

Judging

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Random Oneshot about Tobirama and Madara, for KazeRyuujin and Chocolate-Kunai on dA- who got me re-addicted to HashiMada and addicted to TobiMada. Written by my friend soulgusttheguardian on dA who doesn't have an account on here and doesn't want one

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Chapter 1 - Judging

2

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Tobirama Senju was bored beyond belief.

All week it'd been nothing but 'fight this', 'kill that' and he was starting to get extremely pissed at the man titled as his older brother. Why couldn't HE go kill someone?

Simple.

He was too busy chasing after someone unattainable.

Oh yes.

But not who you might think.

Uchiha Izuna was small for his age, and very observant. However, when it came to romantic matters involving himself, he was rather naïve and clueless. For the past year and a half, he'd been ignorantly oblivious to the fact that Hashirama Senju followed him everywhere and never stopped thinking about him.

If Izuna killed a spider, Hashirama knew about it.

If he scream during a scary movie, Hashirama knew about it.

And if he blew his nose, Hashirama probably knew about that too.

Tobirama was creeped out at first-after all, Senju and Uchiha were enemies-but who was he to judge when he'd gone and done the same thing?

Yes, Tobirama Senju had fallen in love with none other than Madara Uchiha.

Since the first time he'd heard that voice yell at his brother over the noise of the battlefield, he knew he was doomed to forever watching someone from afar. Madara was everything Tobirama knew he would be from the reports of this fearless leader. He was strong, powerful, dangerous and yet harmless at the same time. Maybe even fragile in a sort of odd way.

Not to mention he had really soft hair (how do you know this, Tobirama?? –smirk-) and was adorable when he got embarrassed.

Extremely adorable.

So when Tobirama and Hashirama decided to let some other clanmates drag them to a party/celebration of sorts, he had decided to stay as far from the elder Uchiha brother as possible. Because from where he was right now, it appeared as though said man was drunk and hanging all over some light-haired kid

he didn't know and-

Tobirama did a double-take and faced back to where Madara was clearly being put in a situation he didn't like. The man with him was whispering something to him, and the carnal look on his face said he wanted anything BUT to be talking to the Uchiha.

After a moment, he made up his mind and strode forward to where the two in question were.

"Excuse me," he called cheerily. The man looked up at him. Madara turned to face him, with a shocked expression. Tobirama directed his gaze at Madara. "Is he bothering you, 'Dara?"

Madara blushed-an effect of whatever he'd been drinking or genuine Tobirama didn't know-and swallowed, understanding what Tobirama was doing. "Just a little," he muttered.

The man flinched when Tobirama grabbed the front of his shirt and growled, "Stay away from him, got it?"

"O-Of course, Senju-sama!" he hastily replied, before Tobirama released him. He quickly walked away, trying to keep his dignified appearance.

"Thanks, Tobirama." Madara said. Tobirama looked at him; black eyes sparkling with gratitude and a small smile on his lips. Tobirama gaped at him, unsure what to make of this gorgeous beauty less than three feet from him.

"No problem."

"Seriously," Madara said, a bit louder.

Tobirama blushed when Madara took a few steps closer and stood, torsos touching. "I was just helping. You looked uncomfortable. And he shouldn't have been flirting with the Uchiha clan leader anyways."

Madara nodded, observing the other. Tobirama looked up when he heard his brother's voice and saw the elder sneak out the front door. He was about to go after him-because he was pretty sure Hashirama had been dragging someone behind him. A hand grabbed his wrist though and began pulling him in the opposite direction. "Madara, let go."

"No. I need to talk to you."

Tobirama swallowed. All this work to stay away from Madara and now he was being drug to who-knows-where to talk ALONE with him?!?!?!?!?

"No, Madara, seriously. I think Hashira-"

Madara interrupted by opening a door at the end of the hallway and pulling him into it, then closing it behind them. He leaned against it to block Tobirama's escape, and it was only then did he realize how much shorter Madara was than him.

And how red his cheeks were.

Oh geez, I thought. Now how am I supposed to talk to him? He's gorgeous as it is, but now his face is all red. "Ah...um, Madara what did you want to talk to me about?"

Madara looked up at Tobirama, slightly biting his lip. "Um...well, I just...You seem to be avoiding me lately; that is...I thought we'd agreed we'd get along from now on?"

"And we do,"

"But you won't talk to me."

Tobirama didn't reply. What was he supposed to say? 'I've been in love with you for the past year and was afraid to be around you because I might do something stupid that would destroy our newly-made friendship?' Yeah right.

"I mean, Hashirama is talking to me a lot more than you!" Madara snapped. "And we're the ones who are supposed to be-" he made quotations with his fingers. "-'enemies'!"

"But Madara, that's off topic." Tobirama answered. "He's talking to you more because..."

"Because why?"

"...Because he's in love with Izuna."

Madara gaped at him. "Wh...What??"

Tobirama nodded. Madara swallowed, eyes widening and blush darkening. "So..." the Uchiha began. "It would be, uh, n-normal for...er, other members to do such then, yes?" he mumbled the last part. "Since Hashirama is Senju's leader, they won't go against him being in love with someone- no matter who it is, right?" Tobirama shrugged. "...But, uh...would the same hold true for...Uchiha?"

"I dunno. You tell me." Tobirama said, nervously.

Madara pondered this a moment. "Um, Tobirama?"

"Yes?"

"Will you...sit down for a second?"

"Hm?" Tobirama raised an eyebrow, but didn't argue. He settled onto a chair nearby, curiously observing the other.

Madara swallowed, taking a few steps forward. He leant over and leaned his head against Tobirama's shoulder.

It took him a moment to register the fact that Madara was shaking slightly. Tobirama lifted his head up

and looked at his dark eyes. "...Madara? What's wrong?"

One minute, he knew they were staring in the other's eyes, and the next they were both on the floor, lips locked and fingers tangled through the other's hair. Madara's cheeks were lighting up again, even though it was dark in the room, Tobirama saw every movement the Uchiha made.

"Tobi-?" Madara asked quietly, turning head away.

"...Yeah?"

Madara sighed, closing his eyes. "I...I think I love you."

Tobirama's eyes widened. "What?"

"I said I think I love you." Madara replied.

"...But, Madara-

Madara cut him off with a sharp kiss, and whispered, "Hashirama says you love me too."

Tobirama narrowed his eyes. "And how do I know you're not just messing with me?"

Madara mumbled something. "What was that?"

"I said I've never kissed anybody before now."

Tobirama raised an eyebrow. "N...Never?"

"No," Madara blushed. "Is that bad?"

"No, it's fine, but..." Tobirama sat up, and Madara did the same. "Um...this is kinda awkward..."

Madara looked down, blushing. "...Can...um, c-can we...?"

"Can we what? Date?" Madara nodded. "If you want."

Madara smiled. "Okay!"

"Now we just need to ridicule Hashirama and Izuna, no?" Tobirama joked.

"Of course," Madara agreed, giggling.

Tobirama stood, pulled Madara up, and the two proceeded to head outside to annoy their siblings.

Return