be nervous. I don’t’ bite….unless you’re into that,” says Tsuya teasingly.

Tobirama gives her a confused look as he sits down on the bed. “Do people actually like that?
“Doesn’t it hurt?”

“Yes, to both. Some people like a little bit of pain. It’s not something I’m into, but I’ve had lovers who were. It doesn’t have to be something extreme. Some people just like love bites or to have their hair tugged at,” says Tsuya.

She places her hand on his shoulder as he frowns thoughtfully. “Perhaps once we’re in the middle of things, I can give you a gentle nip to see whether it’s something you like?”

After a moment of thought, Tobirama nods. Although the idea of enjoying pain seems odd to him, he didn’t have enough experience with sex to just dismiss the idea entirely.

“Okay. Now, how do you feel about kissing?” asks Tsuya.

“It feels pleasant,” says Tobirama. It was also as far as he had gotten with a girl. Though that might have been because he hadn’t really tried. Life had always seemed too busy to spare any time chasing after women.

His thoughts cut off as Tsuya presses her lips to his, coaxing his mouth open with her tongue. And that was new. She was a lot bolder than the few girls he had kissed. Nearly...dominating in the way her tongue mapped out his mouth, one of her hands cupping the side of his neck while the other rests on his cheek.

Heat flushes through him as Tsuya spends a few minutes just kissing him. He places his hand on the side of her waist, wanting to touch. When she doesn’t tell him to stop, he lets his hand wander, stroking up her back before trailing down to her stomach.

Tsuya’s hands slide down over his shoulders and sculpted biceps. It was the muscles he had that caused him to choose farming as his false identity’s career. He had seen how scrawny some civilian teenagers were.

He tilts his head to the side as Tsuya rains kisses down the side of his neck, shivering at the feel of a tongue against his skin. Her fingers touch his chest and slowly start to explore, her fingertips soft and smooth. His breath catches as a curious thumb traces along his nipple, feeling an unexpected pulse of pleasure in his stomach.

Tsuya carefully notes his reaction and begins to massage slow circles against his nipples, nearly enough to make him squirm. His breath comes in soft pants as his cock hardens, fingers twitching with the urge to touch himself.

“They’re sensitive, huh? Mine are too,” says Tsuya.

Tobirama’s eyes flick down to her chest, subconsciously biting his lip. She grins. “Want to see?”

Mouth feeling dry, he nods wordlessly. He mourns the loss of her touch even as his eyes darken with arousal as she unclasps her bra. Lifting a hand, he lets it hover over her chest until she gives an encouraging nod, then cups one firm breast in his hand. Remembering how her touch had felt, he swipes his thumb over her nipple, watching her eyes close in pleasure.

An idea sparks inside his head and he leans down to seal his mouth over her other nipple, tongue laving over pebbled flesh as he sucks gently. Tsuya’s eyes open with a soft moan, her hand coming up to tangle in his hair.

“Mm. That feels good,” she says breathlessly.

Tobirama smiles and keeps going, emboldened by the praise. Her soft moans spark the flames of
Tobirama smiles and keeps going, emboldened by the praise. Her soft moans spark the flames of his desire, burning away his earlier shyness as he becomes consumed with the need to touch and taste. She doesn’t sit idle, either, her hands roaming over every inch of skin she can reach. Eventually, her touch dips lower, fingers tugging at the waist of his pants questioningly.

“Yes,” he says and helps her tug his pants off. Before he can even start to feel self-conscious, she’s removing the rest of her clothing as well.

“Beautiful,” murmurs Tsuya, taking a moment to admire his naked form. “Lie down for me?”

Tobirama scoots further back onto the bed and lies down, spreading his legs as Tsuya pushes at his thighs. He sucks in a quick breath when her hand wraps around his cock, surprised by how good someone’s else touch feels.

“Do you know what your refractory period is?” asks Tsuya.

“It’s about ten minutes. Why…” Tobirama trails off as her hand starts moving, hand pumping him with slow, steady strokes, thumb flicking across his slit.

“Just wondering how long I’ll have to wait for round two,” says Tsuya. Before Tobirama can think of an answer, Tsuya dips down and all the breath leaves his lungs. He grips the bed sheets tightly as she begins to move, her mouth like a furnace around his cock. A choked moan escapes him as her tongue twirls around the head, biting his lip as he tries to stave off orgasm. Not only would it be embarrassing to cum this soon, but he didn’t want this feeling to end.

Tsuya pulls her mouth off him with a quiet ‘pop.’ “Don’t hold back, darling. I want to taste you.”

Taste? Did that mean what he thought it meant? His thoughts shatter as she goes back to work, letting out a breathless moan when she swallows him down to the hilt. He doesn’t even last a minute, toes curling in pleasure as he cums down her throat.

Tsuya licks her lips as she watches him pant for breath. “You do taste good, darling. Would you like to taste me?”

Tobirama glances down to her groin, intrigued but uncertain. “I think I would, but I don’t know how to….”

“You’re worried about technique,” guesses Tsuya, getting a nod from Tobirama. “That’s okay. It’s not really difficult. The main thing to keep in mind is that different women will like different places to be touched and different pressure. For instance, I like having my clit sucked on, but that’s uncomfortable to some.”

“Okay. So, I’ll just….” Tobirama half sits up, looking from Tsuya’s face down to her groin, feeling a bit awkward.

Tsuya smiles in amusement. “Now, I’ll lie down. Then you try licking and touching me. I’ll let you know if anything’s uncomfortable and my moans should tell you what feels really good, okay?”

Tobirama nods and switches places with her, kneeling down between her legs. She was already wet as he starts to touch her, curiously trailing his fingers down from her clit to her opening. He flicks his tongue against her clit as he continues moving his fingers, listening to the way her breath hitched to know which spots to pay extra attention to.

He can taste her on his tongue as he licks between her folds, which while not as pleasant as she had made it out to be, was a taste he could get used to. Even better was the way she squirms
underneath his touch and the breathy sighs she lets out as he sucks on her clit.

“Yes, just like that. So good,” moans Tsuya, fingers tangling in Tobirama’s hair as she arches her hips up into his mouth.

Tobirama shivers, feeling his cock twitch with renewed interest. He slides his hands underneath her ass and lifts up, pulling her even closer as he laps up her juices. Her moans increase in pitch as he dips his tongue inside her, hopefully a positive sign.

Fingers clench in his hair as she trembles, more slick dripping out onto his tongue. She tenses with a breathless cry then goes limp. Does that mean she came? She pushes at his head when he tries to continue licking her, so he supposes she has.

“Hmm. That was nice,” says Tsuya. She sits up and grins when she looks down. “And you’re getting hard again. Good. We can go again in a minute. Though I do have a request, let me just get something out of the drawer here.”

A request? Tobirama watches her rummage through her dresser drawer, not sure whether to be suspicious. She hasn’t asked for anything weird so far, but who knows what she was into? He had heard some odd stories from men talking in the pub, not about her, but just sexual experiences in general. Apparently, some people were into really bizarre things.

“Ah-hah! Found it,” says Tsuya triumphantly, holding up the object. “This is called a cock-ring. It exerts pressure at the base of the cock, staving off orgasm. I know it’s normal for young men to cum early their first time, but I think we’d both enjoy it more if you lasted longer. Don’t you?”

Tobirama eyes the object in her hand warily. “Does it hurt?”

“It’s not supposed to,” assures Tsuya. “I have a few others in different sizes if this one turns out to be uncomfortable. But I think this one should work. Are you willing to try it?”

“…Yes,” says Tobirama after a moment’s thought. She hadn’t tried to hurt him so far, and he did like the idea of lasting longer, so he was willing to give it a chance.

Tsuya grins. “Thank you. Lay down now and I’ll put it on.”

Tobirama follows her order, realizing that yes, it was an order. Huh. It was actually kind of arousing to have her take charge like that.

He lies still as she slips the cock-ring on then strokes him to full hardness. His mouth drops open when she rubs his cock between her folds, eyes glued to the scene. It was enthralling to watch, his cock beginning to glisten with her slick.

“Hmm. I thought you’d like that,” says Tsuya. “Want to be inside me now, darling?”

“Yes, please,” slips out of Tobirama’s mouth without conscious thought. His ears turn pink as soon as he’s said it, but Tsuya doesn’t tease him. She just smiles gently and pushes her hips down, down, taking his cock all the way inside her.

It feels like heaven, wet and warm, muscles clamping down around him as she moves. He doesn’t know where to put his hands at first, grabbing hold of her hips. Tsuya takes hold of one of his hands and brings it to her groin, bidding him to rub her clit.

He watches her breasts as she rises up, gently swaying with every movement. Of course she notices his gaze, perceptive woman, cupping her breasts in her hands and pinching her nipples for both of their enjoyment.

It doesn’t take long before he feels the need to cum rising up, but the cock-ring does its job and
It doesn’t take long before he feels the need to cum rising up, but the cock-ring does its job and stops him from tipping over the edge. His groan is as much frustration as it is pleasure, bucking his hips up to chase more of that feeling.

Tsuya clenches around him with a breathy moan, pushing his hand away so she can rub her clit herself. Evidently, she didn’t like how he had slowed down after getting distracted. Instead, he holds onto her waist and digs his feet into the bed to push his hips up. Slick noises fill the air as they move together, an odd sound that shouldn’t be arousing as it is.

He almost feels jealous when Tsuya starts to cum, but there’s a sense of pride as well that he’s managed to bring her so much pleasure. His cock aches with the need to cum, but she makes no move to take the ring off. Instead, she takes a moment to catch her breath then resumes moving, grinning cheekily at the surprise on his face.

“One or two rounds isn’t enough to satisfy me, darling. Think you can handle it?” asks Tsuya.

Tobirama’s eyes narrow faintly at the challenge, snaking his hand down to tug at her clit. A smirk curls at his lips as she moans.

“Of course I can,” he says confidently. “Can you?”

Tsuya laughs breathlessly, eyes bright. “Quick learner, aren’t you? Let’s see if that confidence lasts or if you’ll be begging me to cum by the time we’re through.”

Arousal jolts through him at her words, hands tightening around her waist. What on earth….Why had that affected him?

“Oh,” says Tsuya, noticing his reaction. “You like that, don’t you? Want me to make you beg, pretty boy? Take away control?”

She grabs his wrists and presses them against the bed, rocking her hips slowly enough that he knows it’s a deliberate tease. He could easily break free, and they both know it, but he lets himself be held down. He hadn’t known it until she said it, but yes, he did want her to take control. What he didn’t know was why.

Tsuya presses their mouths together, nibbling lightly on his lip and doing an excellent job of distracting him. She lets go of his wrists to pinch at his nipples, slowly increasing the pressure until he’s arching his back into the feeling of pleasure/pain rather than away. Not just submissive, but he had masochist tendencies too?

He keeps his hands where she left them but turns his wrists until he can grab at the sheets, trying not to writhe as she does her best to drive him mad with pleasure. At this rate, he’s starting to think she might actually be able to get him to beg.

Teeth scrape against his neck before pressing down, down, becoming a sharp pain that has him instinctively bucking his hips up. Tsuya smirks against his shoulder and swipes her tongue across the bite, soothing the hurt.

“See, a little bit of pain can be fun,” says Tsuya.

“So it can,” murmurs Tobirama.

“Ready to beg yet, darling?” asks Tsuya.

Tobirama shakes his head.

“No? Then I guess I’ll be the only one cumming then,” says Tsuya.

She deliberately clenches around him and reaches between her legs, firmly rubbing her clit as she stops him from tipping over the edge. His groan is as much frustration as it is pleasure, bucking his hips up to chase more of that feeling.
rocks her hips. Tobirama does nothing but watch, frustrated but aroused, as she essentially uses him as a sex toy. He bites his lip as she cums for the third time, his cock so hard it was nearly painful.

“Please,” he mutters quietly.

Tsuya cocks her head at him. “Hmm? What was that, darling? I couldn’t quite hear you.”

Tobirama scowls, glancing away as his face turns red. Forcing himself to speak louder, he says again, “Please.”

“Better volume, but you haven’t said what you’re asking for,” says Tsuya.

“I…please let me cum?” asks Tobirama uncertainly. What was she wanting?

Tsuya smiles. “It’s not easy letting go of your pride, is it? But the effort is what counts.”

She rises up and slides the cock ring off before sinking back down. His groan is of pure relief as he feels the rising tide of pleasure, no constricting ring to deny him sweet release. He’s nearly rendered breathless by just strong the orgasm is, vision blurring at the edges. Struggling to catch his breath, he looks up at her in surprise.

“It was good, right? Delayed orgasms usually are,” says Tsuya. “Frustrating but worth the wait.”

Tobirama thinks it over then nods. “Yes, it was. The submissiveness part of it was….odd, but interesting.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed yourself. I’ve tried the submissive role before. It’s good occasionally, even a bit relaxing, but I prefer being in control. Just don’t let society tell you what you should and shouldn’t like, okay?” asks Tsuya.

“You mean that stereotype that men should be the head of the household and women should be the submissive housewives?” asks Tobirama. “I’ve never much believed in that anyway.”

“Good,” says Tsuya firmly. “Because despite what people say, I think it actually takes more strength to submit. It’s not easy giving up control to someone else, trusting that they’ll take care of you. And some of the more hardcore stuff does require trust. I don’t recommend letting anyone tie you up unless you know them well.”

Tobirama smiles at her show of concern. “I know. I’ll be careful.”

Tsuya nods and moves until she’s sitting down next to him. His cum slowly trickles out of her and onto the sheets.

“Do you actually like the taste of…that?” he asks, gesturing.

“It’s an acquired taste,” says Tsuya. “It was gross the first time, but I enjoy giving oral, so my taste buds adjusted. Anyway, we should clean up now. Want to join me in the shower?”

Yes, he does. After a long, hot shower where they get more dirty before they get clean, they re-dress and adjourn to the living room. Tsuya then proceeds to pull out a few items from the cupboards. A soft, fluffy biscuit cut in half with a slice of cheese and bacon.

“This is good. Did you make the bread yourself?” asks Tobirama.

“I did. I learned to cook from my mother and everyone in the family always said I was good enough to open my own restaurant. But personally, I like to bake more than I like to cook meals, so a bakery it was,” says Tsuya.
“And on your days off, you pick up strangers for sex?” asks Tobirama.

Tsuya shrugs with an unrepentant grin. “Why not? Sex feels good. I go on dates sometimes too, but I’m not really that interested in commitment or starting a family. I just want to have a good time. If you’re ever in town again, I wouldn’t mind a repeat.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” says Tobirama. He finishes his sandwich and Tsuya gives him a kiss at the door, wishing him a good night.

Once outside the village, he channels chakra to his legs and takes off towards home, mentally writing out his report. He didn’t think the slight delay would be noticeable, and it probably wouldn’t matter even if it was. Hashirama wasn’t nearly as strict as Father had been. As long as the mission was complete, Hashirama wouldn’t care that he had taken a few hours for personal reasons.

He’s certainly not going to write out what those personal reasons are, though. Hashirama would be happier not knowing anything about his sex life; would, in fact, prefer to pretend that there wasn’t a sex life. The feeling was entirely mutual. What happens between Hashirama and Mito behind closed doors should stay behind closed doors.

Three weeks pass before the curiosity gets to be too much and he goes looking for another sexual encounter. He comes up with an excuse to give Hashirama, something about testing out a new jutsu. It’s happened often enough that no one questions it. When he comes back with no results, it’ll just be another failed experiment.

He heads to the nearest city, changing into civilian clothes in the woods nearby. His armor and weapons go into a storage scroll, small enough to fit in his pocket. It takes only a moment to henge into someone else and then damp down his chakra, making it so that a shinobi would have to be inches away to realize what he is.

Then he goes looking for the red-light district. He knows this city has one, and what better place to find someone looking for sex? It’s happened often enough that no one questions it. When he comes back with no results, it’ll just be another failed experiment.

Tobirama wanders around for a while, not sure where to even begin. He has enough problems just making friends, letting only flirting. If Tsuya hadn’t been the one to approach him, their encounter never would have happened.

Eventually, he stops and leans against an empty wall, scanning the faces around him. A man looking to be in his late thirties or early forties catches his eye, then looks him up and down appreciatively. Tobirama straightens up as he approaches, trying to look welcoming.

“How much?” asks the stranger.

Tobirama blinks, caught off guard. “Um…."

“Is this your first time working the streets?” asks the man, sounding amused. “How about $100?”

“Is that the standard rate?” Tobirama asks before he can help himself.

“Pretty standard for full, penetrative sex. I’ve also heard people asking 50 for a blowjob or 20 for a hand job. They also charge more than 100 if I want something kinky.”
“I see….” says Tobirama, brain whirling with the new information. The stranger had apparently mistaken him for a sex worker. Should he correct him or roll with it? This way, he would get sex and money. And there wasn’t a lot of time to make a decision before the man would get impatient and move on.

“So, 100?”

Perhaps a bit impulsively, Tobirama nods.

“Good. My name’s Tarou. I’ve got a hotel room a few streets over. What should I call you?” asks Tarou.

“Minoru,” answers Tobirama. He uses a different name than the one he gave to Tsuya, wanting to keep the two identities separate.

Tarou leads him to a nice looking hotel, not the fanciest one in town but still one that shows he’s got money. He glances around the room, a bit nervous but trying not to let it show. He’s not sure he succeeds.

“Have you done this before?” asks Tarou. “Not sex work, that much is obvious, but sex itself?”

“…I’ve been with a woman before,” says Tobirama.

“But not a man,” says Tarou thoughtfully. “That means you’ll need more prep to loosen up. Tell me, do you know yet what kinks you do and don’t like?”

Tobirama shrugs.

Tarou stares at him speculatively. “Ever tried spanking before?”

His expression turns dubious. “Spanking? That’s a thing people like?”

Tarou chuckles. “Don’t knock it till you’ve tried it, kid. And I would like to try it with you. If you don’t like it, we’ll stop and move on to something else. But first….”

Reaching into the dresser, Tarou pulls out a bottle of lube, a cock-ring, and a…..fake cock.

Tobirama frowns at it, puzzled. “Why do you want to use that?”

“Because if you do end up liking to be spanked, having this inside you should make it feel even better,” says Tarou. “Now, I do sanitize the toys I use, but I would suggest that if you’re going to stay in this business, you buy one or two of your own. It’s much more hygienic to use toys that have only ever been inside you.”

Tobirama nods, appreciative of the advice. Wanting to get started, he begins to undress and Tarou follows suit. There’s a bit of self-consciousness as Tarou examines him, but he can feel himself start to harden under that lustful stare.

“Come here,” orders Tarou.

He stops in front of the bed where Tarou is sitting, holding still as the other man fastens the ring around his cock. Tarou then moves to the center of the bed and directs Tobirama to drape himself over his lap. Cheeks tinting pink, Tobirama does what Tarou wants, grabbing onto the sheets when he feels a hand rub over his ass.

“Nice and firm,” says Tarou approvingly. “I can see you work out. Keep that up and you’ll have plenty of clients.”
Tobirama shivers as fingers skim over his hole, nerves tingling with pleasure. He hears the sound of a bottle opening, nearly jumping in surprise when a cool liquid drops down onto his entrance. Tarou rubs the lube over his hole before his finger slowly pushes inside him, slow enough that he can’t tell if it’s meant to be caution or a tease.

“There we go, just relax now,” says Tarou, trailing his free hand up and down Tobirama’s back.

Taking slow, deep breaths, Tobirama wills his muscles to relax and is awarded with another finger pushing inside. They drag against his inner walls, stimulating previously untouched nerves. He can barely believe how good it feels.

A bit weird, but good.

Pleasure jolts through him as Tarou finds his prostate, a barely heard gasp leaving his lips. His cock twitches as Tarou, upon noticing his reaction, focuses most of his attention on that sensitive spot, until he’s subtly squirming and trying not to push back into Tarou’s fingers.

“You are a lovely one,” says Tarou, adding a third finger.

Tobirama flushes at the compliment. He’s never been called lovely before, but he finds himself liking it as much as when Tsuya called him pretty. What kind of kink was that?

There’s a bit of an ache as Tarou begins stretching his fingers outward, trying to open him up. It’s a feeling that quickly fades to be replaced by pleasure, a heat that pools low in his abdomen and makes his cock drool precum.

A discontented noise leaves him when those fingers pull out, but he barely has time to notice the empty feeling before something larger is being pushed into him. That fake cock, slightly narrower than a real one but just as long. This time, the ache was more noticeable.

His hips squirm, a part of him wanting to move away, but Tarou just keeps pushing it in, a hand on the back of his neck to keep him in place. He lets himself be held down, knowing the discomfort will fade. The ache of the stretch even felt good to some degree.

Tarou thrusts the toy inside him a few times, wringing a moan from Tobirama’s lips as it grazes his prostate. Then he sticks it firmly inside and delivers a soft smack to Tobirama’s rear.

Tobirama throws a questioning look over his shoulder.

“Some people can enjoy strong slaps from the beginning, while others need to work up to it. Since we don’t know which you are, it’s best to start off gentle,” says Tarou.

Tobirama nods at his explanation and lays his head back down, concentrating on keeping his breathing even as Tarou lays a series of smacks across his backside. It stings a bit, but there was something enticing about it, the way every slap left heat in its wake. Heat that sunk down to his cock, leaving him aching with arousal.

“Good so far?” asks Tarou.

“Yes. Keep going.”

Tarou chuckles and lays a hard smack to his left cheek, getting a choked moan from Tobirama. He all but writhes in Tarou’s lap as slap after slap leaves his ass red and aching. The pain makes his muscles clench around the toy, which feels as good as Tarou said it would.

“Such a pretty sight. I wonder if I can get you to cry for me,” says Tarou.

“Doubtful,” mutters Tobirama. Shinobi don’t cry, not from something as mild as this.
“No?” asks Tarou. “Well, I’ll enjoy the attempt anyway.”

Tobirama sucks in a startled breath as Tarou shifts forward, the evidence of the other man’s arousal poking him in the side. He has the sudden desire to have Tarou inside him instead of the toy, curious to know what it would feel like to be fucked for real.

Then Tarou resumes spanking him and all his thoughts center on the feel of a hand on his bare skin, warmth and pain and pleasure filling his head. It’s startling to realize that he could probably cum just from this if he wasn’t wearing a cock ring.

He blinks in confusion when the slaps stop then lets out a deep moan when Tarou nudges the toy, pushing it in and out of his body until he’s all but humping Tarou’s leg, desperate for friction. The way Tarou laughs at him is embarrassing but not enough to make him stop.

“Hmm, I’d like to see your face,” says Tarou. “Get up onto your hands and knees and face the foot of the bed.”

Suddenly, the full-length mirror on the wall of a hotel room was starting to make a bit more sense. He follows Tarou’s direction, fingers digging into the sheets as he fights the urge to touch himself. There was an odd dichotomy in his brain, the need to cum right now and the desire to stretch things out as long as possible. Further than that, there was a part of him that enjoyed the idea of needing permission to seek release.

Tobirama watches himself in the mirror, his pupils blown wide and lips parted as he sucks in lungfulls of air. His cheeks are flushed, a red that goes all the way down to his chest. There’s a thin sheen of sweat on his skin, and his cock hangs between his legs, hard and dripping precum.

“Do you like seeing yourself so undone?” asks Tarou. “Aroused and aching just for me?”

Wordlessly, Tobirama nods, shivering as Tarou caresses his inner thighs before spreading his legs wider apart. He moans at the first touch to his cock, fingers trailing down his length before rubbing the sensitive tip.

“I’m going to fuck you like this, watching your face the first time I sink into you, stretching you wide open,” says Tarou, dark eyes intently staring at him through the mirror.

Tobirama stares back with helpless lust, feeling needy and wanting. He can’t find the words to express his desire, pushing his hips back to show his approval. Tarou grins and playfully smacks his ass, sending another wave of blissful heat through him.

“You definitely want to be fucked, don’t you?” muses Tarou. “I can see it in your eyes. Since this is your first time, I guess I can cut the teasing short. Wouldn’t want to overwhelm you and scare you off.”

Scare him off? This may be his first time with a man but that didn’t make him delicate. Still, if that was part of Tarou’s fantasy, he wouldn’t say otherwise.

Tarou slides the toy out, leaving him feeling oddly empty. He can see Tarou in the mirror, staring at his ass as he spreads his cheeks open. His cockhead nudges at his hole but doesn’t push in, teasing him. Impatience has him rocking his hips back, shuddering as the tip breaches him, stretching him wider than the toy.

“Well, if you’re that eager,” says Tarou, pushing his cock in all the way with one smooth glide.

Tobirama lets out a choked cry, bracing his hands against the bed as Tarou thrusts into him. It was too much and not enough, pleasure singing through his nerves even as his muscles ache at the
sudden stretch. The slight pain only enhanced his experience, an actual *whine* escaping his throat when Tarou’s thumbs dug into his ass cheeks, stroking over reddened flesh.

“Mm, you’re just a little painslut, aren’t you?” asks Tarou with a smirk, giving three harsh slaps to his ass.

Tobirama shudders as his muscles tighten around Tarou’s cock, causing the other man to let out a deep groan. His cock throbs, a steady trickle of precum dripping down onto the sheets. He wonders how much of his reaction was from the pain and how much came from being called a ‘painslut.’ Never in his life had he thought something so degrading could sound so erotic.

He wants more. Grabbing Tarou’s hand from his hip, he brings it up to his head.

“You want me to pull your hair?” asks Tarou.

“Yes. Please,” says Tobirama, breath hitching at the first tug.

Tarou pulls on his hair with every thrust of his hips, wringing moan after moan from Tobirama’s lips. With his free hand, he smacks the younger man’s ass. It isn’t long before Tobirama is desperate enough to beg.

“Ah, please,” moans Tobirama. “I need…”

“You need to cum, is that it?” asks Tarou.

“Yes….please, sir.”

“Hmm. You do beg so pretty,” says Tarou. He hooks his arm underneath Tobirama’s chest and lifts him up into his lap, his chest pressed against Tobirama’s back. “Watch in the mirror, little slut. It’s by my hand that you’ll find release.”

Tarou removes the ring and fists Tobirama’s cock, pumping him with slow, even strokes. Tobirama writhes in his lap, hips bucking up into his touch before sinking back down onto his cock.

“Look at you, so desperate for it. I wonder if you’d enjoy having a cock here just as much,” says Tarou, bringing his fingers up to Tobirama’s lips. He grins when Tobirama opens his mouth, rubbing his fingers against his tongue as Tobirama sucks them. “*Mm*. Yes, I think you would.”

Pleasure coils tightly in his abdomen as Tarou’s strokes speed up, hips twitching helplessly as he cum. His body goes limp as the high of orgasm fades, and Tarou uses the opportunity to push him back down onto the bed. He braces his weight on his forearms so his head doesn’t smash into the bed as Tarou resumes thrusting inside him.

The stimulation was a bit uncomfortable so soon after orgasm, but it was bearable. After a moment, though, Tarou resumes stroking his cock and *that* was unpleasant. His muscles clench at the pain, Tarou moaning in his ear, and he tries to squirm away. Tarou grabs a handful of his hair and pushes his head against the bed.

“All you have to do is say stop and I will,” murmurs Tarou.

Tobirama sucks in a pained breath but doesn’t speak, letting Tarou do what he wants. He tries to stay still, but his body instinctively tries to twitch away from the pain. The weird thing was, that even though it hurts, he still *wants* it. He likes being held down and forced to *take it*.

Disappointment and relief mingle together when Tarou finally cum, his hand falling away from his cock. There’s a flash of warmth as Tarou spills inside him, a sensation that he finds himself liking. His nose wrinkles when Tarou pulls out, wondering if he’ll ever get used to that empty
feeling after sex.

“Are you alright?” asks Tarou.

Tobirama sits up and nods. “Yes, I am. That was….good.”

“Just good?” asks Tarou teasingly.

Tobirama shrugs, trying not to blush again. “I would think my reaction speaks for itself.”

Tarou smirks. “Yes, you definitely enjoyed yourself. Feel free to use the shower to clean up, and you should probably get yourself a drink from the faucet. Don’t want to risk dehydration.”

“Sure.”

Tarou gets up from the bed, aware of Tarou’s eyes on him, watching as his cum leaks down his thighs. He does as Tarou suggested, getting a drink of water, before taking a quick shower. His clothes were still in the other room, so after toweling off the best he can, he walks back into the bedroom, skin still a little damp.

Tarou watches him with lazy interest as he redresses, then gestures over at the nightstand. Tobirama counts the money left there, surprised to find $150 instead of $100.

“I did say that kinky stuff usually cost extra, right? You earned it,” explains Tarou. “Though it didn’t seem like you were just putting on a show for my benefit, the way some do when they discover my interests. You’ve got a genuine submissive streak, don’t you?”

“I think so. I haven’t explored my sexuality much yet,” says Tobirama.

Tarou nods, looking thoughtful. “You might consider applying at a brothel. Clients that want something specific will sometimes look there first. You could make more money specializing as a professional submissive. Plus, it would be safer. There would be someone in the other room to hear you call for help if the client doesn’t honor your safe word while you’re tied down.”

“I will consider that. Thank you,” says Tobirama.

“Sure. Good luck, kid. If I see you the next time I’m in town, I wouldn’t mind a repeat of this,” says Tarou.

Tobirama nods and heads for the door, slipping the money into his pocket before leaving the room. That experience was fun, but it left him a lot to think about. For instance, did he want to act as a sex worker again in the future? It would give him more opportunities for sex, but would they be the type of experiences he wanted?

For that matter, would he even have the time? He still has to complete missions for the clan. And it would be bad for the clan’s reputation if anyone found out one of their own was acting as a sex worker. Of course, as long as his clients were all civilians, a simple henge should take care of that problem.

He just needs to find the time to get away, enough time to travel to a city and find a few clients. A brothel probably wouldn’t want to deal with his inconsistent schedule, but Tarou’s concerns about the safe word weren’t as dire with his shinobi skills. He could use chakra to break free of rope, which is why shinobi used ninja wire when needing to bind an enemy.

With that vague plan forming in his mind, he heads back home to his clan. He would think more on this later.
Two years later:

Tobirama enters the city, civilian clothes on and henge already in place. He’s kept his hair white but changed the structure of his face and hidden his red markings. His family still doesn’t know where he disappears to on his off days, but they at least know it’s not to work on new jutsu. (Though he has come up with a few ideas on days like these simply because that’s where his mind goes when he’s daydreaming.)

He’s given them some vague answer about stress-relief, and if they don’t like it, then they can manage the clan’s finances. So far, no one has tried to stop him, but a few have tried to follow him before. Not Hashirama. His brother knew he would get caught and did not want to deal with whatever revenge Tobirama would come up with.

There hadn’t been any stalkers today, so after double checking that he’s got everything he needs in his bag, he goes looking for one of his clients. Right now, he has five regulars that he sees at least once a month. He tries to come to the city at least once a week, and he knows his clients’ work schedules to tell when they’re available.

Most of them are single, but one has a wife who isn’t interested in meeting her husband’s bondage needs. She finds the feel of ropes uncomfortable but consented to allow her husband to have sex with someone else as long as it was only sex and not a relationship.

He’ll also visit the red light district sometimes to see if anyone else is interested in what he has to offer. Most of the other sex workers don’t mind his presence as he only takes on the sexually dominant clients, and they don’t always feel comfortable trying to meet those clients’ needs.

For now, though, he goes looking for one of his regulars. He can sense that the married one is at home, but so is his wife. At this time of day, they’re probably enjoying each other’s company. Two of his other clients are at home, both of them alone. He chooses to visit Kouta. Out of the two of them, Kouta was the best with ropes, and that’s what he’s in the mood for today.

Kouta answers his knock on the door with a smile. “Hey, Minoru. It’s good to see you again. Come on inside.”

“Kouta. You’re not busy today?” asks Tobirama.

“Nope. It’s my day off and I don’t have plans until later. We’ve got a few hours,” says Kouta.

Tobirama follows Kouta to the kitchen, knowing by now that their routine starts with Kouta making a pot of tea. Kouta believes that a soothing cup of hot tea was the best way to relax the nerves.

“So, how has life been treating you?” asks Kouta.

“It’s been decent. My brother recently found out his wife is pregnant, so he’s been acting even more ridiculous than normal,” says Tobirama.

“Oh, that’s good to hear. What about you? Do you have aspirations of marriage in the future?”

Tobirama shrugs. “Maybe? It depends on if I can find someone who can meet my sexual needs while also having the right personality. You and the other clients are nice enough, but I don’t think we’d work long term in a romantic relationship.”

Kouta nods. “I do understand that. We would work as friends, but I prefer dating people who are a bit more outgoing. You seem like the kind of guy who prefers to sit by the fireplace with a book
“An accurate guess,” says Tobirama dryly. “I prefer only having to speak to one or two people at a time. The conversations always seem more chaotic if there’s more than that.”

“A chaos that can be fun for those who’ve learned to navigate it,” says Kouta. “But I see your point. Would you like to begin now?”

“Yes,” says Tobirama, placing his empty teacup on the table.

Kouta retrieves his ropes from the bedroom and lays them on the living room couch while Tobirama retrieves a few things from his bag. Like Tarou had suggested two years ago, he’s bought his own toys to be used solely on himself, but he trusts the ropes Kouta uses. They’re kept in good shape, and Kouta always replaces them if they start to fray.

Tobirama undresses and neatly folds his clothes, setting them down on the coffee table. Kouta picks up the collar he’s laid out and steps in front of him, wrapping the soft leather around his neck as their lips meet.

“You look unfairly attractive in that,” says Kouta, eyes dark with lust.

Tobirama smirks. “I look attractive in everything.”

Kouta chuckles. “And you’re so modest too.”

“I have many talents,” says Tobirama.

Kouta grins and leans in to kiss him again, nipping at his bottom lip. He then picks up the cock and ball harness from the table and straps it on Tobirama’s cock. One strap curves underneath his balls, making Tobirama hiss in pleasure.

“Feels good?” asks Kouta.

“Mm. Yes, it does.”

“Good. Kneel down.”

Tobirama sinks to his knees while Kouta uncoils the rope. Kouta has him place his hands behind his back, bent at the elbows so that he can tie his forearms together. A second rope goes across his chest in an x-shape. One long rope winds around his thighs and shins several times, binding his legs together and keeping him in a kneeling position. As more of his mobility is taken away, he finds himself becoming more and more relaxed, the burden of his responsibilities temporarily taken off his shoulders. Right now, here in this moment, all he has to do is obey Kouta.

Cloth rustles as Kouta disrobes, folding them and laying them on the table next to Tobirama’s. It was, in fact, Kouta’s preference for neatness that had caused him to fold his clothes in the first place. Otherwise, Tobirama would have just let them fall to the floor.

Kouta places his hand underneath Tobirama’s chin and tilts his head up, thumb caressing his cheek. “Open up for me.”

His lips part readily for Kouta’s cock, groaning softly as the taste of precum spreads across his taste buds. It had taken awhile, but he had not only gotten used to that taste but come to love it. His tongue flicks across the head of Kouta’s cock every time he pulls back, swallowing around the tip every time he pushes back in.

Tobirama lets Kouta set the pace, working on keeping his throat relaxed so that when Kouta sped up, he wouldn’t choke. From past experience, he knows that Kouta likes to start off slow and
gentle then become more rough, though never so much that he causes Tobirama injury.

“Mm. That feels good. It’s like your mouth was made for me, so hot and wet,” says Kouta.

Heat spreads across his face. Even with the experience he has now, his body still reacts to words like that, erotic praise and a hint of possessiveness. It had surprised him the first time he realized he craved that; the possessiveness felt like belonging. He needs to feel wanted.

Kouta slides his hand through his hair, gently tugging on the locks to make Tobirama moan around his cock. His head is pulled forward and held in place, struggling to breathe as his airway is blocked. He doesn’t try to pull away, trusting Kouta to know when to stop. This is something they’ve done many times over the last year.

He feels the cock in his mouth pulse before Kouta is pulling back just enough that the cum lands on his tongue instead of down his throat. Making eye contact, he keeps his mouth open long enough for Kouta to see the cum on his tongue before swallowing, lips curved in the hint of a smile.

Kouta laughs softly, a bit breathless. “As hot as that is, I still can’t tell if you really like the taste or are just putting on a show.”

“It’s a bit of both,” answers Tobirama honestly.

Kouta kneels down in front of him, eyes tracking the lines of rope around his body. “Are they still comfortable? Any pinched skin?”

“It feels fine,” says Tobirama. “You rarely tie them uncomfortably.”

Kouta grins. “Well, as they say, practice makes perfect, and I’ve been getting a lot of practice since you came into my life.”

Before Tobirama can reply, Kouta kisses him, hands trailing down from his shoulders to the side of his waist, then further back to cup his ass. He moans softly as those hands squeeze, hips twitching as the dominating action sends a pulse of heat straight to his cock.

Fingers spread his cheeks apart, exposing his hole to the cool air before dipping down to lightly rub at his entrance. His body shudders, muscles clenching down around nothing as he craves the feeling of being filled.

Kouta hums against his mouth, pleased by his reaction. “I’m going to have you begging by the time we’re through.”

Tobirama licks his lips. “Promise?”

“Oh, most definitely. First, though, I need to get some supplies.”

Kouta stands up and heads for the bedroom, leaving him to wait here, anticipation mounting with every second that goes by. He looks behind his shoulder as footsteps approach, but Kouta keeps the items behind his back.

“Close your eyes,” orders Kouta.

Tobirama obeys with a slight huff, unsurprised when a blindfold is tied around his head. Without his sight, he can’t see what Kouta sets on the table, though he can at least hear that something was put there. His eyebrows furrow in confusion when he hears the sound of… was that a match being lit?

He nearly jumps in surprise when something soft brushes across his chest, almost like fur but the
texture was a bit off. A feather, maybe? Apparently, Kouta wants to do some sensation play.

The feather circles around his nipples, so light it was only a tease. They begin to harden under Kouta’s ministrations, rising up to stiff peaks. He bites his lip in frustration when the feather moves up, gliding across his sensitive neck. It feels good, but his nipples practically ache with the need to be touched, bitten, and pinched. Gentle was not what that erogenous zone preferred.

Chains jingle as Kouta picks something else up before he’s given exactly what he wants. Rubber tips clamp down on his nipples, a chain between them pulling down. His back arches at the pleasurable pain, a wanton moan escaping from his lips.

The pressure was never ending, making his hips subtly twitch, seeking friction for his aching cock. Kouta ignores his obvious need and continues trailing the feather over his skin, down his back and between the cleft of his ass. Over his feet to make him tense as he fights the urge to laugh, then back up, swishing teasingly over his balls but ignoring his cock altogether.

He frowns when the feather disappears and a soft thump is heard in front of him. Kouta pushes on his head, making him lean forward until his forehead touches the newly fallen pillow.

“This is something we haven’t done before, but have discussed as something you’d be interested in trying. I have tested it on myself, so I know this type of candle is safe,” says Kouta.

Tobirama blinks beneath his blindfold. So that’s what the match was for.

“Sure. Go ahead,” he agrees.

He sucks in a startled breath when the first drop hits, an almost too-hot heat that quickly cools into a pleasant warmth, wax hardening on his back. More drops soon follow, and he wonders why he didn’t try this sooner.

“Oh?” asks Kouta.

“Yes. Feels good.”

Tobirama groans softly as more hot wax trails down his skin. Kouta pours it all along his back and lets it drip over his ass. It feels exquisite, heat all along his skin. He nearly curses when Kouta stops, hearing him walk away. Sounds come from the kitchen, and he tries to focus on staying relaxed as Kouta comes back.

It doesn’t take long to realize what Kouta was getting when ice-cold water drips onto his neck. He shivers when it continues to rain down on him, the cold a sharp contrast to the earlier heat. His body jumps in shock when the actual ice touches his neck, trailing down his spine before reaching his ass. He almost tries to wriggle away when Kouta presses the ice cube against his entrance but makes himself hold still as it’s slowly pushed inside him.

Three more are slid inside before he can’t stop himself from squirming. The cold borders on painful, his muscles clenching as they try to push the ice out. Kouta anticipates it, sliding a finger in to hold the ice in place until it begins to melt, letting the cold water trickle down his thighs.

“That was fun,” says Kouta, amusement and arousal in his tone. “Let’s get you onto your back now.”

Kouta helps him turn over, keeping his head supported by the pillow. He still can’t see anything with the blindfold on, but that just gives him a heightened sense of excitement. Kouta doesn’t keep him waiting for long. His breath hisses out as hot wax drips onto his chest, making a circle around his nipples, with Kouta tugging on the clamps’ chain to make him arch his back.
The ropes dig into his skin as he squirms, firm and unyielding but not abrasive. He stills as Kouta kisses him, opening his lips for the other’s skilled tongue. His toes curl in pleasure when Kouta keeps pulling on the chain, his nipples quickly becoming sore. It was perfect.

The only complaint he really has is how uncomfortable it is to be lying on his bound arms, but it isn’t painful enough for him to want to move. Instead, he focuses on staying relaxed as Kouta begins to drip more wax onto his chest and stomach. Kouta has enough sense to avoid his belly button, but everywhere else seems fair game.

He nearly yells in shock when a drop lands on his balls, hips instinctively jerking up. Kouta chuckles at his reaction and centers his attention on covering Tobirama’s balls in hot wax. As he groans in pleasure, he takes a moment to be thankful he shaved this morning. He’s heard enough women complain about how much wax hair removal hurts to know he doesn’t want to try it for himself.

The wax stops coming after a few minutes, and he hears the candle being set on the table before the scent of smoke reaches his nose, a result of the fire being blown out. Then a hand wraps around his cock, stroking him agonizingly slowly. His hips jerk up into the touch, but Kouta follows the movement, not letting him get any more friction than what he allows.

He huffs in frustration, not sure how much more of this teasing he can handle. As fun as the foreplay could be, there came a point where he just needed to be fucked.

“Kouta, please.”

“Hmm? What is, Minoru? What do you need?” asks Kouta, thumb slowly circling around the head of Tobirama’s cock.

“Fuck me, please. I need you, Kouta,” moans Tobirama.

As he knew it would, hearing his name spoken with so much arousal causes Kouta to let out a deep groan. A few moments pass and then Kouta is pushing his legs up, his knees practically touching his chest. Two lube-slick fingers press into him, stretching him open and rubbing against his prostate to rile him up further.

“That’s it. Just relax and open up for me, darling,” says Kouta.

That was easier said than done with him nearly folded in half. He had started doing more extensive stretching exercises since taking Kouta on as a client. Being a shinobi requires a certain amount of flexibility but not to this degree.

Focusing on his breathing, Tobirama wills his muscles to relax as much as they can in this position. Kouta rewards him by adding another finger, curling them against those sensitive nerves. He can feel his cock leaking pre-cum, dripping out into a small puddle on his stomach.

His breath comes out in shaky pants, body flushed and aching with arousal. It comes as an immense relief when Kouta finally pushes into him, purposely clenching around his cock to hear Kouta moan.

Kouta’s hands are braced on his shins, keeping his legs pinned in place as the other man thrusts into him. It feels good to be so completely restrained, knowing that someone else will take care of him and won’t hurt him. He’s had enough sessions with Kouta by now to trust him to some degree.

His thoughts drift away as the feelings of pleasure consume his mind. There was nothing to do now but let Kouta do what he wants. Nothing else exists in this moment except Kouta’s cock inside him, taking him, owning him.
He loses track of time for a while, but he notices Kouta’s moans and sighs of pleasure becoming more frequent. Before Kouta cum, he reaches underneath Tobirama’s legs to take the cock ring off. He doesn’t have to say anything out loud; Tobirama knows removing it was the same thing as giving him permission to cum.

Pleasure crashes over him in waves, sending his mind further adrift. His body goes limp as Kouta cum inside him, not reacting as Kouta begins to untie him. He would fall asleep here if he didn’t know Kouta had somewhere to be in the near future. There wasn’t time for a nap.

Tobirama stays lying on the floor as Kouta moves around him, putting things away and retrieving items from the bathroom. A towel to clean up the mess and oil to make the removal of the wax easier. He doesn’t react as a small towel soaked with oil is held against his balls, eyes closed beneath the blindfold. It was always the last thing Kouta removed, most likely because he knows it helps keep Tobirama in this relaxed state.

Once the wax was gone and Tobirama was fully dressed, Kouta gives him an apple to munch on while he goes into the bedroom to get ready to meet his friend for lunch. It was a tradition for them, for Kouta to give him a piece of fruit after one of their sessions. It had started early on in their acquaintance. Tobirama hadn’t known then how intense certain sexual activities could be.

Kouta had been his second client of the day. Halfway through their session, he had gotten dizzy and light-headed. Apparently, he hadn’t drunk enough water or needed more food after seeing the first client. He didn’t know which, but Kouta had shown more concern for his health after that.

The act of eating also helps him come out of that spaced-out mindset. Subspace, he had heard people call it. He packs up the rest of his items into the bag and pulls out a bag of nuts from a side zipper. Since he plans to visit another of his clients after this, the protein was necessary.

Perhaps if he had been able to have sex once a day or even every other day, then it would be enough to visit just one client. But he has to go a week, sometimes two, between seeing them. He has to take his chances to relax when he has them.

“Feeling more aware?” asks Kouta, coming back into the living room.

“Yes. I’m good to go,” answers Tobirama.

Kouta nods and takes a few bills out of his wallet before slipping it back into his pocket. He hands the money to Tobirama then heads for the door, holding it open for Tobirama to exit before him.

“I enjoyed seeing you again. Feel free to come back on your next day off,” says Kouta.

“I will,” assures Tobirama.

Kouta didn’t know what his actual career was, but he knew Tobirama wasn’t a sex worker full-time. All of his clients knew at least that much. It would have been awkward explaining his limited availability otherwise.

Once parted from Kouta, he goes for a short walk to stretch out his legs and let his muscles loosen up again. Once he was feeling more prepared, he goes in search of his next client, using his chakra sense to find which one of them is at home.

Halfway back to Konoha, Tobirama stops in the middle of the woods as he recognizes Madara’s chakra signature up ahead. It had been five years since the Uchiha and Senju clans had made peace and the Village Hidden in the Leaves had been founded. He and Madara had become
something like friends in the last five years, despite the fact that Tobirama had almost killed his brother. Though, Madara hadn’t truly begun to warm up to him until Izuna had forgiven him.

And as friends, Madara had become even more curious about where he was going every week. Deflecting with ‘it’s personal’ hadn’t helped. Now it seems Madara had decided to spy on him instead. Had he discovered what Tobirama was doing here?

It had been eight years since he started doing this. Perhaps it was about time that someone figured it out, though he was well aware that his clan could have used their shinobi skills to investigate if they weren’t wary of pissing him off. Madara had never had that concern. Sometimes, he acted like he enjoyed making him angry.

“Tobirama,” greets Madara, leaning against a tree.

“Madara. What a coincidence, both of us being in this forest. At the exact same time,” says Tobirama sarcastically.

Madara grimaces at the veiled accusation. “Disappearing all the time is suspicious and you know it!” he snaps defensively. “I had my summons follow you. You were under a henge, but they saw you go into three different people’s houses yesterday and not come out for at least an hour each time. And they saw one of the humans give you money. What were you doing?”

Tch. So now he needs to be suspicious every time there’s a falcon in the area?

“What do you think I was doing?” asks Tobirama.

Madara’s eyes narrow. “If you were just selling them something, it wouldn’t have taken that long. I know what it looks like, but you have such an icy personality, I can’t imagine you having sex with anyone, let alone for money.”

Tobirama frowns. That was….unusually harsh. And Madara’s tone was a bit off. It didn’t just sound like anger, but also….jealousy?

“Well, apparently, you don’t know me as well as you thought you did. Sex is a good stress relief, and the money is a bonus. Why do something for free when you can get paid to do it?” asks Tobirama.

Madara all but gapes at him. “But….that’s…”

Tobirama shrugs at him. “I know some think it a lesser profession, but shinobi have no room for criticism here. We kill people for a living.”

Madara is silent for a moment, clearly thinking his response over. “…You don’t need the money from this side job, though. You make enough as a shinobi. Why not date someone from the village?”

“At first, I didn’t want a relationship,” admits Tobirama. “I just wanted the sex. Now, it’s been years of just sex, and while a relationship would be nice, I wasn’t sure how to approach someone. If the…sexual needs don’t match up, then dating someone would be pointless but that’s not exactly something you talk about on the first date. In this business, it’s something you can be upfront about right away.”

“I see,” replies Madara, looking thoughtful. Then determination enters his eyes as he bluntly states, “I want to date you. If our sexual needs match up, will you give me a chance?”

Tobirama blinks. So he hadn’t imagined the jealousy.

Well, he did consider Madara attractive, and they did get along when they weren’t bickering.
Though even some of their arguments could be fun. Madara was a sight to behold when he was angry.

“Alright,” he agrees. A moment passes before he adds, “…I’m not used to talking about this outside of my henged identity.”

“You’re starting to feel embarrassed?” guesses Madara.

Tobirama nods.

“Would it be easier for you to show me what you want?” asks Madara.

Tobirama sighs in relief. “Yes, it would.”

He steps closer and Madara lets him maneuver him around. His back against the tree with Madara in front of him. He brings Madara into a kiss and takes his hands, placing one on top of his head. Madara understands that almost immediately, carding his fingers through his hair.

The placement of his other hand seems to bring about some confusion. It’s not easy trying to position someone’s else hand to grab your wrists and pin them above your head, but Madara gets it eventually.

Madara takes a moment to eye him consideringly before going back to kissing him, a slow exploration of his mouth that leaves him feeling breathless. His hair is tugged at, gently at first, then harder as Madara tries to figure out what he likes.

“The forest isn’t the most comfortable place for this,” says Madara.

Despite his words, Tobirama can see he looks ready to continue right here if that’s what he wants. However, he agrees that the dusty ground isn’t very appealing.

“We can continue at my place,” says Tobirama. “There, I can also show you some of the supplies I use during sex to give you an idea of what I like.”

“That sounds like an excellent plan.”

They head back to Konoha and arrive about mid-day. Tobirama had moved into his own small apartment after Hashirama married Mito, so they don’t have to worry about any interruptions.

Tobirama gets his supplies from a storage scroll and lays it out on the bed for Madara to see. Coils of rope, padded shackles, blindfold, gag, collar, nipple clamps, cock rings, a few dildos, candles, feathers, a crop, and flogger. Madara’s eyes slowly widen the more items he adds to the bed.

“Huh. So it seems you like bondage, pain, and orgasm delay/denial?” asks Madara.

Tobirama nods.

“And the candles….?”

“Wax play,” says Tobirama. “It’s fun on occasion, though a bit tedious to clean up. The candles have to be held a certain height above the body or the wax is too hot to be enjoyable, but I can show you that later.”

“Alright. What are your limits on the pain play?” asks Madara.

“I don’t like knives or blood, and I need to be aroused first for the pain to be enjoyable,” answers Tobirama.
It was getting easier to talk about this as Madara’s reaction continues to be positive. There was no judgment or disbelieving questions of ‘You like that? Seriously?’

“And what are you in the mood for today?” asks Madara.

Tobirama examines the toys on the bed, thinking. He likes being tied up, but….

“There’s something I haven’t been able to try yet since the others were civilians,” says Tobirama. “They didn’t have the strength necessary to hold me down.”

Lust flashes through Madara’s eyes at the suggestion.

“I want to try that, but isn’t there a risk we’ll break the bed?” asks Madara.

“Yes, we probably would. Hmm….”

Tobirama considers the problem, then slides his shirt off, folds it up into a square, and sets it on the floor. Madara moves out of the way as he lies down, resting his head on the shirt. That, in addition to the carpet, should be enough of a cushion.

“This is comfortable enough,” says Tobirama. “Join me?”

Madara doesn’t answer at first, eyes raking over every inch of newly revealed skin with a hunger that makes Tobirama shiver. When he raises his hands above his head, it incites Madara to action. His wrists are grabbed, one in each hand, and pinned to the floor. Madara all but sits in his lap, using his weight to keep him down.

Tobirama struggles against the grip, just enough that he can feel Madara’s strength as he pushes him back down. It was more exciting than he thought it would be, causing a flush of heat to trail down his chest as his breath deepens.

His hips buck up, wringing a moan from his lips as their hardening erections rub against each other. Madara grins down at him, sparks of pleasure shooting through his nerves as Madara rolls his hips again and again.

Lips brush across his neck, making his skin tingle. He lets his arms go lax so Madara knows he’s done struggling. It allows Madara’s hands to wander down his chest, stroking gently over his sensitive nipples. His back arches into the touch even as his head tilts to the side, welcoming Madara’s teeth against his neck.

Little shocks of sensation sing through his nerves as Madara leaves love bites down his neck, biting hard enough at his shoulder that he almost draws blood. At the same time, Madara has discovered how sensitive his nipples are, caressing and squeezing them; at times, so gentle that Tobirama wants to bite him in frustration and then hard enough that his cock throbs with need.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” asks Madara, lips brushing against the shell of his ear as he talks. “Is there anything else you need from me, Tobirama?”

“Mm, yes. I like a bit of….possessiveness during sex,” admits Tobirama.

“Well, that shouldn’t be too hard seeing as how you are mine now. You agreed to be with me, and I don’t share,” says Madara. He lays a kiss against the pulse point on Tobirama’s neck. “No one else gets to see you like this, flushed and panting, or hear your moans of pleasure. It’s mine.”

His breath catches, a warmth born not just from pleasure suffusing through him. It feels good to be wanted and to have someone like you so much that they want a part of you just for themselves.

“That was exactly what I needed to hear,” says Tobirama.
Madara smiles. “Good. Perhaps later, we can get a new collar for you to wear, one slightly different than your current one? I think it’ll feel more meaningful if it’s a collar you haven’t worn for anyone else.”

“Yes.” Tobirama leans up to kiss him, finding it easier to express his feelings with actions than words. He was lucky to have finally found someone who not only returned his affections but also understood and embraced his sexual needs.

Madara returns the kiss with just as much enthusiasm before reluctantly breaking away to start tugging at his clothing. Both of them undress before Tobirama resumes lying down with his hands resting above his head. Madara retrieves the lube and sets it down beside them. His hands caress Tobirama’s thighs as he admires Tobirama’s naked form.

“I look forward to the day I can see you wearing nothing but my collar,” says Madara. From the look in Madara’s eyes, it looks like he was imaging it now. He can’t deny that the thought excites him too.

Madara grins at him as though he just read his mind (or saw the arousal in his eyes) and reaches for the lube. His legs are gently pushed apart before two slick fingers slide inside him. The preparation wasn’t strictly necessary now, not when he had so recently had sex yesterday. It was, however, an excellent form of foreplay.

A hand on his hip keeps him from arching into the touch, forcing him to accept the slow pace set by Madara. He moans softly as he’s mercilessly teased, light grazes against his prostate that have drops of precum dripping down the head of his cock. His fingers dig into the carpet, torn between the desire to touch himself and to lie here at Madara’s mercy.

That self-restraint is neatly shattered as Madara licks from the base of his cock to the tip, the grip on his hip tightening to the point of bruising as Madara tries to hold him down. Madara ignores his frustrated moan and continues to leave little teasing licks to the head of his cock.

He tries spreading his legs wider to hint at what he wants, but Madara seems intent on taking his time. Eventually, he can’t take it anymore and starts to beg.

Madara pulls back with a faintly surprised expression. “What did you say?”

Tobirama glares at him half-heartedly, a line of heat spreading across his face. Through slightly panted breaths, he manages to get out, “I said….please fuck me.”

Madara’s breath hitchs, fingers briefly tightening on his hip. “That eager to feel me inside you, hmm? Claiming you and marking you as mine.”

Wordlessly, Tobirama lifts his leg and wraps it around Madara’s waist, pulling him closer. Madara gives him an amused look and withdraws his fingers. It takes but a moment for Madara to slick himself up and then he’s pushing inside, hot and thick, driving every other thought from Tobirama’s head with every thrust of his hips.

Madara takes hold of his wrists again, pinning him down as he fucks into him. Hot pulses of pleasure sing through his nerves, so close together it feels continuous. He can barely catch his breath, gasping out a desperate plea to be allowed to cum.

“Look at me,” orders Madara. “Let me see the pleasure in your eyes when you cum.”

Tobirama struggles to keep his eyes open as he finds release, shuddering as his muscles clench down around Madara’s cock. He feels a bite on his shoulder just before Madara follows him over
the edge, letting out a contented hum at the familiar feeling. It was undeniably messy, but he likes it when his partner cums inside him.

“So, how was that?” asks Madara.

Tobirama blinks at the hint of uncertainty in Madara’s voice. ‘He likes me more than I thought he did.’

“It was enjoyable,” replies Tobirama. “Care to join me in the shower?”

“Sure.”

It was a bit awkward taking a shower with someone else, and not nearly as sexy as some of the romance books tried to portray it as. Still, he likes the intimacy of it, and it would become more comfortable with practice.

“What now?” asks Madara, after they’ve gotten dressed.

“Now we take one day at a time and learn how to interact as romantic partners rather than just friends,” says Tobirama. He reseals the supplies still lying on his bed and stashes the scroll in his dresser. “But if you mean right at this moment, I intend to get something to eat. If you’re also hungry, I can make us something or we can go out.”

“Home-cooked meals taste the best,” says Madara. “Do you want any help in the kitchen?”

“That would be nice.”

Tobirama gets out two cutting boards and has Madara start chopping up the vegetables while he dices the chicken. He wasn’t in the mood to try and cook something fancy, so a simple stir-fry would have to do. Since Hashirama had invited Madara and Izuna to dinner in the past, he even knew which recipe Madara prefers.

This is the first time he’s ever cooked with Madara, though. It was...pleasant. Domestic. He had been starting to feel a bit lonely since Hashirama had moved out, not that he would ever admit to such out loud. It would be nice to have Madara visiting him more often now that they were dating.

Tobirama disengages from his alternate’s memories, not finding it particularly exciting to watch them eat. Although, it might be interesting to view memories of an alternate world that had food completely different from anything he’s ever seen before. He’ll mention the idea to his brothers later. Since they already bond by cooking together, it seems a natural extension of that to view memories of new and exotic foods together as well.

For now, it was time to get some sleep. He had seen enough sex in that other world to deal with the lust Kagami’s kiss had stirred up. After setting his phone on the nightstand, he relaxes against the bed and lets his mind drift off, keeping his mind focused on peaceful thoughts until he falls asleep.
A breeze comes in from the open kitchen window as Tobirama stirs the rice on the stove. There was a barely felt chill to it, making him wonder about the weather patterns in this afterlife. He had been dead for eight months, but he had yet to see any sign of autumn or winter.

“Does it ever snow?” he asks Kawarama, who was helping Hashirama mix up the cake ingredients. Itama was making the filling for the sushi rolls.

“Not in this part of the afterlife. We chose a spring/summer area to live in. There are places where it only snows, and areas where it cycles through the seasons,” says Kawarama.

“Neither of us likes the cold,” says Itama. “I still remember winters in the living world when food was more scarce. We don’t mind visiting cold places, but dealing with it for months at a time would just bring up bad memories.”

“Building snowmen can be fun sometimes, though. And drinking hot cocoa afterwards is nice,” says Kawarama.

Itama shrugs. “We go looking for snow maybe once every few years? If you feel in the mood for that, just let us know and we can show you where to find it.”

“Hmm. Maybe in a few months,” says Tobirama.

“I wouldn’t mind playing in the snow. After the village was founded, I got to see a lot of the children running around, making snow angles and snow men. It seemed like a lot of fun,” says Hashirama.

Tobirama steps to the side for Kawarama to place the cake in the oven. He gets the nori paper out of the cupboard, and begins to lay them out on the cutting boards on the table. When the rice was done, he and Itama begin to make up the sushi. They weren’t the only group bringing sushi rolls to the Senju clan picnic, so they were only making one type today. Spicy crab.

The picnic they were going to this morning was a gathering of Senju clan members from all generations. There was probably going to be a few hundred people there. Luckily, whoever was hosting this event knew what they were doing and had found a spot large enough for them to spread out into different groups. Every thirty minutes, half the group would move on to a new location while the other half stayed where they were. It would allow everyone to meet family members that had died before their time or been born after they died.

They package up the food when it’s done and teleport to the coordinates they’d been given. Once
there, they’re directed to set the food on the table by the one of the event organizers.

“Hello. My name is Seiji. As you can see, we have a variety of activities set up for you to enjoy while getting to know new family members,” says Seiji. He gestures at the other tables that have different board games set up and then at a field where some people were playing an unofficial game of soccer. “There are rule books next to the games in case anyone is unfamiliar with them. You can go ahead and get some food if you’re hungry, but keep in mind that there will be other things to try at the other locations, so you might want to leave some room in your stomach.”

“Thank you, Seiji. We’ll keep that in mind,” says Kawarama. Then when Seiji hands them each a piece of paper, asks, “Are these the schedules for the group’s rotations?”

“Yes, they are. You’ll be in the group that moves on, then you’ll stay there next rotation so the group that originally stayed can have their turn to leave,” says Seiji.

“So we’ll be switching between staying thirty minutes and an hour?” asks Hashirama.

“Yes, exactly. Now, there are fifteen minutes left until everything officially starts. If you’re planning on playing one of the board games, now might be a good time to start. We’ve set up time limits for how long each player can take for their turn to speed things along, but thirty minutes still might not be enough time for some of them,” says Seiji.

“Is every location set up like this? Board games and sports?” asks Itama.

“No, not at all. We’ve got a wide variety of activities. Some of them are arts and crafts. Woodworking, painting, sewing, and knitting. Dancing, swimming in a large pond, playing musical instruments. You don’t even have to know how to play. I managed to get a few of our relatives to volunteer to teach the basics today. They’ve even said they might take on a few students if someone shows enough interest,” says Seiji.

“Oh? That sounds like fun. I never had the time to learn an instrument while alive,” says Hashirama.

“What instrument are you interested in learning?” asks Itama.

“Hmm. I don’t know. Maybe a violin or flute? The guzheng also has a nice sound,” says Hashirama thoughtfully.

Seiji wanders off as they begin discussing instruments, off to greet the other newcomers. Tobirama watches the ongoing sports game curiously. He was more in the mood to do something physical rather than sit around a table, moving game pieces around. When he mentions his interest out loud, Kawarama decides to join him and they head over to the field.

A few of the other newly arrived Senju break away from their group to join them when they notice where they’re going. He only recognizes a few of the people here, but the underlying feeling of their chakra is familiar. They all had Senju chakra, although that was not a distinction an average sensor could make.

When they reach the sport field, a referee gives them each a blue or red paper armband, meant to symbolize what team they’re on. After a quick summary of the game’s rules, they’re sent out to play. It feels good to stretch his legs and get his blood pumping, without the risk of injury and death. Even sparring had a morbid enjoyment to it, knowing he was only doing it to make himself a better killer. The only objective to this activity was to have fun.

It turns into something of a competition with him and Kawarama on opposite teams. Without being able to use chakra, it’s a bit more equal, but Tobirama has spent years training to keep himself alive while Kawarama has only exercised to keep himself healthy.
The referee calls the game to a halt when there’s only ten minutes left until rotation, wanting to make sure everyone has time to visit the buffet and introduce themselves. Tobirama picks up one of the plates; the tiny, not paper, plates. Did they even have paper plates in the afterlife? He hasn’t seen any so far.

But with the size of the plates, he can tell they’re trying to encourage everyone to only get a few things at each location. He chooses one of the grilled chicken and pepper kabobs, a piece of the cake Hashirama and Kawarama made, and a small piece of salmon.

While he was looking over the selection, one of the Senju who had been on his team comes up to him.

“This is fun so far, isn’t it? Games and food, always a hit at parties. I’m Rinji, by the way. You’re Tobirama, right? I died before your time, but I’ve heard stories about that village you and Hashirama built,” says Rinji.

“Yes. I was the second village leader, and helped design the Academy’s curriculum. What time period are you from?” asks Tobirama curiously.

“Hmm, about two hundred years before you were born, I think. Sometimes, it can be difficult to keep track of time, now that I’m dead. There’s not as much reason to keep track of the year now that everything’s endless,” says Rinji.

“That is an interesting point, but I imagine those who like to celebrate might keep track of the year for anniversaries and birthdays,” says Tobirama.

Rinji shrugs. “Sure, but after a few hundred birthdays, you would start to run out of room in your house for the gifts. Though, I suppose, they could just switch to giving each other food in that case.”

“Food is a more practical gift, anyway” says Tobirama. “It seems we can get pretty much anything we want now we’re dead and nobody cares about money. So food, a home-cooked meal, that has more meaning.”

Rinji inclines his head in agreement. “So it does. I’m glad you haven’t fallen to the lure of material objects like so many have since dying. There’s nothing wrong with enjoying yourself, of course, but so many take it to the extreme that it seems unhealthy.”

Tobirama digests that new information with a pensive frown. “I hadn’t been aware of that, but then I don’t tend to interact with that many people. Just those I knew when I was alive and their family members.”

“Then it seems you mostly know people with some sanity. I think it’s mostly civilians who are getting overly attached to stuff, though. They start hoarding and collecting things. Shinobi are raised to be a bit more practical than that,” says Rinji.

Before Tobirama can answer, a bell begins to ring, loud enough that the chatter immediately comes to a halt. It’s rather obvious what it signifies, so Tobirama bids Rinji a good day and puts his empty plate in the bin marked for dirty plates and goes in search of his brothers. Itama had made sure to request that the four of them would stay together during rotation.

“Now it’s on to the next adventure,” says Itama cheerfully. “Everyone know the coordinates?”

“We haven’t lost the schedule in the last half hour, so yeah. Let’s go. I wanna see what we’re doing next,” replies Kawarama.

Tobirama takes the schedule out of his pocket and holds it up for Itama to see. “I remember where
we’re going. Location 2 on the map.”

Hashirama nods. “I’m ready to depart as well. My hope is that it’s the instruments or painting event next.”

One by one, they teleport away, arriving at a clearing in the woods. All around them were easels with wooden stools situated in front.

Kawarama snorts. “You’re not secretly a seer, are you, brother?”

Hashirama laughs. “Not that I know of! That would have been such a useful skill, though.”

“Yeah, it would. Come on, let’s pick out our seats before they start filling up. I want to be able to sit together,” says Itama.

After they’ve chosen their seats, Tobirama stays beside them so no one else takes them while his brothers go get food from the buffet table. When they get back, he takes his turn to pick up some food, and then it’s time to paint. As he contemplates the array of colors in front of him, he can hear one of the organizers moving around the clearing, offering suggestions to those who aren’t sure what to paint.

Eventually, he decides to try his hand at painting that flower meadow he and his brothers had visited. He has to mix a few of the colors together to get the right shades, and even then, it isn’t exactly like he remembers. With the time constraints, he can’t put in as much detail as he wants, but he’s able to get the basic picture across.

Thick lines of brown at the edge of the paper with splotches of green at the top to represent trees. Varying shades of green at the bottom for the grass and clovers. A lighter shade for the flower stems and then a medley of colors for the petals.

He keeps his plate balanced on his lap, occasionally taking a bite. There was a lot of good food here. He was thinking of asking for recipes later. Or having Itama/Kawarama ask for recipes. They were more likely to know who to call than him.

A few of their clansmen get up about halfway through the time limit and begin to wander around, stopping to admire the other’s artwork and make small talk. One of them stops behind Kawarama, who’s painting their house in the forest.

“You’ve got talent. Is that where you live?”

“Yeah. This is the house I share with my brothers. I’m Kawarama. That’s Tobirama, Hashirama, and Itama,” says Kawarama, pointing at each of them.

“It’s nice to meet you. My name is Yuki. I was alive when your father was just a boy,” she says. “Honestly, it’s a shame I wasn’t born later with what I’ve heard about Hashirama and Tobirama creating a village. That would have been a sight to see.”

Hashirama gives her one of his sunniest grins and begins to describe the village, Yuki listening raptly the whole time. He talks about children from previously warring clans playing freely together in the park, civilians living next door to shinobi without fear, and an Academy that prepares the children so that they don’t have to be sent out into war unprepared.

It was, admittedly, an idealistic description but not entirely inaccurate. Hashirama was just leaving out all the negatives that came from large groups of people living in close quarters.

“That does sound nice,” says Yuki. “I wonder if there’s a world where I was alive during that time? I could see it for myself then, using the memory viewer.”
Hashirama tilts his head curiously. “Is that a nickname people are using for the Alternate View option on the phone?”

“It’s the current nickname. It changes from time to time as people from different generations with different slang die and join us up here,” says Yuki.

Tobirama tunes them out as they then begin discussing the various slang they’ve heard over the years. It was interesting, in theory, but not that interesting to listen to them spout off a bunch of weird words that he’s never heard before. If it becomes relevant, he can always look the definitions up later.

Eventually, it’s time for rotation and Yuki is on her way. Tobirama puts the finishing touches on his painting and begins to wander around himself. He knows his brothers will give him disappointed looks later if he doesn’t make an effort to socialize now.

One of his clansmen was leaning against a tree, watching the rest of them with a faint air of bemusement. He gets closer, and when the man doesn’t look irritated by his approach, stops just a few feet away.

“Not interested in painting?” Tobirama asks casually.

He shrugs. “Painting and sketching doesn’t hold much appeal to me. I’ve recently begun trying my hand at carving, and that is a bit more interesting. It’s 3-D and more interactive. In addition to that, I prefer more physical activities, like sports and sparring. What kind of things are you into?”

“Research, for one. I like taking things apart and figuring out how they work,” says Tobirama. “I’m not much of a painter either, but it was interesting to try it today. I enjoy teaching and had six students while I was alive. And while I enjoy sports for the exercise, I don’t particularly care about the games themselves."

“You still could be a teacher, you know. The Senju clan still occasionally has children. We may not need to learn how to fight anymore, but they still teach their kids to preserve their history and stuff. I’m sure any of them would be happy to have the Second Hokage teaching their children,” he says.

The way he says that, Second Hokage, with such respect has Tobirama looking at him more closely. Most people didn’t say his title like that unless they had lived in the village with him.

“Kenjiro?” Tobirama guesses, vaguely recognizing the chakra signature.

Kenjiro’s eyes widen. “You remember me? I was only a child when you were the Hokage.”

“Hmm. I have a good memory for chakra signatures and especially for clan members,” replies Tobirama. “But back to the subject of teaching. It actually sounds rather appealing. I probably would have taken on more Genin teams if my duties as Hokage hadn’t taken up so much of my time.”

“Would you like me to put the word out amongst the clan that you’re looking for students?” asks Kenjiro.

Tobirama nods. “That would be helpful. Thank you.”

He chats with Kenjiro for a while longer, finding out how his life has gone. Kenjiro had died before marrying, but now has a wife and teenage son. The child already has a teacher, Kenjiro explains, but he has a cousin whose child has just started learning ninjutsu. Kenjiro agrees to call him if they seem interested in Tobirama teaching her.
The next place he and his brothers teleport to has a bunch of craft tables. Carving, knitting, crocheting, cross-stitching. Hashirama enjoys the chance to prove he can make things out of wood even without his Mokuton, but Tobirama finds it a bit boring. He’s already learned how to sew out of necessity, not wanting to ask for assistance every time he gets a rip in his clothes, and he’s never going to be particularly interested in making said clothes.

Instead, he heads over the buffet table, this time taking note of the tiny seals inked into the wood. Stasis steals, to keep the food fresh. Clever of them.

Itama joins him at the table after a moment, and they make up a plate for their brothers as well before heading back. Hashirama gets the outline of a cat’s head done before the time limit is up. He takes the wooden block with him when they leave. They have the tools at home for him to finish his carving.

The next event was one they were all interested in participating in, playing an instrument. Hashirama joins the group being instructed in how to play the flute, Itama chooses the piano, Kawarama heads for the guitar, and Tobirama chooses the violin.

He can tell right away who’s already had some practice with an instrument as they’re the ones that don’t make his ears want to cringe. Perhaps he shouldn’t have chosen the violin, said to be one of the trickier instruments to learn. Being surrounded by people trying out the violin for the first time was not a fun experience.

Still, he gets a few useful tips out of it, and nearly an hour of practice. He thinks he’ll get a violin of his own later. Their temporary sensei lets them know of a good place to acquire one and where they can ask for lessons. Since he’s going to be alive for the rest of eternity, he needs something interesting to take up his time, and there were only so many hours in the day that he could spend on research.

Next up was dancing. Thankfully, they were only there for half an hour. It was awkward being paired up with someone new every few minutes, having to hold a conversation while avoiding stepping on their toes. It was a small consolation that he wasn’t the only one who found it awkward trying to move in time with the beat.

By the time the Senju reunion was over, he was mentally exhausted and on the verge of a migraine. It had lasted five hours. Five hours of making small talk with strangers and people he just barely remembered. And he still hadn’t met everyone that had shown up. It simply wasn’t possible for everyone to end up in the same group, not unless they wanted to be there for days.

As the Hokage, he had needed to get used to interacting with strangers on a daily basis. Not just diplomatic meetings with clan heads and foreign nin, but he also had random civilians come up to him in the street, excited to meet the leader of their village. He had gotten used to it, yes, but that didn’t mean it wasn’t still draining over long periods of time.

His brothers seek him out as the event is called to a close, each of them with a plate of leftovers in hand. In fact, a lot of people seem to be taking food home with them. He supposes they can just return the plates later for the next event.

“Well, that was fun, but I think it’s time to go home now and take a nap,” says Itama.

“Agreed,” says Kawarama, stifling a yawn.

“Hmm. There’s actually something I want to show Tobirama before going home, just the two of us, if that’s okay?” asks Hashirama.

Tobirama starts to protest but Hashirama’s expression stops him. Calm but concerned. It feels like Hashirama was asking him to trust him, that he wasn’t asking for something frivolous.
“Okay,” says Tobirama, accepting Hashirama’s hand so that he can teleport them away.

Tobirama looks around their new location and makes a soft sound of surprise. They were in a meadow, surrounded on all sides by blue flowers. Even the trees leaves were a dark indigo. As he looks out to the horizon, he can see the sun beginning to set. Evidently, they were in a different time zone now.

“You looked like you were starting to get a headache. I remembered that this place was a few hours ahead of us and thought the lighting might be more peaceful here,” explains Hashirama. “There’s no one around for miles and the scenery is beautiful. I thought it might be easier for you to relax here.”

“It is nice,” agrees Tobirama. He finds a patch of grass between the flowers and lies down, closing his eyes as the tension slowly seeps out of his muscles. He hears the grass rustle as Hashirama steps closer, sitting down near his head.

“You are unfairly pretty sometimes,” says Hashirama.

Tobirama blinks up at Hashirama, finding his brother watching him with a faintly amused/besotted expression. While other men might balk at being called pretty, he accepts the compliment for what it is.

“I inherited the good genes,” replies Tobirama.

Hashirama snorts. “Yes, you did.” He continues observing Tobirama, not just taking in his beauty but noticing the lines of stress around his eyes. “That memory viewer, you use it more often than I do. Can you still feel the pain from your physical body if you’re in a memory?”

“I’m not sure. I don’t recall even being able to feel my body while in the memories. It’s usually my alternate’s sensations that I feel,” says Tobirama.

“Perhaps we should try it then. Maybe by the time the memory is over, your headache will be gone,” says Hashirama. He gets out his phone and types something into the memory viewer, then shows it to Tobirama.

“A consensual memory between the two of us?” asks Tobirama, skimming over the words. “That sounds good.”

They connect their phones, and Hashirama lies down beside him before they both press enter, diving into their alternate’s memories.

Tobirama stares out of his bedroom window, mindlessly taking in the scenery. This part of the palace faces the city, letting him see the desert sand and tan buildings. There was an oasis nearby, allowing his people to survive. Or rather, his brother’s people. Their father had passed just a few months ago, leaving the throne to his eldest son.

And today, his brother had made an announcement in the throne room, the representatives of all the Noble families in attendance. As of this moment, scribes were making posters of his message to hang up in the local businesses. The news would soon be all over town that Hashirama had added a fourth member to his harem.

Their cousin Touka had been the first when both she and Hashirama were just sixteen. Butsuma hadn’t liked the idea of having anyone who could challenge his son’s place as heir. If anyone had ever thought Touka would make a better ruler, they might have tried to assassinate his four sons.
He had neatly solved that problem by making her part of Hashirama’s harem. A concubine couldn’t inherit anything. Luckily for the general public, only the King could forcibly make someone into a concubine. And that rule only existed due to Mito, Hashirama’s second concubine.

She was the daughter of one of the local farmers and an only child. Not wanting her father to have to fend for himself when he was too old to work, she had agreed to join Hashirama’s harem after the man became infatuated with her beauty. In exchange, her father would receive a monthly stipend after he retired. She had also convinced her new husband to persuade his father that marriage should be a choice, not something that was essentially selling them off like cattle.

Butsuma was a strict man, but he did truly care for his people. Once he realized how the women saw arranged marriages, he was open to the idea of putting restrictions on it. There were no more incidents of meeting your husband for the first time on the wedding day.

Madara had been a bandit, unlucky enough to get caught and dragged before the King. However, he had been lucky enough to catch Hashirama’s eye. Butsuma had reluctantly given him over to Hashirama, so long as his son could keep him in check. And Madara had seen no reason to steal once he had access to the luxuries afforded to a prince’s concubine.

And now there was to be a fourth. Himself.

He doesn’t know what Hashirama was thinking, announcing such a thing to the Nobles before telling him. Honestly. And now the servants were moving his things to Hashirama’s part of the palace. Every member of the royal family has their own suite of rooms, a master bedroom, ten bedrooms for possible harem members (or to use as library space like Tobirama did), a lounge area for everyone to socialize in, and a large bathing room with a bathtub that could easily fit eleven people.

All he needs to do now was put on his harem outfit. It consists of a blue vest with gold lining that doesn’t close in the front. It wasn’t even wide enough to cover his nipples or long enough to reach his bellybutton. Then there was the “pants.” A golden band on his hips that dips down in the middle to form a v-shape. From it, hung two blue strips of fabric, one in the front and one in the back.

Every time he moves, it was going to show his legs. And, the fabric was transparent. Luckily, he was allowed to wear underwear (also blue), or else he would have never left his bedroom again. There were gold colored sandals he can wear with the outfit, but most harem members don’t bother with shoes unless they were venturing outside.

All of the jewelry that came with the outfit was, of course, gold. Four bracelets for each wrist and an armband for each bicep. An anklet for each leg. Three earrings for his right ear, two that dangled and one small hoop at the top of his ear. Optional rings for when he wasn’t writing. And to top it all off, a gold collar with a small pendant attached with Hashirama’s name on the front and their family crest on the back.

The collar was definitely not optional. As soon as he put it on, he would legally be considered Hashirama’s property. A possession that he could, as King, fuck whenever and wherever he felt like.

Heat rises to his face at the thought and he quickly scoops up the outfit and takes it into the bathroom with him. He supposes that reaction was answer enough to how he felt about this new arrangement. He had known that Hashirama possibly harbored lustful thoughts towards him, but hadn’t realized before now that it was strong enough to want him as a concubine.

It wasn’t uncommon for Royals or Nobles to have sex with siblings or cousins, though they knew enough about birth defects not to have children with them. Before today, the idea of being with
Hashirama was only an idle fantasy. Now it was to be his life, and he couldn’t find it in himself to mind.

Tobirama gets dressed in his new outfit as quickly as he can, shivering a bit at the feeling of the cold metal around his throat. It warms soon enough, but he can still feel it against his skin every time he swallows. It was making it a bit difficult to think as lust swirls through his mind along with the desire to track down Hashirama and finally find out what kind of lover he was.

But first, there was one last thing he must put on. Normally optional, the veil was necessary at the moment. The veil was symbolic, a barrier between himself and others. The only one allowed to lift it was Hashirama to give him their first kiss as Husband and concubine. After that, he wouldn’t be expected to wear it unless Hashirama insisted. As he didn’t do so for the others, it was doubtful he would do so now.

The veil consists of a gold string and transparent blue fabric. When he puts it on, it hangs from his nose to just below his chin. He chooses to forego the sandals for now and heads back into his bedroom, marginally surprised to find Kawarama and Itama waiting for him.

His brothers blink at him.

“You’re…wearing the outfit,” says Itama. “Does that mean you don’t mind becoming Hashirama’s concubine? I would think you would talk to him first if you objected.”

“The only objection I can think of is that he didn’t mention it to me first,” says Tobirama.

“Hashirama does like his dramatics,” says Kawarama. “Mostly, I think he was jealous. I don’t know if you’re aware, but you’ve received ten courting proposals in just the past week.”

“And one of them was a Noble who wanted you to become part of his harem,” adds Itama.

Kawarama chuckles. “Hashirama was irritated and sulky for at least an hour after reading that.”

“I see,” says Tobirama thoughtfully. “I’ve never bothered to pay attention to those proposals. Hashirama has the power to veto them for me, and he never complained about having to send rejection letters.”

“Probably worried you might find one that interests you if you read them yourself,” says Itama.

Tobirama shrugs. “Well, he needn’t worry about that anymore. I’m his now.”

“He’s also waiting for you in his room,” says Kawarama. “The servants seem to have moved everything now. Shall we go?”

“Are you escorting me there?” asks Tobirama, amused.

Kawarama grins. “It is part of the custom, having a guard to escort the beautiful concubine to their new husband. Wouldn’t want anyone trying to steal you away for themselves.”

Tobirama snorts. “As if they could.”

“Let’s go then,” says Itama, linking his arm with Tobirama’s. “I want to see Hashirama’s expression the first time he sees you in that outfit.”

They make their way down the corridor to Hashirama’s rooms. All of the servants they pass stop when they see him, taking in his new outfit. It gives him some amusement to see the lust in some of their eyes. People always seemed to want what they couldn’t have.

Kawarama knocks on the doorframe and waits until he hears Mito invite them in before pushing
aside the curtain of beads. Trees weren’t exactly in abundance in the desert, so they made their
doors from strings of rocks and beads or just hung up cloths.

They step into the lounge room which had cushions all over the floor. He looks around but
Hashirama must have been in the other room. His concubines were here, though. Madara was
wearing the same outfit as him, except in red and gold. Mito and Touka had the female version,
which basically had a fancy bra instead of a vest. Mito’s was teal and gold while Touka’s was
purple and gold.

“Hashirama! Tobirama’s here!” calls out Touka. She grins at him. “Welcome to the harem, little
cousin.”

“Yes, welcome,” says Madara, eyes dark with lust.

Tobirama gives him an appraising look back, remembering that people within the same harem
were allowed to have sex with each other. Madara and he would finally be able to do something
about their attraction.

Hashirama flounces into the room with a grin, then comes to a sudden stop at the sight of him,
mouth dropping open. His eyes slowly trail down his body, lingering at his neck and legs.

Tobirama can practically feel his gaze on him like a caress, sending a flush of heat through him.
He licks his lips and steps closer, allowing Hashirama to wrap an arm around his waist.

“I think that’s our cue to leave,” says Itama.

“See you later,” says Kawarama.

Hashirama absently mindedly tells them good-bye, eyes never leaving Tobirama. With his hand
on Tobirama’s lower back, he guides him into his bedroom, making sure to close the curtain
behind them so they’ll have some privacy.

He reaches behind Tobirama’s head and carefully unties the veil, letting it fall to the floor so he
can cup Tobirama’s face between his hands. Tobirama’s lips curve up into a small smile, which is
all the encouragement he needs to pull him into a kiss.

This is something he’s wanted for a long time now, for Tobirama to be his. And now that he has
him, he’s never letting go. He’s not even sure how he would have reacted if Tobirama had
rejected him. He likes to think he would have done the right thing and let Tobirama go, but he
doesn’t know. For all that he loves his other concubines, he’s never felt as possessive about them
as he does Tobirama.

“Mine,” he murmurs. From the way Tobirama’s eyes flare with lust, he doesn’t think his
possessiveness is going to be a problem.

“Yes,” agrees Tobirama. He slips his hand underneath Hashirama’s shirt to caress his back. “Are
you going to claim me now, brother? Or are you going to make wait to feel you inside me?”

Hashirama’s breath catches. “No, no waiting.”

“Good.”

Tobirama helps him out of his shirt, which was dark green with gold lining, his brother’s signature
colors. It looks good against Hashirama’s darker skin.

“Should I undress as well?” asks Tobirama.

Hashirama shakes his head. “Just the underwear. I like seeing you in this outfit. You’re gorgeous.”
Tobirama fights back a blush. He was no stranger to having his looks complimented, but it feels different coming from Hashirama. Perhaps it was that there was love as well as lust behind the praise.

He’s generally not body-shy, so there isn’t much embarrassment as he slips his underwear down and kicks it off. With that gone, his erection is easy to see through the thin fabric.

Hashirama grins and finishes undressing before flopping down onto the bed, beckoning for Tobirama to join him. The bed was really just a thick mattress on the floor with several cushions and blankets. They didn’t have frames that lifted it up like he had heard some foreign countries had.

Rather than sit beside him, Tobirama chooses to plop himself down onto Hashirama lap, smirking at his startled expression. Hashirama’s eyes narrow challengingly before he’s gripping a handful of Tobirama’s hair tightly and pulling him into a rough, demanding kiss. A soft noise escapes him as he opens his mouth, closing his eyes as he submits to Hashirama’s dominance.

He shivers as Hashirama grips his waist and pulls him closer, sparks of pleasure racing up his spine as their erections slide together. The fabric was still in the way, though, so he pushes it to one side, moaning at the feel of skin on skin. His fingers tangle in Hashirama’s long hair while his other hand rests on his back, subtly rocking his hips to get more of that feeling.

Hashirama parts from his lips with a soft gasp, fingers briefly tightening against his waist. He pulls Tobirama’s head back with a sharp tug, causing him to let a short cry that was definitely from pleasure. Hashirama smiles and presses a kiss against Tobirama’s neck, just above the collar.

“So you do like pain. I had wondered, with how you got flustered when the tutor was talking about pain kinks,” says Hashirama.

Tobirama wrinkles his nose. That wasn’t what he wanted to be thinking about right now. When Hashirama had turned fifteen, their father had hired a tutor to talk not just about sex but all the various kinks that someone could have so that they ‘would not end up ashamed if they discovered an unusual interest.’

“Thank you for reminding me of that,” he says dryly.

Hashirama snickers.

Tobirama pulls on his hair in retaliation, causing Hashirama to wince.

“Ow. Quit that,” orders Hashirama, nipping at his neck.

Tobirama shudders, so he does it again, leaving a series of love marks down his neck. No one who saw him later would be able to miss the fact that they ‘would not end up ashamed if they discovered an unusual interest.’

“Thank you for reminding me of that,” he says dryly.

Hashirama snickers.

Tobirama pulls on his hair in retaliation, causing Hashirama to wince.

“Ow. Quit that,” orders Hashirama, nipping at his neck.

Tobirama shudders, so he does it again, leaving a series of love marks down his neck. No one who saw him later would be able to miss the fact that he’d been thoroughly claimed. His cock throbs as Tobirama lets out a beautifully erotic sound.

Hashirama puts his hand on Tobirama’s back and lowers him down onto the bed, licking his lips at the sight of Tobirama sprawled out underneath him. His brother’s legs wrap around his waist, not allowing him to pull back.

“I have to get the lube from the dresser,” says Hashirama.

Tobirama reluctantly lets him go but not before bucking his hips up once, making his breath hiss out as their cocks rub together. Hashirama rolls his eyes at Tobirama’s smirk and gets out the lube, knowing that it would soon be Tobirama losing his composure.

He gently pushes Tobirama’s leg to the side and rubs two slick fingers against his entrance,
pleased when it makes his breath catch. Not sure how much experience Tobirama has with this, he starts with just one finger, slowly sliding it inside. When all Tobirama does is sigh softly and relax into the bed, he adds another finger, scissoring them apart.

At the same time, Hashirama nips at Tobirama’s inner thigh, sucking on the sensitive skin to leave his mark behind. Tobirama lets out a groan, fingers grasping at the bedsheets. Wanting to really see him come undone, Hashirama curls his fingers, searching for that special spot, knowing he’s found it when Tobirama clenches around his fingers.

“That’s enough. I’m ready,” says Tobirama.

Hashirama blinks in surprise. “Are you sure? I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Yes. I want you inside me now.”

Hashirama flushes, incredibly aroused to hear such words from Tobirama. It was like fantasy come to life. He takes his fingers out carefully and slicks himself up. Grabbing onto Tobirama’s waist, he slowly pushes inside, letting out a pleased moan as tight heat surrounds his cock.

Tobirama closes his eyes, mouth opening in a silent gasp as Hashirama stretches him wide open. Hashirama’s free hand settles on his chest as he begins to move his hips, giving him the feeling of being held in place as Hashirama claims him. It was just what he needed.

He wraps his legs around Hashirama’s waist, opening his eyes to find Hashirama intently watching his expression. There was love as well as lust in his gaze, a deep affection blending perfectly together with protective possessiveness.

Pleasure flows through him in waves as Hashirama thrusts into him, an unhurried pace that makes him squirm. He settles down as Hashirama kisses him, letting the pleasure build up slowly the way Hashirama seems to desire. He threads his fingers through Hashirama’s hair, breath hitching on a silent moan every time Hashirama sinks back inside him.

Eventually, though, the slow pace becomes more frustrating than pleasant. He tightens his muscles around Hashirama’s cock, making his hips stutter. Hashirama huffs at him but does speed up, bracing his hands on the bed to put more force behind his thrusts.

He shudders as pleasure sears through him, cum splashing across both their stomachs as he tips over the edge. A few moments later, he feels a flash of heat as Hashirama cums deep inside him. He keeps his legs wrapped around Hashirama for a while longer, not letting him pull out until the afterglow starts to fade.

Hashirama lies down beside him and drapes an arm over his chest, cuddling up to him. He lets the silence linger for a few minutes, but there was something he needed to know.

“Why did you choose now to make me your concubine? And why announce it to the Nobles first?” asks Tobirama.

Hashirama grimaces, looking sheepish. “Well, I hadn’t planned on doing it that way. You know that Noble that arrived a couple days ago, Aljourn? He was very insistent about wanting you as his concubine. When he I said no, then he wanted the opportunity to court you. He was starting to take offense, and since he owns one of the major trading companies in the country, I can’t afford to just brush him off. So I ended up blurtng out that he couldn’t court you because you were to be my concubine.”

Tobirama snorts. “I take it he wasn’t too happy by that.”

“No, no he wasn’t. In fact, I don’t think he believed me at first. He pretended to be happy and was
all like ‘we must tell the other Nobles the good news at once then!’ And since one of our ancestors made a rule that someone from each of the Noble families had to live in the palace, I couldn’t even use that as an excuse to stall him.”

“And you couldn’t get a message to me?” asks Tobirama.

Hashirama shakes his head. “He kept finding reasons to stay in the room with me. If he found out I hadn’t even asked you to be my concubine yet, let alone had your agreement, then he would have taken offense again. He would have thought I lied about wanting you as a concubine and that the real reason I said no to his courting offer was because I didn’t think he was good enough. He was actually starting to rant about that before I blurted out you were going to be my concubine.”

“What did he think actually forcing you to make the announcement would accomplish?”

“I’m not entirely sure, but I think he was hoping you would protest,” answers Hashirama. “But you barely even look surprised, and the little surprise you did show could be explained away as not expecting me to make the announcement that morning.”

“I have practice hiding my emotions from gossipy Nobles,” says Tobirama dryly.

“Hmm. Do you want to get cleaned up now?” asks Hashirama. “I can have the servants heat the bath.”

“Yes, I would like that. I feel….sticky,” says Tobirama, wrinkling his nose.

Hashirama chuckles and hops up from the bed. He leaves the room without redressing, uncaring of his nudity. Well, it wasn’t like the servants hadn’t seen them naked before. They were the ones who brought in the bathwater and made sure it didn’t get cold. Some of his relatives, he knew, even had servants help them wash their hair.

However, it did seem a bit different to let them see him covered in….bodily fluids. A bit hesitantly, he follows his brother out of the room, glad that he was still wearing the harem outfit to give him some modesty. As he walks, semen trails down his leg, bringing a blush to his face by the time he makes it to the bathing room.

Thankfully, it was before the lounge room and the other concubines weren’t here yet. He knew there was a good chance he would eventually end up sleeping with them, but he wasn’t quite ready for them to see him in such a state. The nudity would be fine while they were sharing a bath, but he wanted to clean up before they got here.

To the right of the room was the large bath tub, the top of it level with the floor as it was carved into the ground itself. There was already water inside, which was changed once a week. Everyone was expected to scrub themselves down before entering the bath. Even for royalty, it would be a waste of water to refill a tub this size every day. And in the interest of not wasting anything, the water was then given to the numerous plants scattered across the palace.

On the far left, there were drain holes on the floor as well as a few benches. Towels hung from racks on the wall and bars of soap were laid out on shelves. A servant brings a bucket of water for him while he’s thinking, followed in by Hashirama.

“Give us ten minutes and then start bringing in the hot rocks,” orders Hashirama.

The servant bows and leaves.

Tobirama doesn’t waste any time, dipping a cloth into the water to begin cleaning up. He puts his clothing in the nearby hamper and puts his jewelry on one of the shelves. There were eleven extra
shelves in the room that he assumes were for that very purpose.

“Am I supposed to take the collar off so it doesn’t get wet?” asks Tobirama.

“The others do, so the metal doesn’t get rusted. As long as you put it back on when you’re dry, then it’s fine,” says Hashirama.

Tobirama unclasps the collar, surprised to find himself missing the feel of it around his neck. He wonders if it was an adjustment for the others to wear it, or if they enjoy the feeling as much as he does.

Three servants come in as they’re finishing cleaning up, carrying pots of hot rocks. Warmed inside a fire, the rocks serve to heat up the water. They must have also informed the others what they were doing as Madara, Mito, and Touka soon enter the room.

Hashirama cheerfully chats with them as they clean up while Tobirama quietly observes. It will take time for him to get used to the new routine. He hasn’t shared a bath with anyone since he was a child, and that was only with his brothers. The four of them had lived in the same suite of rooms until they reached adulthood.

One of the servants, Liana, begins to help Mito wash her hair, and it suddenly occurs to him that he’s the only one in the room with short hair. How odd. It can’t just be chalked up to the fact that the servants are female, either. He’s seen plenty of women with short hair around the palace, some of whom that meet the requirements to be around Hashirama’s harem in an undressed state. That is, being asexual.

So did Hashirama have a thing for long hair or was it just a coincidence? He better not expect Tobirama to grow his hair out. He would look ridiculous.

“The water is ready, your majesty,” says Aimee.

“Thank you, Aimee. Please bring the manicure/pedicure supplies in half an hour. We’ll need to look our best at tonight’s celebration dinner,” says Hashirama.

“Yes, sir.”

The servants leave the room as the five of them enter the bath. They sit down on the bench, the water coming up to his chest. The heat of it soon has his muscles relaxing, and he doesn’t protest when Hashirama drapes an arm around his shoulders.

“This is nice, isn’t it?” asks Hashirama, smiling. “All of us, relaxing together.”

“It is nice, but we’ll need to have a relationship talk at some point,” says Mito.

“A relationship talk?” asks Hashirama.

“Yes. We need to know whether Tobirama intends to stay platonic with the rest of us, and what he’s comfortable with in general. The rest of us don’t mind walking in on you having sex with one of the others, but he might,” answers Mito.

She looks at Tobirama expectantly.

Tobirama takes a moment to think about it. “At this point in time, I don’t think I’d be comfortable suddenly entering a room to see two of you having sex. If I was invited from the beginning, it might be different. I’ll need time to start seeing you and Touka in a romantic light, but Madara I already have some affection for.”

Madara looks pleased that he’s finally admitted it. Before today, it hadn’t been proper for them to
express interest in each other.

“It isn’t mandatory that you be romantic with the rest of us,” says Mito. “but we do think it cut down on the jealousy issues when we all eventually developed romantic feelings for each other.”

“It also gives more variety,” adds Touka. “We all have favorite things we like to do in the bedroom, so it’s never boring.”

“And what about sleeping arrangements?” asks Tobirama. “I know you all have your own bedrooms, but do you ever sleep in the same bed?”

“Hashirama’s bed is the biggest. We take turns sleeping next to him, and sometimes we all sleep in a pile together,” says Madara.

“Mito and I share a bed sometimes too. You’re welcome to join us,” says Touka, grinning suggestively.

Tobirama gives her a faintly amused expression but doesn’t respond. They move on to talking about something else. He discusses one of the science books he’s recently read with Mito while Madara, Hashirama, and Touka debate which entertainment company they should invite to the capital next.

Every three months, a traveling circus, musical orchestra, or theatre group will come to the city. It’s Hashirama’s job as King to decide who should visit and when. Madara was advocating for a specific musical group that he had heard good reviews about while Hashirama wanted to see a circus performance.

“We had a circus visit last time,” Touka reminds him. “The people will expect to see a play or orchestra next. And I have heard good things about the group Madara wants, though it’s not my preferred choice.”

“You got to pick which theatre we invited six months ago. It’s either mine or Mito’s turn to pick,” says Madara.

“Your choice is fine,” says Mito, “though I would think it would truly be Tobirama’s choice next, seeing as how he’s the newest member of the group.”

Tobirama blinks as they all look at him. He doesn’t really know enough about any of these groups to care which one came to town, but it was nice that they were trying to include him in the decision making process.

“I’m sure whatever you chose will be fine,” says Tobirama.

Hashirama shrugs. “Madara’s choice it is then. Also, now that I think of it, this is technically going to count as a date when we go together this time, isn’t it?”

“I suppose so. Does it matter?” asks Tobirama.

“It matters to me. I want our first date to be special,” says Hashirama.

“Perhaps you should take him out on a date beforehand, just the two of you,” suggests Mito.

“That would be more romantic than a group date,” adds Touka.

“You know this isn’t necessary, right? I see you every day,” he says to Hashirama.

Hashirama all but pouts at him. “You don’t have a romantic bone in your body, do you? Well, whatever you want to call it, I want to take time out of my day to spend time with you. Doing
something fun or relaxing with just the two of us.”

“Hmm. When you put it that way, yes, that does sound nice,” says Tobirama.

Hashirama grins. “Great! Now I just need to think of something to do. Maybe a picnic? A walk in the gardens? I could play the guzheng for you.”

“Didn’t you say he liked the trip when you were younger, where your father took you and your brothers to the beach?” asks Madara.

Hashirama gains a thoughtful air. “Yes, he did.”

Tobirama stares at him incredulously. “The ocean is a week away by camel! That’s not a date; it’s a vacation.”

“A lovely sounding vacation, but not practical for a date,” agrees Mito. “Perhaps in the future, though, we could all visit the beach together? I’ve never seen the ocean before.”

“It’s a sight to behold. Father and Mother would take me there on a yearly vacation when I was younger,” says Touka.

“Then it’s settled. If no emergency pops up, then within the next couple of months, we’ll all take a trip to the beach. Kawarama and Itama too. Uncle Kichiro can assume temporary command of the throne until we get back,” says Hashirama.

“If you want Father to agree to that, you’ll have to give him permission to take me with him the next time he and Mother go on their own vacation. He misses being able to invite me along,” says Touka.

Hashirama blinks, startled. “Well, of course he can. I hadn’t realized he thought I wouldn’t agree to that.”

Touka shrugs. “Uncle Butsuma was the one who didn’t think a concubine should leave the city without their husband, even with family members. Father worried that you had been raised with that same expectation.”

“Luckily, he was never able to pass that belief on to us,” says Hashirama.

A knock at the doorframe catches their attention. Aimee, Liana, and Vivian were waiting just outside and enter the room at Hashirama’s invitation. They were carrying scented oils and lotions, nail polishes, nail files, and hair supplies.

“It’s been half an hour, your majesty. Are you finished with the bath?” asks Aimee.

“I think so, yes. We wouldn’t want our skin to start wrinkling,” says Hashirama.

The servants set their supplies on one of the benches along the wall and begin retrieving towels for them as they exit the bath. Being used to bathing alone, Tobirama prefers to dry himself off, but Mito and Hashirama accept help from the servants in drying their hair.

“Which scent do you prefer, Prince Tobirama?” asks Liana, holding up the basket of oils and lotions. Living in a desert could dry out the skin like nothing else.

“Do you have one with a mild scent?” he asks.

Liana rifles through the basket and hands him a bottle. “This one, sir. It’s made from one of the local flowers. It has a subtle but sweet scent.”
“Thank you.”

Tobirama declines her offer to help and rubs the lotion into his skin himself. Out of the others, only Madara seems to share his discomfort at having someone he’s not in a relationship with touch him to that degree.

It’s almost erotic watching them spread lotion across Hashirama’s back, legs, and abdomen. He would feel jealous if he didn’t know for certain that the servants weren’t attracted to Hashirama, or the others for that matter. He has to look away when Aimee starts to rub the lotion into Mito’s breasts, lest he find himself getting hard. Someday, he wants to try being the one rubbing lotion into their skin. It seems like something that could be very intimate between lovers.

After the skincare regime was done, Liana went to get them fresh clothes to wear while Aimee and Vivian help brush and style Mito and Touka’s hair. If he was understanding things correctly, this seems to be a regular routine for them.

Rather than her usual style of twin buns on either side of her head, Mito chooses to have a single bun in the back, held in place by two golden colored hair sticks. After some debate, Touka decides on a French braid.

They get dressed before applying the nail polish, not wanting it to smear. Hashirama chooses to wear dark brown trousers and a pine green robe with elaborate golden stitching. Dressed like that, he really did look the part of a regal King. That is, until he grins like an excited child.

“You all look so gorgeous. They’re not going to be able to take their eyes off of you tonight,” says Hashirama.

“You’re being ridiculous. Sit down,” says Madara, yanking on Hashirama’s robe until he complies.

Hashirama huffs. “I’m allowed to be excited.”

“Sure you are, dear,” says Mito, patting his arm.

Touka snickers.

While they were talking, Vivian was taking out the nail polishes while Aimee and Liana were retrieving their jewelry from the shelves. They have a good memory, remembering where each of them left their belongings and returning it to the right person.

There seems to be a routine with this too, as Madara and Hashirama help each other with the bracelets, armbands, and earrings and ditto for Mito and Touka. Everyone puts the anklets on themselves. When Hashirama and Madara were done, they came over to help him too.

Touka and Mito decide to put the collars back on themselves. As the collar was a symbol for their concubine status, it could be seen as a sign of their wiliness to stay in Hashirama’s harem. Although there was nothing wrong with that, it wasn’t what Tobirama wanted. He prefers the more possessive gesture of having Hashirama fasten the collar back around his neck. Strangely, Madara seems to feel the same, if the way he hands his collar over to Hashirama was any indication.

He follows Madara’s example, faintly shivering when Hashirama’s fingers brush across his neck as he fastens the collar in place. There was something intimate about it, as though Hashirama were putting a wedding ring on his finger. As both a ring and collar symbolize lifelong commitment, it was an apt comparison.

When he glances back at the women, it’s to see Aimee and Liana already beginning the manicure
for Mito and Touka. They carefully trim and file the nails, smoothing out any rough edges, before beginning to apply a clear base coat.

“Are either of you ready?” asks Vivian.

Hashirama places a hand on his shoulder and nudges him forward. “You can go first this time, Tobirama. The celebration is for you, after all.”

Tobirama gives him a bemused look but goes ahead and sits in front of Vivian. For some reason, Hashirama was acting like a manicure/pedicure was a special treat. He doesn’t personally care about the look of his nails, but he is aware that his appearance will now reflect on Hashirama. For that reason, he will endure having his nails painted.

“Would you like a blue color to match your outfit, Prince Tobirama, or something else?” asks Vivian.

Tobirama glances at the bottle in her hands. “That color will do.”

Mito chooses a light pink, Touka a dark purple, Madara a gold, and Hashirama goes with a clear coat. After everything’s been applied and the paint has had time to dry, they move the group into the lounge room to wait. Soon enough, a servant comes to tell them that supper is ready and guards escort them to the Dining Hall.

They decide to wear the sandals this time, rather than go barefoot, as it looks a bit more elegant. Apparently, they were trying to wow their guests with how beautiful Hashirama’s harem was. Part of him thought it was silly, but he knew from his father’s lessons that the Nobles were more likely to listen to a King they respected. And for some reason, having beautiful concubines generated respect.

For that reason alone, he endures the stares of all their guests as they enter the Dining Hall. He doesn’t normally consider himself body shy, but having this much lust directed at him was a bit unnerving. At least he wouldn’t have to talk to them while he was eating.

The largest table was for their guests: the Nobles, advisors, and other administration staff that were vital to the running of the palace. To the side of the room was a platform upon which rested the royal table. There were three steps below the table, all wide enough to contain their own table. For now, only the step right below the platform had a table, as the only royal to have a harem right now was Hashirama.

It was symbolic. The royals are above everyone in the hierarchy with their harem members just below them. However, it was still considered an honor to be able to eat in the same room as the King, no matter which table you were at.

He takes his place at the low table, sitting on one of the many cushions, and accepts a glass of wine from one of the servants. If he remembers correctly, that one was named Aldric. He tries to keep track of all their names, but the palace has a large staff.

Up at the royal table, Kawarama has taken his place on Hashirama’s left while Itama sits to his right. Besides them, there was only Touka’s parents. Butsuma had only had one sibling, and their grandparents were dead.

Part of him felt a sense of loss that he was no longer sitting with his brothers, but it wasn’t like he didn’t have plenty of opportunities throughout the day to speak with them. Being part of Hashirama’s harem would allow him to deepen their relationship, and he would be careful to not allow distance to grow between his remaining siblings.

He chats with Madara in between bites of food, pleased that he would also be able to spend more
time with him now. Madara has many interesting stories to tell about the world outside of the capital, having traveled quite a bit in his youth. He’s even been to their neighboring country, of which the climate is starkly differently. There, they’ve got an abundance of trees and grass everywhere.

“The first time I saw one of their cities, I thought ‘there’s more grass in this one village than there is in our entire country. It’s a beautiful place. I’m glad we have a peace treaty with them. It means we might be able to visit someday,’” says Madara.

“A diplomatic visit between Monarchs to keep the peace is not unheard of,” says Tobirama.

“Do they have different animals in Kiri? That’s something I might like to see,” says Touka.

Madara nods. “They have dozens and dozens of species we don’t have, both animals and plants. We trade for some of it, but not all, so even the food over there is different.”

“Then I suppose that’s something to add to the list, a trip to the ocean and a trip to Kiri,” says Mito. “Hashirama will be pleased that we’re giving him an excuse to leave the capitol. The Nobles won’t mutter so much about him taking time off if he’s doing it as a favor for his concubines.”

“As if they don’t take twice as many vacations,” says Madara, eyeing the Nobles seated below them with barely hidden distaste. He turns his face away before they can notice his stare. “They’re all a bunch of entitled hypocrites.”

Mito makes an amused noise in the back of her throat. “You’re just still annoyed with how they treated you in the beginning. No one was expecting a former bandit to become a royal concubine.”

“They were jerks about it. If they had said some of those insults in front of Hashirama, they could have been seriously reprimanded,” says Touka.

Tobirama frowns. “Was Hashirama aware of the way they were treating you?”

Madara scowls. “There wasn’t any point in telling him. Without proof, it would have been their word against mine. And…,” he pauses, sighing irritably. “and I didn’t know him very well yet. I didn’t know how he would react, if he would have thought me too much trouble to deal with.”

Tobirama blinks as he realizes what Madara means. He thought Hashirama would get rid of him? That wasn’t the kind of man Hashirama was, but Madara couldn’t have known that then. After all, if Hashirama would take Madara as a concubine on a whim, who’s to say he wouldn’t throw him away on a whim too? Without Hashirama’s protection, Madara would have gone back to being charged as a criminal, possibly even executed.

Mito rests her hand on Madara’s shoulder. “That’s in the past. The Nobles know better than to mess with us now, not if they don’t want all their secrets spread across the country.”

Tobirama gives her a speculative look. Apparently, it wasn’t a coincidence that every time one of the Nobles annoyed her, vicious rumors ended up circulating about them. He suspects it was because she was able to wait months before starting her revenge that no one else has caught on to her involvement.

Ever since Mito has become Hashirama’s concubine, he has learned more about this country’s Nobles than he ever cared to before. Torrid affairs, embarrassing kinks, underpaying their workers. That last one, at least, was important to know. With the rumors circulating, they had been able to open an official investigation into the matter and threaten the Noble with imprisonment if he didn’t pay his workers a living wage. That is, a living wage defined by the law, not whatever the Noble thought his servants should live off of.
“How did you manage that?” Tobirama asks curiously.

Mito smiles and her eyes sweep across the room, lingering on the servants. “The Nobles that live here, and even the ones who visit: they forget that just because the servants here clean up after them and fetch things for them, doesn’t make them employed in their service. Thus, they are under no obligation to keep their secrets. And so many people forget to have discretion and keep their mouths shut around the help.”

Her tone was as dry as the desert as she uses the phrase the more snobbish Nobles seem to favor. It was decidedly odd how money could make people think they were better than those who didn’t have as much. It was a miracle he and his brothers hadn’t ended up the same way.

Their grandfather, he knew, was a pompous man. He was, however, not a stupid one. Knowing that the working class vastly outnumbered him and the Nobles, he had kept his superiority complex hidden from the masses. It was self-preservation, not compassion, that compelled him to keep the economy and school systems stable.

“They like helping Mito,” says Touka. “A lot of times whatever pisses her off pisses them off too. So they’re more than willing to share all the scandalous gossip they hear.”

“It’s impressive. You manage to help Hashirama behind the scenes,” says Tobirama.

“Thank you. It’s to their downfall that they don’t take concubines and servants seriously,” replies Mito.

After they’ve finished their meal, they stay at the table until the rest of the room is finished eating as well. It’s tradition that after dinner, the royal family and their concubines will converse with the Nobles and other guests.

He’s never been less willing to talk with someone else as he is today. Half of those who come up to congratulate him stare him with thinly veiled lust and make some kind of comment about his appearance. At the very least they’re not crude about it, but he gets the feeling they’d be asking Hashirama for permission to sleep with him if his brother hadn’t already made it clear years ago that he doesn’t share.

Mito catches on to his discomfort pretty quickly and stands beside him, giving the most annoying ones her coldest smile. Having been on the receiving end of it once before, he knows that it can make one feel as though she could stab you through the ribcage and never once stop smiling. Mito is excellent at intimidation. Those with a brain quickly make their excuses and leave him in peace.

Thanks to Mito’s interference, they’re able to leave much earlier than normal. They return to Hashirama’s suite and spread out in the lounge room, sitting down on the many cushions.

“Thank you for scaring them off,” Tobirama says to Mito.

“It was no problem. They were acting creepy,” replies Mito.

Hashirama grimaces. “Maybe I should re-design the royal concubine outfit. If there was less skin on display, they might not act so interested.”

Tobirama just barely keeps the surprise off his face. Did Hashirama realize how angry the traditionalists would be if he did that? The royal concubine outfit had been the same for at least five generations.

“That isn’t necessary,” he says. Then pauses and looks at the others. “Unless one of you would prefer a different outfit?”
“Actually, I kind of like it,” admits Touka. “It was a bit annoying not having a choice in the matter, but I grew to like it. Now I just see the outfit as a representation of my relationship with Hashirama. I love him now, and so the outfit doesn’t bother me.”

“I wouldn’t mind some variety,” says Mito. “This outfit is nice, so perhaps instead of getting rid of it, you could simply design more outfits that we could wear.”

“And one of them could be more masculine,” says Madara. “I think these outfits were originally designed for women and they changed the top the first time one of them acquired a male concubine.”

“Okay. Tomorrow, I’ll ask the royal clothes designer to start working on creating new types of concubine outfits,” says Hashirama.

“Thank you,” says Mito. “So, what should we do now?”

Touka shrugs. “I think I’d just like to unwind with a book today.”

She glances to Tobirama and Hashirama then gives Mito a significant look. Mito catches on quickly.

“Ah, yes. That does sound nice. Mind if I join you?” asks Mito.

“The more the merrier,” says Touka. “Good night, boys.”

The two women then go into Touka’s room and close the door behind them.

“I do believe they’re trying to give us alone time,” says Hashirama.

“Either that, or they want their own alone time,” says Madara.

Tobirama raises an eyebrow. “Mito and Touka?”

“Mm-hmm. The two of them are very close,” says Madara.

Unbidden, his mind conjures up images of what the two of them might look like together in the throes of passion. His cheeks flush pink as heat surges through him at the thought.

Madara smirks. “Whatever you’re imagining, the reality is hotter.”

“They are lovely together,” confirms Hashirama. “But today isn’t about them. It’s about Tobirama. What would you like to do now?”

“I want sex,” says Tobirama bluntly. He smirks at their startled expressions and stands up, unsurprised when they hasten to follow him into Hashirama’s room.

However, he is surprised to be suddenly tacked onto the bed. Huffing out a laugh, he rolls them over, but Hashirama doesn’t stay pinned for long. They end up in a short wrestling match while Madara watches from the side of the bed.

Eventually, Hashirama decides to let him win and stops moving with Tobirama straddling his hips. He leans down to kiss Hashirama even as he reaches out to Madara, who grasps his hand and scoots closer. When Madara starts tugging at his vest, he sits up to let him take it off, glancing over his shoulder to find Madara watching him hungrily.

“Touch me,” he says, tone halfway between a plea and a demand. Thankfully, Madara doesn’t argue and gives him what he needs. A firm touch, hands trailing up his stomach, then fingers pinch at his nipples, making his back arch.
“I’ve been wanting to do this as soon as I saw you in that harem outfit,” says Madara.

Tobirama shudders, breath hitching. “Ah, and how do you think I felt, seeing you in that outfit every day for years?”

“We’ve all been dealing with pent up sexual frustration, huh?” asks Hashirama. He pushes blue fabric aside to run his hand up Tobirama’s thigh. “But now we’re free to do what we want.”

“Whatever we want? Then I want to have both of you inside me,” says Tobirama.

Hashirama’s eyes widen, and Madara’s fingers tighten against his nipples. With a soft hiss, he brushes his hands away, then grabs onto his arm to pull him to his side instead of behind him. Now that the angle wasn’t going to make his neck ache, he could bring Madara into a kiss, a pleased moan escaping him as their lips finally meet.

Hashirama sits up to get in on the action, wrapping an arm around both of them and kissing the side of Tobirama’s neck. He smiles when Tobirama shivers faintly at his touch, licking at the bite marks he had made earlier today. The only thing better than being able to mark Tobirama’s skin was knowing that Tobirama liked it just as much.

“That idea of yours, it sounds hot, but will it hurt you to have both of us inside?” asks Hashirama.

Tobirama breaks away from his kiss, lightly panting for breath, and shakes his head. “It shouldn’t, not if we do enough preparation. It just means we’ll have to go slower.”

“Slow is fine as long as we get to keep touching you,” says Madara.

Tobirama flashes him a smile and pulls him into another kiss. He’s literally been waiting years for this, and he doesn’t think he’ll ever get tired of the feeling of Madara’s lips against his own. He doesn’t even care that he had to become a concubine for this to happen. With Hashirama’s personality, he doesn’t have to worry about being under his control.

“I want to try something. Can you lie down on your back?” he asks Madara.

“Sure.”

Madara takes his vest off and lies down, which gives Tobirama access to his chest. With Madara walking around practically shirtless, Tobirama has had more than one fantasy like this. His hands on the bed beside Madara’s waist, dipping his head down, licking up from his bellybutton to one lightly pebbled nipple. Just as he had hoped, Madara’s nipples prove to be as sensitive as his own, earning him a beautiful moan as he takes one into his mouth.

He lets his hands skim up Madara’s sides and back down across his abs, admiring how toned they were. Even after becoming a concubine, Madara hadn’t stopped working out, wanting to be in top shape in case he was attacked. Not an unreasonable fear. Every ruler in history had some kind of opposition, no matter how nice they were. It wasn’t unheard of for assassins to attempt to kill the reigning monarch or one of their loved ones.

While he focuses on pleasuring Madara, Hashirama gets out the lube and begins to tug at his pants. Without taking his mouth away, he shifts enough for Hashirama to slide the blue fabric down his legs. It isn’t until Madara hisses in discomfort that he moves his attention to the other nipple, twirling his tongue around the sensitive bud before sucking into his mouth.

He feels smug when Madara’s hips twitch, reaching down to palm Madara’s erection through his pants. Madara curses with a slight groan, bucking up into his touch. He presses his thumb against the head of Madara’s cock, and kisses his way down Madara’s chest, stopping when he reaches the top of his pants.
Unclasping the golden belt, he tugs the red fabric down until Madara’s cock springs free. He wraps his hand around the base and presses his lips to the tip, smirking as Madara’s breath hitches. Making eye contact, he licks the precum from his lips and then sinks down, taking his cock all the way to the back of his throat.

Madara’s breath chokes on a moan, hand instinctively reaching down to grip Tobirama’s hair. His thighs tremble faintly as he tries not to buck his hips up, not wanting to choke him.

It was heady to see Madara lose control like this, to feel his cock pulsing inside his mouth, hot and heavy on his tongue. He hums softly and nearly chokes when Madara loses his battle to stay still, shoving his cock deeper down his throat.

“Mm, sorry,” says Madara, gently running his fingers through Tobirama’s hair in apology.

“It’s fine. You didn’t hurt me,” says Tobirama, before taking him back in his mouth.

What he didn’t say was that a part of him had liked the forcefulness. He didn’t know what to think of that, and wanted time to examine his own feelings before discussing what kinks to try out with them. However, before he can get too into pleasuring Madara again, the man is tugging at his hair, pulling him off.

“Enough. I don’t want to cum before I’m inside you,” says Madara.

“The downsides of a refractory period,” says Hashirama.

Madara snorts and sits up. Without needing to be told, Tobirama switches places with him, lying down on the bed while Madara sheds the rest of his clothes. The only thing left on is their jewelry, but that has a nice visual appeal.

He spreads his legs for Hashirama so he can sit down between his thighs, with Madara sitting down beside him. A moment later, Hashirama is sliding two slick fingers inside him, eliciting a groan from him. His cock twitches as pleasure jolts through him, and he has to grip the bedsheets to avoid reaching for his cock. Like Madara, he didn’t want to cum until they were joined together.

“Do you want to help too?” asks Hashirama, holding the bottle of lube out to Madara.

“Of course.”

Tobirama shudders as two fingers become four. He was still a bit loose from being fucked earlier, so it didn’t hurt, but he was starting to feel it. That stretched out sensation that had his toes curling in ecstasy.

They take their time preparing him, slow enough that he eventually couldn’t stop himself from pushing his hips back into their touch. A desperate whine builds up in the back of his throat as they actively start teasing him, fingers just barely grazing his prostate one moment and then firmly rubbing it the next.

“Just—just fuck me already,” he says, panting.

“Are you sure? I don’t want to hurt you,” says Hashirama.

“Perhaps we should spend a few more minutes getting you ready,” says Madara, slipping another finger inside him.

Tobirama quickly grabs the base of his cock as his pleasure skyrockets, staving off his orgasm. His teeth clench with the effort to not just let himself cum, and it didn’t help that Madara and
Hashirama kept moving their fingers, clearly enjoying his reaction.

“I’m sure,” he says, giving them a glare that was ruined by the lust that flashed across his expression. “Stop teasing and fuck me.”

“If you insist. Come up here and sit in Madara’s lap,” says Hashirama.

Tobirama bites back a disappointed noise when their fingers slip out, the loss of pleasure making him hasten to obey Hashirama’s order. He wraps his arms around Madara’s back, his knees on either side of Madara’s legs.

Hashirama helps position Madara’s cock as he slowly lowers his hips, not stopping until he was fully seated in Madara’s lap. He was slightly wider than Hashirama but not as long, though it was still enough to give him that wonderfully full feeling.

“Can you distract him for me, Madara?” asks Hashirama.

“Distract…” Madara starts to ask, puzzled, before he feels Hashirama’s fingers start to push in beside his cock and sees Tobirama wince. He threads his fingers through Tobirama’s hair and pulls him into a kiss, while reaching down to lightly wrap his fingers around his cock.

He can feel Tobirama’s fingers grasping as his back, a hint of nail scraping against his skin. The sting of pain only makes the fire inside him grow hotter, steadily building into an inferno as Hashirama’s questing fingers make Tobirama feel even tighter around him.

Tobirama shifts impatiently as Hashirama continues trying to stretch him out. It still aches a bit, but his cock was throbbing, demanding release. Madara’s touch was pleasant, but his grip wasn’t tight enough to get him off. Which was probably his intention.

He huffs in frustration but lets his body go limp, leaning against Madara as he tries to will his muscles to relax. Eventually, Hashirama deems him ready and slips his fingers out. His eyes go wide as Hashirama begins to push inside him, an almost unbearable ache flaring up at how widely he’s being stretched open.

His breath hisses out as Hashirama pushes the rest of the way in. There was definitely some pain now, but the pleasure was stronger. He doesn’t want to stop, especially not when he catches sight of Madara’s lust-glazed expression. On a whim, he clenches his muscles and hears both of them moan.

“Mmm. You feel so good around me, Tobi.” Hashirama’s lips brush against the shell of his ear as he speaks, sending a shiver of desire through him. “Is it alright for us to move yet?”

Tobirama nods, biting his lip as Hashirama begins to pull out. Pleasure sparks across his nerves, and he instinctively pushes his hips down, trying to get more of that feeling. Their rhythm was off at first, but Hashirama soon learns to use the grip on his waist to direct his movements.

That lingering ache slowly begins to fade until there was nothing more than ecstasy to be found with them between his thighs. He exhales sharply as Madara’s teeth suddenly sink into his neck, a sharp prickle of pain that makes his cock throb. A possessive bite. He places his hand on the back of Madara’s head to keep him there and is rewarded with another bite of pain-pleasure.

His body feels overheated, pinned in place between two living furnaces. The heat was dizzying and intoxicating all at once. He rests his head in the curve of Madara’s neck, feeling overwhelmed. The pleasure was intense, surging through him in never ending waves as Hashirama and Madara move inside. It feels like they were claiming him. Body, heart, and soul. At that moment, he never wanted to leave their embrace again.
However, nothing was eternal, and the need in his body couldn’t be denied forever. He bites at Madara’s shoulder as he cums, muffling the shout that wants to escape his throat. His muscles go pleasantly limp, contentment in every line of his body.

Warmth spills inside him as Hashirama’s hands briefly tighten around his waist, the man’s pleased moan sounding loud against his ear. Madara was quieter as he found release, breath catching as he briefly shudders.

They sit in silence for a few minutes, basking in the afterglow and waiting for their breathing to return to normal. Tobirama can’t help but make a discontented noise when Hashirama eventually pulls out. It was even worse when Hashirama helps him out of Madara’s lap. That feeling of emptiness after having felt so full was an uncomfortable one.

“Are you alright? Is there any pain?” asks Hashirama.

“I’m fine, just a little sore.”

“Was it as good as you had imagined?” asks Madara.

“It was better,” replies Tobirama, getting a pleased smirk from Madara and fond smile from Hashirama.

“I’m glad you enjoyed yourself,” says Hashirama, wrapping an arm around Tobirama’s waist from behind him and pressing a kiss against his neck. “After we’ve cleaned up, which room do you want to stay in tonight? I’ll understand if you want some time to yourself, but I would enjoy it if you slept beside me.”

“I would like that as well. The bed is big enough for the three of us, isn’t it?” asks Tobirama.

“It definitely is,” says Madara, looking pleased that Tobirama wanted him there as well. “Mito and Touka have slept beside Hashirama and me before, and it still looked like there was room for another three.”

Hashirama laughs sheepishly. “Father had this bed built for me when I came of age. He seemed to think that the future King should have a lot of concubines.”

“Your father had eight concubines, didn’t he? But he didn’t have a queen. I never asked this before, but do you and your brothers have the same mother?” asks Madara.

“Well, Tobirama and Itama have the same mother. Tobirama gets his white hair from her. And Kawarama and I have the same mother,” says Hashirama.

“Is there a hierarchy amongst concubine children, determining who will become the heir? Or is it always the first born that inherits the throne?” asks Madara.

“The King’s wife has more seniority than the concubines,” says Tobirama. “The wife’s children have more right to inherit than the concubine’s children. However, sometimes the King will have had children with a concubine years before he marries. If the King has already officially declared one of the concubine’s children as his heir, then they stay the heir. If he hasn’t declared an official heir, then the wife’s children will inherit, despite being years younger than the concubine’s children.”

“Father never took a wife. He didn’t want that kind of conflict, of his children arguing over who should inherit. I was his oldest, and he officially named me heir when I was twelve. He waited that long to make sure I hadn’t turned out spoilt or selfish,” explains Hashirama. “I don’t intend to take a wife either. I don’t want to elevate anyone above the four of you.”
“How sweet,” says Madara, sounding sarcastic but with affection in his eyes. “Though it’s probably best for your safety that you feel that way. I can’t imagine Mito and Touka would be happy if you married another woman.”

Hashirama winces at the thought. “Hah, no. They would definitely try to kill me in my sleep if I did that. And they’re loyal enough to each other that they wouldn’t even be happy if I married one of them. It’s better for our relationship dynamics if everyone I’m with is equal to each other.”

“Are you planning to acquire any other concubines?” asks Tobirama.

Hashirama shakes his head. “Not planning, no. If I happen to fall in love with someone else, that’s a different story, but I’ll still want to get permission from the rest of you to add anyone else. Madara, Mito, Touka, and I had already had a discussion a while ago about how I wanted you to eventually join the harem. They were all fine with it.”

“More than fine with it,” agrees Madara. “I was starting to wonder if he was ever going to make a move. If that Noble hadn’t pushed his hand, the rest of us would have taken the matter into our own hands. Perhaps we would have done the clichéd thing and locked the two of you into a closet together.”

Tobirama wrinkles his nose in distaste. “Does that tactic even work? I know in the stories, the closets are small enough that the characters are pressed together and that increases the sexual tension, but none of the closets in the palace are that small.”

Madara pauses. “….Well, he might have confessed his feelings when you demanded to know why we had locked you two in a closet.”

Hashirama shrugs when the two turn to look at him. “Maybe? Tobirama can be really demanding when he’s angry, so it might have slipped out.”

Tobirama rolls his eyes but doesn’t deny it. He’s fully aware of his own temperament. They talk for a while longer before the sticky feeling starts to get annoying, and they head into the bathing room to clean up.

Feeling like he’s seen enough, Tobirama disconnects from his alternate’s memories now. Hashirama’s theory had been correct. While inside the memory, he couldn’t feel his headache at all, and after feeling his alternate so relaxed, the pain was gone now.

“That was interesting,” says Hashirama, sounding thoughtful. “I could feel my alternate self’s romantic love for Touka, and in that moment, it was like I felt it as well. But now, I still just love her as a cousin. And the love he had for Mito, Madara, and you was similar, but he felt more….protective. It was his duty to keep you guys safe and provide for your every need since you were his concubines.”

“I know. I saw the other Tobirama’s memories of the concubine laws. They may have essentially been property, but they weren’t thought of as slaves. A person could lose a lot of respect for not taking proper care of their concubines, and the concubines could ask the King to set them free if they didn’t think their husband was treating them right. And in almost all cases, those requests had been granted.”

“That’s good. And I’m glad things worked out for our alternates. Did it help with your headache any?” asks Hashirama.

“Yes. I feel better now,” says Tobirama.
Hashirama follows his lead as he sits up, wrapping an arm around Tobirama’s waist as he scoots closer. On the ground was the plate of sweets Hashirama had brought with him, daifuku, dango, and chocolate covered fruits.

“Are those blueberries?” asks Tobirama.

“Mm-hmm. I figured these would be more to your taste,” says Hashirama. He picks up one of the berries and holds it up to Tobirama’s mouth, smiling when Tobirama doesn’t hesitate to let him feed it to him. “Good?”

“Very good. Thank you.”

Hashirama takes one of the daifuku for himself then regretfully sets the plate aside. As much as his taste buds wanted him to just eat the entire plate of desserts, his stomach was much too full for that.

“This place is wonderfully strange,” says Tobirama, running his fingers over a patch of blue moss. “I’d like to go with you the next time you go exploring, looking for unusual scenery. Maybe we could find some waterfalls.”

“With a cave behind the falling water?” suggests Hashirama. “An entire underground cave system could be fun to explore.”

“Yes. I would like that,” says Tobirama. He looks up to the sky where the moon was just starting to become visible. “For now, I think we should be heading home. My headache may be gone, but I’m still tired.”

Tobirama blinks as Hashirama gets a mischievous look in his eyes. The plate of food is all but shoved into his hands, and he automatically grasps hold of it to avoid dropping it. Then Hashirama’s arm goes underneath his knees and the other around his back, and up they go.

His lips twitch, caught somewhere between a smile and a frown. Only Hashirama could so perfectly master the art of being both a beloved older brother and the most annoying person to ever walk the face of the earth.

“This is undignified,” he complains half-heartedly. “I was the leader of an entire village and a general of war, and you’re carrying me like a bride from one of those silly romance books.”

Hashirama snorts. “Don’t pretend you don’t like it. I can see you trying not to smile every time one of us picks you up.”

Tobirama doesn’t reply but lets himself relax against Hashirama’s chest. Sometimes, he doesn’t understand his own reactions to things. Being carried was embarrassing to some extent, but he still likes it. He almost finds it comforting, being held by someone he trusts and knowing they wouldn’t drop him.

Hashirama is undeterred by his silence and teleports them right outside Tobirama’s bedroom. He would have been able to appear directly inside if Tobirama gave him permission, but Tobirama doesn’t want anyone able to suddenly appear in his private space.

Once inside, Hashirama sets him down on the bed and takes the plate from him. He gives Tobirama a quick kiss then turns off the lights and leaves him to sleep.

Tobirama kicks off his shoes and lets them thump to the floor then crawls underneath the covers. He can sense Kawarama and Itama already in bed, chakra even and relaxed as they slumber. His eyes close as he basks in the peaceful feeling of their chakra, falling asleep a moment later.
This chapter is a request from Bebraveforever27: "Indra/fem!Miko!Tobirama--in which Tobirama was born during the time of Indra and Ashura (or is it Asura?) Ootsutsuki. Indra wants to make Tobirama his, but Tobirama puts her duties as a miko first and doesn't think much of having a relationship. So, Indra goes into her room in the dead of night and ties her up and making her his woman. Dub-con (because she doesn't take too kindly to what he's doing), rough sex. Kinks are bondage, orgasm delay/denial, impact play, biting, breeding kink (from Indra), humiliation in the form of derogatory words, and D/s.”

Tobirama leans back in bed, phone in hand. He has about fifteen minutes before dinner is ready. The food is in the oven and clean-up is over, so he has time to himself. Now, he could spend the time talking to his brothers, but he’s been hanging out with them all morning and afternoon. They won’t feel slighted if he takes a few minutes for himself.

Now, what memory does he want to view today? Perhaps something with a female Tobirama. He was in the mood for that right now. Does he need to be any more specific than that? So far, the memory viewer has never shown him anything boring, no matter how vague he’s been.

Well, if he takes too long thinking of exact details, he’ll run out of time to view the memory, so vague it is. Not particularly caring whether the memory is consensual or not, the only requirement he sets is that his alternate has to be a woman.

Tobirama tugs her ribbon free from her hair, ignoring the way it falls down around her face as she concentrates on channeling her energy through the fabric. At her command, the ribbon flies through the air and wraps around her opponent’s neck, looking like a red noose. About to lunge at her, the man is paralyzed by her magic, teeth bared in a silent snarl and eyes black from the spirit possessing him.

It takes only a minute of quiet chanting before the spirit is ejected out through the man’s throat. Not for the first time, she gives thanks that she was born with such a strong gift. Miko of lesser strength could need upward of half an hour to exorcise a malevolent spirit or else there would need to be two or three working together at once.

Her strength of will and magic allows her to travel by herself to the towns under her temple’s protection. Some might think the journey a lonely one, but Tobirama finds it to be peaceful. She has plenty of opportunities to socialize with the other Miko while at the temple.

She catches her ribbon as it comes sailing back to her, neatly tying her hair back up into a high ponytail. The man she saved stares up at her in shock.

“I…I’m free?” he stammers out. Slowly, a joyous grin appears. “I’m free! Thank you so much, Miko-san. I thought I was going to be stuck as a puppet for the rest of my life!”

“Your thanks are unnecessary but well-received. I was merely doing my job,” says Tobirama.
“Are you well to walk? Your wife is most concerned.”

“Ah, right.” He gets to his feet, staggering a bit as his mind adjusts to being in control of his body again. “I don’t feel injured. Are we far from the village?”

“No, less than an hour’s walk. I will escort you back to ensure you make it and then be on my way. The temple would have me remind you at this point that although we do not require payment for our services, donations are appreciated if you can spare anything.”

He gives her a startled look, then chuckles a bit. “Of course. Does the temple only accept coin or will a donation of food suffice?”

Tobirama dips her head. “Food is an excellent donation. Everybody needs to eat, and if we end up with extra of a particular item, we can always trade it in for a different essential at the local market.”

“You’re more blunt than what I would expect of a Miko,” he says.

“I just won a battle of wills against an evil spirit. I’m allowed to be a little blunt,” says Tobirama. “Besides that, there is no set behavior for a Miko. The spiritual gifts can manifest in women from any social class, leading to a wide variety of personalities.”

“I see.”

The rest of the walk is spent in thoughtful silence. When they reach the village, the man thanks her again and promises to have his eldest son deliver food to the temple before the month was over. Their family apparently owns a farm.

It takes three days for her to return to the temple. She arrives in the early morning, giving a wave to those practicing tai-chi outside as she passes them by. A few of the Elders were meditating in the gardens, and she hurries on so as not to disturb them.

Besides the Main Temple, there was also a few dormitories. They were separated by age, one for the young maidens still in training, another for the young teachers and those allowed to travel on their own, and the third for the Elders. Her room was in the second building.

She stores her traveling bag in her room, then gathers a change of clothing and towel to take with her to the shower room. It was one of life’s blessings that she had been born in a time period where they had already discovered how to heat water and run it through pipes. After journeying through the woods, she really was in no mood to haul water up from the well.

Tobirama leaves her clothing in the basket marked with her name. Like the other Miko, she wears the traditional outfit of a red hakama and white haori. They are allowed to wear other types of clothing when not on duty, but Tobirama usually doesn’t bother with that. It was simpler if she didn’t have to bother with fashion.

She doesn’t allow herself to spend too much time in the shower. Not now. There was work to be done. She could indulge with an hour long bath later.

After her shower, she makes her way to the Main Temple. She doesn’t stop to chat with the others as she passes them, but she does return their greetings. By now, they’re used to her anti-social behavior during work hours and don’t take offense.

The first order of business today was to write up the o-fuda, or paper talismans. Every Miko was taught how to make them and how to imbue the paper with their energy. By hanging them around the Temple grounds and around the nearby village, they were able to reduce the amount of evil spirits hanging around the area.
It wasn’t a perfect solution, but it lightens their workload. They generally don’t have more than one or two spirits a month stirring up trouble.

She spends the next hour meticulously writing out the o-fuda. Any smudged ink or illegible characters could weaken the connection between her energy and the paper. It was why calligraphy classes were all but mandatory for the trainees; only the ones who consistently show good hand-writing aren’t required to attend.

A quiet knock on the door sounds before Koharu peeks her head in.

“Tobirama-sensei, sorry to bother you, but Indra-san is here again.”

Tobirama stifles a sigh. “I see. Thank you for informing me, Koharu-chan. Tell him I’ll be there in a minute.”

Koharu dips her head and leaves.

Tobirama sets down her brush and pinches the bridge of her nose, feeling a headache coming on. Out of all the irritating things that could happen today, why did that man have to show up again? It wasn’t as though she wasn’t flattered by the attention, but she’s already told him she isn’t interested in a relationship. Her duties as a Miko come first.

With a bit of reluctance, she rises from her chair and goes to the front room of the Temple, where they greet visitors. She finds Indra waiting patiently, casually leaning against the far wall with a bouquet in his hands. His eyes light up at the sight of her, and she firmly tells herself that that does not make her happy.

“Tobirama-chan,” greets Indra. “You’re looking as lovely as ever.”

“Indra-san,” she says, keeping her voice mild. “What a surprise it is to see you here. Again.”

Indra chuckles a bit ruefully and steps closer, eyes never leaving hers as he holds out the flowers. “How could I possibly stay away from one such as you? Here, I brought you these. The florist said they mean devotion, affection, and love.”

Tobirama takes the bouquet, knowing he’ll insist or even try to bring her something more elaborate if she rejects it. “How thoughtful,” she says dryly. Her gaze turns serious. “You know this isn’t going to work, don’t you, Indra-san? I’ve already explained that a relationship is out of the question right now. A few gifts won’t change that.”

A dark look flashes through Indra’s eyes before he manages to contain his reaction, plastering on a fake smile. “Of course. You can’t blame a man for dreaming, though, can you? Goodbye, Tobirama-chan…...I’ll see you later.”

Tobirama blinks at his retreating back. That last sentence had sounded….ominous.

As she searches for a vase, she wonders at the way her heart had pounded at the anger in Indra’s eyes. Her reaction had been from fear….hadn’t it? But what about the way her body had suddenly felt warmer….?

Tobirama shakes her head to clear it of such thoughts. Now was not the time to be having second thoughts. She had always known there was more to Indra than the gentlemanly mask he wore around her and the other Miko, but seeing proof of it shouldn’t have made him seem more attractive.

Indra had taken an interest in her ever since she had saved one of his friends from possession. At first, it had seemed to just be curiosity about her powers, but he had fallen in love with her over
time. It would have been more convenient if he had fallen for one of the other Miko, who actually wanted relationships and children.

She just wasn’t interested in starting a family right now. Motherhood and traveling in the forest were not synonymous with each other. She was only 23, anyway. A side benefit of a Miko’s powers was that they could have healthy pregnancies even up into their forties.

After securing a vase for her flowers and filling it with water, she returns to her room and places the bouquet on her dresser. She doesn’t let herself think about why she decided to keep the flowers instead of throwing them away, and goes back to working at the Temple now that that was taken care of.

There were many things she could do besides making o-fuda. She could take a shift in the kitchen preparing food, help with cleaning the temple, laundry, harvesting food from the fields, or spend an hour teaching a few of the younger Miko. For relaxation, she could meditate in the gardens, sketch or paint the scenery, read a good book, or practice playing one of the instruments in the music room.

At the end of the day, she retires to her room and changes into her nightclothes. A soft button-down shirt and pants in a lilac color with pictures of violets sewn in. While she was indifferent to the idea of dressing up during the day, she did allow herself the luxury of comfortable night clothes.

She blows out the candle lantern and climbs into bed, clearing her mind of distracting thoughts until she falls asleep. Hours pass before her eyes snap open, abruptly sitting up. She scans the room, wondering what woke her up. The sun has yet to rise, and the moonlight shining through the window helps little to see inside her room.

Her muscles tense as footsteps sound. Quickly, she gets out of bed and retreats to the wall. A moment later, the lantern hanging from the opposite wall is lit by….Indra. He was dressed in black and eyes intense with a no longer hidden anger and passion.

“What on earth are you doing in my room?.....And what are those?” she asks.

Her eyes scan the room, spotting four long strips of paper stuck to each corner. There were symbols painted on them, in the same odd language that she uses to make her o-fuda. That suggested that they had some supernatural purpose, and would explain why she jolted awake. She had felt Indra trigger these talismans.

“It’s a sealing barrier. You see, you’re not the only one with special powers, Tobirama-chan. And right now, no one can hear what happens in this room,” says Indra.

Tobirama’s eyes narrow. “That sounded suspiciously like a threat, Indra-san.”

Indra smirks at her challengingly. “Perhaps it was. I’m tired of you denying us both the happiness and pleasure we could have together. I know you want me. I can see it in the way you look at me.”

She scowls. “You’re delusional. Leave now and I won’t report you breaking and entering into a young maiden’s room.”

Her emphasis on the word maiden only makes his smirk widen. Everyone knows that word was often used as a euphemism for virgin.

Realizing he wasn’t going to back down, she makes a dash for the door, but he easily steps into her path. She tries to strike out at him, but he grabs her wrists and begins pushing her closer and closer to the bed. They eventually topple down onto the mattress with him on top of her, sitting on
her lap to keep her from kicking him off.

“And what do plan to do now?” she asks scornfully. “The moment you let go to do anything, I’ll have my hands free!”

Indra gives her an amused glance before staring intently at the corner of the room. Before she can demand an explanation, a backpack comes floating towards them. Through sheer force of will, she manages not to gape as it unzips itself and a pair of padded shackles drops down onto the bed.

It takes another few minutes of struggling before Indra manages to get the cuffs on her and the chain threaded through the headboard. But she gets her own form of revenge by kicking him in the stomach, leaving him breathless for several minutes. He has to sit on her legs while he catches his breath, lest her foot have another meeting with his abdomen.

“You…,” gasps out Indra. “…are just begging to be punished.”

Tobirama just glares back at him.

Indra ignores her silent fury and begins to unbutton her shirt, pushing the sides apart to fully display her breasts and stomach. She curses at him as her face gets hot, embarrassed to be exposed to a man’s eyes for the first time.

“Beautiful,” murmurs Indra. “But we’re not done yet.”

Her legs flail as he forcibly tugs off her pants and underwear, nearly kicking him in the face. Unfortunately, he was good at dodging. She brings her legs closer to her body as she realizes where his gaze is, trying to hide the most intimate part of her.

Indra hums in amusement. “You’re not making things any easier on yourself, Tobirama-chan. You can either spread your legs now or I will punish you.”

Tobirama snorts. “As if.”

Indra sighs, but the curl of a smile lets her know she chose the option he was hoping for. From his backpack, he pulls out a bunch of rope and proceeds to tie it to her ankles. Her legs are forcibly spread and pushed back, tying her feet to the headboard on either side of her head.

It leaves her feeling terribly exposed and with her muscles aching. She futilely tugs against her restraints, gritting her teeth as her body gets hotter and hotter with every failed attempt. She is not getting aroused by this. She just isn’t.

Indra licks his lips as he watches her squirm. Her body stills in shock as he reaches out and touches her….and then his fingers were inside. Eyes wide, all she can do is lie here as he pushes two fingers deeper inside her, making the previously untouched area ache.

“You’re already wet,” says Indra in surprise. He grins at her humiliated expression. “Your body is more honest than you are, Tobirama-chan. Getting aroused at being on display like this. Who knew you were secretly such a slut?”

She shakes her head in denial even as her muscles involuntarily clench around his fingers, unwillingly turned on by such humiliating words. Sudden pleasure jolts inside her as he curls his fingers, a shocked moan escaping her throat. Naturally, he takes advantage of this new discovery and keeps rubbing at that spot until slick is dripping down her ass, and her body is trembling faintly. She bites back a frustrated groan as he takes his fingers out, then has to remind herself that she didn’t want them inside her in the first place.

“You don’t get to cum yet, my little slut. I still have to punish you,” says Indra.
From his backpack, he pulls out a leather crop. She grimaces as she realizes exactly how he intends to *punish* her. This was going to hurt.

She grits her teeth as the first blow lands on her ass, biting back a yelp. Oddly, the pain was accompanied by a shot of arousal. Her clit throbgs as he lays a series of smacks across her ass and the back of her thighs. She can’t stop herself from trying to squirm away, but it does her no good. Indra just keeps going, turning her skin hot and red.

And somehow, the more it hurts, the greater her pleasure is. She bites her lip as he gently trails the crop over her dripping sex, fighting back a moan. To her profound relief, he does not start hitting her there, instead going back to striking her rear after teasing her clit with the leather flap.

It isn’t long before her toes are curling in pleasure, body faintly trembling as her breath hitches on a moan. Indra stops before she can reach climax, watching in amusement as she futilely struggles against the ropes, pissed off and desperate for friction on her aching clit.

“Look at you. Your cunt is just begging to be filled, isn’t it?” asks Indra. He plunges his fingers back inside her, delighting in the way her walls clamp down around him. The way anger was washed away by reluctant pleasure was just beautiful.

Tobirama squirms, unable to get away from his touch, which just serves to make the heat inside her grow. She has no experience with this, no resistance to the way he was making her body feel. It was maddening the way he kept bringing her to the edge, only to abruptly stop, making her want to cum.

He had no right to make her feel this way!

“You….bastard,” she gasps out. “Get your hands off me!”

“Oh?” he says, a mischievous glint appearing in his eyes. “If it’s my *hands* you object to, then I’ll just have to use something else, hmm? But not here,” His fingers leave her with an embarrassing wet noise and taps against her clit for emphasis, “There’s something else drawing my eye.”

He shifts closer, placing his hands on the bed beside her chest. “Look at your nipples, standing at attention, just begging to be sucked.”

Her eyes widen in horror as she tries to jerk away, but all it does is cause her chest to sway before his amused eyes. Pleasure jolts through her as his mouth latches onto her nipple, a breathy moan escaping her before she can stop it. Dammit. Why did her nipples have to be so sensitive?

Soft whimpers fall from her lips as his tongue runs over her skin and his hands caress her breasts. Her hips twitch without her control, internal muscles clenching as she aches to be filled. With barely any effort on his part, he’s lit a fire within her that eats away at her self-control. If her hands were free right now, she doesn’t know whether she would push him away or pull him closer.

“See, what did I tell you? Your nipples were made to be sucked on,” says Indra. “You’ll look gorgeous nursing our baby.”

“W-What?” she asks.

Indra smirks. “But of course we’re going to have a child, Tobirama-chan. With how pretty you are, how could I not want to put a baby in your belly? A physical manifestation of my love for you and proof to everyone else that you’re mine. And just think of how strong any child of ours will be.”

Tobirama falls silent. A powerful child, one that could protect themselves from spirits…..and a husband with an odd power who could also potentially keep himself safe?
“Hmm. You like the thought of that, don’t you? We’ll have a few children together. An only child would get lonely,” says Indra.

Tobirama frowns but neither confirms nor denies his assumption. She was still too muddle-headed with lust to make any life altering decisions. She would let Indra rattle on with his fantasies for now and choose whether or not to shatter his dreams later.

Indra doesn’t seem to care about her silence and proceeds to pull something else out of his backpack. A thin chain in the shape of a y with clamps on either end.

“What is that?” she asks.

“Originally, I wasn’t sure if I would use this, but you seemed to enjoy the spanking well enough. Obviously, a little bit of pain doesn’t bother you,” says Indra.

Apprehension coils in her gut at those words. Where was he planning to put those clamps? She soon gets her answer as the first two clamp onto her nipples, sparking pain and pleasure along her nerves. Her wrists ache as she struggles, trying to reach the clamps to get them off.

“Hmm. Such a strong reaction and I haven’t even finished putting them on yet,” says Indra.

Tobirama freezes, looking down at the third clamp with dread. The chain was short, but it just barely reached down to her clit. She tries to twist her hips away, but Indra follows the movement, the soft rubber tips forcibly gripping her sensitive clit.

She lets out a choked moan as he tugs on the chain, that flashfire of pain sending another wave of heat through her veins. How could something that hurt feel so good? Did other people feel pleasure from pain?

It was embarrassing how wet she was, feeling slick trickle out of her every time her muscles clench. Her body was certainly willing to welcome Indra inside of her even though her mind still has mixed feelings about it.

The sound of rustling cloth draws her attention as Indra undresses, revealing lean muscles and a few battle scars. Maybe if he wasn’t wearing robes all the time, she would have noticed before now that he was clearly a warrior. And maybe she wouldn’t have been so quick to reject his advances if he hadn’t tried so hard to pretend to be a mild-mannered civilian.

Her eyes drift down as Indra removes the last of his clothes, his cock springing free of its confinement. She doesn’t have anything to compare it to, but it looks big. Will something like that really fit?

“Don’t look so worried, Tobirama-chan. I’ll stretch you out very thoroughly with my fingers before fucking you,” says Indra. “In fact, by the time I’m done, I’m sure I’ll have you begging for my cock.”

Tobirama frowns at him skeptically.

“You don’t believe me?” asks Indra, amused. He shoves two fingers inside her and curls them, sending a hot jolt of pleasure through her. He laughs at her shocked moan. “Your body’s already begging for you. It knows what you really are, a slut desperate to be fucked.”

He adds another finger before she can respond, scissoring them inside her. With how aroused she is, it barely aches as he stretches her. However, it was embarrassing when he pushed his fingers against her vaginal walls and held her open. He was clearly doing it to mess with her too, the way he was smirking at her flushed cheeks.
“Hmm. You’re so pretty inside, Tobirama-chan. I wonder what you taste like.”

“Taste…? Mm!” Her question is cut off by a moan as Indra licks inside her. His tongue glides up, flicking against her bound clit. Her muscles tremble as every stroke of his tongue brings her closer to the edge. She grits her teeth to bite back a whimper as he stops, unable to prevent the helpless twitching of her hips as her body craves friction.

Indra keeps repeating this pattern, over and over again, until just the lightest touch is enough to bring her desire roaring back to life. She would be amazed at his patience if he wasn’t using it to torment her. Her head feels clouded, all her thoughts centered around the need to cum. Pride was starting to take second place to the need between her legs.

Licking dry lips, she manages to get the word out in a whisper, a simple please.

Indra pounces upon her weakness, like a cat about to make the kill. “What is it, Tobirama-chan? Tell me exactly what you need.”

And right before she can answer, Indra shifts his hips forward, sliding his cock between her wet folds. Her brain stalls at how good it feels, moaning as the movement jostles the clitoris clamp. He definitely timed that right. With his cock pressed right up against her and frustrated desire burning hot in her veins, all she could think of is how much better he would feel inside her.

“I need—” She hesitates, embarrassed to say it out loud. Indra harshly jerks on the chain, a startled cry escaping her as he nipples throb. “I need you inside me, please.”

“What are you wanting me to put inside you, Tobirama-chan? My fingers?” asks Indra. He wiggles the digits in front of her face, still wet from her slick. “Maybe you want them in here?”

Her protest is muffled as he pushes three fingers into her mouth, dragging them along her tongue. She can taste herself on his skin, a thought that makes her empty pussy clench down around nothing.

“Come on, Tobirama-chan. We both know what you want. My cock inside your cunt. All you have to do is say it. Tell me how much of a cock-slut you are,” says Indra.

“I…I’m a cock-slut,” she says, mortified by how aroused it makes her feel to say it. This was not the way she was taught that a lady should speak. “I need to feel your cock inside me, filling up my…my…”

“Your cunt?” asks Indra.

She nods.

“And you’re sure it’s just my cock you want? I’m sure I could find a few willing guys to sate your cravings if just anyone will do,” says Indra, mouth turned down at the idea of anyone else touching her.

“No!” She nearly shouts, then quieter, “No. I only want you to touch me this way.”

Indra’s eyes flash with triumph before he leans down, kissing her for the very first time. His possessiveness shines through clearly as he takes her mouth, tongue prying her lips apart. There was a brief moment where she considers biting him, but his kiss feels too good to stop.

He nips at her bottom lip, making her shiver, before moving his mouth down to her neck. Soft licks against her skin before teeth sink in, marking her as Indra’s. The slight sting barely registers as Indra chooses that moment to start pushing inside her, a pleasurable ache that makes her throw her head back with a loud moan.
She can hear Indra muffle his own moan against her shoulder, his teeth never leaving her skin as he rocks his hips forward, only stopping when he’s fully inside her. Indra doesn’t give her long to adjust, his patience apparently used up from teasing her.

“You feel so good around me, Tobirama-chan, like we were made to fit together,” says Indra. “No one else gets to have you like this. You’re mine now.”

Tobirama shudders as he thrusts deeply inside her, a part of her even enjoying his words. If it was anyone else claiming her this way, she would have hated it, but Indra….she cared for Indra more than she wanted to admit. That was why his forcefulness turned her on instead of frightened her.

His thrusts get rougher the longer he fucks her, the chain jostling with every movement, providing constant stimulation to her clit and nipples. She can feel herself fast approaching release, every little sensation adding to the rising tide of pleasure. This time, Indra doesn’t try to stop her from cumming, just fucking her through it as her muscles tighten around his cock.

The pleasure barely dims down as he continues moving, quickly tipping her over into another orgasm not even a minute later. She gasps for breath, staring up at the ceiling with glazed eyes. It’s not until he cums and stops moving that the pleasure dies down, allowing her body to cool off. And now that the pleasure was gone, all her mind could focus on was the pain. Her muscles were aching, both from the uncomfortable stretch and the forming bruises from the crop. She could only image how much worse this position would feel if she didn’t regularly stretch.

“Can you take the clamps off now?” asks Tobirama. “The pain is no longer giving me any enjoyment.”

Indra blinks. “…Yes, of course.”

He removes them gently, but the blood rushing back in still has her hissing in pain. Indra pets at her hair, trying to be soothing. He tosses the clamps back into his bag then goes about untying her feet.

“You haven’t pulled out yet,” says Tobirama, frowning.

Indra glances down to where their bodies are still joined, licking his lips. “No, I haven’t. I wasn’t joking when I said I want to get you pregnant. If I stay inside, my seed can’t drip out.”

“Which raises the chance of me getting pregnant?” she asks dryly. “You should consider yourself lucky that I’m not on birth control. Some people take that even when they’re not married.”

Indra carefully lowers her legs down onto the bed, giving her an uncertain look. “That didn’t sound like an objection. To having my child, I mean.”

Tobirama frowns. “I suppose it’s not. I’m most definitely angry with how you went about this, tying me down and forcing the issue, but I don’t feel…traumatized. I’ve always felt some affection for you, but I think the main reason I didn’t want to date anyone was because of what happened to my parents. My father didn’t have any spiritual powers and was possessed by a spirit one day. The spirit then used him to fight my mother, and it led to both of their deaths.”

“You were worried about getting attached to anyone, for fear of that happening to you,” realizes Indra. “I’ve never had a spirit try to possess me. In fact, it almost seems like they avoid me. Perhaps, with your help, I could learn how to actively use these abilities against evil spirits.”

Tobirama gives him a considering look then nods her head. She pointedly tugs at the shackles around her wrists, prompting him to finally untie her. Slowly sitting up, she places her hand at the base of his throat, her thumb pressed against his pulse. His muscles tense, eyes searching hers for any hint of a threat.
“Don’t think that everything is fine between us. It isn’t. You’ve proven that I don’t have to worry about you dying at any moment by spirit attack, but you’ve broken my trust. You’re going to have to earn that back before I’ll give you an invitation into my bed. I’ll allow you to court me now, but if you try to force the issue of sex at any time, I’ll call everything off and report what you did to the authorities. I’m sure someone on this continent would be able to arrest you,” says Tobirama.

Indra grimaces. “My father could and possibly my brother if he’s gotten stronger while I was away. But I see your point. I want us to be able to have a real relationship, and I’m grateful that this hasn’t completely ruined everything. This was….I knew it would probably make things worse, but I was so frustrated by not being able to get through to you. If I knew you were uninterested, it would have been different, but I could tell that you wanted me. I didn’t…I couldn’t accept your rejection when you were rejecting your own feelings too.”

Tobirama’s lips twist down into a displeased frown. His reasons don’t excuse his actions, but at least he wasn’t acting out of malice. And the sex had been good….very good. Truthfully, she probably wasn’t going to wait more than a few weeks to have sex again, for her own sake.

“Hmm. Your actions may have been wrong, but at least they reflect your emotions for once. To be honest, it’s amazing that I even can like you with how fake you act half the time. Pretending to be overly polite, and acting like nothing I do bothers you. Did you think I would be more likely to accept you if you pretended my rejection wasn’t frustrating? Wasn’t painful? Bottling all your emotions up and then letting them out explosively like this. Is this how we’ll always communicate?” asks Tobirama.

“No,” he says slowly, biting his lip and showing some actual vulnerability for once. “You fight dark spirits all the time. I thought showing frustration and other dark emotions would make you more wary of me.”

“People with darker emotions can be possessed more easily,” she agrees, “but the number of times I’ve had to exorcise people has just proven to me that everyone has dark emotions at some point. I never intended to keep my heart walled off forever, but I certainly wasn’t going to take a risk on someone who wouldn’t let me get to know all of them.”

“Oh.”

Tobirama rolls her eyes at Indra’s dejected tone and pushes at his shoulder. “Would you pull out already? I need to clean up and go back to sleep. This relationship is not going to interfere with my Miko responsibilities.”

Indra slowly, reluctantly, pulls his hips back. His expression shifts, becoming lustful, as he watches his seed trickle out of her.

Tobirama sighs. “Babies are so much work. How am I supposed to take care of an infant while exorcising spirits throughout the country?”

“I’ll come with you,” says Indra, stating it like a fact and not a suggestion. “I have a younger brother. I saw how my parents took care of him, so I know what to do. And it doesn’t seem safe for a young woman to travel on her own, anyway.”

Tobirama scoffs. “Normal people don’t attack Miko. It’s bad luck. If the Miko lives to report the attack, no one from the Temples will ever help them again. And it’s said that if you kill a Miko, your ancestral spirits won’t help you ever again, leaving you even more vulnerable to dark spirit possession. It’s said to dishonor the entire family to attack a Miko.”

“So you’ve never been attacked, but there’s still a possibility of it,” concludes Indra. “Perhaps I should teach you self-defense.”
Tobirama stills. “….You would teach me how to fight?”

Indra looks at her puzzled. “Well, yes. I don’t want you to be hurt.”

“But if I could fight, truly fight, you wouldn’t be able to overpower me either,” points out Tobirama.

“Tobirama, as long as you’re giving me a chance, I don’t want to overpower you. It’s always been my wish that you would willingly be with me,” says Indra sincerely.

Tobirama thinks about that for a moment. “….You can stay here for the night,” she eventually decides. “In the morning, you’ll give me my first fighting lesson. If you don’t annoy me terribly, then each day you train with me, I’ll let you sleep beside me. However,” she adds, seeing him starting to look a little too happy, “Sleeping next to me doesn’t equal sex. I’ll let you know when I’m ready for that again.”

Indra gives her a genuine smile, not that fake too-bright grin that sometimes made her wonder who he was trying to imitate. “I’ll keep my hands from wandering,” he assures her.

“Good. Now, how about you get my towel from the closet? I’m feeling sore,” says Tobirama.

Rather than take offense at her tone, Indra smirks and hops off from the bed to get her the desired towel. Well, at least his inner darkness didn’t equate to ‘brooding lone wolf.’ That had also been something she worried about. Without him letting her see the full force of his personality, she couldn’t tell how he would actually act once winning her over and no longer needing to put up masks.

She raises an eyebrow when he starts to clean her off himself but decides to allow it. He made the mess. It’s only right that he clean it up. Besides, she likes the proof of his softer feelings. If all he felt for her was carnal desire, he would have left her to take care of herself.

“I also have a cream in my bag, to help with the bruising. I haven’t been able to use my energy for healing yet, though my father is quite good at it. He seems to think it’s a matter of control and that I’ll get it eventually,” says Indra.

He pulls out a small jar from his bag and uncaps it. His fingers hover over the salve, eyes flickering to her face and then down to her legs. She bites her lip in thought, then slowly turns over onto her stomach. It makes her a bit nervous to have her back to him, but if he was going to earn her trust, then she was going to have to give him opportunities to prove himself.

Indra doesn’t disappoint her. His hands are gentle on her skin as he spreads the cream, his touch not lingering longer than needed. Instead of using it as an opportunity to grope her, he treats the situation seriously and sees to her medical needs.

The cream was cool against her skin, soothing away the uncomfortable warmth. Hopefully, it would help her heal quickly. She doesn’t want the awkward questions that will come if anyone notices she’s having trouble sitting.

Indra packs everything away when he’s done then lies beside her, tugging the blanket up to cover them both. After a moment, she notices him slowly scooting closer. Testing to see how close she’ll let him get?

“You can sleep next to me, but don’t be putting your arms around me. It’ll be strange enough getting used to having someone else in the bed with me without the constant touching,” says Tobirama.

Indra hums an acknowledgement and stops with just a few inches of space between them. She
shifts slightly, trying to get comfortable. Realizing it was going to be impossible to sleep on her stomach, squishing her breasts the whole time, she turns onto her side. Annoyed to find Indra watching her, she closes her eyes and tries to fall asleep.

Tobirama disconnects from his alternate’s memories, bored now that the action is over. Well, that had certainly been an interesting memory, with his alternate being even more confused about her sexual desires than he had been. She was in denial about her crush on Indra and had mixed feelings about him forcing the issue.

If he was understanding her emotions correctly, she had gotten aroused from him ignoring her saying no, though it had angered her at the same time. Likely, if it had been anyone else, it would have only caused anger.

Was this what people meant when they used the term ‘forced seduction?’

With a slight frown, Tobirama gets up from his bed, sliding the phone back into his pocket. Whatever it’s called, it isn’t his problem. And maybe he would have more sympathy for her if she hadn’t chosen to forgive Indra and get together with him anyway. The fact that she had means there’s no point in worrying about her.

A glance at the clock lets him know it’s time to head downstairs, greeting his brothers as he passes them to get a cup of tea. He helps Kawarama set the table and then they all sit down to eat.

“You were viewing a memory before dinner, right? Did you see anything interesting?” asks Itama.

“Interesting is one word for it. My alternate was born into the past as a Miko, during the time of Indra and Ashura. In that world, spirits were real and some of them possessed people. It was a Miko’s job to exorcise them,” replies Tobirama.

“Did they have chakra in that world?” asks Itama.

“They didn’t call it that, but it felt like my alternate was using a form of chakra. I believe the spiritual part of it was higher than the physical,” says Tobirama. “And Indra had some kind of ability that let him levitate things. He could also use fuinjutsu.”

“Huh. Did you see any other historical figures?” asks Kawarama.

Tobirama shakes his head. “No. Indra was always the one coming to visit my alternate. And she never saw anyone else that I recognize as historically famous when traveling the countryside to exorcise dark spirits.”

“Hmm. Too bad. Maybe we should try visiting the Indra and Ashura from our dimension,” says Hashirama.

“….Maybe,” says Tobirama.

“You don’t think it’s a good idea?” asks Itama.

Tobirama shrugs. “It depends on how they would react. They might have already had a bunch of people visit them. They could be sick of the attention by now.”

“Like you were, being one of the founders of the village?” asks Hashirama knowingly. “Come to think of it, we haven’t had many people try to visit us now, have we?”

“We don’t allow visitors to the house,” says Kawarama. “They can’t teleport in near the property without our permission. Still, any time you two are in a public place, you risk having a fan
suddenly pop up behind you.”

“Are you saying when we were having sex in that flower field, we could have suddenly had an audience?” asks Tobirama, not sure whether to be amused or appalled.

“Um, yeah. Pretty much,” says Kawarama. He smiles apologetically. “At least their expressions would have been funny?”

Tobirama huffs out a silent laugh, shaking his head. “The only ones I want seeing me naked are the ones I’m having sex with…..Well, right now, anyway. Exhibition sounds like an interesting idea in theory, but I’m not entirely comfortable with the idea yet.”

“Then you should keep that in mind any time we’re having sex outside. If the only ones you want to be able to teleport nearby are the people you’d be willing to have sex with, then those are the only people who will be able to find you,” says Kawarama.

“What about people he hasn’t met yet but would be willing to have sex with once he has?” asks Hashirama. “Will the…magic of this place just somehow know?”

“Uh….possibly? If we’re assuming that this place is controlled by a higher power that can see the future…,” says Kawarama.

“Right. So if someone pops up during sexy time, we should invite them to join in,” says Itama.

“We’ll make that decision when or if it happens,” says Tobirama.

“Okay then. Any plans for tonight?” asks Kawarama.

“I was thinking I might visit Danzo for a few hours,” says Tobirama.

“Mito has asked me to attend a play with her sometime this week. If we’re making separate plans tonight, I can call her and see if she’s available,” says Hashirama.

Itama shrugs. “I could go to a museum, maybe?”

“How about an art museum?” suggests Kawarama. “We could see if Keitaro and Takeo want to go with us.”


“I’m going to stay with Mito,” says Hashirama.

“I’ll be coming back home. My relationship with Danzo hasn’t progressed that far yet,” says Tobirama.

“Things not going as smoothly as you’d hoped?” asks Kawarama.

Tobirama scowls down at his plate. “I find myself being less forgiving than many of my counterparts, though I try not to show it to Danzo. Being harshly judgmental won’t help him rediscover his morals.”

Itama hums noncommitally. “Does he at least appreciate the effort you’re making?”

“I believe so. Hiruzen and Kagami are still pissed at him, so that gives him a good idea of how I could be reacting,” says Tobirama.

“They do have a right to be angry. But aside from that, since you aren’t staying with him, I’d like you to stay in my bed tonight,” says Itama. Seeing Tobirama blink in surprise, he clarifies, “Not
for sex. We already did that today, but we don’t need to have sex to cuddle.”

Tobirama flushes at Itama’s pointed look. Were his insecurities really that obvious?

“I don’t want you to hesitate to ask for comfort when you need it,” says Itama. “I know you have trouble sleeping sometimes. We aren’t going to make fun of you for having nightmares.”

“We both had nightmares when we first got here,” says Kawarama. “We got over it, eventually, but not without talking to people. Not to mention, we were only in the living world for a short time. I’m sure you and Hashirama have seen a lot more horror in your lives than we have.”

“Mito helped me deal with the nightmares while I was alive. She still does sometimes,” says Hashirama.

Tobirama sighs, trying to will away his discomfort. “I suppose it would be helpful….to sleep next to someone.”

“You’re welcome in our bed anytime, Tobirama. It doesn’t have to be from nightmares, either. If you just want some company, sexual or otherwise, my door is always open for you,” says Itama.

“Mine too,” says Kawarama.

“And mine,” says Hashirama. “Though, I may not always be home. You can always call if you need me specifically.”

“Thank you.”

They finish supper and clean up before everyone heads to the door. Before leaving, they exchange kisses, a soft press of lips that leaves a warm glow in his chest. He wonders if they can tell how much he likes that, this routine of showing casual affection, kisses and hugs that don’t end in sex, only there for the purpose of conveying their love for him.

He leaves the house with a smile and teleports into the prison zone. Danzo’s house was in a secluded area deep in the woods, and he had been given permission to teleport into the backyard. To his slight surprise, he finds Danzo already outside, chopping firewood.

The air has a slight Autumn chill to it, just cold enough to start up the fireplace. Danzo is more old-fashioned than Itama and Kawrama, having chosen that over central heating. It was a bit nostalgic every time he visits Danzo now, remembering sitting beside his brothers in front of a fireplace as kids during the winter.

He gets to see Danzo swing his axe, cutting a log in half, before the other catches sight of him. For a moment, he almost wishes Danzo hadn’t seen him yet. There was something appealing about watching the easy way Danzo was able to chop wood, as though the weight of the axe was nothing. Such a stark difference there was between the strength of a shinobi and a civilian.

“Tobirama,” says Danzo, almost dropping his axe as he spins to face him. “I hadn’t been expecting you.”

“It was a last minute decision. I hope I’m not interrupting anything,” says Tobirama.

“No. I’m always glad to have you visit. Just let me put the axe away and I’ll get a pot of tea brewing,” says Danzo. He walks away before Tobirama can answer, storing his axe away in a small shed beside the house. Then he gathers up the firewood and holds the door open for Tobirama to step into the house.

Danzo adds another log to the fire and heads into the kitchen to make tea. Tobirama sits on the couch, nearest to the fireplace, soaking up the warmth. Danzo soon returns with two steaming
cups of tea on a tray, setting it on the low table before them before handing a cup to Tobirama.

It’s a new flavor this time, which comes as no surprise. Even in the living world, Danzo had a hobby of trying as many different types of teas as were available. Now that they’re in the afterlife, there are even more options for him to try.

“How is it?” asks Danzo.

“It’s good. Kind of citrusy,” says Tobirama.

“It’s an herbal blend with dried fruit, a type not found in the living world. Looks a bit like a blue apple with a tangy, almost sour taste,” says Danzo. “I’ve noticed it tastes good in salads.”

“I don’t believe I’ve tried that yet,” says Tobirama.

“I have a few in the kitchen,” says Danzo, standing up. “I know you’ve probably just eaten, but you can take it home with you.”

Tobirama accepts the fruit with a smile. “Very hospitable of you. Thank you.”

Danzo shrugs, sitting back down beside him. “It’s just a fruit. I’ve got a tree growing in the backyard that will start producing them in a few years. Anyway, how did that Senju reunion turn out?”

“It was mostly fun. The number of people was a bit overwhelming after a while. I’ll probably be willing to go to another one in a few months. How have things been with you?” asks Tobirama.

“Things have been good, although….I think this place might be having an effect on my mind?” says Danzo uncertainly. “Not in a negative way, but…..I’ve been doing some research on those who’ve managed to get out of here. Apparently, many of them reverted back to an earlier mindset. People usually don’t start out amoral enough to end up here. So I’ve just been noticing that I’m starting to think differently, like how I used to. I also believe people have to want to repent for the change to happen. That’s why many people have been in here for centuries with very little chance of getting out.”

Tobirama stares at Danzo for a moment, flummoxed. “Well, you were a decent person in your youth. So I suppose this is a good thing?”

“….Yeah, I guess. I just hope I don’t get the cowardice back with the rest of my previous mentality,” says Danzo, sounding a bit bitter.

Tobirama nearly rolls his eyes. “Is this about how I died? Being afraid to sacrifice yourself isn’t an unusual human reaction.”

“But…”

Tobirama cuts him off. “I will admit that Hiruzen’s lack of hesitation in volunteering as the decoy played a major role in my decision to name him my successor. An Hokage needs to be willing to sacrifice themself to protect the village. It’s not a lack of fear that makes someone a good leader. I’m sure Hiruzen would have been nervous as his death grew closer. Bravery isn’t about a lack of fear. It’s what you do in spite of it. I always thought you had a good head for strategy as I was teaching you and that your plans would be more successful if you got rid of your hesitation. It’s a shame you tried to stamp down your compassion in your quest to rid yourself of fear. And you didn’t even succeed with the later.”

“What do you mean?” asks Danzo, frowning.
“Your implanted Uchiha eyes. Are you really telling me that had nothing to do with your fear of death?” asks Tobirama pointedly.

Danzo pauses. “A part of me wants to protest. At the time, I justified that I was doing that for power to keep protecting the village. But I think you’re right. I was afraid to die, and I relied on those eyes too much.”

“Did you truly sabotage Hiruzen’s efforts to make peace with the Uchiha for their eyes?” asks Tobirama.

Danzo shakes his head. “That was a secondary goal. I thought the Uchiha were a threat waiting to happen. That even if I didn’t incite them to rebel, they would anyway. Only without me speeding things along, we wouldn’t have any idea when their coup would happen and be unprepared. Madara helped found the village and yet he tried to destroy it in the end. It didn’t help that my parents were alive during the time that my clan and the Uchiha were enemies. Being on a team with Kagami helped me get over some of that prejudice, but it started coming back with Madara’s actions, and then Kagami died and wasn’t around to remind me of the Uchiha’s more positive qualities.”

“Part of the reason I founded Root was because of Madara,” continues Danzo. “I thought emotions made you irrational and more likely to betray the village. If one of the people who helped create the village ended up wanting to destroy it, what was to stop others from deciding the same? They could meet someone outside the village and be influenced by them. I wanted soldiers that wouldn’t let their emotions cloud their judgement. However, I was arrogant in making them solely loyal to myself, thinking that I would always know what was best for Konoha.”

“….I feel like you’ve been talking to a therapist,” says Tobirama.

“It’s that obvious? Yes, I realized it would be easier to come to terms with my actions being wrong if I talked to a professional about it. Other people are more accusatory and angry about what I did. The therapists who work here all expect that their clients will have done horrible things, and know that it’s their job to calmly explain to people why society finds their actions to be wrong,” says Danzo.

“It’s been helpful?” asks Tobirama.

“Yes. My therapist has helped me sort through the conflicting emotions. A part of me is still thinking like my older self while another part has begun to view my actions through the lens of my younger self,” says Danzo.

“And your younger self would have been horrified by some of the things you’ve done,” says Tobirama.

Danzo nods. “Yes. The guilt is…uncomfortable at times, but it helps me figure out which of my actions were wrong. Although, there have been a few things the therapist seemed uncomfortable by that I haven’t felt guilt over. Morals aren’t unanimous all over the world, apparently.”

“Like Kiri with their graduation exam,” says Tobirama. “Is that where you got the idea to have your Root members kill each other?”

“It was. And most of the people in Kiri thought it was normal because they grew up with it. I still don’t know if they changed it because Momochi’s actions made them realize it was immoral or simply because they didn’t want to risk someone else doing what he did,” says Danzo.

Tobirama sighs. “Morals are a complicated thing for shinobi. Sometimes it’s more curse than blessing to see how my life could have been in other worlds. It’s an odd sensation to be jealous of myself. At least there’s less ambiguity now that we’re dead. If you meet the basic requirements of
human decency, you get to roam free. If you don’t, you get stuck here.”

“And now all I have to do is figure out which of my actions were considered acceptable when apparently murder for hire isn’t enough to get people sent to the prison zone,” says Danzo.

“At least your actions didn’t nearly result in the extinction of human life,” says Tobirama.

Danzo chokes on his tea. Tobirama hides a smirk, unwilling to admit that he had timed that on purpose.

“Are we talking about what Madara did? Because from what I hear, everyone but Zetsu was surprised when Kaguya showed up,” says Danzo.

“Hmm. Yes, but even if she hadn’t, his actions could have resulted in humanity’s extinction anyway. Everyone that got trapped by the illusion was sealed off from everyone else. How long could that jutsu have kept them alive? Madara lived a lot longer than he should have, being connected to the Gedo Mazo statue, but he was still aging. Eventually, everyone would have died and with no children to replace them,” says Tobirama.

Danzo blinks slowly, speechless for a long moment. “Are you telling me that Madara’s solution to people going to war….was to get rid of all the people?”

“Well, I don’t think that was his actual intention, but that’s what would have happened,” says Tobirama. “The next time I see him, I should ask him what he thought would happen if his jutsu worked. Zetsu obviously lied to him about the jutsu’s intended purpose, so who knows what the creature told him would happen?”

“If you manage to get an answer from him, perhaps you could share that knowledge with me?”

“Of course. I wouldn’t be debating about his motives with you if I wasn’t willing to share the answer once acquired,” says Tobirama.

“Thank you.”

There were a few minutes of silence as they finish their tea, each trying to think of something to say. In the past, there had always had a purpose in mind when speaking to Danzo. Either teaching him something or going on missions together. Pure socialization with someone he was both trying to redeem and develop a romantic relationship with was awkward.

“Would you like to play a game of Shogi?” asks Danzo.

“Yes,” says Tobirama, relieved by Danzo’s suggestion. Shogi requires enough concentration that they wouldn’t have to fill the silence with words, but could still initiate a conversation if they thought of something to say.

He takes their empty teacups into the kitchen while Danzo sets up the Shogi board, and they spend the next hour just enjoying a game together. It’s peaceful. Danzo has a quiet personality like himself. Once they’ve gotten comfortable with each other again, he can imagine them spending many evenings like this, no longer feeling the awkwardness that demands words where no words are needed.

The sun has set by the time they’re finished, and Danzo reluctantly sees him to the door. He can tell that Danzo wants to ask him to stay, but he doesn’t give him a chance to voice the invitation. Cupping Danzo’s face between his hands, he softly presses their lips together.

“Goodnight, Danzo. I’ll see you later,” says Tobirama.

“Goodnight.”
Tobirama has to stop himself from smirking when Danzo’s gaze lingers on his mouth, obligingly giving him another kiss before teleporting away. He drops the gifted fruit off at the kitchen then changes into his night clothes before heading to Itama’s room where he can sense both of his younger brothers’ chakra.

He has a flash of memory, seeing them in bed together, of when they were younger. Sharing the same futon, Hashirama and himself lying on the ends. Chasing away their younger brothers’ nightmares. It’s still odd, sometimes, to see the two of them as grown adults. He still regrets that he was unable to see them grow up.

As he approaches the bed, Kawarama sets the book he was reading on the nightstand table and Itama puts away his sudoku book. And hadn’t that been interesting to learn? Itama likes number puzzles.

“Welcome back,” says Kawarama. “Did you have fun?”

“I did, to some extent. It’s still a bit awkward talking to Danzo, but it’s getting better,” says Tobirama. He gets up onto the bed with them, taking the place between them that they’ve left open for him. Once he’s comfortably settled in, with their arms around him, he asks, “Do you ever think it’s odd, the way our relationship has developed from brothers to lovers?”

“Sometimes,” admits Itama. “We don’t really feel the taboo of it the way people who’ve grown up in the living world do, though. We hadn’t even really gone through puberty yet, either. So it’s not as strange to us. It’s just different.”

“Also, you and Hashirama were more protective of the two of us. Not that we didn’t want you guys to be safe, but that we didn’t feel as much personal responsibility to keep you that way, you know?” asks Kawarama. “We admired and respected the two of you, and that affection gradually became less platonic when we started watching our alternates’ memories.”

“And then, the two of you were here with us, and we were able to see the similarities and differences between you and the alternates. We still feel the same comradery as when we were just brothers, but the love is less platonic now,” says Itama.

Kawarama hums in agreement and trails his hand down Tobirama’s chest suggestively. “Much less platonic.”

Tobirama smiles and shifts onto his side to kiss Kawarama. And unlike with Danzo, there was no guilt attached, to feel affection for someone who had done such horrible things. Kawarama was one of the nicest people he’d ever met, killed by war and yet rarely getting angry. Both Kawarama and Itama had developed into kind people, ironically being able to live more freely now that they were dead. The living world had tried to stifle their creativity.

“Are we doing sexy stuff now, or is it sleep time?” asks Itama, cuddling up to his back.

Tobirama considers it for a moment, but he feels tired. Not necessarily too tired to get it up, but enough that his interest in sex is low. “Sleep would be best. Sex in the morning?”

“Sounds good to me,” agrees Itama.

“Me too. Goodnight, Tobi. ‘Night, Itama. Love you both.”

“Love you too,” replies Itama.

Tobirama returns the words softly, not yet able to speak his affections as easily as they do. Perhaps in time, he’ll be able to declare his love the way they do, as easy as breathing. Even
Hashirama, who went through the same experiences he did, never let the war harden him against showing affection. Sometimes he envied him that.

He forces his mind off the negative as Itama turns off the lights, slowing down his breathing to calm his mind. Eventually, he drifts off into sleep, the nightmares kept at bay by the soothing feel of his brothers’ chakra just beside him. His subconscious mind knows there can’t be any danger if the two of them are calm beside him.
Izuna/Tobirama abo, Tobirama/Uchiha brothers petplay

Chapter Notes

The first half of this chapter is for Nocturne89. They requested Izuna/Tobirama alpha/omega. And when I mentioned having an idea for that, but with the people also having animal ears/tails, they agreed that would work for their prompt.

The second half of this chapter is in the afterlife verse, Tobirama/Uchiha brothers, petplay.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tobirama scrolls through the a/b/o internet forum, curious about how many different ways this dynamic could manifest. The concept itself is vaguely arousing, except for how many worlds are sexist against omegas. Or maybe the ones who made this website are just looking at the wrong worlds. He’s certain there’s got to be at least a few dimensions where omegas are treated as equals.

Perhaps that’s the memory he’ll view today. A world where omegas are able to keep their mind long enough to choose who to have sex with during their heat. He shuts down his computer and types the scenario into his phone, lying down on his bed before hitting enter.

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Tobirama pants harshly for breath, a kunai coming a hair’s breadth from nicking his neck as he dodges. He normally has a faster reaction time than this, but his stomach is cramping and there’s a dizzying heat spreading through his body. He had recognized the signs this morning, but the Uchiha clan had picked an inconvenient time to attack.

With Hashirama always busy fighting Madara, someone needs to keep Izuna from decimating the rest of their clan. Touka is quickly rising in strength, but she isn’t at Izuna’s level yet. The only option he could live with was to join his brethren in battle and hope his heat didn’t fully start until the fighting was over.

Tobirama grips his sword tighter, not wanting the sweat to make it slip between his fingers. He takes a swing at Izuna, but the alpha nimbly dodges his attack. A growl escapes his throat without conscious thought, his white tail flicking with irritation.

“Getting slow in your old age, wolf?” asks Izuna tauntingly.

Tobirama’s eyes narrow. In the nineteen years he’s been alive, he’s heard those jokes about his hair more than a dozen times. It normally doesn’t bother him anymore, but he’s feeling agitated right now. He wants to fight.

Unfortunately, his body wasn’t done preparing for his heat yet. His reflexes slow as the fight goes on, a sudden dizzy spell making him stagger. Izuna’s punch knocks him off his feet, his jaw aching as he blinks up at the sky. He sees Izuna frown down at him in confusion before his vision goes dark.

He doesn’t know how much time passes before the sound of voices drag him from his slumber. With his last memory being the sight of his enemy crouching over him, he keeps himself still and
his eyes closed as he listens.

“….complete foolishness. You should have just killed him or left him there like Izuna did! What were you thinking, Takeshi?” rants a very familiar voice. Madara.

Damn.

“Um….I was thinking he smelled good? He’s an enemy, you know? What does his matter if I use him during his heat?” asks Takeshi defensively.

Madara sighs. “How old are you again?”

“Sixteen.”

“Right. I’m guessing you just presented recently and haven’t yet gotten the talk from your parents. Kid, alphas can’t kill an omega they’ve had sex with, especially if they get them knocked up. And it takes two weeks to tell if a pregnancy has taken hold, two weeks in which the alpha is going to be overly protective as if they were pregnant,” says Madara.

“….Oh. I guess that means we should kill him then?” asks Takeshi, sounding a bit disappointed.

Madara snorts. “You think your instincts will let you kill an omega in heat outside of battle?”

There’s a short pause. “…No.”

“Didn’t think so. I can only hope he chooses Izuna. I don’t need the headache of a pregnant omega during a war,” says Madara.

“Why would he choose Izuna?” asks Takeshi incredulously. “They fight all the time!”

Another silence ensues, and though Tobirama has his eyes closed, he just knows it’s a judgmental one. Mostly because that’s how he feels. How can someone not know this? What on earth are that boy’s parents teaching him?

“….Right. I guess you don’t understand the significance of people having different types of animal ears and tails? Our clan, the panthers, and the Senju wolves, we’re both predator types. Just like tigers, lions, and other large felines. A predatory omega can’t submit to an alpha that isn’t at least equal to them in fighting ability. They can still have sex, of course, but it isn’t going to be as satisfying and their instincts are going to make them uncomfortable the entire time,” says Madara.

“That’s why the omegas always seem to want to spar when they’re going into heat,” realizes Takeshi. “I had noticed that, but I didn’t realize it was something they needed. Do the prey types not fight?”

“They usually don’t. They pick their heat partner based solely on emotion. And some of them choose not to have a heat partner at all, using toys to help them get through their heat,” says Madara.

Tobirama presses his lips together, trying not to grimace. An omega goes through three heats a year. Presenting at seventeen, he’s only tried to go through a heat solo once. It was an agonizing experience. Apparently, he was one of the few omegas who had difficulty orgasming during a heat without a knot inside them.

He’s gone through the rest of his heats with a different Senju relative each time, all distantly related enough that a pregnancy wouldn’t have complications, though birth control made that a moot point. However, like Madara said, they weren’t very satisfying experiences. No one in the clan but Hashirama could match him for strength, and he wasn’t interested in his brother that way.
Maybe this time, he can find out how a heat is supposed to be like. Granted, it’s going to be with an enemy, but nothing in life is perfect. He’s also going to have to worry about Madara killing him in three weeks if the heat doesn’t yield in a pregnancy.

Well, unless he chooses Madara for a heart partner. Then he’ll have to worry about Izuna killing him. And well, he would have better luck defending himself from Izuna than Madara, but he doesn’t want to have sex with Madara. The man is as overdramatic and bullheaded as Hashirama.

Izuna it is, then.

Tobirama stays lying in the bed even after the two Uchiha leave the room, having heard Madara mutter about birth control tea. In less than ten minutes, Madara is back, and he hears the sound of ceramic tapping against wood. He waits until the door clicks shut and Madara’s footsteps fade away before opening his eyes, cautiously looking around.

Alone.

He sighs in relief and sits up, throwing the covers back. Stepping quietly, he gets up, grabs the cup of tea and makes his way to the bedroom’s second door, revealing a small bathroom.

Setting the cup on the counter, he locks the door and strips down. He feels filthy, sweat and dirt sticking to his skin. His senses are more enhanced during a heat, and the smell was getting unbearable. Mindful that he’s still in enemy territory, he doesn’t spend any longer in the shower than he needs to, quickly drying off with the provided towel.

His lips pull back, showing off his fangs in a silent snarl, as he catches sight of the Uchiha fan. Did they stitch that symbol on every piece of fabric they own? His own clan wasn’t even that prideful.

He places the offending towel back onto the rack when he’s done, reluctantly getting back into his old clothes. The tea sits waiting for him, now unpleasantly cooled. He turns the faucet on, takes one sip of the tea and dumps the rest down the drain. Instead of swallowing, he swirls the tea around his mouth, then quietly spits it out.

That will get the scent of it in his mouth without enough of it absorbing into his system to be effective. He’s in the heart of enemy territory, with his scent acting as a beacon for every unmated alpha around. The only way he’s getting out of this situation alive is to get knocked up.

It’s not an entirely unpleasant thought. He’s always intended to have a family, though this is a few years earlier than he’s planned. And maybe if he has Izuna’s child, he and Madara will not be so keen to stay at war with the Senju clan.

Tobirama sighs, wondering when his brother’s naivety became contagious. Still, if he does become pregnant, he’ll have at least nine months to try and convince Izuna and Madara to make peace with his clan. He’s not one for blind optimism, but he can be just as stubborn as his brother. Izuna and Madara will stop this pointless fighting or they won’t have any peace at home.

Now fully dressed, he steps back into the bedroom, glad to find it still empty. Then he catches sight of the outfit on the bed and stares. He recognizes those clothes. It was the spare outfit he keeps inside a storage scroll. Of course, he had expected them to disarm him, but he still feels disgruntled that they had apparently rifled through his belongings.

At least he has something clean to wear now. And the only scent on the cloth belongs to Madara. He doesn’t want that weak alpha’s, Takeshi’s, scent on his clothes. For a moment, his instincts stir to life, woken up by the scent of an alpha as strong as Madara, but then his distaste at the idea of mating with the man tamps that reaction down.
He locks the bedroom door and gets changed again, feeling a little calmer now that he’s fully clean. As far as he can tell, there aren’t any chakra signatures in the rest of the house, so he cautiously ventures out of the room. Down a short hallway and into an impersonalized living room. No pictures on the walls and nothing beyond a couch and short table.

The scents were faded as well, like someone had opened up all the windows and doors and let the breeze carry them away. Perhaps they had. His own clan has a house like this, not owned by anyone in particular. It was used sometimes by an omega in heat who didn’t think they could make it back to their own house after sparring with their chosen heat partner.

Thus, when he makes his way outside, he isn’t surprised to see a wide stretch of bare ground in front of the house. A moderate sized sparring ground with a good view of the rows of Uchiha houses in the distance.

He doesn’t have to wait long before alphas of varying ages start approaching. Word must have gotten around about Takeshi kidnapping him during his heat. Though it doesn’t really explain why some of them are here. Did their own omegas accept fights from those vastly weaker than them?

Tobirama glares disdainfully at any who try to get within ten feet of him. Most of them get the message but a few persist and shortly find themselves eating dirt. All the while he’s sure he’s giving off the scent of rejection. He can’t actually smell himself, but he knows what the scent is like from watching other omegas fight alphas they aren’t interested in.

He wonders what rules the Uchiha have in place for if an alpha wins a fight with an unwilling omega. They may be his enemies, but he assumes they’re not all rapists. Most alphas can’t even get aroused when an omega is so clearly uninterested, but you get enough people together and you’ll find someone twisted enough to ignore human decency.

It isn’t until he’s defeated the weaker alphas foolish enough to challenge him that Izuna and Madara finally show up. And although he understands why Madara steps forward first, being the stronger of the two, he can’t help the low grow that rises up in his chest. He won’t admit it, but his respect for the other man might have gone up a bit when Madara immediately steps back. That is, it goes from zero to one percent.

He shifts into a loose fighting stance as Izuna approaches, eyeing the other man warily. However, he assumes from the way interest sparks in Izuna’s eyes as he breaths in deep that his scent must have lost that hostile edge.

“Do you accept my challenge?” asks Izuna.

Tobirama blinks to keep his eyes from widening. Those were the traditional words to ask, but he hadn’t expected to be given even that much respect from an enemy. It was also a good indicator that Izuna wouldn’t force the issue if he said no. If he wanted to, he could lock himself back into the omega house and ride out his heat alone. It would be unpleasant, but he could do it.

However, that wouldn’t guarantee his safety at the end of the week. Maybe he could escape after his heat was over, but the idea of sleeping with Izuna wasn’t so unpleasant that he would risk it.

“Yes. Should we refrain from using jutsu so your clansmen don’t get hit?” asks Tobirama.

He takes some satisfaction from Izuna’s obvious surprise. Despite the insults he’s heard the Uchiha muttering about him, he’s not some sort of cold-hearted demon incapable of caring about anyone else.

“If you think you can manage,” says Izuna.
“I have sparred without jutsu before, Uchiha,” says Tobirama dryly.

Conversation over, they launch into battle, not holding back their speed and strength. He’s fought against Izuna so many times before that without the threat of death, it’s almost like a dance. He knows how Izuna will react, his fighting style as well-known as his own.

The wind carries Izuna’s scent to him as they spar, allowing him to notice how it changes the longer they fight. The bitter tang of reluctance slowly fades away to be replaced by the spicy scent of someone enjoying a fight. He knows from experience that their scent will become sweeter when they’re ready to mate.

They’re nearly evenly matched, though he knows he could go faster if he pushed himself. There isn’t a need for that right now, no blade for him to just barely dodge unscathed. Just the feeling of fists impacting flesh. He doesn’t know how long their taijutsu battle lasts until it feels like something clicks inside him, and he turns it into a grappling match. Rolling around on the ground, trying to pin each other down.

His breath comes in harsh pants as he exerts himself, making it harder to ignore Izuna’s scent. Slowly, he finds the need to fight fading away as his instincts recognize the presence of a worthy alpha. He lets his muscles relax as Izuna flips him onto his stomach and teeth gently nip at the back of his neck.

Izuna gives a short purr when he doesn’t struggle against the claiming bite, hands gripping his waist possessively. “Where do you want to do this? The omega house, my room, or right here?”

Tobirama frowns at that last option. He had nothing against those who enjoyed public sex after a claiming fight, but even if he had been one of them, he wasn’t comfortable letting his enemies watch him get fucked into the ground. Nor did he want to have sex in a house with so many other scents, faint though they might have been.

“Your room will suffice.”

A tinge of exasperation enters Izuna’s eyes at his choice of wording, but Tobirama is not in the mood to be nice. He might, just might, be a little politer after Izuna gives him an orgasm or two, but there’s no guarantee.

Despite his attitude, Izuna still lets him pick their location and takes him to his room. His instincts are much happier to be surrounded by the alpha’s scent, away from all the weak challengers. Although, he’s less pleased about Madara living in the same house, no matter how much safer his instincts insist it is to have someone else around to guard him and Izuna while they’re…distracted.

Tobirama doesn’t give much thought to the layout of the room, except to make sure they’re alone and the door locked. Then he begins to undress, neatly folding his clothes and leaving them in a pile by the bed. Izuna is less tidy, allowing his clothes to fall where they will.

He takes a seat on the bed, near the headboard, and Izuna joins him silently. His mouth twists at the awkward silence, and he can’t quite help the way he stares at Izuna challengingly, daring him to do something.

Izuna doesn’t disappoint, grabbing a handful of his hair to forcefully tilt his head back, fully baring his throat to the alpha’s gaze. Lips press against the underside of his neck, teeth grazing the delicate skin. It’s done nothing for him in the past when his weaker heat partners would try to assert their dominance. This time, though, this time it makes his blood heat, his breath hitching as pleasure shoots through him.

He blinks up at the ceiling, stunned by how such a little thing can affect him. Trying to move his head away only results in Izuna holding on tighter, his other arm snaking around his back to pull
him closer. He shivers as pleasure sparks through him again, feeling himself start to harden.

Izuna’s grip loosens as he soon as he relaxes into the embrace, fingers petting through his hair. A low purr starts up in his chest when Izuna begins to stroke his ears, the sound stuttering briefly when Izuna’s other hand rubs the base of his tail.

“Feels good?” asks Izuna.

“You know it does,” says Tobirama. As far as he knew, everyone likes this. “Don’t act like you’re doing something special—mmph.”

His words are cut off when Izuna takes his lips in a hard kiss, tongue slipping into his mouth before he can think to close it. He kisses back just as fiercely, not minding if it makes his lips sore. Izuna would soon learn that he was going to have to work for every inch of his surrender.

Not one to be easily deterred, Izuna slowly trails his hand up Tobirama’s back and around to his chest, fingers lightly brushing across Tobirama’s nipples. He can feel Izuna smirking against his mouth as he lets out a soft moan, back subtly arching as he leans into Izuna’s touch.

Izuna uses his moment of distraction to tilt his head at the angle he wants, dominating his mouth with tongue and teeth, leaving his lip tingling from little nips. He lets Izuna do what he wants, but doesn’t stay motionless. His hands explore the planes of Izuna’s chest and stomach, searching out the areas that make Izuna moan.

The sound goes straight to his cock, and he all but crawls into Izuna’s lap, both of them hissing in pleasure as their erections slide together. Izuna grabs his hips to hold him still and leaves biting kisses down his jaw and to his neck.

Tobirama groans softly and tries to move his hips, but Izuna’s grip stays firm.

“Quit that. You put your pleasure in my hands when you chose me. Now let me take care of you,” says Izuna.

Tobirama gives him an uncertain frown but stops trying to move, his tail flickering restlessly.

Izuna takes note of his reaction, eyebrows furrowing in concern. “This is alright with you, isn’t it? I know there are a few exceptions, but most omegas prefer the alpha to take control during sex?”

“Yes, I’ve just….never been with someone my instincts were comfortable submitting to before,” says Tobirama.

“I see. Hopefully, I don’t disappoint then,” says Izuna.

Izuna slides his hand down to slowly stroke Tobirama’s tail, the other hand coming up to rub the base of his ears. All the while, he begins to suck possessive marks into the side of Tobirama’s neck and shoulder. It makes it very hard to sit still.

He jolts in surprise when Izuna grabs his ass and pushes up. He had been kneeling with his thighs resting on the back of his heels. Now with his legs extended, he was at a better height for Izuna to play with his nipples, soft tongue flicking against the sensitive bud before teeth lightly bite down.

Pleasure jolts through him with every bite and lick, his cock throbbing with the need to be touched. Trying to distract himself, he rubs Izuna’s ears, smiling at the purring moan the action elicits. He has to let go a few moments later, fingers clenching in Izuna’s hair, biting his lip to stop himself from begging.

“You….are such….a tease,” says Tobirama, struggling to get the words out as his voice keeps trying to turn into a moan.
“What you call teasing, I call foreplay,” counters Izuna.

Tobirama growls. “I don’t need foreplay. I need your dick inside me.”

Izuna chokes back a laugh, aware of Tobirama’s eyes narrowing. “That was almost like begging, except for all the ways it wasn’t.”

Tobirama’s ears flatten against his head. “Am I supposed to beg?”

Izuna’s laughter fades at the uncertainty and near distaste in Tobirama’s voice. “Have you ever been with a partner outside of your heat?”

Tobirama shakes his head.

“Hmm. I suppose that wouldn’t really endear you to the concept of begging. I’ve been with a few omegas during their heat and there always ended up being a point where they became overwhelmed and started begging, but it’s not the same as a partner bringing you to that point by their touch alone. Of giving you so much pleasure that all you want is more, that not just your body but your mind yearns to have them inside you,” says Izuna.

Tobirama is silent for a moment. “…I’ve never begged any of the alphas to fuck me, even during the worst parts of my heat.”

Izuna blinks. “What?”

“I didn’t beg them,” repeats Tobirama, voice flat. “If the alpha didn’t move fast enough, I pinned him down and fucked myself on his cock.”

Izuna looks to be struck speechless. A few moments pass and then determination flashes in his eyes. He doesn’t use words but begins to manhandle Tobirama into a new position, physically dominating him.

Tobirama puts up a token struggle but can’t deny that part of himself is enjoying this. His other heat partners let him do whatever he wanted. Izuna was the first to truly try and dominate him. It was…exciting. Satisfying, even.

He ends up on his hands and knees with Izuna holding his head down against the bed. This time, the feeling of teeth on the back of his neck has him arching his back, pushing his hips back to feel Izuna’s erection against his ass.

His mind begins to cloud, desire pushing away rational thought. A whine loosens from his chest, no longer held back by pride and embarrassment. He makes a discontented noise when his alpha lets go of his neck, turning his head to look over his shoulder. Why wasn’t Alpha mounting him yet?

“Oh, that pushed you over the edge into heat brain, huh?” asks Izuna. “Don’t worry, my omega. I’ll give you what you need.”

His ears twitch at the sound of Alpha’s voice, but the only word he understands is ‘omega’. Still, the soft tone has him relaxing, purring when Alpha’s fingers begin to push inside him. He moans without reservation, spreading his legs wider.

“That’s it. Open up for me,” says Izuna.

Pleasure shudders through him as he’s stretched open, precum dripping from his cock every time Alpha’s fingers brush across that special spot inside him. His fingers claw at the sheets, relaxing and flexing in a way that could be described as ‘kneading’. Not that he really cares what anything
is called when he feels this good.

He whines softly when Alpha’s touch withdraws from inside him, leaving behind an aching feeling of emptiness. Thankfully, he isn’t made to wait long before Alpha gives him what he’s really needing. His eyes close at the blissful feeling of being full, purring softly as Alpha licks at the back of his neck.

It’s easy to get lost in the pleasurable feeling of their bodies moving together, secure in the knowledge that he’s safe. Nothing can get to him while Alpha is here.

His cock lies heavy between his legs, but when he reaches for it, Alpha pins his wrist to the bed. He gives in with a quiet huff, letting his muscles go lax. Alpha purrs approvingly and bites the nape of his neck, holding him still as he rocks his hips forward.

The slower movement initially has him squirming, until he feels Alpha’s knot swelling. Pleasure sears through him when they’re finally locked together. Alpha lets out a deep groan as they cum together, his muscles clamping down around his knot. His breath catches in the back of his throat, too overwhelmed by the sensation to even make a sound.

He waits patiently for Alpha to release his neck then slowly lies down on the bed with Alpha following his movements. A soft purr escapes him when Alpha drapes an arm around him, cuddling up to his back. They can’t separate until the knot goes down, but Alpha doesn’t have to get this close if he doesn’t want to. That’s a good sign. He’s pleased his Alpha.

Alpha starts talking again soon after they lie down, but he doesn’t understand the words. He makes a confused sound, but Alpha stays silent and pets his hair. Not something he needs to worry about, then. Letting out a soft purr, he closes his eyes and relaxes, safe within Alpha’s embrace.

He doses off for a while, perhaps an hour. Izuna’s knot has gone down by the time he wakes back up, though he hasn’t pulled out yet. He’s able to think clearly again, so he must not have slept straight through his clarity period. Omegas get three-hour breaks before biology kicks in again and they start craving sex.

“You awake now?” asks Izuna quietly.

“Unfortunately.”

Izuna snorts. “And back to being snarky, I see. What’s the matter? Was the sex not good?”

“No, it was…fine.”

“Then what’s the problem?”

Tobirama scowls, glaring down at the bed. “Omega instincts are illogical. I shouldn’t have been able to relax more with you, an enemy, than with my clanmates just because you’re stronger than me. With my previous heat partners, I was never able to fall asleep while tied together. Even in a heat haze, I stayed alert, thinking I would have to be the one to fight if an enemy attacked.”

Izuna makes a contemplative sound. “Yeah, that is illogical. It’s not like I could fight any better than them while stuck inside you.”

He lets out a soft huff of laughter even as his face gets hot. He had thought he had gotten over any embarrassment when it comes to sex, but apparently, Izuna can still make him blush.

“Anyway, do you need anything right now? Water or food?” asks Izuna.

“I am starting to get hungry,” admits Tobirama.
“I’ll whip us up something quick then. You want to come with me to the kitchen or stay here?” asks Izuna.

“I’ll stay here. I can sense your brother in the other room,” says Tobirama.

He doesn’t understand the hint of concern and skepticism in Izuna’s eyes at his answer, but he’s distracted from trying to puzzle it out as Izuna finally pulls out of him. It takes him nearly biting his tongue to hold in the discontented hiss from passing his lips. Sex always left him with such an empty feeling when it was over, especially during his heats.

“I should probably rinse off before going out if Madara’s there. He may know what we’re doing but that doesn’t mean he wants to smell it,” says Izuna. “You can take a shower after that while I cook if you want.”

Izuna doesn’t wait for his reply and heads into the bathroom, taking no more than five minutes to shower before he comes back out, still drying his hair. Tobirama watches in silence as he gets dressed, staring up at the ceiling for a minute after he’s gone. He doesn’t really want to get up, but the idea of washing off the sweat from his skin becomes too tempting after a while.

There’s a restless feeling that grows inside him as he cleans up. That feeling of safety he experienced earlier slowly slips away the longer he’s in a different room from Izuna. Of course, he’s heard about such reactions, having read the *What to Expect From Your First Heat* books given to every teenager, but he’s never experienced it himself before.

This must be why Izuna thought it was so odd that he was okay with him leaving the room. Except, it turns out he’s not okay with it at all. Now that his instincts have found an alpha he can actually rely on him to protect him, they’re not content for him to rely on just himself anymore.

He hates that he’s feeling so needy, but the agitation swiftly becomes unbearable. Cursing silently, he gets dressed and heads out into the hallway, following it to the living room. There’s no wall separating it from the kitchen, so he’s immediately visible to Madara, who’s sitting at the dining room table.

Stopping at the divide where wooden floor meets tile, he waits for Madara’s gaze to slide away dismissively before entering the room. Izuna’s back was to him as he cooks rice at the stove, but he turns at the sound of his footsteps. There’s no surprise in his eyes when he sees Tobirama standing behind him.

“The food will be done in a minute. There are some rice toppings in the cupboard to the left over there. Why don’t you pick something out?” suggests Izuna.

Tobirama nods and begins searching through the cabinet, pulling out a package of Chirmen Jako, which is a type of dried fish, and soy sauce. Obviously, he won’t need much of the soy sauce due to the salt content of the fish, but he likes the flavor. Add in a little garlic, sugar, and black pepper, and it makes a nice simple rice dish.

While he was sorting through the ingredients, Izuna has retrieved a pan and a couple of eggs from a different cupboard. He cracks one into the pan and holds up the other to him with a questioning gaze. When he nods, Izuna adds the second egg to the pan, stirring them with a spatula to scramble them.

When everything was done, Izuna dishes out the rice into two bowls and adds the eggs, half in each. He gives one of the bowls to Tobirama and then sets about mixing his own ingredients into the second. A kettle of water heating up on the back burner is used to make their tea, then Izuna sets everything onto a tray and ushers him back into the bedroom.
It’s only when they’re in the hallway that he hears Madara get up and move about the kitchen to make his own meal. Had he remained seated for Tobirama’s benefit? It was either that or he doesn’t like cooking with others in the kitchen to get underfoot.

They eat their meal in silence, sitting on the bed together, about a foot of space between them. As much as his instincts demand he stay close to Izuna, it’s still awkward being near someone who’s been his enemy for years. He doesn’t know how to act in this situation.

Izuna takes the dishes back to the kitchen when they’re done, coming back in less than a minute. The silence stretches on, both of them uncomfortable and uncertain what to say.

“Well, this is weird,” says Izuna. “Maybe we should talk about what’s going to happen in the future.”

Tobirama regards him cautiously. “Meaning?”

“Meaning, I’m not one to live in denial. We’re going to be spending anywhere from three days to a week having sex, and then another two weeks where I still feel overprotective of you while we wait to find out if you’re pregnant. Even after my instincts calm down, it’s not going to be as easy as flipping a switch and hating you again. Can you imagine trying to kill me again after we’ve spent three weeks acting like a bonded couple?” asks Izuna.

“….No, I suppose not. However, our feelings aren’t the only ones to consider. Your brother is strong enough to kill me if you’re unwilling to do so,” says Tobirama.

Tobirama startles as Izuna actually *growls*. Without conscious thought, he averts his eyes and turns his head to bare his neck. He grimaces when he realizes what he’s done, but doesn’t have time to look back up before Izuna surges forward. Hands grip his upper arms as Izuna’s teeth latch onto his neck, not biting hard enough to hurt but enough to keep him in place.

He closes his eyes and concentrates on the feeling of his breath, trying to remain still until Izuna calms down. Izuna’s tail thumps against the bed, showing off his agitation. The sound stops a few moments later as Izuna releases him, and he opens his eyes to see Izuna frowning.

“I won’t let him kill you.”

Tobirama almost hisses at the blunt, *foolish* statement. “You’re not going to care more about my safety than that of your clanmates once I stop giving off these stupid pheromones.”

Izuna’s frown deepens. “…You probably have a point. But right now, I care about your safety……..I’d still continue to care if you were pregnant.”

Tobirama blinks. Apparently, he wasn’t going to have to hide the fact that he wasn’t drinking the birth control tea, after all.

Izuna, however, misinterprets his reaction. “I guess that’s not really fair to you, though, is it? Saying you need to get pregnant or people will kill you…..”

“No, it’s not, but it’s the best plan we have. I had always planned to have children someday, anyway,” says Tobirama, trying for nonchalant, but the slant of his ears gives away his discomfort.

“Yeah, with a mate of your choice. You didn’t expect to be stuck with me,” says Izuna.

There was actual regret in Izuna’s eyes. Curious. After how many times they had tried to kill each other on the battlefield, Izuna could still care enough to feel guilty about what was essentially reproductive coercion.
“We’ve managed to be civil this long,” says Tobirama.

He thinks about saying something more but decides against it. Anything else he can think of just sounds false or naively optimistic. Their clans are at war. The odds of everything turning out ‘all right’ is depressingly low.

Although…..

“If we do have a child together, they’ll be Hashirama’s niece or nephew. A half Uchiha child related to the head of the Senju clan. Family is important to your clan, isn’t it?” asks Tobirama.

Izuna’s ears flick forward, showing his interest. “It is. You’re thinking of trying to persuade the clan into peace negotiations?”

“You’ve always said your clan didn’t have reason to trust mine. What reason could be more concrete than not wanting to fight family?” asks Tobirama.

“That reasoning could possibly work, but….will it actually be concrete? Will your clansmen really be fine with stopping the war just because of one child?” asks Izuna, skeptical.

“The hatred won’t go away overnight,” agrees Tobirama, “However, I believe they’ll accede to Hashirama’s wishes if a peace treaty is drawn up. Not only do they respect and like him as a human being, but he can be an intimidating clan leader when he chooses to be.”

Izuna gives him a flat look. “Tobirama, the only time I ever see your brother is on the battlefield. It’s not his intimidation factor that I doubt.”

Tobirama pauses. “…I suppose he does give off the impression of a fierce warrior when fighting, doesn’t he? When in reality, he’s the most ridiculous man you’ll ever meet…”

Somehow, this leads to story time where he and Izuna compete for which of them has the most dramatic/over-the-top brother. The stories only reinforce the idea that he was right to choose Izuna as a heat partner instead of Madara.

They end up cuddling together about halfway through the conversation, lying side to side with his head near Izuna’s chest to listen to his heartbeat. The fact that they can relax together like this is definitely a good sign to how their future relationship will work out.

It’s weird to feel at peace in the arms of his enemy, but for now, at least, Izuna doesn’t pose a threat to him. He’ll enjoy these moments while they last. And if their plan works as intended, maybe these moments won’t have to end.

Such an optimistic thought. Either he’s channeling Hashirama or it’s all these hormones putting him in a positive mood. As far as he’s heard, it’s rare for an omega to be upset during their heat as long as they’ve got an alpha of their choice taking care of them. That’s probably why shinobi clans are less interested than civilians in discovering a way to suppress heats. For many shinobi, a heat is the only vacation time they get.

Tobirama exits his alternate’s memory, feeling at peace with what he’s witnessed. After the last memory with his female self, he had needed to see something more consensual. Even with his alternate being an omega and going into heat in enemy territory, he got the impression that none of the alphas would have forced themselves on him if Tobirama was truly against having sex with them. That was not a world where omegas were taken advantage of.
Standing up from the bed, he slips his phone into his pocket. The light from the window catches his eyes, and he’s struck with the impulse to go for a walk among the trees. However, he’s not in the mood to go alone. After that memory, he wants to spend time with Izuna, and perhaps Madara as well.

It’s early enough in the day that they could eat a picnic lunch afterward. He sends off a text to Izuna asking if he and Madara are interested in going hiking with him, then heads downstairs to see what they have in stock. They’ve already got their own bento boxes and thermoses, and a quick check proves that they’re clean in the cupboard. There’s fruit in the fridge, but he’ll need to pick up the meat and vegetable dishes from food stalls as there isn’t enough time for him to make everything himself.

His phone buzzes then, a text from Izuna.

A hike sounds good. When are we leaving? —Izuna

I was thinking of a picnic lunch afterwards, so I need to pick some things up at the store. I’ll meet at your house in about thirty minutes. —Tobirama

K. See you then. —Izuna

Putting his phone back away, Tobirama takes a moment to contemplate which restaurants he wants to acquire the food from. He wants to get some takoyaki, tamagoyaki, kinpira gobo, cucumber sunomono, makizushi, and daifuku.

Considering the variety of foods, it might be faster for him to create shadow clones to get everything. He doesn’t want there to be any delays if any of the food stalls have to make his order fresh. Lucky for him, he has enough chakra to create half a dozen clones. And while they’re out getting the food, he can start making the tea.

As the clones start returning, he begins to package the food into the bento. It was divided into two squares on top and a larger rectangle on the bottom. He places in the salad into the two squares. The takoyaki goes in the rectangle on the left, followed by the makizushi, and then the tamagoyaki.

As the daifuku was the dessert, he places it into its own container with some strawberries. Then the tea is poured into the thermos, and he activates the stasis seals on all the containers. That will keep the food fresh and at the same temperature as when it was first sealed inside.

He retrieves three cups from the cupboard and a picnic mat from the closet, then seals everything inside a storage scroll. A glance at the clock lets him know that it’s time to get going. He hesitates before teleporting, an idea occurring to him. It takes only a minute to run back upstairs and put on the Uchiha fan earrings.

He doesn’t wear the earrings every time he visits Madara and his brothers, but it always makes them smile to see him wearing them. Madara, especially, has a possessive side to him. It’s a reaction he enjoys seeing.

With that done, Tobirama concentrates on teleporting and appears on Madara’s front porch a moment later. He can sense all five of them in the house. Hopefully, he isn’t interrupting a brother-bonding day with his picnic idea. It’s just that there are days where he only wants to hang out with one or two of them at a time.

His own brothers are busy today, which worked out well for him in the morning as he did some experimenting in his lab. Kawarama has gone to an amusement park with his friends. Itama is on a date (and he does try to push down the irrational flare of jealousy at the thought. If he’s allowed to date multiple people, then so is Itama.)
Hashirama is hanging out with Tsunade, and while he would normally enjoy visiting his grand-niece as well, they’re currently at a casino. Gambling has never been a pastime that he’s enjoyed, and he isn’t going to start now. The fact that they don’t even have a currency system anymore just makes the whole thing seem even more pointless.

Tobirama only has to knock once on the door before it’s being opened by Keitaro, who gives him a bright grin.

“Tobirama. It’s good to see you again. Would you like to come in, or are you guys heading straight to the nature trails?” asks Keitaro.

“I was planning on going straight there. If you’re still here when we get back, then we can spend time together then?” suggests Tobirama.

“Sure. I’d like that.”

Keitaro steps forward to give him a lingering kiss, then moves aside for Izuna and Madara to exit the house. “I assume you’ve got the picnic stuff inside a storage scroll, but did you remember to pack water for the hike itself?”

Tobirama exhales slowly and tries not to flush in embarrassment. “No, I got so caught up in preparing the bentos that I forgot about that.”

“You didn’t give yourself much time to get ready. I think everybody forgets something when they’re in a rush,” says Izuna.

“We have enough water bottles, anyway. I’ll go get them,” says Keitaro.

“Thank you,” replies Tobirama.

Madara approaches him as Keitaro disappears back into the house, reaching up to brush his thumb against the shell of his ear. “You’re wearing the earrings we gave you,” says Madara, a pleased lilt to his voice.

“You look good with our symbol on you,” says Izuna. He slides his phone out. “Mind if I take a picture?”

His lips pull up into an amused smile and the camera clicks. “I’m starting to think we should buy a professional camera. That phone gives a decent quality picture but not as good as a real camera.”

Izuna blinks in surprise, then gives his phone a thoughtful glance. “I do enjoy taking pictures. And I’ve heard there are programs online where you can change the background on photos. That could be fun to play around with.”

Keitaro comes back then, giving them a curious look as he hands out the water bottles. “Did I hear you guys talking cameras?”

“Mmm. Tobirama noticed how much we like to have pictures of him and suggested we get a real camera,” says Izuna.

“Oh? That could be interesting. With storage scrolls, we could move stuff out of the way in one of the bedrooms. Then we could have a photoshoot on the bed. Wouldn’t have to be entirely sexual either. Sensual photo shoots can be fun too,” says Keitaro.

Madara shrugs when Tobirama glances at him. “I’m willing to try it if you are. It wouldn’t have to be just you under the lens, either. We can do some group photos, too.”
A spark of interest lights up Tobirama’s eyes. He hadn’t realized it before Madara mentioned the possibility, but yes, he does want photos of them too. Not necessarily sexual ones since he can see them that way in person or in the alternate universe viewer any time he wants. But artistically sensual pictures he can hang on his bedroom wall? That appeals to him.

“Yes, I would like that,” says Tobirama.

“We can pick out a camera later then. For now, it’s time for our nature walk,” says Izuna. He holds out his phone for them to see that he’s opened the map feature. “I figured you probably haven’t explored the prison area much, so I searched around for some nature trails. This one here is one of the least busy, and it’s got a pond along the way.”

“It sounds perfect,” says Tobirama.

“Well, I can see you three are ready to leave,” says Keitaro cheerfully. “Have fun on your walk!”

“We will. See you later, Keitaro,” says Izuna.

Izuna loops his arm with his then stares pointedly at Madara until he does the same on his other side. With them connected, Izuna can then teleport them to the start of the trail. They appear at the edge of a forest, in front of a dirt trail covered in walking stones.

“Here we are. According to the map, it’ll be a few miles before we reach the pond. We should be hungry by then, so it’ll be a nice view while we eat lunch,” says Izuna.

Madara nods and is the first one to step foot into the forest, looking around curiously as different wildlife comes into view. In just the first minute of their journey, Tobirama spots a type of bird he’s never seen before. A light pink chest with dark red feathers on the back.

Then there were all the squirrel-like creatures climbing up trees and gliding from tree branch to tree branch as some were of the “flying” variety. They don’t even talk for the first mile, too entranced by the unusual wildlife and flora. It seems that no matter how many times he goes exploring, he’s always going to find something new.

He veers off the path for a moment as something catches his eye, picking up a flat blue rock with a swirl pattern. It could make a nice decoration in Hashirama’s garden.

Izuna peers over his shoulder as he examines the stone. “Hmm. Takeo likes things like that, too. Rocks with interesting patterns. If we find any more of them, we should bring him one.”

Tobirama nods and slips the rock into his pocket, glancing around curiously to see if there are any more nearby. Madara searches the area on the side of the trail but they don’t manage to find any yet.

“What do we even need to stay on the path?” asks Madara, as they continue walking.

“Well, no, I suppose not,” says Izuna. “Staying on the trail is more of a modern idea that people picked up from viewing other worlds. For habitat preservation, but we’ve got so many forests that a few people walking through them isn’t going to do any damage.”

“With the way this place works, the damage would probably just be fixed within a few days, anyway,” says Tobirama.

“Seems as plausible as anything else that happens in this place. So, do we want to venture off the trail?” asks Izuna.

“If we go in the same direction as the path, we’ll still reach the pond,” says Madara.
Tobirama shrugs. “It makes no difference to me. The walk is pleasant either way.”

“Off the trail it is!” says Izuna, cheerfully. He wastes no time in marching forward amongst the tall grasses, leading the way around trees and bushes. Izuna waits until they’ve caught up to him before making conversation. “So, Tobirama, what’s the most interesting animal or plant that you’ve seen since dying?”

“The first thing that comes to mind is a color-changing fruit,” says Tobirama. “It was striped with all the colors of the rainbow, and each stripe would change into the color to the right of it, making it appear as though the stripes were moving.”

Madara looks intrigued. “Did it taste good?”

Tobirama grimaces. “They tasted like skittles.” Seeing their confusion, he elaborates, “Skittles are a candy invented by one of the modern dimensions and regretfully re-created here in the afterlife. They’re these too sweet, chewy blobs.”

“Wait, so there’s a fruit here that tastes like a human-made candy? Do you think the tree itself was manipulated by humans or did the Creator of this place—” Izuna waves his hand around vaguely —“make the tree because he thought humans would like it?”

“How would you even crossbreed a tree with candy?” asks Madara.

“There’s not much information about it on the web. A lot of speculation, but no one is claiming responsibility. Either it was made by the Creator or the human who made it wants to stay anonymous….which I find doubtful,” says Tobirama.

“Why doubtful?” asks Izuna.

“Even in this place, crossbreeding doesn’t get you the perfect result on the first try. You don’t go to that much trouble to invent something only to stay silent about it. And I don’t even mean bragging. That feeling of success and accomplishment….it just makes you want to talk about what you’ve made,” says Tobirama.

“That explains a few things,” mutters Madara.

Tobirama eyes him unhappily but doesn’t respond. It isn’t his fault that Madara spent so much time with Hashirama in the living world that he could rarely find the opportunity to talk with his brother alone. He certainly wasn’t going to interrupt Mito’s time with Hashirama. That would have been stupid.

Most of Hashirama’s time had been spent working, and he certainly wasn’t going to bother Hashirama with talk of his inventions then. So, yes, Madara had had to endure many conversations about what new jutsu he was trying to create. If Madara didn’t like it, he could have just left the room. He was sure that it was spite that he hadn’t.

“Don’t be such a sourpuss, brother,” chides Izuna. He turns his attention to Tobirama. “I think it’s amazing what you’ve managed to accomplish. You were the first human to achieve teleportation. Your shadow clones send their memories back to the original. You designed the Anbu system, the Chunin exams, and helped design the Academy lesson plans.”

Tobirama’s eyes widen, the tips of his ears turning pink. He looks away from Izuna’s approving gaze, the edges of his mouth curving up into a pleased smile.

On his other side, Madara gets closer, their shoulders brushing. He looks up curiously, but Madara avoids his eyes. Still, he thinks the other man’s expression is faintly apologetic.
It seems they still have some resentments to work through from how they interacted in the living world. He decides to accept Madara’s wordless apology and links their arms together again, bringing them even closer together. And not wanting Izuna to feel left out when he was the one who said such nice things about him, he holds his hand out to him, smiling when he not only accepts his hand but steps forward to press their lips together in a brief kiss.

They continue on until they reach the pond, choosing a dry spot a few feet away from the water. Tobirama unseals their picnic items and begins to set everything up, laying out the mat and pouring them tea. Madara and Izuna follow his lead, shedding their shoes at the edge of the mat and sitting in front of him. He hands out the bentos as well as the desert boxes and chopsticks.

“This is good takoyaki,” says Izuna. “Which city is the restaurant in?”

“It’s on the south side of Kushima, a small food stall named Hideki’s Takoyaki,” says Tobirama.

“I think I’ve been to that city before. It’s the one with a lot of Asian restaurants and stores, right?” asks Izuna.

“If you’re thinking of the one that also has different architecture throughout the city based on different nationalities, then yes,” says Tobirama.

Izuna nods.

“Is that the city you’re always bringing home takeaway from?” Madara asks curiously.

“It is. Maybe someday you’ll get to see it for yourself. And, speaking of places Madara can’t go —” Izuna grins at Madara’s disgruntled huff—“There’s a sports festival coming up. Two weeks from now. Jiro and I will be participating in some of the activities. Takeo and Keitaro are considering it, though either way, they still want to come to cheer us on. They’ll also be some simple festival stall games with the typical small prizes.”

Madara cuts in before Izuna can start listing everything the festival has to offer, “He’s trying to invite you and your brothers to come along. They’ll be going on Tuesday, but the festival is open all week.”

Tobirama mentally checks his schedule. “I don’t have anything else planned for that day. I’ll ask my brothers later if they want to come with us.” Then with more curiosity than concern, he asks Madara, “Does it bother you that you can’t go with them on a family outing because you’re stuck in here?”

Madara’s eyes narrow, lips pulling down into a scowl. After a moment, his expression softens and he sighs with exasperation. “You’re as blunt as ever. Yes, it bothers me to some extent. However, compared to spending years without them in the living world, it’s a small matter for them to be able to visit places I cannot.”

Izuna raises an eyebrow at their interaction. “Was Tobirama always this blunt with you?”

Madara snorts. “He’s blunt whenever he thinks he can get away with it. Maybe you’ve noticed it to some extent, but he only tries to soften his words if he cares about causing offense. And most of the time, he doesn’t.”

Tobirama shrugs when they look to him. “I can be diplomatic when the situation calls for it. If I ever do cause offense and it wasn’t my intention, then I’ll apologize.”

Izuna gives him an amused glance before picking up a slice of tamagoyaki. “Well then, let’s forget the negative talk for now and go back to enjoying our picnic.”
They deliberately try to keep the conversation about positive topics after that, determined to enjoy their date. Tobirama talks of his interest in learning the chemical composition of items not found in the living world and of mixing them with various items to see the result.

Madara and Izuna listen with bemusement and a hint of curiosity. They like seeing the spark of passion in his eyes and some of the results he mentions are fascinating, even if they don’t quite understand how he can find experimenting in the lab to be a fun pastime.

Izuna casually mentions that the color of one of the flowers near the pond is the same shade as a kimono that their mother once wore. It ends up leading to a discussion about both of their mothers. Their personalities and hobbies. The fond memories they have of their mothers before war took them away.

Madara and Izuna’s mother had been quick to laugh and kind by nature but had been no pushover. Originally from a civilian family, she had risen to the occasion to learn how to fight when she married Tajima, determined to keep her family safe. However, like many of the women at that time, she had spent more time tending to the household than training. Her children had fond memories of helping her in the kitchen when they were younger until Tajima had deemed it necessary for them to increase their training time.

Often, Tobirama wondered how much fiercer the women of his time period would have been if it had been socially acceptable for them to choose shinobi life over motherhood. Touka had chosen to devote herself to her warrior training, scoffing at the idea of settling down before she was good and ready. The more conservatives of their clan had grumbled, but the results had spoken for themselves. Touka had steadily risen to the third most powerful shinobi of their clan.

Tobirama can’t remember ever seeing Madara’s mother on the battlefield. It earns a grimace from his two companions when he mentions that aloud.

“No, she didn’t go on missions or go onto the battlefield with the rest of the army,” says Madara. “She only fought when the compound was attacked. It devastated her when her three youngest were killed. I didn’t see her smile for months after that.”

“And now we’re back to the depressive stuff,” sighs Izuna. “What was your mother like, Tobirama?”

“She was kind, far kinder than our father though not passive in any way. Her name was Sakiko, and she had an Hatake grandfather. It ensured that she received shinobi training, though she only went onto the battlefield a few times. It was her choice to stay within the compound and help train the next generation. And our father was more tolerant about us helping her in the kitchen than yours apparently was, perhaps so that he wouldn’t have to help her cook,” says Tobirama.

“How did her being related to the Hatake clan affect how your clans interacted?” asks Madara.

“She wasn’t closely related enough for the marriage to result in a peace treaty, but it did lead to a non-hostility agreement,” says Tobirama. “We traded with their clan occasionally, and the trust we had built up made it easier to convince them to join Konoha.”

“I suppose it also explains your white hair. Most of your clan had varying shades of brown and black hair,” says Izuna.

Tobirama leans closer when Izuna reaches out, eyes partially closing when Izuna gently runs his fingers through his hair. They’ve already finished eating, so he scoots his bento to the side and closes the distance between them. It takes only a moment for him to alter his vocal chords to allow him to begin purring, the memory he had viewed this morning still on his mind.

Izuna startles at the sound, biting his lip to stop himself from laughing. He doesn’t want Tobirama
to think he’s mocking him. It was cute to see Tobirama being so openly affectionate.

Madara joins them a moment later, fingertips brushing across Tobirama’s neck, tracing around the ever-present collar. “Such an obedient kitten, purring at our touch. Would you like to continue playing out here or return home so the others can join in on the fun?”

Tobirama shivers at the sound of Madara’s voice so close to his ear, the words themselves sending a spark of arousal through him. He was starting to realize that pet play is one of his favorite kinks.

“We also have some equipment at home for pet play if you want to get more into it,” says Izuna.

Tobirama nods and purrs louder.

Madara gently grasps his chin and turns his head until their eyes meet. “Are we doing nonverbal play then?”

Tobirama presses their lips together and hums an affirmative. He feels Madara smile against his mouth and then an arm hooks underneath his legs and around his back, holding him in Madara’s grasp as he stands up. He’s starting to get used to them doing this, and thus rests his head on Madara’s shoulder without protest.

Izuna packs everything away into the storage scroll and then places his hand on Madara’s arm so that they can all teleport home together, reappearing within Madara’s room. He’s placed down on the bed and then Madara and Izuna begin discussing which equipment they want to use.

This is the reason he chose nonverbal play today. Sometimes, he just wants to let them take complete control. Not just letting them be dominant, but letting them decide how the encounter will go. They know he’ll tell them if they do something he doesn’t like, so they don’t have to worry about asking his opinion on everything they want to try.

He waits patiently on the bed while they begin to retrieve things from the closet. They get out the expected gear: fake cat ears, the tail plug, and even the cat mittens that restrict his ability to use his thumbs. What isn’t expected is that the fur color is black.

Perhaps seeing his confusion, Izuna explains, “We haven’t done much of the pet play stuff with you yet, so we don’t have them in white. We can get a set later or maybe you already have gear at home? Either way, I think the black will actually look good on you. A nice contrast.”

“We’ve decided to get you dressed up before inviting the others in. It'll be a pleasant surprise for them,” says Madara.

Tobirama hums in agreement and lets them maneuver him as they like. He’s quickly undressed and the ear headband is placed atop his head. It’s proven to be the controllable type when he sends a tendril of chakra to the band and makes the ears move. His favorite type. The only thing better would be if he could create real cat ears for himself. Something to try in the future.

He willingly places his hands in the mittens when Izuna holds them up, breath catching when they’re strapped in place. There’s something erotic about helping them restrict his movement. He can’t use his hands for any delicate work like this.

Madara returns to the closet to get the rest of the items while Izuna slicks up the tail plug and slowly pushes it inside him. It’s small enough that he doesn’t need to be stretched first, but long enough that he can feel it press against his prostate when he moves. He moans softly at the pleasurable sensation, feeling himself start to harden.

He sits up on his knees when Madara comes back into the room, spreading his legs when he sees the cock ring. Madara doesn’t waste any time slipping it on, giving his cock a few slow strokes
afterwards to hear him moan. He forces himself not to squirm when that touch is taken away, blinking up at Madara with false patience.

Izuna draws his attention by tracing his thumb underneath his eye. “You would look cool with cat eyes. Do you think you could change your eye color?”

Tobirama cocks his head as he thinks about it. Was it possible to change his eyes? He had given himself gills before, so this shouldn’t be any more difficult.

He closes his eyes as he concentrates, willing his irises to become gold and his pupils to become slit like a cat’s. And while he’s at it, he tries to make his top cuspid teeth sharper, to make them look like fangs. However, he wills them to stay short, not wanting them to get in the way when he’s performing oral.

When he feels the teeth sharpen against his tongue, he opens his eyes. His vision hasn’t changed, but Izuna is now looking at him with fascinated delight, so it must have worked.

“Gold instead of green or blue?” asks Madara curiously.

Tobirama holds up his ‘paw’ in answer, then gestures at his cat ears.

“To match the fur color?” asks Izuna.

Tobirama nods.

“It looks good.” Izuna plants his knee on the bed and cups the back of Tobirama’s head, lightly scratching his fingernails against Tobirama’s scalp. He smirks as Tobirama starts purring and leans forward to nip at his bottom lip. “You look good dressed up like this. But we’re not done just yet. Madara?”

Madara takes that as his cue to clip the chain leash on Tobirama’s collar, along with a small silver bell. Next, comes a pair of nipple clamps with even smaller bells attached. Madara clips them tight enough to stay on but not enough to hurt.

He claws at the bed at the constant pressure around his nipples, arching his back as Madara tugs on one of the clamps. On impulse, he ducks his head down as Madara pulls his hand away, swiping his tongue across the back of his palm.

Madara’s breath catches, and the look in his eyes has Tobirama flushing with aroused embarrassment. It’s affection, lust, and triumph. As much as they get along now, Madara hasn’t forgotten their past animosity. He knows how much it turns Madara on to have his former enemy submitting so completely to him. To be honest, it arouses him too.

“I think it’s time to invite the others in, don’t you?” asks Izuna.

“Mm-hmm.” Madara agrees absent-mindedly, eyes never leaving Tobirama’s mouth.

Tobirama smirks, licking his lips before taking Madara’s index finger into his mouth. His cheeks hollow out as he sucks, and Madara shudders.

Izuna snickers and heads for the door. “I’ll be back in a minute with the others.”

When Izuna finally re-enters the room with Jiro and Takeo, it’s to see Tobirama kissing Madara, his paws on Madara’s shoulders and the fake tail wrapped around Madara’s thigh. Tobirama pulls away from the kiss to give them a sultry look that quickly turns into confusion when he sees Keitaro isn’t with them.

“I told Keitaro we were doing pet play, and he decided he wants to dress up too,” explains Izuna.
“Oh, and I’ve let them know that you aren’t talking during the play today.”

Jiro approaches the bed, eyes roaming over Tobirama’s body hungrily. He takes a moment to undress before climbing up onto the bed, kneeling down behind Tobirama, hands skimming up his stomach. His teeth nip at the shell of Tobirama’s human ear, his voice a husky purr, “You look adorable like this. Our sexy little kitten.”

Tobirama huffs out a quiet laugh and turns his head for Jiro to kiss him, letting out a pleased hum when their lips meet. Not to be ignored, Madara latches onto his neck, leaving soft kisses and stinging bites against his skin. He moans softly as Jiro’s hands trail down, caressing the sensitive skin of his inner thighs.

The bed dips down beside them, and for a moment, all he can do is stare at the sight of Izuna and Takeo kissing. It’s not a sight he gets to see very often. All the times they’ve been intimate, the five brothers have directed their sexual advances towards him, perhaps uncomfortable letting others see them being incestuous.

Was it now a sign of trust that he was being permitted to see this? Or were they just becoming more comfortable in being intimate with each other?

“It’s hot, isn’t it?” Jiro whispers against his ear. “You should see what it’s like when they’re fucking. Takeo with his wider build holding Izuna down on the bed, his lean legs wrapped around Takeo’s waist. The sounds that Izuna makes…mmm.”

It takes his breath away, the sheer force of want that pulses through him. Fantasies flash through his head from Jiro’s words, and he wants desperately to see them in reality. He doesn’t know what expression he’s making, but it causes Takeo to blush when their eyes meet.

Jiro chuckles. “Oh, yes, he definitely likes seeing the two of you together.” With a smirk, he reaches down and wraps his hand around Tobirama’s cock, thumb swiping across the wet head. “Look at this, he’s already leaking.”

Tobirama hides his face against Madara’s neck, the tips of his ears turning hot. To his relief (and slight disappointment), the bedroom door opens before Jiro can say anything more. He glances up, mouth going dry at the sight of Keitaro in the same getup he’s wearing, minus the nipple clamps. His cock twitches in Jiro’s hand.

Keitaro closes the door behind him, his tail swishing back and forth as he approaches the bed. He gives Tobirama a cheerful grin as he crawls across the mattress towards him. Tobirama startles as Keitaro licks his cheek, instinctively making the cat ears flick back to show his surprise.

“It looks like you have a new playmate, kitten,” says Jiro. He lets go of Tobirama’s cock, ignoring his discontented noise, and gently nudges him towards Keitaro. “You haven’t tried pet play before with another person acting as an animal too, right? Experiment and find out what you like.”

Tobirama blinks at Keitaro, not sure where to start. Keitaro notices his hesitation and gives him an encouraging smile, then rubs their cheeks together with a loud purr. And it was a realistic sounding purr, too. For some reason, he finds it pleasing that he’s not the only one to figure out how to change their vocal chords. Or rather, not the only one who cares enough to make the attempt.

Somewhat awkwardly, he mimics Keitaro, letting out his own soft purr as he brushes their cheeks together. Taking it as encouragement, Keitaro dips his head down to lick at his shoulder. And Tobirama remembers that cats show affection by grooming each other.

He starts to get more into it and licks at any area he can reach. The top of Keitaro’s arm, his shoulder, his cheek, and even his side. Keitaro copies him, lick for lick, and then he suddenly
Keitaro’s cock was hard, precum dripping down onto his stomach, proof that he was enjoying this as much as Tobirama was. For now, though, he ignores his cock and starts at his stomach, licking a path up to his nipples. Keitaro’s back arches up as soon as his tongue swipes over one pebbled nub, a soft mewl escaping Keitaro’s lips.

Hmm. So his nipples were sensitive. Perhaps that’s why he chose not to wear clamps?

Distracted by the thought, he doesn’t notice Keitaro’s hand move until he feels the clamps tug at his nipples, the little bells chiming as Keitaro playfully bats at the dangling chain. He sees a mischievous gleam in Keitaro’s eyes at watching him try to swallow back a moan. Two can play at that game.

He sucks Keitaro’s nipple into his mouth, alternating between light and hard pressure, humming victoriously when Keitaro’s hips jerk up from the bed. His eyes are drawn to the precum dripping from Keitaro’s slit, and without thinking about it, he scoots farther down the bed to lick the faintly salty liquid from Keitaro’s stomach. His nose brushes across Keitaro’s cock, the scent of arousal making his mouth water.

Paws press against his waist, not really able to grip with the mittens in the way, but Keitaro nudges him into place, with his legs on either side of him. He groans at the first swipe of a tongue against his balls, helpfully lowing his hips so that Keitaro doesn’t have to strain his neck. Then he gets to work bringing Keitaro as much pleasure as he’s giving him.

He takes Keitaro into his mouth, moaning softly as Keitaro traces every inch of his balls with his tongue. His eyes flick up when a hand rests upon his head, finding Madara staring down at him. He lets Madara set the pace, a tug on his hair pulling his head up, putting up no resistance when Madara shoves him back down.

He purrs when Keitaro’s cock hits the back of his throat, smug when it causes Keitaro to let out a gasping moan. Fingers wrap around his cock, probably Jiro’s, guiding him into Keitaro’s mouth. It’s more of a tease for the both of them, the cock rings keeping them from cumming, but he’s not desperate enough to beg yet.

On the other side of the bed, Izuna and Takeo have begun to slowly undress, kissing every inch of skin as it’s revealed. Izuna sighs softly as Takeo nips at his neck, pulling Takeo on top of him as he lies back.

Tobirama can’t force himself to look away, desire making his blood hot. If Madara wasn’t directing his movements, he doesn’t know if he would remember to move his head. Though from the way Izuna and Takeo keep looking over at them, he guesses he’s not the only one enjoying the show.

Jiro, however, is not content to merely watch. He rummages around the dresser until he finds the bottle of lube, pouring a generous amount into his hand before tossing the bottle over to Madara.

Tobirama’s muscles clench when the tail plug is removed, relaxing again when it’s replaced by Jiro’s fingers. He tries not to squirm too much as Jiro stretches him, not wanting to accidently choke Keitaro, but it’s difficult to hold still when he’s being purposely teased. Jiro’s fingers drag out of him slowly, then push back in with an equally unhurried pace, just lightly grazing his prostate.

A muffled whine leaves his throat after nearly a minute of the teasing, unable to keep quiet any longer. Irritatingly, it makes Jiro withdraw his fingers altogether. In the next moment, Jiro grabs hold of the end of his leash and pulls his head up, making him arch his back to avoid being choked. Then in one swift movement, Jiro thrusts inside him all the way to the hilt.
He just barely manages to brace himself in time, keeping his hips still even as Jiro lights up his nerves with pleasure. However, that self-control is shattered when Keitaro starts moaning around his cock, Jiro’s next thrust driving him forward.

Keitaro gags around his length but doesn’t even try to pull away, still making little cries of pleasure. And it’s no wonder once he catches sight of Madara with his hand between Keitaro’s thighs. From the looks of it, Madara is being less of a tease than Jiro was to him. Or was it actually more? Either way, he’s certain Keitaro would be cumming right now if it weren’t for the cock ring.

And for that matter, so would he. With wet heat around his cock and Jiro sending lighting fast pulses of pleasure through him with every twitch of his hips, he constantly felt like he was on the verge of orgasm. It was maddening in the best way possible.

He can’t stop the moans and whimpers from escaping his lips, too turned on to think about pride and dignity. Through the haze of pleasure, he notices Jiro hand his leash over to Madara, who tugs him forward into a kiss. He kisses him back clumsily, hands coming up to rest on Madara’s shoulder to catch his balance.

It was becoming more difficult to think, the haze of pleasure drowning out his thoughts. He reacts instinctively when Jiro stops moving, pushing his hips back, but Jiro holds him still as his cock twitches inside him, accompanied by a flush of warmth that makes him shiver. There was just something about feeling them cum inside him that appealed to his base desires.

The tail plug is quickly pushed back into him before Jiro’s cum can drip out, and then he’s being pulled away from Madara and Keitaro. He makes a confused noise, wincing as the air hits his cock, the saliva making the air feel cold. Why had Jiro taken him away from that source of pleasure?

“Shh, pet. Let’s give Keitaro’s throat a rest and enjoy the show,” says Jiro. He pulls Tobirama closer, his chest against Tobirama’s back, and wraps an arm around his waist. “And remember to keep your paws off your cock.”

Tobirama rests his hands on his legs, gripping his thighs as much as he can through the mittens. He can’t take his eyes off the scene before him. Madara shoving his pants down just enough to free his cock. The way Keitaro’s mouth drops open in a voiceless moan and the pleasure in both of their eyes as Madara thrusts inside him.

Jiro isn’t idle as he watches, his hands caressing his stomach and trailing higher to tug on the nipple clamps. Tobirama shudders as the action sends a pulse of pleasure straight to his cock, drops of precum steadily dripping down his shaft.

The sound of a low groan draws his attention back to Izuna and Takeo, his breath catching at seeing the two of them twined together. They had moved to a part of the bed that would allow them to watch the rest of them, and heat surges through him as his eyes lock with Takeo’s.

Affection and lust shine through clearly in Takeo’s eyes. Eventually, he has to look away, overwhelmed by emotion. The intimacy of the moment was pleasing, but embarrassing.

Perhaps noticing his discomfort, Jiro suddenly puts more effort into distracting him, teeth nipping at his neck and soft lips sucking marks into his skin. He tilts his head to the side, a wordless encouragement for Jiro not to leave any part of his neck untouched.

He gets lost in the haze of pleasure, eyes closing halfway as he tries to keep watching, but the blissful heat coiling inside was distracting. He’s barely aware of the soft, needy sounds escaping his lips, barely heard over Keitaro’s loud, ecstatic moans.
His hips jerk as Jiro suddenly grips his cock, stroking him at an achingly slow pace. He bites his lip until it bleeds, trying not to beg. It’s as much a relief as it disappointing when Jiro stops a minute later.

He frowns when Jiro pulls away from him but relaxes when he picks up his leash. Jiro leads him back over to the others just as Madara is putting the tail plug back inside Keitaro. He takes a moment to appreciate Madara’s expression, relaxed and openly content after his orgasm. It was a good look on him.

On the other hand, Keitaro looks absolutely desperate, shifting restlessly on the bed. Jiro leans down to give him a quick kiss, patting his head between the fake ears.

“Come on, kitten, sit up for me,” says Jiro.

Keitaro gets up onto his hands and knees, rubbing his cheek against Jiro’s arm with a short purr.

Jiro smirks and runs his hand down Keitaro’s back. “That’s cute, kitten, but I’ve already had my fun. You’re going to play with Tobirama now.” He tugs gently on Tobirama’s leash. “Come over here and present for Keitaro, pet.”

Tobirama flushes as he realizes what Jiro is asking him to do, but his lust outweighs the embarrassment. He turns around until his back is to Keitaro, then rests his forearms on the bed, curving his tail up and onto his back to move it out of the way.

“Good boy,” says Jiro, resting his hand on Tobirama’s ass to give it a good squeeze. Then he beckons Keitaro over and takes his cock-ring off, smirking at Keitaro’s eager moan. “Go ahead and mount him now, kitten. He’s ready for you.”

Keitaro blinks at the tail plug still inside Tobirama then gives Jiro a questioning look. Jiro nods encouragingly, so Keitaro moves forward, all but draping himself over Tobirama’s back as he lines his cock up. Jiro helps him by holding the plug in place, keeping it from jostling around and getting in the way.

Tobirama chokes back a startled cry as Keitaro suddenly thrusts inside him, muscles aching as he’s stretched wide open. He takes in a few deep breaths, glad that Keitaro waits until he pushes his hips back before he starts moving. It may not have hurt, but he needed a moment to get used to it.

He moans in relief when he feels a hand on his cock, removing the ring. It doesn’t take long after that, for both him and Keitaro. Keitaro cums first, his teeth latching onto the back of his neck. And that spark of pain, on top of everything else he’s feeling, is enough to tip him over the edge.

His body goes boneless against the bed as soon as Keitaro pulls out, extending his legs out so he’s not kneeling any longer. It ends up with him lying in the wet spot, but he doesn’t care. He could fall asleep right here if he were any more relaxed.

“So, do we want a round two, or should we head to the baths?” asks Jiro.

Tobirama thinks about it for a moment then shakes his head. “I’ve had enough for today. A bath sounds good.” He holds out his hand, still encased in the furry mitten. “Can you help me get these off?”

“Sure.” Jiro unstraps the gloves and sets them aside, then gently takes Tobirama’s headband off to place them beside the gloves. “The tails we should take with us to the baths. It’s better to clean them right away.”

Tobirama nods, but before he can get up from the bed, he’s being lifted up into the air by Takeo.
He gives the man a disgruntled frown, but the gentle smile he gets in return makes his ire fade away. Wrapping his arms around Takeo’s shoulders, he doesn’t protest as he’s carried down the stairs to the bathing room.

However, he does insist on washing himself this time. That kind of aftercare is nice sometimes, but he’s not in the mood today. He’s relieved when none of them seem bothered by it, everyone just cleaning up in companionable silence.

When he sits down in the tub, he ends up with Takeo and Keitaro on either side of him. Jiro chooses the spot right next to Keitaro while Madara and Izuna sit next to Takeo. It’s actually kind of cute how cuddly they are after sex. Despite the large size of the bathtub, they’re all pressed up against each other in a row.

“That was fun,” says Izuna, snuggling closer to Takeo.

“It was,” agrees Takeo. “I’m glad that we’re becoming more comfortable openly showing affection to each other when Tobirama and Madara are around.”

Tobirama glances at Madara, startled, but the other’s expression remains neutral, giving no indication of his thoughts.

“Madara arrived to the afterlife about the same time you did, remember?” asks Keitaro. “It was quite a shock for him to discover that the four of us were romantically involved. He didn’t become comfortable with the idea of incest as quickly as you did, but he noticed how happy we were and wanted to be part of that.”

“We occasionally brought home people who were interested in group sex or wanted a threesome with two of us. Madara found it easier to join in on that, and get used to seeing us in a sexual light,” says Izuna.

“That’s why you brought me home with you that day?” Tobirama asks Madara.

“That was part of it. Mostly, I just knew they would enjoy having sex with you as well. You were the only one all five of us wanted to invite back for a repeat,” says Madara.

“Which then lead to an actual relationship,” says Keitaro. “It’s nice that you can get along with all of us. We’re hoping that, given enough time, you’ll be able to fall in love with us and vice versa.”

“That’s what I want as well,” says Tobirama.

They chat quietly for the next half hour, answering and asking him questions in an effort to get to know each other more deeply. When the heat from the water threatens to make them light-headed, they dry off and change into sleep clothes, Izuna lending him a thin cotton shirt and sweatpants. Technically, it wasn’t time for them to sleep yet, but they weren’t planning on leaving the house again today, so there wasn’t any harm in getting comfortable.

At Jiro’s suggestion, they push the living room coffee table up against the wall. Then they lay out a few mats on the floor, in between the two couches, for them for them to sprawl out near each other.

There’s some debate about what they do should next, but eventually, Keitaro goes upstairs to get his laptop. Takeo follows him and returns with a sketchbook and….a hacky sack?

The confusion abates a bit when Takeo tosses the ball to Jiro, who begins to toss it between his hands. Jiro is into sports, so maybe this is the kind of thing he does when he’s bored and needs something to do with his hands.
“We could watch funny videos on the internet,” suggests Keitaro. “Or educational videos that are also funny. There’s this one guy who makes videos about sea creatures. I’ll show you.”

Keitaro pulls up a website that Tobirama recognizes as being based off youtube, though they at least changed the name. Not that it really matters in this case. The youtube cooperation from another dimension can’t sue people in the afterlife for copyright infringement.

The video Keitaro pulls up was by someone with a username zefrank1 and titled True Facts About the Angler Fish. It was half informative, half insulting to the fish, and a hundred percent funny.

“The female angler fish comes in many shapes, colors, and shades…of ugly. It’s like a rainbow….of ugly.”

Keitaro grins as he starts laughing. “See? Told you it was funny. Want to listen to the one about the mantis shrimp next?”

“Sure.” Tobirama smiles at the next video plays, amused and content by this new form of entertainment. What a strange world he now lives in, full of miraculous technology and devoid of war.

He was even sitting next to the men that used to be his greatest enemies. And the man that almost caused the extinction of the human race. That reminds him, he had told Danzo he was going to ask Madara about that the next time he saw him. However, it would be a mood killer if he brought it up now. He’ll ask him about it tomorrow before he leaves.

Such a subject had a 50/50 chance of ending in an argument. It would be good for him to leave afterwards, for both of them to calm down. For now, though, he’s going to enjoy a quiet evening with his lovers.

Chapter End Notes

The youtube video I mentioned at the end of the chapter is real, by the way. Zefrank1 has some funny videos.
This chapter starts off as a continuation of last chapter. If you remember, afterlife Tobirama had decided to stay the night with Madara and his brothers and was planning to talk to Madara in the morning. Now it's morning and time for their talk.

After that, the memory Tobirama views is for a request by Hyarou. They wanted age difference between Tobirama and Madara with Madara as Tobirama's sugar daddy. So, this Tobirama is a college student in his twenties while Madara is a successful business man in his forties.

To clarify, it's not daddy kink. However, I did write it as a D/s relationship, just not that variety of it.

Tobirama glances up from the top of his book, pensively watching Madara playing board games with Keitaro and Izuna. They've already eaten breakfast, and now the six of them are spread out throughout the house doing their own thing. He's loath to break the quiet atmosphere to bring up a subject that might start a fight, but he truly does want to understand what Madara was thinking when he attempted to put the world under a permanent genjutsu.

Eventually, Madara notices his staring and seems to recognize that he’s not going to say anything in front of the others. He invites Tobirama to take a walk with him in the forest behind the house. They walk for a few minutes in silence before Madara stops and faces him.

“Whatever it is, just say it. The suspense is only going to make me irritable,” says Madara.

Tobirama grimaces but concedes the point with a nod. “Right. What did you think was going to happen if your genjutsu had succeeded? How long was everyone going to survive in those pod… things?”

Madara gives him a nonplussed look, eyebrows furrowing together in puzzlement. “The chakra would have kept them alive until they died of old age. They would have been….at peace inside the genjutsu. No war or death…..unless that was something they enjoyed, I suppose.”

“And then what? Was the entire world going to be under this genjutsu? How would they have children?”

Madara turns his head away, and Tobirama feels his insides turn to ice. Had Madara known that it would be the end of the human race?

“But you couldn’t have known that at the time!” says Tobirama, frustrated. “No one alive knows what the afterlife is like. Some think that there isn’t one. For all you knew, you could have been
permanently ending everyone’s existence. No happy family reunions in the afterlife, just a life cut short with no continuation. Families being denied the years they could have spent together.”

Madara crosses his arms and looks away.

Tobirama almost growls. “What is it going to take for you to accept that your actions were wrong?”

“Why does it matter?” demands Madara, glaring at him with red sharingan eyes.

Tobirama tenses, carefully not allowing himself to flinch. Does Madara understand how much effort it takes not to lash out every time one of them uses those accursed eyes? Or perhaps he does and is trying to use it as a distraction.

“Do you think I haven’t grown to care for you in the months we’ve starting dating? Do you think I want the man I’m falling in love with to be stuck in prison for a literal eternity? This prison zone may not be set up to act as a punishment, but it’s not nearly the paradise the rest of this world is. The only way you’re going to be free is if you acknowledge that you were wrong. Not because you lost, but because you understand that it was morally wrong to try to end the human race!”

He’s all but shouting towards the end, Madara staring at him in something like amazed disbelief. Finally, he can see his words cracking through the shell around Madara’s heart. That stubborn pride breaking away with the knowledge that he can see Madara’s actions as monstrous and still be falling in love with him.

There aren’t any tears, but there’s a quiet sort of grief in Madara’s eyes, the type that comes when you know you’ve made a mistake and caused someone serious harm. Then comes the guilt as Madara allows himself to realize what his actions could have caused. He wonders if he’s the first to point out what Madara’s plan would have meant if there hadn’t been an afterlife.

“I need to think about this.” Madara pauses, then adds, “Alone.”

Tobirama just nods and lets Madara walk away. He doesn’t move for several minutes, even after Madara is out of sight. He wants to say that could have gone better, but honestly, it could have been a lot worse. There was hardly any shouting, at least, and he resisted the impulse to break Madara’s nose for trying to play God.

After a few minutes, he shakes off the negative feelings and teleports home. There’s a note on the fridge for him. Kawarama has gone into the woods to sketch the scenery, Itama is visiting Touka, and Hashirama is spending the day with his wife and daughter.

Hmm. It’s been a while since he’s visited with his niece, Aiko. He went to see his closest family members about a month after he died, but he’s only gone to see them a few times since then. It’s not that he doesn’t enjoy visiting them, but it can get awkward. Any questions of how he’s been or what he’s been doing inevitably lead back to reminders that he’s dating his brothers and a group of Uchiha.

Touka is more weirded out by the latter. She was there when the village was formed, but she never warmed up to the Uchiha clan. The hatred faded after a while, but there was always a hint of wary suspicion in her eyes when she interacted with one of their former enemies.

His mother is mostly resigned to it, by this point. She doesn’t want to hear any details, but she’s glad he’s happy. On the hand, his father gets a pinched expression any time their relationship is mentioned and quickly changes the subject. Which is better than the angry silence that happened in the beginning.

Another positive is that he no longer expects Tobirama to spend most of his time training and is
actually willing to have conversations about Tobirama’s other interests. Butsuma doesn’t even spend most of his own time training anymore, which is practically a miracle considering how much of a workaholic the man had been. But perhaps he’s simply turned his energy towards some other job now that war is no longer in demand?

Perhaps he should visit and find out….

Later. He’s not in the mood to socialize after that conversation with Madara. Watching one of his alternate’s memories first might put him in a better mood. Something consensual and positive.

Since he’s alone, he doesn’t bother going upstairs first, simply sitting down on the couch before getting out his phone. He types in ‘A consensual memory where Tobirama and Madara are happy together,’ and hits enter, gratefully relaxing into his other self’s consciousness.

Tobirama returns to his apartment just as the sun is setting, leaving his backpack and shoes by the front door before collapsing onto his couch futon. Working part time, all he could afford was this small apartment that combined its living room and bedroom. The futon he had bought second-hand, just like most of his possessions.

Despite that, he was just grateful that government grants paid for his schooling. It was already exhausting enough taking three classes a semester while working thirty hours a week. If he had to work full-time to afford his classes as well, then he wouldn’t have enough energy left to study and get his homework done.

He was able to get the occasional small scholarship, which was usually enough to cover a few months’ rent. His parents were dead, having perished in a car accident when he was fifteen. The state had then contacted his older half-brother, a sibling he didn’t even know he had, and Hashirama had agreed to take him in.

It had been nice getting to know his older brother and his wife, Mito, but the entire time, he had worried about being a burden. His parents had instilled in him a sense of self-sufficiency from an early age. It had always been his intention to move out as soon as he reached eighteen, and that hadn’t changed just because he was living with someone else now.

Hashirama had tried to insist he stay longer, but Tobirama didn’t want them to spend their money on him rather than save it up for when they had a child. And it hadn’t escaped his notice that they were delaying having a baby since their house only had two bedrooms. Hashirama had only graduated a few years before he had gone to live with them.

Doctors made good money, but he still needed to save up to buy the size house they wanted. Besides that, they also needed to save up enough for Mito to stay home with the child for the first two years. Then she would go back to work, and part of her salary would pay for daycare.

Tobirama had done the math. They could afford to support him while he was in school, but it would delay them achieving their own goals in life. He doesn’t want that.

He doesn’t want to be a financial burden to anyone.

Tobirama sighs at his depressing thoughts and hauls himself to his feet. That was enough resting his legs. He needs to eat.

He pulls out a jar of lentil soup from the fridge and heats it up in the microwave, taking it back to the couch to eat. Lentils were not one of his favorite foods, but they were cheap and a good source of protein. Add some chicken bouillon and garlic powder, and they tasted decent.
Still, there were times he contemplated going on a date just to get a real meal. Someone who was a little older than him and had a steady paying job. It was usually just a passing thought, but sometimes it lingered in the back of his mind. Would it really be such a bad thing to look for a partner that was well off? There were enough people with a steady income that he could choose one that he actually liked, after all.

Dating someone with as low an income as himself was out of the question. The emotional attachment means they would start feeling a responsibility to each other. And if their combined income wasn’t enough to live comfortably, he worries that they would start thinking of each other as burdens.

Tobirama shakes his head to dispel the negative thoughts, then finishes his bowl of soup. After washing the dishes, he gets out his laptop (a gift from Hashirama on his 18th birthday) and begins research for his Biology essay.

A half an hour goes by and his mind starts to wander, back to the subject of dating. If money was the only factor, he’d be able to dismiss it, but it’s not. He’s always wanted to fall in love. The kind of love that Hashirama and Mito have. The kind of love he imagines his mother and father used to have…..before the stress of life and having a child made them more distant to each other.

They had never outright said he was part of the problem. His parents had loved him enough to keep that to themselves, but he could read between the lines. It had never been his mother’s intention to become a stay-at-home mom, but an unexpected pregnancy and the high cost of daycare hadn’t left her with many options.

She hadn’t been happy with it, but she had quit her job to stay with him while he was too young to look after himself. That was why they had placed such a high emphasis on self-sufficiency while raising him. To that end, she had him help her with the garden and with cooking supper.

On a whim, Tobirama decides to look up different dating sites, searching for one that won’t cost him money. Almost by accident, he ends up on a site for…..well, he believes the term is ‘sugar daddy’. Rich men that want a younger and attractive girl/boyfriend.

He almost closes the page right then and there, but some form of morbid curiosity has him reading the about page instead. Unlike what he had initially assumed, the website wasn’t just for rich men to find hookups. Many of them were looking for actual relationships too. Perhaps this website could be of some use to him then.

It only takes him a few minutes to get an account set up. He uses a picture of himself from last year, one that had been taken on his day off while he was fully rested. Then he sets about filling out his profile page. He mentions his age, that he’s in college for marine biology while also working six days a week, and that his goal for using this website is to find a partner. A partner with money, obviously, because he can’t afford anything, but he wants to fall in love as well.

There was also a section on here about a person’s dynamic, which he wasn’t sure how to fill out. About five percent of the world’s population was either a Dom or sub, so it wasn’t exactly rare. But would listing his orientation attract the right kind of people?

Eventually, he decides to play it safe and list ‘prefer not to answer’.

He checks his account over the next few days, and to his surprise, he receives quite a few messages. Unfortunately, most of them are from guys wanting hookups. Granted, they’re willing to go on fancy dates and buy him expensive food first, but their ultimate goal is still obviously sex. Even with his growing distaste for lentils, he’s still not desperate enough to spread his legs for gourmet food.
It’s a week before he gets a message that catches his interest. Instead of something ridiculously flirtatious, the man asks him how he was doing with his college classes and said he hopes he was getting enough sleep having to study and work at the same time. It was thoughtful enough that he decides to check his profile page……and then he nearly chokes on his tongue when he realizes just who’s messaging him.

Madara Uchiha, the CEO of one of the largest companies in the country with locations soon to be found worldwide. The man would be a billionaire if he didn’t give so much to charity, and even then, he was still in the high millions. He was a somewhat charismatic man in his mid-forties and known for his sharp wit.

What could a man like that find interesting about him?

He continues reading Madara’s profile, pausing when he comes across the paragraph about the man’s seven-year-old daughter. Of course, he had heard about the man’s divorce from the papers and knew he had gained sole custody, but it was different to read about it in the abstract than to think about it as a factor in a possible relationship. Madara wasn’t just looking for a partner; he was looking for another parent for his child.

Well, he does like children. This is sooner than he would have expected to become a parent, but if things work out with Madara, he won’t mind having to care for her. And Madara will be able to afford a babysitter while they go on dates, so he won’t have to worry about her interrupting them during an….intimate moment.

With that decided, he sends a message to Madara, the first of many.

Tobirama wakes to the smell of bacon sizzling on the stove, stretching his arms above his head and luxuriating in the feel of the high-thread cotton sheets against his skin. He had moved in with Madara just a few months ago, seven months after they had starting dating, and he hadn’t regretted it for a single moment since.

Madara had taken him to a variety of restaurants, amusement parks, movie theatres, and museums. Occasionally, they would take Madara’s daughter with them and have a family day at the park, skating rink, or zoo. It hadn’t been difficult for him to start thinking of Amaya as his own child. She was a sweet kid.

They had actually spent the entire day with her yesterday, despite it being a Friday. It was a special day, Tobirama and Madara’s one year anniversary, so they had let her skip school this once. They would be leaving her with a babysitter today while he and Madara went out. It was their hope that spending the day with her yesterday would prevent her from feeling left out today.

Tobirama rolls onto his side and checks the clock.

9:30 a.m.

That was an hour and a half later than he used to wake up for work on Friday and Saturdays. Now the only reason he has to wake up early is for school, and he only chooses morning classes so that he can spend the afternoons with Amaya (after she gets out of school) and the evenings with Madara (after he gets off work).

Tobirama rises from the bed and gets dressed, heading into the kitchen to find their chef making crepes and bacon. Amaya was already at the table, trying not to get syrup all over the table as she
“Morning, Tobi.”

“Good morning, Amaya. Did you sleep well?”

“Uh-huh. I had a dream about lemurs, like the ones we saw at the zoo yesterday. Lemurs are cool, especially the ones from that Madagascar movie,” says Amaya.

Tobirama takes a seat at the table, thanking Alonzo when he sets a plate down in front of him. Then he asks where Madara is.

“He’s in his office right now, making phone calls, preparing things for your big day. I’ll let him know when his plate is done,” says Alonzo.

Madara is all but ushered into the room by Alonzo, putting his cell phone away before sitting down. He wishes Tobirama and Amaya a good morning and starts eating, looking smugly pleased.

“I take it preparations are going smoothly?” asks Tobirama.

Madara smirks. “Today is going to be perfect.”

Amaya listens to their conversation, a little bit of a pout forming on her lips. They’ve talked to her about needing alone time before, and while she understands, she would still prefer to spend the day with them. But Mrs. Amelia, who lives downstairs and has a couple of children her age, will be watching her while they’re gone. Amaya supposes the day won’t be boring, at least. Just not as fun as it would if she was with her dads.

Mrs. Amelia knocks on the door just as they’ve finished breakfast, as punctual as ever. Amaya stops herself from rushing to answer the door herself, remembering her Dad’s lecture on safety. When Mr. Alonzo opens the door to reveal that it, in fact, Mrs. Amelia, she hugs her dads goodbye and follows Mrs. Amelia to the elevator.

“So, is there anything specific I should wear for our date?” asks Tobirama.

“No. In fact, the first place we’re going is a clothing store,” says Madara.

Tobirama blinks then raises a skeptical eyebrow. “Clothes shopping?”

“Mm-hmm. Clothes shopping. You know how you’ve been taking etiquette classes so that you’ll be able to accompany me to business parties? We’ve been dating for a year now. I’d say that our relationship is pretty serious by this point,” says Madara.

“So the clothes are for when we announce our relationship to the public, and I attend the parties as your date,” concludes Tobirama.

“Exactly. What I planned is for us to visit a few shops, eat lunch at a nice restaurant, and then return home for an intimate evening just the two of us,” says Madara.

“Sounds good to me,” says Tobirama, though he wonders what Madara isn’t telling him. Such simple plans wouldn’t cause Madara to smirk like that. “Are we leaving now?”

“Yes. The shop should be ready for our arrival by the time we get there,” says Madara, holding the front door open for him to step through. As their condo took up the entire top floor, the
elevator was only a few feet away, and he presses the button for the underground garage.

“What do you mean by ready? Are they opening early for us?” asks Tobirama.

“No, this is within their store hours. They’re closing the business to other customers while we shop,” says Madara casually.

_Casually._ Like it was an everyday occurrence to have a high-end clothing store to yourself!

“How much did you pay them for that?” he asks, appalled.

Madara snorts. “We’ll be spending enough on clothing that I didn’t need to pay them more than a few hundred dollars up front.”

Tobirama eyes him warily. “You’re not going to make me try on everything, are you?”

Madara hums in amusement. “Not today. You’ll try on a few things at the shop, but we’ll need to see a tailor another day to make sure everything fits _perfectly._”

Holding back a sigh, Tobirama follows Madara to one of the man’s more expensive cars, unsurprised to find a driver/bodyguard waiting for them. Madara rarely went anywhere without at least one security person. That would just be asking for a kidnapping attempt.

He hopes it doesn’t become necessary for _him_ to have a bodyguard once their relationship becomes more public. Having someone follow him around from class to class would just be awkward.

His mood improves when Madara holds the door open for him, such a simple gesture enough to make him smile. He likes the small romantic actions Madara does for him, seeing them as signs of affection. Madara even buckles his seatbelt for him, though he thinks that has less to do with traditional romance and more to do with their Dom/sub dynamic. It had definitely been a relief to realize that their kinks matched up.

The bodyguard puts in a CD before driving them out of the garage, and he gives Madara an amused look when he realizes they’re all romance songs. Madara just grins back at him, unrepentant.

They spend a couple hours at the clothing store, where Madara buys him dress shirts, trousers, jackets, ties, a few suits, and dress shoes. Madara buys the clothes in black, dark blue, dark gray, and a few in green. Luckily, he only has to try on one of each item, not every color.

And it quickly becomes clear why Madara was smirking earlier. Rather than sending him into the changing room alone and having him come out in a minute to show off the outfit, Madara goes _with_ him into the changing room to _help_. Tobirama calls it _teasing._

Madara slides his hands down Tobirama’s arms and chest, supposedly to flatten the fabric, his hands ‘accidently’ brushing across Tobirama’s nipples. Then there was the way Madara kneels down to help him untie his shoes, licking his lips as he looks up at Tobirama through half-lidded eyes. His hands skim over Tobirama’s ass as he pulls down his pants, fingertips dragging down the outside of his legs, making him shiver.

By the time they’re done trying on clothes, his cock is straining against his pants, and the store clerk is giving them knowing looks. Thankfully, for his sanity, she doesn’t actually say anything, just wishes them a good day in a _very cheerful_ tone of voice.

It’s a struggle to stay still on the way to the next store, especially since Madara keeps his hand on his thigh the entire way there, just inches away from his cock. His cheeks are flushed by the time
they arrive, and he holds his jacket over his arm as he steps out of the car, angling it so that it keeps the tent in his pants from showing.

Their driver hands Madara a piece of paper from the front passenger seat.

“It’s a printed receipt,” explains Madara. “I custom ordered a belt for you, to make sure it was the right size.”

“A belt? Don’t those usually buckle in place?” asks Tobirama.

Madara shakes his head. “You’ll understand when you see it.”

They enter the shop and Madara presents the receipt. “I have an order under the name Uchiha. And I was told on the phone that your shop has square sapphire earrings I can view?”

“Yes, sir. I’ll have my associate retrieve your order while I bring out the earrings,” says the sales clerk, her nametag proclaiming her Jessica.

Tobirama voices his preference for the smaller earrings when asked, mentally shaking his head at how such a tiny rock can be so expensive. It still makes him a bit uncomfortable to have Madara spend so much money on him. At the same time, it makes warmth bloom in his chest to know that Madara cares enough about him to buy him such expensive gifts.

Madara pays for the earrings and then helps him put them on. Jessica hands him a mirror just as the other sales associate returns with the belt, but Tobirama focuses on examining his new earrings before looking at it. This shade of blue does look nice against his skin, which is something he only cares about because it means he looks nice for Madara.

“What do you think? Did it turn out how you were expecting?” asks Jessica.

“Yes, it’s perfect,” says Madara, taking the belt out of its box. He holds it out for Tobirama to see. “They’re Tahitian pearls.”

Tobirama’s eyes widen at the sight of it. Three strings of blue-green pearls on either side of a circular sapphire buckle, and a thick black ribbon to go across his back. A detail that he was thankful for. If he had to worry about breaking his belt every time he leaned against something, the stress would turn his hair gray.

He holds still as Madara clips the belt in place, the sapphire resting right over his belly-button. The belt creates a slight pressure around his waist, feeling it every time he breathes. It was….strangely erotic.

Heat flushes through him, and he tries not to look as besotted as he feels, but he’s not sure he manages. Madara gives him a gentle smile and kisses him softly.

Then Madara grins at the sales associates. “He loves it. Will you tell the person who made the belt that they did an excellent job?”

“We’ll let him know. Is there anything else we can do for you?”

“Not today, but thank you. Have a good day.”

Madara leads him back to the car, buckling both of them in before pulling him into a heated kiss. Tobirama melts against him with a low moan, shivering in need. He wants nothing more than to crawl into Madara’s lap and ride his cock until they both forget how to speak, but the seatbelt keeps him in place.

He grasps Madara’s shoulders as a hand slips down to palm his cock, fingertips pinching and
rubbing the sensitive head. His breath catches, and his hips twitch forward into Madara’s touch. Red spreads across his cheeks in an embarrassed blush as their driver turns the radio up to drown out his moans, but he doesn’t try to pull away.

Madara kisses the shell of his ear, just beside the earring. “You’re so obedient for me, aren’t you? It’s lovely watching you squirm for me. But you can’t cum yet, not until we get home. Just two more places to go. You can be good and wait for me, can’t you, sweetheart?”

Tobirama shivers again, nodding his head. “Yes, sir.”

“Good boy. It looks like we’re here now. I think you’ll enjoy this,” says Madara.

Tobirama follows Madara out of the car, blinking in surprise that Madara has another printed receipt, considering that they seem to be at a **sex shop**. What could he have custom ordered here?

Madara presents the receipt to the clerk, but Tobirama’s attention is captured by the sheer variety of sex toys around them. Wandering around, he ends up in front of a section of metal and leather cuffs, both for restraint and decoration. His eyes are drawn to one of the latter, a dark brown-red leather cuff that buckles on.

“Those would look good on you,” says Madara, approaching him with a shopping bag in hand. “Why don’t we pick out a few things together? We can start with the leather cuffs.”

Madara helps him try on the cuffs, the feeling of them against his wrists reminding him of the times Madara has tied him to the bed. He’s reluctant to take them off again, but Madara promises to put them back on after they’ve bought them.

Then they make a slow circuit around the room, getting some black rope, lube, a crop, and a metal cock ring. He has mixed feelings about the crop. They’ve never used one before, but Madara has used his hand on him. It had been pain and heat and pleasure. He’s not opposed to trying out the crop, but he’s not sure if he’ll end up liking it.

After buying the items they’ve selected, Madara leads him to an empty room in the back, one with a full-length mirror on the wall.

“Sex shops don’t have changing rooms,” says Tobirama, bemused. “….Do they?”

“No, that would be a bit unsanitary,” says Madara. “This is for people to put on the things they’ve bought, to wear out the door.” He demonstrates this point by re-buckling the leather cuffs around Tobirama’s wrists. “You know, these are the perfect things to wear in public. Unlike leather shackles, they don’t have that loop to thread rope or chain through. No one’s going to say that these look inappropriate to wear in public.”

“That’s good. Because unless they start chaffing, I don’t want to remove them,” says Tobirama.

“And you know what else is acceptable for public wear? Collars,” says Madara, pulling out a silver band with sapphires and diamonds artfully arranged around it. Tobirama’s mouth almost drops open at the sight of it. “Thankfully, people in this era recognize that the collar isn’t necessarily a sexual symbol. For many Dominants and submissives, it’s a sign of commitment. We’ve been dating for a year. Would you like to wear my collar, Tobirama?”

Subconsciously stepping closer, Tobirama nods, eyes never leaving the collar. He’s been wanting to wear Madara’s collar three months into their relationship, but neither of them were into play collars. They had discussed the issue at length and had agreed that Madara would present him with a collar when they felt that their relationship was more serious.

“Yes,” he says, meeting Madara’s eyes. “I want to stay with you, as your submissive, for as long
as you’ll have me.”

“That would be forever then,” says Madara, eyes lit up with joy. For him, and he suspects for Tobirama as well, they were essentially getting engaged. He’ll have to ask later if Tobirama wants a ring. For now, he clasps the collar around Tobirama’s throat. “How does it feel?”

*Wonderful* is his first thought, but he doesn’t say that. It feels too emotional.

“It’s comfortable,” he says instead. “The metal feels nice against my skin.”

“Good. I’m glad you like it. Shall we move on to the next item?” asks Madara, a hint of mischief appearing in his eyes. He smirks when Tobirama gives a cautious nod, pulling out a set of nipple clamps from his bag. “We’ll need to take off your belt for a moment to lift up your shirt.”

Tobirama takes the hint and unclasps the belt, holding his shirt up for Madara to attach the clamps. He bites his lip to stifle a moan as Madara flicks his finger against the jewel hanging from one of them. Sapphires, of course. Madara seems to love to deck him out in sapphires.

“Alright. Shirt back down now.”

Tobirama does as he’s told, then puts the belt back on, resisting the urge to touch his chest. It’s a very distracting sensation, having his nipples continuously pinched. And from the light pressure, he can tell that Madara intends for them to be on for quite a while.

“Good. Now place your hands on the wall, and spread your legs.”

Turning around, he places his hands flat on the wall, shivering as Madara palms his ass. He holds still as Madara pulls down his pants, looking over his shoulder as he hears one of the packages being opened. The metal cock rings.

They seem to be magnetic in nature, one-third of the metal ring popping off. In addition to keeping him from cumming, the ring also adds a slight weight on top of his balls. He shifts restlessly when Madara adds a second ring, increasing the weight.

“The package said this amount of weight should be fine for the first time. Is it uncomfortable?” asks Madara.

Tobirama shakes his head. “No…..I kind of like it.”

Madara gives a pleased hum in reply, then Tobirama hears the snap of a lid opening and a rustling cloth sound. Peering over his shoulder, he sees Madara donning a disposal glove and pouring lube onto his fingers. He takes a deep breath and focuses on keeping his muscles relaxed as Madara stretches him. His fingers curl against the wall as his prostate is massaged, a drop of precum dripping from his slit to trail down his shaft.

He whines softly when Madara withdraws his fingers but relaxes again when something larger prods at his hole. A cold metal plug that quickly warms as it’s pushed inside him.

With that done, Madara has him turn his back to the mirror and look over his shoulder. Madara’s hands spread his cheeks apart, allowing him to see the sapphire jewel embedded on the outside of the plug. His stomach jolts with pleasure at the sight and his cock gives an interested twitch.

“Ah, you like this, don’t you? That’s good because you’re going to be wearing this for the next couple of hours. It’s time for lunch,” says Madara. “Pull up your pants so we can go.”

Tobirama shudders as he bends down, the plug nudging against his prostrate, his muscles clenching as he stands back up. Madara takes off his glove and throws it in the trashcan by the door as they leave. The store clerk wishes them a good day as they exit the shop, and Tobirama
has to restrain himself from covering his chest, hyper aware of the clamps creating a bulge in his
shirt.

Thankfully, they don’t meet anyone else on the way to the car, but the car ride itself is a test of his
patience. Every bump in the road sends a shock of pleasure up his spine as the plug gets jolted.
His cock is aching by the time they get to the restaurant, and he’s very obviously flushed with
arousal. Wouldn’t it be indecent for them to go in like this?

Except, they end up going in through a side door that leads to a small corridor with multiple doors.
A waitress finds them a moment later, confirms they have a reservation, and shows them to a
private room. Inside is a small table with one chair and a thick cushion beside the chair.

“Is this room to your liking?” asks the waitress.

“It is,” says Madara, looking pleased. “It’s exactly as I requested.”

Tobirama startles as Madara’s hand snakes into his pants’ pocket, pulling out his wallet to get his
ID card. He shows the waitress both of their ID’s before returning Tobirama’s wallet to his
pocket.

“We’ll be ordering wine,” explains Madara. “I heard you have a wine menu?”

“Yes, sir. Both the wine and regular menu are on the table. Should I give you a minute to decide?”

“Yes, thank you.”

The waitress leaves then and Madara gestures for Tobirama to kneel down on the cushion. It’s
only then that he notices that Madara has brought a bag in with him. The pleasure was more
distracting than he had thought.

He watches in bemusement as Madara pulls out a coil of black rope and begins to tie his wrists to
the leg of Madara’s chair. It takes a moment, but he realizes that Madara intends to hand-feed him.
They’ve tried that in the past, but it’s never been like this, his hands tied, helpless to eat without
Madara’s help.

Was it weird that the thought causes his cock to twitch? Apparently, that was a kink of his now.

He avoids looking at the waitress when she re-enters the room, the tips of his ears turning red.
Madara orders for the both of them, getting a bottle of wine and one glass. Then he orders two
appetizers, a main dish, and a dessert, each dish to be brought out after they’ve finished the last.

When the wine arrives, Madara takes a sip and then holds the glass to Tobirama’s lips, waiting
until his mouth opens to tip the glass. Tobirama swallows, licks his lips, eyes locked onto
Madara’s. It’s more intimate than he was expecting, being completely dependent on Madara like
this.

Their appetizer consists of cheese-stuffed sweet peppers, crab drip on soft crackers, and a fresh
fruit salad. Madara picks up the peppers with his right hand and brings it to Tobirama’s lips, his
left hand resting upon his head, gently stroking his hair. The rest of the meal follows that pattern.
Madara gives him a bite, then takes a bite himself, all the while his left hand pets his hair.

His arousal settles down to a low simmer with the occasional flare of pleasure when he moves,
jostling the plug inside him. The cock rings are a constant, low-level weight on his balls, keeping
him aroused and unable to cum. He can feel Madara’s dominance of him with every breath he
takes, sending his mind drifting into a haze of submission.

Their dessert consists of a slice of chocolate cream pie, which Madara likes enough to order an
entire pie to go. After paying for the meal, Madara unties his hands and leads him back outside through the side door, and off they go back home.

Thankfully, they don’t meet anyone on the elevator up to their condo. He doesn’t think he could make conversation right now. His mind feels floaty.

Madara leads him to their second bedroom, the one they keep locked because it has their bondage gear. He remains docile as Madara helps him undress and then begins to tie him up. His wrists are tied to his opposite elbow, and he kneels on the bed as Madara ties his ankles to his thighs. The jeweled clamps hang straight down as he rests his forehead against the bed, tugging at his nipples as they sway with his every breath.

Madara hums appreciatively at the sight of him, running a hand down his back. “You look very nice like this, all tied up for me to play with. And you do want me to play with you, don’t you, sweetheart?”

It takes a moment for the question to register, Madara waiting patiently. He nods his head.

“Good. I’ve been thinking about this all this day, about what I’d do to you when we got home.” Madara’s hands trail down, firmly cupping his ass before going back up, dipping down to caress his stomach, fingertips light as they circle around his bellybutton. “I can feel you tremble at my touch. I love how responsive you are.”

Tobirama moans softly as the touch moves lower, fingers just barely brushing across the head of his cock. His legs tremble with the effort of keeping still as Madara rubs circles into the underside of his glans, again and again until he feels like he could scream. Then he keeps going, trailing a line down his shaft to reach his balls, cupping them in his hand, caressing them with his palm.

He makes a disappointed noise when Madara’s touch withdraws, turning his head when he hears a drawer being opened. Madara takes out two feathers, one red and the other blue. The red feather is waved over his feet, making his toes curl at the ticklish sensation. The blue feather is brushed along his cock, making him moan. He squirms at the contrasting sensations as Madara keeps both feathers going, but the ropes keep him in place.

He’s not actually trying to get away, just reacting to the feeling. Madara seems to understand that and keeps going for several minutes, only stopping when his every other breath is coming out as a moan.

The feathers are set aside before Madara grabs his ass, spreading his cheeks apart, thumbs dipping down to caress sensitive skin. A finger circles around his hole before Madara slowly pulls the plug out, muscles instinctively clenching at the new, unwanted feeling of emptiness.

Madara is merciful and speeds through the process of getting a towel out from the drawer to lay the plug on, then gets undressed as quickly as possible. Then he’s lining up and sinking in, gripping his hips tight as he gives Tobirama a moment to adjust. But Tobirama doesn’t want a moment to adjust. He tightens his muscles around Madara’s cock, giving a pleased hum when it makes Madara groan low in the back of his throat.

Thankfully, there’s no more teasing after that. Madara thrusts inside him deep and hard, angling at just the right way to have him seeing stars. Nails bite into his skin but that just adds to his thrill. He almost hisses when Madara slows down but instead moans in relief when the cock rings are taken off one by one.

He shudders as a hand wraps around his cock, a few firm strokes and pleasure sears through him, stealing his breath. His muscles go lax, little after-shocks of sensation pulsing through him as Madara continues moving inside him. He makes a small noise of contentment when Madara finally cums inside him.
Not pulling out yet, Madara snakes an arm around his waist and helps him up until his back is resting against Madara’s chest. Fingers tap at his lips until he opens his mouth, and Madara’s other hand curves over his lips, semen dripping down onto his tongue. He shudders in disgust at the taste even as his cock twitches at how erotic it is to be fed his own cum.

Madara waits until he’s licked his palm clean before laying him back down on the bed, slowly pulling out of him before sliding the plug back in. He takes the clamps off next, gently rubbing his fingers over Tobirama’s nipples to hear his breath hitch.

“Beautiful. If I was a decade younger, I would start round two now. But that’ll have to wait a few hours. We can watch a movie in the meantime,” says Madara.

Madara unties the ropes and puts them away, then gets a damp towel from the bathroom to wipe them down. The tv remote is on top of the nightstand, and the tv itself is hanging on the wall across from the bed. Initially, Tobirama had thought it strange for them to have a tv in their sex room when they didn’t even have one in the main bedroom, but Madara likes to watch a movie and cuddle after sex. Now Tobirama just thinks it a pleasant part of their routine.

He snuggles up to Madara while his lover chooses a movie from Netflix, feeling safe and loved in the older man’s arms. It’s amazing how much his life has improved over the last year. Not only does he not have to worry about money anymore, but his self-esteem has been steadily improving as well. He hadn’t even been willing to admit that he had self-esteem problems a year ago.

“I love you,” says Tobirama quietly, face pressed against Madara’s chest so he doesn’t have to watch his expression. It’s not that he expects a negative reaction, but he feels….vulnerable expressing the full depth of his emotions for the first time.

“My parents didn’t say ‘I love you’ to each other very often,” says Madara, giving Tobirama a small smile when he’s startled into looking up at him. “My Father expressed affection by giving my mother gifts, both the expensive kind and the smaller, more thoughtful type. And in return, my mother was very physically affectionate, giving him hugs and kisses every day. I do love you, just to be clear, it’s just probably not going to occur to me to say it very often.”

“That’s okay. I don’t need to hear the words now that I know how you feel. My parents weren’t very affectionate with each other, either verbally or with their actions. It makes a stark contrast to how we act with each other,” says Tobirama.

“Then you are happy with me?” asks Madara.

Tobirama blinks in surprise. “Yes, of course. I wouldn’t have accepted your collar if I wasn’t happy.” He pauses as a thought occurs to him. “…You know it’s not just the money, right? I mean, obviously my life is a lot less stressful now that I don’t have to work, but I wouldn’t have kept dating you all this time if I didn’t like you. It isn’t the money that I love.”

A light blush dusts Madara’s cheeks, and he refuses to meet Tobirama’s eyes, so apparently that was something he had worried about. Tobirama shakes his head and snuggles closer, sitting between Madara’s legs and tugging at Madara’s arms until he wraps them around his waist.

He ignores the surge of arousal that comes from having so much bare skin pressed together and turns his attention back to the movie. As much as he would like to start round two now, Madara hadn’t been kidding about the refractory period. It was pretty much the only downside to their age difference.

Madara is an attractive forty-year-old man, all lean muscles and only the beginnings of wrinkles forming around his eyes. He also has a lot of experience, both as a lover and just in general. Paperwork, business etiquette, how to charm people, and how to get the best deals when buying
products. He’s learned a lot from Madara in the last year.

And did he mention that Madara is attractive?

So, no, the age difference isn’t a problem at all.

….He was starting to have trouble focusing on the movie.

Later, after the film is over and his lust is finally sated, they cook supper together and share another slice of the chocolate cream pie. Then they play video games in the living room and make plans for tomorrow. It’s been a few weeks since they went to the beach, and the weather report says it should be warm enough. Luckily for him, Amaya and Madara enjoy visiting the ocean almost as much as he does.

When it’s time to go to bed, Madara gets out a small satin bag from the dresser and tugs it open, pulling out a….black ribbon? It has a snap button on the ends and seems to be just long enough to be a necklace. And by just long enough, he means it’s more like a choker….or a collar.

“IT’s for sleeping in,” explains Madara. “I didn’t think metal and sapphires would be very comfortable while lying down all night.”

“Perhaps it would be; I haven’t tried it to know. Would you like to be the one to change the collars?” asks Tobirama.

Madara nods and wraps the cloth ribbon around his neck, clasping it in place before removing the metal collar. It’s a lot more comfortable, though that’s not to say he doesn’t like the first one. He’s simply not used to the weight of it around his neck. The cloth he can just barely feel, it’s so light and soft.

“How is it?” asks Madara.

“It’s perfect.” Tobirama snuggles up to Madara on the bed, sighing in contentment when Madara wraps an arm around him. “Today was fun. Thank you.”

“I’m glad. I would make every day fun for you if I could,” says Madara.

“You already do. I can actually come home now after school, not having to exhaust myself further with work before doing my homework. And though I won’t need to work for the money anymore, I still want to become a marine biologist. The ocean is a fascinating place,” says Tobirama.

Madara gives a neutral hum. He finds the ocean to be a nice place to relax at after work, but he doesn’t share Tobirama’s passion for learning about everything within the water’s depths. Still, he’s more than happy to support his lover’s ambition if it brings him joy.

They talk for a few more minutes before the conversation tapers off. Slowly, their eyes close as they relax in companionable silence, drifting off into a deep sleep.

Tobirama disconnects from his alternate’s memories as soon as he falls asleep, his mood considerably lighter than when he first started viewing the memory. He gets up from the couch and heads outside, searching the woods for a few minutes before he finds a patch of purple flowers, picking a few of them to give to his mother. It had been sad to see how distant his alternate’s parents had been before they died, but it had served to highlight the positives of his own familial relationship with his parents.
Such as the fact that they’ve never made him feel like a burden.

He finds his mother in her garden, sitting on a stool picking blackberries. She looks over her shoulder when she senses his chakra appear and gives him a smile.

“Tobirama, it’s good to see you again. I’d get up and hug you, but I’ve got dirt on my clothes from working in the garden. Anyway, is this a social visit or is there something you need?” asks Sakiko.

“It’s just a social visit,” says Tobirama.

“Wonderful. Why don’t you help me bring the blackberries in and I’ll get changed? I’m planning to make a pie.”

Tobirama carries the large basket into the house, and by the time Sakiko is done changing, he’s found a vase for the flowers. She blinks in surprise at seeing them sitting on the table, smiling as she touches the petals.

“You and your brothers used to bring me flowers all the time when you were kids. It brightened up my day every time,” says Sakiko.

“I’m glad we could cheer you up,” says Tobirama.

Her smile falters. “I guess you boys noticed when I was sad, huh? I hated having to send you out to the battlefield so young. Ironically, I do enjoy teaching martial arts at the nearest dojo now. Perhaps because I know the skills will be used for competition instead of war.”

“You’ve been teaching at the dojo?” asks Tobirama curiously.

“Yes, I just started a few months ago. I’ve also joined a baking club and learned quite a few new recipes. Your father’s been happy about that,” says Sakiko.

“I’ll bet. Is he still a disaster in the kitchen?”

Sakiko snorts. “That man can burn water. He’s lucky that we’re one of the couples that stayed together after death. He’d have to go out for every meal otherwise.”

“He’s lucky to have you,” says Tobirama, loyally. “I don’t sense him in the house. Has he gone out?”

“He’s working at the mechanic shop right now if you can believe.”

Tobirama’s brain stalls. “…The mechanic shop?”

“Yes. Apparently, some civilians decided they liked the look of these ‘car’ things and decided to recreate them. Some of the machines can actually travel faster than shinobi, though your father prefers motorcycles when he’s riding one of the vehicles. Something about the feel of the wind. But he finds building and fixing cars to be interesting.”

“That’s not a hobby I expected him to have, but I’m glad he’s adapting to a peaceful existence,” says Tobirama.

“Mm,” Sakiko hums in agreement. “Would you like to help me with the pie?”

Yes, he would. It feels like old times again, helping her make the pie crust. There was something about cooking with her that was relaxing. Which is why he decides to help her with the prep work for dinner while the pie bakes.
It seems she was trying out an ‘American’ recipe today, a pot roast with baked potatoes, roasted carrots, and onions.

“This is a large portion. Are you expecting company?” asks Tobirama.

“It’s for leftovers, actually. This way I only have to heat the food up tomorrow night. It’s less work that way,” says Sakiko. “I wasn’t able to cook enough for leftovers when we were all alive. You boys ate so much food. And no wonder with all the training you did.”

“We still eat the same amount, even though we aren’t training as much. Though we don’t seem to have gained any weight,” muses Tobirama.

“Subconsciously, you probably expect yourselves to look the same,” says Sakiko. “The physics of this world appears to be set up to give us what we want, assuming it doesn’t hurt anyone else.”

They make small talk for a while as they cook, his mother informing him how the others in the clan are doing. He gets to hear about the new births, three babies this year. When he gets home, he’ll tell Hashirama the news. His brother always made it a point to congratulate the new mothers in the living world, both as a polite gesture and because he likes getting to see the newborns.

The atmosphere becomes awkward when Butsuma returns, but his father gives him a stilted greeting and doesn’t try to chase him away. Butsuma even sets the table for them, bringing out three sets of tableware. Gradually, they relax around each other and find things to say.

It gives him hope for the future, that eventually they’ll be at ease with each other again. Or for the first time. His father was a strict task master when he was Clan Head. It should be easier to get along with him now that they’re equals.

All things considered, the family dinner can be classified as a success. There were no insults, no angry silences, and only one judgmental look throughout the entire conversation. At the end of the night, he’s able to go home without regretting that he visited in the first place. Today was a good day.
Sequel Ch 1, Madara/Tobirama/Hashirama

Chapter Notes

This was a request from CrackedRunner. It's a sequel to Chapter One, where Madara was celebrating his victory by having some fun with Edo Tensei Tobirama. You might want to re-read ch 1 before this, as the memory will start off right where it left off. And as a reminder, I've written the reanimated people as not being able to feel pain.

It is noncon/dubcon.

Tobirama scrolls through the list of past memories he’s viewed, pausing when he gets back to the top of the list. At the time, he had been too embarrassed to view the entire thing, but now….now he finds himself curious to see how it plays out.

He types the situation into his phone, requesting the same dimension and to resume the memory from where he left off. Then he gets comfortable on his bed and hits ‘enter’.

Tobirama keeps his eyes closed as Madara approaches the other Hokage, humiliation burning inside him at his brother’s outraged gasp. He can’t bear to see the horror in their eyes, their gaze surely locked onto where Madara was still fingering him open.

“What have you done, Madara?” asks Hashirama, rage and sorrow laced through his voice.

Madara snorts. “What does it look like? Your brother makes the perfect toy. Such interesting noises he makes.”

As if to emphasize, Madara digs his fingers into Tobirama’s prostate, finally dragging a strangled gasp from his lips.

“Stop that!” snaps Hashirama. “Let him go, Madara.”

“Hmm.” Madara pretends to consider it, then carelessly drops Tobirama onto the ground. “Well, if you insist, then I suppose I’ll play with you instead.”

Tobirama’s eyes fly open at the impact to the ground, glaring up at Madara until he’s nudged onto his side with the other’s foot. It forces him to face Hashirama, lying just a few feet away. He averts his eyes, still unable to move even an inch.

“What, what?” asks Hashirama, voice rising in pitch.

In the distance, he hears Minato mutter, “I can’t believe this is happening.”

Neither can he.

Has Madara always been this depraved?

He feels helpless, only able to watch as Madara rips away Hashirama’s armor and underclothing.
His traitorous cock twitches as Madara begins to map out Hashirama’s muscles with his hands, touch almost reverent and a hungry greed in his eyes.

Hashirama’s expression is more conflicted. Tobirama knows his brother has been halfway in-love with Madara since they were children. He can see Hashirama’s confusion, his almost happiness at having Madara’s attention, the anger at their circumstances, and the guilt that he’s getting aroused after what’s just happened to Tobirama.

“Seems like you’re enjoying this as much as your brother did,” says Madara, smirking at Hashirama’s obvious embarrassment. He licks his lips and grabs Hashirama’s cock, tilting it up so that he can lick along the slit.

Hashirama chokes for breath, the muscles in his stomach flexing but the rest of his body remains unresponsive. Tobirama can read his indecisiveness, the same that he felt earlier. If he could move, would he push Madara away or pull him closer? Even now, Tobirama feels conflicted. And strangely jealous, though of who, he’s uncertain.

He’s starting to get the sinking sensation that his feelings for Hashirama may not be as platonic as he had assumed. In his defense, he’s always loved Hashirama, so who could say when that become ‘in love’? However, he probably should have noticed the attraction before now….

It was really obvious in retrospect.

Thus, it’s with a guilty sort of pleasure that he watches Madara wrap his lips around Hashirama’s cock. His brother’s eyes snap closed, a choked off moan escaping him. Tobirama bites his lip as the sound sends a surge of arousal through him, silently cursing that he can’t move to get a better vantage point. He thinks Madara has started to finger him open, but he can’t see it.

What he can see is the way Madara begins to tease him, trailing his tongue up and down the shaft, swirling it around the tip, and then back down again to prod at his balls. Tobirama swallows thickly as his brother’s moans take on a pleading tone, like he’s on the verge of begging. That makes two of them.

Madara pulls his mouth off with an obscene pop, and Hashirama faintly shivers.

“Hmm? Cold?” asks Madara, smirking. “Perhaps I should get you something to warm up.”

Hashirama’s only reply is a disappointed groan as Madara’s fingers slide out and the man stands up. Meanwhile, Tobirama is watching Madara with suspicion as he approaches him. Once again, he’s hefted up onto Madara’s shoulder and carted off like an object, though they don’t go far.

Hashirama and Tobirama stare at each other awkwardly as he’s placed in his older brother’s lap, his knees on either side of Hashirama’s hips. His brother’s expression twists with embarrassed pleasure, but he can’t turn around to see what Madara is doing. But he can feel it. Hashirama’s cock suddenly pressed against the crack of his ass, a hand on his hip to pull him back into position.

There’s no way to stop it, something he’s almost shamefully relieved by. What are the odds that he’d get to experience this otherwise? This being Hashirama’s cock spreading him open, lighting up his nerves with sinful pleasure. Both of them groan at the feeling, reflexively meeting each other’s eyes before looking away.

“There. He makes a good cock-warmer, doesn’t he?” asks Madara in satisfaction.

Hashirama glares at him, outraged, but Tobirama shocks them both with a breathy moan. He closes his eyes in mortification as Madara begins to chuckle.
“Hah. Guess there’s no point in asking whether he likes it. Ah, but this position only keeps one part of you warm. I think we can do better, don’t you?” Madara asks rhetorically.

Tobirama feels a hand on his back before he’s shoved forward, chest to chest with Hashirama, their noses only centimeters apart. His lips tingle as Hashirama exhales, and now all he can think about is how much he wants to be kissed.

Before he can decide what to do, he’s distracted by hands closing around his wrists, pulling his arms up above Hashirama’s head. Those damn chakra rods make another appearance, pinning his hands to the ground. He grimaces as it shifts him even closer, his lips to Hashirama’s cheek.

“Hmm. Close, but not quite,” muses Madara.

Fingers grip his chin, turning his head to the side to face Madara. It takes the barest hint of pressure before he’s opening his mouth, and Madara’s expression shifts from surprised to pleased. Then there’s another chakra rod, thin and small, adhering to the first inch of his tongue.

Hashirama puts up more of a struggle as Madara opens his mouth, but in the end, the rod is stuck to his tongue as well. Slowly, it shortens, bringing their mouths closer and closer...until, finally….their lips touch. He can’t contain himself, a small noise of interest escaping free, their lips accidently gliding against each other.

His brother’s eyes widen but, to his own relief, no disgust appears. Instead, there’s curiosity and caution, and a hesitant return of the kiss. Tobirama all but melts against him, no longer even trying to (futilely) move away. Impulsively, he tightens his muscles around Hashirama’s cock, a reward of sorts for not spurning his interest.

Hashirama moans into his mouth, helpless and wanting. It’s one of the most intoxicating sounds he’s ever heard, causing his muscles to tense again almost by reflex, determined to bring them both pleasure in whatever way he can.

Then he feels something unexpected: Hashirama’s arm wrapping around his back. And judging by Hashirama’s confusion, it isn’t his brother’s doing. Was Madara being…nice? Or is this some new plan to try and humiliate them?

The quiet pop of the shadow clone jutsu breaks the silence as two new Madara’s emerge into being. One of them heads off in the direction of Sarutobi and Minato while the real Madara kneels down between Hashirama’s legs. The second clone sits down beside his torso, fingertips tracing down the back of his neck.

“I’ve changed my mind,” announces Madara. “I don’t need an audience for this.”

Tobirama blinks, feeling Sarutobi and Minato’s chakra signatures getting farther and farther away. This change of events is…unexpected but not unwelcome. But what was Madara’s motivation?

Then Hashirama makes a small noise, and he focuses on the way his brother’s eyes glaze over with pleasure. It’s obvious what’s going on when Hashirama’s body is just barely rocked forward, the force of Madara’s thrusts into Hashirama pushing his brother’s cock deeper inside Tobirama. It feels….unbelievably good, especially when Madara’s clone begins to nibble at his neck.

He moans as Madara bites the nape of his neck, his lips sliding against Hashirama’s with the sound. Hashirama responds by putting more focus into kissing him while Madara bites him again.
“You’re both enjoying this,” says Madara’s clone, amused. “Who would have guessed that the two of you are into such things?” Then his tone turns thoughtful. “You know, the world would judge you for this, two consenting adults sharing pleasure, just because you’re brothers. But you won’t have to worry about that when you’re in my Infinite Tsukuyomi.”

Hashirama starts to make a protesting noise, but Tobirama cuts him off by tightening his muscles again. They can argue with Madara after they cum. Considering that the real Madara is still fucking Hashirama, it doesn’t take much convincing to get him to focus back on the pleasure.

Tobirama closes his eyes, focusing on the sensation of Madara’s teeth and tongue against his skin and the maddeningly slow movement of Hashirama inside him. He can hear their sounds of pleasure, making the ecstasy building inside him spike higher.

But it’s still not enough. He makes a desperate sound as first Hashirama and then Madara find release, which stops what little friction he was getting. There’s nothing he can do but wait as Madara stands up, and the chakra rod in his mouth slowly shrinks down into nothing. It lets the clone pick up him and roll him onto his back upon the ground while the original Madara props Hashirama up so that he can watch.

Tobirama bites his lip as the clone slides three fingers inside him, rubbing against his prostate with just the barest hint of pressure. He can’t even squirm, forced to endure Madara’s teasing until he can’t take it anymore, gasping out a desperate please.

“Hmm? What was that? I didn’t hear you,” says Madara, eyes glinting with sadistic humor as he rubs Tobirama’s prostate a little harder.

Tobirama whines softly, then snaps his mouth closed in embarrassment. His eyes flick over to Hashirama, who was watching him with a rapt expression. It doesn’t do anything to quell his embarrassment, but it is reassuring to know that Hashirama isn’t silently mocking him for his reactions.

After a moment, he gathers up the courage to speak louder, looking back to Madara as he asks, “Please…” Then he hesitates again, averting his eyes, “….fuck me.”

Madara gently grabs his chin, tilting his face up to give him a gentle kiss. Then he all but purrs against his ear, “Gladly.”

Tobirama stifles a moan, ear tingling from Madara’s breath while the heat of his touch seeps into his skin. Hands grab his hips with a possessive grip that makes him melt, more turned on than he’s ever been in his life. Pleasure crashes over him in waves as Madara finally gives him what he needs, tilting his hips up at just the right angle to make him see stars.

It doesn’t take much. A half dozen thrusts inside him and the slight friction of Madara’s stomach against his cock. He can’t contain a pleasured cry as he cums, vision whiting out as he tightens around Madara’s cock.

Madara doesn’t even pause, fucking him through his orgasm until he reaches his own peak. The clone lets out a choked breath, cock twitching inside him, and then…disappears.

Tobirama can’t stop his sound of loss, eyes wide as he stares at where the clone used to be. It’s jarring to suddenly be left empty and without human touch. He knows it wasn’t voluntary; he has enough curiosity to have discovered that clones dispel when they cum, but…it still feels like abandonment.

Thus, it’s a relief when Madara creates another clone, who then proceeds to pick him up. Not even over his shoulder this time, but in a normal hold. He’s arranged so that his arms are around Madara’s shoulders and with his head resting against his chest. It shouldn’t be as comforting as it
is, not with how this sexual encounter started. But he’s too tired to care.

He’s tired, emotionally and physically. It feels like he’s been fighting more than half his life, and just when he thought it was finally over, he gets pulled back down to earth before he can reach heaven. Forced to fight in a war that doesn’t make any sense. (Really, Madara? The moon?)

There’s nothing he can do to stop Madara at this point. Only the three of them are still free, and the two that want to remain that way can’t move. So he doesn’t protest as Madara lowers them down into the pod, though his brother still tries to talk sense into his old friend.

He tunes it out, content that at least the three of them are going in the same pod. Whether he remembers it’s a genjutsu or not, it would still be a nightmare to be stuck by himself, surrounded by illusions.

“How long are we going to be stuck in the genjutsu?” asks Hashirama.

“I’ve set it up so the Edo Tensei will be released when I die, and the chakra from the tree should keep everyone alive about fifty years longer than their natural lifespan,” says Madara. “We’ll get to have a lot of fun together in my genjutsu.”

Tobirama closes his eyes as Madara begins to play with his hair. The clone had set him down next to the original Madara, who was lying on his back with Hashirama on his other side.

“Will we remember it’s a genjutsu?” he asks.

“No. Not even I will,” says Madara. “It wouldn’t be much of a fantasy if we knew it wasn’t real. Any more questions before I active the jutsu?”

“...Why did you suddenly start acting nicer?” asks Tobirama.

There’s a long silence.

“...You started to obey me,” Madara finally answers. “I hated you for a long time, and that hatred never really went away. But about a year before I left the village, I began to like you as well. I’ve had to live with that confusing mix of emotions for years. When you defy me, it’s easier to focus on the hatred.”

“And the opposite is true? When I obey you, it’s difficult to ignore that you also like me?” asks Tobirama.

“Yes,” says Madara grudgingly.

“I always thought you liked Hashirama,” says Tobirama.

Madara huffs. “I do. Unfortunately, he had to marry that stuck-up Uzumaki princess before I could make a move.”

Hashirama pouts. “If you had agreed to the peace treaty sooner, we would have been dating before the Uzukage offered me the marriage alliance!”

“Oh, shut up,” says Madara, but there’s no real heat in his voice. “It’s already done, so there’s no point arguing about it now. We’ll get to experience the life we should have had from the beginning in the Infinite Tsukuyomi.”

Then he tilts Tobirama’s head up to meet his gaze, dark eyes swirling into crimson.

“No need for alarm,” murmurs Madara, seeing his blooming panic. “I don’t know how the jutsu will react if you still have the chakra rods inside you. I’m going to put you under a simple sleep
Tobirama quickly disconnects from his alternate’s memory, unwilling to get caught up in the Infinite Tsukuyomi. He doesn’t know what kind of effect, if any, it could have on him, but he’s not willing to take any chances. Besides, he’s seen enough. Perhaps too much.

What is he supposed to think about how his alternate reacted? The way he had given in at the end, out of mostly selfish reasons. Because even if that Tobirama had managed to escape, if Madara caught him again, he might have put him in a different pod as punishment. He hadn’t been willing to risk being stuck in an illusion by himself, not even for the sake of everyone else.

Did that make him a selfish person, or simply ruthlessly pragmatic? The odds of him winning against Madara had been astronomically slim by that point. Why sacrifice himself for nothing? Just to say that he hadn’t given in?

Tobirama sighs as his thoughts go around in circles, trying to justify his counterpart’s actions to avoid feeling guilty. With how similar that world had been to his, he can’t help but think that he would have done the same thing. It’s not a pleasant realization.

However, his spiraling thoughts eventually recall what Madara had said, about his shifting feelings. Did his own Madara feel the same way? That might explain how their relationship had developed so quickly. The seeds of affection had already been present, but couldn’t grow until they let go of their hatred.

As curious as he is, he’s not sure he wants to ask his Madara. In some ways, it’s easier to pretend that those days of animosity don’t exist. The occasional argument about Madara’s attempt at world domination is bad enough. It would just be added stress to discuss their days in Konoha.

Tobirama slips his phone in his pocket as he gets up from the bed, then slowly makes his way downstairs. What he really needs is a distraction. Kawarama and Itama are watching the television. He’ll join them. Some mindless entertainment should help him relax.
Madara/Tobirama, dubcon

Chapter Notes

Hello! If you've noticed down below, I've skipped the intro paragraph this time. It was getting kind of tedious finding different ways to say 'Tobirama lies on the bed and enters a question into his phone.' Instead, we're starting off with him in his alternate's memories.

It's a sort of medieval era, no electricity, Knights and Kings kind of setting. The kingdom of Uchiha and Senju are at war. Madara has Tobirama kidnapped from the battlefield and wants to have sex with him. Rather than outright force himself on him, he tries to seduce him with a massage!

It works for the most part, so it's dubcon rather than noncon. Tobirama is pretty much on board with the sex by the time it happens.

Tobirama rubs the bridge of his nose, fighting off a rising headache as he tries to ignore the clamor of his soldiers preparing for war. The thin walls of his tent don’t provide much in the way of sound-proofing, though that’s saved their lives a few times. Everyone had been able to hear the lookout shouting about the enemy approaching.

They go to battle again in just a few hours. He already feels exhausted just thinking about it. It’s been five months since he left home to lead the troops from the front line. Hashirama had objected at first, but Tobirama had insisted. He’s good at creating strategies on short notice, which is a vital skill during war.

Letters take too long to reach the field. Tobirama knows he’d never be able to forgive himself if he realized later that he could have saved his people if only he had been there. So now, here he is, stuck with a duty he doesn’t want, but feels morally obligated to fulfill.

The worst part of war is…...no, it’s all equally horrible. Seeing his men die is traumatizing, of course, but he’s becoming numb to the horror of it. Which leaves his mind free to complain about everything else. The food shortages and the lack of showers.

His father had made his sons work hard, training for battle and studying to run the kingdom, but he had never denied them the luxuries of royalty. Tobirama hadn’t realized how pampered he had been until coming out here. It was an eye-opening experience that makes him want to stab Madara Uchiha in the eye. Why did he have to suddenly declare war on their kingdom? The Uchiha monarch had already conquered one of his other neighbors. Was he not going to be satisfied until the entire continent was under his rule?

"Prince Tobirama? The men are almost ready to leave," says Sarutobi from outside his tent.

"Thank you, Saru. I’ll be out in a moment."

Tobirama dons the rest of his armor and joins his second-in-command (and dear friend) outside.

"Are the horses saddled?"

"Yes, sir. Everything is ready for departure. The non-combatants are packing up the tents and getting the medical supplies prepared as we speak," says Sarutobi.
“Good. Let’s get everyone lined up then, so we can head out.”

Tobirama and Sarutobi quickly get everyone organized and off they go. To their deaths. Or if they’re lucky, dismemberment. Did he mention that he hates war? Because he really does.

His day just gets worse as they engage in battle. The sound of clashing metal brings his headache back in full force. The sun shines directly in his eyes, reducing his visibility and making his head throb. He can hear his comrades dying around him, and it’s starting to seem like he’s going to join them.

They’re vastly outnumbered today. Somehow, the Uchiha had hid how many troops they were sending this way. The inaccurate data renders his plans useless. At least when he’s dead, he won’t have to fight any longer.

Eventually, one of the enemies gets lucky and breaks through his guard, knocking his sword away. Every muscle in his body tenses as the enemy holds a blade to his neck, but instead of the expected beheading, another man grabs his wrists and proceeds to tie his arms behind his back.

“You’re taking me hostage?” asks Tobirama, confused. This is the first time the Uchiha army has tried to take prisoners.

“Yes. King Madara wants witnesses of his army’s glory and might to give testimony to your own King. To convince Hashirama to finally surrender.”

Tobirama frowns skeptically but doesn’t put up a protest as he’s led to the enemy camp. All around him the battles are coming to an end as more and more of his soldiers are killed or restrained. It’s a relief when he spots Sarutobi amongst the captured majority. And it is a majority, astonishingly. It looks like about sixty percent of them are still alive.

“What will happen to us now?” asks Tobirama.

He receives an indifferent look, but the man starts talking after a moment. “The medics will treat everyone’s wounds, starting with the most injured. When that’s done, we’ll take you to King Madara. He’s got an estate not too far from the border, about a week’s travel from here. He’ll decide which one of you to send back to Hashirama with his demands. Those of you that stay will be hostages, only to be released upon Hashirama’s surrender.”

Tobirama descends into troubled silence as the medics get to work. With him as one of the hostages, Hashirama is almost certain to cave to Madara’s demands. What is that tyrant planning to do to his country?

The week passes in a troubled haze, worry for his people making it difficult to sleep. He manages to subtly pass the word around to his soldiers to keep his identity a secret. If Madara doesn’t know who he is, he’s less likely to use his life as a bargaining to tool to get Hashirama’s cooperation. Perhaps, then, Hashirama will be able to counter some of Madara’s demands.

Surrender is looking inevitable at this point, but that doesn’t mean their subject’s lives have to be drastically altered. From history books, he knows a conquering nation can either destroy another country’s culture or allow them to keep it. They may have to start paying their taxes to an Uchiha monarch, but that doesn’t mean their traditions and religions need to be abolished.

Thus, it’s with that semi-hopeful thought that he reaches Madara’s estate. The bruises and nicks he had received during his battle are half-healed by now, but not all his comrades are in such good shape. To Madara’s credit, he does immediately have them sent to the hospital wing for further
treatment. Perhaps he has a sense of honor when it comes to prisoners of war.

He’s certainly long-winded though. They’ve been standing in the throne room for what feels like an hour, listening to Madara give a speech about the glory of the Uchiha family and how prosperous their country will be under his rule. Granted, there have been a few kernels of useful information in between all the grandstanding, but it’s mostly just arrogant noise.

“You’ll be staying at the barracks today, and I’ll sort out tomorrow which of you is being sent home. Food will be brought to you, and other than to use the restrooms, you’re not to leave your rooms. I’ll have guards posted at the doors. If you need something, ask them,” says Madara.

The guards begin to usher them out, but Madara holds up his hand when they reach him.


“Yes, sire.”

Sarutobi opens his mouth to protest, and Tobirama shoots him a quelling look. They can’t afford to argue with their captors right now. Luckily, Sarutobi listens to him, though with great reluctance.

“Friend of yours?” questions Madara.

Tobirama eyes him warily as he gets closer. “….A former student. I taught him how to fight.”

“Hmm. He’s obviously very fond of you. Though I have trouble picturing you fighting. Someone as pretty as you shouldn’t be on the battlefield,” says Madara, thumb tracing over the red line on Tobirama’s cheek.

He stiffens at the touch, heart rate picking up. Was Madara intending to…?

“And now you’re all tense. That won’t do.” Madara turns to one of the guards. “Have my massage table and my new guest sent to my rooms. And have one of the servants draw a bath.”

“Yes, sire.”

Thrown for a loop over ‘massage table’, Tobirama startles as a guard suddenly grabs his arm and all but drags him down the hallway. He thinks about fighting back for a moment. Even with his hands tied in front of him, he could certainly do some damage, but it would be a foolish risk. He doesn’t like it, but he might have to….endure….Madara’s advances.

“It doesn’t bother you that your king is about to rape a prisoner?” asks Tobirama.

The guard frowns, looking briefly troubled. “It’s not my place to question King Madara’s actions. Still, from his talk of a massage table, I do not think he intends to brutalize you.”

“How comforting,” Tobirama says dryly.

He gets no reply to that except uneasy silence. There’ll be no help from this guard, he can tell, so he lets the conversation drop. Still, it is comforting on some level to know the guard doesn’t think Madara intends to be rough with him. This situation isn’t even close to ideal, but maybe he can use Madara’s interest in him to find out what he has planned for their country.

When they enter Madara’s suite, the guard gestures for him to take a seat on the couch. Then he waits as servants bring in a massage table and other supplies. It doesn’t take long for everything to be set-up, Madara arriving shortly afterwards.

Tobirama notes with approval that Madara politely thanks the servants for their help before
sending them on their way. Then the man begins to lay towels across the padded table, ones that appear to have been kept in a hot pan, draping a sheet over them afterwards to keep in the heat.

“Alright. I think that’s everything. Come over here so I can untie your wrists,” says Madara.

Eyeing him skeptically, Tobirama slowly approaches and holds up his arms. He tenses when Madara pulls out a pocketknife, ignoring his instincts screaming at him to get away. It’s not until the ropes fall away and the knife is gone that he relaxes again.

“Hmm.” Madara makes a dissatisfied hum and eyes his red, chafed wrists. “We’ll get that treated later. For now, take off your shirt and lay on the table, stomach side down.”

Tobirama doesn’t try to argue with him, not when he could be asking for something worse. It feels nice anyway, lying down on the heated table. He knows this is just an attempt to make him pliant to the sex later, but he may as well enjoy the non-traumatizing aspects of this while he can.

He grips the side of the table as Madara begins spreading warm oil across his back. It’s pleasant enough, but he has trouble relaxing when an enemy is touching him. But Madara is persistent and surprisingly good at massage, so he finds his tension melting away despite himself. Even the fingers at his neck no longer ring alarm bells in his mind.

Muscles he didn’t even realize were sore are slowly coaxed into relaxing. Unbidden, a quiet sigh escapes his lips as deft fingers massage away his pain. He almost slips into a light doze as Madara works, only beginning to stir when that blissful touch disappears.

“Hmm?”

“Don’t worry, I’m not done yet, but it’s time to work on your legs,” says Madara.

Warm towels are then draped over his back, and he all but melts against the table. He doesn’t fight when Madara removes his pants, mostly because he was leaving his underwear on. Nice massage or no, he’s not ready for nudity.

His leg twitches as a hand grabs his calf. He’s been on his feet a lot over the past few months, and the pressure against his legs ache before the muscles finally loosen, easing into something pleasurable. Literally pleasurable when Madara’s fingers venture up to his inner thighs.

Breath hitching, he struggles not to let his reaction show. He grips the sheet beside his head and presses his face more firmly into the table. His thighs shake as Madara’s touch drifts higher, kneading the muscles of his ass through his thin boxers.

Heat winds through him in a lazy stream, his cock slowly stiffening until it’s an effort not to grind against the table. He barely stifles a whine when Madara lifts his hands away, frustrated when warm towels replace his touch. The frustration only deepens when Madara starts on his feet, thumbs digging into arches sending a shock of pleasure straight to his cock.

At this point, he wouldn’t say no if Madara asked to fuck him, but he’s not given such an easy reprieve. Instead, every inch of his feet is explored, keeping him uncomfortably aroused without enough stimulation to cum. He’s going to kick this man if he doesn’t stop teasing him.

Tobirama is just gearing up to say something, he doesn’t know what, when a servant enters the room to announce the bath is ready. It takes effort not to growl when Madara takes that as a sign that he should stop.

“Come on,” says Madara, patting him on the leg. “Let’s go soak in the hot tub. That’ll help you relax even further.”
Tobirama slowly sits up, shooting Madara a disgruntled look as he drapes one of the towels over his lap. It takes Madara a moment to get it, and his startled amusement is not funny.

“Alright. I think we need some privacy. Everyone out.” The guards naturally balk at this, beginning to protest, but Madara cuts them off. “He’s not going to kill me. Not when we have his people hostage. I appreciate your concern, but leave.”

Madara waits until everyone’s left before beckoning Tobirama to follow him. It turns out the door to his right leads into a bathing chamber larger than the sitting room they were just in. There’s a large tub embedded in the floor full of steaming water and a shower stall to their left. Still holding a towel around his waist, he joins Madara by the shower, eyes flicking between him and the bath curiously.

“It’s part of my people’s culture. We get clean using the shower and then soak in the tub. It’s considered more sanitary that way,” explains Madara. “I assume from your confusion that your country is one of the many that just heads straight into the tub?”

“You would assume correctly,” says Tobirama stiffly. The heat between his legs doesn’t exactly leave him in the mood for small talk, and it isn’t helped by Madara beginning to undress. His eyes refuse to look away, attracted to this man despite his atrocities. He can feel his face get warm as the last of Madara’s garments fall away, revealing a very…sizable erection. Five months is a long time to go without sex when you have a strong libido, but it wouldn’t have been proper to proposition his subordinates. It’s making it difficult for him to think about anything other than Madara fucking him.

A smirk curves the edges of Madara’s lips as he steps under the shower’s spray, turning to face Tobirama as he runs a soapy cloth along his stomach. It’s such a shameless display, but he can’t deny the confidence is appealing.

Still, he hesitates, uncomfortable with how fast things are progressing. Madara gives him time to think, even turning his back to give him a sense of privacy. It makes it easier to remove the rest of his clothes, cautiously stepping forward to join Madara under the water.

He reaches for the shampoo and begins to wash his hair, pouring soap into a cloth while it rinses out. Out of the corner of his eye, he notices Madara reaching for him. It makes him tense for a moment, but he quickly relaxes when all Madara does is start washing his back.

It quickly becomes apparent that Madara intends to wash all of him. He can’t stop a small, startled noise when Madara sinks to his knees, the better to reach his legs. His erection throbs at how close Madara’s mouth is. Unfortunately, he’s starting to get the idea that he’s not getting release any time soon. Madara has some kind of plan in mind, one he doesn’t seem in any hurry to speed up.

Tobirama shudders as the cloth passes over his cock, Madara being very thorough in getting all of him clean. Out of desperation, he gently pulls at Madara’s hair until he stands. Then vents his frustration with nipping kisses.

Madara laughs against his mouth, sliding an arm around his back to pull him closer. His other hand snakes down to palm Tobirama’s ass, making his hips buck forward with a strangled moan. He clutches at Madara’s shoulders, eyes closed against the stream of water still pouring down upon them. It’s like kissing in the rain, except with the smell of soap instead of clean air.

He lets Madara push him back against the wall, only breaking away from their kiss when the water shuts off. Without saying anything, Madara then takes his hand and leads him over to the hot tub. He doesn’t have to be prompted to sit down beside Madara, the water coming up to their chest.

When Madara puts his arm around his shoulders, Tobirama leans into the touch. He knows it’s
odd, how compliant he’s become, but it feels pointless to fight. The only thing Madara has done without his consent so far is give him a massage. After that, the arousal was enough to change his mind. With how gentle Madara has been, he doesn’t want to say no.

This is the most comfortable he’s been in months. Of course, it was Madara’s fault he was uncomfortable in the first place, so perhaps he’ll view this as Madara making it up to him. A hot bath and a massage is the least Madara owes him.

“You’ve gotten all pensive. I didn’t bring you in here to brood, you know. Try and relax,” says Madara.

Tobirama regards him with narrow eyes before abruptly shifting forward to straddle Madara’s lap. He gives the startled man a sly smile. “If you want me to relax so much, then distract me.”

“Gladly,” purrs Madara, grabbing the nape of Tobirama’s neck to keep him close. Then he lays biting kisses down his jawline all the way to his shoulder.

Tobirama gives a breathy moan, sparks of pleasure lighting up inside him with every gentle nip. He closes his eyes and tilts his head to give Madara better access to his neck, letting out a contented hum when Madara finds a particularly sensitive area. It works as intended with Madara focusing more of his attention there.

He lets his hands drift along Madara’s chest, opening his eyes to see his reactions. Dragging his thumb across one pert nipple earns him a quiet moan, so he does it again, delighting in how Madara shivers beneath his touch. Wanting to give them both more pleasure, he wraps a hand around their cocks and sets a slow, teasing pace.

Madara gives a sharp bite to his neck and bats his hand away, grabbing his wrists to hold his arms behind his back. Tobirama swallows back a moan, head tipping forward to rest on Madara’s shoulder as his whole body goes lax. He doesn’t get to indulge his submissive side very often, uncomfortable showing such vulnerability to people who might gossip. When he does find people he trusts, it’s then an awkward time trying to gauge whether they’re only interested in friendship or something more. He’s wary of just asking in case they agree to sex due to his royal status.

“You like to submit during sex?” asks Madara curiously.

Tobirama just nods wordlessly, too embarrassed to speak.

“That’s good. I like being dominant. What are your views on bondage?”

Tobirama can’t stop his grimace. “I don’t know you well enough for that, and I just spent the past week with my hands tied. I can’t…."

Madara kisses the corner of his mouth as his words trail off. “No ropes then. I want you to enjoy yourself. Shall we move this to the bedroom? A hot tub is not the most comfortable place to have sex.”

“Is anyone else there? I’m not really into exhibitionism.”

“No, I already sent them away. They won’t come back in without knocking and getting a verbal reply.”

Tobirama gives his assent then, and the two of them quickly dry off with one of the fluffiest towels he’s ever felt. It gives him a renewed sense of surreality that he’s getting such pampering from the enemy. Why was Madara going to so much trouble to have sex with him?

He dismisses the thought for now as they reach the bedroom, sprawling across the massive bed as
Madara rummages through the nightstand. Closing his eyes, he tilts his head to bare his neck. Then spreads his legs, lifting one of his knees to lay his foot flat on the bed. He can tell when Madara turns around by the sound of the lube bottle hitting the floor.

Tobirama hears Madara curse softly before the bed dips down. A grip on his wrists brings his hands up to the headboard, so he grabs hold of the wooden bars and doesn’t let go even when Madara releases him. Then fingertips trail down his arms, a light touch that just makes him ache for more.

His breath hitches as soft lips press against his pulse, trembling as hands slide down his chest possessively. It suddenly feels as though the only thing grounding him to the earth is the weight of the man above him. He spreads his legs wider, needing that feeling of surrender he only gets when someone is inside him.

“Open your eyes. Look at me…. Good boy. Don’t look away.”

Tobirama struggles to obey as the first finger pushes inside him, eyes going half-lidded with pleasure before he forces them open again. Staring up at Madara’s dark eyes, he sees a well of possessive lust and the beginnings of affection. It’s embarrassing and flattering to be looked at so intensely, as though Madara could never get tired of watching his pleasure.

His back arches as Madara’s free hand pinches his nipple, rolling it between his fingers before rubbing softly. Madara slips another finger inside him while he’s distracted, curling them up to hit his prostate. His hands clenched around the headboard, hips twitching as he tries to grind down into Madara’s touch, but the fingers flow with the movement, staying light and teasing.

Madara doesn’t give any indication that he wants him to hold still. On the contrary, he seems to delight in making Tobirama squirm. The constant teasing makes his cock throb, precum welling up from the tip and sliding down his shaft.

He doesn’t let himself beg yet. If that’s something Madara wants from him, it’ll take more than this. And perhaps Madara can see the challenge in his eyes because the hand playing with his nipples moves down to grab his cock, giving it a firm but slow stroke.

Time passes in a haze as Madara does his best to make him lose his mind with pleasure, keeping him just at the edge of cumming. He doesn’t even need to be told that Madara wants him to beg; it’s just obvious from the way the man is acting.

It’s not until Madara takes him into his mouth that his will cracks.

“Please.”

Madara takes his time lifting his head up, giving the head of his cock one last lick. “Hmm? What was that?”

Tobirama groans in frustration but is too lust-addled to stay stubborn. “Please fuck me. I want to feel you inside me.” Possess me, he thinks, biting his lip not to say it aloud.

He doesn’t know where this kink came from, but he’s not going to embarrass himself by asking a near-stranger to act like he owns him. Maybe later, if things can be resolved peacefully between their countries.

“I thought you’d never ask,” says Madara, slipping his fingers free. He lines his cock up and sinks inside with a quiet groan, one hand on Tobirama’s hip and the other fisted in his hair. “Mmm. You’re tight. I’m not your first, am I?”

Tobirama shakes his head, feeling the same disappointment he sees reflected in Madara’s eyes.
Which is ridiculous. He likes sex and has never believed in waiting for ‘the one’ and yet….

It would have been really arousing for this dominating man to be his first.

“A pity. But I’ll make this is memorable enough that you think of me before anyone else when you touch yourself at night.”

That statement would be met with an incredulous stare if Madara didn’t choose that moment to start moving. His eyes slam shut as a wave of ecstasy roars through him, losing his voice to a breathless cry. He tries to open his eyes again, like Madara wanted, but can’t manage it for more than a second. The pleasure is all consuming, not allowing him to think of anything but how good Madara feels inside him, stretching him wide open.

His scalp aches when he turns his head, unable to hold still, but Madara’s grip stays tight in his hair. It doesn’t hurt enough to protest, and the fact that Madara refuses to let go only adds to his arousal. He likes how firmly Madara is holding him.

It doesn’t take long before he’s on the edge, his moans ringing through the otherwise silent room. His body trembles as the pleasure crashes over him, barely hearing Madara’s answering groan as he clenches down around his cock.

Afterwards, his body goes limp, fingers unwinding from the headboard and eyes closing. It’s a little uncomfortable that Madara keeps going, stimulating oversensitive nerves, but he doesn’t mind. He doesn’t mind anything right now. If he could, he would be purring, he feels so relaxed.

Tobirama gives a contented hum when Madara cum inside him, eyes opening languidly. He turns over on his side as Madara lies beside him, resting his head on the other’s chest. Then his thoughts drift, contemplating what he knows about this man.

Not much, as it turns out. He doesn’t even know why he started this war. Before, he would have said arrogance and the desire to conquer, but that doesn’t entirely fit with how Madara was just acting. Dominance, certainly, but not to the detriment of others. So why?

“And now you’re all tense again. What does it take to keep you relaxed?” asks Madara.

“Peace,” Tobirama says flatly. “What does it take to keep you from killing my people?”

Madara sighs. “I told you earlier, didn’t I? You and the other soldiers will be used to make Hashirama surrender. I intend to rule over this continent as Emperor. In the future, I’ll have an heir that will take over when I retire. With time, I want the countries to stop seeing themselves as individual nations but as one large empire.”

Tobirama’s eyes narrow. He might be reading Madara’s intentions wrong, but it sounds like, “Peace through conquest?”

Madara’s expression lights up. “Yes! No one ever guesses it that quickly. War is an inevitable part of life when people view their neighbors as ‘us’ verses ‘them’. Your brother is a peaceful man, but who’s to say one of his descendants won’t be a warmonger?”

“Your philosophy is that as long as the countries are separated, there will be war, peace, and war again in an endless cycle? So, you set out to conquer, a temporary war that will hopefully be followed by generations of peace?”

“Yes. You may not understand it, but—”

“No, I understand it. I’m just not happy about it. I’ve lost a few friends to this war. It’s cold comfort to know you did this because you believe it to be for the benefit of everyone on this
continent. It helps to know you’re not just a conquering tyrant, but it’s going to be a while before my anger fades.”

Madara winces. “I—”

“If it’s another justification, don’t bother. In some ways, I think you’re right about the war. But you’re a lot more ruthless than I am to go through with this insane plan. Just let me work through my emotions on my own.”

“Right. That’s…fair.” There’s an awkward silence before Madara slides out from underneath him. “I’m going to have one of the servants bring us supper. Judging by the time, your people should be eating right now as well.”

Tobirama frowns as Madara puts on a robe and leaves, taking his body heat with him. Now he was cold. Cold and sticky. Wrinkling his nose, he gets up from the bed and heads into the bathroom to quickly clean up. By the time he’s done, Madara is back and rummaging through his closet, hopefully for clothes for them both.

“Here, these should fit you well enough,” says Madara, laying an outfit on the bed. “I’ll be back after a quick rinse in the shower.”

Tobirama waits until he’s gone to puzzle over the clothes. He thinks the shirt is called a kimono, but this country has so many different styles of robes that he’s not certain. Whatever it’s called, everything fits surprisingly well. He has a similar build to Madara, but he is slimmer in the shoulders and a little bit taller. And yet the shirt isn’t loose at all, and the pants are the perfect height. Does Madara wear ill-fitting clothes, or perhaps he has a variety of sizes in his closet?

“You look confused,” says Madara from the doorway. “Are the clothes not to your liking?”

Tobirama eyes Madara’s outfit. “You have your clothes tailored, don’t you? Why was there an outfit in my size in your closet?”

Madara gives him a startled, wary look. “You noticed that, huh? To be honest, it’s because it the outfit is for you….Tobirama.”

Tobirama freezes, staring at him wide-eyed. “You know who I am?.....Did you plan to kidnap me?”

He scoots back when Madara steps closer, confused and alarmed. How did Madara even find out who he is? Was there a spy amongst his people?

“Yes, it was planned. Hashirama is more likely to surrender with his brother as a hostage. It will result in less casualties…….Will you calm down?” asks Madara, getting annoyed. “I’m not going to hurt you. Unlike other conquerors, I’ve no intention of executing the previous royal family to cement my place as the new ruler. The Senjus can become one of the Noble families in my new empire.”

Tobirama stops inching away and tries not to feel embarrassed by his reaction. He’s read a lot of history books, and the royals of conquered nations never get a happy ending. If they’re lucky, they get a quick death instead of having it made into a spectacle.

Can he trust Madara’s assurances? That not only would they be left alive, but given a high-ranking place in his empire?

“You’re serious?” Tobirama asks suspiciously. “You should know that I can be rather spiteful when lied to.”
Madara bites his lip, but a smile still slips through. “I’ll keep that in mind. And yes, I’m serious. If I was going to have you and your brothers killed, I wouldn’t be acting nice to you now. That kind of psychological manipulation isn’t something I care for.”

Tobirama considers it for a long moment, then lets his body language shift into something more relaxed. He isn’t as good a judge of character as Hashirama is, but he thinks Madara is being sincere.

“I suppose I can give you the benefit of the doubt. For now,” says Tobirama.

A distant knock sounds from the living room door, interrupting whatever Madara was going to say next. Instead, Madara gives him a small smile and goes to retrieve their food. Or rather, their feast. It takes three servants to bring their food, trays filled to the brim with a wide assortment of fruits and vegetables. There are a few pieces of chicken and turkey, but it’s mostly fresh produce here.

His eyes are immediately drawn to the bowl of blueberries, waiting only long enough for the servants to leave before he begins to eat. The first taste upon his tongue has his eyes closing in pleasure, chewing slowly to really savor it. He even licks his fingers to get the juice off, glancing over to see if Madara is watching him.

He is.

Not just with lust, as he expected, but also affection. There was an intensity, as well, in Madara’s gaze. Studying him. Perhaps taking note of which foods he prefers?

In that case, he grabs a handful of blackberries next and some sugar snap peas, delighting in that satisfying crunch. Then a slice of the chicken and half an orange. Strawberries, grapes, pomegranate seeds, carrots, green beans, and slices of bell pepper. It’s just as much a feast for his eyes as it is his taste buds.

“I figured your troops probably had the same problem mine did, getting fresh produce to the battlefield. Hence the current selection,” says Madara.

“Are my people being fed the same thing?” asks Tobirama.

“For the most part, yes. They have less berries, since they’re almost out of season.”

Tobirama nods, satisfied that his people are being treated well.

Tobirama disconnects from his alternate’s memories, getting bored as they start the most awkward ‘getting to know you’ conversation he’s ever heard. Is it a multi-universal constant that he can be pacified by sex? In so many universes, he’s seen his alternates willing to give enemies a chance just because the sex was good.

At least that Tobirama hadn’t truly begun to forgive Madara until he learned there was a semilogical reason for the war. The parallels between their worlds were quite fascinating. His own Madara had wanted to take over the world for peace, but at least that other Madara didn’t try to hypnotize everyone and then let the species die out.

Hmm. He probably shouldn’t be so critical of his alternates when his own decisions are just as….questionable. Such as letting Madara dominate him when they hadn’t had a discussion about, well, anything. It had worked out well, in the end, but he couldn’t have known that at the time.
It seems that as much as he criticizes Hashirama, he has his own impulsive side. Their impulses just manifest in different ways. And it’s unlikely that his behavior is going to change any time soon, not when things keep working out so well.

Sex isn’t a good substitute for emotional intimacy, but it does seem to make it easier for him to open up to someone. It’s like a shortcut, allowing him to let down his guard and forge that emotional connection. He was able to start a relationship with Kagami, Hiruzen, and Danzo without sex in the beginning because there was already a foundation of friendship, forged through years of them slowly chipping away at his emotional walls.

Hmm. Now that he’s thinking of them, he’s interested in setting up a date for the four of them. He checks his schedule and sends out a group text, asking when they’re next available. Knowing them, it could be as soon as tomorrow.

While he waits for a response, he decides to head downstairs to see what his brothers are up to. They had left the house when he went upstairs and came back soon after he was done viewing the memory. Where had they gone in such a short amount of time?

Tobirama freezes in shock when he reaches the kitchen, flowers of all shades and sizes covering every inch of the table and counters. His brothers were hard at work, gently plucking off the petals to dip them in some kind of liquid preservative. He knows from previous craft projects with them that the preservative will keep the petals from wilting and give them a smooth, glossy texture.

“I was only gone for twenty minutes,” says Tobirama, still noticeably baffled.

“We’re making an anniversary picture!” Hashirama cheerfully announces.

“It’s been almost a year since you started dating Madara and his brothers. Since then, we’ve all grown closer to them. We wanted to set an official date for an anniversary we can all celebrate,” says Itama.

“And along that line, we started thinking about what kind of anniversary gift to give them,” says Kawarama. “We’re still undecided about what image to make, but we want to make it out of flower petals.”

The three of them stare at him hopefully until he sits down with a small sigh and begins plucking petals with them. He’s actually more amused than annoyed. Considering how quickly this decision was made, they were likely going off impulse and got caught up in the moment, not realizing until later that they had left him out of the planning.

“You’ve got enough blues to make a sky. Not enough for an ocean, nor the right shade for a beach,” muses Tobirama.

“Maybe something abstract?” suggests Hashirama. “A picture where the colors of things aren’t the same as in real life?”

“I like that idea,” replies Itama. He takes a moment to think before adding, “What about a waterfall of petals? Perhaps purple and some of the dark blues.”

“We could make the sky orange!” says Hashirama. He leans back in his chair when they all turn to look at him oddly. “What? The sky looks nice at sunset, so wouldn’t it look even better if the entire sky is the sunset?”

“When you put it that way, it does sound nice,” says Kawarama. “What color should the grass be? And are we going to have any trees around the pond?”
“I think a lighter color for the grass would make a good contrast to the darker color of the water,” says Itama. “Perhaps the white petals and the pale yellow.”

Tobirama picks up one of the teal petals. “And this color for the trees? It should look fine against the white ground. And if the lower edge of the sky is light orange, it shouldn’t clash with it either.”

As their plans start coming together, Kawarama picks up a sketchpad to make a rough outline. This way, they can make sure they’ve all got the same design in mind.

Tobirama takes this moment to check his phone. The other three have taken to comparing their schedules in his absence. Kagami already has plans with his family tomorrow, but all of them have the day after tomorrow free. He texts back, asking where they’d like to meet. Perhaps the ocean, botanical gardens, a movie theatre, or an art museum?

Danzo—There’s a science expo being held this week in the prison area. The flyer says they’ll be showing experiments new and old.

Kagami—Are they trying to convert the prisoners into scientists??

Danzo—I think that’s exactly their intention. It gets their focus away from crime and onto something productive.

Hiruzen—Wouldn’t giving them access to scientific materials just make them more destructive? At the very least, they shouldn’t be given any chemicals.

Danzo—It’s not like they can kill anyone now. We’re already dead.

Hiruzen—…..A fair point.

“Are you texting someone?” asks Itama curiously. He leans forward, like he wants to look over Tobirama’s shoulder, but stops himself out of politeness.

“Kagami, Hiruzen, and Danzo. I’m going on a date with them the day after tomorrow. Right now, they’re trying to decide where to go,” says Tobirama.

Itama hums in reply and goes back to the petals.

Tobirama represses a grimace and goes back to texting. Itama and Kawarama’s interest in getting to know his three former-students ended when they started dating. He doesn’t blame them. Jealously rears its head when he hears about them going on dates too.

Still, none of them really want to be monogamous, so they learn to cope. And he’s fairly certain that if he dates them long enough, his brothers will warm up to them. They’d be a lot pricklier towards the Uchiha if they hadn’t started dating them too. Briefly, he considers his former students dating his brothers, but quickly dismisses the thought. Not all relationships were meant to overlap.

Danzo—A science expo sounds interesting. If we don’t like it, we can always leave.

Kagami—Can we go to the beach afterwards? I haven’t been swimming in a while.

Danzo—As long as it isn’t crowded, I’ve no objections.

Kagami—Do beaches even get crowded when there aren’t a bunch of kids visiting?
Hiruzen—*Not in my experience, but we can always go to a different one if it is.*

Tobirama—*What are we doing for meals? A restaurant or cooking together at Danzo’s house?*

Danzo—*I’m not opposed to the latter, but I’ll need to make a grocery run.*

Hiruzen—*Perhaps a restaurant for lunch and dinner at Danzo’s.*

Tobirama helps them plan out their date before getting off the phone, then returns to working on the art project. It takes them most of the afternoon to finish preserving the petals, especially since they have to go back out and find more flowers. Tomorrow, they’ll start making the actual picture, after they’ve finalized how they want it to look.

“Are we telling the others about our anniversary plans or springing it upon them suddenly?” asks Tobirama.

Hashirama and Itama pause, petals falling from their hands. Kawarama blinks slowly as he looks up from his notebook, staring at Tobirama blankly as the words register.

“Ah. I didn’t think of that,” mutters Hashirama. “They may not like that kind of surprise, right?”

“Most people like to know about their anniversaries ahead of time,” says Tobirama dryly.

“If they know we’re getting them something, they might want to give us a gift as well,” says Kawarama. “It could make them feel awkward if we just suddenly give them an anniversary present without warning.”

“Right. I’ll call Keitaro and see what he thinks,” says Itama, standing from the table.

Tobirama watches him head to the living room, only half listening to the conversation as he keeps working. From what he can tell, Keitaro seems happy by the idea and is relaying the information to his own brothers now.

“We’ve got a date set,” Itama cheerfully announces. He makes a note on their calendar for next month. “Keitaro says they’re going to try and make us a gift too. Perhaps we’ll have themed anniversaries. This year, it’s crafts. Maybe next year it could be animals? Either animals painted onto an object, or something like tiger stripes and leopard print.”

Tobirama listens with interest as they start listing different themes, occasionally adding his own input. Animal print, wood carvings, clothing, ethnic themed items, ocean and beach themed, nature in general, food, electronics, and many more.

The future stretches out before him, a time of peace that he couldn’t have imagined while alive. No wars or tedious paperwork to keep a city full of people running. No stressful life-or-death decisions. Just peace.
Tobirama peers down at the mushrooms at his feet, inspecting them carefully. While Kami won’t die from eating the wrong kind of mushroom, it can make them seriously ill. The coming winter will be uncomfortable enough without getting sick.

Every decade, his kind go through a breeding season, and unfortunately, it’s one of those years for him. It’s been two hundred years since his body started looking for a mate, and he’s yet to find someone going through the season during the same year that he likes enough to settle down with. There have been many that have tried to catch his attention. Out of all the animal Kami, Rabbit Kami are particularly fertile and have a natural instinct for raising young.

He’s going to need all the food he can get. His instincts are screaming it at him, to stock up to survive the first few months of pregnancy before spring hits with all its abundance. Perhaps some would think it odd that the season starts in winter, but it ensures the little ones will be born in the middle of spring.

Luckily, this latest patch of mushrooms turns out to be edible. He gathers them up into a small sack, ties it off, and deposits it into his Bottomless Bag. The satchel was a gift from Itama, who is one of the few in their family who can manage such complicated enchantments. It’s no easy task to attach a pocket dimension to (fake) leather.

Tobirama keeps most of his possessions in this bag. Food, clothing, medicine, and assorted tools. The only thing not in there is furniture, which he leaves in his burrow. His is a small unground home, a one-bedroom, one-bathroom, and combination kitchen-living room. He hasn’t needed much space since he moved out of his parent’s burrow, so he only dug out the rooms he needed. His home can always be expanded later, or he might end up moving in with his future-mate. It is more traditional for the omega to move in with their alpha, after all.

Assuming he ever finds a mate.

His kind don’t have to choose a mate during their season, but history has proven that Kami are more compatible with each other if they experience it during the same year. For that reason, he’s only gone to the Communal Lands during his season. That’s where all the Kami, and even Yokai, can gather and meet on neutral terms. The magic of the area even prevents fighting, which is likely the only reason any of the Kami are willing to venture to a place with Yokai.
Compatible though they may be physically, a Yokai’s nature is a lot darker than a Kami’s. They have a warrior’s spirit and find pleasure not just from battle, but from killing. Some Kami might like sparring, but they have no bloodlust. There are also many horrible rumors that some Yokai eat Kami, usually after mating with them like a black widow spider. The fact that they eat them to gain their powers and not necessarily because they have a taste for their flesh doesn’t make it any less horrifying.

And for all he knows, they might actually like eating them. Most Animal Kami are prey creatures, after all, while all Yokai have a predator type.

Tobirama shudders faintly at the mental images and turns his mind back to finding food and medicinal plants. He spends nearly all afternoon looking, then heads towards his territory’s largest pond to take a bath. The sound of the small waterfall is soothing to his ears, and the water has a refreshingly clean smell.

He takes a moment to look around, sniffing the air, but no one else is around. His patch of forest is near the middle of his parents’ territory, protected on all sides by his brothers’ portion of the land. Someone would have to be very good at stealth to get by them, a feat that no one has yet managed to his relief and disappointment. There’s no guarantee that someone who could get in would be a good fit for him, but he wants a clever and skilled mate. Anyone who could sneak past his brothers would have to be both.

With the coast clear, he strips off his clothes, laying them neatly folded on a nearby rock. The water is cold at first, but quickly warms with a little help from his magic. He may have grown up in a forest, but he hates cold baths.

Tobirama summons a bar of soap from his bag and wades over to the waterfall. He starts with his hair, massaging the soap into his scalp. His ears twitch at the slightest touch, sending a shiver of pleasure down his spine. They always became so sensitive at the start of his season.

He quickly rubs soap over his ears, sucking in a sharp breath at the flush of heat that spreads throughout his whole body. Gathering up more soap, he trails his hands down his neck, closing his eyes as his thumb brushes across the area an alpha would give him a mating bite.

The longing hits him like an ache in his bones, his soul lonely for companionship and his body craving the touch of another. He lets his mind pretend as his hands wander, imagining it’s someone else. How would his potential mate react to the sight of him? To his slightly round stomach? Would they be pleased at the evidence he’s a good provider or wish him to have more of a warrior’s build?

He’s been taught how to defend himself, of course. An omega isn’t safe in a world that contains Yokai. But he’s never had to fight for his life, never felt a need to dedicate time every day to training. He knows he’s attracted to strong alphas, but what do they look for in omegas?

His legs are strong, at least. Runner’s legs, spending half the day hopping around the forest. And his skin is smooth. Would his mate like that he had no scars? Or would he find the sign of a pampered life annoying?

Tobirama grimaces at the thought and clears his head of such negativity. If an alpha doesn’t like him, then he just won’t mate with him. Obviously.

As he goes back to bathing, he uses his magic to shift the water around his waist further out. No point in trying to put soap on his legs while they’re underwater. Then he wades under the waterfall, letting it rinse away the soap. It feels pleasing enough that he almost doesn’t want to leave, but it’s going to get dark soon. Natural rabbits may be nocturnal, but he was not.

He retrieves a couple of towels from his bag when he reaches the shore, placing one on the
ground to sit upon and using the other to dry himself off. After a moment of thought, he lets out a low, continuous hum. The water in front of him ripples and becomes glossy like a mirror. Colors shift like a rainbow before settling, showing him the image of his human village.

Many Kami don’t bother trying to get human followers, finding the small boost in energy to not be worth the hassle of winning the humans over. Tobirama hadn’t even intended on collecting any followers. It had been a whim to answer the woman’s request. She had been praying for days, to any fertility Kami that would listen. After suffering a miscarriage the previous year, she had been terrified that the new pregnancy would end the same.

It had taken more energy to travel to Earth than it had to heal her and the baby. As thanks, the woman and her husband had built a shrine for him. They gave him gifts of food every year when the harvest came in. Soon enough, others in the town had started praying to him. And when he answered, it just encouraged others to do the same.

Tobirama couldn’t do much for them, but his blessing on the town meant that everyone was fertile, and no one ever miscarried. He had made sure they had some form of birth control before giving the blessing, though. Besides that, he was able to heal them of injuries, though not of diseases.

It was an arrangement that benefited them both. They only called him down for serious injuries and his fertility blessing didn’t require him to be there at all. He received more energy from them than he spent helping them, but what he did for them they could not do for themselves.

He touches his finger to the water and slides it to the left, and the view shifts, gliding across the top of the village. Tapping on the water causes the view to zoom in, showing him individuals walking around. Everyone seems to be in good health at the moment, so he lets the picture fade away.

His skin is dry enough now, so he retrieves a clean pair of clothes from his bag and gets dressed. The outfit he wore here, he covers with his towel and places back in his bag to be washed later. It’s not until he’s standing up to return home that he senses an odd…presence somewhere nearby.

Ears flickering to catch any hint of sound, Tobirama looks around warily. How could someone have gotten this close without him sensing them earlier? It’s like something is blocking their magic from his senses, a block that’s slowly fading away. And when it’s finally gone, he realizes they’re very close.

It’s a Yokai.

Fight or flight instincts kick in and before he knows it, he’s running through the forest in his rabbit form. A black fox chases him as he tries to reach the border between his and Hashirama’s territory. With his brother’s help, they wouldn’t have any problem taking down this Yokai. Without him, Tobirama knows he’s outmatched. He may have as much magic as the Yokai, but he doesn’t have the same fighting experience. He makes a vow then, that if he survives this, he’ll ask his father for more combat lessons.

Unfortunately, he doesn’t even get close to the border before the fox catches up to him, teeth clamping around the nape of his neck in a deceptively gentle hold. His muscles lock up, instinctive fear keeping him still. Could he transform back before the Yokai snapped his neck?

Except, the fox lets his neck go after he stops moving. Magic surges behind him and then hands are picking him, cradling him against a firm chest. His struggles renew when the Yokai starts carrying him away.

“Hush, little rabbit. Don’t you want to see my den?”
“No! I don’t want to be eaten.”

The Yokai pauses, black ears flicking curiously. “Eaten? Well, you do look delicious in that rabbit form, but I was thinking we could have some fun together instead.”

Tobirama peers up at him suspiciously. “Are you one of those black-widow types?”

“Tch. You mean those creepy people that eat someone after sex? No. I could never eat someone after being intimate with them. I don’t understand how their instincts even work. Someone can’t be both mate and food.”

Well, the derision in his voice sounds real enough, but Tobirama still doesn’t trust him. Being kidnapped for a forced mating is only slightly less horrifying. Still, maybe if he cooperates, it won’t be a painful forced mating. He only has about a forty percent chance of escaping. That’s not high enough to risk being brutalized.

Though if he sees a chance to escape, he’ll definitely take it.

“You’re more docile than I was expecting. I’d be disappointed if I didn’t already know how strong you are.”

“What?” asks Tobirama, voice sharper than intended.

“I saw you three seasons ago at the Communal Lands. One of the alpha Kami was being pushy and you knocked him on his back. I started asking around then. It wasn’t easy getting information about you without drawing suspicion and even more difficult to figure out where you live. Nobody trusts Yokai these days. So sad,” he sighs with mock disappointment.

Tobirama stares up at him, appalled. How could he not have known he had a stalker for three decades? And for that matter, what about him did this Yokai find so intriguing?

“If it’s strength you’re so interested in, wouldn’t another Yokai have been more appealing?”

That gets him a frown.

“Who said it was just your strength? I learned quite a few things about you from the others. Perhaps not enough to justify this level of obsession, but it’s a family trait. Once we want something, there’s little that can change our minds.”

“And your family is?” Not that Tobirama is likely to recognize a Yokai clan, but maybe the fox will finally tell him his name.

“Ah. I’m Izuna Uchiha. Nice to meet you, little bunny.”

“The sentiment is not returned,” Tobirama says coldly. He doesn’t offer his own name. If Izuna hasn’t figured it out in the last thirty years, then he doesn’t deserve to hear it. More likely, Izuna was just using that nickname to annoy him.

“Hmm. That’ll change eventually, I’m sure. The Uchiha clan are good at winning over their intendeds, by any means necessary.”

Well, wasn’t that ominous. What, did Izuna intend to induce Stockholm Syndrome? Or something more sinister?

Perhaps he should be struggling harder to get away, but Izuna was already holding him tight enough to be near painful. In this rabbit body, it’d be easy for Izuna to accidentally break a bone. But they were almost out of Kawarama’s territory and at the border by now. How had Izuna realized that Kawarama had the weakest magic sensing ability out of all his siblings? Of course,
with Izuna’s odd ability to hide his magic altogether, it might not have mattered which sibling he had to sneak past.

“You do realize my family will come looking for me?” asks Tobirama. “They’re not just going to ignore my disappearance.”

Izuna shakes his head. “They’d be fools to search for you in Yokai lands. Don’t fret so, little bunny. You’ll get to see them again once you’ve accepted me as your alpha.”

Tobirama closes his eyes as their surroundings blur, breath stuttering in his chest as the air is suddenly saturated with Yokai magic. They were definitely not in the realm of the Kami anymore. Hesitantly, he begins to look around, then with more interest as he sees how beautiful the place is. They were surrounded by miles of flowers, an array of color so vivid it nearly makes him dizzy.

There’s a stream not too far away, and in the distance, possibly the signs of a forest. A patch of clovers catches his eyes as Izuna walks down a dirt trail, and his mouth waters just looking at them. Is it safe for him to eat food that grows here? Kami and Yokai are similar enough to breed together, but who knows what odd minerals might be in Yokai soil?

“About half of this field and part of the forest over there belong to me. It’s fertile ground. The flowers grow back quickly when damaged, perfect for rambunctious Yokai. It would be the perfect place for a spar, if you hadn’t seemed to have lost your nerve,” says Izuna.

Tobirama bristles. “Acting the stalker doesn’t mean you understand how I think! Was I supposed to attack an opponent stronger than I, knowing I would be defeated? For all I know, it could have made you more violent with me afterwards!”

“But why did you just assume I’m stronger?” Izuka asks, baffled. “You have almost as much magic as I do!”

“Yokai are known to love battle. The odds that I would be a more skilled fighter are low,” argues Tobirama.

“Hmph. You were almost trembling when I picked you up,” says Izuna, irritated. “You got told a lot of horror stories about Yokai as a kid, I bet. Well, enough of that. I want to see your strength for myself. If you win, I’ll let you go. If I win, you’ll give yourself to me for the night.”

Worded that way, there wasn’t much of a choice. “Fine. Let me go so I can transform.”

Tobirama hops out of Izuna’s arms, human feet hitting the ground a moment later. He swings around, lashing out with his fist. Izuna deflects it on instinct, eyes wide at the swiftness of his movements. Tobirama throws everything he has into the fight, but unfortunately, he was right about Izuna’s fighting ability. The Yokai knows a lot more techniques for tripping him up and knocking him down.

Then Izuna grabs his ears and he breaks his nose trying to get away. At least, he thinks it’s broken. He hears a snap and Izuna screams. Never before has he felt such a strange combination of satisfaction and terror.

“Ow. Fuck. No being rough with the ears, huh?” Izuna laughs.

Tobirama eyes him suspiciously. He doesn’t seem angry. Should he keep attacking? But Izuna holds up a hand when he starts forward.

“Give me a minute. I could still fight like this, but if I don’t monitor the nose, it might heal crooked,” says Izuna.
“It might be an improvement,” mutters Tobirama.

Izuna looks taken aback. “Are you calling me ugly? I’ll have you know that I’ve gotten a lot of compliments on my looks over the years!”

He had actually meant that Izuna should look as ugly as his personality, but he wasn’t about to tell him that. It was unfair how beautiful that drasted Yokai looked. His ego doesn’t need a boost.

“Apparently, there are many with bad taste,” says Tobirama.

Izuna scowls and wipes the blood away from his nose. He retakes a fighting stance and just barely waits for Tobirama to do the same before attacking. If Tobirama thought it was difficult to keep up before, it’s nothing compared to how Izuna fights when irritated. He’s going to have bruises all over his arms when this is through.

His back too. Izuna keeps forcing him to lose his footing. He’s starting to think the Yokai likes seeing him on his back. A sentiment that isn’t dissuaded in the slightest from Izuna following him down to pin his arms to the ground.

“Surrender yet?” asks Izuna.

Tobirama glares.

“Come on. You don’t really want me to keep hitting you, do you? I want to make you feel good.”

The words are practically a purr, and while Tobirama is annoyed at him for acting so playful, at least that vicious edge is gone from his smile. It feels like a mockery for Izuna to act like any of this is consensual, but he’d rather have false sweetness than cold brutality.

Tobirama tilts his head to the side and bares his neck, the only surrender he can make himself give. Izuna’s answering purr is so pleased, it makes him flush. He tries not to shiver as Izuna kisses down the side of his neck, staring at one of the many flowers off to the side.

Hands slowly inch their way under his shirt, from his hips to his stomach, drawing soft circles around his bellybutton. Tobirama tries to clamp down on his instincts, but Izuna doesn’t stop. Having such a strong alpha touching his stomach, and this close to his Season, it awakens the desire to be bred.

He’s nearly dizzy with it, the thoughts that suddenly come pouring into his head. Of being filled, over and over again, his stomach swelling with life as the seed takes root. It takes more effort than he cares to admit not to spread his legs, but he’s dealt with these strange urges before. He’ll not act like a doe in heat.

“Stubborn rabbit. This’ll be less traumatizing for you if you give into your instincts,” chides Izuna. Tobirama gives him the incredulous glare that comment deserves.

“No? Then I guess I’ll have to do this the old-fashioned way.”

Tobirama jolts as his touch goes higher, pleasure shooting through him as his sensitive nipples are played with. He tries to stay quiet, tries to stay still, tries not to react. It doesn’t work.

Before long, he’s squirming, body trying to arch into Izuna’s touch no matter how much his mind protests. His fingers dig into the ground, resisting the urge to pull Izuna closer or push him away. He lost the fight, so he’ll surrender to avoid starting another one, but he’s not going to participate more than necessary.

His willpower is greatly tested as Izuna continues his teasing caresses, hands skimming down his
sides. Every inch of his torso is mapped out by curious fingers, lingering over every spot that makes him twitch.

“You’re very restrained, but I can see how much you’re enjoying this,” says Izuna. He pushes Tobirama’s shirt higher and latches his mouth onto a pert nipple, smiling when Tobirama arches into him with a stifled cry.

Tobirama bites his lip so hard it bleeds, desperate not to give in. Everything Izuna does chips away at his resistance, little by little, until he gives in with a defeated moan. His fingers tangle in Izuna’s hair, holding him close. Pleasure winds through him with every flick of Izuna’s tongue, and a delicate bite against his nipple makes his traitorous cock throb.

His tail is starting to hurt, though. This really isn’t the best position for him. And somehow, Izuna seems to sense when his squirming stops being from pleasure.

“Hmm? What’s wrong?” asks Izuna.

Tobirama huffs out an irritated breath. “My tail hurts.”

Izuna, damn him, looks concerned. Contradictory Yokai.

“I almost forgot you had a tail. It’s so small,” says Izuna, apologetic. Tobirama bristles, but Izuna cuts off his angry retort with a kiss. “Come on. Turn over. You’ll be more comfortable on your hands and knees.”

Tobirama freezes at the soft touch to his lips, not moving until Izuna starts pushing him into place. He lets himself be moved, only giving a slight grimace as his pants are tugged down. He grits his teeth as a hand skims down his ass, then lower to rub just behind his balls.

“You’re tensing up again. Just let yourself feel good.”

_Let_ himself feel good? As though he has a choice? Tch. What he really means is to stop being quiet and restrained because Izuna wants to _see_ his pleasure.

His breath hitches as Izuna’s touch dips lower, slowly tracing over every inch of his balls. Legs shaking with the effort of holding still, he chokes back a desperate moan. His ears snap back against his head as warm breath fans out across his tail, a nose gently nudging into the soft fur.

“Mmm. You smell so good, little bunny. Sweet and ripe, just waiting for an alpha to fill you up. Going to make you mine.”

Tobirama shivers as Izuna’s voice deepens with desire, sensual like a caress against his ears. He didn’t think anyone’s voice could sound that good. It doesn’t help that the words themselves are arousing, despite how much he wishes otherwise.

Soft kisses and nips to the base of his tail, and his breath turns shallow. He lets out a low moan as Izuna holds him open, the warm brush of a tongue against his entrance leaving him shaking. His arms nearly give out when Izuna does it again, pleasure washing over him in a hot wave.

He can feel his face heat up, flushed from arousal and embarrassed by the way he can’t stay silent anymore. His hips twitch, pushing back into Izuna’s tongue. It makes the Yokai hum in approval, one of his hands traveling up to gently squeeze his tail.

Tobirama arches his back with a choked off scream. His vision whites out, blood roaring in his ears as the pleasure takes over his senses. Arms giving out, he falls forward, catching his weight on his forearms.

“You’re more sensitive than I expected,” muses Izuna. “I wanted to tease you a little longer.”
Tobirama twitches weakly when Izuna licks him again, but his hips are held tight. It’s almost painful, nerves overstimulated, but Izuna keeps going until he’s pushing his hips closer instead of trying to get away. He didn’t even know he could get aroused again this soon.

“Would you just get on with it?” he hisses irritably.

Izuna bites sharply on his asscheek, and he stifles a yelp.

“Ask nicely. I can do this all night,” says Izuna, thumb rubbing slow circles around Tobirama’s hole.

Tobirama closes his eyes, struggling not to react. The stimulation was maddening, just firm enough to keep him aroused but not enough to be satisfying. He doesn’t want to give Izuna the satisfaction of hearing him beg, but his self-control is rapidly slipping through his fingers.

His cock twitches as a finger slowly strokes down the shaft, then circles around the glans. It’s too much and not enough.

“Fine,” he snaps out through gritted teeth. “Please—just—stop teasing me…..I need more than this.”

Izuna gives a thoughtful hum. “That wasn’t quite what I was wanting, but I’ll accept it this time. I’ll train you to beg properly later.”

Tobirama throws a glare over his shoulder, but his expression quickly slides into pleasure as Izuna begins to stretch him with his fingers. He doesn’t try to muffle his moans this time. After being forced to ask his captor to fuck him, the erotic noises aren’t nearly as embarrassing.

But it is embarrassing how much of a relief it is when Izuna finally mounts him, one hand on his hip and the other grabbing a handful of his hair. It forces his head back, staring at the sky with glazed eyes as Izuna pushes into him, inch by inch. Even with Izuna’s careful preparation, it still aches, a barely felt pain that only seems to highlight the pleasure.

His mind goes quiet as Izuna fills him to the root, omega instincts taking over. A purr rumbles up from his chest, his ears laying flat against his head to brush across Izuna’s hand. A soft whine escapes him when Izuna pulls out, turning into a drawn-out cry when he abruptly slams back in.

“That’s it, give yourself to me.” Izuna’s voice is low and ragged, rough with pleasure.

Tobirama squirms as it sends a hot jolt through his stomach, breath hitching as he accidently pulls against the hand in his hair. His cock throbs between his legs, leaking precum every time Izuna thrusts back inside.

Izuna’s hands slips down from his hip to cup his stomach, and Tobirama trembles as his entire being is filled with longing. He doesn’t even realize he’s begging until Izuna shushes him, holding still to caress his stomach and pet his ears.

“That’s it, I’ll give you what you need. My little omega, you’re going to have a litter of babies for me, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” Tobirama gasps out, pushing his hips back desperately. “Alpha, please. Need it, need you.”

Izuna growls possessively and bites the back of his neck, holding Tobirama still as he ruts into him. Tobirama clenches around him, feeling the beginning of a knot forming. It all serves to drive him wild, his omega instincts screaming for him to accept the alpha’s claim. He almost gives in,
but at the last second, manages to stop a bond from forming. Izuna may be able to claim his body, but he’s not going to claim his mind.

That’s the last clear thought he has for a while. Everything else dissolves into heat, the pleasure like liquid ambrosia flowing through his veins. Distantly, he hears himself moaning, unable to keep quiet if his life depended on it.

It’s when Izuna finally knots inside him that he’s able to cum, hips twitching to feel how firmly they’re stuck together. He shudders and rides the waves of pleasure, resting his weight onto his forearms to avoid falling flat his face. His cheeks flush at how satisfying it is to feel Izuna’s seed inside him. It’s shameful how quickly his omega instincts took over, but he can take solace in the fact he didn’t let a bond form.

He scowls as Izuna shifts them onto their side and wraps his arms around him, trying to cuddle. Fighting him off would only injure them both, so he seethes silently and does nothing. But if Izuna thinks he’s given in to him just because the sex was good, then he’s a fool.

He’ll bide his time until Izuna lets down his guard, then make his escape. Maybe he’ll find something on the property to drug him into sleep. That would increase his chances of making it to the border. Kami and Yokai can’t teleport in and out of someone else’s territory unless they’re at the edge of the property. What is usually a safety measure is now a hindrance to his escape.

His ears twitch as Izuna continues to pet them, licking the back of his neck, right over the bite mark. Tobirama can’t tell if it’s meant to be soothing or if he’s just gloating. He doesn’t have to face Izuna to know he’s feeling smug. Irritating yokai.

“And what happens now?” he asks while trying to flick his ears out of Izuna’s grip. It’s bad enough that his tail is caught between them, rubbing against Izuna’s stomach. He doesn’t want to get aroused again.

“Hmm. Now we enjoy the afterglow. Once we’re unknotted, I’ll take you to see my den. I’ll have to keep you locked in at night, so you don’t run away,” says Izuna, sounding somewhat apologetical. “Once you’ve accepted me as your alpha mate, I’ll be able to give you more freedom.”

Tobirama closes his eyes. He wishes he could say that was never going to happen, but he’s too well-read to live in denial. Omega instincts are a tricky thing. Out here, alone, with no one but Izuna to offer him company…..acting like his mate…..how easy is it going to be for his instincts to become confused? Especially once he’s in the middle of his season, not at the very beginning like now.

No matter how his mind protests, once his instincts make him subconsciously think of Izuna as his alpha, how much longer can he resist after that? It’s a disturbing thought and a scenario that he hopes to avoid. He needs to escape before then. How long does he have? Months? Years? Kidnapings aren’t that well documented, so the books couldn’t conclusively say how long it took for the brainwashing to set in.

Izuna keeps a tight hold on him after pulling out, manhandling him farther into the field. He taps his foot against a particular spot on the ground and the dirt shifts away to reveal a staircase.

“Here we are. My den,” says Izuna, smug and satisfied.

Oil lamps light the way as they descend into the earth, reaching a cozy looking lounge. Furs and cushions are scattered throughout the room. But the signs of comfort just make the situation more disturbing. It would be easier to reconcile the situation in his head if his captor’s home looked like a dungeon, instead of a snug little home.
“Are you tired? Or maybe hungry? I’ve got some food in the pantry.”

“….It has been several hours since my last meal,” Tobirama admits reluctantly.

Izuna lights up at the chance to feed him and starts grabbing things out of the cabinets. Tobirama eyes it warily before selecting some dried fruits and nuts. While he’s not entirely opposed to eating meat, he has little interest in jerky. That he slides back over to Izuna.

It’s the most surreal moment of his life, standing by the table and eating while Izuna’s cum drips down his thighs. His clothes are filthy, but Izuna still has his bag. It would be foolish of Izuna to give it back to him, considering all manner of things could be in there, but he’s the only one who can grab things out of it.

Does Izuna have spare clothes for him or is he expected to walk around naked from now on? Or perhaps Izuna will want him to wear his clothes? He’s heard that’s the kind of possessive gesture that alphas like.

“Is there somewhere I can clean up?”

Izuna looks briefly unhappy by the idea, but he does show him to the bathroom. He’s even allowed to shower by himself while Izuna gathers up a change of clothes. And like he had suspected earlier, they were all something that Izuna has worn before, his scent still clinging to the fabric. It makes for a confusing reaction, his instincts wanting to be happy that a strong alpha is showing interest while his rational mind knows Izuna can’t be trusted.

Especially when he’s then led to a cage in the bedroom. His lips thin, staring at it with cold eyes.

“It’s just at night!” says Izuna, defensively. “There’s plenty of room in there in your rabbit form, and the cage is enchanted to be really hard to break. It’ll keep you from murdering me in my sleep and running off.”

“Tch.”

Tobirama reluctantly transforms and hops into the cage, growling at Izuna when he locks it. He finds a comfortable spot and lies down, turning his back to Izuna as he closes his eyes. It takes him a while, but he’s eventually able to fall asleep, after he’s sure that Izuna is unconscious.

Tobirama comes out of the memory with his head in Izuna’s lap, gentle fingers sliding through his hair. He stares at the wall for a while, contemplating what he’s seen. Is it normal that the memory-viewer keeps showing him nonconsensual memories even when he doesn’t specifically ask for that? Are there just more of them statistically, or is a result of his own subconscious desires?

“Not a happy memory?” asks Izuna.

“No, but it was…arousing.”

“You don’t sound happy about that.”

Tobirama flicks his eyes around the room, but no one is paying attention to them, caught up in their own quiet conversations. “It’s always these types of memories I feel drawn to. My other selves being forced but feeling pleasure from it. I don’t know what that says about me.”

Izuna hums thoughtfully. “The emotions are muted, aren’t they? It means the situation doesn’t feel
traumatizing to you. Have you considered that you might have rape fantasies? Usually people just roleplay when they have those kinks, but viewing these memories lets you act on your desires without having to verbalize them to anyone.”

Rape….fantasy? That’s a kink people have? He knew he liked bondage and being pinned, but the lack of consent got him aroused too? Why?

“Don’t look so troubled. Many people have odd kinks they can’t explain. I think by now everyone in this room has proven they don’t think less of you for your submissive kinks. In some ways, this is just an extreme version of that,” says Izuna.

Tobirama briefly reaches up to grip Izuna’s hand, a silent thank-you for the support. He’s not ready to talk about this newly-discovered kink, but he knows he’ll feel less stress thinking about it later due to Izuna’s encouragement.

As he lies there thinking, his eyes catch upon the hand-made picture he and his brothers made as an anniversary gift. It was nowhere near perfect, but Tobirama thought it turned out decent, considering they were all new to using flower petals as a medium. The important part was that their lovers had liked the gift.

They had given it to them yesterday and spent the entire day hanging out at the Uchiha’s house. After spending the night, they had all agreed they wanted to stay a while longer. Now, Hashirama was happily chatting away with Jiro, Kawarama was on the other couch with Keitaro and Takeo, and Madara was with Itama. He hadn’t thought that last two would have anything in common, but they seem to enjoy discussing their differences. Such a strange group they make, but Tobirama has never been happier.

Chapter End Notes

An explanation of the breeding season:
It's not quite the same as a heat. Omegas don't become overcome with lust and have to mate with someone. During this time, they feel the need to look for a mate and feel more lust than normal. It's easier for an alpha to talk them into bed, and during sex, it's easier for the pleasure to overwhelm them. They also have an easier time of falling into 'sub space'.

And someone who doesn't want kids will find it easier to ignore the omega instincts that urge them to be bred.
Chapter Notes

The first part of this chapter is consensual Madara/Tobirama, where they're both yokai. Also, alpha/omega.
Look at this adorable leopard baby:

The second part is in the afterlife verse, where Madara is finally able to leave the prison zone. Yay! Tobirama celebrates by taking Madara to some of the favorite places he’s explored.

Tobirama’s fur stands on end as he slinks through the forest, ears and tail twitching with every bird chirp and rustling leaf. His eyes dart from side to side, trying not to growl with how exposed he feels here in the open forest. Was this unsettling feeling never going to leave him? It’s been three weeks already, and he still doesn’t know what’s wrong with him. He’s lived in the forest since he was eight and never had a problem with it before.

And that wasn’t the only difference. Lately, he’s been drawn to the territories of lone youkai, masculine scents making his ears perk up. The stronger the youkai, the more alluring the scent. It’s why he’s out here today, skirting the territory edges of the strongest youkai he’s ever sensed for the past three days. The scent has even overridden his new need to hide in the smallest place he can find.

He hasn’t worked up the nerve to cross the boundary line yet, wary of how this youkai will respond to him. His own kind tends to be insanely territorial, though he’s learned from experience that they don’t mind wanderers passing through if they’re gone within a day. And stay far away from their cubs.

His tail droops as longing fills him. Cubs are something he’s wanted for the past few years, but who would he have them with? All he knows about the process, he’s overheard from humans. Their noses aren’t keen enough to detect him, and full-blooded youkai are always so quick to shoo away the half-breed child that would be a drain on their resources.

What he’s heard indicates that it takes a man and a woman. A human female would want nothing to do with him. There are so many youkai that look down on humans and cause them misery that any human would look at him with mistrust. And a female yokai would see his human half as a weakness and look for a stronger mate.

Is it his fate to be alone for the rest of his life? His mother was fond of his father. Surely, there must be someone else out there that’s as a kind as she is, willing to look past his human side? All he has to do is get past his well-deserved paranoia and actually start approaching people.

Easier said than done.

Having spent most of his life alone, he’s not the most charming person, nor does he have anything to give as a gift. Nothing to make the other yokai hesitate in chasing him off.

However, he isn’t given much time to think about it. Not even fifteen minutes later, he senses the
yokai approaching him. His muscles tense as the panther steps into view, claws digging into the earth. This close, it's staggering to feel how powerful the panther is. He must be at least a few centuries old and probably has strong parents.

He tries to think of something to say, but a strange haze overtakes his mind as the panther steps closer. Before he realizes it, Tobirama finds himself running through the panther’s territory, the other yokai easily keeping pace.

The chase doesn’t end until he exhausts himself, nearly an hour of going full speed. A heavy weight lands across his back, legs buckling as he’s pinned to the ground. Teeth gently grip the nape of his neck, and the haze lifts from his mind.

Panic sets in. He shifts to his human form, trying to roll out from underneath the panther, but he shifts forms to meet him face-to-face. Hands grab his wrists as he tries to push the other away, and the yokai’s weight settles down upon his legs, curious dark eyes examining him silently.

An uncharacteristic blush works its way across his cheeks as self-consciousness settles in. What must this yokai, with his professionally made cotton attire, think of his hand-made deer hide clothing? His eyes flicker to the side, unwilling to see the inevitable scorn.

He flinches when an approving purr sounds next to his ear, gentle lips pressing a fleeting kiss to the pulse point on his neck. Still reeling at the positive reaction, he doesn’t protest as he’s lifted over the yokai’s shoulder. The yokai keeps a hand on his lower back the entire trip, ready to hold him still should he choose to stop cooperating.

Eventually, they reach a series of caves, and he’s set down in front of a small one in the very back. He’s nudged forward until he goes inside, the entrance small enough that he has to crawl. The interior isn’t much bigger. He’s only able to just sit up, the ceiling brushing across the top of his hair.

The entire cave looks like it could only hold three of him. Furs are scattered across the floor, and the panther’s scent is all over the walls. Somehow, sitting here in this tiny room covered in a stranger’s scent, he’s the calmest he’s been in weeks.

“What’s your name?”

Tobirama’s ears perk forward, a shiver of desire working its way down his back. The yokai’s voice is as alluring as his scent.

“It’s Tobirama. And your name?” he asks, proud that he manages to keep his voice steady.

“Madara. Do you like the room?”

“Yes, but…what is it for? Why have my instincts been searching for a room like this for the past few weeks?”

Madara blinks, looking taken-aback. “It’s a nursery. How old are you, Tobirama? Have you gone through your first heat?”

Tobirama frowns, getting the sinking feeling that his understanding of the world is about to be flipped on its axis. “I’m eighteen. And I don’t know what a heat is.”

Madara hums, sounding vaguely displeased. “Yokai have secondary genders. Alphas can impregnate others, while alpha females can also give birth. They have both sets of genitals. Omega females can only give birth, while omega males can do both.”

“Does that mean omega males have a---” asks Tobirama, baffled, then trails off as embarrassment
“A vagina,” says Madara, amused. “No, but they do have a uterus, the organ that cubs grow inside of. Omegas secrete a liquid before they give birth that cleans out their rear ends. It keeps it hygienic.”

Tobirama takes a moment to process this, looking around the room to avoid Madara’s amused gaze. Then realization strikes, remembering Madara calling this a nursery.

“You think I’m an omega. Why?”

“You smell like one,” says Madara bluntly. “It’s sweeter than an alpha’s, and I wouldn’t be drawn to another alpha’s scent like this. You also smell like you’re on the verge of going into heat, though it’s possible it might be a pre-heat. That usually happens around sixteen. Have you ever felt the need to find a room like this before?”

Tobirama shakes his head.

“Hmm. I’ve never been around a halfa under the age of thirty, so perhaps their pre-heats come later or are non-existent. A pre-heat causes an omega to look for a nursery and start considering who they want as a mate, but it doesn’t come with any actual breeding urges. If this is a real heat, you’re going to feel very aroused for three to five days,” says Madara.

“….I don’t know how to react to this.”

“You have options. The heat will make you crave sex, but if you say no ahead of time, then I’ll stay in one of the other rooms. If you do decide to have sex, but aren’t ready for cubs, then I can go dig up one of the birth control plants I have growing in my forest. The roots are turned into a tea,” says Madara.

“And if I do want to have cubs?” asks Tobirama.

“Then I’ll be a very happy yokai. I’ve been looking for a mate to have cubs with. Someone strong and self-sufficient. I grew up in a yokai city with grocery stores and tailors. Hunting became a menial job that only someone with a low-power level would accept. Not everyone strong is incompetent, of course, but…..none of them could meet all my expectations.”

“Which are?” asks Tobirama.

“Strong, beautiful, self-sufficient, a feline yokai. Half-yokai is fine if they meet the other requirements. In an ideal world, I’d also like them to be intelligent, confident but not unduly arrogant, and sexually submissive,” says Madara.

“You couldn’t have known whether I would meet all of your requirements when you brought me here,” says Tobirama, pretending he hadn’t heard that last part lest he start blushing. “Don’t people usually….court, or whatever it’s called, before choosing life partners?”

“Most do, yes. Make no mistake, I still intend to court you, but I already know you’re what I want. I can sense it. A specialty of my clan, to be able to tell when someone is compatible with them. Every yokai clan has some kind of ability, aside from being stronger and faster than humans,” says Madara.

“And no one in your town was compatible?” asks Tobirama, skeptical.

Madara shrugs. “Not to the right extent. I’m sure I could have been happy with one of them, but I knew a higher level of compatibility existed. So, I decided to go traveling for a while and settled into this territory a year after I started. Two years later, I’m still here. My brothers visit from time
to time, so that’s something to keep in mind if you choose to stay with me.”

“I don’t have any family. My mother was killed when I was eight. Some nomadic group wanted her to marry their leader and have his cubs, but they also wanted her to leave me behind. When she refused, they tried to kill me, but she held them off long enough for me to get away. I’ve been avoiding yokai towns since then,” says Tobirama.

“She never had time to explain the differences between alpha and omegas to you,” realizes Madara. “Will it make you nervous, then, to have my brothers visit?”

“….Maybe. You’re sure we’re compatible?” asks Tobirama.

“Very sure. That isn’t to say we’ll never argue. All couples end up disagreeing about something. The important thing is learning how to compromise. I know yokai make you nervous, but I don’t want you to hesitate to tell me when something isn’t working for you. That’ll only build up resentment,” says Madara.

“Are you always this…sensible?” asks Tobirama.

He had spent most of his life thinking of yokai as violent brutes, but Madara didn’t fit that description at all. Was this his real personality or just an act to have cubs with him? But if the latter, why? Why would someone want to have cubs with him?

Madara snorts. “You would hardly think me the same person if you met me in my first hundred years. I was a lot more rash and took less care with how I chose my words. Sometimes, I’m still impulsive. But I can tell you’ve had a difficult life, and I can hardly convince you to be my mate by being rude, can I?”

“I suppose not.” Tobirama is silent a moment, considering the situation. “….I do want cubs. If we’re still able to get along by the time I start my ‘heat’, then I’ll have cubs with you.”

The smile he gets in return is almost blinding. It’s difficult to believe that such a handsome yokai would want him as a mate, “compatible” or not.

“It doesn’t bother you that our cubs will only be three-fourths yokai?” asks Tobirama.

Madara looks briefly startled before shaking his head. “No. The two of us will produce strong cubs, which is my main concern. If I had weak children, I’d always be worried about their safety, even after they grew into adulthood.”

Tobirama dips his head in agreement, understanding first-hand how cruel the world can be. His potential mate is a realist, it seems. A good trait.

“May I enter your nursery?” asks Madara.

Tobirama tilts his head. “You built it. Do you need permission?”

“The nursery is an omega’s safe space. While an alpha will often sleep next to their mate and children to keep them safe, it’s still the omega’s right to decide who is allowed inside,” says Madara.

“Then yes, I would like it if you joined me,” says Tobirama.

He sits still as Madara crawls inside, body tilted towards the other man. It actually takes effort to stop himself from purring as Madara settles down beside him, an action he hasn’t indulged in since childhood. However, he’s not sure how Madara would react if he started making that sound. Is it normal for yokai to purr, or is it considered childish?
“How do yokai view the fact that they can purr?” asks Tobirama.

“How do...considered normal, if that’s what you’re asking. Alphas are generally expected to purr when comforting their mate and children. Omegas will purr whenever they’re happy. As far as I know, no one will insult an alpha for purring to express joy, but it just doesn’t happen as often.”

“That is what I wanted to know,” says Tobirama.

He slides closer to Madara and rests his head on the alpha’s shoulder. It starts off quiet, a barely heard vibration in the air, then it rises in volume until it’s recognizably a purr.

Madara responds by laying a hand upon his head, blunt claws gently carding through his hair. Tobirama knows from experience that a yokai’s nails will sharpen when threatened or feeling hostile. Such an obvious sign of how relaxed Madara is around him furthers his growing affection for the alpha.

He shivers when fingers brush across his ears, subconsciously pressing closer to Madara’s side. His ears perk forward, purring louder as Madara takes it as encouragement to start petting them.

“I’m glad that you don’t seem to have an aversion to touch,” says Madara.

“Why would I?” asks Tobirama, puzzled.

“You’ve spent most of your life alone, with mostly hostile interactions with others. It wouldn’t have surprised me if you’d grown to distrust the idea of anyone touching you,” says Madara.

“I can understand why you’d think that,” concedes Tobirama, “but I had enough memories of my mother to still want someone in my life. It’s probably why I want children so much. I miss having a family.”

“Did you...have any siblings?” asks Madara, hesitating over the words in case it was a painful subject. Thankfully, he needn’t have worried as Tobirama shakes his head.

“No. I know yokai usually have at least two children, but I was one of the rare single births,” says Tobirama. “Some days, I regret that. Others, I think it for the best. There’s no guarantee any siblings could have escaped to safety with me when my mother was attacked.”

“Large litters run in my family,” says Madara. “At least three, but usually four or five.”

“I like the sound of that,” admits Tobirama. “I wonder if they’ll have the animal ears?”

“From what I’ve heard, I think there’s a fifty/fifty chance of them inheriting that trait if the other parent is fully yokai, and seventy percent chance of them inheriting it if the other parent is human. The other thirty percent is them looking completely human,” says Madara.

Tobirama lets out a soft hum to show he’s heard, but can’t muster up the energy to respond beyond that. It’s been mostly adrenaline keeping him awake the past two days, unable to sleep with how restless his instincts were getting. Now, leaning against an alpha that’s slowly gained his trust over the past hour, he’s finding it difficult not to fall asleep.

He tries to straighten up, blinking several times to keep his eyes open, but Madara gently pulls him back down. Giving in with a soft sigh, he closes his eyes, letting himself be lowered down onto the soft furs. Madara’s arms wrap around him, and he snuggles closer to breathe in the alpha’s scent as he sleeps.

“That’s it. Just relax,” whispers Madara. “No one can hurt you with me here.”
On a normal day, Tobirama knows he would snap back something scathing, offended at the very notion that he would need protecting. Not today. It’s been a trying few weeks with his instincts specifically seeking out someone who can keep him safe during a pregnancy.

“Why is it so easy to trust you?” murmurs Tobirama.

Madara purrs. “Yokai can’t form mate bonds with those who want to hurt them. You can sense on a subconscious level that I want to keep you safe.”

Tobirama blinks. “…Can the opposite be sensed? There were times when I knew someone was a danger to me even before they spoke.”

“Those who are more sensitive to their instincts can,” says Madara. “You’ve had to rely on yourself for years. It doesn’t surprise me that your instincts are sharp. Now, go to sleep. You can ask more questions when you wake up.”

Tobirama makes a discontented noise, his curiosity not satisfied yet, but he can’t keep his eyes open. His thoughts begin to drift away, everything fading away into the blackness of sleep.

Several hours pass before he wakes again, the already dim-lighting of the cave now almost nonexistent. Madara is still beside him, breaths coming in deep and slow. For a moment, he just lies there and tries to fall back asleep, but the needs of his body won’t be ignored. Madara’s arm tightens around him as he tries to wriggle free, then relaxes as the man fully wakes.

“I need water,” explains Tobirama. “….And to relieve myself.”

Madara snorts. “I haven’t heard it described that way in a while. Usually by rich people trying to sound prim and proper.” He shakes his head and heads for the entrance, motioning for Tobirama to follow him. “There’s actually a river that flows through this cave. I’ve got a few different rooms that I’ve set up sinks in. One of them is a restroom.”

Tobirama follows him to a room not much bigger than the nursery with a hole in the ground, covered by a thin slab of rock. There was also a small basin carved into the wall. By lifting a square of rock, water would fill into the basin and another square lets the water drain away. A curtain hangs down over the entranceway, giving him privacy without alarming his instincts at being cut off from his alpha. He finishes his business quickly, hurrying out of the room when he discovers something odd, expression perturbed.

Madara immediately straightens up from the wall and comes closer. “What’s wrong?”

“There was a…liquid,” says Tobirama, haltingly. Embarrassed and unsure of how to explain, his eyes flicker down to indicate where he’s talking about.

“Ah, the cleaning liquid?” asks Madara. “It came out after you used the restroom?”

Tobirama nods.

“Did you start producing a thicker liquid after that?” asks Madara.

Tobirama tries not to squirm. “Yes. What does it mean?”

“You’re going into heat,” says Madara bluntly. “Omegas create their own lubricant once they
enter sexual maturity. They were the ones who evolved to be on the receiving end….though it can
be pleasurable for an alpha to be penetrated. It just takes more prep work and an outside source of
lubricant. I’ve tried it a few times. It’s not my preferred position, but it’s enjoyable enough that I
wouldn’t mind trying it with you on occasion if that’s what you want.”

Tobirama exhales slowly. “I don’t have enough experience to know what I want.”

“No. I ate a lot yesterday. Perhaps in unknowing preparation for this? I’m still not certain what exactly is going to happen when I enter this ‘heat’.”

“Well, it’s….a lot of arousal. The first heat tends to be the most intense. You might have trouble
thinking clearly at some points. And I’ve heard that both the omega and the alpha helping them
through the heat will often have a breeding kink during that time,” says Madara.

“A breeding kink,” repeats Tobirama.

Tobirama hums skeptically, then wordlessly sets out towards the nursery. His instincts were
getting insistent again. The nursery is where he’s supposed to be right now.

Madara follows him without hesitation, this time sitting behind him. He tenses up at first, unused
to having anyone at his back, but Madara simply lays a hand between his shoulder blades and
waits. Slowly, he relaxes and leans back into his hand, prompting Madara to get closer and wrap
his arms around his waist.

He shivers as Madara noses at his neck, breathing in his scent. It’s a surprisingly intimate feeling.
Even more so when Madara begins to lick him. It doesn’t feel sexual, not yet, but more of a
comforting gesture. This was grooming, wasn’t it? His mother had helped him clean his fur when
he was very little.

His head tips forward in subconscious surrender, a jolt of heat making him startle as Madara’s
teeth gently press against the nape of his neck. Madara’s arms tighten around him when he moves,
only loosening again when he goes still.

“Biting is a way of staking a claim. My dominant instincts flared up when you moved,” explains
Madara, correctly guessing that Tobirama would have no more knowledge of this than he does
any other yokai instinct.

“Are omegas supposed to bite back?” asks Tobirama.

“If they want to form a mate bond, then yes. It doesn’t always happen on the first bite if the pair
doesn’t know each other very well, but the bond doesn’t form without both the omega and alpha
biting each other,” says Madara.

“What…kind of bond?” asks Tobirama, trying not to get distracted by the way Madara begins to
nibble at his neck.

“Telepathic. An emotional connection,” murmurs Madara, laying a kiss on Tobirama’s skin
between each word. He grins when Tobirama moans softly. “Sensing each other’s location and general state of health. Then later, sensing each other’s emotions.”

“All—all the time?” His breath hitches as he tries to speak, heat slowly gathering in his abdomen as Madara sucks gentle marks into his neck.

“There are ways to block the emotions,” says Madara. “If we choose to bond, I’ll teach you some of the meditation exercises that are known to help.”

Tobirama’s only answer is a purring moan, leaning back into Madara’s embrace. He shivers faintly as hands begin to wander underneath his shirt, ghosting over his stomach to his chest. His mind slips further away, descending into a haze of pleasure and need as Madara tugs at his nipples.

“Feels good, doesn’t it, kitten? Just imagine, in a few months, you’ll be producing milk. All that liquid, making your breasts swell, and then, I do this—” Madara pulls at his nipples again. “—and all that tension just melts away.”

His breath hitches, pleasure cresting through him like a rising wave. Madara’s words paint a vivid picture in his mind, and it makes him ache with want. He fidgets as his skin becomes more sensitive, his normally soft clothes now feeling abrasive.

Tobirama tugs at his shirt sleeve and Madara quickly gets the picture, helping him out of his clothes. He doesn’t even feel cold afterwards. His body is giving off heat like a campfire.

“Now I know why they call this a heat,” mutters Tobirama, scratching at his skin.

Madara catches his hand with a small frown. “You’ll hurt yourself if you keep that up. I can tell you’re starting to get lost in the pleasure, so I’ll ask now. Do you consent to having sex with me?”

Tobirama lets out a slow breath and nods. Instinct has him get up on hands and knees, tail curling around his waist. The first touch to his opening has him trembling, nerves shockingly sensitive.

Madara waits patiently for him to calm down, then slowly slips one finger inside. He bites his lip, breathing through his nose, as he tries to stay relaxed. His nails lengthen, digging into the furs as he’s stretched. It feels good but weird.

As though to soothe him, Madara’s other hand trails down his thigh and back up again, massaging the base of his tail. The effect is almost instantaneous; his back arches, hips lifting as he falls forward onto his forearms. A strangled moan escapes his lips as Madara’s fingers brush across…something. It leaves him seeing stars, every nerve in his body demanding more.

He rocks back into Madara’s touch, shameless with the need to be filled. Unfortunately, his alpha seems determined to tease him. Fingers pump into him slowly as his tail is stroked, sending skittering bursts of pleasure down his spine. Something between a growl and a purr rumbles through his chest, his tail escaping Madara’s hold to smack him in the face.

Madara huffs in surprise, drawing back to regard him with fond amusement. Looking over his shoulder, Tobirama stares back, something like a challenge glittering in his eyes.

“Cheeky, aren’t you? Very well, I’ll speed things along. Just give me a moment to undress.”

Tobirama tries not to whimper as those sinfully good fingers leave him, tail twitching erratically as a feeling of emptiness grows inside him. This is maddening. How often is he going to have to deal with this ‘heat’?

He moans softly as Madara pulls him back against his chest, basking in his warmth as his tail coils
around Madara’s leg. Reaching back, he helps position Madara’s cock as he sinks his hips down, mouth opening in a breathless gasp. It aches deep inside, more than he thought it would, but it doesn’t take long for it to switch to pleasure.

His mind blanks out as the heat consumes him, instinctively moving his hips back as Madara thrusts into him, setting up a rhythm that has him seeing stars. Madara’s nails dig into his skin, drawing blood on his hip and his chest. It makes his instincts sing in a way he doesn’t understand, this physical proof of Madara’s touch upon his body.

He cums with a strangled shout as teeth latch onto the back of his neck, muscles clenching around Madara’s cock. In the aftermath, his body goes limp and pliant, submitting for his alpha’s pleasure. He purrs quietly when Madara knots inside him, shivering at the flash of warmth as Madara cums.

They lie down together afterwards, resting upon wonderfully soft furs with Madara curled around him. The haze fades from his mind slowly, his body cooling down to normal temperature. It’s amazing how peaceful he feels now, like his soul has finally found what it’s been searching for. Maybe it has.

“How are you feeling?” asks Madara.

“I feel…good. A little sore, but peaceful.”

“I have some healing cream that can help with the soreness. We’ll need it with how often the heat will make you want sex,” replies Madara. He carefully pulls out of Tobirama as his knot deflates. “It’s probably too soon to have a bath, not when we’ll be doing this again in a few hours, but I can heat up enough water for us to wipe down.”

“I would appreciate that,” agrees Tobirama.

Madara waits until they’ve crawled out of the nursery before picking him and carrying him to the bathing room. There’s a tub carved into the floor, a large circle a few feet deep. Against the far wall is a fireplace with a makeshift chimney above it to let out smoke. Buckets of varying sizes line the wall. As he watches, Madara grabs one of the smaller ones and fills it with water, placing it above the fire to heat up. Then he gets a slightly larger bucket and fills it a fourth of the way. When the water is almost at a boil, Madara takes it off the fire and pours it into the cold bucket. Then he gathers a few cloths from a nearby shelf and brings the pile over to Tobirama. The water is the perfect temperature when he dips his washcloth in, just hot enough to make his muscles relax as he wipes away sweat and other bodily fluids.

After they’ve cleaned up the best they can, Madara retrieves a basket of medical supplies, pulling out a small jar of thick cream. It has a very mild scent and feels cool to the touch. He lets Madara spread the cream inside him, a part of him pleased to be taken care of.

“I’ve kept a jar of this stocked ever since I started searching for a mate,” admits Madara. “I didn’t know if it would be necessary. Not everyone ends up sore during a heat, but I wanted to be prepared.”

“Being prepared is always a good thing,” says Tobirama. “It’s a fitting trait for a parent to have.”

Madara’s eyes light up at the mention of his upcoming fatherhood, and Tobirama knows in that moment that he’s made the right choice. Anyone that’s this happy to be a father has to have some good qualities to him.

“Thank you. I’ve wanted to be a father for several years now. It was fun, and at times stressful but rewarding, helping my parents raise my two youngest brothers,” says Madara.
“I’m glad you have experience taking care of children. I don’t know anything about them,” replies Tobirama.

“But you do want children?” asks Madara.

Tobirama hums an affirmative. “I want a family. I’ve heard it’s a lot of work, raising cubs, but I think it’ll be worth it.”

“My parents certainly thought so. It would be a cliché to say we were the greatest joy in their lives, but we truly did make them happy. They told me our grandparents had to drag them out of the house the first few months after we were born. That can happen sometimes, all those new parenting instincts rear their head and all you want to focus on is your children. My grandparents helped them figure out how to balance parenthood with the rest of their life,” says Madara.

“I suppose we don’t have to worry about that,” muses Tobirama. “Even if we did get caught up in parenting instincts, there isn’t much else to focus on out here.”

“Mmhmm. No job. No noisy neighbors. No marketplace.” Madara’s mouth twists down. “I hate large cities and crowds, but it’s been odd not having anyone else around. I think I was meant to live out in the forest with just a small pack. When our children are grown, they’ll go searching for their own mates. One or two of them will likely come back with their mate and raise their children here. Our grandchildren.”

Tobirama purrs, smiling as Madara’s expression turns soft. He was starting to get the idea that it instinctively made Madara happy to hear him purring. That thought makes the sound come louder, curling up to Madara’s side, inordinately pleased when he’s hugged in return. Safe. This man makes him feel safe.

He truly hopes that Madara is right about them being compatible. If he has to give this up later, it would be…excruciating.

Four months later, Tobirama is curled up in his leopard form, his new babies kneading at his stomach as they drink his milk. There were two each of panther and leopard, though he doesn’t yet know whether they’ll have his ears. They were only born yesterday, and yokai don’t have their first shift until they’re at least three months old.

Their little eyes are still closed, and it’s cute watching them discover the world through touch alone. His heart melts every time he hears one of their squeaks, bringing a level of happiness he’s never felt before. These past four months have felt like a dream. Even when he and Madara disagree on something, he’s never felt an ounce of fear. To be able to trust someone so completely, he hasn’t had that since his mother’s death.

Madara returns from his hunt before his thoughts can get any sappier, dragging a few rabbits with him. He takes one into the nursery with him, setting it on a patch of rock near Tobirama’s head, left bare of fur for this purpose. It allows Tobirama to eat without getting blood on any of their furs and without having to leave the nursery.

As he eats, Madara softly licks the top of his head before doing the same to their cubs. It’s good for them to be given affection at an early age, Madara has told him. Apparently, it helps their emotional development. Tobirama would have given them affection either way, but he likes learning about what his children need. He doesn’t want to discover later that he should have given them something but didn’t out of ignorance. That would be…upsetting.

He’s lucky to have found a mate with so much child-rearing experience. Younger siblings and
cousins and advice from all his relatives while he was babysitting. Relatives that have asked to come visit after Madara sent them a letter. And maybe, if they visit a few at a time, he could be comfortable meeting them.

According to Madara, his family lives on the other side of the country, right at the border. Yokai and human relations are less hostile in the neighboring country and that transfers over to those living in the border towns. With that in mind, he’s less….fearful about meeting them.

Most yokai have not been kind to him. Even when they weren’t cruel, they were not kind. A lot of it was indifference. Uncaring that he was a child alone with only his instincts to keep him alive. If he had been a human child, would he have been able to hunt? To scent out prey and fresh water?

Though, that was a moot point, wasn’t it? A human child would have been taken in by someone. The fact that even he, a half-breed, was given the occasional scraps by overly compassionate humans was proof. How much more would they have cared if he was fully human?

A hand on his head startles him out his depressive thoughts, not realizing Madara had shifted into his bipedal form. He lets Madara distract him, nuzzling into the hand stroking his face. If a human was petting him like this, it would feel condescending. But with his yokai mate, it’s a sign of affection and a shared understanding that it feels good.

“I still can’t believe how tiny they are,” says Madara, eyes soft as he watches their cubs. “They’re beautiful. I can’t wait to see if any of them have your ears. That would be adorable, wouldn’t it, on cubs so small?”

Tobirama gives an agreeing purr, inwardly amused at how sappy Madara is acting. His mate was one of the strongest yokai he had ever met and yet he had such a soft, sentimental side.

“I was thinking, maybe in a couple of months, Keitaro could visit? He’s the most cheerful of my brothers, so you might be the most comfortable with him. Either him or Takeo. He’s not as outwardly cheerful but he’s very calm. And if you start off just meeting one of my brothers, it should help soothe some of your anxieties,” says Madara.

Tobirama considers the idea in silence for a while before nodding. Yes, he could handle meeting one of them. Though whether he’ll be comfortable with them meeting his cubs is another matter. Perhaps if Madara greets them at the territory’s borders and brings them near the caves? Tobirama can talk to them outside while the cubs stay hidden, then if instincts settle down, he can let them inside.

“Oh, I’ll send a letter later to let him know. Do you need anything else right now? More food? Water?”

He shakes his head, so Madara settles down to eat his own meal. Then Madara takes the remains outside before coming back to lie down beside him. It feels a little bit crowded with all of them in here, but his instincts feel comforted by the small space. When the cubs are a bit older, they’ll move to a larger room, but for now, this is exactly what he needs.

Tobirama disconnects from his alternate’s memory, Madara following suit a moment later. He stretches out across the bed, languid and relaxed. Such a peaceful memory that was, finding a loving mate after years of being alone. And getting to raise a family in a secure environment!

He nearly purrs himself when Madara cuddles up to him, moving around a bit until he can listen to
the beat of his heart. It’s such a soothing sound that he nearly falls asleep, but he hasn’t been
awake long enough to be tired. There’s also a restless edge to Madara’s chakra, going through a
range of emotions before settling on…. regret?

And something seems to shift in the air around them. Madara’s breath catches, and Tobirama lifts
his head to see that his eyes are wide. He doesn’t get a chance to ask what’s going on. Without
even getting up from the bed, Madara teleports them to the edge of the prison zone, right beside
the barrier.

Madara lifts a shaking hand…and it goes through.

For a moment, all they can do is lie there, too stunned to move. Then Madara is scrambling up, all
but lunging across that invisible line. Tobirama follows, hugging him from behind as Madara grins
with joy.

“I’m free,” Madara says with awe. “I’m actually…free.”

This time, Tobirama really does let himself purr. All the places he’s ever wanted to show Madara
flash through his head. With a smile pressed upon Madara’s back, he chooses one and teleports
them there. And not even an ounce of resistance from Madara, no hesitation in following along.

Water rushes down the far wall, gathering into a small underground pond. Crystals of various
colors shine along the walls and ceiling, lit up from some unknown source of light. Tobirama
holds up his hand, watching the light play across his skin, a rainbow of hues.

“It’s beautiful.” Madara stares up at the ceiling, activating his sharingan to keep this sight in his
memory. “What is this place?”

“It’s part of an underground cave system. There are more rooms like this, but without the waterfall.
And this is just one of the many places I’ve been wanting to show you,” answers Tobirama.

Madara takes his hand, threading their fingers together. “Show me more of them?”

A mountain view overlooking a valley with wildflowers in colors not found on Earth. A beach
with the whitest sand he’s ever seen and the ocean a beautiful aquamarine. A desert with hills of
rainbow sand. A waterfall in the heart of a tropical rainforest. A city built in the middle of the
ocean that makes some of the best seafood he’s ever eaten.

They stop by his favorite restaurant for supper, talking easily all the while. He’s never seen
Madara look so…light, so carefree. Like a weight has been lifted from his shoulders. Maybe it
has. Madara obviously felt when he was freed from the prison zone. Who knows what effect
being in that place had on him?

Danzo only said it has a renewal effect on the mind, bringing you back to a time when you were
sane. He didn’t describe any negative effects it may have. The weight of judgement, some all-
powerful entity looking down on you and waiting for you to be better.

Had Madara felt the universe staring at him judgmentally? Or perhaps it was everyone else’s
disapproving eyes that he was happy to get away from. And speaking of everyone…

“We should probably tell our brothers that you’re free now. They’re already going to be annoyed
that we waited even this long,” says Tobirama.

Madara shakes his head. “I’ll tell them tonight when I go back home. I know it’s big news, but we
have eternity. I don’t want to cut our evening short.”

“You turned out to be quite the romantic,” says Tobirama, amused.
Madara flushes but doesn’t stutter out a denial like he would have when he was younger. He’s starting to learn that it doesn’t have to be a source of embarrassment to have a soft side. It still is embarrassing, but he’s no longer trying to hide from who he is.

“You helped me as much as they did…in realizing why my actions were wrong,” admits Madara. He glances around the restaurant, unwilling to say more with an audience.

Tobirama catches on quickly and takes them somewhere private, in the middle of a forest beside a quiet pond. Madara pulls him closer, leaning back until they’re both staring up at the sky. It’ll be easier to explain his thoughts if he doesn’t have to look Tobirama in the eye.

“Right after we exited that memory today, I started thinking about how in love our alternates were. And then about how much we love each other. And just—all the people I have in my life. The relationships I wouldn’t have if my plan had succeeded. Maybe it’s selfish, that being the reason I could finally regret what I tried to do…”

“Perhaps it is, but do the reasons matter?” asks Tobirama. “Whatever entity controls the prison zone obviously found it satisfactory. Through understanding the relationships you would never have gained, you can understand what you would be denying everyone else. It is a form of empathy.”

“Yes, I guess that makes sense,” says Madara. “Still…” He trails off with a sigh.

Tobirama shifts onto his side and pokes Madara’s cheek, smirking when startled eyes meet his. “You’ve got eternity to work on being a better person, but there’s no need to be gloomy the entire time. And besides, if you were completely selfish, none of us would have fallen in love with you. Now cheer up, unless you want me to tell Hashirama that you’re upset?” he asks, grinning wickedly.

Madara blanches. “No! I don’t need one of his bear hugs. I like my ribs unbroken.”

Tobirama snorts. “He has not broken your ribs from a hug.”

“He’s come close!” insists Madara. “He doesn’t hold back his strength as much with me because I can keep up with him a fight. Doesn’t mean I can’t feel my ribs creaking when he gets too enthusiastic. Don’t tell me he’s never hugged you too tight.”

Tobirama grimaces, conceding the point. “He’ll learn restraint…eventually.”

“Hopefully, before he breaks something,” grumbles Madara.

“Are you going to try and tell me that you’ve never misjudged your strength?” asks Tobirama.

Madara pauses. “…I suppose I have. But that was when I was younger!” He hastily tacks on. “Hashirama should know better by now.”

“Hmm. Perhaps we should devise a lesson plan to teach him restraint,” says Tobirama suggestively.

Madara side-eyes him. “That was supposed to sound sexual, right?”

“Mmhmm.”

“Okay. So…some kind of sexual punishment if he’s too rough?”

“Something like that.” Tobirama hums thoughtfully. “Perhaps testing how gentle he can be while teasing him. Giving him a task to complete that requires him to moderate his strength, and he doesn’t get to cum until he’s done.”
Madara grins. “Sounds devious. I like it. But is it something he’ll agree to? I know you like to be teased, but Hashirama is more impatient.”

“We’ll just have to make the reward worth the wait. And if he doesn’t want to play, we’ll find some other way to remind him to be gentle. He usually remembers around civilians, anyway. I don’t know why his subconscious thinks we need to be hugged harder just because we’re shinobi.”

“His brain’s a mystery. But enough of that. Is there anywhere else you want to go?”

Tobirama gives it serious thought, but ends up shaking his head. “No, not right now. There are many places I’ve thought of showing you, but this is peaceful. I don’t want to get up yet.”

“It is peaceful here,” agrees Madara. “I think I’d like to go with you the next time you go exploring.”

“That’s something I’ve been wanting,” admits Tobirama. “I’ve had the opportunity to explore with my brothers and to visit the beach with your brothers. I’m glad I didn’t have to wait another decade for you to get out of the prison zone.”

“No kidding. That place is big, but I still felt claustrophobic sometimes, just knowing that I was trapped there,” says Madara. He scowls up at the sky for a moment. “I know I’ll have to go back to get my stuff, but I don’t think I could sleep there.”

“Then stay in my room for now. We have the space for all five of you, if your brothers want to sleep over as well. And in the meantime, you guys get to design and build your dream house,” says Tobirama.

“We do, don’t we?” murmurs Madara, pleased.

“Five adults and possibly five children will take up a lot of space. You might consider building two houses with a connecting courtyard. There’s plenty of land around my family’s house. I doubt they’d mind if your family settled close by,” says Tobirama.

“Hashirama would be delighted, I’m sure. My relationship with the others is still new…."

“Kawarama and Itama became friends with your brothers before you arrived here, remember? The romantic aspect may be new, but they’ve known each other a while. I can’t see them objecting to their long-time friends and new-lovers moving closer,” says Tobirama.

“In that case, I do like the idea of living nearby. We can raise our kids together. There have to be at least a few women not bothered by our unconventional relationship,” says Madara.

“If not, a few of us could turn ourselves into women,” suggests Tobirama.

Madara wrinkles his nose. “I don’t think so. Being a woman is one thing, but childbirth?”

“The memory we viewed today had my alternate give birth,” says Tobirama, amused. “I’ve seen a lot of memories like that. At this point, I don’t think I’d mind being pregnant. And childbirth isn’t nearly as painful in the afterlife. Many women have attested to that.”

“I suppose,” says Madara doubtfully. “But if it’s something you’re okay with…who’s child would you want to have?”

Tobirama exhales a small, surprised breath. “Yours, obviously. Besides my brothers, you’re….one of my favorite people. You know I spend more time with you than your brothers, though I try to make time for them too. I care for them, but it’s not as strong as what I feel for you.”
He looks up as a long silence descends, finding Madara to be absolutely flabbergasted. Seriously? His disbelief must be obvious because Madara starts trying to explain his doubt.

“You don’t have the same negative history with Keitaro, Jiro, and Takeo. They’re nicer to you. Keitaro is naturally friendly, and I know you like it when Jiro flirts with you. And Takeo is calmer. Even with Izuna, there wasn’t as much animosity between you when we were alive.”

“Izuna and I were forced by circumstances to fight each other. There wasn’t any true hostility on my part, but nor was there any affection. Before we died, I never knew him. I knew you. The fact that we didn’t get along just meant that I was observing you all the more. I was, grudgingly, able to admit to myself that we could have been friends if circumstances were different. I liked who you were when you weren’t disagreeing with everything I said, simply because I was the one who said it.”

“….And the other times we disagreed?”

Tobirama shoots him a quick grin. “It’s fun riling you up.”

Madara’s mouth drops open then clicks shut as his eyes narrow playfully. Lying in Madara’s arms as he is, he doesn’t have the chance to get away before Madara scoops him up, tossing him into the nearby pond. He retaliates with a water dragon, the other man being too busy laughing to dodge properly.

Their eyes meet as the whirlwind stills, water dripping liberally from their hair and clothes. Challenge accepted!

Tobirama takes off into the forest with Madara in hot pursuit. To confuse the trail, he makes half a dozen clones, sending them in all directions. He can feel Madara’s sharingan activate, the frustration in the other’s chakra when he can’t tell which one’s real. Of course not. He designed this jutsu while at war with a clan full of sharingan users. Such a weakness was not permitted.

With no choice but to chase each copy down, Madara makes his own clones, frustrated and amused every time he gets one of them to pop. The chase is fun, but he wants to win.

Tobirama doesn’t make it easy for him, using his speed advantage to dodge every attempt to grab him. He keeps going for nearly an hour before letting Madara catch him, twisting in his grasp to hook his legs around Madara’s waist, forcing him to either hold him up or send the both of them tumbling to the ground.

A flash of arousal lances through him as Madara pins him to the nearest tree. His eyes drop down to Madara’s mouth as it widens into a smirk, very obviously noticing his reaction. However, he refuses to be embarrassed, and awkwardly sets about trying to pull their pants down.

“Ah, don’t we need lube for this?” asks Madara.

Tobirama frowns, mind racing. Going back to the house would take too long….Ah, but his alternate hadn’t needed lube, had he?

“What are you doing?” asks Madara, watching as Tobirama first gets an intense look of concentration before starting to squirm. Rather than answer, Tobirama guides his hand down between his legs. He’s wet. “How…? Did you…summon lube or…turn yourself into an omega?”

“The second, though I mostly just focused on the….lubricating…aspect—“Tobirama bites his lip as Madara slides a finger inside him, pleasure spiking through him hard. “Fuck, that’s sensitive…Nng.”

His nails dig into Madara’s back, almost whimpering as Madara fingers him open. The pleasure
nearly overwhelms him when Madara finally starts fucking him, his cock dragging across newly sensitized nerves. Is this what his alternate felt? This blinding heat…

His head lolls back, whimpering moans rising from his throat with every forceful thrust inside him. Madara can’t resist, biting at the newly revealed skin, and Tobirama tightens around him with a strangled groan, shaking with the force of his orgasm.

Madara holds them both steady as Tobirama goes boneless in his arms, slowly lowering them to the ground. His cock aches with the need to cum, but he waits until Tobirama stops wincing every time he moves before he keeps going. Words can’t describe how hot Tobirama looks in the afterglow, relaxed and content while his eyes flash with the occasional flare of pleasure as Madara continues moving inside. He muffles his moan against Tobirama’s neck, biting down, gently, remembering how strongly Tobirama had reacted a minute ago.

Tobirama jerks underneath him at the bite, muscles clamping down, and Madara tips over the edge. He braces his arms against the ground, not even trying to pull out. By now, he’s well aware that Tobirama wants his partner stay inside right after sex. He thinks it might be why Tobirama is so fond of those alpha/omega worlds, where the alpha knots inside their lover.

However, it becomes difficult to hold this pose after a few minutes. Tobirama doesn’t normally ask him to stay inside this long, though Madara suspects he wants to. Now, this partial omega transformation seems to have made him more insistent.

Well, he doesn’t want to deprive Tobirama of what he needs, so he finds a way to shift them into a more comfortable position with Tobirama lying on top of him. It puts his back to the ground, which isn’t entirely comfortable, but enough wiggling gets the stones out of his way.

“So, how much of yourself did you turn into an omega? Any of the instincts or, uh, ability to conceive?” asks Madara.

“…Maybe some of the instincts,” admits Tobirama, realizing he’s still not willing to leave Madara’s lap. “As for conceiving, I wasn’t trying to give myself a uterus, but it could have happened regardless. I was basing the partial-transformation on my sense memories of being an omega. Though, I definitely focused on not going into heat.”

“I don’t blame you for that. Those heats look like they could be fun for, at most, a day. Then it’s just chaffing and dehydration,” says Madara.

Tobirama laughs quietly, “Pretty much. I usually only watch memories at the beginning of a heat, when everything is still new and pleasurable. Towards the end, everyone is just sore and ready for it to be over.”

Madara hums. “Speaking of things being over, are you ready to get up yet?” His eye twitches as Tobirama turns his head away and pouts. “…It’s getting dark. You can’t convince me that you actually want to stay here. I know how much of a clean freak you are.”

“…”m not a clean freak,” Tobirama mumbles into his chest. “I like nature.”

“Mmhmm. You like nature a lot more after you’ve had a bath.”

Tobirama narrows his eyes in thought. “We can go to the hot springs. It’s nature and a bath.”

“Good enough. Take us there.”

Tobirama goes through his mental list of hot springs, picking one that’s just past sunset, where there’s just a sliver of dim lighting. Just as he expected, there’s no one around for miles, this mountain still largely unexplored. It’s still baffling to him, just how massive this world is, that so
much space can still be undiscovered after *thousands* of years of exploration.

He reluctantly slides off Madara’s lap, holding back a grimace as that empty feeling returns. Knowing that it’s just a result of his muscles being stretched out doesn’t make it any less unpleasant. At least the sensation doesn’t tend to last long.

Madara follows him into the water, staying close by. He’s learned by now that Tobirama isn’t satisfied without after-sex affection. There are some days that Madara is so *relieved* that he didn’t end up in some unhealthy relationship with Tobirama while they were alive, the way so many of his alternates did. He knows it would have been nothing but sex, fulfilling Tobirama’s unknown kinks while leaving the younger man feeling hollow.

He knows what kind of man he is, knows what he would have done if he discovered sooner how submissive Tobirama is. It’s only because *Izuna* forgave Tobirama that he was able to start looking past his hated. And what he saw was…beautiful. A fierce, cunning man capable of being absolutely *ruthless* to his enemies but who would rather spend his evening doing science experiments and teaching young students. Was it any wonder that he had fallen in love?

A light touch to his face drags his thoughts back to the present, finding Tobirama looking at him with a hint of concern. He leans into the touch and lets Tobirama kiss his frown away, holding him close while they relax in the water.

Eventually, the sky darkens, and their skin begins to wrinkle, prompting them to reluctantly get out of the water. Tobirama uses a jutsu to dry them off, then teleports them straight to his bedroom. His brothers are already asleep and don’t notice their arrival, allowing them to get ready for bed in peace.

“Have you stayed the night somewhere else before, or are your brothers going to be worried?” asks Tobirama.

Madara pauses. “…I suppose I could send them a text? Say I’m camping or something. If I told them where I am now, they’d all storm over and probably insist on throwing a party. I’d rather delay that until the morning, when we’re all awake.”

“Sensible,” agrees Tobirama, making himself comfortable on the bed. “We’re already going to be woken up as soon as one of the others gets up. Whatever time that happens to be.”

Madara scrunches his nose. “Probably by Hashirama. That man wakes up with the sun like a damn plant.”

“You’re not the first to make that observation,” says Tobirama dryly. “But all the more reason to sleep now. Come to bed.”

Madara locks the door before joining him, draping his arm loosely over Tobirama’s waist. Nothing more needs to be said, the two of them resting in companionable silence until they fall asleep.

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If you have any requests for a pairing + kink, then I’ll take it into consideration though I can’t guarantee that I’ll be able to write it.
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