

Von MissAllSunday

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Prolog:

Before the swords could clash, two stones hit them away with a force, greater than expected, which tore the weapons out of their wielders hands. Slowly they were washed away by the river and the ones, who had thrown the stones, landed in front of the opponents.

"I don't care who you are, but I won't forgive anyone who tries to hurt my brother," Madara screamed and looked at Hashirama with an angry glitter in his eyes. Hashirama stared back, just as if deciding what to do next. He was the same. Whoever it was, even his best friends little brother, Hashirama wouldn't show mercy to the ones who layed a hand on his brother.

For a moment they just stared at each other. Then Madara moved.

"It seems we wont be able to reach that idiotic pipedream of ours... after all..."

"Madara... you..." Hashirama began to realize the only way out.

"It didn't last long, but I had fun, Hashirama."

"3 against 3... do you think you can handle it Madara," Madaras father Tajima Uchiha asked.

And to Hashiramas surprise Madara replied, "no... Hashirama is stronger than I am. If we go at them now, we will loose."

"Someone stronger than big bro," the younger brother of Madara wondered.

"I see..." his father started, "I didn't think he would be stronger."

"We are leaving," Madara turned around, "see you."

"Madara you," Hashirama took a step forward, "you're not really giving up, are you? You were finally the same..."

"You are a Senju... I wish it had been different. My brothers were killed by the Senju," he didn't look at Hashirama, "that's why, there is no need for us to be spilling our guts here. Next time we'll meet on the battlefield. 'Senju Hashirama'."

He finally turned around and his eyes were shining with a sharningan, "I am 'Uchiha Madara'."

It wasn't the last time Hashirama and Madara met. But it was the beginning of a new era of fighting which would eventually lead to peace.

But they still had a long way to go.

Kapitel 1:

Chapter I: The country of Eddy

"I didn't think the Senju had this talented kid, after the ones we killed... until now," Madaras father Tajima took a sip from his tea cup.

"You killed them all. The strong ones are the ones to survive while the weak ones die."

"Still I don't like the idea of my son," he pulled Madara up by his ear, "playing together with that Senju brat and even being weaker than him"!

"Well," the elderly Setsuma looked at Madara, "you are now twelve years old, if I am right. Tajima-kun, why don't we sent him to Uzu no Kuni? Our people there could use a little help and he would be out of the sight of the clan leaders. They will be weary of him."

"But I did not do anything wrong! I auuuuuu-"Madara screamed when his father pulled him up a little more.

It was decided. And nothing Madara said could change the fact, that he got send away from the front lines and back to the storage grounds of the joined forces of Uchiha and a certain, small but powerful clan.

At least my brother is with me, Madara thought and ruffled through Izunas black hair.

The land of Uzu no Kuni was beautiful. The fighting hadn't yet spread there and the people lived together as peaceful as you can imagine.

Between hills and lots of forest, small rivers made their way down to the ocean, not to just silently merge with them, but to rush down high stone cliffs and meet the salty ocean water with the sound of roaring thunder. This and of course some other factors, were the cause for the name giving swirls, which had protected the countries coast from invaders by the sea since ages.

The country's borders got protected by an alliance of two powerful and almighty clans: Uchiha and Uzumaki. Since over 200 years there was a treaty in the clans. Together they would protect a realm, where their elders and youngest children could live in peace.

When a child learned how to wield a weapon, it was of course removed from the peaceful country and send to the battlefields, but until that age, they were allowed to spend their lifes unaware of the terrors awaiting them.

And right into this beautiful peace, a young boy like Madara was sent. And he wasn't pleased at all. Only old people and little babies would be there and it wouldn't help him in his attempts to grow stronger and surpass Hashirama.

It was of course sad, to have lost his friend who thought the same: Peace was better than war.

"Big bro," Izuna tugged his big brothers sleeve, "are you asleep?"

"No..." Madara wrapped his arms around the young boy. "I won't let anything happen to you."

"I will be alright. Big bro is strong and he will protect me," the younger Uchiha snuggled closer to his brother.

"Yeah..."

It was a three days trip with a cart from the current battle fields to Uzu no Kuni.

Madara and Izuna were assigned to guard a cart full of women and elders to the realm.

It seemed one of the women got bored, so she turned around and looked down from the cart with curiosity in her eyes.

"What brave little soldiers you are," she smiled.

"Thank you! We are very strong! Don't fear! Big bro and me will protect you," Izuna laughed and walked up to the woman. Madara stayed behind. He didn't feel like talking.

"You want to protect me? That is wonderful," she laughed loud, "It's good to know there is somebody strong to protect us."

Izuna blushed, "thank you... but big bro is so much stronger than I am."

"If you are that strong, why are you being sent away from the battlefield? Don't they need you?"

"Izuna!" Madara didn't want anybody else to know. It was a disgrace to him.

"Don't worry brother," Izuna leaned closer to the woman, "he fought with somebody much stronger than himself and now he needs to get stronger," he whispered.

"Doesn't sound too bad," the woman whispered back, "So... your name is Izuna? And that grumpy cat is who?"

"The grumpy cat's called Madara," the older brother replied, "and you are...?"

"I'm Uchiha Yumi!"

"But you don't have black hair," Izuna asked a little naïve.

"Yepp, I married into the family. My husband's name is Akira. Do you know him?"

"Yes! That's our uncle!"

"Uncle? But he is just 25!"

"He is our fathers' youngest brother," Madara muttered.

"Oh! So you are my nephews? Oooh I have a family!"

"So what are you exactly doing here?"

Izuna looked at Yumi with big eyes. She smiled bright.

"I am having a baby."

So that was it. Madara looked at her. He had wondered. Yumi didn't look like your normal commoner and he had wondered why one eyed Akira even married. He always said he didn't want to marry a weak woman who would die right away on the battlefield. So this woman must have been quiet strong. But still, why. Why would he risk having a child? If it was a boy he would be send right to the battlefields, while a girl had to be married to the right person.

Madara thought of his siblings, of his dead brothers and his elder sister. He hadn't seen her in years. The last time they met, they made a promise: They wouldn't let their younger siblings die.

But he failed miserably. And no one could stop this bloodshed. One day, he was sure; he and his brother would also die in battle.

They went on traveling. Madara guarded the cart always from behind, Izuna in the front. But nobody would attack them. Why would they, Madara thought, a cart full of women and two weak young boys...

When they reached Uzu no Kuni, nothing really had happened.

They were welcomed in a small village. It wasn't more than some houses, a guesthouse and an impressive shrine. The gates were of a bright red, golden ropes were hanging down and Inari statues were guarding the way. A little up the hill, dark red roofs could be seen.

"That's the shrine," Yumi explained, "its sacred ground and only some people are allowed to enter."

Izuna tried to help her to get of the cart. "How do you know?"

"I grew up here. Well, I will go and find my mother," she smiled and turned away, walking up to some houses.

When they had helped all the passengers out of the cart, Madara and Izuna just stood there. Nobody had explained how it would go on afterwards.

Madara was just about to ask at the guesthouse for directions, when somebody approached them.

"Uchiha Madara and Izuna?" A hairless monk smiled softly at them, "your father sent notice. You are going to stay at our temple from now on. Please, follow me."

"Brother, I can only see the shrine! Where is the temple," Izuna wondered.

"This is the shrine of Kurama. An old fox god," the monk explained, "only females can worship him there."

"And what's your temple god," Izuna asked.

"Izuna just let it be." The older Uchiha rolled his eyes. He had never been into that kind of stuff.

"I will tell you everything on the way," the monk replied and together they left the village to follow a small mountain path.

End of Chapter I

Kapitel 2:

Chapter II: Children of the War

The small hill a little up, following the small stony path, the group reached the main entrance to the temple. It was a huge place, with wooden building, completely surrounded by a fence. The outside was impressive, but the monk told the boys, the temple's heart, which had been dug deep into the small mountain, was even more beautiful. Still, like with the temple on the other side of the mountain, only a few people were allowed to enter. And for sure not two young boys, sullied with the blood of their victims.

After placing their stuff in a small room in one of the smaller buildings and changing into fresh clothing they had been given, Madara and Izuna were greeted by the head monk.

"Look brother, I am a bird," Izuna smiled and waved the wide sleeves, just to be silenced by his brother with an icy glare, "Izuna please... Can't you wait till later?"

"I thought you would think it was funny." The boy did a pout and turned away.

"Izuna, you know I think everything you do is funny, but-"

"Hahaha the youth," a very old man had just entered. He wore the white robe of a monk with a shaved head, long fuzzy eyebrows in white and he looked like (Madara was sure that his imagination was just playing tricks on him) he was over 300 years old. The man had that certain aura of power, wisdom and knowledge around him, that would intimidate everyone around, if it wasn't for his seemingly strange sense of humor. He was laughing at the two boys for almost five minutes and everybody felt a little awkward watching him. He then calmed down and, with the help of the younger monk who brought the boys here, sat down on some old cushions.

"It has been long since I had such a good laugh," he spoke with a shivering voice, "welcome boys to Uzu no Kuni. You have come a long way to enter our temple and I must say-"

"Pardon my intrusion master, but they did not come here to start a life as a monk," the young monk explained, "those are the boys of the current Uchiha leader, Tajima-sama, who were sent to train under our ninjutsu master Egao and his wife Minikui. They won't be entering the temple..."

"Oh..." the old guy seemed rather disappointed, "well, you are still very welcome to change your mind and change your life my boys." He turned around and waved another man in the back to open a door. "But until then, I might think I should introduce you to your teacher."

From the back door, a man entered the room. They could not see him clearly because the light was bad. All they could see was that he was tall; his hair was white and almost spiky. "Welcome young boys. From now on you will be my subordinates. I am Uchiha Egao and I will be your teacher for the months you spend here. Please," he waved one hand their directions, "introduce yourself."

Izuna tugged on his brothers' shirt and the elder one stood up.

"My greetings master Egao. My name is Uchiha Madara. I possess the power of the sharingan and I will be the next leader of the Uchiha, after my father Tajima," Madara announced with great confidence in his voice and his sharingan glowing.

But instead of being intimidated, Egao just started laughing, "well it looks like someone needs a lecture in respect and how to behave! And who is that young kid next to Mr. sharingan?"

Izuna tried to hide behind his now almost boiling brother. Madara really had a short temper and he hated being laughed at!

"I... I am Uchiha Izuna? Madaras little brother..."

"You at least seem to have manners," Egao laughed again and then stepped further into the light. And he scared the hell out of the boys. He had a pale, almost as white as his hair, skin with some wrinkles, he was tall but the really intimidating thing about him, were his dark red sharingan which seemed to spin in his head and glow in the darkness. Madara had never before seen a more powerful sharingan.

"You will not like it, but you I will make you strong. When I'm done with you babies, you can-"

"Egao!"

A female voice from the back of the room interrupted the teachers' speech. He had gotten closer and closer to the young Uchihis and Izuna had already hid behind his brother who, trying to get a little space between him and Egao, had bend his back to escape. From the shadows, a woman emerged. She stepped into the light and even though, she just had 'saved' the boys, they were more intimidated by her than by Egao.

She had her long light red hair pinned up in a traditional tsubushi shimada and wore a light kimono with golden and red ornaments. She was quite thin. The woman could have been very pretty. If it hadn't been for her face: It was through roughly scared and wrinkled. Also, she had old burn scars on her face and neck. Only the eyes made her skull like her look alive. And those eyes were of the brightest blue Madara had ever seen. They were like icy cold diamonds. "Don't take him too serious. He goes always a little over board to see what his students are made of."

Her voice was kind. A little strict, but kind. .

"Do we scare you? I'm sorry. I don't bite little children, " she bent down to ruffle through Izunas mess of hair, "by the way, are you Yasashikos little brothers?"

"She hates that name," Madara stated and pulled Izuna away. He didn't want that woman to touch either of them.

"True, but since you know, I assume you are her family."

"Minikui, we shouldn't talk about that now. We have other business to discuss," Egao held out a hand to the woman and helped her up again.

"I have a sister," Izuna whispered to Madara and he nodded, "woah!"

"You did not tell your brother about your sister?" The woman called Minikui raised a thin eyebrow.

"He was born shortly after she was sent here. And I just-"

"It's alright, no need to discuss that now. Minikui, you should not be here," Egao said. But she just raised her eyebrow higher.

That woman really got him under control, thought Madara, what a weakling.

"I think that since I am your wife, I have a right to be wherever you are my dear. So please, spare me your pathetic rules."

And the old monk only laughed at their little fight, not wanting to interfere. He loved their little quarrels.

Egao later showed the boys down the hill to some training grounds. Some children and a few elders were already at it. He explained to the brothers, that he wanted to

see what they were capable of, so that they could get a special training based on their abilities.

The whole while, Izuna tried to get his brother to spill information about their sister. He had thought, he and Madara were the last children of their father and hearing that there was a sister, made him very happy. He wanted to meet her. But Madara didn't want to talk about her.

He had never forgotten her, but he couldn't keep their promise, to protect their siblings. And he blamed himself for the death of their other three brothers. And she surely did. Also, Madara knew that she resented him. Before he had been born, she was the heiress to their fathers position in the clan and had been (even as just a three year old) treated with high respect and received the best training, a shinobi could wish to get. But then Madara was born and the birth killed their mother, Uchiha Midoriko. From that moment on, their father exchanged Yasashiko for her little brother and 'stored' her away in Uzu no Kuni. Until his fourth birthday, he had lived together with her there, but they never shared a loving relationship. She called him murderer and never allowed him to call her sister or by her other name. Their parents might have called her Yasashiko, but Midoriko had always loved foreign names. So she called Yasashiko in private Lana. The name, she explained, had the same meaning, but a nicer tune to it.

There had only been one moment for the two of them, where they would share the same intend until now. It was when Madara was going to leave Uzu no Kuni as a child and his first, now deceased, little brother Akito had been born.

"Madara, I promise to protect our little brother as long as they are here and you promise me to protect them, when they are out there with you," seven year old Lana asked him.

Four year old Madara was too confused to say anything but "yes, of course!" And he had failed her. He couldn't protect them. Only Izuna was still alive.

Just thinking about it, made guilt rise within him and Madara got angry in the next second, because he had not paid attention and received a straight blow of Egaos foot onto his chest.

Izuna didn't give up with his questions until nightfall. He then kind of fell over and Madara had to tug him in. The little boy was too exhausted from all the exciting things he had learned that day. It had been funny to watch how Izuna fell asleep and almost fell face first into his bowl with rice. Madara had caught him and excused them from dinner.

With great care, he carried his sleeping baby brother to their room, changed him into something more comfortable, prepared the futon and pulled the covers over the sleeping eight year old. However harsh Madara seemed to be on the outside, when it came to Izuna, he was gentle and careful, as if he was handling a porcelain doll.

From then on, Egao would wake his pupils at 4:30 in the morning. Together with the temples novices they would do the morning prayer, to build their character and forge the first chakra of the day. This was followed by a quick breakfast and training.

While Izuna trained with the temple priests, who were some kind of guards to the realm, Madara had private lessons with Egao. And those lessons were not easy.

Egao treated his student like trash. Made him run until he couldn't stand anymore, fight until he would be lying panting on the ground and hit and kicked the boy until he was covered in bruises and cuts.

But Madara bit his lip and never complained. His fear, to not get stronger, had

vanished completely and he fought every day to be better the next. If he couldn't even beat this shitty adult, how was he supposed to beat Hashirama?

Izuna and Minikui would take care of Madara when he came home at night. They would patch him up and help him, if he ever needed something. But proud Madara insisted on doing everything himself. Even if he fell asleep halfway eating, like Izuna had on their first evening in Uzu no Kuni.

But after a week, Minikui ordered him to rest. She and the temple monks would not let him even get out of his futon and instead tie him up, so that he wouldn't leave. Madara protested weakly, but finally gave in after Izuna promised to not let anyone know. And Madara slept the whole day.

When he awoke, it had already become night. The younger Uchiha was sleeping beside him in his futon and he didn't notice it when Madara got up.

It was a star clear night and Madara decided that he smelled too bad to reason it and that he needed a bath. With some quick jumps he left the temple area and leaped into the mountain forest with as much grace as he could muster.

Somewhere in the woods, he found a clearing with a small pond with mangroves growing on the border between land and water. On the higher end, a small waterfall came out of the wall and fed the pond with water.

Madara took off his clothes and jumped into the clean wetness. It wasn't too deep, so he stood under the waterfall, covered until his buttocks with water, and cleaned himself. It felt really good.

"What a nice view," a voice from behind him said, "don't turn around, your back really is beautiful."

"My front is even better," he replied with his senses on alert.

"Hihi I can imagine," the voice giggled and made Madara jump back, hiding in the water.

On the other side of the pond, a red haired girl stood. She was just as tall as him. And just as naked.

End of Chapter II

Kapitel 3:

The shrine of Kurama

„So tell me,” the girl came a little closer and stepped into the moonlight, “is it normal for Uchiha boys to take a bath in the middle of the night? Naked?”

“Is it normal for Uzumaki girls to go into a pond, where a naked boy is and take, also naked, a bath with him,” Madara asked and backed away a little, hiding in the water. He couldn’t pee when somebody was watching and that girl just mad him nervous.

“How did you guess?”

“Your red hair. No other family has it.”

“You are so smart,” she grinned, “how old are you boy?”

“12 and the- don’t come closer!”

The girl dipped herself into the pond and came back up with her hair and body soaked. Since her hair now covered her chest and she was still halfway in the water, Madara allowed himself to look closer at her.

Her body was just as tall as him and she had a very boyish figure; straight and slim. She had some freckles on her face and deep brown eyes, which reflected the moonlight.

“I’m 12 too! Wow!”

“What.do.you.want?!” The pond wasn’t too big so Madara couldn’t back away forever... With his next step he reached the stone wall behind the waterfall. The girl quickly closed the distance between them and watched him amused, as Madaras head took a deep shade of red.

“I don’t know...” she whispered and poked his nose.

“Don’t touch me!” Madara escaped with some quick steps from her and backed away to the middle of the pond. But his eyes were too fixed on the girl, so he stumbled backwards over a mangrove root under water and fell. The red head saw it and started laughing at him.

“That’s not *blub* funny,” Madara spit out a fountain water and pointed a finger at her, “never ever touch me again!!”

“Oh boy, don’t tell me you are-”

But Madara never heard what he was. From the other side of the pond, the shrine side, they heard suddenly a scream: “HIME-SAMA!” Followed by a bunch of drums. The hasty steps of a dozen men could be heard and Madara rose.

“What’s going on? Do-” Where just a second ago the girl had been, only the water of the waterfall hit the water. He turned around to maybe see her sneaking upon him again, but she was nowhere to be found. So he quickly got out of the water himself, took on his clothes again and jumped back to the temple. Thank god it was still warm enough, that his hair would dry by itself. It wasn’t too long yet, so when he arrived back at his room, it was dry and didn’t smell like sweat and blood anymore.

Carefully he snuck into his room and closed the door. The snap woke Izuna who rubbed his eyes, “brother... what is going on...?”

The drums, screams and noises were on the other side of the mountain, but they still could hear them.

“It’s alright,” Madara assured him and laid under his own cover. Quickly, they fell asleep.

The next morning they were called before the temple head. Next to him stood Minikui. She had a sorrowed face.

"Boys, there is a job or you," the old man stated, "would you mind helping Minikui-chan with a little problem?"

"Of course not," Madara bowed, "how can we assist you?"

The woman sighted, "well, I need you to do some bodyguard service."

"Like when we came here? Well, if you wish. As long as it doesn't get in the way with our training?"

Izuna nodded. This sounded like fun.

Minikui guided the boys outside the temple. In the bright sunshine of the autumn sun they walked the mountain path back to the village. The woman complimented Madara on how much better his eye bags had gotten with just one day of rest and Izuna made him almost feel ashamed, when the little boy stated, that he now smelled so much better. They got into a little fight and Minikui started to laugh at them. They were too cute.

"Minikui... who are we guarding," Madara asked when they reached the village and turned towards the shrine.

"This is indeed a very good question my boy. You will be guarding our future main priestess. A lovely girl. You will see."

"But why? I mean, isn't this place already protected by a powerful barrier? And by some very powerful fighters?"

Minikui sighted, "you won't be guarding her from danger from the outside. You will be guarding her mostly from herself..."

The brothers glanced at each other. How could they protect somebody from themselves? They soon were distracted by loud music coming from the direction they were heading to.

Behind the shrines main entrance toori was a now crowded place in front of the shrines main hall. The people were gathered around a group of musicians with taikos, shamisen, shinobue and many more instruments. They played for a group of dancers in obon dancing clothing. The air was filled with joy. Toddlers sitting on their mothers shoulders to see better or the older kids dancing randomly between the professional dancers. Everybody cheered and clapped their hands.

Izuna badly wanted to join in. Which was normal for an eight year old, but Madara took his hand and pulled him away, following Minikui.

Right in front of the shrine hall, in the shadow of some huge fans, a some people sat. In the middle, her head covered with a straw hat, wearing an adorned hanfu matching her fading red hair. Next to her, stood some mikos. In the back, not in the sunlight, but the shadows of the great hall, was another girl. She looked young, with pitch black long locks. Also, she did not wear any fine clothing, but a blue and lavender colored fighting garment over her pale ivory skin.

Her eyes narrowed, as soon as she spotted the boys, and sent an icy glare towards them.

"That's her," whispered Madara and nodded to that girl's direction. But when Izuna turned, she was already gone.

"Why is Lana here?"

"Well, she is protecting our dear priestess. And you are going to guard someone similar." Minikui smiled, "I'm sorry but she doesn't seem to be in the best of moods right now."

They passed the great hall on the right and entered a less official looking building. It had lots of rooms and barefoot they followed Minikui through a long hallway. It was quiet until they took another turn and-

"I have no need for body guards," a girl screamed, "and I have no wish to be kept in this shrine until forever! Aaaargh stop it don't touch me! LET ME GO!!!"

"Hime-sama please stop it!!!"

With the last words a door in front of them burst open and a wave of red hair escaped it.

With little effort, Madara caught her.

"Let me go! You will not keep me any longer you-" the girl went dead still when she saw who had tossed her back into the room

"Well, who do we have here," the Uchiha grinned, "so you are Hime-sama. I didn't guess that."

"Oh no... not you please..." the girl got pulled up by Minikui.

"May I introduce you? Madara, Izuna, this is Uzumaki Mito. The future temple priestess and head of this shrine and head maiden to all of his grace, Lord Kurama."

End of Chapter III

Kapitel 4:

The girl who was the head maiden

"Do you know each other," Minikui asked. She watched as Madara grinned at Mito, who looked back with a tomato red face.

"Not exactly," she began, but got cut off.

"Last time she was... more open hearted."

"Do you want me to blow your cover, little boy?!"

This changed his mind, "no we never met before. I confused her for a second."

"Hope this won't happen again! Well, Madara and Izuna your job is to guard her. Don't let that trickster out of the shrine grounds and just in case: yes, she has a twin sister who will never set a foot into this shrine! Don't let her fool you..." With those words Minikui waved.

As soon as the door was closed, Madara and Mito started to argue again.

"What the heck is this all about? You are the head what? Why did you even sneak out?"

"You- Just shut up! Its head maiden and for you it will always be Hime-sama!"

"So, little maiden is bored and runs out at night and complains when she is dumb enough to get caught?!"

"That's not what happened!"

"Then-"

"Brother!!!" Izuna screamed at the two in front of him, "What is this all about!"

At least, it shut them up.

"We should guard her and not scream at her right?" Izuna looked like he was torn between guilt (for screaming at his brother) and irritation (because he didn't know what was happening).

His big brother sighted, "you are right. My deepest apologies," he bowed with a grin, "my name is Uchiha Madara, my pleasure. Until my duty as your guard is over, I will protect you from any danger and your own foolishness."

Mito shot a deadly glare at him.

"I am Uchiha Izuna," the little boy just smiled his brightest smile, "and I will protect you no matter what!"

"Oh you are such a cutie! Can you please help me to get rid of that stupid Madmad over there? He annoys me..." she hugged Izuna. The little guy flushed red in an instant.

"Y-y-y-y-yes Hime-sama..."

"You can call me Mito..."

"Oh you are so dead..." Madara muttered as he saw the bratty grin on the girls face. She stuck out her tongue.

Keeping an eye on Mito wasn't exactly easy. She seemed to always be on the run. Of course, she played the perfect head maiden when they were around other people, but as soon as she was alone with her bodyguards, she transformed into an awful shitty brat, trying to sneak out by any means necessary.

She even found out about Madaras only weakness.

"Get the hell away from me," a deep purple Madara shouted as he stood there in the woods with his pants down, ready for business, but Mito stood just two meters behind him giggling her ass off.

"This is revenge Madmad. If you want to pee, I have to go away which means that I could just run away where you won't find me. Which means that you would have failed your mission, which-"

"Aaargh you-! Aaaah!"

To Madara, Mito was the devil. Even in his free time he couldn't get her out of his head.

One afternoon, the brothers visited Yumi. The woman would show up once in a while at the shrine to pray and she invited them over. With tea and self-made sweets they sat down on the veranda of her mother's house. (Yumis mother was a kind elderly woman with a toothless grin.)

"I mean, what does she think who she is and who we are," Madara fussed angrily, "I mean, we are supposed to protect her! In front of everybody she plays the perfect little princess, but when it comes to just us, she is a bitch before the lord!"

Yumi took a sip from her teacup, "hm... sounds like a tough situation you are in."

"But I don't think she is like that... Maybe she is just bored and we are new to her? I like her," Izuna smiled.

"Exactly! Maybe she got through some hard times and is now happy that she found friends her age," Yumi patted his head, "or maybe she is just missing her mother."

"Then she has nothing to wine about," Madara angrily got up and just ran into the forest.

"Doesn't he miss your mother," the woman took a bite out of her cookie.

"I don't know. My mother is not his mother."

"But you are brothers... You have the same father right?"

"Yes..."

"So where is his mother?"

"He said, she died."

Yumi put the cookie away, "now I understand. Poor little boy."

Madara just wanted to get back to the training grounds. He hadn't had any training since they started watching over the girl a week ago and he wanted to shake of that stupid feeling in his throat, which made him feel bad for teasing her. Just to forget everything for a while. But when he was about to grab his stuff, a raised voice caught his attention.

"Why can't you just once do what I need you to do? You are a disgrace for our family!"

"But I did exactly how you told me to do! I didn't do anything wrong, did I," Mito replied.

"You know what I mean young lady!"

"But father wait!"

Madara heard a door crash and suddenly he ran into a tall red haired man. The boy stepped aside, letting the man pass by. He didn't even notice the child.

As soon as he was gone, Madara saw the usually energetic red head. He didn't say anything. And when she finally spoke, minutes had passed.

"Did you have your fun boy?"

He was surprised at how her voice sounded. It was bitter and choked.

"You think, hearing your father scold you, is fun for me? You don't know me well."

"Heh," she hiccupped, "my father hates me. My sister is dead. That's what he came to tell me. And that my mother is dying too... THIS IS HELL," Mito screamed the last words, "why me?! Why is this freaking fate?! Do you know what the head maiden really is? The future priestess? Don't make me laugh!!!"

"Then explain it to me! I have no idea-"

"The priestesses' job is nothing else, then being the slave to all desires of that stupid Kurama so that he protects this place! I don't want to be a slave! I don't want to be a priestess! I DON'T WANT IT!"

"...You are going to be a slave? But the life of a priestess is not too bad: you don't get in danger, you are protected, people worship you..."

"I am the sex slave to a guy who is said to be an immortal monster!"

"...sex slave?"

Mito finally turned around, "you don't know what a sex slave is?"

"I do know about slaves but..." The girl started laughing.

"Do you mean to tell me, that the great Madara has no idea of what 'sex' is? Hahahahaha," She still had red eyes, tear streaks down her cheeks, but Mito laughed.

"Whatever," Madara turned red, "if you don't want that, why can't you just quit?"

"Because no one else can do the job..."

"You sure..?"

"Yes... its stupid, isn't it," she dried her eyes with a sleeve.

Madara thought for a second, "You know what? I don't know you. And I have no idea who you are or what your fate will be like... But if you stop keeping me from peeing," she smiled, "then we can make this a lot more pleasurable."

"Sounds good..."

He grabbed her hand and pulled out of the room. "Let's get you some cookies ok? Yumis mother made some very good ones."

"Actually... I would prefer something else."

"Seems like they finally get along," Yumi ruffled through Izunas hair.

"Oh yes," he smiled bright.

"DUCK YOU IDIOT!!!"

"ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME?!"

Mito and Madara ran through the training grounds, throwing shuriken at each other and jumping through traps, while Egao shouted orders at them, to get them moving.

It hurt like hell, but they had fun. They had so much fun. Had.

End of Chapter IV

Kapitel 5: Chapter V:



□ Snow Race

Uzu no kuni was a very warm country. It was located on the south east boarder to the fire country and included the peninsula as also some smaller islands in the ocean, surrounded by the name giving swirls in the water. Because it was the south, summers were hot and the winters were never colder than 5 degrees. But this year was different.

As the days grew shorter, it got colder. A lot colder than ever before. And one morning Izuna woke up and his breath was visible in form of little clouds in front of his face. Wondering why he could see his breath, Izuna huddled into the warm futon (it was really cold) and opened the thin sliding door to the garden porch and found himself in a winter paradise:

The garden was coated in a thin white layer of snow, the pond with the koi carps had a thin crust of ice on it. The young Uchiha had never seen snow and ice in his life before. He had never left the southern parts of the fire country and was confused. But more than that, he was excited. Quickly he grabbed his shoes and jumped into the garden.

Madara awoke from his brothers' laughter and giggling. And from a huge snowball he got against his head. Slowly he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and joined his little brother in a heavy snowball fight that only ended, when Egao found them outside in nothing but shoes and pajamas.

This was followed by a heavy cold, which forced the boys to watch from inside the houses how Mito played in the snow alone. But since Yumi joined them, it wasn't too bad.

The womans belly had started growing the last months and Izuna put an ear on it, to maybe hear her baby. "Yumi, do you know when it will be born?"

She patted the little guys head, "no I don't know yet. But I think it will be in spring. It is still too small for this world, you know."

"Will uncle Akira be coming," Madara asked and got himself a fresh cup of tea.

"When do you mean?"

"When it will be born," he flushed red by the thought. Mito and Yumi had taken their time and explained the kid the thing with the bees and the flowers. And he almost died listening, what made Mito even happier. Hey, he was just a boy!

"Well, since we don't know when our child will be born, he will come to visit in some months."

"He sure must be thrilled to be a father," Mito came back to the house and brushed off the snow in her clothes.

"I am sure," Yumi smiled.

"But Yumi, how shall we call it?" Izuna's question came out of the blue.

"Call it?"

"Do you have a name?"

"Oh," the woman thought about it, "no we don't."

"How about Myoujou?"

"Yeah, name the child after a star... And what if it is a girl," Madara laughed.

"This is a girl's name!" Mito screamed at him.

"I suggest Suzu for a girl and Yousei for a boy," Madara dodged a snowball and blew his nose gently.

"Kids, I think Akira has the final word so-" But the kids didn't listen.

"Let's fight this out!"

"If you insist!"

And that's how, in the middle of a cold and unusual winter, two children stood at the foot of the village's hill. An icy wind blew and snow blocked the way.

"Why do you allow this," Yumi shook her head and turned to face Egao and Minikui.

Quite a crowd of people had met at the starting point. Even an announcer, who commented everything, had come. It seemed like all the people in the small village had gathered. Well, since nothing else was going on.

The crowd was cheering and screaming for the two contestants Mito and Madara. Whoever was their favourite. Izuna played the mascot and all the girls wanted to cuddle with him.

Yumi, Egao, Minikui, Yumi's mother and the old head monk sat together on a tribune, wrapped into warm blankets and equipped with hot tea.

"Well, why ever," the old monk grinned his teethless grin, "we didn't have that much fun since-"

"Don't you dare to start with your stupid war stories Yun-Pung. We know them all," Yumi's mother taunted and shoved a senbei into his mouth.

"Ladys and Gentlemen," the announcer screamed, "we now present the competitors! Head maiden Uzumaki Mito and Uchiha Madara!"

The kids stepped forward to the line drawn in the snow.

"The winner gets to name young Yumis child! Please cheer!"

The crowd screamed.

"You start when I counted to three! One... Two... Thr-"

And they took off.

Neither of them waited for the signal. They just ran as soon as they heard 'two'.

Dodging some trees, Madara got in front of Mito. He was just more experienced in running, since all she did was sit in the house at ceremonies. He was sure of his win.

But suddenly there was a loud blast and he found himself surrounded by exploding tags.

"Oh shit..."

And they blew up, throwing over trees and snow.

While Madara was still fighting to get free, Mito jumped in front of him.

"You cheating little-"

"You say that?" She just laughed and raced onwards.

But now the hill got harder to get up. It accended steeply and the snow got deeper. 100 meters behind her, Madara got finally out of her trap. But now it was Mitos turn, to be sure of her win.

"Nabe."

"Nabe?" Mito turned her head back around. Right in front of her stood a huge white rabbit. "Oh no..." Mito jumped out of the way just when a big cuddly thing hit its pawns onto the snowy ground.

"A lapin," Mito shook her head, "why? Why is it here?! Aren't you supposed to be in the north?!" She screamed and started to dash away.

But the huge mountain rabbits never came alone. They always were together in groups of at least three. And their fighting voice "nabe" called other Lapin's to help. And just dealing with one was too much for Mito. She was just a girl, had no real fighting knowledge and not the strength to fight them.

Madara didnt even see her anymore. Angry that he fell into a girls trap, he just dashed straight forward, avoiding the Lapins and headed straight for the top.

"What is happening," Yumis eyes narrowed onto the mountain. She might have been pregnant, but her ninja senses didn't fail her. Nobody could see what happened. Only the announcer, who sat higher, had an idea.

"I am not aware of what is happening," he said, "I see young Madara racing up the hill but Hime-sama..." he announced. For a second it was silent. Then he screamed.

"I found her! She is being chased! By... by the gods! Those are giant white rabbits! Lapins!"

"Mito," Minikui got up and ran up the mountain, followed by Egao.

"What about big brother? Why isn't he helping her," Izuna clung to Yumi. Even though the Lapins were normally only living in the northern mountains of the continent, every child knew their fearsome stories. And most of those stories, did not end well for the human.

"He probably didn't see it..." Yumi answered and hugged Izuna.

It was true. Madara had no clue what had happened to her. He ran up and already saw the top when he heard a scream. He stopped and looked down at the crowd of Lapins. And in between, even just for a second, he got a glimpse on red hair.

"Fuck," he muttered, turned around and dashed back down, to help his friend. With one kick, he send one rabbit flying.

"Don't you dare to touch her!"

With this scream, he got the attention of almost all of them and they came at him, leaving their precious toy in the snow alone. But when they thought they got him, he was already by Mitos side. She was bleeding all over, but had her eyes open.

"Go get them," she said weakly.

"Sure," Madara answered and took her on his back, "together!" Although, when they turned around, the rabbits started, without any visible reason, to fall over one by one.

The two children just looked at each other and Madara went back to jumping up the mountain, with Mito on his back.

When Egao and Minikui arrived, almost all the Lapins laid on the ground, knocked out. Trails of blood lead them to the top of the hill, where they found the two kids.

Both of them were screaming and waving at the crowd with huge smiles on their faces. They did it. They had done it together.

End of Chapter 5

Kapitel 6:

The wheels that turn

The last traces of the snow race were soon covered up by thick layers of new fallen whiteness. The lapins were chased back up to the north by a group of capable shinobi. Nobody had an answer to the question, why those creatures had come down that far south, but really. Nobody even cared as long as they stayed up in the north.

Which was why nothing more special happened and when the first flowers bloomed in spring, the children had forgotten, that they had fought those giant rabbits.

Madara and Izuna would be trained like always, Madara in single lessons with Egao and Izuna by the monks together with the other children. Mito would sometimes join in, when she was dismissed of her duties. With their starting friendship, Mito stopped thinking too much about her own future.

Occasionally, shinobi groups would arrive and leave Uzu no Kuni to bring supplies and depart with the newest recruits – some of them were no older than 5. When it was cold, those groups were quite rare, but the warmer it got, the more often Madara greeted people he had known from when he was still in official service. And not on the reserve bank.

Those troops would bring scrolls with information in and out of the country; the communication was solely made out of scrolls, leaving through those convoys.

The wheels in Madaras fate started to turn again on the one spring day, when he overheard a conversation between the old head monk and Egao.

"So, when are you going to send your last report to Tajima?" The old man leaned upon a stick and walked next to Egao. The teacher had his hands behind his back and looked at the freshly blooming cherry trees.

"I think this should be the last one."

Madara was on his way back out of the woods –taking an undisturbed pee- when he overheard the two most important men in Uzu no Kuni talk. He quickly hid behind a tree and went on listening.

"Tajima wrote in his last letter, that his younger brother is coming to visit soon."

"Ah, I remember. He is Yumis husband and father of her child if I am right?"

"Yes and since it soon will be time for the child to be born, the one eyed wolf is going to be united with the tigress again," Egao grinned, "They are made for each other, weren't they? What will their child be called? The mixture of a tiger and a wolf?"

The old man laughed and Madara followed them behind the trees. They were turning right and stopped in front of the training grounds, where Izuna beat up some youngsters with his feet; then tried to explain them why he could beat them so easily. They watched them for some minutes.

"Izuna could be a very good teacher. It's a shame he is going to be cannon fodder for Tajimas ambitions."

"You may be right," the old man sighted, "but what about Madara?" The young Uchiha desperately tried to get closer to the two adults.

"Well, the boy has talent, no doubt. But he could do better. A lot better. I think, with a little more of my training, he would be able to activate his third sharingan semicolon... But that's just a theory. For the beginning," Egao turned around and face the trees, "he should learn to hide better! Out there now boy!"

Madara bit his lip and stopped himself from hissing out some curse words, before he jumped out of the forest in front of his teacher.

"You really need to focus better." Egao turned around, waved with one hand and Madara followed him down the hill, where they picked up Izuna.

The little guy was all sweaty from his training and waved his new friends goodbye, while trying to tell his brother about how awesome those kids were. Together they walked into a tatami room in the main building of the temple and were sat down in the middle. Egao pulled out some scrolls and started to look through them.

"Well, as Madara already knows, you are both going back to your father soon. So I would like to talk with you about your results and the report, I am going to send to Tajima. Are you ready?"

The boys nodded and Egao started to tell them about the results he gathered. When he concluded after some minutes, he began with explaining, how they should go on with the training, even while being on duty again.

"Your on-field teacher is Sakai, am I right? I will send him this scroll with your results. And now," he turned around and waved at the door behind him. It opened and somebody snuck in.

It was a girl with black hair and black eyes in a blue-lavender fighting garment.

"Sister," Madara gasped. He hadn't had the chance to talk to her since he had arrived almost 6 months ago and now she just casually sat down next to his teacher and unrolled a scroll. She didn't say anything, but shot a mean glare at her younger brother, who shut up the second.

"Lana here has been in charge of collecting data on your behavior. Your father ordered her to, since you got sent here because you might have committed treason, we had her watch over you for the time being," Egao explained, "she is here to tell you

the results of her work. Would you please be so kind..?"

"Thank you, Egao," Lana kindly answered and enrolled a scroll herself, "where should I begin..." She searched through the scroll and got to a point on it, "well, here is nice... My report: The two boys have behaved quite well over the whole time. I see no problem with them going back to active service. There have been some incidents, which have no relation with their committed, I may call it that, crime and will not stand in the way." She looked at Egao. "I am sure, there will be no problems with them going back," Lana faced Madara, "still, I included the major incidents."

"Like the lapin thing in the winter?"

"Yes, like that."

"But father is never gonna let me return if he hears that I got the future priestess in danger and that she even got hurt!"

"That is not my problem; I am only doing my job."

"Don't write that! Lana you cannot-"

"Don't tell me what I can and what I cannot do! And don't call me Lana! For you it will always be 'Yasashiko-Aneue'," Lana was up in one fluid motion. She rolled up the report and handed it Egao, "may I take my leave again? I can't stand it, being in the same room as my stupid brother for too long."

"You may leave," Egao started but Lana was already gone. He sighted, "what a troublesome girl."

Madara had also gotten up. He was angry. He felt insulted by her and how she treated him. He was her little brother! And the future leader of the Uchiha! And she couldn't treat him that way! If she wrote about the lapin thing in her report, he was sure to never get the chance of fighting for the right thing.

Izuna didn't understand why his brother had gotten all red and steamy. He had also not understood why Lana was making such a fuss about her name.

"Don't get too worked up boy," Egao stood up and patted Madara on the head. He hated it. He hated being treated like a baby.

"Lana has been working very hard those 6 months you know. She has never let you out of her sight, except for when you were on training. And you should have seen her face after the lapin incident. You were not supposed to know about her spying on you, so she had no choice but watch. Only when you finally had gotten back she could start helping. You were too focused on Mito, so Lana knocked down most of the big bunnys..." The teacher turned around and left the boys alone.

Izuna tugged on his brothers sleeve. With puppy eyes he looked up, "...brother..?"

"It's just..." Madara slumped down on the tatami and did a pout, "I mean... I have done nothing to have her hate me so much. I mean, we haven't seen each other for how long? Almost eight years?! She has no right to do so!" He stared straight ahead. A stubborn little boy.

Izuna didn't know what to do. He knew his brother was angry, but he couldn't help it: normally there was nothing that could get Madara that worked up. And when he was worked up, it was even harder to cool him down. So the little brother just hugged the older one. That was until they heard a soft tap on the door.

"Can I come in," a familiar voice asked and the lively redhead Mito peaked inside. She sat down next to Madara and poked him.

"What are you doing," he responded annoyed but she didn't hush over his angry voice.

"You know, I think your sister likes you more than you think. And you just said it, you haven't seen each other for eight years. That's a long time. Why do you think she doesn't like you?"

Madara bit his lip. He then started a rant:

"She blames me for her miserable life! She blames me for taking her place as heir! She blames me for not protecting our little brothers proper and she hates me for it. She blames me for her stupid life!"

Mito and Izuna looked at each other for a moment.

"You know... Can it be that you are blaming yourself for all that? She never said she blames you. Or is mad. She might just be... bad at making connections?" Mito tried to somehow justify Lana's actions. Tried to explain how someone she didn't even know had become that way.

"...whatever..." Madara muttered, "the report is out. The wheels have started turning. We will leave this place eventually. The question is, what happens after..."

Mito didn't know what to say and just looked helplessly at Izuna.

The messenger took off the next day. Madara calculated it through. If he was lucky, he had between 3 or 4 days of time, until his father would read the message. And another 3 to 4 days until he would receive a punishment letter. All in all he wanted to enjoy his last "week" at Uzu no Kuni.

At daytime he would train and protect Mito, at night time he would go out with her and try to figure out where Lana was hiding while observing him, but he never got lucky.

It was one warm spring eve at the pond where they had first met, when Izuna came running, with the message, which set the wheels of fate on turning.

End of Chapter 6