The Musician
by Jazeoth

Summary

Shion travelled around with his mother after she divorced. Years flew by and he got sick of the constant change. He wanted to stay in one place—his home country, Japan. He would join Ouran Academy in hopes to pursue music and entertainment. Well, he would surely get the entertainment.

Mature rating starts at chapter 13.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

Ouran Academy. Known as a prestigious school for the rich and famous. While being very high class it had a very good curriculum with many different options to choose from. The school is attended primarily by children of the rich and famous—children of prominent families, business magnates, politicians, and celebrities.

So when there was a new student, people tended to talk—gossip. Which was exactly the case at the moment. Conversations were halted as he walked and students subtly glanced at him, it was hard to not get attention when not in uniform. Wearing casual clothing while everyone else wore suits and dresses did that.

His curly ebony hair bounced with each step he took, even with the white toque he wore to try and calm the raging curls. He probably would have noticed that he was the center of attention if he didn’t have headphones on—they weren’t necessarily trying to keep their volume down—and the red book that he was engrossed in didn’t help with his unawareness, his one visible green eye moving over the pages, the other covered by hair.

“Why is he wearing casual clothing?” a student asked themselves, “Shouldn’t a teacher be disciplining him?”

“I’m not complaining,” a girl said with a grin. “Aesthetic.”

Suddenly he quickly grabbed his sweater and lifted it to cover his face with his arm. A strong sneeze that shook his very being made him halt in his steps. Then he reached into his bag, a satchel that was at his side, over his shoulder, and brought out a small container of hand sanitizer. He went to continue walking but hesitated, he walked to the first person he made eye contact with.

“Excuse me,” he put on a small smile and moved his headphones to his neck, “May I ask how to get to the principal’s office?”

“You’ll need to go up those stairs on the left here to the third floor, then it’s straight down the hall on the right. You can’t miss it.”

He looked over to the direction she pointed to and looked up, adding it to his mental map.

“Thanks, I doubted the directions I was given before.”

He forgot them actually. *Oops.*

Turning with a small wave, he went to his destination. He was glad to be in a less populated area—he could feel those stares on him and was pointedly ignoring it, acting as if I didn’t notice them. *They could be a little more discreet about it. Way to make someone feel uncomfortable.* Since he was focusing on his book—making it look like he was, his peripheral vision wasn’t that good, things outside of his glasses frames were really blurry—he didn’t really have a chance to appreciate the school’s architecture.

He paused in his endeavor—the staircases of the place were terrible, long and tiring—to look out of the window. The windows themselves were huge and had fine silk curtains as decoration. One floor in the building was roughly the same height from floor to ceiling of a two-story building—so technically the school was six stories tall. That’s a lot of stairs. He continued up and went right as the girl told him.

The view from all the windows from the hallways in the main wing overlooked the courtyard. A
large fountain was in the middle with various kinds of trees around the perimeter and decorated with colourful flowerbeds.

_The landscapers did a good job._

Almost passing the large doors of the chairman's office—he was entranced by the view—he looked up at the massive red doors. Everything was extravagant and was made out of fine materials with either subtle silver or golden lining. He absently remembered from the schools website the walls were this ungodly colour of pink, but when he got there he was happy to see that the walls were a beige colour.

Knocking on the door, he heard a faint “come in”, it was most likely the secretary from the soft tone.

Entering, he nodded his head in a slight bow, "I'm a transfer student, I came for my meeting with the chairman and also for my schedule." He beat the lady to the punch, giving her the info that she was about to ask for, to state his purpose.

The lady, her name was Saura from the ornament that was currently being used as a paperweight, looked through some files, "Hakuba Shion, correct?"

"Yes."

"You're early. The principal is still in a meeting."

"That's fine, thank you." He sat down on a couch that was set at the side of the room.

Twenty minutes later the door of the principal’s office opened and the people were ushered out of the room. He was gestured to go in by the lady. He smiled to her in a silent thank you before going in, feeling a bit nervous.

"Hakuba Shion, correct?"

"Yes sir," he bowed. The bowing started to feel awkward since he wasn't used to it yet, but he knew it was a necessary thing. The action showed respect.

"No need to be so formal Hakuba-kun." Suoh smiled, "Now you're our first student on multiple scholarships, and I congratulate you, but there are a few conditions that you must meet."

"What would those be, sir?" Shion was panicking internally, he hadn't heard of any conditions. He was careful to keep a neutral face, his acting skills coming in handy while he was feeling uneasy.

"One, you must have over a seventy percent average in all of your classes, and two you must put on performances at the end of the year in your different areas of skill."

"So music and drama," He already had his own composed music, but with the drama performance, he would have to think of a monologue to perform. He was glad that art wasn't included—he couldn't draw for his life. _Though I wonder if I can pull off abstract..._ He mused thoughtfully.

"If possible, would there a music room I could use for my own purposes? For practice?" Shion asked warily, hoping that it wasn't asking for too much.

The man chuckled, "Of course you may! You are able to use music room number two," he went through a drawer in his desk and tossed Shion a pair of keys, "one is for the main door and the other is for the door that connects the room beside it."
"Thank you sir," he caught the keys and put them in his satchel, he would have to put them on his lanyard afterwards.

Then he brought out a piece of paper, "All of your conventional classes are with the same students so hopefully you'll make some friends, but the extracurricular classes are not." He looked over Shion's schedule briefly. *Huh,* so he was in his son’s classes.

"Thanks for the tips," he smiled but forgot to be polite, "sir," he added in as an afterthought. He saw the man crack a smile before coughing into his fist.

The bell rang just as they finished.

"Now run along, you wouldn't want to be late to your first class, right?"

*I think he’ll interest them quite a bit. He reminds me of my son’s friend. The one with the glasses.*

Closing the huge doors behind himself, he sighed and tried to relax, he felt way too stiff and formal like that. Looking at his schedule, he made way to his classroom, class 2-B. It took about five minutes to get there since he had to go down a flight of stairs and turn left down the extravagant hallway. He saw his new teacher and before he could speak she had already spoken.

"Hakuba Shion?" Shion nodded, "Good thing you didn't get lost, you would have been late." She chuckled, "Our school is huge. Now, let's introduce you to everyone. Just wait out here until I call you in please."

"Okay." He answered. The teacher smiled and walked in to calm the class down. Shion could hear what the teacher was saying through the door. She was quite loud.

"Alright class, we have a new student joining us, so don’t intimidate them too much.” She chuckled at the amused faces of the class. “You may come in now." Opening the door, Shion was now the focal point of the room. The victim of the classes appraising stares. Some girls were whispering and giggling and a few boys glared at him. *Ignore it.* He berated himself for feeling intimidated. He's transferred many times already and he was used to it, but he felt out of place in such a high-class place. *People here have connections upon connections.* Closing the door behind himself, he walked to the chalkboard and wrote his name.

"Hello, my name is Hakuba Shion," he said, fixing his glasses, "I've transferred here from America so my Japanese may not be at its best right now.” He said simply, quite a short introduction. A few students put up their hands, wanting to ask questions. His introduction didn’t sate them. He looked to the teacher to see if it was okay to answer them, she nodded. "Hmm, okay... you then." He nodded in the person’s general direction.

"Why aren't you wearing our uniform?"

"Simply put, it's too expensive for me. I guess I would be a commoner to you guys, though middle class."

"Then how could you pay for tuition?" Someone else asked, not bothering to raise their hand.

"I'm here on scholarships." Murmuring rose from the class. "...Any more questions?" He stood there for a few seconds waiting.

No hands were raised for a while so he assumed that he could go to his seat. It was the only empty seat on the left side of the room by the window, third one from the back almost in the middle. *This*
window’s going to be the bane of my existence in the mornings. The sun was not his friend. Once he sat down he took his satchel off and took out a notebook and an erasable pen. The teacher was starting a math lecture that he needed to pay attention to. He would need to talk with her to see what he would need to catch up on. With all his classes really.

"Psst."

Shion vaguely heard a sound come from somewhere but dismissed it. He was concentrating on his classwork.

"Psst."

Now he knew where the sound was coming from, the seat behind him. His eye twitched in irritation. He had ignored it a few times and it was getting annoying.

“Alright, I’ll get you to work on these problems and after five minutes I’ll get you to show me your steps.” The teacher instructed and the sounds of moving desks and chairs filled the room.

“Psst!”

He heard the sound again. It was obviously directed at him too, they just didn’t know when to stop.
"May I help you?" Shion asked without turning around, trying to finish the last question. It appeared that the person didn't hear him since he continued to try to get his attention.

"Psssst!"

"Tamaki, it seems like Hakuba-san doesn't want to talk."

"I just wish to introduce myself to the new student, Kyoya."

Shion sighed and turned around, expression bland and unimpressed. "If you're going to purposely use each other’s names then you don't need to introduce yourself."

"Oh look, he was listening!" The blond guy's violet eyes lit up happily. The black hair guy with the glasses looked amused. He didn't like that look on his face though, he looked like he was analyzing him.

"Yes, yes I was. Now what do you want?" Shion’s bluntness didn’t deter the blond.

"I'm Tamaki Suoh, and this is Kyoya Ootori."

"Yes I heard, nice to meet you. So, what did you need?"

"I would like to offer to give you a tour of the school during lunch, if you’re interested."

"Hmm..." Shion was debating on whether he should take the offer or not. It could be a chance to make new friends. But he would rather just wander around in his free time and get a feel of the layout—it was much easier for him to remember it that way.

The teacher came in and interrupted his train of thought. "Mr. Suoh, if you're going to talk why don't you answer this question?"

"Ah, well um..." Tamaki looked off guard, sweating nervously. He was obviously not listening to the teacher when she started talking again and didn't know what was going on, too adamant on trying to talk to him.
"Sensei, I'll do it. I was also talking," Shion was actually following the problems on the board before they started talking, so he got up with his notes in hand since he had already done the problem in his notes.

"... It was this problem, right?" He pointed to three 'c' on the chalkboard, the teacher nodded. He glanced at the process of the problem in his notebook then he closed the book with one hand and tucked it under his arm. Writing the process and the steps down, he foiled the equation and solved it. "The answer is thirty-seven 'x' and twenty-five 'y'."

"Good job, Hakuba-kun. You may take your seat."

The three didn't talk until the end of class, worried that they would be picked on by the teacher again.

When they received their homework Shion got to it right away, wanting to finish it so it wouldn't have to be done at home. He put his headphones on and listened to classical music. It helped to keep him focused. When he finished, he put his work away and brought out his red book, the book that held some of his music that he was composing. So far he had a couple classical with a few mixed genre music in there. He had loads of other books with different genres. Though he didn't have any Jazz, he used some elements of it in other songs, but not an outright jazz song. Jazz has a swing in it, so he would have to use different rhythms than he usually did. Jazz was also a good type of music for trumpet, saxophone, and piano, so he could write three different compositions for each instrument. He had many more books full of finished and unfinished compositions in one of the boxes he packed them in. He was just currently working on a classical type.

Tamaki and Kyoya finished their work and were now just talking, though Tamaki kept glancing over to Shion, curious to what he was doing in the mysterious red book. Shion had a faint smile and was tapping his foot, he would tap his fingers on the desk, testing the rhythms in his mind. Occasionally he would stop for a second before continuing writing, having a eureka moment.

Tamaki had no idea to what he was doing and was overcome with curiosity—he would have to ask later. When the bell rang, Shion gathered his stuff and put his satchel over his shoulder. He looked at his schedule.

"So you have English next?"

"Ah!" Shion jumped, hitting his elbow in the desk. His chair flipped and fell with a clatter while his desk moved forward and screeched against the floor from the sudden impact. He spun around to face another guy with glasses. "Ootori-san, don't do that to a person. Gave me a heart attack," he sighed, "and yes, I have English next." Shion sighed, fixing his chair and desk.

"Then we just stay here," Kyoya said, "We don't move classrooms unless you have an extracurricular class."

"Oh. Thanks for the info Ootori-san, in America the students move for every class. It's quite annoying frankly".

"Let's talk!" Tamaki bounded in, curious about Shion.

Shion raised an eyebrow, they were already talking. "About what?"

"Well, what have you been writing in your red book?"

"Why don't you take a look, you high-class people should have experience in the field." Shion took the item in question out of his bag and opened it to the first page, putting it on Tamaki's desk
behind him.

"Sheet music?" Kyoya asked, not expecting the content inside.

"Yeah," Shion smiled, he was excited about the topic they were on. Music always made him happy along with his other favourite hobby, acting.

Tamaki was smiling but scowled childishly when Kyoya took the book. He started flipping through the pages.

"I only know violin, but these are all for different instruments." But there was something odd about it. His knowledge of music theory was not the best, but he noticed it. There were two parts of a piece, one for piano and the other for trumpet, but the notes weren’t in different places. “I’m having a hard time understanding this though,” he pointed out two different parts of a piece, “They both have the same melody, but they’re written in the same key.”

Shion was confused to what he was getting at for a second, “Oh, that. The Piano part is in C Major, so it would be D for trumpet to play in the same key.” Shion scratched his chin, “I’m too lazy to transpose it and write it down when I’ve been writing it like this already. I just transpose it in my head.” He just had to move the piano notes down two semitones to play it for the trumpet.

Kyoya was impressed, that was a hard feat to do.

Tamaki tried to follow what Shion was talking about, but it was giving him a headache. "I know the piano!" Tamaki piped in, wanting back in on the conversation.

"Do you guys take music class?"

"I learned the piano and Kyoya learned the violin!"

"Yes, I know. Ootori-san just said that, Suoh-san. I meant do you take it as a school course."
Tamaki bent down and a depressing aura emerged from the blond. Shion blinked, confused, "Did I say something wrong?"

"No, he's just..."

"Emotional?"

"Yes." Kyoya adjusted his glasses.

They just stared and observed Tamaki growing mushrooms in the back corner of the classroom. Somehow Tamaki had gotten a stick from somewhere and was poking the mushrooms. Kyoya glanced at Shion to see him shaking. Was he laughing?

"S-Suoh-san, you have some wild mood swings don't you." Shion chuckled, and then the teacher walked in. "Come on, time for class." Shion held out his hand to help Tamaki up and he brightened. Smiling from ear to ear, he grabbed Shion's hand.

"You should go to music room three after school."

“Sure.” Then Shion side commented to Kyoya, "Is the room full of mushrooms?"

Kyoya laughed lightly, "I wouldn't be surprised if that happened one day." I would have to punish him severely if that actually happened though.
HAHA First chapter done! This is my first OHSHC fic, I hope it isn't too cliché as I haven't read enough Fanfics from this anime to know any of them. Also my chapters for this are going to be roughly around 1000 to 3000 words per chapter. They're shorter than my other fics that are usually from 4000 to 5000 words each chapter so it's nice to not have to write as much per chapter.
Chapter 2

The teacher of their next class was not expecting this when he walked into his classroom. Yes, he was informed of a new student, but was caught off guard when he walked into his boss’s son embracing the new student with dramatic tears spilling all over. He was wondering if his cold was making him see things.

“Suoh-san! Off!” Shion didn’t care if he had to hurt him to get him off of him. “I’m giving you a warning.” He said lowly, but it turns out that in his babbling, Tamaki didn’t hear him.

Which is why he was laying on the floor in pain, arms around his poor stomach that was assaulted by Shion’s, quite pointy, elbow.

Kyoya had to give Shion props for not hesitating in stopping Tamaki—he couldn’t do something like it because of his standing—but also frowned when Shion didn’t move to help him up. He just sat down at his seat and eyed the blond on the floor. He narrowed his eyes.

Tamaki got off of the floor and dusted off his uniform and saw Kyoya with a dark look in his eyes. “Kyoya, I’m fine,” and he truly was, the hit knocked some wind out of him and it hurt initially, but it wasn’t damaging.

Shion noticed after returning the favor to Suoh that he was getting some dirty looks. I just hurt one of the popular kids didn’t I? That was a big no-no, because that meant he would probably—most likely—would be confronted later by people that admired him. His thought process halted when a frightening thought came to mind. He’s the principal’s son…isn’t he? They both had the same last name and he could see the similarities between the two. Only one word came to mind.

Fuck.

Well, there was nothing he could do about it now—except apologize. Maybe… He already purposely chose not to when he ignored the guy on the floor and sat down at his seat.

"Hakuba-kun, would you be able to read the first chapter?"

He blinked owlishly, “Of what, sorry?”

“Macbeth. They didn’t give you your textbooks?”

“No.”

Tamaki put up his hand to speak, “Sensei, we could share for now.” Shion was taken aback at the offer. He didn’t expect that kind of kindness after what he did.

“That would be great,” the teacher smiled, “thank you for offering Suoh-kun. Now, I’d like you to read the first two scenes of act one. Scene one is really short so it shouldn’t be too much of a read.”

“In which language Sensei?” Shion asked. “There’s both a Japanese and English translation.”

“Whichever one you’re comfortable with. Though I’d much prefer English—this is an English class after all.” The man cracked a smirk when he heard a few groans. There were some students that he would encourage to read in English. “You may turn your seat around to read from Suoh-kun’s text book.”
“Here,” Tamaki turned the book upside down so Shion could read it, he smiled. “I can read upside down, it’s alright.”

“Thank you Suoh, and also sorry for earlier.” Tamaki would have responded, but class was in session and he stopped himself when he heard Shion’s loud and clear English voice. "When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning, or in rain? When the hurlyburly's done, when the battle's lost and won. That will be ere the set of sun.”

Shion couldn’t help cracking a smile when he turned Tamaki’s Macbeth back around to face him. His face was priceless, the surprise on it. It was things like that, that made him like acting—making people react. He loved it that much that he had it memorized, from the setting to the stage queues and the blocking. He’d done a few Macbeth plays in the past with troupes and his school, and he had come to adore Shakespeare. So he didn't even have to have the book open, he just read the lines from memory.

He got comfortable and leaned back in his seat, but kept his back straight so he wouldn’t hurt his projection. The diaphragm was important with speech clarity. His eyes wandered around the classroom, he never really got to look at his classmates. He tried to be subtle about it, not wanting a lot of attention on him—the new kid got enough of that usually. He finished the first chapter and the teacher talked about the foreshadowing of the witches in the beginning.

"Good job Shion, no accent either—oh well I guess that’s obvious why isn’t it?” The teacher chuckled. “Now class, what have you deciphered from this chapter?”

“You have it memorized?” Tamaki asked.

“Yeah. I don’t want a lot of attention on me though so don’t make a fuss about it please.”

“Hakuba-kun, if you would continue with scene two please.”

“Yes.” He pretended to flip the page of Tamaki’s book. “What bloody man is that? He can report, as seemeth by his plight, of the revolt. The newest state…”

Halfway through the scene, the teacher took pity on Shion and made another student read. “How am I going to top that Sensei?” The redhead complained.

“Shut up and read, you brat.” There was a whine, but the person read nonetheless.

Shion waited and looked out of the window idly while the rest of the scene was being read. He would have whipped out his book, but he felt that it would distract Tamaki from learning.

When the teacher started talking about the chapter he turned around and brought out his red book, turning his music on. He already knew what he was doing anyways. He just started working on some of his compositions in his book. He was thinking of lyrics to go with one of his songs. He thought that it should be a story; a sad one suited the music he had written. A story about a man and a woman who met on a snowy day, but the man had an illness and was dying—something to do with Japanese folklore.

The bell rang for lunch, Shion gathered all his stuff and lastly he took his headphones off. He was about to leave the classroom when he was confronted by two angry girls.

“You better apologize to Tamaki!”

Shion looked down on them with a blank look. “I have already. Now if you’ll excuse me I’d like to leave.” He moved around them and left them standing there in shock. He was wandering around
looking for a place to eat lunch when he saw two familiar blond and black haired people approach
him.

"Oh, Shion! Would you care to join us for lunch?" Tamaki asked.

Thinking the offer over, Shion decided against it. "Sorry Suoh-san, I need to do some things before
I eat. Thanks though." He lied through his teeth and left with a wave. He just wanted to be alone
for a while.

"What do you think he has to do, Kyoya?"

"I do not know."

Shion went outside into a secluded space in the courtyard surrounded by trees. Lying down against
a tree, he brought out his lunch. He had rushed to make it in the morning so it just had rice, some
leftover salad and a sandwich. It was very nice out, though a bit chilly, but it was the perfect
temperature for Shion. He loved the cooler temperatures; his favorite seasons were winter and
autumn. The fall weather was at its peak, the leaves had the bright colours of reds and oranges
along with the brown. So he relaxed, watching the clouds he closed his eyes, the breeze waving his
hair around from under his hat.

"So what do you think of him? Shion would make a great new addition don't you think, Kyoya?"

Shion's ears perked up at the mention of his name.

"Yes, though we would have to analyze him to find his type."

*What are they talking about, and what do they mean by my type?*

Their voices got quieter as they were walking away from where he was. Sighing, Shion got up
from his laying position and picked two leaves of the correct shape, put one on his index and
middle fingers, put them to his lips, and played some music with the grass whistle.

He played his own composition of a song from a show. It was really sad, so while he played he felt
some tears weld up. He really needed to stop himself from getting so emotionally invested in things
like TV shows. Sometimes he had too much time on his hands.

Tamaki and Kyoya were walking through the courtyard when they heard his music, sad music.
Tamaki perked up at the pretty sound.

"Hey, hey Kyoya, let's find out where it's coming from!" Tamaki grabbed his wrist and ran off in
the direction of the music. Kyoya sighed; Tamaki just went to the beat of his own drum. *Maybe
Hakuba-san was right with the mood swings. Tamaki could possibly have multiple personalities.*

"The sound is coming from over there!" Tamaki pointed to a bunch of trees.

“Be quiet you idiot."

"Oh yeah!" The blond zipped his lips shut with an imaginary zipper. They made their way through
the trees and bushes to find Shion playing it on a grass whistle of sorts.

The song finished and by that time Shion had a few tear tracks. He stretched, rubbing his eyes
under his glasses. "Great, now I'm sad," He thought for a moment, "Oh I can play−" He was about
to play another song, but paused before looking towards the two new people in the distance. He
had finally noticed Tamaki and Kyoya standing there, though Tamaki seemed to be on the verge of
tears.

Silence was evident as they stared at each other.

"Hmm, so what do you guys want," Shion broke the ice, "And what did you mean by type?"

Oh, so he heard us before. Kyoya mused, raising his glasses.

"We just heard this pretty music and..." Tamaki rambled.

"Yea, yea, so your first thought was to find the source. Anyways, what did you mean by type? I'm not going to let you avoid the question."

"Well--"

"We wanted to figure out your type of character." Kyoya cut Tamaki off. He didn’t want him to scare Shion away, because with all of Tamaki Suoh's eccentricities who wouldn't be scared or at least freaked out by the hyperactive blond.

"Like what role I prefer to perform as?"

Hmm, so he's an actor... even though that's not what I meant... "Yes." Let's go with this for now.

"Well, I like the happy, jumpy and hyper comic relief characters, but it's really fun being the bad guy." He smirked evilly, letting off an evil aura. He fixed his glasses with a gleam, "Though I also like the emotional type. Eh, let’s just say I like almost any type of character, I'm not too picky." He noticed he was getting off topic. "So how did this question emerge? At first I thought you guys were wondering what my type was in people."

Tamaki, who was quiet for the time decided to jump in. "We were thinking that you could join our club."

"And what does this club consist of?"

Kyoya adjusted his glasses with a ray of light flashing off of them, "You will have to come to find out." He turned on his heel with a smirk, "Come along Tamaki, we still have to eat our lunch."

"Kyoya! I say Kyoya, wait!" Tamaki stopped before running after the four eyes, "Let's talk later, kay?" Then he bolted through the shrubbery, calling for mommy... whatever that meant...

"Well aren't they a pocket full of sunshine, though I guess Suoh is the sun and Ootori would be the moon." He sighed and continued his lax lunch break until he glanced at the time on his phone; it was ten minutes till the next class. Gathering his things in his satchel, he slung it over his head and onto his shoulder, departing for his next class.

He had Phys Ed next, so he had to ask a teacher as to where he could change. He was already heading in the general direction of the gym according to the teacher. At least he wouldn't be late. Thanking the woman, he inclined his head in thanks. Soon, he found the men's locker room. It was rather extravagant, like everything else in the school.

There were even shower stalls which he would regularly never use, but they looked like they were cleaned regularly. He would have to take a shower after. There was also a counter along one of the walls along with a large mirror. He set his bag down on the marble countertop and rummaged through it until he felt his folded clothes on the bottom of it. Pulling them out, he set them down and took his glasses and hat off before he changed into simple dark red sweatpants and a black t-
shirt. Feeling around the counter for his glasses he finally found the pair and put it on its proper place, his face. He looked himself over once and fixed his hair a bit. His hat had done wonders calming it and it wasn’t frizzy anymore. Just it’s normal curly goodness. Putting his things in a locker, he set a code and locked it, and then he made his way to the gym.

"Wow this is huge." He looked up, the roof was at least two stories high and the whole gymnasium was about eight classrooms in size. The classrooms were already the size of an average house in square inches, so the gym was huge and that was an understatement. He was convinced that this wasn't even the full extent of it. His expectations have been exceeded a number of times so it wasn’t that unexpected anymore.

"Just wait until you see the pool."

"Gah!"

The sudden voice from behind him scared Shion out of his wits. The person had been in the gymnasium a few minutes earlier and has been waiting for the rest of the students to file in. He was the type of person to be punctual. Shion, who had tripped over his feet when startled, immediately knew who it was from one of the two people he knew so far.

"Ootori-san... Please, you're going to give someone a heart attack and I'm probably going to be your first victim." He sighed, pushing his bangs back into place along with his glasses. He was worried that Ootori has seen when his hair moved, though from his reaction it didn’t look like Kyoya had seen anything. He didn’t want unnecessary attention.

Kyoya chuckled at Shion's exasperation, and kindly put a hand out to help him. Shion eyed the hand Kyoya had put out for him; he smirked and grabbed hold to yank himself up off the floor. The mischievous glint in his green eye didn't go unnoticed by Kyoya. When Kyoya pulled to help him up, Shion stuck his foot in front of Kyoya's own and pulled, making him stumble and trip.

"Ha! Payback's a bitch, isn't it Ootori-san?" Shion laughed with a grin and offered his hand to Kyoya. Kyoya sighed, but otherwise took the offer. He had probably deserved that. "So, what are we doing in gym today? I'm sure you know already."

"We are in the unit of basketball currently. We just started it yesterday so I presume that we will be working on passing."

"Yeah, shooting always comes after passing. Units always start off so boring."

"I have to agree."

"Kyoya! I refilled our water bottles!" Tamaki came running in at a full sprint and tripped over his shoelaces, face faulting the floor. Though he managed to save the water bottles... Shion had to wonder if the blond ever ran out of energy.

"I wonder what's wrong with everyone and tripping today." Just earlier Kyoya had observed a teacher trip down the stairs only to fall into another person. Like a domino effect.

"I don’t know." Shion shrugged and watched Tamaki twitching on the floor. Suddenly he shot up, "IS NO ONE GOING TO HELP ME?" Tamaki cried.

By this time students were coming in and could see Tamaki's breakdown.

"MOMMA!!!
“Suoh stop shouting, it’s echoing!”

Gym class was tiring with Tamaki in the group he was in. He didn’t know where his energy came from. *Maybe he’s on a high with all those mushrooms.* He got an odd look from Kyoya when he almost choked on his own spit.
Chapter 3

School was finally over and Shion still hadn't been to the music wing as of yet. He had drama in the first semester, but not music, or did he? The schedule was confusing since the classes switched around every day. *Oh well.* He traveled over to the music wing to see what the room would be like. After all he would need a workspace since he lived in an apartment now. He couldn't disturb the neighborhood with all the noise.

*I would get oh so many complaints…*

He had the keys to one of the music rooms that he kindly got from the principal. Though the room could be used for drama too if it was big enough—all the rooms were ridiculously huge in the school so he had no doubt that it couldn't be used as a drama room.

Twirling the keys around his fingers, he reached to the handle to check if the door was actually locked or not. It wasn't and for that he was confused. Opening the door he was greeted by a breeze and rose petals flying through the doorway. A bunch of men stood there in some, dare he think it, attractive poses. He stood there in shock, nothing going through his mind as it temporarily shut down.

"Welcome princess, to our host club!"

Shion stared back, not believing the scene in front of him. *Nope.* He closed the door immediately without thinking. *What the hell did I just witness?...Wait a minute...* He recalled seeing the telltale colour of blond hair and the gleam of glasses as he abruptly shut the door. “Why’d they call me a princess...?”

Shion looked up, “Oh.” He realized that he went to the wrong room, the sign above said Music Room 3. He ended up walking to the room after it, zoning out and passing his intended destination. *Well I did say that I would visit. Might as well. I can’t back out now.*

"Hey... Wasn’t that... It was!” Tamaki shouted and ran to the door, not wanting Shion to run off.

Shion sighed and opened the door rather forcefully, and Tamaki, who had ran over to open it and drag Shion back after realizing that it was him, was hit by the large door. Shion heard a bang, but dismissed it for the door hitting the wall.

"Ootori-san... *This* is the kind of club you run?” He gestured around him, raising an unamused eyebrow—but of course he was acting. He just felt like messing with them, "I didn't expect you to be a playboy. Though Suoh-san surely fits the role." He chuckled to himself.

"What do you mean by that Hakuba?!” Tamaki jumped up from his ball-of-pain on the floor.

"You mean you *aren't* a deceiving playboy who toys with feeble woman's hearts?” Shion teased, "Because that was quite the impression you made."

Tamaki fell into his emo corner and poked at some mushrooms that magically appeared. "I am *not* a playboy..." He mumbled incoherently.

"Oh wow." One of the twins voiced.

"Yeah, he has Tamaki around his finger." The other chimed in.
"Hmm... Ootori-san, do you think I went too far?"

"He will recover soon enough," Kyoya replied, mildly amused.

"Kyoya, who is this person?" What looked like a child spoke, he was holding a pink bunny stuffed animal. Now isn't he adorable...

"My name is Hakuba Shion," he was about to say further information until he got beaten to the punch.

"He transferred here from America."

"Thanks, you information broker," Shion jabbed at Kyoya.

"Oh!" One of the twins remembered something. "You're that guy Tamaki wouldn't stop talking about at lunch!"

"The one with the aura of a host he said."

Shion was amused. Did he really have the aura of a host? But it was Tamaki. He was all kinds of weird, at least from what he knew since meeting him, "So I'm assuming you want me to join. Right, Suoh-san?"

"Yes! A new protégé would liven up the host club!" Tamaki bounded out of his emo state and was filled with enthusiasm.

"It looks plenty lively to me..."

"Nonsense!" Then Tamaki went into a full-on rant that no one bothered to listen to.

"Now, you haven't met any of the other members yet have you?"

"No."

They took that as a cue to introduce themselves.

"I'm Hikaru~"

"I'm Kaoru~"

"And together we are the Hitachin twins!" They embraced in a dramatic hug. Shion looked at them blandly with a raised eyebrow.

"I'm Mitsukuni Hanizuka, but everybody just calls me Honey!" He cuddled with his bunny, "and this is Usa-chan!"

Mister tall dark and quiet took his turn after the loli, "Mori." He said simply.

He glanced to the other person in the room and narrowed his eyes at the short haired brunette. He seemed mildly familiar, Shion walked closer for a closer look, for his eyes sucked. That's why he had glasses.

Upon closer inspection, he came to see that the he was actually a she, a she that he knew very well.

"...Haruhi?" He raised his eyebrows in shock.
She, however, narrowed hers in confusion. Haruhi couldn't remember him, "Do I know you?"

"Well of course you wouldn't remember me," Shion looked down and adjusted his glasses forlornly, "my last name changed when my mother married again."

"You mean?" Shion nodded. "You're that Murasaki Shion?"

"Mmhmm, yeah... Lots of things happened while I was gone, huh? Not to mention you posing as a guy... Which I bet has to do with these guys." He jabbed a thumb in Kyoya's and Tamaki's direction. "Though I just hope Ryoji hadn't rubbed off on you."

"Haruhi here has to pay off a debt."

"A debt? For what?"

"She has broken a vase which we were going to auction off."

"Hmm, well you've got quite the handful don't you, Haruhi?" He pat her head and ruffled her hair.

She brushed his hand away and scoffed, "No kidding."

"Well, I've visited like you had asked Ootori-san. So I'll be taking my leave." As he turned on his heel, Kyoya spoke.

"Hakuba-san, you need to use music room number two, correct?"

Shion narrowed his eyes, what was Kyoya planning. "Yes... what of it Ootori-san."

"We actually use it as a storage room, so if you want to use it, you will have to get our permission."

Shion jingled the keys and twirled them around a finger. "The principal let me have the keys to the room."

"But that didn't mean that it wasn't already occupied."

The host's simply stared and observed the argument that was bound to happen any moment now.

"Who do you think will win?"

"Definitely Kyoya," the Hitachin twins whispered amongst the club members.

Shion sighed in frustration, "Then let me take a wild guess. You want me to join the host club in exchange for using 'your' storage room." He air quoted.

"You catch on quickly."

"No way," Shion said quickly. Kyoya was taken aback; he wasn't expecting that sort of answer. "Why should I join just to use the other room when I could just use one of the regular music rooms instead?" Shion argued. He didn't want to be forced into such things.

Kyoya, for some reason, was determined to get Shion to join. Kyoya hadn't had anyone refuse a deal like this before, it was something new. "Though the reason you need the rooms was for privacy. With the regular music room you would not get such a thing."

"And why should I believe that you will give me this privacy that I seek? Because hell if I know Tamaki won't just barge in during his random bouts of energy," Shion scoffed, crossing his arms.
The twins laughed and Haruhi made a noise at the back of her throat, they obviously found that funny.

Another sigh escaped Shion's mouth. "Well, the pros outweigh the cons and this way I would get to see Haruhi again. So, I'll accept on one condition. If I'm busy with something important I want the privilege to be able to skip out and do what I need to do."

"Then you have to come to the club at least four days a week unless it's urgent."

Anger welled up inside him, and it was clearly visible. His stance was tight, his fists clenched. His brows furrowed and his eyes held unrestrained ferocity. "What are you talking about have to. There is nothing to keep me from not coming." Shion argued, he reined his anger in and it was replaced with a cold glare. "You're trying to force me into this Ootori-san and that is not convincing me any further." He broke eye contact with Kyoya and looked to Haruhi with a faint smile, "I'll catch up with you later Haruhi."

“Shion wai—”

Haruhi’s call was unheard as the door closed behind his childhood friend.

"Ooh, Kyoya's been rejected~"

"Hikaru, he'll hear you!" The twins were talking posh.

"Kyoya-san, Shion doesn't like being controlled. If you want him in the club, he would have to join on his own." Haruhi advised, "He's been like that ever since his grandfather passed."

"Hmm," Kyoya watched Shion exit the room after hearing him mumble some incoherent sentences.

"I can't believe the nerve of him! Rich people and their stupid inflated egos," He stormed down the hall and went into the normal music room to happily find that no one was currently inside. Now he could vent without anybody seeing. He sat down with an angry thump and brought his red book out. He played one of his older pieces which he was currently revamping.

An angry refrain, the intensity of which was astounding, the volume, the accents of the short staccato notes emphasizing the anger he had bottled up. He ended the piece with a flare, a decrescendo with a loud double forte ending chord. He sighed and wiped his brow from the sweat that gathered under his bangs. He had wrote in things to fix and the pages of the score were littered with a lot of writing saying what to fix and what to leave alone.

Leaning back on the bench he looked at the clock he noticed that it was getting late, it was 6:30. He still had to unpack all his stuff at his apartment and set up his studio. He wiped the sweat and fingerprints off of the keys of the piano with a handkerchief that he always had on him.

"I haven't vented like that for a while." He felt lighter than usual and with a slight skip in his step he closed the doors behind him. Turning to leave, he came face to face with the one person he hadn't wanted to see and his once relieved self became tense again, "Geh... Ahem, Ootori-san..."

"Hakuba."

The door behind Kyoya opened and out came the Hitachin twins.

"Oh, so you were the one playing that." Hikaru noticed from Shion closing the door behind him.

"You must have been really pissed off to play like that." Kaoru laughed.
"Yeah, and just who do you think made me angry?" He mumbled, obviously referring to Kyoya. Turning on his heel, he left the hosts in his dust before they could somehow convince him to join.

"Kyoya, I think he's mad at you," Honey voiced. Mori nodded, fully agreeing with him. "I think he needs an apology."

"He won't forgive you anytime soon, I know that from experience. He's not a very forgiving person."

*Not even to himself.*

Hello! I hope the story is enjoyable so far to my single voter, just saying that the updates are going to be rather slow, but faster than my other stories considering the length of the chapters.

Please try to give me feedback on either if a character is Ooc, the grammar or spelling, or just to leave a reaction.

Anything helps motivate me really. XD
Chapter 4

Shion walked through his neighbourhood on the way home from school. He was currently munching on some taiyaki that he got from a food stand. He didn't have any food in his apartment yet so he would just starve if he went back without eating anything. The only stuff he had in his cupboards were his meal replacement shakes.

Shion looked up to the daylit sky from the swing he was on. He saw the park and thought why not, he didn’t care if other people saw him. The wind blew and he didn’t hear the little steps approaching him. He looked down when he felt a tug on his sleeve. “Hmm?”

The kid looked at him or a good five seconds before talking. His eyes are pretty. “Hey mister, can you push me on this swing?”

The kid looked about six with short black hair and dark brown eyes. He was a bit young to be alone. “Sure I can, but where are your parents?”

“Right over there!” The kid pointed to a bench across the playground. A lady was talking—more yelling than talking—on the phone. No wonder why the kid didn’t want to ask her to push him. “She’s a bit busy right now so I don’t want to ask her. But you said you can swing me!” He hopped onto the swing and looked up to Shion with sparkling eyes.

“Yes, that I did.” Shion grabbed the lower part of the chain under the boy’s arms and pulled back and let him go. He pushed him for about five minutes until he noticed that the boy’s mother was off the phone. She saw her look over in his direction. Shion lifted an arm to get her attention and pointed to the swing he was pushing with her son on it. The woman grabbed her purse and walked over, long black hair swished with each step.

“Mama!” The boy looked like he was about to jump off the swing so Shion grabbed the chains and stopped it slowly. He didn’t want the liability of hurting this woman’s child.

“Asahi what did I say about staying close to me?” The woman scolded.

“Sorry, mama… But this guy looked lonely so I gave him some—uh, some company!”

This kid’s got quite the vocabulary… Shion thought mildly.

“I’m sorry about this.”

“No, no. It’s fine.” Shion smiled and chuckled, “Your son was quite entertaining.”

“I told him about show and tell at school today!”

“Did you? You’ll have to tell me about it too when daddy picks us up.”

“Yeah!”

“May I ask for your name?” The lady asked.

“Shion.”

“Thank you for looking after Asahi, Shion.”

“It was no problem.” Shion bent down to Asahi’s height. “It was nice meeting you Asahi.”
Shion waved as they left the park before leaving the area himself. *That woman reminds me of someone... Hmmm.* He just could place who she reminded him of. It bothered him. He wandered in his thoughts as he walked to his apartment.

Shion walked up the metal stairs and greeted the landlord and other residents as he whipped out his keys. Shutting the door behind himself, Shion kicked off his shoes and entered his apartment. He paid no mind to the mess and flopped onto his couch ungracefully.

"*Ahhh man,* I'm so tired and I still have to unpack..." He grumbled, making a face at all of the boxes piled near the entrance he just passed. It had been about three days since he moved, but he opted to venture around the neighbourhood rather than tend to the boxes unheard needy screams to unpack them. He liked to walk around and find where things were. He was good at remembering layouts rather than street names, so he wasn’t very good with either giving or taking directions.

Shion sighed, "I'll unpack them later. I need a nap. Sleep takes priority on my list." He took off his glasses, folded them and put them on the side table. Yawning, he stretched like a cat and curled into a comfy sleeping position. The procrastinator in him was surfacing.

There was a knock at the door about thirty minutes into his nap. "Um... excuse me, you left your door open..." The person poked their head in and after briefly looking around they saw a mess of black hair on the couch. They tried not to poke around too much but couldn’t help but notice all the boxes. The man slowly got up into a sitting position and looked over to the door with mismatched eyes.

Shion yawned and got up to weave around and step over various boxes, tripping, but not falling in the process. "*Ah thanks for telling me...*" He said sleepily and yawned again, pushing his hair up and out of his eyes.

"..."

Shion raised an eyebrow at the blurred person in front of him. The silence made him feel like he was being stared at. He gazed back and could only tell that the person was shorter than he was and had short brown hair. He narrowed his eyes to focus and get a clearer picture of the kind person and by doing that he looked sceptical of everything around him.

"... Haruhi...? Is that you? Hell, I'm blind as a bat... I can't tell," he grumbled to himself, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

He heard a chuckle, a feminine chuckle, then came a voice he recognized, "No, it's me Shion."

"Okay, so I'm not seeing things... Or not, *not* seeing things. *Ah,* I'm too tired for this."

"You aren't, but *I* thought I was. I never thought you would be living in my apartment complex."

"...Eh?" He leaned against the open door, "You live here too?"

"Right beside you actually." She pointed a thumb to the left.

"After I unpack I'll have to say hello to Ryoji."

Haruhi laughed lightly, "I doubt that he would recognize you."

"Haha, I just hope he doesn't think I'm a predator to his previous gazelle." Then Shion sneezed...
abruptly. "...*Burrr*, it's getting chilly," he shivered. He was just in a t-shirt and jeans without any socks either. It was late evening too so it cooled down a lot.

"Would you like to come to my place and have a hot chocolate?" Haruhi offered.

"Yeah, that sounds great," he walked back into his apartment and grabbed his glasses.

"You should put socks on."

Shion glanced down to his sockless feet, "Nah, your right next door, I'll be okay. I didn't unpack all my clothes yet anyways," he mumbled the last part. Stepping out onto the stone balcony of the second floor, he flinched, "Cold!"

"See, I told you."

"Yes, yes, you were right. I was wrong." Shion chuckled. Haruhi opened her door and let Shion in. "You were always the logical one." He smiled, looking around her apartment. It was just like his, but it felt much more... homey. It was very warm, lived in. It gave a sense of family.

"And you were the emotional headstrong one."

"Haha, I guess I still am."

"And who are you?" Who appeared to look like a women spoke sternly, "Haruhi, you better not have another boyfriend."

Shion made a noise at the back of his throat and laughed, "*Another* boyfriend?" he glanced at Haruhi and saw her blanch in horror.

Ryoji gave Shion a look of confusion.

"Haha, Ryoji you're still the same as always. I'm Hakuba Shion, formerly Murasaki Shion."

The man's facial expression softened and he lunged into Shion, glomping him. "*Oof!" Came the grunt, along with a rib breaking death hug that could give a professional wrestler a run for their money.

"Shion! Well, why didn't you say so! My, my, have you changed. You've gotten so tall."

Ryoji looked over Shion's new appearance, patting him down in the process.

"Dad, you're making him uncomfortable." Haruhi reprehend. After prying her father off her childhood friend they sat down at the table in the living room. Ryoji and Shion were chit chatting while Haruhi prepared the hot beverages.

"Here," Haruhi came and set down three mugs of hot chocolate on three matching coasters.

"Thanks." He knew he shouldn't, but he couldn't resist and he took a sip of the fresh hot beverage. "*Owww!""

"Cat got your tongue?"

"Yeth!" Shion said, his tongue feeling numb from the pain and hindering his speech. He was blowing air to cool his scalding tongue.

Haruhi sighed and got a few ice cubes. She put a few in Shion's hot chocolate and gave him one to chew on. "You could never drink hot things." She gave him a look, "Then why did you drink it?"
"I couldn't help it!" He chewed the ice cube, soothing his burnt tongue, "It was too tempting not to!" His speech still came out somewhat impaired, it was similar to a lisp. He let his tongue recover from the harsh treatment he put it through. It was left with a filmy numbing feeling.

"So, what brings you back to Japan?" Ryoji asked.

"..." He took a sip of the now cooled down hot chocolate and set it back onto the table. "I wanted to take a permanent residence instead of moving around with my mother. The longest time we were in a place was in America, and that was for two and a half years. After that, we went to Canada for two years." He stared into his beverage, "Now I'm here and going to the same school as Haruhi."

"Really?" Ryoji perked up. "Then you must protect Haruhi from those host club boys!!!!"

"I don't think that'll happen," Haruhi piped in.

"Why not?"

"Shion had a... disagreement with a club member. I doubt he wants to talk to him."

Shion felt anger bubble up inside him, "Pff, no kidding. He tries to manipulate me into joining the club and then he placed restrictions on my own restrictions. I just don't have the time!" He began to rant angrily.

"What is it that you need time for?"

"I'm a composer, I make music and lyrics for my YouTube channel and for each add viewed I get paid, my music is also on iTunes and that contributes for each download. But that is only enough to pay for the bare minimum I need to live here. I need to get a part-time job for extra spending money."

"Ouran doesn't allow jobs though," Haruhi informed.

"What? Damn it..." Shion sighed, but smirked after an idea came to mind, "But if it isn't a job, but I get money... Is it really a job?"

"What are you thinking Shion?"

"Haha, you will soon see my brilliance. I just so totally broke the system," he chuckled. "Thanks for the hot... Urm... Warm chocolate, it was delicious. I still have to unpack though. Night." Shion opened the door and stepped outside, "Cold!" He flinched once again. Turning to close the door he laughed. He just knew that Haruhi was giving him a look. He waved goodnight to the two. Now he just had to start unpacking. He put it off enough already.

"Hmm, now where do these go...?" He mumbled to himself as he organized the boxes, putting them in each room accordingly; glassware in the kitchen, clothes and sheets along with posters and others in the bedroom, he left the others in the larger room, meant to be a bedroom, but was going to be used as an office. His bedroom was the smaller room of the whole flat.

His apartment was the size of two, so it was twice as large as Haruhi's. The previous tenant bought the two on the end of the second level and knocked the wall down to make a bigger apartment. It was more expensive, but he needed the space for a recording studio and all his musical instruments.

He listened to music while unpacking his clothes into his hulking dark brown dresser. He also had...
a tall wardrobe to store things that needed to be hung up. He had long hovering bookshelves that he needed to install onto the wall above his bed.

"Man, I need to paint." He murmured, looking at the retched olive coloured wall. Who would want to have such a bland colour in the room they sleep in?

"I'm gonna paint it a cyan colour, yeah." He smiled to himself, “Now the living room."

The living room didn't take long at all, he just had to set the carpet down, put the coffee and side tables in and set up the television. The room that would take the most time was going to be the studio.

“This is going to take a looong time," he sighed at all the boxes holding music related stuff.

He set his desk up first, putting it beside the window of the room, and then he put his keyboard under the window, squaring the corners of the desk so there was space to put a tall lamp in the square space in the corner. He put the two hulking bookshelves beside each other and started unloading his sheets of music, compositions and lyrics.

"..." He looked at the clock, "..." He looked again. No, it was as late as he first saw. It was three in the morning.

"I give up!" He flopped onto the ground with a grunt. "I'll finish this tomorrow... Though I guess it's technically today..." He realised.

Changing into baggy plaid patterned pants and a t-shirt he unceremoniously fell onto his couch. His mattress hadn't arrived yet so he had to crash on the couch.

Hmm, he started thinking. Haruhi's father Ryoji asked him to protect his precious daughter. I would have to join the host club to do that... But then I could act different roles with improv... And the members seemed nice... No. The devil in glasses would think I succumbed to his manipulation. I won't join. I won't follow his plans.
Chapter 5

"Hakuba!"

"..."

"Ha-ku-baaa~!"

"What?!" He finally snapped. The blond had been bugging him throughout the whole morning. Shion had been ignoring them for a few days now. It was the last day of the week and he was hoping that those two would get the message, though apparently not since Tamaki got sick of it and took to pestering him. Shion was ready to punch something.

Shion took his headphones out of his ears, "I'm trying to get some work done here!" He growled.

"Eat lunch with us!"

"Why?" He said blandly, glancing over to Kyoya with a heavy-lidded glare.

"Well if you get to know us you might like the club more!"

"Will you continue bugging me if I refuse?" Tamaki nodded furiously. Shion put his head in his hands and sighed. "Fine," he clipped irritably, "but it doesn't mean that I will join, or like it for that matter."

He's going to be the death of me.

Shion sighed and grumbled as he got out his notebooks for the next class. At least I'll be able to talk to Haruhi.

He didn't notice Kyoya staring at his back through the rest of the class.

As soon as the bell rang Tamaki jumped up from his seat and grabbed Shion's wrist. "Come on!"

He pulled on him to go to the cafeteria.

"T-Tamaki! My bag!" Shion pulled back and leaned, not letting Tamaki pull him until he gathered his things. "How impatient can you be? Just let me go for a moment. I won't run away." I would if I could though, he thought mildly. Tamaki released his wrist. "Thank you," Shion clipped.

"...You called me Tamaki."

Shion spoke while putting his things in his bag in an organized fashion, "I did? Sorry Suoh-san, it was a slip of the tongue," he momentarily forgot the first name-last name order for a second.

"No, I quite like it!" He grinned and seeing that Shion was finished, he grabbed his wrist once again. "Now let's go!" He dragged him into the hall.

"Let me go Suoh! Please. It's embarrassing! Everybody's looking!" Shion's cheeks flushed lightly in embarrassment. He looked behind him to see Kyoya looking amused by the situation. He flushed further seeing the smirk on Kyoya's face. He frowned, he didn't want him of all people to see him like that.

When they turned a corner he registered pain and he started to panic, and went to yank his arm out of Tamaki's grip. Kyoya noticed how Shion winced as they turned and saw panic in his green eye.
Before Shion took action to free himself, Kyoya spoke, "Tamaki, you're getting too excited. It seems that you're hurting Hakuba-san."

He let go immediately and began apologizing at amazing speeds. Shion rubbed his wrist and moved it around with no lingering pain. It was okay. "Its fine, you didn't mean any harm." He turned to face Kyoya. "Thank you. But this doesn't mean I forgive you." People around them started whispering. It wasn’t a nice type of attention to have either so he started walking. He didn’t really like gossip—or rather being a target of it. "We should leave now, no?"

Whether or not they could keep up with his walking speed was not his problem. He just wanted out of that situation.

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"Kyoya, Tamaki, you're both late!" The twins stood up from their chairs in the cafeteria and pointed at them with their cutlery. Thankfully they had butter knives, not steak knives.

"Sorry, we were bringing a guest."

"Yeah, hi again," Shion came into view from behind the two. He ended up taking a wrong turn and followed Tamaki and Kyoya to the caff instead. His memory of the place wasn’t that great since he never went there.

"It's the guy that was pissed off by Kyoya!"

"Still am."

"I thought you didn't like eating in here Shion?" Haruhi asked.

"I don't. However Suoh-san was nagging me all morning to come here," he moved to sit beside Haruhi, "I couldn’t deal with it so I caved."

"Nooo! I wanted to sit beside my daughter!"

Shion blinked in confusion, "Daughter?"

Haruhi sighed heavily, “Don’t… don’t ask. Please.”

"Hmm... Okay." Shion mused and brought out his lunch, which consisted of a chocolate granola bar and a meal replacement shake. Though he absently wondered why Tamaki was calling Haruhi his daughter.

Munching on the bar, he observed the group. Haruhi was chatting with the Hitachin twins with Tamaki floating around them insisting on having 'father-daughter time'. Honey was eating lunch with his bunny in arms with Mori quietly eating beside him. Kyoya simply was observing the others like how he was. He smiled at the scene in front of him, they were all great friends.

"Is that all you're going to eat?" Kyoya asked.

Shion snapped out of his trance, "Oh. Yeah, I'm not a big eater, so I just have these meal replacement shakes occasionally."

"More like two or three times a day. Shion added in as a thought, but they don’t need to know that.

"Hakuba-san."
"Hmm? What is it Ootori-san?" He tilted his head in his hand that he was leaning on. He was tired. Tamaki sapped all his energy away from him earlier.

Kyoya looked reluctant to talk, but continued this thought despite that, "I'm… sorry for my actions. I went too far trying to recruit you to the club."

The table went quiet, deathly quiet.

"... Kyoya apologized?" Murmurs of disbelief were heard from the others. It was just unthinkable.

Shion looked Kyoya in the eye for a few seconds, judging his sincerity. Shion sighed and frowned thoughtfully, "Apology accepted, Ootori-san." Even though it didn't have any noticeable emotion in it, Kyoya sounded sincere to him, maybe because they were similar in a way.

"So you're friends again?" Tamaki asked.

"Were we even friends in the first place?" Shion asked rhetorically. Tamaki shrouded himself in that depressing aura of his at Shion's words. "I thought we were nothing more than acquaintances."

"But I already think that you're a friend Hakuba!" Tamaki rebounded.

"Really?" Tamaki nodded at Shion's disbelief.

"You're our friend Hakuba!" Honey piped in. Mori nodded alongside him.

Shion smiled, "Thank you but we've only just met the other day. We're still acquaintances."

"I can understand that." Kyoya said with amusement. Tamaki’s dread-aura just did a one eighty and came back with much more depression than before.

"Hey Shion, so you want to come over for dinner tonight?" Haruhi asked, ignoring Tamaki’s palpable depression waves.

"Sure, you can cook a hell of a lot better than I can."

"Can I come?!!?" The blond suddenly came out of the dark cloud he created with sparkling eyes.

"No." Both Shion and Haruhi deadpanned at Tamaki.

Once again, the cycle continued with Tamaki’s depression coming back full force.

After eating a nice fish dinner, Shion and Haruhi were just watching television—some reality TV show about affairs or something—when something popped into Shion's head. Shion smirked at the thought and almost laughed.

"Hey Haruhi?"

"Hmm?" She made a noise to indicate that she was listening. She was quite into the show, currently there was a cat playing with a toy in the background of the arguing couple.

"I want to test something."

"Like what?"
"Would you be able to hear my scream from my apartment?" He got up from his sitting position and left Haruhi's apartment to go next door to his own. Haruhi could only replay the words in her head, weirded out by the sudden question. Her mind jumped to the worst thought she could have possibly thought of and she paled.

**Why? I doubt that's what he meant.** And it certainly wasn't. The influence came from the show when there was a quick shot of a woman trying to escape the house while wearing some risqué lingerie. I could have gone for something like murder. Why the totally opposite direction?

She sighed, but despite her internal dilemma she continued enjoying the drama that was unfolding on the screen.

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Shion closed the door behind him. He was now in his finished studio and the walls were lined with black and purple soundproofing foam. That was the reason why he asked that weird question to Haruhi—and yes, he purposely chose to word it that way just so he could weird her out because hey, it’s amusing.

He took a breath in and... saw a spider hanging from a strand of silk right in front of his face. He paled and screamed at the top of his lungs, voice cracking as he hit the spider with the object closest to his reach.

"Eeeeeeek!"

Shion heard a sound of fright and surprise from a pedestrian outside his window. It turns out that it wasn't fully shut, huh. He blushed and rubbed his head sheepishly to the person, yelling sorry to them. He sighed, picked up his cellphone and dialed a number, too lazy to walk all the way back.

"Yeah... Yeah I know the window was open so it didn't count." He could hear snickering on the other line. *Haruhi sure found that funny.*

"Yeah, yeah, it was hilarious." He said with sarcasm, "I'm going to try again. Bye." Shion sighed and this time he shut and locked the window. He screamed again.

Opening the door to Haruhi's apartment he entered. "So? Did you hear me the second time?"

"Not really, it was muffled. Hard to hear if you weren't listening for it."

"That's good." He blinked at Haruhi's stare. "I'm guessing you want to know what that was about, huh?" She nodded. Shion waved his hand and beckoned her to follow.

"See? This is my studio!"

She was surprised at the number of instruments he had. "If this is your studio, then where's your room?"

"Oh, in here," He walked across his apartment and opened a sliding door to a tiny room. It just barely fit his bed, dresser and wardrobe, along with a lot of shelves hanging on the walls. "I'm not going to spend all of my time in there anyways. Also since Kyoya wasn't going to let me use the music room without joining the club, I improvised. So I made my studio here." He paused. "That's why I needed to know if you could hear my scream. I wanted to know if I would disturb our neighbors."

Suddenly they heard a slam come from next door. "Haruhi! What's wrong?!? I heard a scream!"
"Aaaaand that must be your father," Shion wanted to laugh, but Ryoji probably honestly thought something was wrong. So they went back to her place.

"Oh, no! She's not here! She was kidnapped!" His mind immediately went to the worst thing possible just like his daughter's mind did earlier.

Shion poked his shoulder and Ryoji whirred around with a fist, ready to hit the criminal. It hit head on, slugging Shion right in the stomach. The assaulted one fell to the ground, wind knocked out of him and in pain. He coughed, "Ryo-Ryoji, you can sure pack a punch."

Ryoji noticed after the fact that it was Shion, but saw Haruhi out of the corner of his eye. So naturally he forgot about Shion's suffering and went to coddle his precious daughter.

"Oh Haruhi, I was so worried!" He hugged her, "That scream just sounded like a woman's and I thought it was you!"

At that, Shion blushed. "U-um... That was me actually..." He cleared his throat.

Haruhi started laughing. "He wanted to know if his voice would be heard through his soundproofing, but forgot that the window was open."

"If I wasn't scared beforehand thanks to a spider, it would have sounded so manly!" Shion exasperated. He didn't take into account that Ryoji probably heard the pedestrians scream rather than his own. He could have saved some of his pride.

Ryoji calmed down and joined in on the laughter. Shion smiled.

"Hey Shion?"

"Hmm?"

"Want to come with me to the shopping district on Sunday? The boys want to know what a commoner's life is like." Haruhi air quoted with a roll of her eyes. Shion absently wondered if the others have experienced her not-so-common sass yet.

"Around what time?"

"From eleven to whenever, Tamaki didn't specify."

"Hmm... Sorry, I have plans, though you'll find a surprise while you're there... Hopefully," he added as an afterthought.

"What do you mean, surprise?" Shion left without answering Haruhi's question. "Shion?"

Looking through his wardrobe, he found some clothes that he had never worn to school. He found a long sleeved deep red turtleneck and a long, gray patterned cardigan, along with black pants and shoes.

"I think this'll be good enough. Now for my hair..." He brought out his phone and looked up a hair salon. He dialed the number, "Hello? I'd like to book an appointment. It's just to straighten and cut. Yes, if I could have it booked around nine thirty this Sunday? No, before noon. Yes... Yes... Thank you, have a nice night."

"Now that, that's done..." Shion went to his studio room and looked for his guitars; he had two, an
acoustic and an electric. He picked his electric along with a small amp.

He also needed a MP3 of the drums and guitar; after all he couldn't play two instruments at once. Even if he didn't have a drum kit, he just used a computer program for the instruments he couldn't play. He would have to record the guitar parts he wouldn't be able to play and have it as an MP3 like the drums. For the next day he didn't leave his apartment, he just recorded and edited the timing on whatever parts he would need for the songs that he would play.

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Yawning, he looked at the clock on his phone. Nine thirty. He didn't even have anything to eat besides a muffin the whole day. He was too preoccupied with his current interest to earn money.

"I guess I'll have my last shake then..." He downed the bottle and licked some off of the corner of his mouth.

Now having everything ready for his debut the next day he was getting excited. So he had a shower and went to bed. He needed to get up at eight to get to his appointment on time.
Snip, snip, snip.

The hairdresser evened out the layers of moist black hair in front of him. "You know darling you should condition more often." The man started the conversation casually like he would with other customers, "It'll soften your hair and keep it healthy, not to mention that the curls won't tangle as easily."

"I'll need to buy some before I go home then," Shion agreed, his hair was rather damaged. Absently he mumbled to himself in his western tongue, "It can get quite naughty." He chuckled to himself. Surprisingly the hairdresser heard and understood it. Shion could tell from how he burst out laughing.

"Now that was a good one." The hairdresser blew some bangs out of his eye and grabbed a clip. He ran a fine-toothed comb through Shion’s damp hair and stopped. “Oh well look at that, there’s one now.” There was a throaty sound from him as he had a dirty joke come to mind. The phone rang and he shouted over his shoulder, “Kizuna! Phone! Stop sleeping on the job!”

From the front desk, Shion heard a clatter and a thump with a sound of fright that followed, “Ah–Y–Yes! Hello, this is the Kakoishi hair salon, how may I help you?”

Shion had to complement the man on his multitasking skills. “You’re fluent in English.” It wasn’t a question. "Yes, lived in Canada for half my life—tilt your head down please—I was adopted and well, here I am.” Shion could see his grin in the mirror and had to wonder how he could say something that personal so lightly.

Drying his hair was the fun part for the hairdresser, as it was highly amusing to see the curly hair start to gain volume and frizz up in front of him. After straightening the hair he started trimming it just a few centimeters to get rid of some bad split ends. Moving to his bangs he noticed something. "Your eyes are interesting," the man said to him.

Shion quickly closed his blue eye on reflex. He didn't like people to see them, it caused unnecessary attention. He usually covered his blue eye with his hair, but sometimes it wouldn't cut it. Occasionally the wind would blow his hair around, or if he rubbed his head it would move, so he closed his eye whenever he thought someone might be able to see it.

"You don't have to be shy darling, it looks nice, and it’s unique," the hairdresser smiled.

"It causes unwanted attention," Shion said a bit harsher than intended. The man didn't delve further into the topic, if it was personal he wouldn't pry.

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"Yes, thank you, it looks great," Shion thanked the hairdresser. He had done a wonderful job, his hair was straight and shiny, a complete change from his regular unrestrained curly fury. He couldn’t help but run a hand through his hair in fascination at the smooth feeling. With it completely straight as it was now he noticed that it was longer than he thought. It was resting at the base of his neck, just around the collarbone. "Excuse me. May I use your restroom?"

"Of course darling, go ahead!" His hairdresser was already working with another customer and
chatting away happily.

With the go-ahead, he grabbed his bag and changed in the washroom. He had the clothes he got ready the previous day in his bag. He looked himself over once and nodded, he wouldn’t recognize himself in a mirror if he didn’t know any better—though that was with his glasses off.

Putting the frames back on, he sighed. *I just knew I needed these...* He *really* didn’t want to wear them. They were uncomfortable.

Contacts.

The task was grudgingly painful and he ended up poking his eye when he flinched, but otherwise got them in. His green eye was stinging and looked red though.

Shion left the restroom and went to pay for the haircut, but wasn't recognized without his glasses, the change in clothes didn't help either. The man thanked him for not walking out without paying, for none of the staff, and the hairdresser himself realized that he was a finished customer. He gave him vanilla spice shampoo and conditioner for his honesty. Shion gave him a nice tip.

"Thank you, darling!" The hairdresser called, "Please come again soon."

Shion decided to make that salon his regular place.

After grabbing a bite at the Japanese equivalent of a Tim Hortons, he returned to his apartment to get his stuff and thought of something. It was around ten-thirty so Haruhi would probably still be at home.

He approached her door and got into a role he thought of. A twenty to thirty-year-old man, who had this air of sexuality, voice lowered so it came out somewhat velvety. He was glad that his lower register came in handy for acting too, for he had a good range of voice. The low, slightly husky voice, suit his character. He relaxed his posture and knocked on the door.

"Hello?" Haruhi opened the door. Shion observed her for a moment and he almost smirked in victory when a look of confusion came across her features. He masked the smirk by raising an eyebrow, making it look like he wasn’t expecting a girl to open the door.

"Hmmm... Well, you certainly aren't Shion..." He shifted his weight over to his other leg, "I wonder... Did he give me the wrong address?" He took out a blank ripped piece of paper from his pocket.

"If you're looking for Shion's place, he lives next door."

"Oh why thank you, Koneko-chan." He patted her head and winked with a smile.

Haruhi stood there for a moment and watched.

He looks like a relative of his...

Shion went and knocked on his own door, waited for a beat and sighed, "I guess he isn't up yet," then he took out his keys and entered, "Shion if you don't wake up I'll have to drag you out!"

Then the door shut behind him and he sighed in relief. If she didn't recognize him nobody else would... probably... Kyoya would be a hard one to deceive.

Shion lounged around for a while to kill time. He wanted the times to be set up so he would have a higher chance of the club running into him. He looked at the time, it was half-past eleven. Shion grabbed his electric guitar, small amp and an extendable mic stand along with the much-needed
microphone, and just in case be brought an extension cord. Everything fit in his guitar case besides the amp. He would have to carry that by hand. He was glad he hadn’t bought the cheaper larger model. This one was smaller and more suitable for traveling. It was relatively the size of his satchel though too big to fit in it.

He put the strap of his guitar case on his left shoulder overtop of his carrier bag’s strap. It was a different bag that he didn’t take to school so the others wouldn’t recognize it. He carried the amp in his left hand.

*My shoulder’s going to be sore later.* Shion noticed with the strain he felt. All the weight was on that shoulder, but then again it was the easiest way to carry it around.

The hustle of the park beside the mall was lively. There were no other street performers so he would get the attention he would need to form a crowd. It would be fun and highly amusing if the host club actually approached him.

He set his stuff down close to the pond. The manmade pond was surrounded by a low stone wall for those daring to walk on. Shion was tempted to stand on it and perform but decided against it because his guitar was precious to him, he did not want to risk slipping and falling into the water. Shion plugged in the amp to a nearby socket that was hidden on a nearby lamp post.

Taking his guitar out he sat down on the stone wall and went to tune it. "...?" He looked through his case, "Don't tell me I forgot my tuner…" Shion sighed. He would just have to tune it by ear.

It took longer than he wanted, but he got all the strings to the correct pitches. He plugged his MP3 into the amp and set up the microphone. He started performing after testing that the electronics were working as they should be. But before anything, he had to put his open case in front of him. Otherwise, there would be no point in doing this besides being a devious bastard by disguising himself to toy around with the host club. He liked seeing people’s reactions. This all started because he just didn’t want to get in trouble with the school, but that was temporarily forgotten and the prank took more precedence.

He stood by the mic for a moment, fixing his hair a bit and to get some eyes to stray his way. Shion started with a song he named, Sugar Song and Bitter Step. He and a friend made the song back in America, but his friend couldn’t sing for his life, so Shion just ended up having the song.

It began with a rhythm that was drummed on the body of the guitar, then the guitar came in, it had a happy feeling to it. His fingers moved on the frets of the neck expertly as he strummed or picked the strings as need be. The people who were walking by slowed to a stop to listen, he smiled into the mic. It was time to sing. He took a quick deep breath in.

His voice was slightly higher than his regular voice, the words coming out mellow and cheery in tone. The lyrics reflected on how life was a roller coaster, there were its ups and downs. You would question yourself and reflect on what you do, but you had to make the best of it. Roller coasters were supposed to be fun and thrilling. But people are all different. They each have their own unique qualities, their own rhythm. There were hard times, but once you got through it came the fun once again.

The song ended on a happy note and people clapped for him. He bowed and thanked people as they threw extra change into his case. People left and some people stayed. There was a child who looked up to him with a great smile. He smiled to the mother, and then to the kid. He knelt down to the kid’s level.

"Hey kiddo, what type of song would you like?"
"Rock!" the child's loud voice reached the mic he was holding and it was amplified through the park.

Shion chuckled at how enthusiastic the child was, "Happy, sad?"

The kid brightened, "Crazy!"

"Hmm..." he thought for a moment, "Then I think I have the perfect song for you." He ruffled the kid’s hair.

He changed the guitar back to its normal setting and strummed a chord to make sure it sounded right. He started with high pitched pings from his guitar before counting, 'one, two, three, four,' In English. Then came in the guitar's melody and the MP3 took care of the other parts he couldn't play, like drums and the second guitar part along with the keyboard. He his leg bounced as he kept count.

The song was called Matryoshka. The lyrics had no meaning at all and would be interpreted as insanity. That's exactly why he chose to play it, the kid asked for crazy, so he got crazy.

Matryoshka caught a lot of attention and a crowd formed.

This commoner’s burger is quite good," Tamaki said while eating. The whole host club was sitting at a table in the park after they had their fun in the mall.

"Hmm, I like the fries better." The twins chorused.

They had just visited WcDonnalds for the first time and the group was all hyped. They caused a scene and Haruhi brought up the idea of eating outside in the park. That way she wouldn't have to be in such a crowded place where they could embarrass her further.

"If only they had cake!" Yes, the restaurant had desserts, but cake wasn't one of them. Even if they had cake it wouldn’t be very good. Fast-food cake sounded like it would be horrible.

There was an odd silence as they each started hearing the distant sound of music.

"Hey guys, do you hear that?"

"Yeah, sounds like music."

"Come on! Let's check it out!" Tamaki pointed in the direction it was coming from with the last fry from his container.

As they circled around the pond, they passed some trees and a crowd came into view. The song was getting louder as they approached the crowd, and by the time they reached the area, the song had already finished. The deep voice of the performer could be heard through the mic as he talked to a child.

"Happy, sad?"

"Crazy!"

The man mused for a moment, "Then I think I have the perfect song for you."

It was a new type of music to the club members, only Haruhi knew the genre of music by name—
alternative rock.

Halfway throughout the song during an instrumental part, Shion noticed the host club off into the distance of the crowd. Honey was a dead giveaway since he was on Mori's shoulders. He paid it no mind until he finished the song. People clapped, even a few whistled they approached him to give him change once again.

"Thank you, I appreciate it."

"Is this what you would call a street performer?"

"Yes, Tamaki. I believe so." Kyoya fixed his glasses. Though he couldn't help but think that the man seemed familiar. The others looked like they thought the same.

"Where have we seen him before?"

"I think he is a relative of Shion's," Haruhi spoke up, "He came by my place looking for him earlier today."

"That explains the resemblance between the two."

They stayed for the next few songs. Then he announced that he was going to take a break and resume performing soon. The crowd dispersed, though the host club remained. Shion got his case and gathered the money into his bag. While he was doing that he pretended not to see the host club out of the corner of his eye. He thought of an idea, it would help keep them from connecting that he was Shion. He reached into his bag and took out a lighter and a metal case for cigarettes. Taking one out, he put it to his mouth and moved to light it, but stopped midway to look to the group.

"Is there anything you need?" He blinked and put his cigarette back in its case. Not wanting to influence any children to smoke. After all, he was currently around thirty years old in this role he created.

"We were just observing your performance, and I have to say that you're quite talented," Kyoya commented.

"Thank you, I appreciate it." He smiled and blinked as he saw Haruhi, "Ara, why if it isn't Koneko-chan. I thank you for the direction earlier." He looked each of the club members in the eye before smirking, "So... which one of these fine young men is your lover?"

Tamaki's face immediately turned to a bright shade of red and Haruhi looked taken aback at the comment. One of the twins seemed to stiffen at the question—he still couldn't really tell the two apart. Shion could immediately tell that Tamaki liked Haruhi and he wanted to tease him so badly.

"Oh, relax. I'm only teasing, Koneko-chan." He put his hand to her head and pet her. He looked to the boys briefly with a smirk, "Though if you aren't taken..." He cupped her chin and looked her in the eye, "I'd gladly take you out sometime." He watched Haruhi's cheeks tinge to a pinkish colour. She can be quite cute sometimes. He laughed heartily at the reaction.

Tamaki broke out on his astonishment and raced to Haruhi and pull her away from Shion. "Only her daddy can do that to her!"

"Daddy?" Shion raised his eyebrow, "You're making it sound like some kind of taboo relationship."

Tamaki blushed at the implications. He shouldn’t be saying that without thinking.
"Are you a relative of Hakuba Shion?" Kyoya asked, changing the topic.

"A distant cousin, yes."

"May I ask for your name?"

_Crap._ He hadn't thought of a name to go by. Shion bought some time to think by saying, "Well... It's quite rude to not introduce yourself first, is it not?"

"My apologies, my name is Ootori Kyoya," The others followed suit and introduced themselves.

Once they finished, he said the first name that came to mind, it wasn't influenced by the season, _not at all._ "My name is Akito."
Chapter 7

Hello all, now I know my authors note is usually at the bottom, but I just wanted to say, prepare to laugh! (At least I think what I've written is funny, it differs from person to person.)

・・・・・・・

"My name’s Akito. Nice to meet you Ootori-kun," he smiled politely.

Damn now if Kyoya looks into that name I’m doomed... Oh well, I’ll just be a mystery.

Shion noticed Kyoya frown slightly. Maybe he should have called him Kyoya-kun. He’s bound to make a connection, but the use of the suffix kun probably threw him off. Shion reached into his bag and grabbed his water bottle. His throat was getting sore. He’d been recording some songs the other day too and it didn’t recover as well as he thought.

“Akito-san!” His attention went to Tamaki. He bounced back pretty quickly from Shion’s teasing and he was already back to normal. “I was wondering what Shion’s like. To be honest we don’t know that much about him.”

Shion blinked, this will be odd to answer. How do I even answer this? Well for one it would be asking to be found out if he told any lies at this point—lest they find out and ask him about this whole thing. “Shion, hmm. Well for starters he’s stubborn.”

“I think we got that.” One of the twins huffed. The rest of them nodded, agreeing wholeheartedly.

“He doesn’t appreciate being forced to do things,” Once again another thing they’ve experienced about him, “doesn’t open up very easily, likes fooling people, good at lying, he’s rather sarcastic and to top it all off he’s cunning.” Shion smiled—trying to get the feeling of a loving family member across. “But despite all of that, Shion’s a kind person at heart.” He felt embarrassed to say that about himself, but it was all for the act.

“You forgot unforgiving,” Haruhi said with humor, a laugh coming out as she glanced to Kyoya.

“True, true.” Shion barked a laugh, Haruhi knew him well. “When he was just a wee-little one, like this small,” He gestured to just around his knee height, “I ate the last pudding from the fridge. I’ve never met such a passive-aggressive kid.” He actually remembered an incident like that with his uncle.

As they were talking the clouds started to roll in, before they were just scattered, but now they were darkening the sky. On one end it was nice and sunny, though far off in the distance the clouds brought nothing but grey darkness, they were right in the middle of the two. Shion looked up to the sky and smelled the air. "It's going to rain." He could also see the blurring by the grey clouds, so it was technically raining already.

"Really?"

"Just look at the clouds. It's going to pour too." Shion started to pack up, "You youngsters should get home, there's going to be a storm."

"Do you need help carrying that?" Honey asked.
Smiling down towards the blond and ruffled his hair. "I'm good, thanks for the offer though little one."

"Okay, bye Akito!" Honey waved cheerily as he ran towards the others retreating figures. Shion waved back. But someone stayed behind for a moment. Mori looked at Shion, as if he knew who he was.

Shion noticed the knowing look in his eyes. "Mori..." he narrowed his eye in a warning, "Don't tell them. They don't need to know."

"Takashi, come on!" Honey called from the back of the group. Mori nodded to Shion and left to join back up with them.

Shion sighed and ran a hand through his hair, "Man, out of all the people Mori noticed. He's sharper than I thought. Though Kyoya will most likely find out soon..." He heard a rumble from the sky, the thunder was getting closer by the minute. He ought to get back to his apartment before he got rained on. Shion hastily gathered all his things and left the park.

When he returned to his apartment he put his stuff back in his studio. Shion grabbed a towel from the bathroom to wipe his case since it started raining on the way back. He took extra care drying the amp, that thing was damn expensive and he sure as hell didn't want it to short out on him. It was more important than drying himself. He was soaked. The hair he had gotten straightened was sopping wet along with the clothes he hasn’t changed out of yet. He was about to start drying off when he heard a large bang from next door. He went to investigate.

He knocked on Haruhi's door and noticed that he brought the towel with him. Shion put it around his shoulders.

"Stop knocking things over. Just sit down and stay still!" He heard Haruhi and she sounded annoyed. *Maybe she picked up a stray?* There were more noises and the door finally opened.

"I heard a bang, is everything alright?" He asked.

"Oh, well—"

"Akito-san, why are you here?" A voice came from behind Haruhi. It was Kyoya.

Shion cleared his throat nervously. He completely forgot that he was still looking like his Akito persona, "I was returning the items I borrowed from Shion." He thought up on the spot, it still felt weird to talk about himself in third person.

"Shion lives nearby? *Ooo*, let's go see him!" Tamaki yelled from inside the apartment.

*Fuck. Tamaki why?*

"He's actually sick and sleeping right now."

"All the more reason to visit him. We must make him feel better!"

*Well, that had taken a turn for the worse...*

Shion started to look uncomfortable, and Kyoya noticed this. Shion played it off by shivering and faking a sneeze, though he didn’t actually sneeze, he was imitating those annoying ones where they just disappear after all that laboured breathing. That's when Takashi spoke up. "If he's sick, we might catch his cold." Shion smiled briefly at Mori, thanking him.
"Colds are more contagious when they first start." Haruhi reasoned, but she had to wonder that if Shion was sick, he would have told her.

The others reluctantly agreed to their arguments.

Shion said bye and went back to his apartment. "Wow, I just made a web of lies..." Did he feel guilty? Not really. Though he would have to play along with his lies and make them true. Therefore he now had to act sick.

He got into some baggy sweatpants, a long-sleeved shirt, and a robe. He took his contacts out too, now it would be believable. If anyone would approach him anytime soon he could just pinch his nose to give it that sick red look.

In the meantime, Shion made a cup of his favourite pure vanilla tea and sat down to play a game, though soon after he heard a knock at his door. He got up to answer and brought his tea with him but the door opened before he could open it himself.

"Haruhi?"

"I heard you were... Sick..." Haruhi slowly narrowed her eyes at him in suspicion. His hair wasn’t as straight as it was before because of the water, but with the dampness, she was still able to make the connection between the two. She sighed and let herself in, "I brought you some soup, Akito."

"...How?"

She pointed at his head, he was confused. He put a hand on his head... his hair, of course. Shion lowered his voice to the suave voice he used as Akito and smirked. "How are you Koneko-chan," he teased her by grabbing her chin just like earlier in the park.

"Stop that." She blushed lightly and removed his hand. Yes, she knew he was teasing her, but it still made her heart race a bit.

"Didn't I tell you that I broke the system?" She looked at him questioningly. "I said, if it's not a job, but you get money, is it really a job?"

"So?"

He thought that she would have caught on by now, seeing how she was a smartie who got into Ouran on an academic scholarship. "Street performing? The tips? Just today I got around fifty dollars or about six thousand yen." He watched as realization dawned upon her.

"So that's what you meant."

"Mnhmm," he nodded, still using the voice. He laughed when Haruhi gave him an unamused look. He moved the pot onto the counter, put some into a bowl and microwaved it, "Want some?"

"I don't think it'll be good."

"Why?"

"Hikaru, Kaoru and Tamaki made it."

"Oh..." Shion looked at the pot with a fearful expression. He swallowed thickly when the microwave went off, signaling that his food should be warm. "Well... it won't hurt to try it, right?"
He took a spoon and tried it after blowing it to a less steamy temperature.

His face turned a bright red and he could feel the soup burning him even though it was only a bit warm, his eyes started watering and he went to drink from the faucet. The soup was a yellowish colour, so he assumed that it was chicken noodle. Oh, how wrong he was. The soup had an overwhelming amount of spices and the flavour was so concentrated that it stuck on his tongue even when he chugged water. He could see the pitiful expression on Haruhi's face out of the corner of his eye. He could imagine the Hitachin's giggling madly with devious smirks with devil horns and tails. Tamaki probably just meant good will... But he went overboard a lot.

Therefore he would mainly blame the twins for his suffering.

He brought his mouth away from the tap and turned the water off, wiping his chin. He glared with all his hatred at the pot. It took a while to somewhat recover from the overwhelming soup of hell.

Shion looked Haruhi dead in the eye and said, "Never, by any chance eat their cooking. It's worse than Ryoji when he first started to cook." He sighed, trying to rein in his simmering frustration. "I need a shower. Stay here—I'll need an excuse to go back with you so I could give them a piece of my mind."

"I should get back though." She didn’t want them trashing her apartment.

"They can wait."

With that he went to his bathroom.

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"Haruhi's taking a while isn't she?" Tamaki said, worried.

"They might just be talking."

"True..."

"I wonder if he likes the soup," Hikaru snickered, Kaoru soon joined in.

They flinched when the door suddenly slammed open and they looked to an angry Shion, the water from his curly hair was dripping onto his clothes, indicating that he either got caught in the rain or just had a shower, the latter was more obvious. He had a dark look in his eye.

"Try the soup she said, it'll be good she said," he growled, wanting them to get the point that he was beyond pissed off. He could still feel the heat of it in his mouth.

"W-was it good?" Tamaki stuttered nervously at the waves of anger coming off of Shion who looked at him as if he was about to murder someone, and it seemed like he would be the first victim.

"Do you call over spiced laced with Satan—good?" He crossed his arms and sharply looked over to the twins. They stiffened and looked away under his glare. He smirked, "Why don't you try your devilish creation, Suoh, Hitachin." Shion could feel the sadist in himself emerging.

Haruhi came back into the room with the warm pot of Satan.

"It should be okay though..." Tamaki tried some and fell to the floor immediately after putting it in his mouth. He was gasping and fanning his mouth, his face beet red from the heat. "I-Impossible!
This is not what I made!" When Tamaki made it—with Haruhi's help—it was just normal soup, but when he went to the restroom it turned out that the twins had tinkered with during that time span.

"Ha, so I was right," all eyes went to the twins.

"Um... Sorry?" They said, nervously laughing and avoiding eye contact.

Shion smiled with an evil glint in his eye. He got two bowls from Haruhi's cupboard and filled it with the concoction before handing it to the twins.

"Enjoy your soup of pain."

The twins grimaced and swallowed thickly. They could feel Shion's eyes burning into their backs. They started eating and they now knew the agony that he had felt. Hell, he could still feel the burning sensation on his tongue.

"This soup is the perfect representation of what it would be like if you were Satan's lover." That wasn't a good image to imagine judging by the facial expressions that went across the clubs faces. Even Kyoya and Mori grimaced.

After they had about half of the bowl Haruhi spoke up. Worried and concerned from the looks on their faces, "Isn't that enough?"

"They made it in hopes of you to get well."

"I had a dizzy spell and a migraine. I wasn't sick. Whoever told you that over exaggerated," oddly enough he told them that as Akito.

"Oh look, their souls are escaping." Honey looked at the twins fluctuating souls with fascination and curiosity.

Shion blinked at the looks he was getting. "What... I never said that they had to eat it. Never mind as much as they did."

The group sweatdropped.

*Never get him past his breaking point... Or he will break you.*

So? Was it funny? I hope so! This is towards my ideal type of writing, light-hearted and fun. Comedy in general I guess.

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 8

It was halfway through into the fifth week of school. Shion had started talking more and more with his classmates, and even though he wasn’t that social of a butterfly, he met a few people that stuck with him. He had made a few new friends, two in fact and they were quite the duo. They reminded him of a few friends from his stay in America. They were similar in their comedic crudeness—and their dirty minds…

There was Satsuki Hijikata, a girl of average height with short and messy dyed blond hair with green eyes. She didn't wear the female uniform, wearing the male one like Haruhi. It suited her better than what those yellow dresses would have. She must have some connections to wear the male uniform—unbeknownst to him, she had quite the hell of a connection. She was loud and cheery, though under that large sloppy grin was something you didn't want to mess with unless you wanted to get beat down to a pulp. She could be hella violent.

"Hahaha, that was hilarious! Huh? Those are great! Take one now, he's not paying attention."

She was a bit of a delinquent, but that didn't bother Shion he had a bunch of delinquent friends from America. He absently thought that he would have to get in contact with them sometime. Skype most likely.

Then there was Aaron Kagami. He was a rather short individual—in both height and temper. He had hazel eyes with a mole by his left eye, his straight and red hair was parted in the middle of his forehead. It gave him a somewhat nerdy look. It’s highly advised that one avoided bringing that up with him, otherwise he would spite the victim so hard. He wouldn't take the violence route like Satsuki would; he would rather play mental games. Other than his revenge issues he was quite humorous…

"Hey Shion, cheese!"

And also quite eccentric.

"Hmm?" Shion turned his head—unaware of what they’ve been doing for a while, and thinking back on it, it wasn’t a good idea to keep those two unattended—to be face to face with his red-haired friend, Aaron. He had a camera and set it off with a flash. Shion cringed at the bright flash and rubbed his eyes under his glasses. "Aaron... What was that for?" He blinked, now he had those damn floaters and couldn't see his friends face due to the flash.

"Oh yeah, you don't know..." Satsuki mused and Shion waited for her to continue.

"...Don't know what?" Shion pressed, they weren’t being very cooperative.

"I'm in the photography club!"

"So you took my picture because...?" Shion waited for a sufficient answer, crossing his arms with an eyebrow rising up in question.

"I just felt like it." Satsuki snorted at Aaron's blunt answer.

Shion sighed, "I'm not very photogenic you know."

"Pfft, like hell you aren't! You just don't like your picture taken." Aaron went through a few pictures in his camera, "In every picture I took of you, you look incredibly nice." He wiggled his
"When did you even take those?!" Shion hastily grabbed the camera out of Aaron's hands and scrolled through them. One he was concentrating on playing trumpet in the music room and another he was kneeling down to pick up books he had dropped. There was even one from when he was changing for gym class. Shion glowered at the camera. Though he was glad it didn't catch his other eye or scars.

"I just didn't have the flash on, but you aren't very aware of your surroundings are you?"

"I am actually. You're just as stealthy as a ninja." Shion raised an eyebrow before muttering under his breath, "Damn ninja... Now how do I delete these?..."

"Ahaha," Aaron grabbed the camera from Shion's grasp and twirled into a bow, "I thank you for the compliment, my liege." He waved the camera in front of Shion's face, taunting him, "But you'll never catch me." Then he smirked and pranced around the classroom.

"Aarrrrooonnnnnn!!"

Through the whole exchange, Satsuki had been laughing so hard that it wasn't audible anymore. She could feel her abs growing exponentially.

Two people had also been watching the exchange from across the room with smiles on their faces.

"I'm glad he made more friends."

"I thought he was going to avoid having relationships given on what happened between the two of us."

"Yes but that entirely was your fault Kyoya."

Kyoya sighed and adjusted his glasses, watching Shion’s interactions with his friends. "I know Tamaki." Then he smirked, it was almost time.

"Come on, delete the pictures." Shion asked, "Please?"

"No way." Shion's face went blank, void of emotion.

He was so done.

"This is a breach of privacy!" Shion cried in outrage. "I'm friends with traitors!" He threw his hands up in the air before crossing his arms with an annoyed huff. He pointedly looked away from them with an intense glare.

"Pass pass!" Satsuki called from the doorway.

"It's all yours." Aaron and Satsuki both nodded and Satsuki bolted down the hallway. "I trust you, you're my last hope!" He yelled and dramatically collapsed onto the floor.

Shion sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose to prevent an oncoming headache. "Why are you so hell-bent on keeping those pictures?" He watched as Aaron got up from the floor and waved his hand, motioning him to come closer.

He whispered in Shion's ear, "Do you know how much those could sell for to your fangirls? Like three-hundred or four-hundred yen a pop!"
"You're going to sell them?!" Shion raised his voice, people looked over wondering what was going on, Shion quickly shut his mouth, choosing to ignore the laughter from his classmates. He paused and thought for a moment. "Wait a second... I have fangirls?"

Aaron facepalmed. "Aaaaahhh.... You are sooo clueless...."

Shion was about to retort 'Am not!' before a teacher opened the door and said, "Is Hakuba Shion here?"

Shion glowered at the smug look Aaron was giving him before turning his head to the teacher with a small smile. "Yes?"

"You have been called down to the office."

"Oh, thank you."

"Ooooohhhhh, someone's in trouble," Aaron singsonged along with Satsuki who just ran back into the room, screeching to a halt on her heels—they actually ended up harmonizing with each other.

"If you are going to sell them—and I know you will regardless if I say so or not—then let me approve of them. I’ll only approve this if I get half of the profit. If not I’ll send a note to the school board that you’ve been selling things illegally on campus." Shion negotiated—even though Aaron didn’t really have a choice. Shion could just feel Kyoya’s smirk growing along with an adjustment of his glasses, a white sheen appearing in the process. It was just a hunch that he felt, though he was sure it happened.

"Ehhh..." Aaron pouted, but then again he was the one in the photos. "Fine..." He laid his upper body on his desk and sulked.

"Stop pouting." He chuckled and pat Aaron’s head. Shion turned to leave to the main office, wondering what it was about, but he would only find out if he went.

"Haha, success!" Aaron and Satsuki clapped hands, both doing their own little victory dance, "He laughed!"

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"Eh–hem, now Hakuba-kun. I noticed that you hadn't joined a club yet." The principal, or as he remembered, Tamaki’s father, intertwined his fingers seriously on his desk. The seriousness didn’t suit the man, because now when Shion looked at the man he saw Tamaki, and Tamaki didn’t suit serious.

"Um... No?" His voice raised in pitch, along with a confused tilt of the head.

"You haven't been told that's it's mandatory to join a club, have you?" Yuzuru understood Shion’s situation of not being familiar with the customs of the school.

"What? It is?" He took a bit of a double take, the clubs weren't mandatory in America.

"Yes. If possible I would like you to make your decision by the end of the week."

"Yes sir." Shion frowned in thought.

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"Hmm..." The only things I'm interested in with clubs would be music or drama... Shion thought as he walked down the hallways. Drama would require a lot of after-school time and work, and music he would have to practice each day after school too... Even though he did those things in his daily life, it would interfere with his work. The possibility of the host club popped into mind—though he quickly shook the thought away with a shake of his head.

"What are you thinking about Hakuba?" A person tapped his shoulder.

Shion jumped with a start and whirled around to come face to face with Kyoya and Tamaki who had been following behind since he went down a flight of stairs. "Jesus! Enough with the jump scares Ootori!" Shion fixed his bag that spun around his body at the movement.

"What were you thinking about?" Tamaki came in. He was oddly calm at the moment. Shion wasn't used to a calm Tamaki, though it was refreshing. "We were trying to talk to you but you were lost in thought."

"Just about which club I—" he stopped midsentence, he shouldn't have mentioned it to them. Shion could see the calculating glint in Kyoya's framed cobalt eyes. He probably had known this would have happened, hell he probably planned it. That sneaky rat... Shion had the feeling that it was planned with that knowing smirk Kyoya had. Manipulative Bastard. Then realization slowly dawned upon Tamaki.

"Why not observe our club for a few days, you may enjoy it." Kyoya offered.

"Yeah Hakuba! It'll be fun!"

Shion sighed, "Sure, but don't peer pressure me into joining. If you do... Hmm. I’ll think of it later." Shion warned, but he would give them a chance, he was dead set against joining in the first place, but he had to find a club that wouldn't take too much of his time. That eliminated the sport clubs. Bye-bye track and field. That kind of club required too much effort.

While they were on their way to the club room Shion thought of the rest of the warning. I'll never be friendly with them again.

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"So, how do you like the club so far?" Haruhi sat beside Shion. She had just finished with her customers and was taking a break before doing the chores she had to do. She had been surprised when Shion showed up to the club room willingly, though from his expression she could tell that he wasn’t too pleased about it.

"It's... Fine I guess..." He looked up from his red book and glanced around. The customers were smiling and fawning over their preferred hosts. He looked over to Tamaki who was doing a bit when he put a rose in his mouth and twirled the girls around in some dance. Shion’s lips lifted into a smile when he got some inspiration for a song he was writing. He went back to writing into his little red music book.

Honey approached Shion and went unnoticed since he was small and outside of his range of vision. He had been getting quite a lot of attention from the various girls and had been ignoring it expertly. He looked bored, so Honey was going to get him up and about. He’s getting a lot of attention! Kyoya must be happy.

Though on the contrary, he looked a little irritated.

"Hakuba?"
Shion’s eyes moved over his book to the small blond standing in front of where he sat. "Yes Honey?" He took the pencil he was writing with away from the corner of his mouth, it was a habit he had when he concentrated.

"Do you want to try to host?"

Tamaki’s ear perked up and his head whipped into their direction. Almost instantaneously he came running, "Why isn't that a great idea! Hakuba, you must try to see if it peaks your interest, I insist!"

"And by insist you mean annoy me into submission?" Tamaki didn't make eye contact and whistled. Shion sighed, "If I don't do this he would either go into his emo corner or nag me tomorrow in class... Alright. How do I do the host?"

"Why don't you find out?" The twins singsonged from behind him. A chill went down Shion's spine. They grabbed and picked him up, bringing him to one of the hosting areas.

"Would anyone like to give our temporary trainee a whirl?"

"Wait, I don't even know what to do!"

"I see a few volunteers, now come on down!"

"Yes, why not ignore the person in need?" Shion's voice was dripping with cynicism.

Kaoru whispered into his ear, "You have been watching us this whole time."

Actually I haven’t… He thought with annoyance but didn’t try to fight it. Fighting it would only make it worse, especially in a public setting.

"Why not put that observation to good use?" Hikaru whispered.

They pat his shoulders and put him in the lion’s or rather the lioness's cage. They backed away to watch from a distance. He glared at them, at the club in general. He wasn’t in the mood for this.

"H–hello." A girl spoke up.

Shion blinked, the voice bringing him out of his mental cussing, it made him realize that he had to host or woo these women somehow. He remembered how all the hosts had been graceful in their actions, each host had their own type, but he didn't know his own.

"Hi, sorry, I haven't been instructed in how to host yet, I haven't even officially joined the club, but if you kind ladies could help this poor commoner learn how to host I would be grateful." He hoped that being humble and playing on his commoner status would pull them in.

"O–of course!" The three girls smiled.

"Nice choice of words..." Kyoya raised an eyebrow at his sudden change of character.

"Yeah, his posture straightened too," Tamaki stroked his chin in thought.

"I understand that each host has their own type, correct?" The girls nodded. "I don't happen to know my own, so what do you girls prefer? I'll try my best to fit the role given."

"Oh?" Kyoya raised an eyebrow at Shion, interested in what he was trying to do—it was something new.
"Then... how about a shy type?"

"As you wish." Shion was right, he could work on acting in the host club—method acting. "Just a moment, I have to get into the role."

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath in. Stereotypically as a character shy people were quiet and reserved, usually cute or socially awkward, and get embarrassed or scared easily. Not outspoken, stutters during speech—voice may crack if nervous. Body language tight and fidgety—defensive positioning, can't keep eye contact for long periods of time, looks at the ground a lot.

To further get into character he messed his hair up a bit, covering his face a bit more with his hair. He also unfolded his sleeves to cover his hands to his knuckles.

He breathed out and his body language visibly changed.

"Umm... S—so what are w—we supposed to t-talk about?" He batted his eyes and looked away shyly. The girls were shocked, the sudden change in attitude, they couldn't help but blush. On the other end of the room, the others were also surprised. Shion smirked inwardly, he totally had this.

Wait, then aren't I making this worse for myself?

"How about your hobbies?"

"Umm... W—well I like music. I, uh, play a few instruments." He tugged at the bottom of his shirt nervously and shifted in his seat. He made a light blush dust his cheeks. It was a bit weird on how he did, but it was a technique his old improve teacher taught him.

"What kind of instruments?"

Shion brightened and started to smile, "I—I can play the saxophone, flute, violin, trumpet, guitar, and piano. B—but the last four I have the most experience in... I’m trying to learn others... The French Horn is hard to play.” His eyes widened, “Oh, I’m r—rambling. A—aren’t I?” He scratched his cheek nervously.

"Wow..." Shion blushed at their reactions and scratched his cheek with a small smile.

They talked for the next few minutes before Kyoya intervened,"I apologize ladies, but we are closing up shop."

“Oh it’s closing time?” Shion questioned, still in character. To be honest he based it on Honey a little bit. “It was nice to meet you two!” Shion smiled brightly, the shyness started to ebb as he got more comfortable with them.

"It has been a pleasure." They got up to leave, "Oh, and If you do become a host you should be the creative type."

One stayed behind for a moment, "I hope to see you again." She bowed and left.

Shion smiled politely and when the door closed he sighed and curled in on himself in a ball of despair. He just dug a hole for himself and now Kyoya would definitely get him to join. He sighed again, putting his head in his hands and grabbing his hair, tugging on it lightly just to keep up with reality.

I just turned into a shy schoolgirl by the end of that. My gods.
"Oh–ho, now don't we have an attention seeker here!" Hikaru gave Shion a noogie.

Shion got up from his position on the couch and batted the Twins away. "I had no instructions. At all—**thanks** for that by the way. So I just did what I do best." Shion gave the two dirty looks before he fixed his clothes. He rolled his sleeves back up and fixed his hair also.

"Act?"

"Noo," came Shion’s cynical drawl.

"But the creative type is too vague... What would his type be?" Kyoya pondered.

"Hey, I haven't joined yet!" Shion protested and went ignored.

"Oh I know!" Tamaki and the twins had a eureka moment.

"He's the–"

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DUN DUN DUUUUN Haha a cliffhanger! But it's all in good reason, I don't know what type Shion would be! I'm bad at describing personality so I can't really describe Shion in one sole descriptive word. I'm totally stumped! Though I like the idea of the *Creative* type like one of the randoms suggested.

Nevermind scratch that, I got it figured out. Heh. I got it just as I was writing this AN.

Also, I think I'm turning Tamaki into Gai from Naruto, here’s an example; *Tamaki came running “Why isn't that a great idea! Hakuba, you must try to see if it peaks your interest, I insist!”* That's totally Gai like... Now he just needs a bowl cut and some blond caterpillars for eyebrows. >:D

Well, I'll see you in the next chapter! Bu-bye!

In one of the next chapters, I'm going to see if I can insert a picture of Shion that I drew for a chapter.
"I know! He's the mysterious type!"

"Huh?"

"You know, we never know what he's going to do next and we don't really know a lot about him!"

"Um—I haven't even joined yet."

"Yet," Kyoya smirked at the word, so he was thinking about joining—not that Shion had much of a choice to begin with.

Shion sighed, "Sure why not. Though that's only if I don't find another club by the end of the week..." Damn, I shouldn't have said that, I know Kyoya will pull some strings to get me to join... Ugh...

"How did you learn how to act Shion?" Honey asked from atop of Mori's shoulders.

"Where did this come from?"

"Well... You just practically transformed into another person."

"And that's not something a third-rate actor can do."

"So you two thought I was some third-rate actor?" The twins shook their heads furiously. Shion plopped down onto the couch behind him with a sigh, "I started with some school plays as a kid, it interested me so while I moved a lot I joined troupes in various countries. I auditioned for movies and commercials, and after that, I eventually became the leader of an improv-slash-acting troupe."

"Improv?"

"Improvisation, when you act out a random scene in the moment, it's usually melodramatic and funny. You need to have a knack for thinking of things on the spot."

"I want to try this improv!" Tamaki had never acted before. Even during school festivals his classes never did any plays.

"Maybe you could do it as a club activity?" Shion offered as an idea.

"You would have to host it though." Kyoya came in with an unintentional pun. Shion almost snorted.

"Like I just said Ootori, I haven't joined yet." There were still a few days until the deadline.

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"Ugh..." Shion grumbled into the pile of leaves he was lying down face first in. It was chilly outside and he was taking refuge in a pile of leaves.

"What's up Shion?" Satsuki poked his head with a plastic sucker stick, curious to what he was dreading over.

"If I can't find a club to join I'll be joining the host club by default."
"Well it can't be too bad, can it?" Aaron overlooked Shion's little meltdown from the branch of a tree he was hanging upside down on. "They only accept the handsome ones. If they want you, you have to be pretty handsome."

"But hosting... Hosting! It's encouraging prostitution for men!" Shion threw some leaves up into the air in frustration.

Satsuki snorted, "As if that adorable little third-year Hanizuka is a prostitute."

A very bad image came to their minds. They snapped out of the trance and waved the imaginary thought cloud away.

"Oh God, the horror!" Aaron exasperated, then he stroked his chin thoughtfully, "But seriously... He would totally be the Uke."

"Then who would be the seme?" Satsuki added onto the ridiculous conversation. "Ah, that Takashi guy! They're always together!"

"Oh, what about those twins in the first year? The... Chin twins? Hata–no Hitachin? Yeah, the Hitachin twins." Aaron added more fuel to the raging fire.

"I know that they do this whole incest thing for their hosting thing. Though I don't know who would be the topper—Oh! There's also Suoh Tamaki and Ootori Kyoya in our class! They have this whole Papa Mama thing going on."

"Then who would be the topper there?"

"Definitely Kyoya."

"What is even with this whole conversation?! And Satsuki how do you even know all this?" Shion sighed and flopped back into his pile of leaves and put headphones in, "I'm not even going to listen anymore," he turned the volume up to tune them out.

"Wait, if Shion joins the club the pairings will be even!" Satsuki realized, "Because that new guy Fujioka Haruhi joined—that changes everything!"

"Then wouldn't Tamaki go to Haruhi since he dotes on him all the time?"

"Yes, then Shion and Kyoya would be together... That's the perfect fit!" Satsuki grinned, "Shion hates the guys' guts, but would soon warm up to him. Then since Shion's rather attractive Kyoya would take an interest in him. Then what about the seme-uke situation? Hmm... I think Kyoya... But then again we don't know Shion well enough to know what he would be like in that type of situation..."

"Oh–ho... That's if he isn't already interested in him. I've seen Kyoya looking over at us during the breaks between periods—or rather him," He pointed to the lump in the leaves. Aaron was rather observant—you needed to be if you want to take the best photo. He raised an eyebrow, "You have this all planned out now, don't you Satsuki?"

"Oh yes, I'm so going to make this happen!" She started laughing like a maniac.

"What's with all the cackling? I can hear you through my music!" Shion rolled out from the blanket of leaves and took off his headphones.

Aaron knew of Satsuki's plans since they basically thought of the whole thing on the spot, but he
really had to ask, "Hey, you can join my club if you want."

"Hmmm... Photography's not really my thing, plus it will just give you more room to secretly-not-so-secretly stalk me." He blinked, speaking of photography... "Oh yeah, where's the money you extorted from those innocent people."

Aron clicked his tongue, "I was hoping that you forgot about that—hey! I didn't extort anyone!"

"Yeah, yeah, suurre ya didn't." Satsuki drawled sarcastically. She smirked at Aaron's flustered state. She popped the sucker out of the inside of her cheek, "Hey, you guys want to come to my place after school?" She asked out of nowhere, the idea just suddenly came to mind and it was Thursday and no one had club activities so it was a good day for it.

"Sure." Aaron said immediately, "I have nothing to do."

"Huh, really? Then what about that math homework, is that nothing to do?" Shion teased.

"We could do it at my place. Well, that's if my family doesn't bother us."

Shion twirled a curl of hair in thought and frowned thoughtfully, "Hmmm, I guess I can, I'll just reschedule something." He was going to have his hairdresser straighten his hair for another performance. He checked the weather on his phone to see if the chance for rain had risen. Yup, an eighty percent chance of rain—he better not perform today. "Yeah, I can come."

"Great! We'll pick you up after school."

Soon the bell rang and they went back to class. Shion's two friends snickered to themselves and didn't bother to tell him about the number of leaves in his hair. When they entered the classroom Shion didn't register people staring at him—though he had a bad feeling from the way Satsuki and Aaron were acting, he was suspicious.

He looked up from organizing his bag and made eye contact with Kyoya. Shion waited, but Kyoya didn't look away, "... What are you looking at Ootori?"

Kyoya walked up to him and moved to grab the leaves.

Shion blinked, he felt him tugging at his hair. "Ow? What are you doing? I know my hair's curly and all, but that’s nothing to bully me over."

Kyoya raised an eyebrow at Shion's assumption and pulled a bunch of leaves out of his hair. Shion blushed, no wonder why people were staring at him, "Thanks..."

Kyoya smirked as Shion pat his hair down and combed through it with his fingers, looking for any twigs from the comfy pile of leaves he was relaxing in earlier.

He'll get a good amount of customers by the looks of things...

The girls of the class were looking at Shion, smiling and giggling as he tried to calm his unruly hair.

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"Hmm... Well, I wasn't really expecting you to live in a traditional mansion." Shion looked out of the vehicle's window. He also didn't expect to be picked up in a limo.

"Yeah, my father is sort of a part of the Japanese mafia."
"Her father also has relations to American gangs." Aaron mused. "Isn't that right? He's one of the big shots."

They walked through the gates of her mansion to be greeted by a line of what Shion would call grunts from the Pokémon franchises villain organizations. Satsuki smiled back at the bowing rows of grunts.

"Welcome back Hijikata-sama!"

"Woah," Shion was taken aback from the loud greeting and mumbled, "It was never like this with my friends..."

Aaron overheard Shion's little afterthought and put a note in his head to bring it up later. It caught his interest and he wanted to know what it was about.

"Wanna play some video games before homework?"

"I'm in," Aaron grinned.

Shion sighed with a playful smirk, "Okay, but if you forget about it later I'm not letting you two copy mine."

The two started cheering right after he said okay, so they didn't hear about the no copying part.

"Haha! I won!" Satsuki cheered after a victory.

They were playing a fighting game, brawl for WiiU. Shion had only played the older version of it before but still had his mains Pikachu, Lucario, Marth, and Sonic—who he tended to be suicidal with. He was glad that Satsuki had a Wiimote and nunchuck since they somehow started betting along the way, and with them Shion could beat them most of the time. This time he came in third place out of the three of them, and now it was time for him to pay the price.

"What should we have him do?" Suddenly they both grinned and snickered evilly, turning their heads to Shion.

"Oh, you said something about your friends earlier when we were greeted, what was that about?"

"Way to go Aaron," Satsuki whispered sarcastically. Instead of making him do something ridiculous, he asked a question instead. "We could have made him streak!" Aaron almost choked in laughter at the image in mind.

Shion was unaware of the whispering since he was searching for lip balm in his bag. "Oh, back in America some of my friends were apart of some big gangs, they had big houses, but not like this..." Shion trailed off. "Hey, where's the bathroom?"

"Down the hall, turn right then at the far end there's another hall, then the door on the right."

Committing the directions that Satsuki told him to memory, he directed himself to the lavatory. He passed by a few guards and bowed his head down briefly to each of them. They had no response for him. He mildly wondered if they were like the British guards that had to stay still and not laugh. Reaching the door that Satsuki said was the bathroom, it didn't really look like a door for a bathroom, but he slid the door open trusting that it was the restroom.

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"Oh crap!" Satsuki yelled, she realized something during her ransack of Shion's bag for his math homework. "I told him the wrong directions!"

"Where did he go then?" Aaron mused from his munching on a sucker. He had chewed the thing right after receiving it and Satsuki cringed at the sound of her baby’s getting crushed.

"He went to the yoga room!"

"So?"

"Look at the time!"

"... Whelp, he's in for a surprise."

As if on cue there was a yell, "What the hell!" Then there came the telltale sound of stomping footsteps.

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Shion opened the door to be greeted by a wave of hot steam, smoke, and fog. Once that cleared, he stopped coughing to see a peculiar sight—one that he wouldn't wish for anybody to see. There was a man in the middle of the Buda-esk room all sweaty and almost stark naked—only his nether regions covered by some weird traditional underwear that was basically a rope thong for men—doing some weird yoga move that made him look like an inverted turtle.

"Hmm?" The man grunted and turned his head to face someone unknown to him. There was a brief pause as the two of them looked at each other. Then Shion abruptly shut the door and turned around like nothing had happened and started walking back to Satsuki’s game room.

Well... That just happened...

There was a thump and he took it as the man falling out of his intricate pose. He was startled and his heart jumped when the door slammed open behind him, the man pointed at a guard, "You! Get him!"

The guard, confused out of his mind to why his boss was almost nude, set out to his orders and chased after Shion as he was told.

"What the hell!" Shion bolted through the hallways until he passed the room his friends were in. The door slid open and they peeked out to see Shion run passed and jump out into the courtyard.

Aaron whistled, "I didn't know he could run that fast."

"Quick! Follow him, lest we lose that poor servant!"

Aaron saluted briefly, "Agreed, my liege!" They ran after him and jumped over a few unfortunate guards.

Shion stumbled to a stop by the outside wall, leaning heavily on it and panting. "What... Is wrong... with this... household!" Shion huffed out, trying to recover. He was surrounded by a few guards, the others standing back doing other important things. He had kicked up quite the commotion after sprinting through the mansion after one particularly menacing guard came in and joined the first guard after he tripped him.

One of the guards came closer, "Come with me, or I'll have to hurt ya."
Shion shook his head, "No way, that dude’s going to maim me if he gets me. Did you see his face? He was fucking livid!"

The guard tried to grab Shion but he ducked down, narrowly avoiding the carbon copy of a guard’s grasp. He punched him in the jaw and the guard went down, Shion shook his hand in pain from the hard impact. He looked up awkwardly after the guard collapsed to the ground—he did not mean to do that. The guards tensed up.

Well... I better... Run!

Once again he bolted, but this time he found a tall tree and ran towards the wall near it, lunged at the wall kicked off it and grabbed the branch high off the ground. A guard almost grabbed his ankle before he used his face as a footstool to get up in the tree.

Satsuki and Aaron sat there and watched the scene wishing they had popcorn. Aaron had been videotaping the whole ordeal so he had some great material that he wouldn’t know what to do with—but hey, it was hilarious, he had the chance and he took it. Now they were currently watching Shion in the tree poking the guards away with a stick he broke off from the tree.

He is just like a cat right now.

"Get down!"

"No, you'll just try to capture me!" Shion retorted. "If you want me to come down, bring that turtle guy here and we can talk about it!" Shion’s eye closed reflexively when a raindrop got into his eye, soon after that it started raining lightly.

At that Satsuki snorted. He must mean my father. Ooh boy, he will love this later after he's done being angry.

"Aachoo!" Shion sneezed and nearly fell out of the tree. He managed to stay on by swinging upside down, nearly having a heart attack when his vision whirred with the momentum of him falling. One of the guards almost caught his hand but he grabbed on the branch and held on to it like a scared kitten. He tried to fix his glasses to only have them fall off completely.

"Aahhh damn it, now I can't see!" Shion complained. He tucked the hair covering his other eye behind his ear to be able to see better, but to be honest it didn’t really help that much. He heard a crack, and he whipped his head to where the sound came from, "Don't tell me you stepped on my glasses!" He pointed to the unsuspecting guard right below him.

"Uh—" Shion glared.

"What's with all the commotion?!" A thundering voice boomed in the yard.

The guards whirled around and bowed, "Boss! This boy was running around the compound and knocked some of our guards out!" Actually it was just one, he corrected mentally.

"That's because you guys were chasing me!" Shion defended himself rather childishly. "Of course I would run! You guys are creepy as hell with those shining bald heads and sunglasses!"

"Come down."

"Will your cronies chase after me?"
The man looked to his guards with a clinical eye, some were on the ground, one knocked out by a lucky hit and others crouching on the ground in pain after being rather cruelly hit where the sun don't shine. "No, they will not."

Shion started to get out of his death grip on the tree. "Okay, that's good enough for me—Grahh!"
He grunted as his shirt got caught on a branch and ripped as he ungracefully fell to the ground with a thump. Shion groaned.

"So you're a friend of Satsuki's."
"Yes sir..." Shion nervously played with the spoon for his tea.
"Care to explain what happened?"

Shion sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose where his glasses were supposed to be. He honestly didn’t give a pile of shit if they say his heterochromia at the moment. "Well it first started when Satsuki here gave me the wrong directions to the bathroom," he gave her a pointed look. "After you sent that first goon after me I ran. Then one particularly menacing guy joined in... I don't know when it happened but suddenly there was a hoard of people after me. I knocked one out somehow, but in the end, I ended up cornered. So I climbed a tree." He sniffed, the feeling of a runny nose getting to him. "That's when you came in. Oh, one of the guards broke my glasses by the way."

The man’s hardened face softened and he let out a boisterous laugh. "I like you kid, you've got spunk!"

Shion blinked and the man’s happy face went dead serious. "But if you tell anyone about what you saw..." He didn't finish, Shion knew that there was an underlying threat that he didn't want him to go through with. He’s used the method a few times himself. It’s good with dramatic effect beforehand.

The man was a part of the mafia—he could end him for all he cared. Dramatic effect be damned, the man’s reputation was enough to invoke fear.

"I'll compensate for your glasses, my name’s Hijikata Fugaku."
"Hakuba Shion."
"Take care of my daughter, you have my trust."

Shion almost took a double take with his tea, and Satsuki started chocking on hers. Arron patted her back while laughing. Satsuki and Shion both shared an incredulous, "What!"
"Isn't that what you're here for?"
"No, she just wanted me to help her with homework!" He paused, "Speaking of which... You two still have to do it."
"Nope! All done!" Satsuki smiled.

Her smile was too sweet to be trustworthy. "You copied mine didn't you...?" The smile was still there, but she added in a cute head tilt. That certainly just answered his question.

"Well... I'll just have to make you run through every step on how you did it—won't I?"
Satsuki and Aaron paled. When they hastily wrote down the answers, they had no idea what actually happened to get the answer.

We're in for a long evening...

By the time Shion was done with them they were slouched over the kotatsu table mumbling incoherent sentences. He adjusted the new glasses he got from Fugaku. Somehow they had gotten the exact same pair that he had before. Sure he had a spare pair and contacts, but the man offered so he took it up. He was cheap that way.

He reached into his bag to check his phone.

"...hmm? Who’s this?" In his callers list it said Missed Call Unknown Number, but the number was there oddly enough. He called it, curiosity overwhelming him.

Ring, ring... Click!

"Hello, Ootori Kyoya speaking."

"Kyoya? Oh, so you're the one who called." How the hell did he even get my cell number?

"Yes... I called to ask why you weren't at the club today."

"I haven't officially joined yet."

"Though since you haven't joined a club yet, you're going to be in the host club--"

"Yes, yes, I know Ootori. Just let me have some freedom for God’s sake. I went to a friend’s house. Goodbye, momma," He hung up after mocking the nickname that Tamaki gave Kyoya.

"Sheesh, what is he, it's not like he's my mother."

Shion suddenly had a wave of dizziness. He felt his temperature spike, his ears started ringing. His vision went splotchy and the blood rushed down to his legs.

"Oh, I'm gonna faint." He stumbled to find a wall and slumped against it before he collapsed. He tried to keep his eyes open.

Damn it. It's because of everything that's happened earlier...

"Oi, what's wrong? Shion?"

"Someone... elevate my legs..." Then he gave into his heavy eyelids and succumbed to the darkness.

Hoi fellow readers! Here’s the latest chapter. I hope it’s funny and not too explicit—thats for later oh, huehuehuehue. XD

Well I'll see you in the next chapter. Bu-bye!
"What just happened? What do we do?" Satsuki said quickly in panic. She saw how Shion slumped against the wall and it reminded her of the time when her father had a heart attack. “Should we call an ambulance?"

"Before he said to raise his legs... He fainted, that's why! We need to restore blood flow to the brain!"

They rushed around, finding a bunch of pillows they put them under Shion's legs to prop them up. They waited anxiously and a few minutes later he started to stir.

"Mmmnn..."

"Oh look, he's coming to." Satsuki had a look of relief when Aaron noticed Shion's eyes fluttering open.

Shion opened his eyes and looked around the room. His eyes focused and he could see his friends hovering around him, "Hi guys," he chuckled, "How're you doing?"

"Come on, enough of that, what happened to you?"

Shion sighed at his friend’s worried expressions. He didn't want to tell them since they would pity him, but he knew that he should. I still don’t really want to…

"Well, I thought that I needed a nap so—"

"Enough! Stop avoiding the issue!" Aaron cut him off harshly, Shion winced. "Do you know how worried we were?"

"About five minutes."

Shion scratched his head, feeling bad. He sighed. It was time for the truth. He was uncomfortable about it since he didn't know how they would react, but… "I have a few health problems... low blood pressure, nosebleeds, migraines... so when I get up too quickly I tend to faint." Shion frowned, "It also didn't help that I was running like a madman beforehand." Running was usually fine for him—it was the rain that got him. Even though he didn't tell them that his low blood pressure was chronic, he saw the two calm down as he was telling them.

"Soooo... You're like a frail princess."

"No Aaron, not exactly—"

"I'll be your prince!" Satsuki exclaimed with a dramatic pose to accompany her, trying to cheer Shion up.

Shion smiled, "But seriously, you guys don't have to worry. I usually know when I'm about to faint or have a nosebleed—and the reason why I fainted was that I overheated from the sudden exercise and was sitting for too long and got up too fast. The blood rushed down to my legs." He forgot that he didn't drink any water after all that so that played in too.

"So you're frail, but not a princess..."
Shion gave Satsuki an amused look as he combed his hand through his hair, "I'm not a princess." He stood in a pompous pose and spoke like a prince, imitating Tamaki, and pointed down to them. "I am king!"

"You okay?"

"Yeah, did you hit your head?"

Shion almost fell at the looks that they gave him, still feeling a bit shaky. "Are you guys kidding me? You two goof off a ton and I'm not able to?"

"Nah, it's because you don't suit being outgoing like us." Satsuki grinned, "We're the crazy ones and you're supposed to stop us if we go too far."

"Hmm... I don't know about that, Aaron's good most of the time."

"True," Aaron agreed. He usually had to stop Satsuki from doing things impulsively. He was reminded to bring up a topic he wanted to bring up, "Oh yeah. Why do you hide your other eye?" They saw it earlier when Satsuki's father was being all fatherly and intimidating, but never had the chance to bring it up.

Shion just realized that it was their first time to see his full face. He came to notice that he didn't really care anymore, he was comfortable around them. He was usually uncomfortable about it.

He puffed air up to his bangs and it floofed up into the air for a moment. "It gets too much attention."

"But you're an actor—"

"And a musician," Aaron added in with emphasis.

"Yes and I should be used to attention—I am—but it's just that with the host club now they'll fret about it. Oh, speaking of which I need to join their club tomorrow..."

"It won't be so bad, we'll visit you!"

"Gee, thanks," he said sarcastically and chuckled. He got his bag. "Well, it's getting late. I should be heading home."

"Oh, okay. Do you know your way back from here?"

He thought for a moment "... No?"

"Well, I'll get you guys a ride home then." That way they'll find out where Shion lives without asking him. He wasn’t the type to give those kinds of details out willy-nilly.

Too bad for them that Shion insisted that they drop him off at the park near his house. They had to. Otherwise, he would have gone through with what he said.

"So help me God, Satsuki, if this car does not stop I'll jump out of this vehicle and you'll get the charges."

And they knew he would follow through on it too.
"Well... it's time for some work," Shion yawned and rummaged through his bag.

He’d been dropped off about ten minutes ago and he watched some TV for a while. Currently, he had a playing test from music class in front of him, he could usually sight read the thing, but it was a test so he wanted to be prepared. He read the music, taking in the rhythms, tempo, dynamics, and articulation. Not to mention the various other things like key changes and tempo changes. The teacher knew he was an advanced student so they changed his test to be more of a challenge.

"Okay, I think I'm good." He stopped going over the music when his stomach growled. "Oh so now I'm hungry..." He wasn't hungry at Satsuki's house so he didn't eat anything. He doesn't usually know he's hungry until his stomach growls in protest to being empty. He realized that the shakes weren't doing enough for him, sure it gave him his nutrients, but it didn't give him the substance that his stomach wanted.

"I need to buy some more food." He rummaged through his cabinets for something—anything. He huffed in frustration when he only found the mass amount of meal replacement shakes along with a few chilled ones in the fridge.

"This can't be healthy for me..." closing the fridge, he went next door to Haruhi's.

"Hey, Haruhi!"

She opened the door, "Oh Shion, what do you need?"

"I don't have food, I only have these left," he showed her the shake and she sighed, shaking her head.

"Come on in, I'll make you something... something better than, than that."

"Thanks. You're the best Haruhi," he gave her a little grin.

"Wait—I'll actually teach you." She had a feeling that he would rely on her for food, so she decided to forcibly teach him how to cook.

After eating, he left and ungracefully fell onto his couch. Haruhi was a good teacher. She explained how to cook the meal as she did her own herself then handed the pan over to Shion to cook his own portion. His hadn't turned out as nice looking as Haruhi’s, but it tasted fine. Shion already knew how to cook it was just that he didn't have any cookable food left. He couldn't tell her when she was putting in the effort to teach him.

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"Welcome to the host club!" Shion squinted his eyes as sparkles assaulted him, blinding him when he entered.

Shion waved off the greeting that always happened whenever the doors opened at the beginning of a hosting session. He put his bag on a chair and stretched, popping his back a few times. "So, what are we doing today?" He noticed that Tamaki looked fidgety and the twins were whistling suspiciously.

"Since you are new you will do some errands." Kyoya handed him a list and a wad of cash. "There will be no guests today."

"Hmm... alright," he eyed Kyoya suspiciously and frowned, "I'll be back soon then..." He left the room to do the tasks assigned. Haruhi told him before that she was the clubs dog for a while. So he
thought it was a rite of passage.

He found it odd that Kyoya trusted him with money. *Something's going on here...*

"Good thinking Kyoya!"

"Yeah, we weren't ready for him yet."

"Ready for what? What are you guys doing?" Haruhi asked as she entered the club room.

"We have a theme to get ready for today, but don't have Hakuba's costume piece choices ready yet."

"It just needs some finishing touches!" The twins called out from behind a curtain.

"What's the theme?"

"Mafia." Kyoya fixed his glasses, "If I remember correctly, Hakuba-san liked playing the bad guy."

Haruhi laughed, remembering a childhood memory, "In one of our old school plays he was the villain." He had gotten really into it and made one of the other children cry, he made it work out though with some improvisation. Despite being around nine years old he was quite terrifying.

After setting the room up, they dimmed the lights and closed the blinds so that it barely let any light in.

Shion walked through the hallways carrying a few light boxes and bags. The boxes had to be stacked on top of each other and went over his head, and he was glad that he had a good sense of balance—otherwise, he would have destroyed everything when he almost fell once going up the stairs. All the students had left except for the clubs, he saw a few teachers give him amused looks while making his way to music room three. One teacher even struck up a conversation since they were headed the same way.

"Why do they need toy guns anyways? And what is with the fake cigarettes?" The teacher—who he learned was Satoshi-sensei—guffawed with a bit of a wheeze coming out as he stumbled. Satoshi-sensei continued to his destination, still laughing. Shion had to stifle laughter at the man's reaction.

Approaching the club room, he opened the door with his foot and kicked it closed behind him. Shion was a bit disoriented by entering the room because it was quite dark for some reason. He had trouble seeing around the boxes so he set the bags and boxes down on a table. The packages were light, yes, but he decided to make one trip with them since the walk was around twenty minutes and he didn't want to make two trips. It was the same with groceries. Bring them all in at once, or die trying. After that long walk back his arms were shaking a bit.

He looked around in amazement the room had done a complete one-eighty. Rather than the happy cheery atmosphere that usually engulfed the room, there was a darker feeling now, the dark reds in the room were accented with dull lighting lamps around the area. The dimmed lights and closed blinds with some fancy glasses and some sort of bar made it quite adult-ish. He wondered how they had transformed the room in the brief forty minutes that he was gone for.

"Woah, now *this* is my type of atmosphere."

"So you like it?"
"Fuck!" He spun around and punched someone on reflex, something that had started happening since the incident at Satsuki’s house. Behind him, he saw a blond cradled in pain on the floor. *I didn’t hit him that hard... Did I? I bet he just can’t take a hit. I’m not that strong frankly.* It was probably the momentum of the spin that did the damage. "Sorry Suoh, reflex—but you should really know better by now."

"Hakuba, come over here please."

Shion looked to Tamaki, then over to Kyoya who called him, "Eh," he shrugged his shoulders and left Tamaki to recover, *he’ll be fine.* "What's up Ootori?"

"I would like you to change into this."

"Oh?" He looked the clothes up and down, "Mafia, hmm?" he paused in thought, "What are you guys going to wear?"

Kyoya himself was going to wear a suit with a hat. Tamaki was going to wear a suit... Honey was... Okay, so basically everyone was going to be wearing a suit, but with each their own style.

"We will be starting the mafia theme on Monday of next week," Kyoya informed.

"Oh cool," Shion said absently as he thought and frowned. He didn't really like the outfit set out for him. "May I change things up a bit? I have an idea."

Kyoya smirked, "You have free reign."

“What? We didn’t hear of this!” The twins came in, in a panic. “We put this together for you though…”

“Well… there are other options than just a generic suit you know. Mafia isn’t limited to just business suits, it's quite a variety actually, the 1920's gangster style."

Shion grabbed a pair of black slacks with brown dress shoes, a black dress shirt for underneath a grey pinstriped button-up vest with a burgundy red tie. He grabbed some accessories like a belt and he would keep his dog tags on. Who knew that they had so much stuff in their 'storage room'. He almost rolled his eyes at all the junk they stored in there.

He went to change and by the time he was done, he thought it was missing something.

“I need a fedora." He found one with a red strip around the base. "Hmm..." He took his glasses off and put his contacts in. "Much better." He looked at himself in the mirror. "Yeah, this looks mafia-esk," he brought out his phone and took a picture. His mother would *love* this. It would also be a good thing to have if he needed to see what other things would go well with the outfit to bring it together. He needed a few more accessories, maybe some jewelry or something.

"I wonder what Shion will look like," Haruhi thought curiously. Shion was the type of person that could wear almost any clothing style and look good in it.

"Hey, are you guys dressed yet?" Shion asked as he entered, he walked up to them with long strides, stopping and shifting his weight over to his other leg, he snapped and pointed to them, "Well don’t you guys look snazzy." His bangs ended up covering his eyes with the movement, and from under them, he noticed that Kyoya hadn’t changed yet. He tucked them behind an ear.

"You look great!" Honey circled him, he looked much bigger with the wide legged pants and large coat—he was still really short though.
Shion chuckled, "Thanks." He looked up to Mori with, some unease showing on his face as he took in his appearance, "You look like a crony." He was wearing a black suit with sunglasses. Shion paused in thought, "Or rather a security guard." He was thinking back to the mad chase that happened at Satsuki's place and a shiver went down his spine. He knew what family Mori was from, it would not be fun to be chased by him.

"You look like a bartender," Kyoya said while observing him and had a weird feeling overcome him that he couldn't explain.

"Yeah, that's what I was going for." Shion chuckled, "I saw a bar I and thought that it would be fun."

"We'll need to fix that hair of yours though," the twins smiled as one held him down onto a chair while the other threw a salon cover on him.

"What are you guys doing?" he asked, slightly panicked. They had taken his glasses off and somewhere throughout the beginning of the ordeal, he had a blindfold put on him. His hat was taken off and Shion felt hands go through his hair. He noticed that they were being gentle about it though, and for that he was thankful. Shion decided not to struggle since they might have some sharp pair of scissors or something.

A few minutes later, the twins nodded to themselves, satisfied with their work.

"Taadaa!" the two chorused as they spun him around on his chair. Shion felt a small wave of dizziness overcome him with the blindfold.

His curly hair was much tamer than it usually was. No stray strands in sight. Whatever hair product they were using worked wonders with weighing down his hair. Now his hair looked better with his whole look, his bangs were parted and swept to the side, giving view to a bit of his forehead and eyebrows.

He felt that he was getting starred at even through the blindfold, "What is it?"

"You look familiar like that..." Tamaki held his chin.

"Familiar like what?" he took the blindfold off, only to receive more shocked looks—his one blue eye getting most of the attention. Though Haruhi and Kyoya looked more amused than anything. But there was this look in Kyoya's eyes that he couldn't place.

Fuck, they realized. Well, let's get this over with.

"Wait... are... Aren't you that Akito guy?!" Tamaki yelled, pointing a finger at Shion’s face.

Shion pushed Tamaki’s finger away in annoyance and sighed, well the cat was out of the bag. "Yes Tamaki, I am." He smirked to himself and walked to Haruhi, his Akito voice coming out to play. "It's nice to see you again, my sweet Koneko-chan." He knelt down and kissed her hand. Haruhi gave him an unimpressed look and pulled her hand away, but he could still see the light blush. Tamaki looked like he was going to blow a socket. He could tell even without his glasses on.

"Why did you lie?" The twins asked.

"I thought it would be fun messing with you guys—though Mori found out right away—plus, we can't work jobs while attending Ouran. I was afraid that Kyoya would blackmail me with the
knowledge."

Kyoya received looks from the other occupants in the room.

"Yeah, I can understand that." Hikaru and Kaoru agreed, nodding to each other with thoughtful frowns. Kyoya would surely would have taken the initiative if he knew.

“I don’t blame you,” Haruhi side commented with an amused look going between the two.

“What about all that stuff you told us as… Akito?” Kyoya asked, he was curious, “Were those lies too?”

“Oh, no, not at all. I spoke in truths and half lies,” Shion thought for a moment, “Like when I said that I was a passive-aggressive kid. I was. I just told the experience from my uncle’s perspective. The only time I outright lied was when I checked out the noise at Haruhi’s place. I said I had a cold or something.”

“So you didn’t have a cold?” Hikaru questioned, there was an angry undertone to it.

“Nope.”

“Then we didn’t have to suffer through that… that Satan Soup!”

“Didn’t you though?” Shion’s tone went dark. “Tamaki here made the soup in hopes to help me feel better—sorry about making you eat it by the way Tamaki, it was so I can confirm that it was the twin’s doing.” He looked back to the twins after going off on that tangent, “But you guys… You guys tinkered with it out of ill will. You two wanted me to suffer even though you believed that I had a cold.” He smirked and his eyes narrowed dangerously, daring them to speak, “You got a taste of your own medicine. You reap what you sow.”

Maybe he shouldn’t let Aaron and Satsuki influence him so much. He was getting more sadistic—or savage as they would say.

Kyoya sighed and clapped his hands together to gain their attention, it was better to change the topic—lest a fight or argument break out. “Alright, moving on.” He started to unbox the items Shion delivered, “We have props to go with the theme, fake guns, and cigarettes. Both are fully functional, the guns shoot fake plastic bullets while the cigarettes are harmless. No nicotine or harmful smoke.”

"May I test them out?" The things Kyoya was talking about brought Shion out of his mood, his eyes gaining a curious glint to them. Kyoya nodded to Shion’s request.

"Woah, so there are different kinds of guns," Shion picked them up, handling them quite well—which was quite odd to Kyoya.

"Why does he look like no stranger to firearms?"

"Most of these guns weren’t used by gangsters though," Shion smirked, "You didn't do your research Ootori."
Honey came in and ran up to the table curiously before Kyoya could speak, Mori following behind. They left to use the washroom and were stopped by a teacher along the way since they were out of uniform, "Ne, so our props came in? They look so cool!" He looked up to Shion with sparkling eyes who was twirling a small revolver around his index finger. He steadied his arm and took aim at a paper cup in the distance, making sure that no one was going to enter his targets range before he shot. There was a hollow sound of the paper being hit, and another as it fell and met the floor.

Shion whistled, impressed, "These are good—even with a plastic bullet it went straight." He examined one of the rounds, "You said harmless Ootori. These would hurt if shot at, maybe even leave a bruise. It would be fun to play a type of paintball with these."

"Oh? I only said that the cigarettes were harmless."

Shion scoffed, "May I see one of the cigarettes?" Kyoya slid a small box over the table to him, "Thanks a bunch." He opened it and examined the merchandise. They looked exactly like cigarettes, even with the orange part on the end, but they had a faint scent to them. He rummaged through his bag, finding what he was fishing around for in a separate pocket on the inside. He took his lighter out. It was one of those fancy ones, silver with engravings—it was the same one he used with the whole fiasco as Akito. He flipped it open with a common, well-practiced movement.

"Woah! Hold up for just a second!" Tamaki shouted.

"Hmm?" Shion stopped himself from lighting it with the flame and flipped it closed.

"Why do you have a lighter?"

He looked at the others who were staring at him, wanting an answer. Sheesh, worry warts. He smiled, he was happy they worried, but he felt a bit embarrassed about it, "It's a keepsake… though I can't say that I've never smoked before."

"What! Well, I'll tell you the dangers of..." he went on a rant, zoning everything else out while doing so. Shion ignored him and went back to what he was doing.

"These can be lit right? You said no chemicals about the smoke." Kyoya gestured with his hand to go ahead, it was the whole point after all.

Shion flipped his lighter open and lit it, the flame coming to life. He set fire to the cigarette and waited for it to have a stream of smoke coming off of it. He smelt it for a moment, a look of confusion overcoming his features. He put it to his mouth and took in a long drag.—realization dawned upon him.

"Vanilla, that's what it was. I'm impressed Ootori, you put a lot of thought into this."

Kyoya smirked, "Of course, do you doubt m-"

"Yes," Shion said immediately with no hesitation, his face serious—he was teasing him and a playful smirk of his own appeared. "Hey, I just thought of something that would go great with the debut of this theme."

"Oh?" Kyoya raised an eyebrow. The twins came in closer, "Please, do tell."

After the discussion Kyoya took to his idea, it was a great plan, plus it would add to the whole theme. He was glad he persuaded Shion to join the club, he added a new depth to it. It's much more acceptable than our manager's idea before.
They were putting away unneeded supplies when Shion had something catch his eye. On his way out he saw a cane out of the corner of his eye, he smiled and twirled it around. “Hmm…” He thought for a moment but decided against using the cane, it was too much. He passed by the open box of plastic bullet rounds. Picking it up, he approached Kyoya.

Picking it up, he approached Kyoya, "Would you mind if I make these more realistic?" Shion held the box up to show Kyoya.

"What would you be doing?"

"Nothing much, just a little paint is all."

"Go ahead, be my guest," Kyoya resumed doing whatever he was doing on his laptop. He was actually making a website for the club.

"Hey Kyoya-san, I got the pictures." Someone approached Kyoya and they started talking business. Shion turned around at the source of the familiar voice. "Aaron? What about pictures?"

"Oh, nothing, just a few snapshots for the mafia-themed photo book… Why?" he asked innocently, clearly already knowing why Shion wanted to know.

Shion glowered, "Let me see—"

"No way, you would just delete them. Now here you go Kyoya-san," he handed the camera off him so he could inspect the quality of the pictures. went over the pictures of the club members, each of them of great quality. He would have to get the photography club to take pictures for him. Aaron was a great photographer, much better than the stationed cameras he had.

Kyoya went over the pictures of the club members, each of them of great quality. He would have to get the photography club to take pictures for him. Aaron was a great photographer, he was much better than the stationed cameras he had.

He came across Shion's pictures. Aaron had snapped some really good ones. In one Shion was kissing Haruhi's hand and in the next, he was inspecting the guns, after that was one of him aiming and shooting, while the last few were of him trying out the fake cigarettes.

"Wow..." Tamaki had his breath taken away, "those pictures are **really** good! Hakuba is really photogenic!"

"Ha! *See*?! I told you so Shion!" Aaron shouted at him, bragging because the others shared his opinion.

Kyoya had to admit that Shion was quite aesthetically pleasing—it was also a key factor in why he was wanted in the club. He gave the camera back to its owner.

"I just don't like getting my photo taken!" Shion rested an elbow in his hand, holding the vanilla cigarette between two fingers, frowning.

Aaron saw the chance and took another picture. After that was taken without Shion noticing, he smirked, "Cheese!" Shion panicked and smiled without thinking.

"Wait a min—**Hey**!"

Aaron looked at the picture, "It's not that he isn't photogenic, it's just that when he realizes his
pictures being taken it makes him stiffen and look unnatural.” He showed the others the two pictures.

"You're right, the ones when he didn't know look much better."

Shion mumbled a string of profanities, "Freaking creature of the night, you're a ninja I tell you!"

"You just aren't observant enough!"

Kyoya watched the argument in front of him unfold. He observed the redhead, he had gotten the notice when Aaron said he would be taking pictures when he came in, but he just disappeared into the shadows. He honestly forgot that he was in the room and he was quite an observant person.

*Hakuba might just be right, Aaron is stealthy...* Kyoya chuckled at the thought.

"When did you even get in here?" Kyoya heard Shion sigh exasperatedly, then Shion suddenly stopped the argument when something came to mind, completely changing the topic of conversation. "Hey, most people here can understand English pretty well can't they?"

"Don't underestimate Ouran Academy! My father makes sure that—"

"Alright, thanks Suoh," he cut of Tamaki’s rant before he could start and tossed a gun to the twins, Hikaru ended up catching it.

Shion started talking in English, "*Put tha gun down Johnny.*" The kicker was that he said it in an Italian accent, he also held his hand hands up in front of him to show mercy.

Aaron found it hilarious and guffawed, falling onto his knees while holding his stomach.

"You don't want to do this Johnny. Johnny! *Put tha gun dow—*" he cut himself off when Hikaru went along with his act and raised the gun, pointing it to Shion's chest.

"You don't control me anymore, Giovani!" a cackle escaped his lips overdramatically. Hikaru put his finger on the trigger, and he fired.

"Jonny—" Shion gasped and choked, he grasped his chest and wheezed, *"You will regret this Johnny!*" Then he fell to the floor with a dull thump.

Aaron meanwhile was dying of laughter, "St-stop iiitt! Haha!"

Shion blinked. "You know... that didn't hurt as much as I thought it would." He still laid on the floor, playing dead as he talked. Everybody else were in varying degrees of laughter. Kyoya smiled to himself, he was opening up to the club members.

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"This is such a pain—who even thought of this? Oh right! I did...” he sighed, “Why did I think of this." Shion continued to complain to himself while slouched over a table.

He had thought of the great idea of making the plastic white bullets more realistic by painting them with a metallic silver coating. Too bad he hadn't taken how much ammo there was. There was a ton of ammo in the box he brought home.

"Wait... let’s say we each get two guns and each gun takes six rounds. I could paint twenty-four for each person; Kyoya, Tamaki, Haruhi, Mori, Hikaru and Kaoru, Honey, and I—though I doubt that Honey would be armed. So eight times twenty-four is... Almost two-hundred..." he sighed,
"Well I've already done a hundred and fifty so far... what's fifty more?"

At least I won't have to do the whole box, there's like... a thousand more in there...

Shion waited until they were all dry to inspect them. It actually looked pretty realistic with the metallic shine the type of paint had. He smiled at his work, sure he wasn't very artistic art wise, but it was rather simple just to paint them—even if the task itself was grudgingly slow and annoying to do.

"Fuck. I could have just put a bunch down onto some paper towel and spray painted them like that.” Well, it was too late to do that now that the task was finished.

He stretched and plopped onto his lazy man recliner, leaning back into his chair with a blissful sigh. It was already the evening of Saturday and he had been working of the bullets since morning with a few—well, a lot of breaks in between. Then his stomach growled, long and loud.

"At least I bought groceries.” He got up from his comfy position and headed to the kitchen. Bringing out his one of his two pots, he boiled some water for pasta.

After cooking he ate his spaghetti and headed to Haruhi's as per usual.

"Hey Haruhi, can I have your opinion on something?"

"Hmm? What is it?” she asked curiously, leaning forward in her seat.

Shion took his phone out and showed her the picture of himself he took. "I have been thinking of adding some accessories to this, but I need a second opinion, a woman's opinion..." he paused in thought for a moment and grinned, "oh wait, I can just ask your father."

"Please," Haruhi scoffed in good humor, "I'm curious now."

"Well, since I'll have a red tie on, I was thinking of having a red handkerchief in the chest pocket. I could put my pocket watch in another pocket and attach the chain to the first button. I'll have some silver rings on with earrings too."

"Hmm," she was imagining the image. "Yeah, that sounds good."

"Okay, thanks Haruhi. Well, I'll head off." He needed to find where he put his jewelry box, he knew he had them around somewhere.

"Monday's going to be fun!"

Hey guys, Author here! I’ve been thinking of how to kick up the romance tumbleweed, I think it’s a tumbling a bit now. I’ve wanted to kick it up a bit for a while now but wanted to establish relationships and get them to know each other more ya know?

Hope you liked it!

And I'll see you, in the next chapter! Buh-bye!
"Hey Ootori, do you have everything ready?"

Kyoya looked up from a small pile of papers and tapped them on the table, straightening them out. His glasses gleamed, "Did you think I wouldn't be ready, Hakuba-san?"

Shion chuckled, "Of course not." After his sarcastic remark, he went over the plan with his fellow black haired, glasses wearing classmate, "So I'll come in and... then this will happen. Yeah, the twins will start it... Haruhi? Hmm... She won't want to she’s not the type to play along with that."

The two of them were interrupted when the bell rang.

"Ahh, we don't have any more time. At least we ran the plan by the others. A longer rehearsal would have been preferable but it was a bit last minute..."

Kyoya raised an eyebrow at Shion. He was all over the place and unusually chatty. *Is he nervous? Or is he excited?* Kyoya mused—though it was actually a share of both. Shion was a bit jittery. It was like how he felt before a presentation, performance, or play. His mind was running through the possibilities and his heart beating faster than it usually did.

"You seem excited."

"Yeah, I am." He smiled, and gave Kyoya a look, "Now hurry up, I don’t want to be late for our afternoon classes because of you."

Kyoya sighed and shook his head as he put his laptop back into his bag.

"Welcome to the host club!" Came the usual exuberant greeting to their guests that Shion always refused to take part in. The girls looked around, surprised at the sudden change in the music room.

"Would anyone like to take a guess to what our theme this week?" Haruhi asked with a forced smile after being nudged quite painfully in the ribs by Kyoya.

Then the girl's eyes went to the club members—they hadn't looked at them yet surprisingly, the room caught the most of their attention—and they blushed. Each member wore their own respective suits in different styles.

One of the guests spoke up, "Umm... Yakuza?"

"Close but no cigar!" There was a short laugh from Haruhi at the pun the twins unintentionally made. She knew it was unintentional, for if it *was* on purpose they would have emphasized it no doubt. "It's mafia!"

There were a series of *oo's* and *ah's* from the girls and they were guided to sit with their preferred hosts, chatting and being wooed by the handsome mobsters.

A few girls stood to the side, wondering where a certain someone was. The two people beside them took the blunt approach and walked up to the closest club member. It just happened to be Kyoya.

"Ey, Kyoya, where's Shion at? He looked excited so I thought it had to do with his debut, and he's
...not usually that excited about anything."

"Hijikata Satsuki and Kagami Aaron, he will be here soon." He raised his glasses and looked over their shoulders to the other girls, "I presume you ladies are his guests?"

"Y-yes."

Kyoya lifted his sleeve and looked at his watch—it was almost time. He cleared his throat and stood up, and with a loud clap of his hands, the room quieted down. "We will be having a special event soon. I would like to inform everyone that all props used are fake and are harmless."

The warning was a must since they couldn't risk people thinking that the guns were real and had a law case on their hands. It was also a signal to the others that it would start soon. Kyoya hit a button on his phone.

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Shion was waiting in the locker room getting ready when he felt the vibration in his pocket. He took a deep breath in and steeled himself. He was a mafia member, cold, wild, intimidating, but also cool, dark and sexy. He decided on using a lower voice, an octave lower, close to his Akito voice. He looked older in his attire, so he added a gruff, husky tone. The way he held himself was confident, bordering arrogant. His eyes narrowed, not as wide as his eyes usually are. The way he carried himself made him look older than he was. He double checked himself in the mirrors.

His black dress pants were wrinkle free and had no lint on them. The brown dress shoes were shined and pristine. His black dress shirt was comfortable under his dark grey striped dress vest, his crimson red tie was straight and on correctly, it even had a decorative steel clip. His hands were covered in dark grey leather gloves. Underneath them on his left hand were two silver rings on his pinky and middle fingers, and around his other wrist was a silver watch to balance the jewellery. Lastly, he fixed his hair, adding some product the twins gave him to keep his hair frizz free.

“Hmm… Should I?” Shion contemplated something as he looked at himself in the mirror. “They’ll find out eventually anyways…” He sighed and put his hand in some hair gel, styling his bangs like the twins did before so both his eyes were shown. If he was going to be a target for bullying because of it, he’d rather get it over with. He didn’t care anymore, frankly. It was an asset to get attention in the carer he wanted to get into. It was something for people to recognize him by.

With one last fix to his belt, he nodded to himself.

"Alright, I'm ready." He put his coat and hat on, his briefcase in hand. He had double checked everything, triple checked even. He was as ready as he would get.

Exiting the changing room, he walked down the hall and ended up receiving a few glances by some students before they looked away in fright. Shion smirked, a teacher even ended up stopping him.

"Excuse me, sir? If you are a visitor you have to go to the office and sign in."

Shion broke character and his mature look dissipated, "Oh, I'm not a visitor. I'm Hakuba Shion, a student in class 2-B."

"O-oh, okay, then why are you dressed like that?"

"I have joined the host club and this weeks theme is mafia. I'm just heading there now since it's time for a special event." Shion smiled and turned away. Taking a breath in, he breathed out and
got back into character. The teacher could only stare at him in disbelief as he turned into another person as he walked off.

There was an impressed whistle, "That kid's going to get far in the industry..." the teacher mumbled to himself as he continued to where he was going.

When Shion reached the door, he stopped in front of it and took another deep breath. His gloved hand wrapped around the handle and he entered confidently.

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The large doors of the music room opened and the light from the outside brightened caught everybody's attention. Shion walked in and ignored the girls, thinking of them as normal customers at a bar minding their own business. He noticed his friends out of the corner of his eyes and smirked to himself when he saw a blush on Satsuki's face. Arriving at the bar, he went behind the counter and took his hat, coat, and gloves off and put them on a coat hanger.

"Want any drinks?" he asked over his shoulder and took out a metal cigarette holder, Shaking one out, he lit it with his silver lighter and took a deep breath in of the vanilla cigarette. Kyoya walked to the counter, leaning on it with his arm and watched as Shion shook a cocktail.

Shion did not stop in his task at he looked Kyoya over, it was the first time he's seen him in costume. Looking away, he poured the drink into a glass—apple juice mixed with some sprite for the carbonation, harmless enough—and slid it across the counter. “Drinks on the house,” Shion finished eyeing him and moved to wipe down dusty glasses. He almost broke character when he realised that he was checking Kyoya out.

Sliding a stool out, Kyoya took a seat and turned the glass a couple times, inspecting it. After judging if it was up to his standard or not, he took a sip and nodded. He frowned and looked over his glasses to Shion, he felt intimidated and he didn’t like it. It was like he wasn’t even Shion—a stranger is who it was. He recalled what he said during the rehearsal—if it could be called one, it was only fifteen minutes long. It was rather arrogant of him to say, but Kyoya didn’t realise that he had the skills to back it up.

“Just get the basics of your characters. Don’t worry about anything else. I’ll make you act the way you need to.”

When Mori approached Kyoya, Shion eyed him warily as Mori leaned down to whisper something into his ear covering his mouth from Shion’s view. His eyes narrowed dangerously.

“Now…” Kyoya started, “It’s time for business.”

“Where’s the money,” Shion started bluntly, looking Kyoya in the eye for a moment before moving sharply over to Tamaki who was waiting over by the side. Kyoya’s the one I have to focus on manipulating. Kyoya was the connection to the others, therefore what he influenced him to do also influenced the others. That didn’t mean he couldn’t make the others acting more believable though.

Kyoya looked to Tamaki and cocked his head towards the bar, gesturing him to bring the case. It was placed on the counter and Shion counted the money with a clinical eye. After counting he lifted his case on the counter for them to inspect. There was a click and Kyoya opened the case, showing the fake drugs. Which were actually small bags of fine ground salt, imitating cocaine.

Kyoya examined the goods, approving it quickly enough that it seemed suspicious.
Shion looked over the money again, and this time he noticed something up with the second row of bills. “This…” Shion grabbed a wad of cash, “Is not what we went over,” and slapped it down on the counter with a menacing glare. It was fake, the whole second row.

Kyoya just smirked.

Out of the corner of his eye, Shion saw the twins make off with the case and hopped over the counter to chase them. During the exchange, it was secretly passed over to them.

Mori brought out one of his fake guns to stop Shion.

"Don't shoot." Each individual in the room halted in their actions. Shion did not raise his voice, his tone is what demanded all people to obey him. The sharp tone of authority. Shion smirked and spoke again, "The cops are placed nearby. You wouldn’t want to... alert them... Would you?"

"Takashi... Get him," Kyoya ordered from his seat, taking another sip of the drink.

"Ah, well that’s too bad then," Shion brought out his own gun, his light smile betrayed the tone of voice he used, “Resistance is futile,” and with little warning, he shot. There was no sound other than the sound of it hitting Mori’s chest. A silencer was on his gun. Mori went with it and groaned, falling to the floor. The girls in the room gasped and he swore he heard an ‘Oh Dammnn’ from both Satsuki and Aaron.

"Takashi!" Honey cried, "You killed him!" Darkness surrounded the short blond and before he could say anything else, Shion shot him too. It looked like he didn't get the memo so Shion had to improvise. Mori also helped when he grabbed his ankle and made him fall on top of himself.

"Play dead," Mori whispered to Honey.

Shion blew on the barrel of his gun for effect. "Anyone else want to have a go?" Silence. "No? Then give me back the fucking briefcase," Shion growled lowly. Hikaru looked scared and walked over with the case. Shion noticed Kyoya looking at him so twirled his gun and smirked darkly in defiance.

"Please... Don't kill anyone els–" his breath hitched and he collapsed to the ground when Kyoya shot him.

"Fool!" Kyoya reloaded his gun as Tamaki grabbed the case before Shion could get it.

"Hikaru no! He just didn't want any more bloodshed you monst–" and with another bang, Kaoru was shot.

"Ooo, another one bites the dust." Shion raised his gun to Kyoya, "It’s too bad you'll have to go and join them, huh? You don't seem inclined to give me back the goods. Oh! Or how ‘bout you give me the real money? This isn't a choice," he glowered at the scheming man behind the glasses. The mastermind of the plot.

"Oh, but what's the purpose of this? Don't you want to save someone?" He inclined his head to signal Tamaki to shoot him. Tamaki was right behind Shion, gun poised on the back of his head. Before Tamaki could react Shion grabbed his arm and twisted it around his back, disarming the gun from his hands. It fell with a clatter and Shion’s own gun was already threatening to shoot Tamaki too.

"Give me the money, I don't care about the stuff anymore. I just need to help someone with it. I'll kill your best man here. Or should I kill you instead?" He started laughing when Kyoya didn't
show any interest. He shot Tamaki and let go of him, trusting that he would fall like a rag doll. But he did something unexpected.

"B–oss... It's t–ime for you... to go..." He stumbled forward and shot, having an extra gun, the bullet flew by Kyoya's face. Kyoya flinched at the close call but otherwise stayed cool and collected, his cheek stinging mildly from the friction of the bullet.

"Ha!" Shion laughed dryly. “In the end, he turned on you. You’ve been corrupted—blinded by fame and fortune,” he bent down to pick up the briefcase that was dropped in the chaos and rested it on his shoulder. He blinked slowly and raised his gaze to Kyoya’s. “I am too. Lost is what I am,” Shion sighed heavily, his exhaustion coming to light. The audience and fellow actors could see the weight he had on his back when he slouched.

“I’ve been trying to claw my way up—to bring revenge on people like you all for all of the wrong reasons.” His voice broke and he clenched his jaw, “My family is dead, and I only have one left to protect at all costs. I need to save him. And for that—" he lifted his gun and aimed the barrel for Kyoya’s head. A shadow loomed over Shion’s eyes. His head came up to show his deathly glare.

"You must die!" he went to pull the trigger and—

Bang!

—but it wasn’t Shion who pulled the trigger, then if it wasn’t him… who did?

"Oh, but you have no one to save, for I have brought him salvation," Kyoya's smug voice rang throughout the room.

Shion winced but ignored the shot of pain that went through his spine—the bullet had hit the back of his neck—and turned his head, wincing at the pain. He made it look like shock, as if he didn't want to believe what was implied, "No... Why are you... with him?" He coughed and blood dripped from his mouth.

Haruhi looked down to Shion who was on the floor. Simple words flew out of her mouth that cut through the tension in the room like a knife, "You are dead to me, brother."

"T–Traitor..." The deep words reverberated through everyone's heads. Shion’s eyes unfocused from Haruhi and stared blankly with no life in them. It was hard for him to not blink.

Silence.

Shion brushed off his suit and stretched, trying not to acknowledge the pain in his neck. "Mmmm, well that was fun," he took the handkerchief from his breast pocket to clean the blood that dripped down the corner of his mouth. It was actually a tablet that he had kept in his cheek.

"There was a lot that we didn't plan."

"Pfft, no kidding." Shion scoffed, “Haruhi I thought you wouldn't want to be a part of it, but you killed me."

“Well, you made up your own monologue you hypocrite!” Haruhi laughed with Shion.

"So was that the special event?" Aaron asked, Satsuki skipped over and joined them.

"Yeah, pretty cool, huh?" Shion grinned at the two.
"You were so into it! I could feel the desperation in your emotions!" Satsuki held herself and shivered. "It even almost made me cry at the end, actually I teared up a bit—and I like to think that I’m apathetic!" Satsuki rambled on for a while and a conversation between the four kicked up.

"Tamaki, your acting was good! And Kyoya did really well!" Girls started talking to the different hosts.

"Yeah, so Kyoya was the big bad boss huh?"

"And Shion was a *good* bad guy?"

"There was quite a plot twist at the end."

Shion paused when he saw Kyoya out of the corner of his eye, "Oh, hold on. I want to check on something." He waved to his friends and went over to Kyoya who was ignoring a stinging sensation on his cheek. "It seems like they liked it... Are you alright? You have a scratch mark on your cheek." He winced again when he jerked his head in the wrong way, he played it off with a worried expression. After all, he was worried.

"Yes, it just grazed me." Kyoya rolled his head around, trying to crack his neck.

Shion sighed, "I told him *specifically* not to shoot at places that weren't guarded by our clothes." He rubbed his forehead at the scene of people surrounding the blond. He smiled, everyone was getting good feedback from the girls. "Now we need to get a bandage, it's bleeding a bit Ootori," he lifted his hand to Kyoya’s face and carefully swiped his thumb across his cheek and brought his finger to his mouth to lick the crimson liquid, the metallic taste familiar to him.

Kyoya suddenly felt a wave of heat rush through his body and lifted a hand to cover his face, lifting his glasses to mask the blush. He felt tingles in his stomach, the feeling unfamiliar to him and hard to describe, unable to remember the correct term for the feeling. Butterflies.

"I'll go fetch a bandage from somewhere," Shion walked off to scavenge around for a bandage. Though Kyoya could have perfectly found one in the first aid kit where he knew it would be, he just couldn't say anything after that. His voice got caught in his throat. Kyoya didn't want to realise the fact, but he was getting the idea that he was attracted to Shion.

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"Hey, don't you think he's getting all chummy with Kyoya?" Satsuki said excitedly, she wanted her OTP in real life to sail the seven seas.

"Hmm, I think—oh he just blushed!"

"Who? WHO?" She demanded from Aaron, grabbing his shoulder roughly.

"Kyoya."

"What did Shion do?" Satsuki shook Aaron's shoulders roughly, the fujoshi in her emerging.

"I-eyai-eyai-eyai- sa-w-aw-aw—," Aaron broke away from Satsuki's grip, the shaking becoming immensely annoying and continued what he was trying to say. "I saw Shion wipe a trail of blood off of Kyoya's face."

"And? How would that make the stoic Ootori Kyoya blush?" She used a haughty voice on Kyoya’s name for effect.
"Shion licked the blood off his finger?"

"Ooh, that’s gotta do it," Satsuki cupped her chin in thought. Aaron sighed at her craziness, and it wasn’t curable either.

"Who thought of this event though? It’s too complicated for Tamaki, and Kyoya isn't that creative."

The two heard a throat being cleared from behind them. "Excuse me?

Who's not creative?"

"Definitely not you!" Aaron blurted with an uneasy grin. He totally knows we were talking about him. Awkward.

"Sooo, you feeling the hots for Shion yet?" Satsuki said playfully. Sure she was an idiot, but she could pick up emotions fairly well, but most of the time Shion and Kyoya were an exception so she enjoyed getting a reaction from the two of them.

"What do you mean?"

Satsuki frowned at the obvious dodging of the question and went to say it more bluntly, "Do you feel like getting hot and h--" Aaron clamped her mouth shut with his hands.

"Sorry. She doesn't know any boundaries," Aaron sent a look to her to make her apologize, though from the looks of it she had no remorse.

"Hmmnooff leffmeffgooff!" Came the string of muffled words. Kyoya raised an eyebrow at some of the weirdest people in his class. He knew what she was saying, but chose to pretend that he didn't hear it. He didn't want to hear it.

"Here, got you a bandage," Shion huffed with a bit of exertion. He couldn't find the first aid kit so he went down to the nurse’s office—which was all the way on the other side of the school. He thought it was weird that they had a nurse at school, he’s never heard of that in America.

"Thank you, Hakuba."

"Hehehehe..." the three of them looked to Satsuki who was laughing creepily. "You know that K--" she stopped herself when she received the darkest of glares from Kyoya. She cleared her throat and continued, "Ehhem, you know that black suit of yours looks really good on you Shion." She played it off creatively as the sound of ‘K’ was for black too, kuro, the black outfit. I’m so clever. Haha.

"Oh, thanks. Glad you like it," he shot her a seductive look and grinned when she laughed. Looking over his shoulder, he saw two girls waving to him. "Well, duty calls."

He was in the middle of hosting the women in his mafia character when suddenly, something—or rather someone—very, very, loud shook the floor.

"OOTORI KYOYA!"

Everybody flinched at the sudden loud screech of a yell which was somehow amplified by the room’s speakers. When the ground started shaking they turned to see a girl rising up from the floor from some mysterious platform. She had straight dirty blonde hair and a maroon bow in her hair. She stomped towards the startled person of the name she yelled.

"Renge, welcome back. How was your vacation?"
"Don't give me that Ootori! Who gave you permission to name a new hosts type without me to supervise! I should have been contacted!" Kyoya was remaining calm... barely. He hasn't experienced a Renge this outraged before and had to adapt to it quite quickly.

"Hakuba, come introduce yourself to the manager."

"Of course," he walked over to the simmering female. "Hello," he smiled, for if he didn't he felt that her anger would rise even more. He had learned from his mother and sister. Never instigate an angry woman. Ever. "My name's Hakuba Shion. I've been scouted recently and joined late last week. Today was my official debut and I've been deemed the Mysterious type."

She seemed to calm down throughout his introduction. She eyed Shion, "Kyoya, I think you've made a mistake, he would suit the Actor type better."

"Excuse me, Renge-san, but I've noticed a trend. The prince type, the cool type, the loli, wild, devil, and the natural..." he gestured to each host, "they're specific to each person's personality. The Actor doesn't follow the same idea. It just tells them what I can do." He got into his mafia character and walked towards her, leaning over so they were face to face. He lifted his hand to lightly brush her hair out of her face. He smiled darkly, his voice going down to that deep husky tone, "The Mysterious type lets people wonder what they'll get," he laughed lowly when she blushed crimson. Shion noticed out of the corner of his eye that some other girls blushed also. Am I really that charming?

He laughed internally at his egotistical thought.

"O-okay... I see your argument's logic. Fine. I'll allow this," she turned on her heel started to walk away, but stopped mid-stride and turned to face Kyoya, "this should not happen again."

"Of course," Kyoya smiled politely. Then she exited the club room. When they knew they were in the clear, people started to talk again.

"That smile is so fake."

"Oh, so you could tell?"

"I'm an actor. I can see through that stuff," He smirked and scoffed, "but that also means you can't tell if what I'm doing is fake or not, Ootori." Shion said his name as seductively as he could to tease him. He had seen that blush earlier. Kyoya's glasses gleamed at that. Shion heard some girls call him over. Since he was called over when Renge came in he had to leave his guests. "Ciao."

"Hey Kyoya, I got the photos and a recording," Aaron approached when he saw Shion leave.

"Thanks for the work Kagami-san." Kyoya flicked through the pictures, stopping momentarily on some pictures on Shion before looking back to Aaron. "I'll get these printed."

"No probalamo Kyoya," Aaron grinned. "Also sorry for Satsuki. She's...Urm... Impulsive."

No kidding.

"She means no harm. But she has this odd talent to read people." He stopped talking when he heard some jazz music. Shion started playing some on the piano since he didn't have any more guests. The sound was soothing, the smooth jazz calming the nerves. People went back to talking, the background music adding a nice touch to the atmosphere of the room. Aaron also noticed Shion starting to get chummy with Kyoya and if Satsuki was correct... He sighed. Things would be getting weird.

"I'm sure you realised it," Arron paused, serious. He made eye contact, "That you may like him."
The guests have left and the club members were talking among each other. A blond was just finishing a conversation with Kyoya when he caught sight of Haruhi with Shion. He ran towards her and jumped, aiming to hug her.

"Haaa-ruuu-hiii!"

She stiffened, eyes widening and moved out of the way just in the nick of time for Tamaki to wiz by her. Instead of Haruhi, the original target, Shion was tackled to the ground.

"Fuck! Ow..." Shion took a breath in, feeling like the wind just got knocked out of him. He tried to move when he felt Tamaki on top of his back, arms wrapped around his body.

"Haruhi why must you avoid daddy’s love and affection?!"

"Suoh, not in the ear!" Shion yelled back. A shout from the blond in such close quarters to his eardrums hurt.

"Oh, sorry Hakuba--" he froze suddenly, noticing a large bruise on the back of Shion's neck. His black curly hair didn't cover it all from the angle it was being looked at from.

"Just get off already. You're heavy and it's hard to breathe. Thanks."

"Hakuba, you're hurt!"

Shion flinched, he didn't want them to know, so he played it off cleverly, "Well you did just tackle me."

"It can't be from that."

"Then what else would it be fro--OW!" Shion cried out in pain when his neck was poked from behind.

"It would seem to be from one of the bullets, " Kyoya retracted his pen. "When did this happen."

Shion sighed, giving in. "At the end of the act." He tenderly rubbed the back of his neck. He couldn't even turn his head without it hurting.

"You don't mean..." Haruhi suddenly felt guilty, "When I shot you? I thought I shot your back! I... I'm sorry Shion."

"It's okay, you weren't the only one," he looked sharply to Tamaki. "You hurt Kyoya with that shot close to his head. I specifically told you not to aim there! Haruhi didn't know because I didn't tell her—she’s also a terrible shot—so it's partially my fault. But you knew and yet you still did it."

"W-well I was caught up in the moment and—" he was silenced by the sharp look he was getting from Shion. He slouched over in defeat, "I'm also sorry."

"Okay. Well, I've got homework to do. Bye."

"Wait!" He was gone already. Tamaki wanted to get his neck treated.

"Ooh Tamaki, you got scolded~" the twins rubbed it in. "Now Haruhi," they started with playful smirks, "how would you like it if we gave you a ride home?"
That sent Tamaki into some banter with the devious twins.

"Uuh, I'm so tired... Where's the ice pack..." he rummaged through his freezer, "Oh that's right... I don't have one," but he had the next best thing, a bag of frozen vegetables. Peas to be precise. "Aah, this feels nice." He heard a knock at the door just as he was about to go to the washroom, "Come in!" he shouted.

"Shion."

"Hey Haruhi, what's up?"

She put a plastic bag on the table, "Sit," she ordered, and from the tone of her voice, he knew he didn’t have a choice and did as he was told. “I have some medicine that will help. Can you put your hair up?”

“Sure thing,” he grabbed a hair elastic from his wrist and pulled it up, careful not to hit the bruise. It made a small ponytail, the shorter strands of hair weren’t held by it and it left his bangs free. Haruhi got some cream and put it on the bruise. It was cold and it made his neck feel tingly.

“There. Now use this until the bruise isn’t swollen anymore,” she closed the cap and handed him the tube of cream. Shion raised an eyebrow when she wiped the remainder of the cream off of her hands and onto the back of his shirt.

“Thanks, Haruhi,” Shion said both sarcastically and thankfully. He yawned, “Well, I’m going to go to bed.”

“What about the homework?”

“Oh, that was a lie,” he said honestly and bluntly, “I just wanted to leave.”

Haruhi sighed, typical Shion. “Well, goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”

Hey Author here! Hows it goin? Did this chapter sate some of your romance needs? (Not really a lot of it going on though) Romance is still going to be quite slow despite what just happened in this chapter.

Yay, now I can bring this up. I didn’t want to spoil anything. The cover picture is a picture I drew of Shion in his Mafia get up. :P I’m proud of it.

Hope ya like the chapter!
"Hakuba! Hakuba! What is this white powder in the briefcase?!?" Tamaki shrieked, thinking that it was some sort of drug. They were cleaning up the club room from the mafia theme and came across a briefcase.

A briefcase filled to the brim with small plastic baggies that had white powder in them.

"Don't worry Suoh, it's not drugs. Seriously, why the hell would I bring drugs to school anyways? Who in the world do you take me for, a drug dealer?!"

"Uhh..." Tamaki shifted uncomfortably.

Shion chuckled at the expression he was able to coax out of him, he never really got to see Tamaki be uncomfortable with anything. It was something new. "It's a mixture of salt and flower, though mostly salt." An unexpected scenario popped into his head, and he started laughing silently. He had to cover his mouth with his hand to hide it, other arm holding his stomach as he hunched over.

"What are you laughing about?"

Shion waved a hand to dismiss the twins, trying to calm himself down in the meantime. He didn’t know why he found it so funny, but he just couldn’t stop laughing.

"Oh, it's not nothing if it's got you laughing like this."

"Yeah, tell us!"

"Come oooo~."

"Tell usssss~."

"Oh this is rare, what are you laughing about Shion?" Haruhi came in as the Hitachin boys were hounding him with unrestrained curiosity—they were circling him like hawks. Shion looked up and felt embarrassed when he came to see that the club members were looking at him attentively. He couldn't hold his blush back as he coughed awkwardly into his hand.

"Oh, um... Well, Suoh here thought that those props were actually drugs."

Haruhi snorted in amusement. She hadn't thought that he was that naive. Even Honey wasn't as naive as Tamaki despite the bubbles and flowers that surrounded his aura at all times.

"You didn't laugh at that though." Honey pointed out.

"No I did not, but what I thought of next did..." Shion held back another wave of laughter just remembering it. "If Suoh wanted drugs, hypothetically," he had to emphasis the hypothetical part because he saw Tamaki almost seethe at the example. "Hypothetically, I imagined him like this. Walking up to some vendor not knowing anything about the business and saying," he got into a rich persona, voice going towards the snooty rich person tone, "I would like one crack cocaine please. " Then he did a gruff voice, "Cash or Credit?" Then back to the rich and snooty, he rummaged through his bag and quickly brought out a card. "Gift card ."

The twins burst out laughing along with Haruhi who was cracking up. Mori had a smile quivering on his stoic face while Honey was shaking. Even Kyoya was laughing. Chuckling more like it, but
he obviously found that amusing, Shion's sudden changes in character made it all the better. Now the victim...

Oh, the victim...

He was bright red, head to toe, but the weird thing was that he was obviously frustrated, angry even. Though he was shaking too, either from the frustration—Shion and the others knew that he was laughing—or holding back laughter. Shion had to wonder how Tamaki could be showing so many different emotions at one time. He was truly a unique individual—actually everyone in the club was unique.

This club hosts some interesting people.

The thought sent Shion into another wave of laughter.

Shion was in a group with Aaron, Satsuki, Tamaki, and Kyoya for a midterm project. Five desks were put together for their work. It was a group assignment for English, and they were already done due to his vast knowledge of Shakespeare. Now they were all just chit-chatting. Shion had an earbud in, his mind checking out while listening to music, though it didn’t stop him from hearing some people talking behind him.

So now it’s starting … Shion mused. “I thought it would start earlier to be honest.”

It was normal for rumours to start up. Shion wasn’t liked by everybody, he knew that he wasn’t that well liked with some social cliques. It was inevitable, nobody could have everybody love them. From what he was hearing, the rumor was that he had ‘woman parts’ because he didn’t like to change in the open during gym classes. He didn’t really have a problem with it, it was just that whenever he had to change the room would be packed, so he would change in the shower stalls.

Wait... if anyone should have this rumour attached to them shouldn’t it be Haruhi? Shion laughed from the back of his throat cynically.

Shion saw Tamaki frown and move to get up. Shion grabbed his wrist, “Suoh. Sit down.”

“But Hakuba !”

“Suoh, there’s no need to waste your breath on a fucking rumour.” He glanced narrowly at the people behind him, “I don’t need you guys getting targeted just because you defended the new commoner.”

Tamaki huffed and sat back down.

“But Shion, you know we can help out.”

“Yeah, we’re your friends!” Aaron and Satsuki supported him.

“Yes. And that’s exactly why I don’t want you to get involved.” Then he felt a sensation in his nose and reached for a few tissues in his bag when an idea came to mind. Something to bring to topic to something lighter

"Hey, guys," they stopped their conversation and looked to him. Great, now their attention was on him. Shion grinned evilly, "Hail Satan," and as if on cue his nose started bleeding.
They all went wide-eyed, and Tamaki started freaking out.

"S-s-s-SATAN?!?"

Aaron and Satsuki burst out laughing. While they were reacting to his joke, he tended to his nosebleed. After a few minutes of holding his nose—which was annoying because it was bleeding heavier than usual and he ended up swallowing a bunch of blood—it stopped. He went through his bag again for his music book but paused when he found a loose sheet tucked away neatly at the side. He looked over the paper and paled. He put his head down on his desk, forehead resting on that cursed piece of paper.

"Shion, whatcha dooin'?" Satsuki went behind him and leaned on him, putting her chin on his head.

Shion groaned into the desk, not caring that Satsuki’s chin was pointy. He felt overwhelmed, burdened with too much work. He just learned that at the end of the school year a ball would take place after the culture festival. The ball wasn't the main problem, he would just have to get his mother to send his good suit in the mail, but since Shion was attending as a performing arts major, the school had made mandatory performances that weren't even based on any classes he was taking.

The largest problem was that Shion had to put on a whole slew of performances as his final projects, a rule that his scholarship was based on.

He was taking a music class, yes, but he had to perform both vocally and instrumentally in different performances, with three songs each to boot. Then there was drama, he had to do a monologue, a play with the school’s drama club, and lastly, one thing of his choice.

And people said great things come in threes...

Oh, how Shion cursed that saying to oblivion. He should have read the fine print. This was also on top of keeping a seventy percent average, which wouldn't be that bad if he didn't have such an insane workload on top of club activities and his street performing for money.

"Hello? Shion? Earth to Shion..."

Shion came back to reality after torturing himself mentally with the workload. He groaned, lifting his arms to wrap them around his head and grabbed at his hair as if to shelter him from the torment he was going unwillingly put himself through.

"Oh, nothing. Just the world collapsing around me."

Aaron chuckled, "Feeling glum chum?" He pat his head from his seat in front of him.

An idea popped into Shion’s head. He suddenly shot straight up and looked at Arron—well, at least he hoped he did because the paper was stuck to his forehead—it was there for a few seconds before floating off. The others burst out in laughter. Shion sported a large red dot on his forehead.

"Oh, nothing. Just the world collapsing around me."

Aaron chuckled, "Feeling glum chum?" He pat his head from his seat in front of him.

He frowned at their laughter and waited for when they calmed down. "You play a few instruments, don't you Aaron? Like piano or base for instance?"

"Mhmmm, why? What's up?" He answered cautiously.

Shion smirked, "I may be able to get you out of our final playing tests and or exam."
"Oooh, please, do tell." Now he was interested.

“Aaahhh~” Shion yawned and stretched in his seat in the club room—he was just there to laze around, it wasn’t a club day, and he didn’t want to go home yet. His arms reached over his head and pops came from his shoulders. He’d been in the same spot reading for a while, body becoming stiff and needed to move.

“That was quite a big yawn Shion,” Kyoya looked over his laptop to see Shion just finish a massive yawn, still typing away.

“Hmm, I guess it was.” Shion wiped some tears from his eyes that went down his cheek from the massive yawn. He’d been staying up late recently. He did a few stretches, feeling stiff.

Suddenly the door to the club opened, almost flying off its hinges, and all attention went to the person who abruptly stormed in. “Is Hakuba Shion here?!?” A male voice shouted.

“Uh, yes?” Shion looked over the back of his seat to see, and the person that barged in speed walked up to Shion. Shion looked up to see his slightly panicked green eyes wide, “Hello,” he raised a quizzical eyebrow.

“Please, I need your help!” He took a moment to get his breath, still winded. He looked like he just sprinted through the halls to get there.

“With what?”

“There’s this crazy girl who’s trying to get me to marry her and even when I told her I was gay she didn’t believe me! So now she wants proof!”

Shion’s expression grew more amused and skeptical, sure he sounded desperate, but the whole thing was ridiculous, “And you need my help why?”

“Because you’re a fantastic actor who I think I can trust and I think you may swing that way maybe?” They said bluntly, having no shame buttering him up with the compliment.

Shion laughed, “Not quite. But what do you need me to do?”

“Dominate me.”

“Sorry?” Shion blinked almost owlishly, utterly taken aback at the bluntness. He looked completely normal with his simple short brown hair and green eyes, but his personality certainly didn’t reflect his looks.

“You heard me.”

Shion sighed heavily, “First of all, I don’t even know you. I didn’t get your name or anything—“

“His name is Ko Fitzpatrick. He’s a second year who came back from studying abroad in France for a year.”

Shion rolled his eyes and looked over to Kyoya, “Thaaaanks. I could have just asked him though,” Shion laid on the sass. He turned back to Ko, “Okay… then let me hear the full story. Depending on what you’re asking these guys might be able to help too.”

The explanation took a few minutes, and Shion couldn’t believe what he was getting himself into.
“So she’s a crazy delusional stalker who likes you just because you said sorry when you bumped into her?” Kyoya said bluntly.

“Pretty much,” Ko said with a huff. “I just got back a month ago. She’s been following me home and when I go out with my friends. Her father’s a higher up, so I think he could somehow get the papers through without my consent.”

“How come to me though?”

“As I said before, I think you’re a great actor—I saw a video of the Mafia skit, it was amazing — and where else could I go?”

“I… can think of something. Come back tomorrow I guess.” Shion held his chin in thought. He had an idea forming though, he would need the club’s help…

“Arighty. Well, I look forward to working with you!” Ko saluted with a bow and left. He popped his head in the door, “And please make sure that this doesn’t get out!”

“And there goes the storm.” Haruhi couldn’t even speak throughout the whole visit. It was all too overwhelming. Other than Kyoya no one else had gotten a word in. “So what are you going to do Shion?”

“I was thinking of having a set up where she’s stalking us. I’d pick him up at the gate and bring him for a ‘date’ and have her witness some stuff.”

“What stuff?” Honey questioned.

“I don’t know… Maybe a kiss? She needs to be convinced that he’s gay right?”

“A k-k- kiss ?” Tamaki spluttered.

“It’s nothing too big, I’ve had to kiss in role before…” He trailed off when he noticed he was being stared at, “Why are you guys looking at me like that?” He felt like they were collectively thinking that he was the scum of the earth or something.

They sighed.

“Hey don’t collectively sigh at me like that. Now Kyoya, you might be able to wring some money out of him since this could technically be considered as a job we’ve been hired for.”

It didn’t take much to convince him the benefits of helping this guy out. After all, the more connections you have, the more power you have . Well in Kyoya’s case that is.

Shion was running through the notes he jotted down for Ko’s request, pointedly ignoring the gossip he was hearing as he made way to the club room. It was getting annoying, but it wasn’t out of hand. Yet.

“Hey, guys. Oh, hello Ko-san, you’re already here.”

“Yeah, I really need her off my back,” he pointed to Kyoya, “I’ve talked to Kyoya here, and if you guys get this done, I’ll pay you guys. Handsomely.”

“Well, I have a few ideas.” Shion brushed off the theatrics of the ‘client’. Shion ran the various scenarios by the client and offered his own ideas. Though, there were a few problems that needed
“Shouldn’t you have a disguise?” Ko offered, “There’s some rumours about you going around and if people heard of this things would go off the charts wouldn’t it?”

“I was thinking of one also. Since I’ve been fancy with my Mafia costume, I was thinking a delinquent look.” Shion looked over to the twins, “Do you two know of any hair dye that’ll come off in one or two washes?”

“We could get some!” “What colour were you thinking?”

“Preferably blond, but I don’t want to bleach my hair so red I guess.”

“We won’t have to bleach it, it’s just really strong so the colour will come out fine. What kind of blond did you want?”

Shion glanced to Tamaki before deciding against it. He’d call me his brother… “Platinum blond.” He could have gone with a more typical dyed blond like Tamaki’s sunny yellow, but then again, he didn’t want to look like Tamaki.

“Alright.”

“As for my clothes, I’ll work it out. I’ll wear contacts and cover my other eye. Most people only see the green…”

Ko leaned forward in his seat suddenly and was in Shion’s face, “So! When will we do this?”

“The end of the week.” Shion pushed Ko back and went on with another thought, “Does your crazy-soon-to-be-wife follow you even if you catch a ride?”

“Yeah, somehow she always follows us.” Ko honestly had no idea how she kept track of him all the time, it was creepy.

“Kyoya…” Shion contemplated for a second, wondering if it would be able to happen. The idea was a bit out there, but it was a chance that he could drive one again.

“Yes?”

“Do you think you can arrange a motorcycle?”

“A motorcycle ?!?” Most of the residents in the room shouted, both disbelief and surprise present.

“Why do you want a motorcycle Shion?” Haruhi asked, she never heard of him being able to drive.

“Well, wouldn’t it be strange for a delinquent to drive a limo? Especially if they’re not from Ouran.”

“That’s not what I meant, how are you going to drive it?”

“Oh,” He reached into his bag for his wallet, and pulled a card out, “I have a motorcycle licence.”

“Whaddya look at that…” Ko was impressed. “How old are you again?”

“Eighteen.”

“Shouldn’t you be a third year then Shion? Or maybe in college?” Believe it or not, Haruhi hadn’t
asked this question yet, and she was surprised it didn’t come to mind earlier.

“When I lived in the U.S I took almost a year off to film a movie in middle school… So I didn’t have the attendance to pass the grade.” Shion almost sighed when they ohhh’ed collectively. It was weird how they were so in sync.

“I can get you the vehicle, but if it’s damaged, you’ll have to pay for it,” Kyoya said with a glint of his glasses and Shion almost gulped nervously. He would just have to not damage it, and it would be fine. He’d probably jinx it with that.

“So I’d pick him up from school—preferably Friday—and bring him out for a ‘date’. I’d find a parking spot and was thinking if someone could pick the bike up when we walk away from it.”

“Why get someone to pick it up?”

“Shh, Tamaki. I’m explaining.” Shion shushed him, “After the ‘date’ stuff—probably a movie or dinner or something—then we’d go into a love hotel,” and after saying that Shion couldn’t help it, he burst out laughing. Their faces were priceless.

“A… love hotel? Shion… you do know what those are… right?”

“Hahaha… Yeah. Haruhi I do.”

“Then why in the world—“

“To prove that Ko here’s gay,” Shion wiped a tear from laughing, “We wouldn’t actually do anything. We’d just enter and leave through the back door—where hopefully we’d have someone pick us up. Then crazy lady will think we stayed the night.”

“Why didn’t you just say so!”

“I was trying to explain it before all your thoughts went dirty.” They had the decency to look embarrassed. “Well, that’s what I got. How does it sound Ko?”

“It sounds great! But she just won’t believe anything.”

“Yes, I was hoping to have someone tailing us and text me saying if she’s still following us. When she’s close enough, I’ll make it look like we’re a couple.”

“If you’re planning to do it on Friday then don’t you need to get everything ready on Thursday, Shion?” Tamaki questioned.

“We could do your hair during Thursday afternoon.” The twins offered. It’s not like they had anything better to do.

“That’d be great. We couldn’t do it during school either, so I’ll just skip Friday.”

“Skip?” Kyoya questioned.

“Well, I wouldn’t be able to come to school with my hair dyed.”

“Instant failure!” Honey came in with a little shout. Shion chuckled at the exclamation.

“True…” Kyoya’s lips formed a thin line, agreeing with Honey. Shion would be in quite an ugly spot if he went to school with his hair dyed and then going out on the date. Kyoya frowned. He didn’t like the sound of that, it made him feel irritated.
“I got an excuse though, so don’t worry.”

*That’s not what I’m worried about.*

For the first time in a while, Haruhi and Shion were walking back to their apartments together. It was nice out, chilly, but nice. The wind was picking up, and Shion was happy that cooler weather was coming around. It’s been too hot for him even in the early fall. He didn’t want to imagine the summer temperatures.

“Are you sure you want to help him Shion?”

Shion breathed a puff of air into his hands, just barely visible. “I’ll help him. He’s paying the club right? I’ll get Kyoya to give me a portion.”

“Money’s not the problem.”

Shion frowned and sighed, “I don’t think it’s a problem. Now don’t start, I have no emotional connection to him, but I’m going to help him out.”

“Alright. Alright.” Haruhi waved a hand. “If the rumours get out of hand I’m not at fault.”

“Well, you won’t have to be because I’ll be in disguise.” Haruhi shut the door in his face. “Bye Haruhi.” He laughed—the door was shut so abruptly that it was funny.

The last bell rang for the day, and once Shion walked out of the classroom he was confronted by the twins. Immediately.

*How did they even move to my classroom so quickly? They’re on the first floor.*

“We’ll do your hair at our place.” “We have all the tools there.” They said right after each other, the fox-like smirks of theirs weren’t giving Shion a good feeling.

“Alright.” Shion adjusted his bag and followed the twins to their ride, which was of course a limo.

“Shion! I was wondering why you ran out of class so quickly,” Aaron ran to catch up to them. He caught a glimpse of Shion in the pickup lane and wanted to know the details. “Oh, we haven’t talked in a while, Hikaru, Kaoru.”

“You three know each other?”

“Used to be best buds.” Aaron chuckled, “But we drifted into different friend groups after we started high school. So. Where are you guys going?”

“They’re dying my hair.”

“Ooh, mind if I tag along?”

“I don’t mind, but it’s up to them, it’s their ride.”

One twin sighed, “Alright.” “But don’t cause any chaos like the last time you came over.”

“That was two years ago.” Aaron scoffed as he entered the limo.
The ride there was awkwardly quiet. Shion never really talked to those two without anyone else around, so he was glad Aaron was there. He took out his phone and text Ko for some extra details. He hadn’t asked if a kiss was acceptable.

“Whatever it takes man! I asked you at the very beginning to dominate me! I’m fine with a make-out session if it has to go that way.”

Well, that was certainly clear enough.

“Wow, he’s straightforward.”“But not straight,” The two laughed at their joke.

“What?” Aaron asked. He zoned out during most of it so didn’t catch the details.

“Nothing Aaron.” Shion chuckled, “And why are you two so close to me?”

“Curious.” They said simply as they pulled into a mansion’s driveway. The vehicle stopped, and a butler opened the door of the limo.

Hikaru and Kaoru excited first, then Aaron and Shion followed. Shion looked up to the mansion, he shouldn’t be surprised anymore. It was a beautiful building, not a traditional Japanese manor like Satsuki’s, but an English mansion. The garden at the front was also pleasing to the eyes. He looked to see the twins staring at him with smug looks.

“What?” Shion clipped. Their faces were irritating.

“Nooothing~” They singsonged, “Now follow us. Or you’ll get lost.”

Shion followed the twins into what appeared to be a spare bedroom. It had an attached bathroom to it, so it suited their needs. He let the twins do their thing, and they made him have a shower. Luckily he thought ahead—dying hair generally calls for a wash, so, therefore, a shower—and brought a change of clothes to school along with shampoo and conditioner. Also, body wash. He knew he would have to shower so might as well make use of it. He came out into the bathroom without his shirt just because it might get dye on it.

“Careful Shion. If a maid comes in, she might faint,” Aaron commented with humour, secretly taking some pictures.

Shion ran a hand through his damp hair, “Oh will they?” He smirked.

“Come on, we don’t have all day.”

“Yeah, sit down.”

“Yes, yes.” Shion sat down and let them apply the dye to his hair. While they were waiting Shion brought out his music book and worked on some compositions. Aaron played his video game and they all talked as the timer went off before they needed to wash the dye out.

“You picked a good day to have this thing Shion.”

“Hmm?” Shion looked up from his book.

“Yeah, this dye takes about three washes to fully get out, so you have the weekend to get it back to normal.” The timer went off, “Now go rinse it out with the showerhead.”
Shion got up and opened the door to the bathroom. “And don’t forget to put the conditioner in!” Shion was almost assaulted as Hikaru threw the bottle at him. Luckily he caught it without fumbling it.

“Godo catchu!” Aaron said in engrish and gave him a cheesy thumbs up. Shion couldn’t not roll his eyes.

Shion rinsed the dye out with the showerhead over the tub and watched the colour drain away. It was rather amusing to see his identity drain away—that’s just dramatics but somewhat true. He used the conditioner next. Shion opened the door a crack, “How long do I keep the conditioner in?”

“Twenty minutes.”

“Thanks. Hey Aaron, mind grabbing me my bag?”

“Sure.” Aaron grabbed it and went to give it to him, but was weirded out when Shion’s arm just came out. “…What are you doing?”

“I want it to be a surprise.” Aaron heard from the other side of the door. “Also is there a towel I can use?”

“Here ya go, and geeze, don’t whip towels, they hurt!” Aaron complained, and the twins laughed.

“Shion! Times up!”

“Alright, alright.” The three on the other side just heard various noises indicating to what Shion was doing. Then the door opened. “I brought some clothes I might wear to match the look.”

“Oh my freaking god Shion!” Aaron shouted. “You look like a distant relative of Tamaki’s!”

Whatever drink Hikaru was drinking ended up as a mist.

“Taadaa?”
Hello! Well, here is chapter 13 and I'd like to say that I'm just a bit proud of it. Though some forewarning, there's some sexual themes nearing the end of the chapter. I think it's obvious when it's coming and I hope it's not too explicit. If it was full on hanky panky I would definitely place a stronger warning. I might have to change the rating of the story in the future huh?

"Shion, you look like a delinquent."

Those were Haruhi's words when she saw him. There was no hesitation whatsoever in her tone, just her slightly alarmed expression when she comprehended that it was him. The twins had dropped him off at the apartment complex later into the afternoon and Haruhi happened to be there, just getting back from grocery shopping.

"Uh, yeah. That's the point." He ran a hand through his platinum blond straight hair—his eyebrows were done too as an afterthought. He had styled it so the bangs covered his green eye and the other side was tucked back behind his ear.

Haruhi scoffed.

"Doesn't he look like a relative of Tamaki's?" Aaron asked Haruhi.

"Hmm... Now that you mention it, I see a resemblance. But it's not immediately noticeable." She looked over him again, "It's just the blond hair."

"See? I fucking told you so Aaron!" Shion growled. He had been reluctant to dye it platinum blond—he wanted it a bit lighter but the dye was in too long—and it came out darker than he wanted, thus the stronger resemblance of hair colour.

"Woah, language Shion."

"What? I'm getting into character."

Aaron blinked and Haruhi did also, both on the same wavelength, "Character?"

"Yeah. A delinquent character. Now come in and help me out." Shion entered his apartment and Haruhi followed the two after dropping her groceries off in her apartment. She didn't really have anything else better to do and Shion was up to something interesting.

After eating an okay meal—courtesy of Shion's cooking with a bit of Haruhi telling him what he was doing wrong—Shion had them sit in his living room. He had a cup of coffee in his hand. The other two just wanted water.

"You know, this is the first time I've been here. Satsuki's going to be outraged when she hears I was here before her." Aaron chugged his water.

"Then just don't tell her."
Aaron laughed, "Savage!" Then he started dying, some water went down the wrong tube and he was coughing like mad. After a quick refill of water he was better, though still coughing occasionally. "So what did you need help with?"

"Well you see…"

Shion didn't know what to do. He had everything set to pick Ko up from school already. The motorcycle was delivered four hours prior—around 8 o'clock AM—and he had already gone out driving for an hour to get used to the vehicle. It was a nice bike, black and red with chrome accents. Kyoya had even gone as far as getting two helmets.

"How much longer until school ends?" Shion sighed and looked to the watch on his left wrist. "Four more fucking hours… I'll record some music."

Since school started his upload schedule got more erratic. He had a stockpile of videos ready and he'd uploaded all of them. To be honest he didn't really like the last few songs he did so he didn't upload them.

*Maybe I'll redo them today…*

His subscribers deserved some good uploads.

As soon as he finished the first recording he uploaded. He hoped that Matryoshka was upbeat enough. He first recorded it after playing it in the park, though he didn't like the way it recorded and so he scrapped it. While it uploaded he went to record another. They were all songs with vocals, he had a tendency to switch between vocals and instrumental music. He was currently in the vocal mood. He just felt like singing.

"Crap." Shion looked to the time on the bottom right of his computer. He had an hour and a half until he had to go to the school. Shion had planned to stop recording earlier and exercise but he lost track of time. He would have to work out later then. Shion saved his progress on the songs he was editing and shut the computer down and grabbed his phone to text Ko.

'Hey Ko, you remember where I'll be picking you up, right?"

It was almost frightening with how fast the reply came in.

"Yeah, the front of the school by the gate. Why not the pickup lanes though?"

"Too busy. Also all the students have to exit the gate to get to the pickup lanes, so your stalker will most definitely see us."

"Oooh. Well see you soon! I'm excited to see what you'll look like since you're hell bent on keeping it a secret, you just keep telling me "You'll know when you see me", like dude. Hahaha. I'll see you! ... hopefully."

"Oh. I almost forgot. Don't call me Shion, my name will be… Vincent Weatherston."

"You just made that name up now didn't you?"

"… Yes."

With the time he had left he got into costume. He just washed his clothes so he had to fold them
and find the ones he would be wearing, all nice fresh and clean.

When dressed, Shion looked at himself in the mirror. He looked nice, but he needed to look more… imposing. Like a gang member or delinquent—that's what he was supposed to be. A delinquent. He had some old piercings that he could put on and the holes were still there so it wouldn't hurt… Yeah, earrings would definitely work. With the way his hair was styled they were very noticeable.

"What the fuck." Shion looked at the clock, time suddenly decided to pass by quickly and it was already 3:00pm. School ended at 3:30. He quickly put on his vest and headed out to the scene.

Bringing the motorcycle to a stop he waited by the front gate. It was about fifteen minutes until the bell rang, he had gotten there a bit early. He put down the hard kickstand meant for longer periods of time and took off his helmet. Shion fixed his hair and leaned against the bike, he could already see people in their classes looking out the windows curiously.

There was still some time to spare so he brought out his phone and checked social media and how his uploads were doing on their statistics. Shion looked at the time and the schools bell was ready to ring in a minute. Time to get into character. Mean, intimidating, cool, attractive, uncaring, quick to anger, Shion took note of those characteristics and altered the way he carried himself. He straightened his back but kept his neck forward and his eyes were narrowed with knitted eyebrows. He didn't need to get too into character like the mafia skit but he didn't want to be recognized.

Shion reached into his pocket and brought out a cigarette. A real one. He wasn't against smoking, but it was bad for him since he used his voice and needed lung capacity, so he rarely smoked. He would limit himself to three. The bell rang and students started exiting through the gate. Whoever had the guts to look at him got a dark stare to ward them off, though that didn't stop some of them from ogling. While he scared a few, some girls just giggled.

Then there was the real test.

The host club wasn't on duty since Kyoya needed to follow them—and without Kyoya the rest of the members would no doubt wreak havoc. Shion could see them approaching. The twins smirked when they looked at him. Man could Shion look good if he put in the effort. They whistled and the action brought the others attention to him.

Kyoya's eyes widened at the change. He hadn't been told what he would look like—since Shion liked to surprise he hadn't told anyone. Much to their discontent—though Haruhi and Aaron were the exception because he asked for advice from them. If he didn't know what was going to happen beforehand he wouldn't even be able to guess that it was Shion. It was completely different from the Shion he knew.

He saw him tap some ashes off his cigarette.

Shion wore a bright red hooded vest that was unzipped with a tight long sleeve shirt underneath and black leather biking gloves. His pants were dark grey denim skinny jeans that hugged his body nicely, and he had brown boots on. It was simple but nice. His hair was straight from the twins styling and was parted to cover his green eye. Shion also had a number of piercings on his ears—three on the upper cartilage and one on his earlobe. The rest of the group noticed him and the most immediate thing Shion could notice from them was Tamaki. He was almost seething.

The blond stormed up to Shion.

"What do you think you're doing?!" Tamaki shouted and put his hands on his hips.
Shion took a long breath of his cigarette in before looking to Tamaki darkly. He let out his breath in his face. Tamaki was too close, irritatingly so. "Waiting for someone. You got a fucking problem with that rich boy?"

He could feel Haruhi flinch behind Tamaki at the tone he used.

"Don't smoke on school property!" Tamaki coughed out from through the smoke.

"Fine." He smothered the bud and went to throw it on the ground, but Tamaki stopped him by grabbing his wrist.

Wow. I didn't think Tamaki could be so bold.

Shion's expression went murderous. He stood up abruptly and leaned forward, grabbing Tamaki's collar. "Don't fucking touch me!" With the movement of him getting up so quickly his hair covering his green eye moved. Realization dawned upon him. He only knew one person with heterochromia iridium.

Tamaki's eyes widened and he couldn't stop the fearful shiver that ran through his body.

"Shi-"

"Tamaki." Kyoya stepped forward to stop him from revealing Shion's cover. A crowd was starting to form and that wasn't good. "Leave the man alone." Then Kyoya turned to Shion with a business smile. "I'm sorry sir, out friend has a strong opinion about things like smoking and had gotten hotheaded about the situation. My apologies…” Kyoya looked at him expectantly.

Shion sighed and let go of Tamaki. He stumbled back and fixed his shirt. "Vincent."

"My apologies, Sir. Vincent." Then Kyoya put his hand out, discreetly handing him a wireless microphone and earpiece.

Shion scoffed and smirked at Kyoya, taking the items.

"Vince!" They turned to see Ko running up to them. "I let you pick me up this once and you pick fights! I can't believe you. Sorry for the trouble you guys." Ko rubbed his head sheepishly.

Tamaki hugged Ko. "My saviour! How will I ever repay you!?!" He was back to his antics already.

Shion bristled and grabbed Ko's arm yanking him away from Tamaki and bringing him close. He snarled, "Don't touch him. Come on Fitz." Shion grabbed the spare helmet from the back storage container on the bike.

"I was late because I wanted to make sure she'd see us." Ko whispered. "She's right there. The redhead with the circle glasses."

"I see…” Shion put the earpiece on before putting on his helmet. He glanced to the side and saw Kyoya give him a thumbs up hidden from the clients stalker. Shion winked at him with a smirk hidden from the helmet. Shion put the keys in the slot and the vehicle came to live. He revved the engine a few times and they were off.

Tamaki heaved a sigh in relief when they he got into Kyoya's limo. Honey and Mori couldn't join them because of some family matters but they were going to follow Shion on the bike and text him
where the stalker-lady was. Kyoya would text the details, the distance and where she was relevant to his position.

"Man… Shion's scary." Tamaki put a hand to his throat where Shion roughly grabbed his collar. "Shion just now was a different scary than he usually is. Vincent… he's quick to anger and goes straight to violence. Our Shion would tease and probably yell."

"Both are scary." The twins came to a conclusion. "He's acting. Did he actually hurt you?"

"N-no."

"Then it's fine isn't it?" Haruhi offered with her usual casual tone. "He wouldn't purposely hurt you." She was engulfed in a hug by Tamaki.

"But he was so scary!"

"Yes, yes Tamaki. It's fine." She awkwardly patted his back. "Besides, it's my fault that I didn't tell you guys. Shion told me to relay how he would be acting… I forgot."

"Well it's over and done with. We need to follow him." Kyoya stared out the window. Shion made to turn right close to the mall area.

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

"So what are we doing Vince?" Ko asked.

Shion looked down to Ko, he was rather short. "What do you want to do?"

"Arcade?" Ko grinned, he hadn't been to one for a long time. Not since middle school, he only went to one once before some things happened and he never went to one since.

Shion made a little half smirk and motioned for Ko to follow. He knew a good one that was nearby. While walking Shion read a text he got from Kyoya. Lady A was nearby. That's what they agreed to call her in the operation. Tamaki's idea. Since they were going into a noisy place Shion text Kyoya to use the earpiece, he wouldn't be able to hear the text tone going off. Also, he lent Ko his vest and he didn't have any other pockets he could use. Stupid skinny jean pockets too tight to be of any use.

They walked around and played some first person shooter and racing games when Ko just stopped and looked at a game with sparkles in his eyes. So, of course, they had to play it. Ko was playing Dance Dance Revolution—his third round by the way—when Shion was startled by Kyoya's voice in his ear.

"Lady A's at four o'clock. Behind the crane games."

Kyoya was watching from another location in the arcade, making sure to stay out of Lady A's line of sight. He had left the other members in the limo with a small amount of guilt for leaving Haruhi who had to deal with them until Kyoya got back. It was rather entertaining to see Ko struggle to keep up with the game though.

Shion looked to Ko who was sweating and panting. He was leaning on the rail attached to the game for support and was taking a break before the next round. Shion leaned over to whisper in his ear and Ko blushed. Shion couldn't help but chuckle at the reaction.

"Y-you want to try?" Ko tried to remain calm. Shion had said something very unexpected with…
implications.

"Sure."

From his place Kyoya couldn't help but be curious. What had Shion said to get that reaction out of Fitzpatrick? The mic built into the earpiece wasn't sensitive enough to pick it up.

Shion worked up a quite a bit of a sweat with the game and stopped after he got Ko to join in on a challenge. They have been in the arcade for about an hour when Shion thought of an idea. He didn't have any plans to go to one but since they were all sweaty they might as well. It was about a twenty minute walk away and was close to the café he wanted to have dinner at. There would be no problem, except that he hadn't been in an onsen before.

No time like the present to try new things.

On the way there Shion and Ko talked about trivial things. The weather, how it was getting cooler and cooler as winter came, and some upcoming comedian that was making waves in the industry.

"Oof!" Ko accidentally bumped into someone short. Well shorter than himself—which was rare in itself. He was shorter than Aaron.

"Watch where you're going punk!" The person shouted up to him. He was with two other people. "You made me spill my coffee all over my pants!"

"Pay up!"

Ko backed away, frightened by the delinquents, his back came into contact with Shion's chest. Kyoya who was watching from the limo was worried. The numbers were not in his favor.

"Woah, what's going on?" Tamaki's forehead was plastered to the window.

"Are they fighting?"

"Lady A's watching from the other side of the street. I wonder if she'll intervene." The twins mused.

It's not like they could hop out and blow the whole operation. Kyoya huffed and turned up the volume on his laptop. It was a bit muffled because of the background noise, but more than clear enough to understand.

"Hah?" Shion scoffed, he put his hand on Ko's shoulder and moved him behind him. "What do you mean, 'Pay up'? You fucking idiots were taking up the whole sidewalk."

"Idiots? Us? Really?" The short one oozed sarcasm, glaring at Shion. "Pay up."

"For what? Your bruised ego?" Shion leaned over to get closer to his height. "No fucking way. Come on Fitz. Forget about them." Shion grabbed his arm and walked away.

"Get him."

"Behind you." Kyoya warned through the earpiece.

One of the short ones friends winded up a punch and hit Shion on the head. "Ha, take that!" Shion stumbled from the blow but didn't fall. He had gotten that warning a bit late but he reacted well enough that he didn't get the full brunt of the hit. He would have to thank Kyoya later.
"That all you got? Punk?" He taunted and a smirk tugged at the corner of his lips. The same punk threw another punch and Shion grabbed it. They were no fighters. He tightened his grip. "Leave." He pushed him away roughly into the other two and they fell on top of each other.

Ko started walking with Shion again and when they turned a corner Shion pulled him into a shop. The three delinquents ran by, looking for them. Shion sighed in relief.

"Fuck that hurts." The initial hit to his head didn't hurt but there was a bruise forming. It would have been much worse if Kyoya hadn't given him that warning.

"Are you alright?" Ko asked.

"Yeah, I will be. It's just a bruise." Shion felt a vibration and took out his phone, long since taking back his vest.

"Where did you run off to? Lady A's trying to follow you."

"We ran into a shop to get those guys off our tail. We're leaving now."

When they got to the onsen the first thing that greeted them was an old lady sweeping. She sighed bitterly and moved behind the counter. Shion was about to pay for his entry when he saw a sign for dyed hair and tattoos. He couldn't go in. "Excuse me Ma'am. I just noticed that dyed hair isn't allowed in the onsen, but is it alright if I don't go into the onsen and just use the washing station?"

The older woman who was running the cash raised an eyebrow. "As long as you know you're still paying full price."

Shion smirked, "Alright." He placed the 1000¥ bill down on the tray.

"You." The woman pointed to Ko, "Make sure he doesn't go in the water."

"Aye Ma'am!"

Shion put a hand to his ear and held a button down. "Ey, Kyoya. We're going into the onsen so I won't have my phone or earpiece on me. Did Lady A follow us here?"

"Yes she's waiting outside." His voice came through with some background voices. "Hold that thought, she just went in." Kyoya ended the communication and glared at the rowdy members in the limo.

"Ah, well we have to go home now." Hikaru said after checking his phone. "A limo will be here in five minutes to pick us up."

"Do you want a ride home Haruhi?"

"Yeah, that'd be great." She agreed. Her father would be worried sick if she stayed out until dark.

"If my daughter's going then so am I. I need to escort the precious sapling home safely!"

Kyoya sighed when they finally left. "Good riddance." Now he could wholly focus on the task at hand.

Shion glanced behind him and it was just as Kyoya had said. The girl was in the building with them. How she was following them so precisely was unknown to him, but frankly it was creepy. They moved to enter the men's section of the onsen.
"I've never been in one of these before." Shion followed the usual rules for onsen and started undressing.

"Really? They're super relaxing... not that you'll be able to enjoy it."

Shion chuckled. "True. But I can't get my hair wet anyways. It'll go curly."

The onsen itself was nice, but what was nicer was that there was no one else in there with them. They were in there for about twenty minutes before Ko started overheating. Shion just basically just washed himself of his sweat and relaxed on a bench.

"You alright Fitz?" Shion had to support him and sit him down on a seat in the lobby of the onsen. He gave him a bottle of water that the lady kindly gave him. She knew the signs of heat exhaustion and she didn't want a customer fainting on her. When he received the water he saw Lady A in a waiting room of some kind hidden in the corner of the lobby keeping an eye on Ko.

"Yeah," he said breathlessly, "I just need to cool down."

"You sure?" Shion brushed Ko's bangs up and leaned over, putting his forehead on his to feel his temperature. "Hmm... You do feel warm."

"You feel nice and cold." Ko smiled.

"I guess my stone cold heart's good for one thing eh, Fitz?" Shion grinned, Ko laughed at the self-sacrificing humor.

"Alright, I'm feeling better now."

"Then let's get some food."

Ko stayed silent and looked away from Shion when his stomach growled. "Y-yeah... Food sounds good." Shion pat his head and hid his laughter.

When they got out of the onsen the sun was already setting. Kyoya chose to get out of the vehicle. It would be better to follow them on foot now since it would be harder to follow them down the thin streets they were walking around in a limo. It would be noticed immediately. Also when it got dark it would be easier to track them than in the limo.

Instead of that café Shion was thinking about they walked around and got some street vendor food. Ko was all excited about it like a small child on Christmas and Shion just couldn't say no to that pleading face. Even if it was basically desert for dinner he just couldn't deny Ko. They ate as they walked close to their next destination. The hotel. The area was becoming less busy and quieter.

"This is sooo good!"

Shion grabbed his hand and took a large bite out of his taiyaki.

"Hey!" He shouted in protest with a blush. Shion's face came close to his and it surprised him.

Shion nodded, it was a cream filling. He smirked, "You're right. It is good."

"You mean was. You ate like friggin half of it!" Shion laughed, which in turn made Ko blush more. "W-well that means I get to try your food." He grabbed his taiyaki and took as big a bite he could get. After a moment of chewing Ko licked his lips of the filling that escaped. "Mmmm, chocolate." He looked up to Shion and reached up to his face. Ko wiped some chocolate off of the
corner of his mouth with his thumb and licked it.

Shion's eyes narrowed and he grabbed Ko's wrist and pulled him along. Kyoya's report of Lady A following them was heard but ignored. She would get the proof that she wanted. It didn't matter that Shion was in role or not, or if it was a job—that action of Ko's turned him the fuck on. Yes, he did swing that way and Ko was pretty attractive, so any hormonal bi teen would get a reaction.

"Vince? Where are we going?" Ko was worried when Shion's expression went serious. A shiver went down his spine when they stopped by the entrance to a secluded alleyway. He swallowed hard. "V-Vince?"

Shion tilted his head and looked down at him with lidded eyes. Shion took a step forward and Ko was backed up against a wall. "So you like chocolate, hmm?" Shion put his hand on the wall beside his head and leaned down. He moved to whisper in his ear, "Want to taste some more?"

Ko shivered at his cold, sexy voice, and couldn't help but nod. Heat rushed through his body and he felt Shion smirk against his skin.

*Are you really acting right now?*

Shion's mouth trailed down Ko's neck with light kisses. Ko gasped when he was nipped at the nape of his neck and the trail tenderly moved back up to his jawline.

*Because this feels too real.*

A free hand moved to the hem of Ko's shirt and trailed up underneath it. Shion nipped and pulled at Ko's lips asking for entrance. Ko reached up to grab at blond hair and he gasped when Shion moved in closer, his leg going in-between Ko's and his arousal became obvious. He brought his other hand down to grab at Ko’s ass and pull him in.

Shion pulled away to let Ko recover and he looked to the side. Lady A was right there not far off. Shion's eyes widened. Kyoya was behind her and could see the whole thing, his eyes wider than their usual analytical narrow with a dark blush dusting his cheeks. A thought ran through Shion's mind.

*He's the one I should be doing this to.*

And suddenly it all felt wrong, but he had to keep this going. He looked the girl in the eye and smirked. Ko leaned up and pecked Shion's lips, he had caught his breath from the previous kiss. Shion licked Ko's bottom lip and nipped on it, asking entrance. Their tongues entered a hot dance, an experienced leader and a beginner trying to keep up, but failing as it got more intense.

Kyoya took out the earbud, the sound of it made him feel… It was just overwhelming. But he still couldn’t look away.

Shion pulled away and a trail of saliva connected their mouths. Ko has had enough for now, he couldn't hold himself up. Shion sighed lowly, "This is all you could take from that?" Then he smirked, voice husky, "You won't be able to handle the rest."

They slowly walked to the hotel as Ko regained his bearings. When they entered they went around to the back exit.

"Fitz, wait." He stopped and Shion reached under his shirts collar. He noticed it earlier when he was… dominating him and took off a bug, crushing it under his foot. "She was able to follow you because you were bugged."
"She bugged me?" Shion nodded in answer.

Kyoya made sure that his voice came out normal, " Limo's out back," he informed Shion over the earpiece. He would look composed, but his mind was going haywire—all of theirs. Ko and Kyoya.

"Alright, time to go." He opened the door. Shion took a deep breath in of the cool night air and felt something cool land on his nose.

Snow.
Chapter 14

Shion was driven back to his apartment a little over two hours ago. Kyoya was somewhat zoned out so he didn’t notice that it was right by Haruhi’s. Or he did and just was too flustered to talk. Shion honestly couldn’t tell. Ootori had quite the poker face. Shion was also glad that he also had a good poker face because he had some blood flowing and his crossed legs couldn’t be the only thing hiding it. Though Ko’s awkwardness through the ride was entertaining.

So here he was now in his cold shower—which was supposed to be calming, but with what he discovered it was quite the opposite—and at a loss of words, though he knew one thing for sure.

“Shit, I’m going to fucking murder those twins!”

It was the weekend so he couldn’t get in contact with them, and if he still couldn’t wash this out he wouldn’t be able to go to school either. More curses flew out of his mouth. Maybe Haruhi had their number or something.

It was too late to go over and see, so he just went to bed with wet blond hair.

When he woke up it was surprisingly early, just around seven o’clock. Haruhi would be up around this time and he might even get breakfast if he headed over now.

He knocked on the door.

“Shion why are you here so early? It’s the weekend.” The door opened and Haruhi looked up to him. She was looking at wild, curly blond hair. “Oh.”

“Yeah, understatement.” Shion huffed in irritation and walked in. He could smell the food.


“Hair dye. I can’t get it out even though the twins said it would start coming off in a wash.” He sat down on the floor with a thump, “I’m going to maim them. I can’t go to school until it’s out.”

“Oh yeah. What’s her name will recognize you. Well a lot of people will.” Haruhi mused while cooking an extra egg for Shion.

“I’m not even going to ask.” Ryoji took a swig of his morning coffee. The three of them were watching the morning news in silence for a good half an hour when Ryoji got up and stretched. “It’s time to go to work.” He yawned and threw his coat on. “Have a great day sweetie!”

Haruhi didn’t have the chance to reply as the door was shut.

Shion yawned and stretched, “Well, I’m going to be a shut-in today.”

“I’ll try getting a hold of the twins for you today.”

“Thanks. If I called they’d definitely try to pull one over me,” Shion grumbled. They were pretty clever. “Those mischievous bastards, they probably did this on purpose.”

“Hmm, probably.” Haruhi mused. “It’s something they would do.”

It turned out that the twins were out on some sort of business so Shion just went back to his
apartment for the rest of the day. He wanted to record, but he couldn’t with his hair blond. So he practiced some instruments he hasn’t been playing as often as he would like. He fiddled around with his violin, playing some concerto from memory. After an hour of practicing he put the bow down. His fingers were sore, the calluses on his fingers weren’t fully developed yet—they were slowly disappearing with his lack of practice—and playing anymore would run the risk of slicing his finger on the strings.

Shion tended to the instrument, wiping it down with a varnish. It was an older violin and he wanted to keep it in good condition. He held it by the neck and appraised the way the varnish made the wood shine.

There was a knock at the door.

He went to get it before the person waited too long. It was probably Haruhi. He put the bow in his mouth so he could have a free hand to open the door. He looked down to indeed see Haruhi.

“He—” Shion stopped and took the bow out of his mouth, “Hey. What’s up?”

“Would you mind coming shopping with me? There’s a long list today and I really don’t want to make another trip tomorrow.”

“Hmm… What’s in it for me?”

“… Dinner?”

“Alright. I just need to get a hoodie or something.”

“I can’t sleep.” Shion stared up at the ceiling in his closet-turned-bedroom. He really shouldn’t have had that coffee a few hours prior. He was all jittery and full of energy despite being dead tired. Shion really hated himself at the moment.

Because times like these bring up memories. Staring up at nothing, he clenched his teeth. After the job with Ko he had taken a cold shower and went to bed. Too tired to do anything about it—the same as he was now, but the difference was that he was jacked up on caffeine.

Now it was coming back to haunt him—but a different person was in mind, and that person was as straight as a board.

Though maybe not?

After all, he had gotten some reactions from Kyoya that made him think otherwise. There might actually be some hope—Shion halted his thought process.

Hope?

What was he hoping for?

Then he remembered how he felt when he saw Kyoya while doing various things to Ko. He felt… possessiveness overwhelm him. How had his view on him changed so much? He hated him at first… Shion sighed at the throbbing pain in his pants that he didn’t have the energy to deal with.

“Fuck.”

He didn’t notice dawn creeping up on him.
“What’s wrong Shion? You’re unusually grumpy this morning.”

“Ugh.” Shion grunted in reply. She wouldn’t understand the sexual frustrations of a teenage male — maybe. He could probably tease her about it. *Nah, too cruel for Haruhi.* “Couldn’t sleep.”

“Gee, I couldn’t tell with those bags under your eyes.” She said sarcastically. Haruhi got a cold glare in return as Shion sipped on his second cup of coffee.

Shion started choking when there were loud knocks at the door. It had startled him quite a bit.

Haruhi sighed and answered the door. She had a suspicion to who it was. She opened the door.

“Haaaa-ruuuuhiiiiii!” She was tackled down to the ground by another familiar blond.

“Senpai! Off!” Haruhi struggled in the hug.

Tamaki looked up to see Shion giving him a smirk, “Just get a room already,” Shion mouthed. A crimson blush adorned Tamaki’s cheeks and he shot off of Haruhi.

“Hakuba!” His expression slowly changed as he took in the still vivid blond hair. “Your hair…”

Shion’s expression went sour and he frowned. “Twins.”

“So what are you doing here this early in the morning?” Haruhi asked, not very amused.

“We’re going to go to Kyoya’s house! A study session!”

“Are the twins going to be there?” Shion asked and Tamaki nodded, “Then I’ll go,” He smirked maliciously, “they need to be put through the wringer for this.”

“Just let us finish eating.”

Tamaki sat at the table waiting patiently like a dog. *He would totally be a golden retriever.*

When Shion and Haruhi finished eating they got dressed, they were still in their pajamas. Shion dressed into the outfit he used as Vince. His hair was still blond and he didn’t want any chances of being recognized—though his hair was curly, and he had his glasses on. Shion kept the studs in his ears just because. He liked them and it was a throwback to when he lived in the U.S. *Ahh, good times.* He was such a punk back then.

Shion threw his study materials and some other things into a messenger bag and went off.

When they were ready they left with Tamaki in the limo. It took about twenty minutes to get to the place. Shion could help but gawk at the pink finish on the outside of the mansion.

“Since the school board couldn’t put up with the colour of the school anymore Dad made the house pink instead,” Tamaki explained, reading Shion’s expression of disbelief. “I forgot to bring my study material so just sit tight for a bit!”

“So where are we actually going?” Haruhi shrugged at Shion’s question. She then looked to the side to see a blond thing running towards them at full speed.

“Uh, Shion?” She pointed to the dog—she could see what it was now—that was running towards them, or rather to Shion. “You might want to run.” Haruhi could see Shion tense up immediately
after he saw the dog.

Shion eyes widened and his face paled. He bolted.

“What the fuck!” The dog was gaining ground on him. Shion jumped over a small decorative wall and ran around back to the limo. “Haruhi! Do something please!” He shouted, “Don’t just take a video!” He saw that phone in her hand.

He turned a corner and was barrelled down to the ground. “Get off! I am not your owner!” It was one big dog, he couldn’t get up.

There was a whistle, “Antoinette!” The dog got off him and ran to who whistled.

Shion sighed in relief and got up off the ground. He felt all shaky.

“Are you alright Shion?” Haruhi was concerned now. He was panting heavily and looked… off. Sure it was funny before, but now it wasn’t. She didn’t think that he’d be scared of dogs.

“I… I will be…” Shion’s breaths were wavering. He put a hand to his forehead and squeezed lightly.

“Hakuba! Are you alright?” Tamaki ran over with a bag over his shoulder and his dog following him. The dog looked friendly and its tail was wagging back and forth, hitting Tamaki’s leg with a thwap each time. No wonder Shion compared Tamaki to a golden retriever, he had one. Oh the irony.

Shion edged away from the dog. “Yeah…” He hastily got back into the limo. He didn’t want to be near it, fresh but unpleasant memories flowing to mind. It still hasn’t faded either... He gripped his leg just above the knee, rubbing where the phantom pains were.

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“He’s not up yet.” Tamaki relayed what a maid had told him. “I’m not waking him up!”

Haruhi jumped in, “Me neither.” Shion blinked, clueless, he didn’t know what the devil in glasses was like when he was rudely awakened.

Ignorance is bliss, or as they say.

“Alright.” Shion started walking, but stopped and turned around, “… Where’s his room?”

After Tamaki guided Shion there, both Tamaki and Haruhi backed away from the door.

Shion opened the door and slid in, trying to let as little light in as possible. He almost burst out in laughter when he saw what Kyoya looked like. It was the first thing he saw. Kyoya had a huge pillow under his head, so plush it almost adsorbed his head into it. His comforter was very large and plush also, poofing up around him. He could only see the tufts of black hair escaping the smothering pillow.

“O-Ootori…” Shion whispered and laughed into his hand. He looked around the room, it was very large. The bed itself would take up half the space in his living room. Shion had an urge to snoop around but acted against it. Kyoya wasn’t someone you wanted to mess with. Not in that way at least.

Now he needed to think of a way to wake him up.
Shion walked quietly over to the edge of Kyoya’s bed. He put a hand on the bed to lean on and shook Kyoya’s shoulder. “Ootori.” There was a grumble in response and he burrowed further into the blankets, otherwise he didn’t wake up.

“He’s a deeper sleeper than I thought.” Shion mused. He moved Kyoya’s shoulder so he would be facing upwards, the blanket moved and that’s when he saw that he wasn’t wearing a shirt.

“Hmm… Not bad.” Shion appraised. This was a chance to really look at him without him noticing. With his hand on his shoulder he could feel that his skin was soft, and with a closer look he had a beauty mark on his neck.

He was taking too long. The other two would become impatient.

Shion grinned and pinched his nose. A few seconds later Kyoya’s mouth opened in a gasp for air, but once again it was a failure.

Shion frowned. Desperate times called for desperate measures. *Even though it really isn’t.* Shion just thought it was funny. He leaned over Kyoya and blew gently into his ear, he felt Kyoya tense under him. Shion lowered his register and, “I don’t remember who you are… but last night was really fun.”

Suddenly he was thrown off the bed. “*Ouch!*” Shion nursed his neck that hit his side table. He glanced up and burst out laughing at Kyoya’s expression. It was deadly, if looks could kill he would be dead—that would be if Kyoya didn’t have a raging blush and looked panicked.

Kyoya’s eyes darted to where the voice came from. He put on his glasses. He didn’t recognize him at first—still having the blond hair and everything, including the same clothes as his Vince persona—but that didn’t deter his rage.

“Hakuba Shion.” Kyoya said coldly, but Shion couldn’t control his laughter. “Is that how you wake people up?”

“I-I’ve exhausted all my resources.” Shion wiped a tear, his stomach hurting from laughing so hard. “I didn’t think that would actually work.”

“Out.”

“Will you go back to sleep?” There was no response as Kyoya just sighed in annoyance. “Then no. The others are waiting.” Kyoya glared but got out of bed. “I’m waiting until you are dressed. Do you want some coffee?” Shion offered some of his that was in his travel mug.

Kyoya went to take a sip and his face scrunched up in displeasure.

“Oops, I forgot to mention that it’s black.” Shion smirked at Kyoya’s darkening expression. When Kyoya was ready and decent Shion opened the door. Tamaki was there, waiting with Haruhi and the twins.

“Y-you’re alive!” Tamaki gasped, “*and* he’s docile!” Usually whenever Kyoya was woken up he was the dark lord until he’s been up for at least twenty minutes. He wondered how Shion did it.

Shion raised an eyebrow, and zeroed in on the twins, walking up to them with a dark look.

“Y-you’re alive!” Tamaki gasped, “*and* he’s docile!” Usually whenever Kyoya was woken up he was the dark lord until he’s been up for at least twenty minutes. He wondered how Shion did it.

Shion raised an eyebrow, and zeroed in on the twins, walking up to them with a dark look.

“H-huh, so do you still like the hair?” “Yeah, i–it looks great!”

“I need it out.” Shion leaned down and put his hand on their shoulders, a fake smile on. “You’ll help me. *Won’t you?*”
“W-we could get it brought here.”

“You don’t like your hair blond?” Honey tugged lightly on his sleeve. “But you, Tama and I can be the same!”

“It’s not that I don’t like it, it’s because if I keep it the… Hmm… I don’t know if this saying would translate well…” Shion thought for a moment, wondering how to word it. “Well in English it’s the shit’ll hit the fan.”

Haruhi snorted, “It sounds just like what it means, figuratively though I hope. Things will get very bad.”

“Disastrously bad.”

“The product should be here in about an hour.” Hikaru said as he hung up the phone.

“So are we going to study?”

Shion blinked owlishly. Tamaki really needed to work on his pronunciation of the English language. Shion wished he had a recorder on him. Tamaki Suoh—swearing! He coughed into his hand, holding back some laughter, “… Tamaki… Do you know what you just said?”

“Yes! I said, this city is not a—” Tamaki stopped himself when he heard Shion chuckle.

“You’re saying shitty, not city.”

“What’s shitty?”

Shion held back a groan, Tamaki was too innocent. “It’s an English swear. Shit is feces. It’s your kuso.” Tamaki paled as Shion explained.

“Tama-chan swore?” Honey started to tear up and snivel.

“I’m afraid he did Honey-senpai.” Haruhi pat the blonds head.

“Tama… He…” Honey looked up at Tamaki with hurt eyes, “He can’t be the prince now!”

Tamaki started panicking and tried to calm his senpai down. “I—I didn’t realize! I’m Sorry Honey!”

“It was a mistake on Suoh’s part—he didn’t know what he was pronouncing. But it’s alright Honey,” Shion leaned towards him and pat his head, “because he swears that he won’t anymore.” Shion smirked and the twins burst out in hysterics.

Haruhi just sighed and rubbed her temples, “Shion… No…”

Shion grinned at Haruhi, “Shion yes.” He laughed and got up to stretch, “Hey Ootori, where’s the washroom?”

“I’ll get someone to direct you to it.”

Shion was directed to the washrooms. When he was done he looked around and… had no idea where to go. His guide just left him and he didn’t remember the way back.

*Well, I’ll wander then.*
While walking down a hall he heard giggling, spiking his interest, he walked towards the sound. When he turned a corner he came to see a familiar woman and child.

“Oh! Mother, it’s him!” The kid ran up to him and grabbed his leg. “Hello!”

“Hey… Asahi right?”

“Mmm!” Asahi nodded. “Your hair’s different!”

Shion smiled, “Yes, it is. How have you been doing?”

“Great!”

Shion smiled at him and looked to his mother, “I thought you looked similar. You and Ootori have the same looks.”

“You’re a classmate of Kyoya’s then?”

“Yes, same class and club. By any chance are you his mother? You look too young.”

“Oh heavens no, I’m his aunt.” She waved a hand dismissively at Shion’s complement.

“Hakuba! We were wondering where you went!” Tamaki barrelled around the corner and Shion avoided a hug.

Kyoya nodded a bow to his aunt and directed a small smile to Asahi. “You were taking long so we thought you had gotten lost.”

“Ah… well yeah. I did.”

Asahi looked up at Shion and Tamaki with sparkling eyes, “Are you two siblings?!”

“No. If we were I’d run far away.” Shion said with no hesitation. “My hair’s just temporarily dyed.” He bent down and ruffled Asahi’s hair. He looked sad that they weren’t brothers for some reason. “Sorry to burst your bubble kiddo.” He smiled, hoping that it’d cheer him up.

“No bubble is popped! Tama’s just awesome, if you were his brother it’d me more awesome!”

“Your cousin is very bright Kyoya!” Tears were brimming Tamaki’s eyes.

Before things could get even more out of hand, Haruhi needed to ask something. “Shion, Ryoji wants me back, are you coming too?” Haruhi asked since she knew that Shion didn’t want to be there too long. They’ve been studying for hours now.

“Yeah, I have some things to do.” Shion turned and smiled, “It was nice seeing you again.”

“Bye, bye!” Asahi waved, a crying Tamaki hugging him.

Shion needed to get the dye out of his hair. No matter how many showers it would take.

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The shampoo actually did its job and it got the dye out in two washes. He had to give it to the twins for that. Otherwise they’d be wishing they weren’t alive. He was back at school and things went as they usually did.
Except for the fact that exams were around the corner—it would take up half of the next week.

But alas, he was still in the club.

"Atchoo!" Shion sneezed.

"Are you okay Shion? Do you need a hankie?"

Shion smiled down to the cute—he still refused to believe that he was older than him—third year. "Thanks, but I'm fine Honey." It felt wrong to call him that because it made it sound like he was referring to a wife or something.

The small blond clambered up onto the couch beside him. "You sure?" Shion nodded. But Honey didn't really take that truthfully, so he crawled onto his lap much to Shion's discontent.

"It is getting quite cold out isn't it?" His last guest of the day frowned as she looked out of the window.

"Oh, you don't like winter?" Fall was long gone and the temperature started dropping recently, down to actual winter temperatures.

"Not at all, it chills me to the bone."

"I find winter a wonderful season. When it snows everything seems so vast and empty, it's even quieter when there's a heavy snowfall. The cold weather makes hot chocolate taste all the better." Shion thought to a memory of his old friends back in America. They had a large snowfall warning. There was even news about the state and others around closing up to prepare for it. The snow was really high, almost higher than everybody's front doors. Even though they were all around thirteen they made an igloo and caves in the large snow banks, they didn't care what anyone thought of them so why not?

"You must like winter." Tamaki rested his elbows on the back of the chair Shion was sitting on.

"Yeah... I do." Shion smiled, Tamaki picked up on the sadness that was underneath.

"Ooh, I have a swell idea! Momma!" Tamaki shouted in excitement.

Kyoya almost sighed, "Yes, Daddy?"

"Book a hotel at that resort!"

Shion was clueless to what was going on, so he brushed it away. He would find out sooner or later. He bid goodbye and waved with a smile to his only guest of the day. Shion's act crumbled once she left and you could see a dark shadow looming over him.

"Well I better get to work..."

He got his bag out and wondered what he should work on. He chose to work on a song he was composing for the trumpet, it was almost finished, but he had to add a piano accompaniment to it now. He sighed, he was just adding more work to the load.

"What are you working on Shion?"

"Music."

Haruhi blinked owlishly at the short answer. "For what?"
"Performances."

Haruhi huffed in frustration, "Come on Shion, you need a break. You're overwhelming yourself."

Shion looked up to Haruhi with a small smile, "Yeah, I guess you're right."

"Winter break is around the corner, it'll be nice to relax." Speaking of relax, the guests were gone.

Shion jolted when his phone started vibrating. He didn’t get calls often, so he never expected it when it happened. He fished the phone out of his pocket. “A skype call?” He saw the notification and swiped to answer the facetime call, holding the phone in front of him so the camera could show his caller his unamused expression.

“Oh, don’t make that face. You’ll get wrinkles here.” The person pointed between their brow with a well-manicured hand. The club members were intrigued.

“Mom. Why.”

If they were intrigued then, well they were invested now. “Is… is that a video call?” There was a murmur. The group snuck behind Shion to see who was in the call. The woman—who was established as Shion’s Mother—looked professional with the blouse they could see. Her caramel brown hair was done up in a tight bun with a braid going around it, bangs swept across her forehead, and her hazel eyes playful from messing with her son.

“I’m at school right now.”

“Oh, a club then. I thought you weren’t going to join one.”

“Well— yeah. But it’s mandatory. So here I am.”

“Hmm… Well I was going to visit without telling you, but some stuff came up so I’m calling you to cancel that.”

Shion deadpanned, “You’re calling me to tell me that you were going to come for a surprise visit, only to cancel ?!” He sighed, “Mum, look. I’m not sure if you get it, but that’s just redundant.”

“So I have to make an excuse to see my son?” She raised an eyebrow.

“So now it’s an excuse?” He mirrored his mother, raising an eyebrow—but with much more sass. He paused and sighed irritably, and without turning around he spoke. “Guys ,” he turned his head to look behind him over the couch, “I can see you in the back of the camera.”

“I was wondering what they were doing.”

“Yeah, thanks for telling me.” He retorted to his mother with heavy cynicism.

The twins leaned on the back of the couch. “We were curious about the call.”

“Hello, Murasaki-san.” Haruhi greeted.

“Oh if it isn’t Haruhi! And Murasaki is our old surname, call me Hakuba or Mizuki!”

“Sorry Mom, but I think Murasaki-san is ingrained in her head.”

“Oh how I remember you saying that you’d marry Shion when you were just kids. I wonder if you’re still interested? Oh-hohoho.” She laughed creepily.
“What! Haruhi how dare you betray your father!” Tamaki freaked out.

“So these are your friends?”

“…Yeah.”

“Was that hesitation I heard?” “Yes I think it was.” The twins grabbed his phone and let his mother see them. “Hello, we’re Hikaru and Kaoru Hitachin.” They switched the phones camera to the outer one and pointed to the other members.

“I’m Honey and this is Mori!”

The camera swerved over to an extreme close up of Tamaki since he took hold of the camera not knowing how to wield it. “I’m Suoh Tamaki!”

“I do not trust you with my phone Suoh!” Shion snatched it back and switched the camera back. Kyoya ended up sitting beside him in the ruckus so he just tilted the phone to get him in the frame, “That’s Ootori Kyoya. I’m afraid he’s too busy tuning everything out because it’s too lively.”

Kyoya looked up from his laptop and towards Shion, “I happen to be busy.”

“There, she’s seen everyone. Shoo.” He felt crowded. “Now what did you really want?”

“I’ll just call you back later. Bye everyone!” She smiled with a wave and the call ended.

“You know, you don’t look like your mother at all.” Tamaki voiced, and realized that he probably shouldn’t have from how Shion’s expression soured.

“I take after my father.”

The bastard.

That was bad, he shouldn’t delve into that topic. He pinched the back of his hand to get a grip. Exams were right around the corner. He needed focus.

Focus!

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"Ahhh, a glass of milk after a shower is the best!" Setting the glass down with a clang in the sink, he left to rummage through his clothes for something comfy to wear. It was the fourth day of winter break and Shion had taken to playing some video games late into the night, err... early morning...

Exams were hell for him. He never did well with written tests. He was more for playing and acting tests that actually required him to do and not write. Despite how anxiety ridden he was he thought that he did well on the tests.

Hopefully.

No, don’t let the doubt come back in. Shion scolded himself. It was winter break. All of that was over and it was time to relax— suppositively. He was still working on things.

He finished the composition for the piano accompaniment so now he just had to get practicing with Aaron when school started again. He had a few other things planned, but he didn’t want to start a whole bunch of new things, so he had to look through his files to find older projects to use. After
finding a simple outfit—jeans, a long sleeve shirt with a plaid sweatshirt, and a hat to tame his hair as it dried—he sat down at his computer in his studio to record a well requested song from his comment section on his channel.

Well into the recording he noticed a thumping noise from outside. He took off his headphones and waited. Another set of thumping noises was heard. "Someone at the door? Must be Haruhi..." He hung his headphones on his mic stand and strode over to the door. He heard a faint shhh sound but didn't really think anything off from it—it had been really windy through the night.

"Haruhi? I'm a bit busy—" He opened the door to see the host club... and Haruhi looking sheepish in behind them. He stared blankly at them, as if that would make them go away. They stared back observing his casual attire. "Guys... why must you do this..."

"Well, we've all been to Haruhi's home and when Kyoya said that you lived in the same place—"

"Just—just come in." Shion sighed and gestured them to enter, "Make yourselves at home." He wiped some sweat off of his forehead. He had been recording a whole bunch of things for a few hours and his throat started feeling sore.

"Ooh, this is bigger than Haruhi's place."

"It's a two-in-one, so of course it's bigger."

"So this is the living room."

"Just let me clean up a bit, I have junk hanging around from the move still." Not to mention some socks and sweaters that had been flung off to the side, forgotten. "Don't break anything." Shion warned. Then he started gathering the clothes into a pile in his arms and went to his room to throw them in his empty hamper.

"You have quite a small room."

Shion heard Kyoya say with some amusement in his voice. "Yeah well, it's for a reason—"

He looked down and noticed some tissue paper clumped up on the floor. He quickly hid it from view by kicking it under something. He just hoped that Kyoya didn't notice. Man that would be embarrassing. Shion coughed awkwardly, suppressing a blush at the predicament.

"I could make you guys some tea or something." He casually tied the sleeves of his sweater to his waist, trying to detract himself from Kyoya's knowing gaze.

"That would be nice." His eyes flicked up to Shion’s, he tightened his grip on his phone in his pocket, “Also Hakuba—"

"Momma!"

"Well Ootori, you better go help your husband." Kyoya raised an eyebrow at Shion but otherwise left the room. Shion sighed and hastily picked up the other stuff off of the floor before throwing them out. Leaving his now clean room, he went to his kitchen.

"Guys, find a seat in the living room otherwise there will be no tea for you." He heard a few replies, though the twins complained that they wanted to explore more. He put a few spoons of the desired tea in the mesh strainer and after a few minutes later the kettle started screaming, he poured it in a see through teapot. He liked watching the tea steep. Getting the cups, he set them on the table where the host club were sitting around.
They started chatting but it started dwindling down when they thought they could hear something.

"Do you guys hear that?"

There was a long silence as they strained their ears for any sound. Then they heard it. It was music, singing. Suddenly Shion stood up, bumping his knee on the table. "Fuck, it's still playing! That means it's been recording this whole time. Damn it, that's gonna have to be edited out..." He mumbled as he hastily went to his studio room. He had left the door open too so it could be heard throughout his apartment.

The others followed him to see what was going on.

"Woah, just what is this room!"

"It's a studio." Shion answered as he was clicking away on the mouse, turning a whole bunch of things off. The mic, the recording, and the instrumental music. Even a game from Steam was somehow open. A sudden wave of emotion encompassed him at where the game was left off. Undertale. He had somehow jumped onto the bandwagon and loved the game. He even transcribed some music from ear.

"It looks cleaner than before." Haruhi observed.

Shion had fixed up the room some more. The soundproofing squares alternated between black and purple, and he had organized all his music on his shelves rather than being strewn across the room in a haphazard mess. Overall the main difference was that you could see the whole floor. The window also had some blinds now so he could work without being blinded.

Shion looked behind him and couldn't help but feel irritated. "Alright, out, out, out! It's cramped in here." He gestured to the door and they went back to the living room.

"Aww, but we wanted to hear some music..."

"Well, you'll hear it at the end of the year. Or some other time, just not now."

"Why?"

"Throat's sore."

"Do you need medicine? Are you sick?" Tamaki bumbled around him.

"No, Suoh... I'm fine."

"Then what's wrong? You look really stressed."

Shion sat down on the couch with a sigh, grabbing his cup of tea and taking a big sip. "Shit." He cursed. The tea was still too hot for him despite sitting out for five minutes, at least it didn't burn him. He had hoped to avoid answering the twins question—though from the looks of them he knew he wasn't getting out of it.

"Well, I'm sure you know about my scholarship. Right?" They nodded. "Well Ootori should know the details." Then all eyes went to Kyoya and Shion felt himself relax a bit. Kyoya's surprised expression was proof that he wasn't expecting that and it made Shion feel... nice. He liked seeing what kinds of expressions he could evoke out of the stoic teen.

Kyoya coughed, "If I'm correct Hakuba will have to perform in different areas to show his
"I have to perform eight songs, four for vocal and four instrumentally, two of the performances with the vocals and band clubs. Then I also have to perform three acting performances, one with the drama clubs play, a Shakespeare monologue and another of my choice." He heard a whistle coming from Haruhi, she knew about the performances, but not about the workload.

"Just find some music and perform them then." Haruhi said simply.

"I have older compositions that I need to fix up, for music I'm fine, but it'll take time to finish them. Though for the acting part I'm wondering what to write. I have an idea on what, but--"

"Wait, write? Compositions?" Haruhi cut in, then she sighed, face palming. "This is so like you."

Shion blinked. "What is?"

"Making things more difficult than they have to be! You don't have to create everything, just find music or scripts that you connect to and practice."

"..." Shion sat in silence for a moment, hand slowly moving onto his temples trying to squeeze the pain away. He sighed a long, heavy, irritated sigh. He mumbled something incoherent. They could see his irritation building if his clenched jaw and hand were anything to go by.

The others strained their ears trying to discern the mumbling into words. From what they heard, it sounded like ducky in the English language.

"Sorry, what?"

"Fuck me!" He shouted in English, temper rising. "Why didn't I fucking think of that, my God I'm such an idiot! Shit!" Some of the occupants in the room that could understand his foreign rant blushed at the first thing he shouted in rage. Kyoya coughed and fixed his glasses, masking a blush also.

"S-Shion?" Tamaki cleared his throat and asked cautiously. He knew that an angry Shion wasn't safe to be around. Oh how he remembered the soup incident, as if it was just only the other day that it happened.

" What ?!" He snapped, he came to his senses and looked down to his friends sitting around his living room, his eyes widened. He didn't realize that he had stood up abruptly and stormed around the room, not to mention the things he had been saying. No doubt that they could understand at least some of it. "Ah... Sorry..." Shion sighed again and pat Haruhi's head. "Thanks for telling me, but it's too late for me to stop now. I've started writing everything already..."

Suddenly he felt pain in his head. A pressure exerted on his head and he felt all tingly. A wave of heat washed over him. Then his vision went black. He felt around for the armchair or couch. He wasn't out for the count yet. He knew it was from his sudden outburst. "Shit."

"Hakuba? What's wrong with you?" Hikaru asked when Shion started reaching around, eyes not focused on anything.

Haruhi realized what was going on and got up from the floor. She grabbed Shion’s arm and guided him to the couch. Even if she hadn't seen him for years prior she still remembered what to do if this ever happened to him.

"H-Haruhi?" His ears started to ring loudly and the sounds around him became warped.
"Shh, sit. Can someone get some water? There should be cups in the upper left cupboard." She heard a groan from Shion behind her. "Is this the pressure or the ringing?"

"Both."

"Oh." She winced. She was about to move him to lie down but Shion moved before she could and put his legs up on the edge of the couch.

"I-Is he going to be okay?" Honey asked, worried.

"Yeah, just having a dizzy spell. Comes with the package." He mumbled the last part as a joke to himself. Though he didn't notice—he couldn't notice—that Kyoya was close enough to hear also. Haruhi made a noise at the back of her throat but otherwise didn't laugh at his attempt of humour at the situation.

"Okay... my vision's coming back."

"Are you alright?" Kyoya asked, he hadn't experienced anything like that happen around him before and was panicking slightly. Shion started blinking to get used to the returning vision, he looked around and up to find Kyoya standing beside him.

"Yeah..." He didn't really want to tell them just like how he didn't want to tell Aaron and Satsuki. "Just some... Health problems."

"Are you dying?!?"

"No Suoh, I'm not dying." Shion said exasperatedly, and raised an eyebrow at the ridiculous assumption.

"Are you sure? You look pale." Honey reached out a hand to his forehead.

"Yes, I'm sure." Shion smiled and tousled his hair around. "Well, I think I should have a nap. Time for you guys to go. Goodbye."

"But Hakuba--" Tamaki wanted, no, needed to know why his friend was avoiding the issue. He wanted answers. They all did.

"Good. Bye." He said harsher than before.

Tamaki looked defeated and went to the door with the others. Shion noticed Mori lingering behind a bit.

"I'll be fine thanks though Mori."

He nodded and left with the others, almost hitting his head on the doorway. Shion laughed when he heard a metallic sound and a groan. Mori had hit his head on a low hanging bar at the stairs.

Haruhi stopped before exiting his apartment, "Just call if you need anything, okay?"

"Yes, yes. I will." He rolled his eyes. He was happy she worried, she could be a bit of a mother hen sometimes. With a kachink the door was closed and Shion made his way to the door to lock it. He came to feel dizzy again. Grabbing a few granola bars he went to his bed. He probably got up too fast after what just happened, but food wouldn't hurt either.

"I need rest." He fell asleep after eating the food he needed desperately to get some energy. He hadn't slept properly since the beginning of the break, and he needed it.
"Haruhi, by the way you acted I assume you know about Hakuba's... Condition?"

The others have left and it was just Haruhi and Kyoya. His limo was waiting for him, but he had questions that he didn't have answers to.

"Honestly I wouldn't have told you before, but you two have been getting close..."

She noticed Kyoya's shift in stance, fixing his glasses uncomfortably. She smirked inwardly. She had met Shion's friend Satsuki and she had no problem about her ship of him and Kyoya.

She sighed. "Just don't hold it against him for anything- and don't tell the others. He wouldn't like the news getting out." She looked up to Kyoya to judge him. He looked neutral, as always. "Shion has chronic low blood pressure. That's what causes his dizzy spells and fainting, also possible nosebleeds."

"I see."

"Don't treat him any differently, he will notice."

She remembered back to when her parents told her about Shion's condition and she started acting differently towards him. He was scary when pissed off even when they were kids. He was a cute and yet quite an intimidating seven year old. Absently she wondered if she still had those photo albums her mother made of them.

"I understand."

She frowned at his answer but otherwise thought that he wouldn't tell the others.

That was good enough.

"I better make sure he's eating properly..." She mumbled. Then she looked back to Kyoya. Oh crap, he heard that. "Well... I'm going to check how he's doing. Bye Kyoya." She walked back up the stairs with a few metallic clangs.

"Hmm, what to do..." Kyoya wondered during the ride back to his mansion, looking outside the window, he smirked. It seems that I will be booking that resort after all.
Shion felt strangely sick. That medicine he took before going to sleep was most likely the cause with the side effects, he remembered taking that before going to sleep. It may cause nausea if taken with an empty stomach. He tried to turn to get comfier and pulled up a blanket when he felt a force pulling him to the right. His forehead collided with a cold surface and he felt a mild pain. "Ugh..." Shion just noticed that he was sitting upright.

The others around him tensed. "Oh no... He's waking up..." Kaoru whispered shakily to his counterpart. They smirked when they saw Tamaki turn a few shades lighter in fear.

Shion opened his eyes before immediately closing them and squinting from the bright whiteness that was outside. Once his eyes adjusted he felt incredibly disoriented.

He was looking out of a window and the scenery was whipping by at near 120 km speeds. His eyes widened.

"..." Shion took a moment to wipe the sleep out of his eyes. Still the same.

_The fuck? Where am I?_

He certainly recalled not falling asleep somewhere other than his own bed. In his confusion, he started mumbling in English. "What. The. Fuck..." He looked down and saw a blanket on him, he turned in his seat and saw Kyoya sitting diagonally across from him, reading a book calmly as if he knew nothing of what panic was going through his head. He saw a blond head of hair hiding behind Kyoya's seat, and whether it was Tamaki's or Honey's didn't matter.

"Ootori..." His voice came out even, but from the sounds of it, it was threatening.

He looked up from the book he was reading. "Yes?" Though it hasn’t been read as much as he would have liked, he was being distracted. His eyes kept straying to the sleeping body in front of him.

Shion cleared his throat, "Mind telling me why exactly I am on a train?" He crossed his arms, more comfortable and it looked imposing.

"Hmm..." Kyoya placed a bookmark in the pages and slowly closed the book, "Well, let’s see..."

"Alright peasants! It's time for the operation!" The others looked at Tamaki with raised eyebrows, they were all used to his shenanigans, _but still_, even this was over the top for Tamaki Suoh. "We will be bringing the target to the base. Until then! Further orders will be issued after completion."

"Kidnapping Shion and bringing him to a resort hours away?"

"Shh!" He shushed the twins of the less grand, and more truthful, wording of his plans, "It's not _kidnapping_ , it's..."

"Detain and capture?" Kyoya offered smartly. It was a procedure in his father’s security and police force so he would know it. If Haruhi were present she would have snorted at Kyoya’s smart-ass attitude with the sarcastic humor that Tamaki clearly still couldn’t get.
"No Kyoya, we're... Prematurely delivering him to our destination?" Tamaki made a face at his own words and changed to another topic. He confused himself sometimes. "Now how do we get him up when he's not answering the door?"

"Doesn't Haruhi live just the apartment over?"

Hikaru continued Kaoru's thought. "She's close to Shion, she might have a spare pair of keys."

"Great thinking you two--"

"What's this about kidnapping?" Haruhi opened her front door. They were being loud and she could hear them from the living room. She was frankly surprised that Shion hadn't been yelling at them yet. She chose to confront them when her name got into the mix. After all, it was the best moment to enter, when you're relevant to the conversation.

"We forgot to tell Shion of the new date for our exertion," Haruhi had to wonder why they changed the date to a day before. It was supposed to start tomorrow. Something must have come up, "and we can't get a hold of him."

"We tried the phone, but he isn't answering the door either." Tamaki sighed and bent down, poking at a flower in a pot. The poor thing had withered with the cold and was still hanging on to its dead brown petals. Tamaki was just torturing the flower as with his prodding it was falling apart.

Well they had to catch their train in an hour, so Haruhi went to get the spare set of keys the twins somehow knew about. "He's bound to be packed already." She knew that he liked things organized, since he was somewhat of a perfectionist. Unlocking the door she went to enter when Tamaki was about to barge in. She put her arm out, stopping him. "Tamaki-senpai, you're not allowed in." She knew he would cause a commotion and it was best to prevent it.

"We will watch him." The twins offered.

Haruhi nodded, thinking that it would be for the best and entered the flat. She saw a few bags, one suitcase and his satchel and some snowboarding gear. She knocked lightly on his bedroom door and opened it slowly. Shion was sleeping in his bed like a brick. Kyoya went in front of her, noticing something on his side table. It was a jar of pills and a half empty glass of water. Haruhi panicked for a moment until she saw the slow rise and fall of his chest.

Kyoya picked up the jar of medication and examined it. "Potent sleeping pills." He looked down to Shion's sleeping face and noticed that he had bags under his eyes. Putting the jar back where it was, he turned to Haruhi. "By the looks of things he won't be waking up any time soon. I guess we will be following Tamaki's plans." He was amused by the whole situation, and he wouldn't admit it to the others that he found it funny.

They got Shion's luggage and gave it to Kyoya's entourage so they could bring it to the resort with the rest of the luggage. Kyoya made sure that Shion's satchel was with them as Shion would probably have some things for pass time in there. He didn’t think that the bag would be heavy, so when he went to pick it up he fell forwards under the weight. “Just what does he carry in here?” Kyoya mumbled. He wouldn’t dare carry that weight around, that’s what his servants were for.

"Mori, if you could carry him please." Kyoya lifted the blanket on Shion and asked the physically strongest one out of all of them. It would have been awkward if Shion wasn't wearing something decent since they would have to carry him through the station and onto the train. Thankfully he was wearing pajamas that were passable as casual wear. Black, white and grey plaid pants and a simple white t-shirt.
Takashi lifted Shion up, careful not to jostle him. He looked peaceful. Mori was surprised to find that Shion weighed lighter than he thought. Well, it would be easier for him then.

"Wait." Haruhi grabbed his glasses off the side table and put them on his face. She almost poked his eye, but otherwise got them on safely. Now he would be able to see when he woke up.

"So I guess we're actually kidnapping him, huh?"

"If anything goes wrong it's Tamaki's fault!"

"H-Hey!"

"Is Shion okay?" Honey tugged on Haruhi's sleeve.

"Yeah, just zonked out on sleeping pills so he won't be up for a while."

"Sleeping pills?"

Haruhi just shrugged her shoulders. "Ask him when he wakes up... after his interrogation." Oh how she knew Shion so well was unknown to the others. They didn't know how right she was.

"So you changed the date and I wouldn't wake up, so you decided to just pick me up and take me along?"

"That sounds about right."

"And it was Suoh's idea, well... I honestly don't know how to react to this." Shion sighed, "Though it sounds like you got all my stuff at least."

Haruhi came out from where the others were hiding.

"Haruhi! No, you'll be killed!" Tamaki whisper yelled. When she tried to go talk to Shion during Kyoya's explanation, Tamaki held her back and covered her mouth, she would have licked his hand to let go but doubted that Tamaki would take it well. The twins followed while Tamaki still cowered in his not-so-hidden hiding spot.

She struggled to hand Shion his bag. "Here." She put it on his lap and sat beside him, "Just how much do you have in there?" Her arms shook just carrying it. "It weighs a ton."

"Books mostly. A game console and headphones. A game and some homework." Shion rummaged through the bag for a book he was reading before he went to sleep. "The books are the heaviest."

"No kidding."

The twins kneeled on the seats behind him, looking over Shion's shoulder. "We heard you were in such a deep sleep because of some drugs."

"Please don't word it like that," it made him sound like some type of addict, "I haven't slept for three days and I wanted a good night's rest. Though I didn't take the pills until around five AM so..."

"You were up until five AM?"
Shion shrugged, not really wanting to delve into what he was doing. He was recording late into the night and at some point... hormones kicked in and... yeah. He coughed and felt heat pooling to his stomach when he made eye contact with Kyoya. He quickly shifted gears and looked to Mori with a smile.

"I can only assume you were the one who carried me. Thank you for not dropping me. If it was anyone else I would have been concussed."

Mori nodded with a small smile at the humor. "No problem."

"So where's my luggage then? I even had the snow gear ready." It was a hassle to get his mother to send it to him, but she did it for him anyways despite the nagging he got on the phone.

"It's already at the resort, we're about two hours away still."

At that Shion grinned. He had just the thing for the rest of the ride. "Say, have you guys heard of Cards Against Humanity?"

"Sh-Sh-Shion! What kind of crude game is this?!"

"Oh relax Tamaki, that's the point of the game. The more offensive, perverted, or funny it is the higher chance of winning." Kaoru put down three white cards with an evil grin, right after so did Hikaru. They were getting into the game and were having a blast.

It was Mori's turn as the Czar and Shion was the one they were waiting on. The black card was Make a Haiku, and Shion had three terrific cards that went together. But a haiku was seven-three-seven, and his cards were certainly over the syllable limit.

"Well, it isn't seven three seven..." he put his cards face down and slid them to the center of the table, "but I think I may have won this one boys... and Haruhi."

"I don't think any of ours were truly a haiku..."

"Oh well... Mori! Time to read my brilliance!" Hikaru cackled.

"Make a haiku," Mori said before picking up the white cards in no specific order. While reading through them his blank facial expression quivered occasionally. At the last set of white cards he started trembling.

"Who's cards are those?"

Mori couldn't answer. He just handed the cards to Kaoru to read out. Kaoru blinked, "Okay, I'm going to read it. B-Bill Clinton naked on a bearskin rug with a saxophone. Filling every orifice with butterscotch pudding- pfft . Getting hilariously g- gang-banged by the Blue Man Group." Kaoru was dying by the end. "This definitely isn't mine!"

The others looked at each other. Shion looked smug, "And that, would mean game." Shion put his hand out for the black card. Shion had gotten fifteen black cards, while Kaoru got ten, followed by Hikaru who got seven. There was a four way tie between Kyoya, Haruhi, Honey and Mori. While unsurprisingly Tamaki hadn't won a single card.

"That was yours?"
"Mmmhmm." Mori handed Shion the card.

"Wow, you have a dirty mind."

"I'm sure we all do to an extent. I just let the dirty part take over."

"D-Does it possess you?" Tamaki asked somewhat morbidly.

Shion played along and chuckled darkly, putting the edge of the card at the corner of his mouth. "No Suoh... It's a part of me." He watched with satisfaction as the blonds face paled and blushed simultaneously. He gathered all the cards and put them away in their boxes. He was glad they all could read English, though their accents were a bit hard to understand. Shion would have to have another group study session and knock that out of them.

Honey was pressed against the window beside Mori looking outside. "I see it!" Off into the distance they could see a very large building at the foot of a few mountains.

They reached the town and got into another limo to get to the resort. Shion was not liking the transportation. It reminded him too much of those large yellow monstrosities they called school buses. He never saw the logic in that. Yeah let's throw forty-something kids into a large vehicle with no safety measures and see how they fair. Foolproof. At least the limo he had ridden with the twins and Satsuki in the past had seatbelts.

Shion was shaken out of his thoughts when someone nudged him. He looked down to Honey pulling on his arm.

"Come on Shion!"

When he exited the limo he shivered, it was cold. He heard various other words signaling that they all felt the same with the temperature. Shion looked around and noticed a sign. The very large sign for the resort.

"... Haha, very funny." Shion said dully. The resort was named Hakuba Ski Resort. They were all gathered in the parking lot of the resort, each one of them shivering. Shion was amazed. He had never been to such a large ski resort before.

"Argh, it's so cold!" Kaoru complained, shivering even though he had a thick coat on.

"Oh, Kaoru, come here. I'll warm you up" Hikaru unzipped his coat and brought Kaoru into a hug inside it.

"Oh Hikaru!"

"Oh Kaoru!"

"Oh brother," Haruhi sighed. She looked to Shion and looked surprised. "... Aren't you cold Shion?"

Shion blew warm air into his hands and rubbed them together, shivering. "Of course I am, but I can deal with it. It's been much colder in Canada." Even as he said this he still wished he had a coat. He had to clench his teeth to stop them from clattering. I’ll be fine if I go inside soon.

It was around minus twenty-four centigrade and he was only wearing his pajamas that he was wearing when kidnapped along with a sweater he put in his bag. His legs were starting to go numb, they had been out in the parking lot for about five minutes unloading everything. He absentely remembered the second winter of his stay in Canada. It was unbelievably cold, minus thirty
degrees weather almost every day, reaching down to around minus forty at night—with wind-chill of course. Staying out for ten minutes in that weather would give you severe frostbite.

"I'll check us in." Kyoya made his way into the building and approached the receptionist’s desk. Tamaki and the twins were having an avid argument about who should teach Haruhi how to ski or snowboard. The twins were supporting the snowboard side and Tamaki was losing on the ski side, though Haruhi didn't really care what the argument was about, but just wanted them to stop gaining so much damn attention from the other people. It was embarrassing, but it was a normal thing with the club to somehow get as much attention as possible.

"Mama why are they fighting?"

"Shh, don't look. They're crazy."

Well it's not false... Shion mused, laughing about the reactions from the people around him. He started walking, following after Kyoya. He was curious to what the inside looked like and really didn't want to be dragged into that argument. Plus he would get hypothermia if he stayed out any longer. He knew the symptoms well from an accident. It was certainly not fun.

He went inside and felt his limbs burn as they warmed back up. Shion looked around the place, it was stylized as a homey cabin, a modern homey cabin. The floors were a rich mahogany, the wooden floorboards polished to shine. The walls were made to look like huge logs and the ceiling had visible joists made of the same long logs. The lobby was extravagant with its fuzzy red carpets and fancy furniture. All of the counters were granite and had tiles along the sides down to the floorboards. All in all it was like a first-rate hotel—though he could never understand the need for those exceedingly large lounging chairs, other than being really comfortable it was quite unnecessary.

While admiring the architecture he overheard Kyoya finishing his business at the receptionist’s desk. Shion smirked. He just had a great idea come to mind.

Shion went behind Kyoya and went to poke his shoulder—trying to scare him and get revenge for all the past scares—when Kyoya suddenly turned around and bumped into Shion. Shion, not expecting that to happen, took a step backwards and lost his footing, ironically trying to get his footing. He fell backwards onto his back, head slamming into the wooden flooring. He heard a clatter and immediately knew his glasses had fallen off.

"Fuck." Shion groaned, grabbing the back of his head where a bump would surely form. Of course karma would haunt him even though he hadn't done anything yet. Shion tried to lean up and prop himself up, but found that he couldn't with the weight on him. He looked down to see Kyoya on top of him. He felt a smirk crawl its way up his face.

Kyoya didn't know what happened. He had just finished getting everything organized and needed to hurry back to the others because he just knew something would happen, something that would deal with either Tamaki or the twins, possibly both.

Just after thanking the woman he turned on his heel and bumped into someone who was right behind him. It wasn't even crowded so there was no need for that kind of proximity. He could smell vanilla and some spice. He moved to lift himself...

He was on Shion.
He felt heat rush through him, rushing to his face and pooling in his stomach. It didn't help when Shion groaned and looked down to Kyoya.

Shion smirked at the situation and decided to be a bit playful. "Getting bold now are we, Ootori?" He chuckled. "Well I guess it is my fault for attempting to scare you." There was a pause and Shion felt the eyes of people on him. "Mind getting up? People are staring." He moved so he sat up all the way. Kyoya also moved so he wasn't on his waist. "Or did you not want to move?" Shion asked boldly in a whisper close to his ear. He saw Kyoya flush. Shion felt satisfaction at the reaction and got up, dusting off his pajama bottoms he put a hand out to Kyoya who was kneeling on the ground.

"By any chance do you see my glasses anywhere?" Shion asked. If he could see anything he would find them himself. He was so blind that he couldn't read a textbook unless it was a decimeter away from his face. "I need glasses to find my glasses, you see my problem?" He chuckled at his own joke.

Kyoya moved a few steps and bent down to pick up—what was assumed to be—his glasses.

"Thanks Ootori." Shion put on his glasses and saw that Kyoya was blushing still. Also that he was awkwardly trying to distract himself by cleaning his glasses. Shion felt a wave of heat rush through him. He didn't realize that he could affect Kyoya like that. Sure he tried getting reactions out of him, but never like this.

"Shion!"

He flinched and turned his head to see Satsuki and Aaron. Don't tell me they saw that. From the look Satsuki was giving him he already knew. Of course they did...

"I see you two have been getting friendly." She giggled with her trademark shit eating grin.

"... Shut up." She just continued to grin. Shion sighed. "So, what are you two doing here?"

"To have fun with the host club of course!" Satsuki said with enthusiasm.

"I was hired by Kyoya, she is just tagging along." Aaron corrected her with a whap to the back of her head.

"Of course she is," Shion ignored Satsuki’s over dramatic show of pain as she collapsed to floor in a heap. He could hear her giggling from her balled up position. "Oh guess what happened to me today?"

"What?" Satsuki got up from the floor, frowning because they weren’t paying attention to her anymore.

"Well, I was taken out of my apartment and woke up on a train to this place. Yeah, I was kidnapped."

Aaron was shaking in laughter. He cleared his throat, "W-well if you don't leave now one of your 'kidnappers' will be ditching you." He used the infamous air quotes.

Shion turned to see Kyoya exiting through the revolving doors. "Oh crap, bye guys." Shion waved and ran off after Kyoya. He didn't catch Satsuki's quite obvious she's-plotting-something face. Oh she could feel the ship sailing with the cool ocean breeze wafting through her hair and—oh wait, that was just the door.
Shion ran out the door to only almost trip and fall from the sudden strong gust of wind that pushed him, he shivered and caught up to Kyoya. Man had the wind ever picked up since he was inside. Kyoya was talking on the phone to whomever in hushed tones and made an effort not to make eye contact with Shion.

"–and it was pointless."

"What was?" Shion asked. They had turned a corner around some cars to come face to face with a pouting twin. At his question Hikaru frowned.

"Arguing over who should teach Haruhi to snowboard." Kaoru answered instead of his sulking counterpart.

Over by a little snow pile Tamaki sighed dejectedly. "She doesn't want her daddy to teach her..."

"I just said that I'd think about it," Haruhi huffed in frustration, "and I've thought about it, and I would rather have Shion teach me. Plus I never said that I’d be snowboarding."

Shion blinked, "Excuse me?" He felt lost.

Tamaki's hands clenched. He stood up abruptly, stepping on his... whatever that creation was... and pointed a finger at Shion. "You stole my precious daughter!"

"Um no."

"Why him!" The twins shouted.

Shion felt that he was both being ignored and hated on.

"He knows the basics to both." She also trusted him more... but that wouldn't go over well with the three of them if she voiced it. *Especially Tamaki.*

"Atcho! " Shion sniffed and hugged himself. "Can we just get going to wherever we need to go! I would prefer not catching a cold on the first day of this trip."
Chapter 16

"...This is some elevator..." Shion tried starting a conversation awkwardly, though his effort went to waste. He looked between the other members. The twins and Tamaki were pouting and refused to look at each other and himself. Kyoya was his usual self, just quiet and reading a book. Haruhi was in a daze looking at the floor numbers change. Honey was cuddling with his bunny, Usa-chan. While Mori was content just being quiet in the corner.

Shion sighed. "Come on guys, please." He felt his eye twitch when the three just huffed and ignored him in a more obvious fashion. "What is the big deal anyways, she'll be able to ski or snowboard with you after she learns."

Still nothing.

Shion crossed his arms and tapped his foot impatiently, a few moments passed and he was getting angrier by the second, he could feel the frustration building. Then Shion snapped at their stubborn asses.

"Stop being fucking children and get over it!" He raised his voice, and in the elevator the volume made them all flinch. Shion had one hell of a pair of lungs and could be very loud if he wanted to. "Geeze. Since when was I a fucking babysitter." He grumbled, brow furrowed and glaring at the floor. He felt that he had better chances getting two fighting kids in their terrible-twos phase to make up and laugh.

Haruhi patted his shoulder to try and get him to calm down. Shion’s glare softened but didn't disappear, the frown didn't move an inch though.

They were all relieved when there was a ding and the doors opened; the dark aura Shion had been emitting spilling out of the elevator like heavy fog. Kyoya exited first and led them through the endlessly similar hallways to their rooms. Shion smirked at an idea that went through his mind. Maybe they should watch The Ring or The Grudge while they were here. Definitely The Grudge, there’s a hotel scene in a hallway so it would be more relevant and scary. Even if they didn't want to he would find a way.

They entered a large living space with various doors around the room. Kyoya's glasses gleamed.

"After an... inconvenience we were given a special suite to stay in."

Shion didn't even want to ask.

Tamaki's mood seemed to dissipate a little as he looked around the suite. He hadn't been in one of these types before. He had heard descriptions from his father after a business trip. This type of hotel room had various other rooms connected to a living space. It was used for business gatherings that would take a long while and the practitioners could talk business and get to know their business partners better.

Shion's eyes went straight to a couch in the middle of the living space. He took his shoes off and made way to the large and comfy looking piece of furniture. "I'm going to take a nap. If any of you wake me..." he paused, implying something very... pleasant, "...Be prepared to pay." He was grumpy and did not want to be bothered. He put his glasses on the coffee table.

"What about the skiing--"
Shion turned and glared at the owner of the voice. "Tamaki," he said lowly, "do you know how cold it is?" Tamaki felt a shiver go down his spine. With wind-chill it was close to minus thirty. Going on the slopes would be even colder if they went against the wind.

"Unless you want frostbite in less than ten minutes, then go right ahead." Shion took a blanket that was conveniently folded on the arm of the couch and wrapped it around himself, flopping down onto the furniture. He put his headphones in and put on some calming music loud enough to block out all sound. He needed to relieve some stress and he didn't have any instrument to vent with.

"Wow. He's touchy right now." Haruhi muttered. She never really got Shion angry, it was always something else or someone—not unlike the devious twins or obnoxious Tamaki, and Kyoya, there's also Kyoya—that pushed his buttons with zero to no effort.

"No kidding." Hikaru huffed, even though it was partly his fault.

"Oh, but Honey's right here." Kaoru grinned and waited. Soon it sunk in. Haruhi sighed while they both laughed.

"Shhh!" Tamaki was so loud with the noise that it was rather redundant to do it in the first place. "We should go explore the resort."

The three of them looked each other in the eyes and made a silent agreement. They should leave. For if they didn't they feared they would wake the beast—Shion being that beast. Honey and Mori followed with nothing better to do. Haruhi also left, she had to make sure they didn't get into trouble.

Kyoya stayed in the room, alone with Shion, working away on some homework on his laptop. The light taps on the keyboard were quick and precise. A few hours went by and there was no sign of the others returning. Kyoya was getting worried. Though Haruhi was there and she was a responsible girl so he felt some relief in that.

Soon enough Kyoya heard a knock at the door and moved to get it. He wouldn't be surprised if they forgot the room keys. He went on his toes to look out of the peephole, two familiar people were there. He opened the door.

"Oh, hello Kyoya. Is Shion here?" Aaron asked, smiling.

"We saw the others but they said he was up in their room." Satsuki came in. "We wanted to see if he wanted to wander around with us."

"He's sleeping right now actually."

"Well then just wake him up! If he gets too much sleep he won't be able to fall asleep later tonight." Satsuki gestured with a wave of her hand and pointed to the couch where she saw a lump of blankets. Her bright smile disappeared in a second, a blank face replacing it. "There’s no way in hell I am waking him up."

"Me neither." Aaron quickly added, not wanting to face Shion’s wrath.

"Tsk." Kyoya turned and walked to the couch where Shion was. The door started closing behind him and before Aaron and Satsuki noticed they were locked out again. Kyoya looked down to Shion. His curly black hair was sticking around everywhere and was buried in the blanket. He could hear him breathing slowly. "Shion." He put a hand on him and shook lightly, he made no indication that he woke up. He shook a bit more vigorously and suddenly his wrist was grabbed and he was pulled down. Kyoya stumbled and used his other arm to hold himself up against the
Shion looked up at his waker who was hovering right above him. "Kyoya..." he groaned lowly, his voice sleepy, "what are you doing?" Shion vaguely noticed that he was holding on to Kyoya's wrist and let go.

Kyoya stood up straight and cleared his throat. "Your classmates are here for a visit."

"Oh..." He yawned. "Just tell them I'll—uh, never mind, I might as well not change." He stretched with a long yawn and got up. Shion looked around for his friends who would most likely be close by.

"They're out in the hall." Kyoya informed, back to typing away on his laptop.

"Thanks." Walking to the door he opened it and the door flung open as Satsuki fell into Shion.

"Oof!" She took the chance to hug Shion with all her might.

"That's what you get for trying to eavesdrop." The redhead raised an eyebrow at her course of action at the moment.

"Shut it Aaron." Satsuki said as she hugged Shion harder.

"Sa–tsuki... I can't... breath ."

"Speaking of breath—what kind of body wash or lotion do you use? You smell good!"

Shion was taken aback from the question. He looked down to Satsuki who was still in hug mode—though not as crushing—and looking up to him. "Uhh, it's not here in japan. Bath and Body Works... Vanilla something." Truth be told it was a store tailored for mainly female customers, but his mother always got the stuff and thus he started using it. Sooner rather than later he had become a regular customer regardless of the weird looks he would get sometimes. The employees seemed to like him quite a lot—The Courageous Scenter, they called him.

Kyoya looked up long enough from his laptop to see Satsuki hugging Shion. Shion put a hand on her head and ruffled her hair. She seemed shorter than he remembered. Kyoya suddenly had the memory from earlier run through his mind and felt heat run through him.

Satuski blinked and let go of the hug. She looked to Aaron, then to Shion, and then assessed herself. "Is it just me... or have you grown? Like a lot?"

"Last time I checked was during a checkup... It was about five foot eleven—or around one-eighty-two centimeters." He remembered halfway that they measured height in cm rather than the feet he was used to. "That was in the first week I got here though."

"No no no no, you're certainly taller now!"

"Maybe we didn't notice since we're around him all the time and now that we haven't hung out since the start of break we're just realizing it now? Like how you notice differences more easily after you haven't seen someone for a while?"

“I want to know just how tall you are, is there a tape measurer anywhere?” Satsuki was going all over the place. She must be on a sugar high.

"Guys... back to the original point."
"Oh right! Do you wanna explore a bit? There's an arcade!"

Shion smiled at her cheeriness, "Sure why not."

"Woo! Come on, let’s go!" She grabbed the two boy’s wrists and dragged them off. The elevators were really busy so they just went down the stairs. They were at the top floor so they had a few staircases to go down. Though going up those stairs would be another story.

When they got to the arcade they found the others there… enjoying a game. They were taking turns at Dance Dance Revolution and raging since they were playing with harder songs. The various other people in the arcade took the right decision and avoided them. It made Shion remember the outing he had with Ko.

“You guys having fun?”

Without even turning around the two who were playing—the twins—shouted, “No!” Their voices were uncharacteristically aggravated, “Why is this so damn hard?” They looked ridiculous as they were frantically—dancing could not describe what he was seeing—uh… flailing.

“It’s because you’re on extreme…” Aaron said. Then the two just stopped. They were breathing heavily and turned to face the three who just joined them.

“Yeah… Hi.” Shion waved. He went beside Haruhi and whispered to her, “How long have they been at it?”

“For about fifteen minutes now.” Shion laughed. Then Haruhi had a small smile and spoke to the twins. “Why don’t you two take a break and let them give it a try?”

“Oh hell, I can’t play that right now. Shion, Aaron, you two play.” Satsuki had a special reason. A very sacred and special reason to why she couldn’t dance. One that hurt like hell and she just had to put up with it.

“These pants aren’t made for dancing.” Shion tried to make an excuse, though in all honesty they weren’t. They were thin plaid pajama pants. They were certainly not made for dancing.

Aaron grinned, “Oh but they’re made for walking.” Shion snorted at the pun and song reference. “And that’s just what they’ll do. One of these days these pants are gonna’ walk all over you.”

“Fine. I’ll play.” He sighed. Aaron would make more bad jokes if he didn’t, “But only a few rounds.”

As they were getting ready to dance up a storm Satsuki nudged Haruhi to get her attention. “Hey… by any chance do you have pain medication? I got some killer cramps.” She had found out her true gender from just out right asking her because Satsuki was just curious. In exchange she promised not to tell anyone, which was fair.

“Oh, yeah. I have some in my suitcase. When we go back up later I can get you some.”

“Awe that would be great.”

“Shion, lets show these motherfuckers how it’s motherfucking done.” Shion chuckled at Aaron’s unneeded foul language.

Aaron picked the song and level first. They both agreed that they would each be choosing two songs. Aaron chose an easy one first for a warm up. It was really easy, no difficult rhythms at all.
Shion was feeling warmed up, he chose a harder song and ended up victorious. They had these back in America and he would sometimes skip class to go to them with friends. He was surprised that this one had some of the English songs from the American version. By now he was sweating, it was more exhausting than one would think by watching.

Shion was scrolling through the songs and difficulty for the final round. “Hey Aaron, you want to do one extreme one for the finale?”

“Will we both die from exhaustion?”

“Probably.” They both shared a laugh.

“How did we end up choosing all the hard songs?” Hikaru huffed in frustration.

“They’re doing pretty well.” Satsuki said from behind a camera. She was recording the whole thing.

“Well let’s get this over with.” Aaron looked into Shion’s eye and pat his shoulder, “Good luck buddy.”

Shion laughed and hit the button.

And damn the song was hard. It was both difficult in rhythm and fast that their legs could barely keep up. After it was finished the both of them were out of breath, though Shion was almost wheezing. He really didn’t have that much stamina, though he usually recovered pretty quickly. *I’m a musician, not an athlete.*

“How… Okay, I’m done.” Aaron put his hands on his knees and took a breath. “That was insane, my God.”

“My legs are jelly.”

“Now move aside peasants! It’s time for our rematch!” Kaoru said haughtily with a grin.

“You still want to play?” Satsuki asked incredulously. Then her stomach growled loudly for all to hear. “Well, my stomach is about to digest itself… soooo want to get some food? It’s dinner time anyways.”

“I could go for some food. I haven’t eaten at all today since I was kidnapped.” Tamaki was decent enough to look guilty.

Aaron and Satsuki ended up joining them for dinner in their very large hotel room. They ordered room service and afterwards just ended up doing whatever. Shion was relaxing and reading a book he brought with Aaron just fiddling around on a piano that lead to a balcony, and Kyoya was still doing some work on his laptop. Honey was eating some cake for desert with Mori beside him. Tamaki and the twins were talking to each other on a circle of furniture around a coffee table, when Satsuki went up to them.

Shion looked up from his book out to the window and it was snowing up a storm, the window panes were shaking from the howling winds. It was quite haunting and Shion liked it a lot.

“Guys! Let’s play a game!” Tamaki was getting bored and this game Satsuki had offered to play was just the thing he needed. “Satsuki has one for us!” Everyone’s eyes went from Tamaki to
“… Hi.” She smiled and waved awkwardly. “So I thought it would be fun to play a game.” She reached into her bag and brought out like three bags of skittles. “I forgot the name of it but it goes like this, each of us would have about ten candies, and we each get a turn to ask something. For example ‘I have never failed a class,’ and—OH! I remember what it’s called, it’s Never Have I Ever—yeah, so it has to start with ‘Never Have I Ever failed a class. So the people who have failed a class before would have to eat a candy. The last one standing wins.” Satsuki huffed and took in a deep breath since she didn’t really breathe throughout the explanation. “Sorry, I’m bad at explaining things.”

“It’s okay I think we got the gist of it.” Aaron laughed. “So want to play? I’m in.” Everybody agreed and sat in a circle with their bowls or glasses with ten candies, though they would probably add more in since they had a lot of people playing. There weren’t enough seats for everybody so Shion just ended up sitting on the floor wrapped up with one of the blankets. The lights were dimmed for dramatic effect and they were ready to play.

“Are we aloud to ask anything?” Hikaru asked.

“It seems so, though nothing too inappropriate.” Kyoya added.

“What! Then what are we playing this for if we can’t do that!” Satsuki whined, “It takes the fun out of it if we can’t. Let’s do majority rules, whose fine with the inappropriate stuff?” Both of the twins raised their hands along with Satsuki’s and Aaron’s, Shion’s also went up because you know, why the heck not, though the most surprising one was Haruhi’s. It wasn’t too surprising to Shion however because he knows Haruhi well and she, quite unexpectedly, has quite the dirty mind.

“So who’s going to ask first?” Shion asked. “How about Haruhi, then we’ll go clockwise for the next person.”

“Um, okay… Never have I ever… eaten fancy tuna before.” Tamaki, Kyoya, and the twins all ate a piece of candy. At her question Tamaki and the twins started cooing Haruhi about the fancy fatty tuna she was talking about.

“Okay, It’s my turn then…” Aaron thought for a moment before he grinned, “Never have I ever worn a dress.” Everyone but Aaron and Shion ate a candy.

“Wow… Though to be honest I would expect that out of you guys.” Shion chuckled.

“It was for the club.” Haruhi smiled, “They all looked ridiculous.”

“Hey! We were fabulous!” Tamaki huffed.

There was an evil cackle and they turned to the source, Satsuki. Oh no, they thought in terror. “Yes, yes, be very afraid my children.” She did an old lady—or witches, it was hard to tell—voice, “Here comes the inappropriate stuff. Never have I ever… had a hot make out session.”

“S-s-s-Satsuki !” Tamaki stammered, a blush heating his face.

“Oh crap, I forgot the rules for a sec. Damn it.” Satsuki ate a candy.

“Did you really just get yourself out?” Aaron laughed as he also popped a candy in his mouth.

“I think she just did.” Shion laughed, also chewing on a piece of candy. His eyes drifted towards Satsuki.
Kyoya as a memory prodded his mind.

Nobody noticed Mori eating a candy—he was always quiet so the attention wasn’t drawn to him when he silently ate it.

Now it was Kyoya’s turn. He cleared his throat—the previous question making him remember Shion’s and Ko’s… session...“Never have I ever failed a class.” He smirked, knowing that he just stole the example Satsuki used earlier. Aaron, and Satsuki ate a candy.

Tamaki’s turn came around and he was fiddling around with his candies. He had a good one but the grammar would be bad, so he was thinking of how to reword it. “Never have I ever—hmm… Can I reword it? Like the Never have I ever part doesn’t make sense in my thought—oh never mind, I have another one, sorry.” Tamaki was making things difficult for himself. “Never have I ever sworn before.”

Once again, Aaron, Satsuki and Shion ate one, but Kyoya and the twins ate one too. Kyoya was somewhat unexpected.

“Never have I ever not eaten cake every day!” Honey came in suddenly, catching everyone’s attention.

“Oh, that’s a low ball. Honey you eat cake every day!”

“You have to admit that’s clever.” Shion ate a candy like everyone else except Honey who was smiling brightly… and eating cake.

“Never have I ever had alcohol before.” Hikaru asked his. It seemed that they were targeting three people. Aaron, Satsuki and Shion.

“Are you targeting us or something?!” Satsuki threw her hands up in the air—almost knocking her candy everywhere in the process. She tried to be cool and tossed the skittle in the air and tried to catch it in her mouth. It hit her on the forehead and it rolled into her open mouth.

“No, not particularly,” Kaoru said before coming in with his, “Never have I ever worn glasses.” Aaron, Shion and Kyoya ate candies.

“You need glasses Aaron?” Shion asked.

“I have contacts in.”

“Oh.”

“...Never have I ever... broken a bone.” Mori came in quietly. Kaoru, Honey, Tamaki, Haruhi and Shion all ate one.

“I’m down to two...” Shion sighed, but continued anyways, “Never have I ever been in hot spring before.” Shion knew hot springs were a thing in Japan, thus he assumed everybody had gone to one before. And he was right. Everyone ate a candy. “Haha, culture for the win.” He absently remembered that he went to a communal bath before… but it didn’t count. Right?

Now it was back to Haruhi. “Never have I ever thought I was gay.”

“Woah Haruhi, going in deep aren’t y—I’m going to stop my thought right there.” Though Aaron knew that what he said was already understood in that context by most of the people there. Satsuki burst out laughing.
“Don’t most people question their sexuality sometimes?”

Shion paused in eating his candy, “Wait, wouldn’t that mean you did at one point too?” Then he popped the candy in.

“Oh.” She sighed and ate a candy. Aaron, the twins, Mori, and Kyoya also ate a candy. The twins weren’t that surprising, but it was for Mori. He didn’t really talk about that stuff, let alone talk a lot.

A few more turns went by and Shion was hanging on to his last candy. Satsuki and Aaron both had two and the others all had three or more. Tamaki was currently winning, and soon it came back to Satsuki and all hell broke loose, figuratively.

“Never have I ever had intercourse.” She said seriously, trying to keep a straight face as she looked for anyone eating a candy.

“Isn’t that a bit… too extreme?” Shion asked.

“We all agreed that these types of questions were fair, right?” Satsuki got nods in affirmation, though Tamaki was spluttering in embarrassment. The others were mainly caught off guard by the question.

“Fuck it.” Shion ate his last candy and stood up with his blanket. “I’m out.” Shion headed to a room. He didn’t want to be interrogated about that one.

“Woah! I didn’t actually expect anyone to eat a skittle with that one! Wait! Shion come back! Aaaaaand he’s gone.” There was silence. “Well, I guess he had a fun night.”

“Satsuki!” Aaron warned.

“Okay, okay, I’m sorry. I went too far.” She apologized and noticed that the whole mood was ruined and it was getting late. “I guess we should stop, huh?”

“How should we assign rooms?” Haruhi changed the topic. “I should get a separate room, but Shion also just took one.”

“Draw names from a hat. Since Haruhi has a separate room there would have to be three people in one room.”

“Actually one of the rooms has two beds, a king and a single.”

“Honey and Mori should get a room together, same with the twins. Now what to do with Kyoya and Tamaki… Hmmmm….”

“Ooh! I have an idea!” Satsuki grabbed a napkin and ripped it in two, writing twins on one and also twins on the other. He bundled a blanket together in a makeshift bowl and put the two napkin pieces in. “Okay, one of you two draw, it doesn’t matter which one.”

“I will!” Tamaki bounded in with enthusiasm. Satsuki smirked. She knew that Tamaki would have wanted to draw it. She had a plan and it was going to get Shion and Kyoya together… eventually.

“… So I’m with the twins… Can I change? Please?”

“Nope. You’re stuck with us!” Hikaru and Kaoru both singsonged before dragging Tamaki off to the three person room.
“Well, good night.” Aaron yawned. “It’s getting late.”

“Bye!” Satsuki waved to the remaining Haruhi, and Kyoya. Honey and Mori already went to the other room.

“Good night Kyoya.” Haruhi said as she closed the door to her room.

Kyoya got ready for bed in the bathroom connected to the room. When he excited he saw a lump in the king sized bed. It made sense that they would have to share. He contemplated sleeping on the couch in the living room of the hotel sweet, but that would do more harm than good to his back. He crawled into the covers and saw that Shion was facing his way. Kyoya swallowed thickly. Shion’s hair was all over the place and his face was so peaceful. His lips were parted, and he could hear him breathing slowly. Kyoya turned to face the other way. He tried to quell the heat that was swelling up inside him.

Sleep Kyoya… stop overthinking. He needed to relax. He needed to sleep. So he chose to ignore it.

Shion opened his eyes and smirked. He was awake ever since Kyoya entered the room.

“Goodnight… Ootori.” He whispered before turning and falling back asleep.

That did not help Kyoya’s… situation at all.
"Lean slightly forward or backwards to turn. Like how when you skate you use the edges of the blades to turn." Shion instructed.

"Yeah, I think I got that." Haruhi was hyper-focused trying to go down the hill by going back and forth. "Uh... H–how do I stop again?"

"Crash."

Haruhi looked away from the hill to look at Shion beside her—she didn’t like that Shion was just wearing jeans and a jacket. It was cold out and she doubted that the scarf he had helped much with the wind going downhill—with a disapproving look. "Really? I'm so glad that I chose you to teach me." Shion laughed at her sarcasm, "No seriously though, how do I— ah , stop!"

Shion caught her before she fell over and helped her get upright again. "Snowplow," Shion demonstrated by sliding the right side of his board to get on his heels edge. "You turn and lean to cut into the snow, plowing it to slow down."

"Oh."

“What do you mean, oh .” Haruhi just shrugged her shoulders. Shion huffed, “Well—“

"HEY!" Shion and Haruhi looked sharply behind them to see the twins rocketing down the hill towards them, they went around them and purposely snow plowed around them to made snow kick up at the two. "See ya!"

Shion brushed the snow off of himself—he got the brunt of the hit—and glowered, "Haruhi... do you mind if I leave you for a bit? There are no obstacles for the rest of the beginner hill."

Haruhi almost laughed, she knew that Shion was going to get them back. "Go for it, I'll go slow and see the show."

She saw Shion grin savagely and crouch to gain speed down the hill. Meanwhile Haruhi had generic rented gear, all browns and grays. She just watched Shion speed down towards the two at the bottom of the hill.

The redheads high fived as they came to a stop at the bottom, "Haha! That was great!" "The look on his face!" They snickered to themselves.

Kyoya, who was observing from the bottom of the hill, felt some worry for the twins when he saw who was coming after the two mischief makers. "You may want to look behind you."

“Hmm?” When they turned around to look at what Kyoya was talking about, Shion was about twenty feet away and still going at top speed. “Oh.” "Oh no."

Shion swiftly got into a steeply angled snowplow as he approached the twins. He was leaning towards the ground at about thirty degrees and decelerated quickly, kicking a whole ton of loose snow up at them. They were hit hard enough that they fell back onto their asses.

Shion blinked and looked around as if there was a fly buzzing around him, "Oh sorry, I remembered that I owed you guys something," he said listlessly and unclipped a foot off his board so he could be ready to go back up the lift, "I was just returning the favor."
"You tell 'em Shion." They heard Haruhi say as she came down towards them, she fell over face first when she tried to turn and stop. "Remind me why exactly I have both my feet strapped to a board again?"

"Well, you did say that you would rather learn which one I was more experienced with."

"Now now, our guests have arrived. Be civil. Please." Kyoya secured a foot to his ski. He wore all black with green accents. Well it'll be easy to notice him on the hill, Shion thought mildly.

Everyone else was wearing anything but black oddly enough.

There was a larger group of people than Shion was expecting. Since it was so out of the way he didn't think that twenty five people would show up, he was thinking around fifteen.

"Now ladies, there will be our regular hosting sessions in the evening over dinner. Please stay on hills of your skill level and be safe. Take breaks when needed."

A girl with dirty blonde hair raised a hand, "So this is just for fun, right?"

"Yes, it's a part of the package for this trip. It's for the theme of winter festivities." Kyoya explained.

Shion smiled with excitement, he had an eye on a hill since he saw the pamphlet. "Well if we're going on our own, I'll be going now. It'll take a bit to get up there."

"Which hill are you going on Shion?"

He pointed up to the highest peak where they could barely see a cottage. "The black diamond courses look fun here. Sorry Haruhi, I'm going to leave you."

"Well actually, if we go at the same time we should be able to meet at a cottage about halfway down from the peak." She whipped out a pamphlet from her coat. "I'm going on one of the longer beginner courses so we should meet there around the same time."

"I can't leave Haruhi alone!" Tamaki shouted and hugged her. "My daughter will no doubt get injured!"

"Then we can go down the same hill Senpai." She didn't struggle against the hug. If she did she would have surely fallen down. They moved to the main lift and the group followed.

"Don't forget about us!" The twins shouted. They were both on snowboards while Tamaki was on skis. "If you need help you could ask us."

"Yeah, it's not like Tamaki could be of any help on those." Hikaru pointed to the skis on his feet and scoffed. Tamaki fumed and predictably an argument broke out.

Shion yawned into a gloved hand and noticed Kyoya behind him, "Catching a lift?" He saw him crack a smile at the literal pun.

"Yes."

"Haruhi, Suoh," Shion called and the two turned to look at him, it also halted the argument that he was ignoring, "mind getting behind Ootori and I? I don't trust the twins at the back of you two. Or us." He added.

"Hey!" "We wouldn't do anything!" They protested.
"Then why do you guys have snow packed into your pockets?" Shion questioned dryly. They went silent and pouted.

"Next!" The person manning the lift called. "The seat will swing around, once it gets to you all you have to do is sit and bring the rail down." Then Shion and Kyoya were next. The lift picked them up and once they were lifted they could feel the cool air biting against their faces.

"I should have brought a muffler." Kyoya frowned.

"I—" Shion stopped when he heard a sound—no doubt Haruhi from the squeak—behind him and turned around awkwardly to witness quite the spectacle. The seats didn't allow people to turn that much so it was uncomfortable. In order to compensate his inability to turn he used Kyoya's leg to help him look behind.

"H— Haruhi!"

"Stop moving Senpai, you'll just make this worse!"

*Looks like Suoh got his ski looped through Haruhi's legs,* Shion observed. When the two were being lifted it seemed that Tamaki's ski went in between Haruhi's buckled feet. *I probably should have told her that she should keep a foot unbuckled when using a lift. . . Oops.* Because now Haruhi was partially sitting on Tamaki's lap and leaning to the side.

"Suoh!" Shion called and gave him a smirk with a thumbs-up. *Good job!* The blond's face went red, and not just from the cold. *Pfft—hahaha!* He couldn't help but laugh, and when he turned back he saw that Kyoya's face was also red.

*Oh yeah, the muffler.*

But that wasn't the only reason. He noticed that Kyoya was a bit flustered.

He took his hand off of Kyoya's leg and reached behind his neck to undo the scarf he had expertly wrapped around his neck. "Here." Shion started wrapping the scarf around Kyoya's neck. "It's not going to match your dark theme, but it'll keep you warm."

It did look slightly odd—the sky blue scarf was against black and dark army green. Kyoya adjusted the scarf so it covered his face. "Thank you." Then he turned to look at the scenery.

It wasn't long until they had to get off the lift to go their separate ways.

"Wait... where is Honey and Mori?"

The question came out of nowhere and no one knew the answer.

Except for one. Kyoya. "Honey had to rent some gear last minute and they're waiting for someone from another hill to bring Honeys size."

"Figures that they didn't have his size." "Yeah, he's child-sized."

Shion shook his head and started heading towards his next lift to the peak before he could get roped into another conversation—Shion wasn't really in the mood to talk, some things were pressing on his mind and he wanted to clear his head. He was halfway up the mountain from that first lift, and Shion's destination was higher, close to the peak. Another ten minutes he estimated.

"See you at the shack at the bottom, Shion." Haruhi waved with a smile and hesitantly went down
the hill. When Shion and Tamaki made eye contact the blond blushed and looked away. He was still embarrassed about what happened earlier.

It turned out that the lift he was going on wasn't that popular—probably because of the difficulty level—and he was on it as soon as he got there. He lowered the safety rail as he was lifted off his feet. While riding up he leaned over to secure his loose foot to his board.

"Woah!" Shion grabbed the rails of his lift when it suddenly came to a stop and started swinging. Just his luck, they had to do some maintenance. He wasn't stuck for long because the people just wrapped the lift seat with warning tape with a large piece of paper taped on saying "Out of order, do not use," or that's what he assumed. He was pretty sure because the seat of it had fallen off, he could see it in the snow under him.

Shion overlooked the people going down the hills from his perch. The view was amazing. He could see the rest of the club going down the hill and distinguish them from their blobs of colour. The Twins in their matching black and orange snowsuits, Tamaki with his dark purple and grey, Haruhi who was clad in brown, and Kyoya who was black and green, with a hint of blue around his neck.

A smirk crawled up on him and he didn't even notice. Shion was trying to get Kyoya to notice him more through some more underhanded ways—the scarf for example, it was a constant reminder of him. He didn't just want to come out with his feelings, because what if he was rejected—understandable, it was a common reason—it wasn't just his feelings at stake. If Kyoya did accept his feelings, there would be repercussions to his reputation, he was from an influential family after all.

But it didn't mean that Shion would give up. He didn't care what happened to himself, he just didn't want to affect Kyoya in a bad way.

Shion sighed as he felt the wind push his back and looked down the steep path towards the bottom. He took a deep breath and went over the edge of the metaphorical abyss.

There was no going back now.

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"Shouldn't he be here by now?" Haruhi asked rhetorically as she sat on a wooden bench waiting for Shion.

"We did agree on two runs." Tamaki voiced. Shion's ride up to the course he picked had the longest ride up, and thus the longest down. Or that's what he thought.

"Oh, there he is now." Hikaru pointed up to where he saw Shion on the hill.

Shion turned and went off a ramp, successfully doing a flip and landed. He avoided a kid that fell by turning sharply on his edge and waved to them. Once he the slope of the hill flattened out he straightened his back and casually slid towards the group, coming to a stop in front of them.

"Sorry, did you wait long?" He undid the bindings on his feet and picked up his board.

"Yeah, what took you so long?" Kaoru complained. "I'm hungryyy ."

"It wasn't that long, just about ten minutes." Haruhi raised an eyebrow at the redhead's behaviour.
"Well I went down slowly the first time to grasp the layout of the hill." He paused for a moment, remembering something. "I also got stuck on a lift for about five minutes so that might be it."

"Come on! Let's get something to eat!" Tamaki gestured for them to follow with a hand, "It's about time for lunch."

"Breakfast for me," Shion commented as they got into line. "I need a coffee."

The group chattered as they sat down to eat outside of the cabin at a large wooden table. Shion was halfway through his sandwich when he saw a very tall figure and a petit one coming towards them.

The group couldn't gather any less attention with that height gap, Shion thought with humour with all the looks they were getting. "They could pass as father and son at first, second, or even third glance. Daughter even."

Haruhi started coughing as she inhaled her drink and it didn't help that it was pop, the carbonation made it much worse with the bubbling pain in her nose and throat. By the time she recovered, she didn't have the energy to laugh anymore.

"Haru-chan, are you okay?" Honey ran up to her with his skis under his arm.

"Y–yeah, I'll be fine."

"It's nice for you two to join us." Kyoya quirked a smile at Honey's bright neon pink jacket and skis. It turns out that those were the only items that were left in his size. Not that Honey was bothered by the colouring, if anything he enjoyed it. Mori had beige and gray army camo for his. It was simple enough for the ever so quiet Mori.

"So? Another run?" Haruhi asked. She was starting to enjoy snowboarding since she was getting a hang of it. She just couldn't go too fast otherwise she would lose balance and fall.

"We have time," Kyoya checked his watch, "another hour and a half before we have to go and get ready."

"Hey! Shion!" At the mention of his name, Shion looked to where the shout came from. It was Aaron and Satsuki, the former of which was waving to him to get his attention.

"You left for the hills without us!" Satsuki whined with a pout.

"I knocked on your doors. The both of you didn't budge." Shion said dully. It wasn't his responsibility to wake them up.

"Darn, I knew we should have set alarms. I wanted to go on the hills when it wasn't busy. Now look at all these people! Shit man. Fuck!"

Aaron laughed at Satsuki's string of curses afterwards. "Want to go down the black diamond Shion?"

"I've been wanting to go on that one!"

"Sure. There's three of them though, which one do you want to go down?"

"The hardest one!"

"Do you want to die?" Shion quipped with no hesitation, humor lacing his tone.
"Hmm… maybe—I am due for another hair appointment soon, the dye's fading." Both Aaron and Shion gave her a dead stare. "What? I thought it was funny!"

"It was witty, not funny." Aaron corrected.

She glared at him heatedly, and not a beat later she turned towards the others flippantly with a cheerful smile on her face, "We'll be stealing Shion." She grabbed his wrist and dragged him to the lifts.

"But my coffee!"

"Oh, you have plenty of energy, you don't need the coffee."

"Yeah, but I paid for it."

"Now, now children, calm down." Aaron sighed.

Shion blinked and stopped for a second, "I feel that our roles have reversed."

"I agree." Aaron nodded.

"You can't be the sadist though Aaron, you're one with anger issues!"

"Sorry, who's a sadist?" Shion said darkly with a smirk.

"You just proved her point— and I do not have anger issues! " Aaron voice cracked as he shouted and glared at Satsuki.

"This just made full circle," Satsuki said cheerfully, "and you also just proved my point."

"You know what—!" And so Aaron and Satsuki got into a heated argument about Aaron's anger issues and Satsuki's inability to know when to stop pushing the envelope. It's like she purposely did it to get fights going. She probably was now that Shion thought about it.

During the whole ordeal, the host club could only stare in silence as the three left, the argument fading into the distance.

"He's never like that with us ." Kaoru voiced, miffed.

"Shut the fuck up already!" They winced when they heard Shion's shout from the line in the lift they were waiting at, it was quite a ways away and they heard him crisp and clearly.

“You spoke too soon.” Hikaru laughed.

"Uhh… So stay away from the hills they're going on." Haruhi said with a frown. She didn't think that those three would be so chaotic, though she knew Shion mostly went with the flow of their interactions from seeing them at school. It looked like Aaron and Satsuki struck a nerve with how they were arguing, even if they were just doing it for fun.

"Agreed."

When Kyoya opened the door to the suit Shion immediately took his boots off and kicked the snow off his pant legs. “Hey, how much time do we have until we have to be ready? Because I need a shower before we do anything," Shion took off his sweater that was under his jacket, his shirt on
underneath was sticking to him with sweat. Not to mention the legs of his jeans were soaking wet.

“About two hours.” Kyoya made way for their room to get a new pair of clothes out from his suitcases.

"Ootori," Shion called and Kyoya turned to him, "Will you be taking a shower?"

"I was planning to, yes."

"Then you should go first. I tend to take long showers." Shion faced the other way and took off his shirt. He couldn't stand being in that soaked fabric anymore. It was chilling him to the bone.

"Alright." Kyoya's eyes lingered on Shion's exposed back for a few moments before he turned for the bathroom. Kyoya wasn't expecting Shion to look as in shape as he did. He wasn't burly or anything, not even close, but there were some muscles there. He couldn't think of the word that was prodding his mind, toned, he realised was the descriptive word at the tip of his tongue.

Shion got comfortable on the bed, propping himself up a bit with a mountain of pillows behind him, and leaned on his side into them. In his other hand he had a new book, *Furiously Happy*. He wasn't even done the first page of *A Series of Unfortunate Disclaimers* when he started laughing.

The door to the bathroom opened. Kyoya's shower didn't take too long, about five minutes. Shion didn't even make a lot of headway into the second book he brought, just about four pages, before Kyoya emerged with clean clothes. *What kind of biography had ten pages of an author's note? Even if the first two pages were an unfortunate disclaimer*. Shion couldn't complain though, it was still entertaining. He actually ended up laughing at the table of contents. He got engrossed in the chapter titles, unique and funny as they were.

Shion put the book down on the bed. "That was a short shower." Come to think of it, Shion didn't even hear the water running.

"I decided against it. It's not like I had gotten dirty."

Shion got up from the bed and grabbed his clothes and hygiene products (shampoo, conditioner, body soap, and lotion. What could he say? He cared about his hygiene). Shion glanced over to Kyoya who was looking at him. He smirked.

*Like what you see?*— is what Shion wanted to say, but he held his tongue.

"What?" Shion asked.

"Hmm? Nothing at all." Kyoya hummed. "I was just waiting for you to go shower. I can smell you from over here."

"Rude." Shion played along with Kyoya's humor and shut the door behind him.

Once Shion closed the door behind him Kyoya started cleaning up. They would be there for a few more days and he wanted to charge his electronics. He reached over the bed to organize the mound of pillows when he saw the book.

"...what is he reading?" Kyoya asked himself with curiosity. The cover caught his attention. Bright yellow with golden confetti flakes decorated the cover and the focal point was a... raccoon, a really happy looking raccoon. "A funny book about horrible things..." After flipping to a random page he found out that the raccoon on the cover was a taxidermy. *Horrible things indeed...*
He put down the book once he flipped to a chapter called That Baby Was Delicious, but not before seeing another by the title of George Washington's Dildo.

Kyoya put the book on Shion's side table and laid down on the bed with his phone. It has been roughly twenty minutes since Shion went in the shower. Surely he'll be done soon.

And as if on cue he heard the water turn off, but it would be a few more minutes until Shion was out. They did have to get ready for an event. Hell, Kyoya was already dressed and ready, but chose to wait for Shion.

The reason why though, escaped him.

Shion stepped out of the shower and dried his body off before he put his lotion on. Once he was done that he turned the water on and pulled the knob on the faucet and grabbed the showerhead—it was detachable on a hose—and rinsed the conditioner out of his hair.

When he was done he shook his hair dry and smoothed it out with his fingers—towel drying made his hair frizzy, and the hotel towels wouldn't do any good either with how coarse they were—and got dressed into the clothes he got ready, black dress pants and a—

It wasn’t there. Hmm... odd. He swore he grabbed it with his other stuff. Must of fallen out of my hand, or I just didn’t grab it.

When Shion opened the door the first thing he saw was Kyoya laying on the bed. Kyoya moved his phone away from his face so he could see Shion, once again not expecting him to be shirtless. He only saw his back before and couldn’t see that Shion had some abdominals.

"That was a long shower."

"I told you, I tend to take long showers."

"No kidding." Shion chuckled and went to find his shirt that he was sure he brought to the bathroom. He found it on the floor by the foot of the bed.

"Hmm..." Shion glanced over to Kyoya, he could feel his eyes on him, "Ootori." He walked closer and a smirk tugged at the corner of his mouth, "Like what you see?"

Kyoya saw Shion's smirk. He scoffed lightly and looked away back to his phone with a smirk of his own, finding it quite amusing.

Oh now Shion wanted to play. Kyoya's tone of scoff made Shion incredulous—and he did not believe his apparent denial. If he didn't agree with something he would voice it clearly.

"Let me rephrase," Shion stood at the edge of the bed and ran a hand through damp hair, his serious mismatched eyes glided over to look Kyoya straight on. "Why have you been staring at me?"

Kyoya felt his voice get caught in his throat and saw Shion's eyes light up with something unknown to him. He could smell the vanilla off of Shion from there and he felt like he was suffocating. "I..." he paused and swallowed thickly, noticing a long pale line of scar tissue on Shion's left shoulder, "was curious about that scar."

"Bullshit." Shion called him out on his lie—partial lie. Kyoya was curious about it, but just noticed it before he made his excuse. Shion leaned over on the bed, closing distance between the two. "I would gather..." he breathed, "that you may be attracted to me." Shion placed his hand on
his thigh and felt Kyoya tense as he slowly started moving it up to his waist. "Or am I wrong?"
Looking up through his bangs, Shion saw Kyoya nod, but his hand did not halt. His voice came out
huskily,

"Stop me then."

Shion brought his knee in-between Kyoya’s legs and pinned him in place, leaning down to his
neck, nipping lightly to test the waters. There was no resistance surprisingly—he supposed that
Kyoya’s pride made him stubborn.

Kyoya felt damp, soft, curly hair by his face and neck where Shion head was buried and could feel
his cheeks burning, getting hotter and hotter with each passing moment. He shivered when he felt
lips sucking on one spot of his neck while Shion’s hand moved lower, unbuttoning his shirt. Shion
moved to sit up and reposition himself when he paused in his movement.

He smirked and licked his lips, taking in Kyoya’s appearance, he looks fucking hot. Shion wanted
to kiss him, but felt that it was too much, felt that it was passed that line that he shouldn’t cross just
yet. He looked Kyoya in the eyes before moving down and kissing his hip, making his way up
slowly and gently. Suddenly Kyoya arched his back involuntary when Shion’s tongue trailed up
his abdomen.

I should stop him...

Kyoya clenched his teeth when Shion hit a weird spot, and he almost made noise. He didn't want to
make a sound, refusing to give in. He didn't want to give Shion the satisfaction. Kyoya couldn't
hold a sound back when Shion flicked his nipple, and he gasped. “Ah!”

He felt Shion smirk on his skin and a hand went to his hip, ghosting across his skin making him
squirm from the lightness of it. Kyoya was starting to lose himself with the gentle touches Shion
was giving him, but his eyes widened when a hand went past his waistline.

"Nn—" Shion undid the button of his pants. "No... stop."

And he did.

Shion looked up to Kyoya and he was—quite understandably so—red-faced.

"K—" the door opened and Shion saw a tall figure out of the corner of his eye. "Tsk." He picked
up a pillow and placed it on Kyoya to cover him up, even if it was just his stomach. He wasn't
happy that they were interrupted, even if Kyoya did just tell him to stop. He put his shirt on and
walked to the door and closed it behind him, Mori following.

"If you're thinking that I'm going play the "it's not what you think" cliché card, you're wrong," Shion said blandly. "It's exactly what you think." He finished buttoning up his shirt, "I didn't
overstep his boundaries."

"Just... don't hurt him."

Shion looked Mori in the eye and smiled, "I'm not planning to."

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"So, why were you guys late to dinner?"
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shion had to collect himself before going into the dining room. Kyoya was no doubt going to be joining in a minute or two, and he needed to not act like anything of sorts was out of place. Fangirls had keen eyes, he learned from some previous experiences with Satsuki who somehow always could tell if something happened between the two. How she knew exactly, he had no idea.

Dinner went by uneventfully, surprising with the twins and Satsuki there, but it went by just like any other hosting session. Except that they were eating dinner. That was the only difference really.

Shion was just getting up from his seat and pushing it back into its proper place when a girl approached him.

Kyoya looked to Shion to see what was holding him up when he saw a girl blushing deeply while talking to him. He saw Shion nod with a smile—a fake one, he could tell, but the girl apparently couldn't—and the girl walked away.

"So, why were you two late for dinner?"

Kyoya turned to the voice beside him, Haruhi, and took his attention away from Shion. "I was waiting for him to finish his shower," he responded. "It took longer than I thought it would have."

Haruhi's face stayed blank for a moment, partially not believing him, "Hmm, alright." It felt like something was missing. Like she didn’t have the whole picture.

"I'll join you guys in the room later," Shion announced to the club members, "I just have some business to take care of." Before any of them could answer, Shion had already left the dining room.

About an hour later, Shion entered the hotel room with a fresh cup of coffee in his hand. "I'm back."

On the second level by the balcony, Shion heard music—or an attempt at it. He totally forgot that there was a piano by the balcony. He went up the stairs to see Haruhi fiddling with the keys, trying to figure out how to play some simple jingles.

"Attempting to play Korobeiniki?"

"O-oh, Shion. I didn't notice you come back." She paused for a moment, a look of confusion, "Korobeiniki?"

"The Tetris theme song." Shion clarified.

"Yeah, I was just fooling around. You want to give it a try?"

Shion sat down on the bench and mused for a moment, "The normal theme would be boring." A grin. He started with triplets of the same notes descending from the top of the scale, then a small chord progression. He did a high staccato chord and stopped for effect before going right into the Tetris theme in ragtime.

"Oh, Shion's back!" Tamaki bounded back indoors through the balcony and with him came a gust
of cold air. He heard the piano just like the others that were with him and immediately knew that it was him. Haruhi just didn't have that kind of skill on the piano, so it was quite obvious who was playing.

"Close the door, you're letting the cold in," Kyoya said bitterly. He didn't like the cold, and he had already taken his jacket off, the cold was biting his arms.

"So, what did that girl want with you?" "Yeah, yeah, tell us~!"

"She asked me out. I said no." Shion kept it short and to the point, trying to focus on playing and talking at the same time was difficult. It was worse than trying to play the guitar and singing—and that was hella hard for him to learn.

"S-Shion g-got a love confession?!?" Tamaki all but shrieked, the strings on the piano vibrated with the same frequency. There were multiple winces from the occupants in the room from the ear-splitting pitch and volume.

"He has been rising in popularity." "What did you say to her?"

"I just said that I wasn't interested." It wasn't completely true, but it wasn't false either. He wasn't sure why they were raising such a fuss about it. "Now, enough about me."

"Awwe, is Shion shyyy?" Shion sent his darkest glare to the twins for that comment, and they flinched at the dark look.

"Why would I hop into a relationship with some stranger that I don't know?" Shion scoffed, "Sure, she may know me, but I didn't remember her name or face."

"Ouch, that's cold."

For humours sake, he played a little well-known part of Chopin's Funeral March, "Cold as it is, it's the truth." Shion said it with such a straight face, and with the music, they just could not take it seriously anymore. They broke out into laughter.

"Eyy, Shiooon~!" There was a loud call from Satsuki—who shouldn't have had any way to get into the suite that they were in.

"Kagami-san, please, humour me. How did you two get in here?" Kyoya asked with a dangerous glint in his framed eyes.

"She," he jabbed a thumb at Satsuki, who he was now holding by her collar to stop her from tackling Shion, "found one of your room keys on the ground in the dining room."

"Uh, tee-hee?"

"Well... at least she didn't sneak in here at the dead of night."

"Haruhi! You're a genius!"


"Alright, alright, fine," she pouted. "I thought we could have played a game or something, though."

Aaron scoffed, "Not after the last one." A game with Satsuki was not warranted without several precautions.
"Not even a card game?"

After much whining from the female blonde in the room, Shion finally gave in to playing a card game. It was worse than Tamaki when he wanted Shion to do something with him in class.

"You," he gave a pointed look to Satsuki, "have no say in what game we play." Shion descended the stairs and went into the room he occupied with Kyoya. He grabbed his bag and brought it out with him. He sat down in the chair by the table in the sitting area. "We'll play Gin Rummy One-hundred—obviously no alcohol."

"Which rules?" Aaron asked.

"Anything above ten is ten points. Aces and twos are an exception, as aces will be twenty points each, and twos are wild cards worth forty points each. When you have a run or a set, place it face up on the table. Oh, and if you use a two and someone has the card that the two's representing, then you can steal it."

"Alright, got it."

"Uh... I'll just get the hang of it while we play." Satsuki wasn't used to those rules.

Sometime later, Shion was overlooking Aaron and Satsuki leaning over the table they were playing on.

"Have mercy upon us lord Shion." The person being addressed rose an eyebrow.

"I assume that means to stop playing?" Aaron tilted his head, making his cheek flush with the table, to look to Satsuki.

"You would be killer in Vegas." She grumbled into the table.

"Oh, would I?"

*I suppose it's good that they don't know...*

Shion—back in the states—had a group of friends in which they did some... sketchy things. Gambling was one of them, so he knew his way around card games. He heard a yawn from behind him and tilted his head back against the chair, looking up at Kyoya. A small smile crept up on him, "Tired, Ootori?"

Satsuki nudged Aaron and stretched, getting up from her position. She could feel the tension between the two, she had to stop herself from smiling creepily. "Well, night Shion. See you later."

"Wait." Shion narrowed his eyes, "Key."

"Damn it!"

Shion chuckled as he closed the door behind his friends. He knew Satsuki was up to something. *Good thing I acted upon that suspicion.* He did not want a mischievous Satsuki prowling around the place at night. The twins were enough—and they have been surprisingly good on the trip.

"It's best that we all go to sleep now. We're leaving in the morning."

At Kyoya's recommendation, they all got ready for bed.
Now Shion was facing the wall in the large bed that he and Kyoya shared, staring into the shadows the moon cast into the room. It's been about an hour since they laid down, but Kyoya kept shifting in the bed.

*He's uncomfortable,* Shion frowned. *Damn it, I knew I shouldn't have done that.*

"Fuck," Shion sighed lightly and got up from the bed. He looked over to Kyoya briefly and looked away with guilt, "I messed up..." He pulled on his hair, trying to make himself get a grip. Getting up and grabbing his pillow, he left the room to sleep on the couch in the sitting area.

When the door shut, Kyoya turned onto his back to look up at the ceiling. He... didn't know what to think. Shion probably didn't realise it, but he had thought aloud. *So, he's just as... flustered... as I am...* He now had some insight on how Shion felt.

But... *does he feel how I feel?*

He was afraid to inquire about the matter.

Drowning in his thoughts, he couldn't help but remember. He felt his cheeks warm. He felt frustrated when the fiasco with Ko came to mind. He wanted to punch Shion and—*Enough.* He refused to go any further with that track of thought. He needed to follow his own advice and sleep.

*Imprudent hormones.*

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Honey stared at the lump on the couch. "..." he blinked and looked up to Mori in question. Takashi lifted his shoulders in a shrug, he had no clue—well, he *could* hazard a guess, but he didn't want to face the repercussions—as to why Shion was on the couch.

The two decided to make the wiser of two choices—play it safe and be quiet until the others woke up.

The next people who woke up were the twins and Tamaki, followed by Haruhi.

Haruhi frowned thoughtfully, "Why... is he on the couch?" The shrug from Mori returned, not helping to answer Haruhi's question.

"Why indeed." Kyoya fixed his glasses with a gleam.

"You don't know why either Kyoya?"

Shion blinked and looked around, he's been up for a couple minutes now. "What... the fuck are you guys doing hovering around me like that." It was not something pleasant to wake up to. "And I was on the couch because," he looked at Kyoya for a brief moment, "Ootori's a cover hog."

By the look he was getting, Kyoya did not approve of that excuse. Maybe it wasn't Shion's best choice of words, but it was the first thing—second actually—that came to mind. The first being too close to the actual issue—being too uncomfortable to sleep because he acted on his own suspicions and sexually harassed Ootori Kyoya—so, wisely, he didn't use that one.

"We are leaving in an hour," Kyoya clipped with some unrestrained irritation. "Get ready."

It took a little longer for everyone to get ready, but they made it to the train station in time. Shion felt his eye twitch.
"No—it goes like this!"

The argument between the rowdier members of the group—Aaron, Satsuki, the twins, and Tamaki—was escalating. Shion's headache, accompanied by his sour mood, made him unable to tolerate it as he would normally be able to. He didn't even get to have his morning coffee.

"Enough!" He shouted and slammed his arm into the armrest of the seat, the loud noise getting the others to stop, "If you're going to be so goddamn fucking loud, move somewhere else." His arm was tingling and stung in pain from the force of his hit. "Fucking hell."

The group moved to the other side of the aisle and continued talking in hushed tones to avoid Shion's wrath.

"Finally." "At long last."

Shion looked up to the voice that matched his. He was getting a feel of dejavu since Kyoya was sitting in front of him again. *I would have thought that he would sit away from me, not closer. Hmm...* He pulled the hood from his sweater up and rested his chin on his palm, looking at the passing scenery out the window. They had a few hours to travel.

"Ootori?"

The one in question looked up from their book, "Hmm? Yes, Hakuba?"

"How long is this trip?"

"Just about four hours."

Shion blinked and frowned, *that's longer than I thought.* That also meant that he wouldn't be able to escape the awkward tension between the two of them without making it more awkward. He reclined the seat as far as it could go—which was just as good as an airplane's, meaning not very good at all—and took out his book. It would be around two o'clock before they got back.

Kyoya repositioned his bookmark so he wouldn't lose his place, and set his book down on his lap. There wasn't much to do, so he stared out the window for a while.

"Pfft—hahaha!"

Kyoya had to smile at the sound of Shion's laughter. He wondered what he was laughing at and looked to the book he was reading. He blinked, recognizing that cover. It was that racoon book, the one he looked at before... *things* transpired. His cheeks warmed and he looked away, biting at his lip.

And he was back at square one.

From the sound of laughter Satsuki looked to the source in wonderment. Everyone else seated by her was asleep, even Aaron, whose head was against her shoulder, and she saw that it was Shion who laughed. She looked over saw the expression on Kyoya's face. She smirked, *something's gonna happen. I just know it.*

Kyoya stood up, getting a glance from Shion, and reached up overhead to get his bag. Abruptly, he lost his balance and flung forwards when the train screeched to a halt. His eyes closed to brace for impact and arms automatically moved to support himself on the seat in front of him, but he didn't avoid impact with Shion. He felt something soft on his lips and it took a moment for him to realise what position he was in—leaning down over Shion. His face flushed.
To say it was unexpected would be an understatement. He grunted when he was pressed into the seat with the inertia of the train. His eyes widened when he saw Kyoya fly towards him, and their lips locked. The train came to a stop a few seconds later. It took all—all of Shion’s self control to not make a move on him in that moment. Instead, he smirked against his lips and reached up to grab his assailters chin, moving him away slightly. He looked up at Kyoya through his hooded eyes.

"Woah! What happened?" Honey asked. He was being held up from his collar by Mori, so he didn't get sent flying across the train into the seat in front of him—unlike someone.

"Attention all passengers," the conductor of the train spoke through an intercom. "We apologise for the sudden stop. There has been a minor landslide. Officials should clear it in about an hour's time. Sorry for the inconvenience."

"Oh." Honey blinked. He looked over and saw Kyoya holding his head. "Kyoya!" Honey called in worry, and Kyoya flinched, turning away from Shion's gaze and looking to Honey, "What happened?"

"I—"

"He hit his head," Shion cut him off, grabbing his wrist. He pulled him along to the private room the others occupied earlier.

Mori's and Satsuki's eyes followed Shion as he pulled Kyoya away and saw the determined expression on his face. Note to self. Keep everyone away from that area.

Satsuki almost squealed, "Oh, he is totally the seme." She had no doubt about it. The expression on Shion’s face solidified her previously alleged thought.

Shion slid the door open and pushed Kyoya in, locking the door behind himself.

"What is the meaning of this Hakub—" Kyoya's eyes widened in surprise and he stopped talking, Shion's vehement stare freezing him in place. He took a step back when Shion loomed over him. "H-Hakuba?" Kyoya was backed against a wall—literally—and the window felt cold on his back. He felt... intimidated by Shion's mismatched gaze.

"Do you have any idea? What you do to me?"

Kyoya's eyebrows furrowed in disbelief, "What... I do to you?" If what he was saying meant what he thought it did, then—

"Yes," Shion got closer and put a hand on the window above Kyoya's head, his voice deepened, "What you do to me." His other hand held his chin, tilting it upwards to make him maintain eye contact. Shion bit his lip, the look Kyoya was giving him did not help. His could feel it, his self control was breaking.

Kyoya's blush deepened as he tried to turn away, but Shion's firm hold on him didn't allow that. He felt Shion's thumb press lightly on his lower lip, purposely dragging it across gradually. He lowered his head, lips ghosting over the nape of his neck.

"I'll show you," he brought his knee in-between Kyoya's legs to pin him in place, so he wouldn't be able to escape, "how I feel." He whispered it so lowly that Kyoya wasn't sure he heard it right.

Shion's hand caressed the back of Kyoya's head and gripped his hair lightly. Next thing he knew, Shion's lips were on his. It was a light, tender kiss—something that Kyoya did not expect, and had
a much larger impact on him than he would have thought.

"Why?"

Shion did not look away from Kyoya's unwavering onyx eyes, "I've fallen for you, Ootori," and he was still falling, falling into a deep abyss with an unknown depth. He leaned in—and Kyoya felt himself move just a sliver closer—but stopped himself and stepped away, his expression wistful. He didn't want to go any further despite what his body was telling him. He wanted a response, a response of Kyoya's emotions, not his body, but he knew he wasn't going to get one anytime soon.

"Please," Shion ran a hand through his hair, a quiet sigh coming out, "think about it." Kyoya saw Shion's expression when he turned to leave. He looked... hurt, like he regretted what he did. Or because he thought it was unlikely that Kyoya would return his feelings.

When the door closed, Kyoya nearly hit the floor. His hand reached to touch his lip where there was a trace of Shion's lip balm left on them. Everything caught up with him and he truly processed what Shion had said.

"I've fallen for you, Ootori."

"He..." Kyoya's eyes widened and he felt... pleased.

Shion sat down into his seat with a thump. He felt irritated now and did not want to talk with anyone.

"H-hey, Shion? What's wrong?" Aaron asked from the seat behind him. He flinched when Shion's dark look was directed up to him.

"I'm not in the mood Aaron."

"O-oh-kay then..." He sat back down and sweatdropped, "What crawled up his ass and died?"

"Kyoya! What happened to you?" Tamaki voiced in concern when the raven walked down the aisle with a bandage around his head.

"I hit my head when the train stopped abruptly. I went to find a first aid kit, and a passenger aided me." He sat back down at the seat across from Shion, "My injury is exaggerated."

Shion chuckled with a smile, a smile that Kyoya knew as fake, "You look ridiculous." He leaned over and unwrapped the bandages, gently putting his hand through straight black hair as if he was actually injured.

"There, all fixed." He smiled again, this one a little more real, but still hiding something... melancholic. A hint of sadness was just breaching the surface.

It was going to be a long trip. Shion wished he was knocked out for most of the trip—like how he was for the trip there when he was kidnapped.
He was glad that he was back at his apartment, it was his first time being alone since the start of the trip. Four days without personal space was too much, and now he had some well needed alone time.

“Now I have to start recording things again…”

He focused on his work. Working would keep his mind busy until he cleared his mind. There was a week left until school started up again and he would use that time wisely. He would finish all his projects for his performances even if it killed him. He just didn’t want to be stressed over them anymore, then he could focus more on his school work.

Chapter End Notes

Well, here’s little Omake special… thing. I thought of these while writing and I just could not continue writing while I was laughing hysterically, so I wrote them out.

"Kyoya could not help but tremble when he chuckled, his low voice rumbling against his nape." I looked up a synonym for chuckle to see if I could word it better, and I came up with Chortle. Chortle is a descriptive word for babies laughing—in my opinion anyways—and the definition of Chortle is to laugh gleefully.

Laughing gleefully into a person's neck is not ideal with what I'm writing. LOL

Shion did not look away from Kyoya's unwavering onyx eyes, "I've fallen for you, Ootori,"—and he was still falling. A deep abyss with an unknown depth—"so hard, that I've injured myself, actually, and I cannot get up."

Kyoya blinked. The tense atmosphere suddenly dispersed. "What."

Shion pressured Kyoya into a corner, "WANT SUM FUK?"

None of this actually happened, by the way. I just thought it'd be funny to add in.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Hello my readers! Sorry for the wait on this installment of The Musician, I’ve had a rather terrible case of writer’s block, and just could not get any inspiration.

A forewarning (hah foreplay) for some more… descriptive sexual themes.

I’m just gonna change the rating of this story to Mature now.

"Awww... I was hoping to see Shion today." A girl whined with dignity.

"It's been... three days," another sighed, daintily putting a gloved hand on her cheek, "I do hope that he is alright."

"I'm certain that he will be able to attend next week ladies!" Tamaki's smile blinded them with his princely charm, distracting them from Shion's absence.

"Huh, I guess he's the mysterious type for a reason." Kaoru laughed, "He just up and disappeared. The girls miss him." The twins shivered when they felt a wave of malevolence wash over them.

"Is... Is Kyoya alright?" Hikaru stage-whispered to his twin, slightly worried for their safety. "He's been acting weird."

"I think he's just pissed off that Shion isn't here," Haruhi commented. "His sales must be plummeting." Or he was irritated that the girls were whining about Shion not being there. Haruhi's reason was also valid.

"Do you know why he's missing Haru-chan?" Honey asked, trotting up to her and the twins, Usa-chan in arms.

"No clue." There was no hesitation. If she did know, she would have already informed them. "Whenever I go to check if he's home, he's not." She had the spare key to his house, so every once in a while, she could check in.

"You think that," "he might be having an affair?!" The twins gasped dramatically and embraced. There was a string of unintelligible mumbling coming from Kyoya's general direction.

"Takashi, Kyoya's being scary." Honey clung onto the leg he hid behind.

Mori nodded, "He is acting strange."

Haruhi blinked, a little lightbulb going off inside her head. **Oh... I see now.** Satsuki had been ranting to her during lunch the other day about Kyoya and Shion. Haruhi had tuned her out somewhat—because when Satsuki was like that, there was no shutting her off—but recalled her talking about a probable confession. She also remembered her telling that Shion was acting like everything was normal, while Kyoya had been awkward around him in classes.

"You seem to know what's going on."
Haruhi looked away from Kyoya, whose ire was tangible, and to Mori. He had a knowing look in his eye. "Yeah... I think I do." She smiled a little, "I think it'll be good for him."

Kyoya stopped typing on his laptop. He could feel his eye twitching. He was irritated. Shion was acting weird—and by weird, completely normal. What irked him now was that Shion hadn't been at school for the past three days.

He was going to investigate after the club finished. He also had the work that he missed.

It didn't mean that he missed seeing Shion.

It most certainly did not.

Shion breathed heavily in exertion and gently—well, as gently as he could—put the medicine ball on the ground as to not disturb the neighbors below him. He'd been busy lately so he hadn't been able to work out as much as he would have liked. Usually, he worked out every other day for an hour or two, but with his little crisis, he had to stop for a couple days. He sat up straight and relaxed his shoulders, breathing in deeply with his diaphragm, he breathed into a balloon, filling it up with three breaths. He changed his exercise and did crunches.

He heard a knock at the door just as he finished doing pushups.

"Ugh." Shion peeled himself off of the mat and used his noodle arms to push himself up. "Hey, Haruhi. Sorry about—" he stopped when he did not see Haruhi behind the door. "Oh," and suddenly he felt exposed, he wasn't wearing a shirt. He shivered, the wind just blew a wave of cold air in. "Come in. The heat's getting out." It also wasn't good for him since he was drenched in sweat.

Shion closed the door and locked it. He was a bit paranoid. He and Haruhi lived in a good area, but ever since he was at his friend's house when burglars just waltzed in, he felt too paranoid to have it unlocked. "Sorry if it smells. I had a candle lit so it shouldn't be too bad."

"It isn't a problem." Kyoya noticed that his living room table was moved against the wall. In its place was a blue mat with a medicine ball on it. There were also a few dumbbells around. "Were you exercising?"

Shion looked over his shoulder to Kyoya with a raised eyebrow, "What does it look like? No shit Sherlock."

Kyoya quirked a smile, "Thank you for your observation Watson."

Shion gestured for him to take a seat and brought out two glasses of water. "Why are you here?"

Kyoya smiled into his glass, "Right to the point."

"Actually, hold on to your thought." Shion bent down to clean the sweat off of his mat, "Let me clean up first."

Minutes later Shion had gotten all his gear cleaned off and put to the side. Then he carefully moved the table back to where it was before—carefully because he didn't want to disturb the lit and melted candle he had on. Melted wax was very hard to clean up.

"Mind if I take a shower? I'd rather not stay like... this ." He felt all gunky with dried sweat caking
over his skin. Not to mention he hadn't had a chance to shower. It's been three days. He felt gross.

"Go ahead. I have time."

"Please make sure that the candle doesn't burn this place down," Shion called over his shoulder.

And with that, the door to the bathroom closed. A minute later Kyoya heard the water running. He checked his phone, appreciating the fruity smell of the candle and the jazz music coming out of the speakers connected to Shion's iPod. He absently wondered why there was an uninflated balloon on the table, but didn't think anything else of it. He picked it up, fiddling with it.

Kyoya frowned in confusion.

The music had changed and there was a guitar line before English lyrics came in. Sure, he could understand and speak English just fine, but with songs, it was harder to understand. He started understanding the lyrics half way through. He blanched, the air from the balloon escaped and blew into his face when he let go of the opening.

Shion entered the room at the beginning of the third verse.

"We were sitting in the back and we just started getting busy when she whispered, "what was that?" The wind, I think cause no one else knows where we are and that was when she started Screamin' "That's my dad outside the car!"—"

Shion started laughing at Kyoya's horrified expression. "S-sorry. I didn't think that was in the jazz playlist. Pfft-hahaha!" He switched the song. Old Nickelback was one of his guilty pleasures. Good thing Kyoya didn't know of them. The band was hated on for some reason.

Kyoya coughed into his hand. "Please get dressed." Shion just had a towel around his waist and it was making him uncomfortable.

Shion smirked, "Oh? Does my attire bother you, Ootori?" He grinned at the deadpan he received, "Sorry, sorry. I'll get dressed if it pleases you, my lord." He did a little curtsy and left to his room. He threw on some jeans and a t-shirt.

"...Stupid." Kyoya muttered, frowning. He felt a bit frustrated so he took a deep breath and let all his air go into the balloon.

"You know that I used that, right?" Kyoya's eyes widened and the balloon went flying around the room. Shion chuckled, unable to hide the smile that crept up on him.

"W-why..." he cleared his throat, "Why were you using it then?"

Shion bent over to pick up the balloon, "I was using it in-between sets during cooldowns for lung capacity exercises." He took in a deep breath, blowing it up with two. "Back to the original point, why are you here?"

"You've missed three days of classes. I have the material for you, but I wondering why you have been absent." Kyoya fixed his glasses. "You aren't sick."

Shion sighed. "I'm in a bit of a financial crisis. I haven't been making enough money to cover myself living here."

"That doesn't explain why you've been absent."
"I've been making videos in the mornings, and every afternoon I would perform on the streets during rush hours. I've spent these three days saving up money."

"I see." Kyoya brought out the work that Shion's missed. "There haven't been many assignments. For English, you need to read the remaining of Act four." Shion didn't actually. He had the play memorized. "Math has questions on page two-seventy in the textbook," Kyoya listed the things to do and gave him the handouts.

"Thanks." He looked at the time, "Oh. America's Got Talent is on."

Kyoya blinked in confusion, "What is that?"

"It's a show in the States where people sign up and show their talents. Three out of the four judges have to say yes to their act to pass through the preliminaries. After that, it's a competition to win for... I can't remember. Money, I guess."

"Sounds... Interesting..."

Shion smiled, "You want to watch it? It's in English, but I'm sure you could understand most of it."

Kyoya nodded, "Alright."

Shion set up the television he had and put it on to the American channel. They watched the episode for its entire length, an hour. Shion really liked some of the singers, but his favorite act was a magician.

"That was entertaining."

"The sword swallowing was disgusting."

"Morbidly fascinating you mean?"

"No."

Shion laughed at Kyoya's expression, it was a mixture of horror and disgust.

"I suppose I should get going now." Kyoya looked to his watch. It was starting to get late. He gathered his things and put on his shoes. He dialed a number on his phone.

Shion waited quietly as Kyoya was on the phone with who he assumed to be his chauffeur. He wondered why Kyoya's perpetual frown was getting deeper.

"What's going on? Kyoya sighed and opened the door to look outside. Snow. Snow everywhere. The wind was strong and the snowfall was very heavy.

It was a snowstorm.

"Damn." He heard Shion say from behind him. Shion reached over and grabbed Kyoya's phone, closing the door in the process.

"Hey!" Kyoya said in protest.

"Uh, hello?"

"Hello." He heard a male voice over the somewhat staticky line.

"Yeah. Hi. Kyoya's going to stay here overnight, would that be alright? Actually," Shion
continued, "that shouldn't be a question. He's staying. It's too dangerous to drive outside. It would be safer for both him and you if he stayed here."

"I agree, I don't want to put master Kyoya in danger."

Shion looked over to Kyoya. He did not look amused. "You were the one who drove him here, correct?"

"Yes."

"Then his parents know where he is?"

"They do."

"Alright. Here's Ootori then," Shion held the phone out to Kyoya and he snatched it out of his hand.

Kyoya put the phone to his ear, "I apologize." He heard a chuckle from his driver on the other end.

"You seem to be in good hands. Please call when the weather clears up tomorrow."

Kyoya scoffed and hung up. He gave a pointed look to Shion. "What?" He sighed and pocketed his phone.

Shion smirked, "So. Master Kyoya, huh?"

"Stop that train of thought this instant," Kyoya all but ordered and took off his shoes again. "And to think that I'm going to be stuck here overnight."

Shion thought for a moment. He'd have to get sleeping arrangements together. Shion changed the channel of the television to the weather to see what kinds of precautions he should follow. The weather was only going to get worse, they advised people to stay inside and not to drive.

"Ootori—" he would have continued his thought, but the power turned off. A power outage.

"Fucking great. Put your shoes on again." Shion blew out his candle and put on his winter coat. They exited his apartment and he locked it behind him, going a door over, he knocked on Haruhi's place.

"I was wondering how long it would take for you to come over. You have some explaining to do." Haruhi grunted as she pushed on the door, opening it with some difficulty. There were already a few inches of snow blocking the door. "Oh. Hello, Kyoya." Kyoya nodded in greeting.

The two entered and Kyoya took off his shoes in the entryway. "Oi, Ryoji!" Shion called and the man leaned over so Shion could see him.

The man was surprised to see Kyoya, "Oh, hello Kyoya!"

"I'm going to run to the convenience store before the weather gets worse. Need me to get anything?"

Ryoji thought for a moment, "Batteries. We have some flashlights, but of course no batteries." He got up from his position on the floor. "I'll come too. You're not going alone."

"Alright. I'll go see if the landlord needs anything."

"What makes you think that the store would be open?"
"It will be. This storm came out of nowhere, the employees would be stuck in the store." Shion opened the door, he paused in his step, "Haruhi, look after Kyoya please," and the door shut behind him.

Haruhi laughed, "While he's gone, I'll get you to tell me what happened. I would make tea, but as the powers out... Do you want juice?"

"Haru dear, lock the door while we're gone!"

"Yeah, dad!"

Haruhi and Kyoya sat at the living room table and Kyoya had just finished relaying the information.

"I can vaguely recall him telling me something like that..." Haruhi frowned, thinking. "Yeah, he said to not worry about him if he disappeared for a few days." She had the decency to look embarrassed, "That was a few months ago though."

"And you didn't bother telling us at school?"

Haruhi shrugged, "I couldn't remember at the time. Oh yeah," something popped to her mind, "did you figure out why Shion's been acting weird?"

"You noticed?"

"Kyoya, he's my best friend. How could I not?" She scoffed lightly, "Something happened between you two. It's obvious—well, to me anyways—that you two like each other." She saw Kyoya's face flush but pretended that she didn't notice. "I meant acting odd, as in completely normal. He *did* confess, right?"

Now, this was a topic that Kyoya wasn't comfortable about talking about. "Yes... he did."

"Talk to him about it then if it's bothering you." Haruhi said simply, "He appreciates it when people are straightforward with him."

"*Fuuuuuck. " The door opened and Shion stumbled in.

"Shion! Language." Ryoji chastised lightly, hitting him on the head.

Shion groaned and sat down on the floor, "But my ankle hurts like a bitch. Ow!" Ryoji hit the top of his head with the bag from the store.

"Welcome back." Haruhi greeted. "You okay Shion?"

Kyoya gathered to put on his coat, "The store was actually open?"

"Yeah. They can't leave because of the weather. I pity them. Now come on, we can't bother Haruhi forever. She gets grumpy when she can't finish her books. And Yeah, I'm fine. I just twisted my ankle."

"Thank you for your consideration." Haruhi drawled, not even looking up from the rom-com book she was reading. She snorted when she read over something cheesy that Shion would totally do with a straight face. "Put some ice on it. If it's swollen when I see it next, I'm going to kick it."
Shion took off his shoes and set them off to the side. "You can just hang out if you want." Shion said as he rummaged through his freezer, he got up from his crouch, "Or do you want to play a game?"

"No thanks." Kyoya took a seat on the floor by his couch and took out some school work.

"Well, since you're going to be busy with that, I'll just be in my studio. If you need something just knock."

Kyoya nodded in response, too focused on the problem in front of him to truly process what he had said. Time passed and Kyoya started having a hard time reading because of the lighting. He had finished his homework a while ago and he had been reading. The power still hadn't turned back on and the wind was howling louder than ever. He checked the time on his phone, eight o'clock on the dot.

He got up from his position on the floor and stretched, his back popping satisfyingly as he did. He didn't have much else to do, he was bored with the distractions he had brought. He went to Shion's studio door and from outside it, he could hear music. Kyoya turned the doorknob silently and pushed the door open a crack. Shion was playing a trumpet, he waited until Shion stopped playing to step in.

Shion didn't notice the door open—he was facing the other way—and continued practicing. He frowned when he messed up. He stopped playing and started repeating the same part until he felt comfortable. Shion sighed when he finished, "I need to practice double and triple tonguing. Taa-kuh, daa-gah," He repeated saying those two for about a minute before nodding and trying it on the trumpet's mouthpiece. Kyoya raised an eyebrow, Shion was talking to himself.

Shion put the trumpet to his mouth and suddenly he started out with a loud note that scared Kyoya shitless. Kyoya didn't recognize the song but liked the jazz. Shion continued playing Stayin' Alive and turned around in his chair. He blinked in surprise when he saw Kyoya standing there, his arms crossed and leaning on the door, head nodding to the tempo. Shion smiled into his trumpet and transitioned into another song.

Kyoya's eyes widened in recognition—he knew the song. In the Mood, by Glenn Miller, a classic jazz composer. He smiled a little when Shion started to groove out in his chair.

Shion struggled for a bit, face going red, "Pwah!" He stopped playing and took a deep breath in when the light-headedness kicked in. "Circular breathing... Doesn't work forever." It could if you had the skill, but Shion couldn't do it for long periods of time, lest he hyperventilate—which is was just happened.

He looked at Kyoya when he started clapping softly, "I didn't actually think you could play so well."

Shion raised an eyebrow, "I take offense to that." He said with humor and moved to put away his trumpet. "Oh, you might want to look away," Shion advised, "non-winds players think this is really gross."

Kyoya, much to the opposite of Shion's warning, watched as Shion emptied the spit valves, blowing the spit out of the instrument and into a garbage. He frowned at the sight.

"Told you so." Shion laughed, "Where do you think the spit's going to go? A dimensional pocket?" He wiped the mouthpiece down and put the silver trumpet back into its case. "So," Shion spun around in his chair, legs crossed with a smug expression on, "Did you get bored?"
Kyoya shook his head at Shion's antics with a small smile, "Yes, but I'd have to say that I was quite entertained with your little... show."

Shion chuckled, "Yeah... I got a little carried away, I'll admit."

Kyoya looked around the room in curiosity and slight awe. Last time he had only gotten a glimpse before Shion kicked them out. There was a bookcase full with office paper organizers, he saw a little section on the top row that said “Composed Music,” there wasn’t much in the completed section, but there was almost double the amount in the uncompleted section. The rest of the case was full with other music, and music related things. He wondered how much all this gear had cost him. He had a desktop and a few microphones around with a keyboard. He had his two guitars hung on the wall by their cases, and other instruments were on the floor by the other wall.

“Would you like to play?”

Kyoya stopped observing the room and looked to Shion. The offer was unexpected. “I’m not confident enough that I can play like you.”

“You don’t have to play like me,” Shion said and scooted across the room on his chair, picking up a case and unzipping it. He took out the bow and held it between his lips while he undid the Velcro straps in the case holding the violin down. “You said that you’re bored,” Shion held out the instrument to him, “relieve some of that then.”

He took the instrument, but frowned, “I can’t play jazz like that.”

“Then don’t play jazz.” Shion said simply, scooting over to his keyboard and turning it on, “Play something you know.”

Kyoya did a quick scale, warming himself up to the instrument. He hasn’t played for a while, so he was going to be rusty. He didn’t even have that high of a playing level, but he still learned it. Kyoya started playing and from the first couple of notes Shion recognized what song it was and started playing some underlying chords to accompany. Ave Maria, nice and peaceful, even as the snow struck his window and the wind howled with ferocity.

They continued playing in silence, just enjoying the sounds. When Kyoya finished, Shion ended it with a chord.

“Do you know Vivaldi’s four seasons?”

“Unfortunately, no. I know of it, but I cannot play it.”

“I have the sheet music for it, but it’s too difficult at some parts to sight read...” Shion stretched, leaning back in his chair in content. “That was fun.”

Shion scooted over and blew out the candle he was using for light. He got up, stumbling slightly because of his ankle, and brought it into the living room. Shion winced, he put too much weight onto it and it hurt. He hobbled to the closet he used for towels and linen, he had a whole bunch of candles, a couple tall beeswax ones just in case the power went out—which was the current situation—and a couple fake ones that ran with batteries. The scented ones didn't count because lighting all those for light would most certainly cause a killer migraine. He padded around, putting the electric candles in the kitchen and the bathroom, and lit the beeswax ones with a scented one for the living room. Shion sat down on the chair he had with a sigh, while Kyoya took a seat on the couch.

Shion sat back and relaxed, content with the silence. Kyoya, however, felt awkward. Anxiety was
eating away at him. He needed to clear this up.

"Hakuba."

"Hmm?" Shion tilted his head to Kyoya in question. "What is it?" Shion asked. Though he had a feeling he knew what it was about. He frowned.

"I have been thinking about what you said, but I'm... confused." Kyoya paused in thought, thinking on how to word this. "You... have feelings towards me."

Shion felt some frustration build up, his eyebrows knitted, "Yes." What was he playing at?

"Then I have a question. After that, why did you start acting like nothing happened?" He was genuinely confused, and it hurt him a little. He didn't like it when Shion just went back to normal, acting as if nothing happened in class and at the club. It irritated him when Shion acted nice to those girls after that.

Shion knew he made a wrong move when Kyoya made that expression. He looked... hurt. "I thought it would make you feel comfortable." Shion sighed, leaning forwards onto his knees, "Because if you didn't wish to acknowledge my feelings, then it would go right back to normal."

Shion grit his teeth, his hands clasping together tightly and let out a deep, slow breath, "Like nothing ever happened."

Kyoya felt a pang in his chest. He did not want that. "Hakuba," he stood up and walked in front of Shion, "I return your feelings."

Shion sighed dejectedly, "I knew it," he whispered, defeated. He looked up to Kyoya and slapped on a smile. "Alright. I won't bother you again."

Kyoya eyes widened in panic when Shion started acting. It looked genuine, but he knew better. Shion was hurting. "No," Shion raised his eyebrows and tilted his head in question, that smile still on—and irritating Kyoya because he knew that it was false. "I meant that I feel the same."

Shion blinked, happy expression fading into shock, "I thought return meant... Oh, God. I'm so stupid." He reached his arms around Kyoya's stomach. "You scared me." He thought return as in, giving them back. Like returning an undesired item from a store.

"Likewise." Kyoya shared the same feeling. A moment passed and he tried to get out of Shion's hold.

"Not yet," Shion said quietly.

Kyoya just smiled and tentatively put a hand through Shion's curly hair.

When Shion calmed down and got a hold of himself he relaxed his hold a bit but did not let go. "You know," he lifted his head to look up at Kyoya, "This means that I'm not letting you go."

Kyoya didn't get a chance to blink when Shion pulled him forward, making Kyoya stumble and fall towards him. Kyoya ended up straddling Shion, he blushed and the smirk on Shion's face grew.

*I'm making him take the initiative this time.*

Through their past... encounters, Shion was always the one to do something. Kyoya bit his lip, he felt uncomfortable with Shion staring at him so intensely. Kyoya studied the face in front of him. Penetrating mismatched eyes of blue and green hooded over slightly as desire was building. He slowly leaned forwards, nervous butterflies fluttering, and hesitantly placed his own lips onto
Shion’s.

Letting Kyoya get a feel of it, Shion waited until he got a bit more comfortable. He felt Kyoya back away slightly, he looked uneasy and looked away from Shion in embarrassment.

“That’s all?” Shion asked lowly in a whisper and Kyoya shivered. He wasn’t used to this side of Shion, the colder, darker, sexier Shion. “Here,” Shion reached up, gently putting a hand on the back of Kyoya’s neck and snaked his other around his waist, “I’ll teach you.”

Kyoya felt tingles where the hand was on his neck, slowly pulling him closer. Shion made him tilt his head and pulled him down. Kyoya had to put a hand on Shion’s chest for support, “Now try.” He felt his heart skip when Kyoya actually leaned down more and kissed him, this time with more effort put into it.

Kyoya jerked a bit when Shion started responding, he felt something wet on his lower lip and flushed. “Open… your mouth,” Shion said breathily. Kyoya went to say something, but before he could Shion had invaded, his tongue moving slowly against his.

Kyoya broke apart and gasped for breath, bringing his hand up to cover his mouth. He quickly put his hand down when Shion licked it, “You’re not getting away.” This time Shion pulled him down more forcefully, taking over the initiative and making Kyoya writhe in desire. Shion stopped when Kyoya lost the strength to hold himself up.

Kyoya took a moment to recover. He shifted uncomfortably, the tightness in his pants was starting to hurt. He wondered if Shion was the same way, he looked down.

“I suppose…” Kyoya looked up when Shion started his thought, he was unsuccessful in trying to see if Shion was… excited. He gasped when Shion’s hands moved to his butt and pulled him up, making him kneel in front of him so his waist was at his head level, “that this should be taken care of,” one hand stayed while the other pushed up his shirt, Shion kissed his stomach and moved down, undoing the button of Kyoya’s dress pants.

“N-no. It—it’s fine,” Kyoya stammered. Shion looked up to Kyoya with a smirk and undid the zipper of his pants with his teeth. “You don’t need to.”

“Then you’d have to relieve yourself somehow.”

“I’ll do that then,” Kyoya said stubbornly and moved to get off of Shion, only to find that he couldn’t. Shion was holding him firmly in place.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Shion asked.

“You mean…”

“Mmhmmm.”

Kyoya blushed, debating on whether he should just leave it or not. But it ached, he needed release. He moved his hand into his pants and started. Shion watched, unamused as Kyoya did it under his boxers. Something snapped within him when he saw Kyoya start panting. Shion wanted to be the one causing those expressions.

Kyoya gasped when his ass was squeezed tightly. Shion brought the front of Kyoya’s underwear down, “No!” and licked from the base, to the tip. Kyoya convulsed involuntarily when Shion took him in his mouth, his tongue swirling around the tip. “Hnn.”
Shion swallowed and wiped a trail that dribbled out with his thumb. Kyoya’s eyes widened, “You didn’t swallow it, did you?” He didn’t think that Shion would do something like that.

Shion smirked and opened his mouth, sticking out his tongue so that Kyoya could see that there was indeed no semen in his mouth.

“T-then… I’ll return the favor—” he was taken aback when Shion’s eyes narrowed, a dark expression surfacing.

“Ootori.” Shion said evenly, “That was no favour.” Shion pulled up Kyoya’s underwear and fixed his pants, “I did it because I wanted you to feel pleasure.” He also did it because he lost his self-control, but Kyoya didn’t need to know that. He saw Kyoya try and speak, to protest that he should return the action. “No. I’m not letting you.” He didn’t want him to be overwhelmed.

Kyoya frowned but got up when Shion started moving him off of the lounging chair.

“I’ll get the couch ready then,” Shion muttered to himself. He got up and winced, almost falling when he put too much weight on his ankle and to his surprise, Kyoya stopped him by catching his fall.

In the motion Kyoya had stopped Shion from falling, he had felt the bulge in Shion’s pants press onto his hip. He flushed red, looking away and fixing his glasses. “You should ice your ankle.” Haruhi did say that she would kick it if she saw it and it was swollen—a bit mean, but a good reminder to take care of it.

“I’ll do that before I go to bed.” Shion waved off the concern and went to the closet to grab an extra pillow and a blanket. “You can sleep in my bed, I’ll take the couch. No exceptions.” Shion cut off his protest that he should sleep on the couch before he could even voice it. It was surprising how well Shion could read Kyoya’s thought process. “I’ll lend you a pair of pyjamas and a toothbrush.” Actually, Ryoji had given him the spare one since Kyoya was staying overnight. He was grateful since he didn’t have one.

When Shion went to rummage through his drawers for pyjamas, Kyoya washed up in the bathroom. “Here,” Shion handed him a top and pants, “these are the smallest ones I could find.” Shion laughed when Kyoya took them with an annoyed huff, the implication that he was small irritating him.

Kyoya changed in Shion’s room while Shion got ready for bed. He was halfway done when Shion barged in.


“Shut up.”

“Alright, alright.” Shion waved off his faux anger with a chuckle, “Get some beauty sleep then.”

“Kyoya.”

“Hmm?” Shion turned his head to look at Kyoya over his shoulder, that had come out of nowhere.

“You can call me Kyoya.”

Shion smirked, “Likewise. You can call me Shion, but not at school.” If they both suddenly started calling each other by their first names then people would get suspicious. “You want to keep our
relationship a secret I’m guessing?”

Kyoya nodded, “Yes, that would be ideal.”

“Alright,” Shion’s smirk grew darker, “Good night, Kyoya.” He chuckled when his face went pink.

When Shion closed the door behind him, Kyoya sighed and flopped down onto Shion’s bed. It was soft—a layer of memory foam on top of the mattress—and comfortable enough for him to sleep in. It was rather comfy, but he just could not fall asleep, mind still going over what had happened. He heard the water running from the bathroom beside him and opened his ears when he heard something.

He flushed a bright crimson.

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Shion stared at the ceiling with a blank look. He sighed in irritation, it just wasn’t going away. “Fuck.” Pfft, I wish. He was hoping that his hard-on would go away, but apparently, it wasn’t going to happen. He sat up and swung his legs off of the couch. Stifling a yawn, he and got up to go to the washroom, closing the door behind him. Walking in, he leaned against the wall, slumping down to the floor. Shion reached into his pants and started stroking his erection. His imagination started to run wild, picturing Kyoya sucking him off—with—he groaned, unable to hold it in. He breathed heavily, increasing the pace gradually until the climax. He put his head against the wall, panting at the abnormally strong release. When he recovered, he got up and washed his hands. He ran a hand through his hair and smiled.

“I’m not going to let him go.”

And if anyone tries to get in the way...

Be prepared for a living hell.
Chapter 20

A group of friends talked amongst each other at lunch. It was a normal occurrence for this band of friends to walk leisurely through the school and talk before they all had to go in their own separate directions.

They were walking through the hallways close to their classes when they saw a mop of curly hair. Shion was tired and didn't really want anything to do with people at the moment, so he didn't have the approachable front up that he usually used in the club. Someone caught his interest and with his bored expression, his eyes glazed over the familiar girl.

Choosing not to acknowledge the connection, Shion strode past.

"Oh, look who's back." One commented idly, smirking and nudging a friend of theirs, "eh, Setsu?"

The girl's attention was snapped away from Shion after the contact.

"A-Akui-kun!" The girl squeaked in distress, face flushing as she hid her cheeks, "Shhh."

Another friend in the group pitched into the teasing, "Hmmm… Didn't you confess to him already? Like at the end of the lodge trip?" Ah, how she loved how flustered Setsu got, it was adorable.

"Ah… Um, a-about that Ume-chan…"

No one from the group noticed the dirty look Akui shot Shion over his shoulder.

After Shion's disappearance, it seemed like people were taking notice of him more than before. Did I do something? He was a bit concerned when they got to gym class and he heard someone talking behind his back.

They were in the unit of badminton and it was one sport that Shion was actually quite good at. When they were in a tournament format, and Shion noticed that two people in the class were giving him dirty looks, and when they played a match he was being glared at.

"Fuck man, did I piss you off or is that just resting bitch face?"

The glare morphed into an angry grimace, "Fuck you, you piece of shit."

Shion hit the birdie right to his face and he lifted his chin, looking down on him with a vile, sardonic smile, "Ah, so aggressive." He knew his flippant tone would further aggravate him. Reminds me of Caleb before he wizened up. Didn't even know how to throw a proper punch.

The game finished quickly as Shion put more effort in, thoroughly enjoying tormenting the dick. A rule was set that they would have to shake hands at the end of the match and it looked like this guy was going to thrash him. Shion smiled one of his host smiles and made it a point to squeeze his hand much harder than a regular handshake would call for, and he saw the guys face pale a shade.

Aaron watched carefully as Shion bid his opponent goodbye, "I've noticed that you've been getting some negative attention."

"Ah, yeah. I have no idea why though." He knew he wasn't generally a good person and he could have said or done something and Shion frankly didn't care—but he was sure he
didn't *purposefully* anger his classmates. He only saved the purposeful fuckery for those who wronged him first. Hell, he didn't even know their names. "I've noticed the glares since after lunch." *It's been setting me on edge.*

Shion noticed it in the changing room especially.

"Akui and Sunohara… They're…"

"Shifty?"

"Yeah. They are both friends with some shifter third years and have had detentions and suspensions for smoking, bullying and fighting."

Aaron didn't know what to expect. He knew Shion was savage with his sarcasm and his brand of comedy, but he was floored when he felt honest fear with the expression on his face.

Shion's face steeled, and Aaron knew that look. He used to hang out with horrible people, and his expression matched that of a predator. Cold-blooded and cruel—it was like he was looking forward to whatever they were planning.

Shion was starting to feel a little bit stir crazy.

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Shion was glad to find that the club was back to its normal ways, at least for the time being. It was a relief because if he had to put up a special act in regards to an event he didn't know about, he would have probably just walked out.

Each Hosting session was usually about ten or fifteen minutes long depending on the scheduling, but it seemed that time was going by much slower for Shion. Having been away for a while, it came to light that he was more popular than he thought he was and had more groups to go through since his absence.

Or Kyoya was being passive aggressive and put more of a workload on him in payment for him ditching three days—which was fair.

After doing his 'shy' persona for a fifth group, he felt sick of it, and it wasn't until the end of the club period when the last session started, and he was pleasantly surprised to see that it was Aaron and Satsuki.

"Ey, champ."

"You look like you have been put through the wringer. How're you fairing?"

Seeing this as a chance to relax, Shion leaned back into his seat. He felt oddly violated with how one girl got all touchy-feely with him while he was in his shy persona. "I feel strangely violated with how popular my shy character is."

"What do you mean?"

Shion thought for a moment, wondering how to explain what he wanted to say. "My role in this club is the mysterious type as you know, correct?" Shion received nods from Satsuki and Aaron. "My gig is to play a role that the client wants to see."

"And you were talking about a shy role." Aaron started to understand.
Satsuki leaned forward, "So you do requests is what you're saying."

"Essentially."

"Can you do it now hotshot?"

Shion laughed, "Alright, alright. Hold up a sec." Satsuki was eager like a child at a carnival. He did his thing and got into character. "As this character, I'm timid, anxiety-ridden and not assertive at all." He started snivelling and made tears well up, "One... One of the girls got ph-physical and a... a bit a-aggressive."

The expressions on their faces were golden. Satsuki paled and looked vaguely sick, while Aaron's eyes widened and looked to be holding in laughter.

The shy visage abruptly vanished as Shion cracked his knuckles, looking as if he were ready to slug someone. "If that happened outside of the club I would have given her a piece of my mind—so I'm going to shelf him."

Standing from his spot nearby, Kyoya walked over, slightly concerned, "And who would this girl be?"

Tilting his head back to see Kyoya behind him, Shion thought for a moment, "I can't remember—never got her name. Actually, I probably did but didn't bother to remember. I would be able to describe her to you though."

Kyoya clicked his pen, "No. It will be fine... for now."

Satsuki watched as Kyoya walked away, expression stern. She whistled, "Wow. After you got here Shion, I sort of forgot that he's known as the Shadow King."

Shion huffed a laugh as Aaron responded, "Well there might be two now."

Now that it was time to bid the guests goodbye, Shion reluctantly did his part and walked back to one of the more comfortable couches in the back.

"Is being perpetually annoyed a part of being popular?" Shion wondered aloud. Three of the girls asked if he had anything to do afterwards and he lied through his teeth, "But then again, I'm annoyed most of the time regardless."

"Uh, I believe it is?" Satsuki popped up from behind, holding her chin in thought, "I wouldn't know though, never been popular. I've always hung out on the nerdy-but-not-nerdy-enough-to-be-bullied side. My family's rep also adds in so people don't generally tend to hang around me much."

"Same—minus the family rep." Aaron nodded his head, "Though... I thought you would be the same considering that you're an ass," he sighed.

Shion rubbed his temple and ignored the jab, knowing it was true, "I've never really thought about my social standing." Though in my early days I would definitely be classified under the delinquent category.

Kyoya closed the door to the club room, making sure that the sign on the door, an idea from Shion, was flipped to closed. "As there isn't much to clean up today, you all may leave early if you so wish."

"Well," "We're going home then." The twins didn't hesitate and were already walking.
"We'll see you later Kyo-chan!" Mori followed Honey out, keeping an eye on Shion who just waved slyly with his fingers in return.

Haruhi dropped her book onto her lap and blinked, frowning with a look towards Kyoya. "It would have been nice if you let me know earlier, there's a sale on and I would have missed it."

Watching as Haruhi threw her coat over her shoulder, Aaron remembered, "Ah, would you like a ride? I need to get going too."

"That would be a great help."

Satsuki stood there for a moment, watching blankly until the information caught up with her. "Ahh! Don't leave me out! I never have time to hang with Haruhi!" Satsuki chased after the two, "I only have men surrounding me, I need a woman's touch!"

On the way out, she made it a point to grin at Shion and ever so slowly close the door.

Silence.

As Kyoya noticed that Shion was still chilling on the couch, he asked, "You're not leaving?"

"Hmm… I need to get out of the house more," Shion stretched and took the full length of the couch, "so I'll keep you some company."

Glancing at Shion from his spot at a table, Kyoya continued working, not minding Shion's presence in the slightest—or attempting to. As clicking noises came from Shion's phone, he became engrossed in his conversation with a thoughtful frown. Shion huffed a laugh and sent a bad joke along with a pun his friends' way—they hate puns with a passion. I mean, it's only fair. He knows what games I play, it's give and take, bitch.

Upon seeing that smirk of Shion's, Kyoya felt mild concern for the person on the receiving end of that conversation.

"My curiosity has gotten the better of me," Kyoya spoke up, "who are you talking to Shion?"

Blinking and looking over to Kyoya, the mildly concerning smirk grew to something more than just mild. "Oh, just a friend of mine from the U.S. They're blabbering about how I should visit them," Shion waved a hand dismissively, "but fuck that, that's way too much trouble. And not to mention a waste of money."

"Hmm…"

Scrolling for a moment longer, Shion put the phone down before as he smirked. This was perfect. Kyoya was focused on his work, it was an opportunity, and Shion took that time to stare. He started at Kyoya's face—focused, and absently biting his lip as his eyes narrowed at the screen—and his observation shifted to his neck, continuing down to admire the display as something primal slowly surfaced.

Stretching and crossing his legs, Kyoya paused and frowned for a moment when he took notice of something. It's been quiet for quite some time… Glancing up from the computer in his lap, his heart leapt to his throat when he noticed Shion blatantly leering at him. Heart now racing, Kyoya blinked and went back to his laptop—but he couldn't focus on it and just vacantly stared at the screen, head not in the right mindset. He set the computer down on the table with a sigh and ran his hand through his hair, purposefully not looking towards Shion. He rubbed the bridge of his nose and took his glasses off to clean them. That way he wouldn't be able to see Shion even if he did
look towards him.

But he could still *feel* his stare.

*He's doing this on purpose...*

Watching each movement like a hawk, Shion smirked. Cleaning his glasses seemed to be a nervous trait of Kyoya's.

"Say…" Shion's smirk grew in amusement when Kyoya reacted in surprise and chose to change his thought. *I'll leave that inquisition for later, "I'll return in a bit."

Kyoya's shoulders relaxed as Shion left the club room. He tried to quell the heat in his stomach and refocus on his work. It took a few minutes, but he could still feel those eyes boring into him.

He looked over his shoulder to check and took in the emptiness of the room—a surreal feeling, like a park on a foggy night, it was eerie.

Shion was not back yet.

*Since when was I so self-conscious of him?* Kyoya's mind wandered, wondering when all of this started. He pressed his fingers to his lips, wanting to feel the pressure of—*Stop! Stop...* he berated himself, pinching his wrist before he got carried away in what Shion brought out of him.

This was his chance to actually focus and get his work done.

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Silently, he locked the door behind himself, careful to not drop what was in his hands. *If I remember correctly, he didn't like my black coffee that time. I think he'll like the sweetened one better, maybe.* Striding towards Kyoya with silent, practised steps, he took a moment to wait for the right moment.

Kyoya's back arched as he stretched, his back popping as he groaned in content.

An image to flash through Shion's mind from his past experience and his tongue dragged across his lips, drinking it in.

Taking one more purposeful step, a sly smile grew as he saw those slender shoulders tense when he was noticed. He leaned over Kyoya's shoulder and saw him flush from the proximity, "It seems like you're just about done, Kyoya." Shion could smell the scent of Kyoya's shampoo, the fresh scent of apricot and citrus pleasing.

Kyoya's face flushed as Shion's voice reverberated in his ear. "I just finished," he kept his voice calm as Shion's slow breaths caused waves of chills to go down his spine. Kyoya jolted when a hand was placed onto his other shoulder and he had to tilt his head away from Shion when he chuckled lowly.

"I've got a reward for you."

Blinking owlishly, Kyoya wondered what Shion was giving him when he felt something warm on his cheek and he clenched his eyes shut on reflex. Taking ahold of the cylindrical object, he looked to see that it was a can of coffee.

"...Thank you. This... is just what I need." His eyes followed Shion as he moved to take a seat and
rested his arms on the back of the couch he was at previously, legs spread wide in a dominating posture. Eyes still on him, Kyoya took in Shion's jawline as he stared at the ceiling.

Since Kyoya was already confused—he expected something entirely different that wasn't a can of coffee—and felt mildly concerned when Shion looked down at him, his expression slowly changing to something more… dark? Erotic? It allured him and he had a feeling that Shion was doing it on purpose.

There was a low rasp as he chuckled, "You need not worry," and the smirk started to look malicious, "I won't pounce without reason."

Kyoya got the underlying message. Then... he stood up, taking purposeful steps, what if I gave him a reason to?

"Oh?" Shion quirked an eyebrow as his head tilted, knowing smirk never leaving. Kyoya stood in front of him and gazed down at Shion.

Kyoya felt his face flush and bit his lip, scowling—thinking.

"I am a man of patience… and ignorance unless told explicitly what is required."

"I…" Kyoya sighed and his eyes drifted to Shion's open neck. Moving, he rested a knee on the couch between the two legs there and leaned forward. His pride wouldn't let him say what he wanted aloud, so he took action instead.

After all…

Shion's smirk blossomed into a sadistic grin when Kyoya's soft lips targeted his neck.

...Actions spoke louder than words.

"That'll do."

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"Ah!" Kyoya nearly jumped out of his skin when he felt a vibration on his rear and his back arched and jerked up to get away from the sensation.

Shion's eyebrows rose in amusement, surprised in the sudden reaction from Kyoya. A growl was aroused from Shion when Kyoya's hips collided with his and Kyoya's face flushed crimson.

Kyoya's eyes widened, that was the first time he got a true reaction from Shion and something made him want it again. This time he gasped when Shion thrust him back down onto the couch, and the vibrating cell phone caused him to squirm.

There was another groan from Shion and Kyoya froze. The cell phone stopped, but that wasn't what was on his mind. There was a bump, and he was just rubbing against it.

Shion was hard and the realization caused a wave of heat to rush through his body.

A second later the phone started up again and Kyoya jerked his hand out of Shion's overhead grip to grab the offending device. "Your mother… she seems to be the type that dislikes being ignored."

Shion smirked, the face you're giving me says that you don't want to be ignored either. He silenced his phone and set it aside.
"Now… where were we?" Shion wondered aloud. "Ah, yes…” his savage toothy smile grew and Shion ground his hips into Kyoya's, "This is where we left off… wasn't it?"

Shion unlocked his phone with a flick of his thumb and went into his contacts. "Yeah, Hi. What do you—" he paused as he was forced to listen to his mother babble. "Come on, give me some damn notice woman, I'm still at school!"

Hanging up the phone with an irritated huff, Shion turned to look at Kyoya who laughed at him. On his face was a red mark in the shape of a hand—he said something a little too raunchy and Kyoya used more strength than intended. He can hit harder than I thought.

Ignoring the bubbling laughter coming from Kyoya, Shion ran a hand through his hair, he paid no mind to his stinging cheek. "Well, my mother decided to visit unexpectedly, so I have to go—unfortunately." His eyes ghosted over Kyoya once more before he swung his bag around him and over his shoulder, "Would you like to tag along, Kyoya?"

After thinking on it for a moment, Kyoya decided that it would be interesting meeting his mother. "I would be interested. Just give me a moment to gather my things." And make myself look… presentable.

Exiting the school grounds, Shion beckoned Kyoya to follow. His apartment was a fifteen-minute walk away. It was not a distance that called for a ride, especially an extravagant one such as a limo. A limo would call too much attention to his block, plus, Shion just prefered to walk.

"Oh yeah…” Shion spoke up, "Just a head's up, but you should pay attention to how long you stare at me in class. You may send… mixed signals." He looked over his shoulder, "Not that I dislike it by any means," and chuckled at the somewhat scandalized expression Kyoya had that contradicted his flushed cheeks.

During English, Shion had a prickling feeling at the back of his neck throughout class. His metal pencil case was reflective enough that he could use it to look behind him to see that he was being stared at. Keeping my composure during my lines was the hardest part of that class.

"Noted."

Continuing on their path, they passed by the park near Shion's apartment. The wind picked up and his hair brushed in the breeze. He felt a spot on his neck throb with the change in temperature and he smirked. Fishing for his keys, he heard laughter from next door.

Pausing, Shion turned on his heel towards Haruhi's apartment. Just from hearing the snippets through the door he felt that he knew what was going on. Entering, he walked into the view of his mother hugging and lifting Haruhi off of the ground.

With a blank look, Shion looked over the two of them and when he made eye contact with his mother, the woman dropped Haruhi and launched to try and hug him. Shion stepped off to the side and Kyoya was unfortunate enough to round in to receive the hug that was meant for Shion.

"Hey, Mom. Glad to see you've made yourself at home." The sarcastic remark received a huff of laughter from Haruhi who was fixing her hair.

Disregarding Shion's sass, Mizuki pulled away from the hug and turned to see neatly cut and styled black hair, glasses, black eyes, and a slender chin. "Hello," she approached Kyoya "and who might you be, handsome young man?"
After getting accustomed to physically affectionate people like Tamaki, Kyoya liked to think that he was used to unexpected encounters. He was tolerant of it, but that didn't mean he liked it.

"Ootori Kyoya. It is a pleasure to meet you."

"Ah, so you're one of the club boys," Mizuki's smile shifted closer to one of Shion's savage ones, "I'm glad that Shion's getting out there and making friends."

So that's who he gets his smile from.

"Alright," Shion interjected and put a hand on his mother's back, guiding her along, "let's move to my place. Haruhi has been tortured enough."

The assaulted fixed their clothes as the death grip hug mangled her clothes.

"Yes. Thank you, Shion." Haruhi gave him a reassuring pat on the back. While she loved the woman like another mother, she was a bit wacko and Haruhi could only handle the woman in small bursts. Even when she was a child.

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Shion stared at his coffee table with a blank expression and took a deep breath in to remain calm. Kyoya felt awkward in the current situation, the tension was high and he knew he was out of place when family matters came to light.

Shion had his anger reigned in on a tight leash. He had tried to get ahold of her. After all, when she said housing arrangements were taken care of, that also meant that it would be covered. "So you mean to say that you forgot to send me money to pay the monthly rent?"

"Sounds about right."

"Or do you mean you spent it on something and didn't bother?"

Being used to Shion's scathingly harsh tone, Mizuki didn't react notably. It was much more unnerving to Kyoya. While Shion was the type of person with a scathing humour… it wasn't humorous anymore, it was harsh and to the point, leaving no room for argument.

Mizuki gestured with a well-manicured hand, "When you explained your plans with finances I was under the impression that you were covered in basic expenses."

"Basic Expenses," Shion ground out. "That means food and essentials such as toilet paper and hygiene products—not fucking rent."

Taking a deep breath in, Shion's eyebrows raised as he shook his head and rubbed his temple. He stewed for a moment and let that breath out. Visibly, he was calm, though his expression clearly said that he would accept no more bullshit. "I went through half of my savings to keep myself afloat. I was trying to reserve that for emergencies."

Mizuki rapped her fingers on the arm of the couch, "Well, I'll tell you what I can do. I can talk to the landlord and see if I can arrange a direct deposit for the rent. If they will not accept that then I can transfer the funds to your account."

"That is what I thought we arranged originally."

"Sorry hun, but I'm human and I make mistakes. Also, the last time we talked was during that
video call a month or two ago. Talk to me more." Mizuki frowned and stared at Shion, "How am I supposed to know how you're doing if you don't tell me?"

"You have a point, but it doesn't count because you never fucking check your messages or email."

"Ah, well… I had to change them." Mizuki scratched her cheek with her finger.

Shion leaned forward and rested his face in his hands with a deep sigh.

At this time, Kyoya felt himself relax as there was no longer any hostility between Mother and Son. Standing up from his seat, Shion moved to the kitchen and called over his shoulder, "You prefer your chamomile tea with honey, right?"

"You sure got it!"

Kyoya quirked a smile, "A coffee please."

"Get it yourself, you pompous man. Learn how to use a coffee maker."

Chuckling with an uncommon serene smile, Kyoya strode into the kitchen.

Mizuki crossed her legs and looked around the room as she was waiting. Shion had a simple set up, the couch was relatively old and slightly worn, but it was well taken care of, he probably got it from a pawn shop. *That's my boy, looking for good deals.* The television was of a small size on a table with a shelf beside it for a DVD player and other things. Rolled up and tucked in the corner beside the couch was a yoga mat with a medicine ball beside it along with some other workout related things that she didn't know the names of.

"It's good to see you're keeping in shape, Shion. I don't know where you got the trait of liking physical exercise from, though. Your father and I both have an extreme dislike for it."

"Well, if you went out for a jog now and then, then you wouldn't be out of breath going up a staircase.

_The staircases at Ouran are another story..._

At that comment, Kyoya covered his smile with his hand, though it was slightly hypocritical of him to laugh as he never exercised from interest. The only form of it he got was climbing up the staircases, walking the halls at school, and gym class.

"Are you alright, Shion?" Kyoya had to ask, he looked stressed beyond belief.

"I'm fine… for now," Shion had a bad feeling. His mother wouldn't stop by unless it was serious. *I'm just glad the weight of rent is off my back now. Performing is too unstable.* He couldn't make enough with Youtube to live off of either.

Returning with hot beverages, Shion put down the tea and sat down once again. "Now… what's the real reason you're here?" Shion noticed that his mother was more… fidgety than she normally was, and it set off warning bells in his mind. Shion continued before she could interject, "Don't misinterpret it, I know you're here to visit me—but you are uneasy, and I know there is more to this visit."

"It's about your father."

Suddenly, it felt as if the temperature dropped by a few degrees, and both Mitsuki and Kyoya felt a
"shiver go down their spine.

"What about him?" Shion spat.

"He's gotten ahold of information and knows that you're in Japan, but he doesn't know what school you're attending."

"Yet." Shion knew that the bastard would try something when he turned eighteen. He took a sip of his coffee, "Fuck, now he's going to try and bring me back."

Kyoya blinked in confusion, "Bring you back?"

Knowing that the topic was a bad one for Shion, Mizuki decided to explain. "Shion here is a mix of ethnicities—"

"My Father is German and as I was born in Germany I'm a legal citizen. Once I turned eighteen I legally became an adult. As I'm an adult he can try and get me back to Germany without violating anything from the divorce."

"From what I know, he wants Shion to stay a citizen. Though there are certain prerequisites that are required to do so."

It was a bit of an information overload and Kyoya was trying to put the pieces together. From how the two were talking of the man, Shion's father was a bad person. What mostly caught him off guard was Shion's heritage. Shion looked mostly Japanese, but now that he knew he could see it. The jawline wasn't one that of a Japanese person nor was his curly hair and eye colours.

"Well," Mizuki downed the rest of her tea even though it burned her throat on the way down, "I've been here long enough and I have business to attend to, so I'll leave you two here."

"Ah, I have something for you then." Shion had seen something in a shop and it made him think of his mother, and thus he bought it. He just needed to remember where he put it.

While Shion was gone, Mizuki gathered her things and put her shoes back on and Kyoya was kind enough to assist.

Mizuki put a hand on Kyoya's shoulder and leaned over to whisper, "You'll have to be careful with him."

"Pardon?"

Mizuki just smiled, "He has a habit of getting bad attention, so look after him for me, will you?" Without a pause, she raised her voice, "Hurry up boy, you're wasting time!

Shion came out of his room with a plastic bag, "Yeah, yeah." He handed it to her and inside was a Junji Ito manga volume. He recalled when he first found out that his mother loved the horror genre. He was working on an assignment when he remembered that a guest was over and there was a shriek from the living room. His mother's friend had screamed with a jump scare while Mizuki was cackling at her. Obviously, he joined in on the Saw marathon they were partaking in.

There was a gasp as Mizuki saw the title and her eyes lit up as she flipped through it quickly, "This'll be perfect for the flight home." She pulled Shion in for a hug, and with a grin, she messed up his hair.

A chuckle resounded from Shion, "Glad that you like it—think of it as an early birthday gift."
As she left down the metal staircase Mizuki waved, "You're just saying that so you don't actually have to buy me a gift—I love you though."

"She knows me too well," Shion smiled and closed the door, "So. Are you up for a movie, or do you want to grab a bite to eat?" Now that it was in the back of his mind, he was wanting to watch the Saw movies again.

Thinking for a moment, Kyoya decided on food. He hadn't eaten since lunch and it was about six-thirty.

Now that Shion knew he had room for spending money, he brought Kyoya to a good little restaurant that he went to regularly. Kyoya seemed reluctant with the rundown appearance of the restaurant, but the interior was up to par. It was refreshing. There were no pleasantries that needed to be exchanged at such a casual place compared to dinner at home.

Kyoya started laughing a couple of times with Shion's inappropriate jokes and self-deprecating humour despite himself.

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The next morning was ordinary than waking up to a thunderstorm that melted the remaining snow on the streets.

Shion went through his regular routine and arrived at the school as per usual. He took off his shoes and went to open his locker, though found that it wouldn't budge. With a little bit of force it opened and a piece of paper fell out. Staring at the paper for a moment, Shion subtly looked around and saw the two people in his gym class that were talking shit about him. He picked the letter up and put it in his bag, planning on taking a look later.

Thunder cracked and he saw his two classmates leave, whispering to each other.

Ah, the fight's coming to me I see.

The room illuminated with a flash of lightning and Shion chuckled, expression cruel and hungry as a smirk crept upon his lips.

*Bring it.*
Chapter 21

Well, I really had fun writing this one. It is a nice change of pace with this type of story. Action in a not so actiony story, or fluff in an action story. The possibilities are endless!

Thank you guys for being patient with me, I don't get my muse that often, but when I do, man, I can sure write! It just takes me forever to come to a point where I think the chapter is actually good, aha.

Well, enough with me rambling.

Enjoy the story!

Hmm...

Tamaki hummed and stared at Shion, something was off. He was... different somehow, but Tamaki just couldn't place it. Tamaki knew that he wasn't generally an observant person, but on occasion, he did notice the small things that others didn't see.

This was one of those times. When Shion walked into the classroom in the morning, he had an air around him that made Tamaki abstain from his usual antics, and while he found Shion a bit intimidating, he knew that Shion wasn't a horrible person—or at least from what he's come to know about Shion.

Thunder cracked and he looked over to Kyoya who had his nose in a book the teacher was lecturing about and glanced back to Shion with a frown.

It was a bit hard for him to focus in class as he kept his eye on Shion. Tamaki had planned to talk to him when lunch came around, but before he could do anything, Shion got up from his seat and walked straight to Satsuki and Aaron.

Tilting his head, Shion gestured for the two of them to follow and made his way out of the classroom. Looks of confusion went across both of their faces, but they listened and trailed behind Shion.

Watching them leave, Tamaki leaned over to Kyoya. "Have you noticed how Shion is... different today?"

Raising his eyebrows with a thoughtful frown, Kyoya hummed, licking his finger and turning the page. I'm surprised he noticed. "Yes. He seems to be less approachable today."

"You think he had a bad day?" Tamaki shivered when he recalled the dark look in Shion's eyes. But he didn't look angry... he looked like he was looking forward to something.

"I don't think that's it, Tamaki." But something is going on...

"He's acting somewhat like the delinquent act he used a while ago and it scares me."

Hmm...

What's up Shion?" Satsuki asked as she leaned idly against a wall. They followed him to a more
"Is this about how Akui and Sunohara have been giving you dirty looks lately?" Aaron commented.

"Woah, that's been happening?" Satsuki was surprised, she usually caught this type of thing, but this time it went right under her nose. "Those two are dicks—used to go after me before I taught them a lesson."

Shion laughed and wondered what she put those unfortunate souls through. He also wondered how his plan would rank in comparison. "Yeah, take a look," Shion handed them the note that was written for him. "They're itching for a fight. And to be honest, I am too. I'm back at the same fitness level I used to be, I'll be able to give them a run for their money.

"You've been looking more fit lately. I've only noticed after the break during Gym," Aaron commented as he read the note. "So, they're asking you to meet behind the school. You want us to do something I assume?"

Shion smirked, "Look at where they're asking. It's right near the Host Club windows—they want to ruin my rep. Too bad they don't seem to know that there are no club activities today."

"You want us to be witnesses then?"

"If you both are alright with it."

"—Alright with it?! I'm all in!" Satsuki exclaimed. "You knocked out some of our guards before, I want to actually see you fight, man."

This is when Aaron piped in, "How are you going to do this? You don't want to get expelled."

"Simple. I don't throw the first punch. Self-defence and all that."

"I... see..." Aaron was unsure, Shion wasn't telling them the full story.

"As I'm supposed to be the victim they're going to be watching me all day, and so I'd like you two to do some things."

"Fire away."

During the rest of their break, Shion listed the things he would need done and planned out the scenario.

The members of the host club gathered together in the club room with tea and pastries. It was a rather gloomy day with the overcast clouds and persistent rain and with family matters taking up the twins and Honey's time the club room was much quieter than it usually was.

There were no club activities in favour of a meeting that consisted of Haruhi, Tamaki, Kyoya and Mori.

Tamaki stood up with both hands firmly on the table, "Alright! Now, it is time to brainstorm event ideas!" Tamaki's energy usually got things flowing in the club room, but he only got a response of silence. Tamaki was the only extrovert with the people that were there.

Haruhi rested her chin in her palm and sighed, flinching when thunder rumbled in the distance.
"We should do this when everybody is here. There are too many people missing."

"Shion is missing," Mori added in after sipping his tea. "He would be the best contributor here."

Kyoya leaned back and crossed his legs, enjoying a cup of coffee instead. "I agree. I haven't received an excuse so I presume he will be coming at one point or another." He hummed, *Shion does think of some creative ideas that aren't as... extravagant or expensive as Tamaki's.*

It was at this time that Aaron opened the door, and Tamaki quickly spun around, ready with his scripted response, "Ah, my apologies, but the club isn't open today!"

Aaron shut the door behind him and made his way through the room, disregarding Tamaki as he was in a hurry. "Uh, yeah. I know. I'm on a mission here so please, ignore me and just continue whatever you were doing."

"This must have something to do with how Shion seems to be missing," Kyoya sipped his coffee and eyed Aaron who moved to the window to set up a tripod.

Aaron felt a chill go down his spine, "Very sharp of you Ootori." The look he got from Kyoya was intimidating, but it wasn't nearly as threatening as some of the darker looks Shion directed at him before.

*He really knows how to pick 'em. Kyoya has the status but Shion has the power, huh?*

Aaron snorted at the sarcastic thought and finished setting up the camera. The lighting wasn't that great due to the weather, so he set the aperture according to the distance of the shot and adjusted the exposure. He needed a short focal length to capture the whole scene. He could already see Akui waiting there for Shion.

Kyoya watched while Aaron muttered to himself as he adjusted the camera settings. He set his coffee down and moved beside him at the window. "Explain."

"Aperture... Fuck I reset it. Just a sec."

Kyoya frowned as Aaron brushed him off—too in focus to care at the moment.

"Alright, so. This is what's goin' on." Aaron started and the rest of the members present also gathered at the window. "This guy waiting here, our classmate, has targeted Shion for one reason or another. Shion, being the hoodlum he is, knew somehow that Akui was itching for a fight. He and another classmate put a dummy love letter in his shoebox to lure him out."

Tamaki was floored by the information, while the others had toned down reactions. "WHAT!?"

"So you're here to collect visual evidence just in case?"

Aaron hummed in agreement, "Mhm, Satsuki's also there since Shion is one-hundred percent sure that there will be more than two people. If he needs help Satsuki will be there."

Haruhi frowned thoughtfully, "Satsuki is a fighter, so it's relieving to know that she will be there to jump in."

"There's a hole in that plan." Kyoya rapped his fingers on the windowsill, looking down to the person waiting. He knew Shion could take care of himself, but that didn't mean he *wanted* him to get into trouble. "With the recorded evidence, would it not look odd for Satsuki to come in right when things are looking unfavourable?"
"Shion's got that covered too—ah fuck, it begins." Aaron waited a few seconds before starting the recording.

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Rounding the corner of the school building, Shion acted surprised to see Akui standing there waiting for him as he approached.

His eyes widened as he got closer as he feigned shock and brought out the letter, "So this is from you?" Shion asked disbelievingly with a tilt of his head and tucked a stray hair out of his face, "You don't seem to be the type. You're too..." Shion gestured vaguely at Akui, "angry."

Akui hadn't said anything yet, and Shion subtly eyed the shrubbery and trees to his left where he knew people were hidden. Biting the inside of his cheek to hide his eagerness, Shion shifted his weight to his back foot and he smiled warmly.

"Usually the letter in the shoe box trope is used for love confessions—and you don't look like your confessing your undying affections for me."

"That's because I'm not," Akui started calmly and rain slowly started to fall. "I wanted to get you alone. You see, since you got here, you've been giving me bad vibes. You don't have a good attitude and just because of some good luck, despite your horrible personality, you got into the good graces of the school. Though, that isn't the whole reason." Akui's expression morphed into an angry grimace, "You broke my friend's heart. She cried afterwards, and she tried to keep it a secret, but I knew. You've been on my hit list ever since."

Lightning flashed, and with a snap of his fingers, four other people came out from behind the trees. Akui found it strange that Shion was calm as each person came out from hiding.

"You think I'm an idiot?" Shion asked rhetorically as he looked at each person and took details in, "I saw this coming since you were trash-talking me—our last gym class just cemented it. Sunohara, and two third-years, they don't look like anything special, but judging someone based on appearance is asking to get throttled."

Akui nodded his head and Sunohara approached Shion first to test the waters. With a hop in his step, he threw the first punch, circled around with a feint, and followed through with a cross.

Hm, this guy's not too bad. Though he telegraphs his moves too much. He's definitely a boxer, I shouldn't expect a good kick from him then. Shion sidestepped a punch and pulled away from another. Not yet kicking things into full gear, Shion clenched his abdominals to lessen the damage from a punch below the belt and staggered back. Seeing Sunohara approach with an excited grin, Shion stepped in, catching him off guard by getting to the infighting range and halting him in his place mid-kick. Sloppy startup, I was right to expect poorly executed kicks.

Throwing out a jab in retaliation, Sunohara was caught off guard when they exchanged blows. Shion stepped in immediately after the jab for a knee and elbow combo which made him back off.

"Huh," Sunohara rolled his shoulder where he had been struck, "You hit harder than you look, though you don't have a good form—I thought you said he was a fighter Akui?" He looked over his shoulder to the coordinator who stood there with his arms crossed.

So you think that was sloppy? The flippant tone irked Shion.

"Oh, he is. He just hasn't bared his fangs yet."
"Huh," Sunohara frowned thoughtfully and made eye contact with another person surrounding Shion, "I wonder what it'll take to get you going?"

Seeing Sunohara look behind him, Shion adjusted his footing as he heard a twig snap behind him. Reacting just in time to slip away from a punch aimed directly at his face, Shion stepped in and swung his weight into a body blow like a pendulum, knocking the wind out of his assaulter who wheezed and fell to his knees with a wet thump on the muddy ground.

One of the third years was down for the count.

The second third year saw the opening from Shion's reaction and went in for a hook directed to the head, and to make things believable Shion took the hit directly and rolled with the punch.

Akui and the people surrounding Shion were feeling good about the situation after that solid blow but halted in their tracks when Shion started laughing.

A smile adorned Shion's face despite the situation he was in. "That was a pretty strong hit, I think I might actually have a concussion." The laughter died down to chuckles, "All of this because of jealousy? I turned the girl down, shouldn't you be happy?" Shion's smile turned to a vile smirk, "Or did you want me to make her my bitch? Though she's a little too innocent for my tastes."

Knowing that he was called out, scalding hot anger flowed through Akui's veins. "That's. It." Shion's words about his crush just made things worse. "Back off Sunohara, he's mine."

Sunohara frowned and held his hands up as he backed away.

Shion sized Akui up, and while he didn't look that physically fit under the uniform, he knew from watching in class that he could pack a punch.

For the first time since the fight started, Shion put up his guard just as the rain started to pour.

Tamaki winced in sympathy as Shion received a punch to the stomach and went into panic mode, "Oh no, oh no, he got hit. Is he going to be okay? I should go get a teacher, shouldn't I? I'm goin—"

"No, not yet," Aaron stopped Tamaki from his panicked rambling. "For this to be in Shion's favour, he needs to come out with injuries. If he beat them down and came out with nothing, then that would look suspicious, would it not?"

"Hm. So Shion could dispatch that group with no injuries?" Mori gathered from what Aaron said.

Aaron shrugged, "That's what we were told."

Kyoya crossed his arms, tensely watching the encounter. How far does this go Shion? He wondered just what kind of past Shion had, and while he developed feelings for the mysterious man, he wanted to discover what he was hiding. He had already done an investigation of his background and nothing noteworthy came up—but just since nothing showed up, it could just mean that whatever it was it didn't show up on his record.

Watching with bated breath, Haruhi felt her heart drop to her stomach when one of them approached from behind but was promptly dealt with in one solid blow by Shion. Biting her lip, she heard Kyoya beside her let out a tense sigh and winced when Shion received a punch to the back of his head.
There seemed to be some conversation and the group of people moved away from Shion to have the honey-haired Akui step up in front of Shion. Shion, who had not been defending, got into a stance for the first time as the rain grew in intensity.

"Ah, so he's going to fight back now," Mori nodded. As a martial artist he was curious—*how did Shion fight?* He had always had a suspicion that Shion was a fighter in some way or another from the way he held himself. Mori had no doubt that Shion could hold his own after seeing how Shion's physique grew more muscular over the past few months.

Kyoya paid no heed to Tamaki's grip on his shoulder as he observed with a watchful eye.

Akui had thrown a punch and Shion dodged, catching the next attempt in his palm. There was a pause and Akui went for a kick, but it served no purpose when Shion twisted the hand in his grip and closed the distance, making it look like a tango hold.

Not visible as from their perspective on the second floor, Shion brought up a knee and bashed it into the teen's chin and Akui dropped to his knees in one fell swoop. Shion looked around and the three other people paused before converging upon him.

It was a sloppy effort from what Mori could tell. "Shion will be fine." The people who called Shion out barely knew how to fight.

Moments passed of Shion bobbing and weaving before he slugged one with a left hook that was followed up with a high kick. Spinning around, Shion crouched and tripped the last third year and ground his foot into his back, pushing him further into the mud.

Shion looked like he was done with the fight as he looked like he was about to leave. He was left unsatisfied with the fight and he felt irritated because he didn't get the same high as he used to. Straightening his clothes, he heard something rustling behind him and saw Akui regaining consciousness.

Stirring from his position on the ground, mind fuzzy and still disoriented from the blow, Akui spat out blood and started talking. The group sure wished that they could hear what was being said because Shion reacted.

Violently.

Turning on his heel, Shion stalked over to Akui and looked down at him for a moment before he raised him up by his collar and roughly slammed him against a tree.

Akui grit his teeth as his back collided with rough bark. His head throbbed from the pain and blood welled up in his mouth from biting his cheek. Looking up through squinted eyes, he felt fear course through his veins when Shion growled.

"How do you know that name."

Akui choked out a laugh when he heard his mother tongue and winced from the pain, "So I was right, arschloch." A shiver went down his spine when the grip on the collar grew tighter and Akui struggled for breath. Waiting for a moment, Shion let him writhe before letting him breathe again.

"Talk," Shion said forcefully, further driving him into the tree.

Akui coughed, and despite the blood dripping down his chin, a smile spread across his face, "The
Shion didn't need to look to know that the camera didn't have a good view of him from where they were. It was one of Shion's many talents, environmental awareness, and it was what had kept him out of the law forces grasp many times. Shion grinned.

A toothy, sadistic grin.

"That... is not something you should know, Akui." Out of view, Shion brought out a knife and ran the dull edge across his cheek. "Please," his tone was sickeningly sweet. "Explain."

Akui glared and spit on Shion's face, but his bravado wavered as Shion brought the tip of the blade to the soft underside of his jaw.

"There's nothing left you know. You're chasing a loose end. Abhilfe is nothing but cinders."

With the point made, Shion let go of Akui's collar and let him collapse to the ground while the knife quickly disappeared somewhere on his body. Scratching the back of his head with a deep sigh, he frowned and gestured a cutting motion across his throat to signal Aaron that he could stop filming.

"Aha," Akui choked out and gestured for another person to come out, "So you had a back up too."

Another figure came out from the trees, and they definitely weren't a combatant judging from how they were shaking like a leaf. Glaring to the new person, Shion held out his hand for the camera and the person gave the device over with trembling hands. After deleting the video file, Shion turned to Akui and Sunohara.

"What happens now?"

Sunohara shrugged, "I have no idea what you two were talking about, so I don't know what's going on."

A voice came from behind, "Me too, brother," and Sunohara went as pale as his hair when Satsuki placed an arm around his shoulder casually. "Huh, so you really didn't need me at all Shion? That was rude of you, I was looking forward to some action too."

Rolling his eyes, Shion relaxed a bit knowing that the fight was over. "I'll let this go under the radar. I'm sure your rep wouldn't do too well after word gets out that I took you out on my own."

"That's it?" Judging from how much Akui disliked Shion, Sunohara thought that Shion would be more... cruel. "Just a light slap on the wrist?"

Shion blinked, "What else am I supposed to do? It's a loss for all of us if the school gets involved over his personal grudge against me. I already gave you a beat down—besides, there's nothing he can do," Shion smirked, "there's no proof after all."

"Fuck you."

"Aha, it's best to tread carefully, I do still have that letter. I am perfectly capable and can start rumours about us," Shion said suavely and chuckled at the disgusted look on Akui's face.

Yellow raincoat and shoes squeaked as Satsuki silently followed behind Shion. He was soaked
through and leaving a trail, not caring about it in the slightest. She didn't speak, knowing that Shion wasn't quite in the mood, and they stopped at a vending machine.

"Coffee?" Shion offered, he needed a hot beverage to warm himself up. He eyed Satsuki, she was suspiciously quiet even after what happened.

"Nah, I'm good."

Shion shrugged and started making his way to the club room, sipping on his beverage. "I'm sure you're curious, but I'd rather not explain things twice."

"Twice?"

Shion scoffed, "You think they will let me off the hook without an explanation?" He wouldn't explain everything though because he knew he could get away with not mentioning his involvement in Abhilfe as they couldn't hear what was going on. He did not want word of that going around and he didn't trust Tamaki to keep his mouth shut.

Satsuki frowned thoughtfully, "Not at all, though, I do actually want to try sparring you, ya know."

Shion chuckled, his tone dark and amused, "Are you sure about that?"

"Oh fuck yeah, you have a dirty fighter vibe about you that get's my blood pumping." Satsuki started hopping around and shadow boxing as they got the clubroom doors.

Casually walking in, Shion moved and pulled up a chair at the table, uncaring if he got the chair wet. Everyone met his expectations regarding their reactions, though something felt off. "Where's Tamaki?" The bumbling blond wasn't there raising a fuss which made the room eerily quiet.

"After you were finished he ran out to try and get you to the nurse's office," Kyoya informed. He was concerned, but also angry and thus was trying to be impartial. He bit the inside of his cheek, He's soaked...

"Which is exactly where you should be right now Shion." Haruhi said sternly, "You're soaking wet, you have injuries, and you got hit at the back of the head."

"—He did mention that he probably had a concussion." Satsuki shut up when Shion shot her a look.

"I know how to treat a concussion—I'm not stupid, Haruhi."

Kyoya adjusted his glasses, "You should still get checked."

"I'm awake and having a legible conversation. My balance is not affected and neither is my vision. I just need to stay away from physical activity."

This time Mori spoke up, eyes closed as he enjoyed his tea, "If that is true, he should be fine." He set down his teacup and looked at Shion who had taken a seat in front of him. "Look at my finger."

Knowing what Mori was up to, Shion sighed and went along with the impromptu test. His eyes followed Mori's digit with no issue. "So? What's your verdict Sensei?"

A small smile graced Mori's face, "I think you are fine."

Haruhi frowned and looked away, glaring out the window. She did not like how he was playing down his injuries.
With the conversation coming to a halt, it became apparent that Kyoya had been drumming his fingers on the table—a tic that Shion knew meant that he was irritated. The rain became more obvious as it pattered harshly against the window.

"You seem to know your way around a fight Shion—a little too well." Pausing, Kyoya sighed when Shion didn't look like he was about to budge. "Very well. I'll settle on the summary of what this was about."

Shion took a few snacks that were set out and got comfortable in his seat. "During that winter trip, a girl confessed to me as you already know. Turns out that Akui likes her and was angry at me for hurting her feelings, and so he wanted revenge."

Kyoya had a feeling that something was... off. It felt like something was missing even though Shion's summary was perfectly possible. *That's what he wants us to think.*

"He said something cheesy like, "You made her cry, and you've been on my list ever since," pfft!" Satsuki started cackling, "You know how hard it was to stay quiet when he said that!?"

Aaron pitched in, laughing along, "Sounds like a soap opera!"

"Basically! Though I'm curious, Akui said something and it was like a switch flipped with you Shion. What was it... Alb. heist? Ab... hm, hold on." Satsuki took out her phone and started skimming through it, listening with an earbud in. "Abhilfe."

"That sounds... well, not like English." Haruhi was confused.

Something clicked and Kyoya knew what language it was, "German."

Shion grimaced and clicked his tongue. Whispering under his breath, he vented, "*F*ucking shit."

"You recorded it too?" Aaron raised his eyebrows, "That was smart of you, let's watch it."

Abruptly, the doors slammed open, threatening to come off the hinges, and Tamaki appeared looking all frazzled and out of breath. "Mama!" Tamaki sobbed, "I couldn't find him anywhere!"

But when he took a good look, he saw Shion sitting in his spot. "Shion! You're okay!"

Putting his arm out, Shion stopped Tamaki from throttling him with death's embrace. "I won't be if you jostle me around with those violent hugs of yours."

Tamaki smiled despite the scathing tone from Shion, "Well, he *seems* fine." Shion was no different than normal. "So what's going on now?" Tamaki asked as he pulled up another seat at the table.

"We were about to watch Satsuki's recording of the incident." Aaron supplied. "It has audio."

"Bad quality audio," Satsuki supplied. "The best kind."

Fuck, I was hoping they would forget about it. "No. You weren't—*don't.*" He cut Satsuki off before she could progress, "Delete it."

"But!"

"Delete. It!"

"Why are you so adamant about this?! It's just a video."

"You heard what I said down there—it was not pleasant and I don't want them to hear it."
"So what? We already know that you're an ass." Despite Shion asking, Satsuki played the video anyways, but Shion was stubborn and despite everything, he chose not to leave. He looked away from Kyoya when he heard himself talk about the girl. It was strange. He never regretted his actions, but now that Kyoya was listening to his cruel words it made him feel terrible. He didn't want Kyoya's opinion of him to change.

"Wow. You sure know how to antagonize someone Shion." Aaron commented idly, totally unfazed by the cruel words.

"Here it is! It was a bit quiet but this is when they started talking in... German was it?"

"What was that about Shion?" Haruhi asked. She knew Shion, and he wasn't the type to go out of his way to hurt someone for no reason. "What does Abhilfe mean?"

Heaving a shaky breath, Shion sighed, "This is exactly why I wanted it deleted." His jaw clenched, "I told you to delete it Satsuki. Did you respect my request? No. Of course you didn't."

Satsuki tried swallowing the frog that was in her throat to no avail. Now she felt bad that she played the video. Shion's dark look was directed to her, not jokingly like times she's made bad jokes—it was serious, he was actually angry with her and she felt the back of her throat tighten.

"Abhilfe," Shion said in German, "was a gang I was in years ago. Akui had knowledge of my involvement in the group and wanted to blackmail me. However, there is no proof of the group existing anymore as it was disbanded and disappeared—and thus he doesn't have anything over me." Abruptly, Shion stood up from his seat and stalked over to Satsuki, grabbed her phone, and manually deleted the video files.

With no emotion in his eyes, Shion looked to Satsuki. Lightning flashed threateningly, "That spar you were talking about? I'll be ready when you are." With that, Shion grabbed his bag and strode out of the room, leaving the members in his dust without concern.

He just wanted out.

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Greetings again! So? How was it? I had a blast writing the fight scene (which was pretty much the whole chapter).

I hope you guys enjoyed it, and I'll see you next chapter!
Ello there, it's been quite a while, hasn't it? Apologies, but my muse is a fickle thing, especially when I want to write, but end up getting home from work too exhausted to do anything worthwhile. ;A;

Well, I'm back with another chapter at least!

Hope you all will enjoy it!

Kyoya debated whether or not he should follow Shion out, but decided not to. I think Shion would rather have space right now. His eyes narrowed as he followed the wet trail Shion left behind. He better take a shower when he gets home.

Now, to the topic at hand, Kyoya's eyes glided to the two guilty-looking people in the room.

"What do you have to say for yourselves?"

Satsuki flinched at the tone and looked down, fiddling with her fingers. "Uh… I…"

Kyoya's eyes sharpened and he crossed his arms, frown deeper than it was normally. Lifting his chin, he looked down his nose to Satsuki. "Nothing to say?" Kyoya hummed, unimpressed. "You just betrayed his trust. You already knew that privacy is something very important to him—and yet you still did what you did."

Satsuki wanted to talk. She wanted to, but she couldn't form words. It was all caught in her throat that felt as if it was getting tighter and tighter. Looking up through her bangs, she froze in place like a deer in headlights when she made eye contact with Kyoya.

He was livid.

"I just wanted to know what it was about…" Fiddling with her fingers, she grimaced and looked down, knowing that it wasn't a valid reason for her actions.

This time, Aaron spoke up. He had his bag over his shoulder, ready to leave. "It's partially my fault. I should have stopped you when Shion explicitly said no—but I didn't." He didn't have an excuse either.

Kyoya hummed, hand meeting his chin as his eyes narrowed in scrutiny, "Shion mentioned a spar."

"Ah… yeah," Satsuki coughed nervously and rubbed the back of her head. "I'm a martial artist myself, so when I saw how Shion fought I wanted to have a go, ya know?" Satsuki laughed, but not with humour. "Though now I'm not too sure…"

Her complexion paled as she thought about it, "I'm scared to see how he fights when he's pissed," Satsuki's fists turned white, and she let out a sigh of defeat before steeling herself, "but I feel like this is my only way to forgiveness—or the start of it at least…"

Haruhi snorted, "Forgiveness from Shion? You better think of something more than that spar."

"Ah, yes. I believe I got off rather lightly last time considering his personality," Kyoya's mouth
upturned with amusement. Knowing Shion now, he was surprised that he was forgiven.

"Fuck."

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Heaving a deep sigh, plastic bags dropped to the floor with a thump as Shion closed and locked the door behind him. Kicking off his shoes with more force than needed, he clenched his fists, his knuckles turning white. It wasn't leaving him. Shion didn't usually hold on to this kind of raw anger for long—but it was sticking with him. The feeling hadn't simmered down, and he didn't know what to do with it all.

Unclenching his jaw with a long sigh, Shion ran a hand through his hair, damp and heavy from the rain. He grimaced and rubbed his forehead, the subtle throbbing sensation of a headache coming on.

Great. Just what he needed.

Well, the first thing he had to do now was put his groceries away. He had frozen goods that he didn't want to thaw. Shion's eyes teared up from a large yawn and he knew a cup of coffee was in order along with a dose of Advil.

"Hmm…” Shion pondered as he sat down in his studio, taking a sip of his fresh coffee and immediately regretting it, his tongue burning. "Fuck…Fuck!"

*I need to vent, it's unhealthy to hold on to it this much.*

Punching something would work, but he didn't have a place he could do that. Working out would help, but he didn't want to aggravate his head for a while. There was another way he could vent, however—there was a song in progress that he could tweak.

Yes. That would work.

The song used to be about two lovers that were growing apart, but Shion changed the lyrics to suit his recent experience. It was still about two lovers, but now a betrayal tore their relationship apart. The partner who betrayed him wanted to apologize, but it was to no avail. It was about the limits of boundaries, and what pushing them did to relationships.

The melody used to be brighter in tone, but with the shifting of some harmonies, it became more melancholy with periods of dissonance during the intense chorus.

Shion had sweat on his brow and his throat was raw with how he was singing. It was essential to how he wanted it to sound. Listening to the finished recording, he decided that he would balance it later and finished his cold coffee.

"That was intense."

Shion jumped in his seat and the remnant sips of coffee left in his mug spilt on him. "*Shit!*" He looked to the door and there Haruhi stood. "If I knew you were going to start scaring me I would have never given you a key."

"Well, I came in awhile ago to check in... But it wasn't exactly a good time to disturb you." Haruhi hummed. She actually felt… uneasy. The intensity and emotion in Shion's voice gave her chills, and with the recent event in mind, her heart twisted. He really was distraught about Satsuki. "Your voice sounds strained."
"Mmmm," Shion tested out his throat and it felt raspy and rumbly. "Yeah… I'll have to work on that." He didn't use proper technique, too caught up in his anger to care.

"You have chamomile?" Haruhi asked and received a nod. "Honey?"

"Thanks, Haruhi," Shion stood up and put a hand on her shoulder, guiding her out of the room and sat her down on the couch, "but I'll make the tea."

A few minutes later, Shion came back with a teapot and two cups, on a second trip he brought sugar, milk and honey.

Haruhi didn't say anything as they both prepared their own cups and watched Shion as he held his cup firmly with both hands. Her brown eyes narrowed when she caught sight of him shivering.

"Did you even take a shower?"

Shion looked up from his tea, expression oddly vacant as he was lost in thought. "No. Does it look like I care?" A humourless chuckle came out dry and he felt a tickle at the back of his throat. A sip of his hot honeyed tea remedied it for the time being.

"Obviously not. You should take better care of yourself Shion." Haruhi frowned and gripped her cup harder, fingertips turning white from the force. "You do know that I care, right?"

Shion stayed silent for a while, eyes unfocused and looking out of the window into the night sky. "Yeah… I do."

Raising an eyebrow, Haruhi set down her tea and got up. "Stand up." Shion stared at her for a moment and took a sip of his tea. "Please?"

For a beat, Shion didn't move, his eyes and expression firmly in place but Shion eventually set his tea down a side table and slowly got up from the chair that was swallowing him whole.

Small arms wrapped around him, and Shion's eyebrows disappeared into his hair, eyes wide.

"Don't do anything reckless like that again."

Shion rested his chin on the top of her head and his arms wrapped loosely around her. A small smile came across his face, "No promises."

"Not to mention you're still damp and have coffee on you." There was disgust in her voice, and when she tried to push away, Shion held firm. "Ack, come on Shion!" She struggled for a while, and sighed in frustration, giving up to the force holding her in place.

Looking up, she went quiet.

Shion gradually let her go. His grip loosened and he stepped away, back turned to her. "… I know you have questions…"

"And I know you aren't going to answer them—but that's exactly like you." Haruhi huffed a laugh. "You're secretive and dishonest, you lie and manipulate, but you wouldn't hurt any of us on purpose. There are many other bad things about you, but there are just as many good things. It's the same with everyone else. You're a good person Shion."

Haruhi downed the rest of her tea and put her dishes in the sink as Shion watched her move with hollow eyes.
She smiled, "Take a shower. You're going to catch a cold."

With that, she exited and a cool gust of wind came in with the door.

Taking a deep breath, Shion stood there in silence and her words echoed in his mind.

"You're a good person Shion."

A dry laugh escaped him.

*Are you sure about that, Haruhi?*

Shion shook his head. He was looking forward to putting Satsuki down—he didn't tolerate it. Privacy was a big thing for him, and for her and Aaron, to casually disregard it was not acceptable. He was still angry, but now there was a sick feeling of joy that was bubbling up in him.

A twisted smirk grew wider, "I'm going to humiliate her."

With a sneeze taking him by surprise, he decided that he would follow Haruhi's advice and take a shower. His clothes clung to his body, and while he wasn't bothered by it before due to his state of anger, it irritated him now that he was calm.

He didn't notice until he went to bed that Kyoya texted him, and a smile spread across his face.

"Take a shower, you'll catch a cold."

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The rain continued into the next day with a downpour early in the morning. The door to the classroom slid open and Shion stepped in. Looking somewhat like something the cat would drag in, Shion looked damp and very displeased.

"You're late Shion. Mind giving me your excuse?" The homeroom teacher said idly as she wrote on the board. Looking over her shoulder, she saw how miserable he looked and tensed at his stare.

Shion shrugged and his voice came out rather quiet, "It's not much of an excuse, but I slept in."

The teacher noticed that his voice was strained, but didn't say anything as Shion had already made his way to his seat.

Kyoya didn't miss the threatening look directed at Satsuki. Despite her tough bravado, she jumped in her seat and hastily looked away from him. It was only natural. Shion's ire was something even Kyoya didn't want to be directed at him.

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Leaning back in his chair, Shion stretched with a deep sigh, joints popping from sitting down for so long. With the sound of the lunch bell, Shion slung his bag over his shoulder and got up to leave.

"Shi—"

Shion paused in his stride, but knowing who was trying to talk to him, he continued without looking back.

"—on…"
There was no reason for him to talk to her at the moment.

Making his way through the halls, Shion knocked on the teachers' lounge doors and entered, "Hello, is Takahiro-sensei in?"

The large man looked up from his desk, "Ah, Hakuba-kun, what brings you here during your lunch break? Your voice sounds ragged, did you catch a cold?"

"Thank you for your concern, but I don't have a cold. I just strained my voice." Taking a hint from the man's gesture, Shion sat down adjacent to him. "You are aware of my status as a scholarship student, correct?"

"I am, yes." He was his teacher last semester, how could he not know?

"As per the scholarship, I will have to take part in the drama club's main feature at the end of the year."

Takahiro's eyes widened. They had just started to get things ready for it, and it was almost time for auditions.

Seeing the man react, Shion continued. "I am aware that this may cause some complications and possible… resentment, but I refuse to take part without a proper audition."

"Audition's haven't started yet, though a play has been decided on." He didn't know why, but Takahiro thought that Shion would be pleased with the play choice. "Hamlet."

As predicted, Shion's eyes lit up. "Ah…" and a smile crawled onto his face that spooked Takahiro. "I know who I'm auditioning for."

"Who if I may ask?"

Standing up, Shion chuckled. "I'm sure you can take a guess. Now… I'm aware that we have a big band club, but do you know who they're adviser is?"

Blinking owlishly, it took a moment for Takahiro to gain his bearings, "Ah, yes. That would be Satou-sensei."

"Thank you, Takahiro-sensei." Shion bowed slightly, "I shall take my leave."

"Auditions take place a week from today!"

• • • • • •

Upon learning that his English class was to be used as a study hall, Shion walked out of the classroom. He was confident that he could pass without using the class time, he never studied for the class anyway.

He could be using that time for something better.

The teacher didn't stop him either, knowing full well that it was true.

Once again, Shion knocked on the doors to the teachers' lounge. "Hello, is Satou-sensei in?"

One of the more strict teachers looked up from their desk, "And why do you want to meet them during class time?"
"My class is a study hall. I have something more important to do than study things I already know." Shion's tone didn't sit well with the teacher based on their reaction, but he saw Satou-sensei at the other end of the room wave him over. They were rather eye-catching with their graying long hair in a ponytail.

"Takahiro-sensei gave me a heads up and let me know that you would be paying me a visit." Satou leaned back in their chair and crossed their legs. "Brass band is a smaller club than most, so I'm sure we could fit you in, what instrument do you play?"

Shion took a seat with proper posture and mimed holding a trumpet.

"Ah, we actually have three trumpets, but another would balance out the band." Satou's lips upturned in amusement, "You will, however, have to fight for the first seat if you want it. My musicians are quite competitive, you see."

A chuckle rumbled low from Shion's chest, "I wouldn't expect anything less. Is there an audition?"

"Mid next week." Satou stood up and gestured for Shion to follow. "I have copies of the music in the classroom. Come with me as you have the time at the moment."

The music room was void of any students with no class running at this time. Shion hadn't actually been in this particular music room before. It was a large room at the corner of the building. The seats for the musicians followed the walls with windows and were elevated on steps. The conductor's stand was on ground level at the point of the triangle arrangement.

It was quite a grand layout.

"Ah, here it is." Satou looked up from their stack of papers to see Shion admiring the room. Then they had an idea. "Take a look in locker B6. There should be a clean trumpet in there."

A small smile took to Shion's face, "Of course."

_A little test now wouldn't hurt, I suppose._

Setting the hard case down on a table, Shion found a silver trumpet just like his own, but a different mass-produced brand. The mouthpiece was different from his own too.

Keen eyes watched Shion as he put tested the mouthpiece before putting it on the trumpet. _He has a good playing posture and holds the trumpet level... Satou tapped their conductors stick on the stand, "Play me a C major scale, legato whole notes."

Starting at middle C, Shion did as he was told, playing at mezzo-forte for the duration. Once he was done, he looked at Satou-sensei expectantly.

"Now do your own warm-up."

With a nod, Shion swiftly went into a chromatic scale covering two octaves, quickly slurring eighteenth notes before switching to staccato accented notes on the second run-through of the scale.

Satou-sensei's usually neutral face lit up with a warm smile, "I think you'll fit in just fine."

"That's good to know," Shion quipped back. "Now where do I clean the mouthpiece?"
The rest of the school day went by slowly as the overcast weather lingered, the weather bringing a calm mood to the classroom when working on things during class time.

Soon the last bell rang, and the club meeting was about to take place.

"Alright!" Tamaki exclaimed, hands-on-hips with his head up high, "Now the meeting will take place!" His cheer severely contrasted with the dimly lit club room.

This time all the members were present. Furniture was moved around a central table that held a small variety of pastries with both tea and coffee.

Shion drowned out the opening speech that Tamaki usually spewed out and got himself a cup of tea with a generous portion of honey. It was definitely going to be too sweet for his tastes, but he talked a little too much when he was trying to limit speaking. He added in some milk to cool it down so he could drink it right away even though he would probably regret it later.

"You're not having coffee Hakuba?" Hani questioned, knowing that Shion was more of a coffee drinker. He was much more observant than most people thought.

Looking down to Hani, who looked suspiciously curious, Shion crossed his legs and leaned back into the chair with his tea. "No… not today."

Kyoya's eyes shot to Shion upon hearing his voice. It was the first time he heard Shion's voice that day, and the difference in quality was shocking. It was deep and gravely, and hearing it made his heart skip a beat.

What's this reaction?

"As you can hear, my throat's not in the best… condition."

Kyoya coughed into his hand, covering up the flush his face took on. "You shouldn't strain yourself then."

A mirthful smirk grew, and Shion hummed as he noticed Kyoya crossing his legs. He took great joy in the reaction.

"You also came to class this morning damp." Tamaki hummed, "That certainly wouldn't help."

Haruhi shot a look to Shion. I knew I should have dragged him with me this morning.

"Ah…" Shion went quiet for a moment. He was pissed by the morning's events and felt frustration build up just by thinking about it. "I woke up late, and on my way, the wind ripped my umbrella from my hands. So I ran the rest of the way."

"Want to borrow one of our umbrellas?" Hikaru offered.

"Yeah, we have two. We can just share." Kaoru chimed in.

Surprised by their kind offer, Shion nodded. "I'll take you up on that." He was equally suspicious that it would be a prank. You can never be too sure with those two.

"Now," Kyoya continued where they left off, "What are some themes we can use? We can only do a few more big events for the remainder of the year, so it would be beneficial to start planning them soon."

Eyeing Kyoya, Shion knew that he would enjoy this. This is just what I need to brighten my
"mood." "Hmmm…" he started, knowing full well that Kyoya was enjoying this, "I know you already did a ball before I came here… but what about a masquerade ball at the end of the year?"

"It would time well with the art fair." Hikaru started, while Kaoru continued the thought, "We could keep it open for guests and participants to come afterwards."

"Semi-formal would be the best dress code option if people are going to be walking in." Haruhi offered.

"Are we all agreed on a masquerade ball?" Tamaki asked, and when everybody nodded, the decision was unanimous. "Alright, write that down Kyoya."

It had already been written down and circled. There would be more details that would need to be worked out, but he could do that on his own.

"So now a few… minor events for these last few months." Shion hummed, thinking of something small they could do next to ease things over. "What about a butler theme? It's simple and easy to set up." Idly tapping his fingers on his leg, Shion closed his eyes and brainstormed, "We would just need simple black suits, which we already have, and some smaller props. Like trays to wheel the tea and snacks out on, and white cloths to drape over our arms."

"That's brilliant!" Tamaki exclaimed, impressed, "We could get that ready over the weekend, it's so simple!"

"That would work for the event at the end of this month, though we need three more events for the remaining month and a half." Kyoya jotted down the details, it was difficult for him to write fast enough to keep up with the ideas.

"Maybe we can bring guests to the water park?" Hani offered, "Is it fixed yet?"

"It better be fixed," Kaoru scoffed, he still had nightmares of the fiasco.

Hikaru laughed, "It was a shit show last time we went."

Tamaki flushed and sputtered, "I-I wasn't the only cause of that incident!" He pointed fingers to the twins who were now cackling and holding onto the table to not fall over in their laughter.

Shion blinked owlishly. Feeling out of the loop, he took a sip of his tea. He would ask Haruhi later. She looked a little flustered herself with that topic brought up.

Kyoya raised his glasses and they flashed with a calculated gleam, "Hmm… I do believe the problem has been fixed. I can schedule a date where we can have access to the park."

"Great! Three down, two more!"

"The girls seem to like events with cosplay…" Shion paused mid-thought. He was starting to run dry and drifted off for a while. He came back when Tamaki waved a hand in front of his face.

"Hakuba! Earth to Hakuba!—ah, welcome back. We're stuck on the last idea and need your input."

Shion cleared his throat, "What did you think of in my absence?" Talking so much was making his throat worse.

"A martial arts theme."

Shion glanced to the third years, "That sounds like it could be fun." Also boring depending on how
Mori caught Shion's glance and held it for a second. He saw the curiosity in Shion's eyes and thought that a spar would be interesting. *Shion would probably enjoy it more than me though...*

Humming, Shion rested his chin on his hand, "Have you done anything with folklore?"

"No?"

"What about that then? It's a simple cosplay theme. We can dress up as Yokai, darken the room, and set up lanterns and will-o-wisps for the lights. For the traditional feel, tatami, if it's not too much trouble and shouji walls." He wondered how that theme hadn't been used before, it felt like something that would be popular.

"We have to think of what Yokai to dress up as then!" Hani beamed, "I want to be a tanuki!"

Murmurs erupted as the members thought of which Yokai to cosplay as.

"Now that we have that sorted out, we're dismissed!"

The club members trickled out as the group gathered their things and helped clean up. There were some shenanigans as per usual, but it got pretty quiet when the twins and Tamaki left. Haruhi was next, waving as she left the room. Last were Hani and Mori, and on the way out, Hani gestured for Mori to bend down.

Looking to Kyoya and Shion who were still organizing the events, Hani cupped his mouth and whispered, "Are they… together?" It was just a hunch on Hani's part, but he was curious. It was the small things that he noticed, and they looked… more comfortable with each other.

They were usually the last ones in the club room and he caught a few small interactions sometimes that made him think so.

Mori frowned thoughtfully and tilted his head, "I'm not too sure." He didn't want to spread false information, even if he thought just that.

Hani giggled, "I think they are. I think they like each other."

A faint smile graced Mori's face, "I think so too." It was a bit of a scary thought though, those two being together. Both were scary in their own right, but Mori personally was more afraid of Shion. He was a wild card, and much more prone to violence than Kyoya.

Taking a break from the planning, Shion groaned and hunched forward to hold his head in his hands, "My head is spinning."

Feeling his cheeks heat up, Kyoya chuckled and fought it down. "This is normal—though to be fair, we haven't planned so many events this far ahead of time before."

"Which event are you looking most forward too?"

Kyoya hummed, tapping his pen on his lips, unintentionally drawing Shion's attention. "The folklore, then the ball."

"I have to agree. That event will require more funds compared to the butler and waterpark."

"Yes… It would also be good to get everyone's costumes as soon as possible."
Shion leaned back, intent on relaxing and spread out his legs. He eyed Kyoya up and down, "What do you have in mind?"

Kyoya smirked, "A snake spirit."

"Mmmn, that certainly suits you." Shion hummed, "I'm thinking Tengu."

An image of Shion with black wings popped to mind, "That's acceptable. You fit the Tengu's image." Kyoya watched as Shion helped himself to another cup of tea, once again using honey.

It had been on his mind for a while. "Did you catch a cold Shion?" Kyoya's eyes narrowed, he told him to take a shower.

Shion smirked, knowing full well how much Kyoya liked it. Chuckles came out with his amusement, low and throaty, "No. I took a shower as you instructed. I just strained my voice."

"Singing?" Kyoya was honestly curious. He hadn't heard Shion sing before, and from the small snippet he heard one time, he had no idea what Shion's singing voice sounded like.

Shion leaned forward and looked at Kyoya through his hair. "Hmmm…" he rumbled, intentionally going deeper, "curious are you?" He saw Kyoya swallow thickly, and a playful grin spread across his lips—as playful as a killer whale toying with its food.

By this point, Kyoya knew he was playing into Shion's hand. He had been aroused since the beginning of the meeting, and now it was starting to affect his mentality. Kyoya's breathing quickened as he looked into Shion's eyes.

Shion's head cocked to the side and he put his hands on the coffee table, leaning closer. "I'm curious… just what do you want right now?"

Setting his notebook down, Kyoya leaned forward to meet Shion over the table, slowly inching forward. His eyes fluttered closed and their lips met—the sweetness of tea and honey mingling with the bitterness of coffee.

It wasn't long before Kyoya felt weak and leaned away from the table. He didn't understand how Shion was so good at it, but he also didn't want to think about it. Looking away, he touched his lips and felt Shion sink into the couch beside him.

"What's on your mind?"

Shion's voice rumbled against Kyoya's neck and he shivered, tilting his neck away which gave Shion more area to cover.

"Mmn," Kyoya's breather hitched when Shion lightly bit his neck, "How… are you so good at this?"

Removing himself from Kyoya, Shion held his gaze for a moment, expression sombre. "Do you really want to know?"

"Yes and no."

Frowning, Shion looked away, "I'm not exactly the most… chaste person out there." His eyes locked back to Kyoyas, hardened and earnest in intent. "You're the first I've been serious about. Trust me on that."
"That's good—because you're dealing with a complete novice."

Shion barked a laugh and his hand cupped Kyoya's chin, tilting it up to him, "You think I didn't know that?" With a smirk, Shion silenced Kyoya's next retort with a kiss. "Don't hold your breath… breathe through your nose." Shion instructed between kisses.

Breaking away, a trail of saliva still connected them. Kyoya breathed heavily as Shion nipped on his ear, "Better." A shiver wracked down Kyoya's spine when Shion whispered breathily in his ear and undid the top button of his shirt.

Shion's tongue trailed along Kyoya's collarbone and targeted a suitable spot that would easily be hidden. With that, he brought his hands under Kyoya's shirt with gentle touches as he sucked on one spot, intent on leaving a mark.

"Hng!" Kyoya flinched when Shion bit down a bit harder, but it was accompanied by an intense wave of pleasure when Shion twisted a nipple. "Why… did you do that?"

Shion licked his lips, "My last mark disappeared." He smirked when Kyoya flushed and trailed a finger lightly down his abdomen, enjoying how Kyoya arched his back in pleasure.

Eyes darting to the entrance of the room, Shion pushed Kyoya down onto the couch. The suddenness of the action caught Kyoya off guard and he was about to say something when Shion stood up.

"Ah, Haruhi said you'd be in here…"

Kyoya's heart leapt into his throat with the spike of panic that accompanied the familiar voice. He didn't even hear the door open. Thankfully the back of the couch faced the door, so he stayed quiet and held his ground, quietly and slowly trying to fix the state of his clothes.

Shion didn't hold back the growl in his voice, "What do you want Satsuki."

The girl flinched at the tone and bravely, or stupidly, took a step forward. "You were ignoring me all day, which is fair, but I wanted to apologize. There was no excuse for what I did. But I still want to be friends somehow, no matter what it may take." Her fists clenched at her sides, but she held eye contact with him. "I fucked up, Shion, and I feel terrible about it."

A few moments passed, and Shion could tell that Satsuki still had something to say. She was frightened, judging by the sweat on her forehead, and her skin was paler than it usually was.

Satsuki swallowed thickly. "We can spar at my place—if it's still a spar anymore." The last bit was said quietly under her breath, but it was still heard.

Shion stared at her, judging her. She was afraid. What was once an offer for a friendly spar was now off the table and if he agreed, she was scared of what Shion could actually do.

Satsuki jumped when she saw Kyoya sit up from the couch behind Shion. She didn't even notice him there.

"What a heartfelt apology," Kyoya said dully.

"Oh, you're awake," Shion idly commented. "Short nap."

Kyoya raised an eyebrow and wondered how Shion could make things up on the spot so well. He really did have a disturbing talent for deception. "It wasn't a very good one." He was amused.
Satsuki was a tough young woman that wasn't fazed or frightened by anyone—but here she was, cowering in Shion's presence.

Shion tilted his chin up, looking down his nose with a vicious smirk, "I'll take you up on that offer." His eyes moved to the door, "You can come out now Aaron." The rumble to his voice made it sound much more threatening.

The redhead came out from around the corner, "Yeah, I thought you would've noticed."

Satsuki clapped her hands together, "Well, I'd rather do this now—what about you?"

"Lead the way."

Shion grabbed his bag and slung it over his shoulder. Looking to Kyoya, he shook his head, "You are not coming."

"Tsk."

Shion raised an amused eyebrow at the reaction, and before leaving, he whispered, "Sorry for leaving you with… unfinished business." Shion's smirk grew when Kyoya subtly tried to hide it.

With the door closing behind them, Kyoya was left alone in the room. He stared out the window, mind blank when a flash of lightning lit up the room. The wind picked up and rattled the windows as thick drops of rain started to pelt at the windows. A thought came to mind as the weather intensified.

Shion is quite like a thunderstorm.

A chill went down his spine and heat pooled in his stomach. Sighing, he leaned his head on the back of the couch as he moved to finish what Shion started.

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Ah, well I hope that it was an enjoyable read. Any thoughts or feedback is appreciated! The reviews I've gotten over the last while really motivated me to write when I could!

Thank you for reading! I'll try and be back with another chapter soon! :D
Chapter 23

Aha, I surprised even myself with my tenacity to finish this chapter. So thankfully I forced my mused into cooperation after getting stuck on a scene.

When I get stuck on a scene, I like to change my pace—and so I have made a picture that correlates to this instalment. I actually didn’t know that I could insert an image on here until now!

Thank you for your patience, I hope you enjoy it!

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The patter of rain was soft on the roof of the vehicle, but it was so very loud in the tense silence that was held within the space. Shion sat with crossed legs, eyes lidded as he stared out of the window.

“Um—”

Satsuki immediately shut her mouth when Shion’s narrowed eyes moved to her. Shion raised his hand and put a finger to his lips. He was enjoying the silence. It was peaceful—ironically so.

Once they arrived, the driver opened the door and guided them out. Being the last one out, Shion took in his surroundings. Fugaku stood in the centre of the stone walkway and seemed to be giving his daughter an earful. The man’s eyes moved past his daughter and to him, widening considerably when they made eye contact.

Keeping the position of the guards in mind, Shion approached, uncaring of the rain slowly soaking through his sweater.

Fugaku looked up at Shion—he didn’t remember Shion being taller than him. “Our family owns up to our mistakes.” He turned around and started to walk back into the building, hiding his conflicted expression. Stopping in his place, he didn't turn around as he addressed his daughter, "Satsuki."

"No."

Fugaku's head quirked at his daughter’s attitude. Sighing, he continued on his path, "So be it."

Making sure that her father wasn't actually going to secretly follow them, Satsuki gestured for Shion and Aaron to follow down a path made of rocks through a garden with trees and a pond. Past a wall of bamboo, there was a small traditional building with a few surrounding trees.

“This is my personal dojo." Satsuki walked in and slid the shoji doors open on the other side of the building. The cool, moist air flowed in, and the open wall gave view to a pond with a fountain. "I’m gonna go change."

Shion made his way closer to the pond and watched as the rain disturbed the surface of the water. It was calming, but his anger bubbled deep under the surface. His mind was clear, but his emotions drove him—both anger… and excitement.

“Are you really going through with this?”
Shion hummed, the sound still hoarse from misuse. His eyes rested on the rippling water of the pond. “You can leave if you’re inclined to.”

Aaron stayed silent for a beat, unsure of what he wanted to say. Taking a breath he steeled himself, "Is this really... necessary?" There was no indication of a response from Shion, but somehow Aaron felt dread pool in his stomach.

A gust of wind rushed through the room as Shion looked over his shoulder. Holding eye contact for a moment, Shion saw the redhead tense under his gaze. “Is anything?” Turning on his heel, he slowly made his way over to Aaron. "Was her disregard of my privacy... necessary?" Another step. "Was your choice not to stop her necessary?"

Thunder rumbled in the distance as the rain came down harder, a mist forming near the ground from the force.

Stopping in front of him, Shion bent down to Aaron’s height. Face to face.

A low growl escaped him, "Is my anger necessary?!"

The sound of the door sliding open caused the two to look over and see Satsuki enter. Satsuki straightened the white gi and tightened the black belt around her waist. A few towels were over her shoulder.

Standing up straight, Shion gave one more threatening sneer to Aaron before he turned away, a mirthful smirk coming upon his face when he saw Aaron breathe a sigh of relief out of the corner of his eye.

“Here,” Satsuki handed a towel off to both Shion and Aaron. “Dry yourselves off first.” Then she went to do some warm-up exercises in the center of the room.

Taking the towel, Shion didn’t offer any thanks as he started drying his hair. Noticing a significant change in lighting, Shion looked outside. The sky that had been a dull gray darkened as heavy, black clouds rolled in. The colours that were grayed out became darker as the sky rumbled, and the rain came to a stop.

Shion ignored the poorly hidden laughter from Aaron and Satsuki as he finished drying his hair. It was still a bit damp, but if he fully dried it with a towel it would frizz up even more. Dropping the towel on a bench, Shion went through his bag and took out two cases. The first one he used to put his glasses in, while the other had contacts that he put in.

Blinking a few times to make sure his contacts felt right, Shion set his things back in order and moved to the centre of the room to do his own routine to limber up.

“Any rules?” Satsuki asked while she watched Shion. It wasn’t so much of a warm-up, but simple stretches to loosen his muscles.

Holding the stretch for his neck, Shion met Satsuki’s eyes through his bangs, “No…” he tilted his head and a loud resounding crack came from his neck, “It wouldn’t be any fun with them.”

His calm tone was eerie to Satsuki and she watched as he took off his sweater and threw it off to the side. The clothes he wore didn’t fit with the setting, a maroon button-up and black dress pants. She swallowed thickly as he rolled the cuffed sleeves up to his elbows.

Squaring himself with Satsuki, Shion put up his guard and a vicious sneer pulled at the corner of his mouth.
“Shall we dance?”

A cool waft of wind drifted in the dojo as Satsuki got into her stance. The low rumble of thunder felt as if it shook the building. Seconds later, a downpour of rain washed across the area and lightning cracked in the sky.

The two moved. Satsuki stepping in for a punch, while Shion batted the fist away with the back of his forearm as his opposite leg swung up, coasting to her head. Satsuki went to block with both of her arms, but the kick pivoted and struck her in the side. Her arm blocked some of it, but she nearly doubled over as air was knocked out of her lungs with a faint wheeze.

With that opening, Shion raised his leg and swung it down like a hammer, his heel nearly connecting before Satsuki leaned back and felt it go past. From her judgement, if that had hit her collarbone—which she had no doubt was the target area—it would have been cleanly broken.

Defence wasn’t really her strong suit anyway.

Leaping, Satsuki approached with a flying kick that Shion had no choice other than to dodge. Satsuki took more control over the fight with how many strikes she was throwing out, but only a few were making it through. None of her kicks connected, but her punches seemed to overwhelm him more from how quickly she was dishing them out.

A glint in Shion’s eye made a shiver go down Satsuki’s spine, and with it came a shin straight to her ribs. A grunt sounded from her as she tried to hold her ground, but even with her solid stance
and guard, she was still blown back. Her eyes widened, and despite the fear coursing through her veins, the adrenaline still drove her forward. Determined to win, Satsuki upped the ante and started attacking with more advanced movements.

_That's more like it._

Shion wanted Satsuki to get fired up. He relished in the vigour that she brought down on him. Letting her confidence grow by receiving hits, his mouth upturned in a cruel smile. After all…

The brighter the fire burned, the more he would enjoy smothering it.

Satsuki moved rashly, exchanging blows with Shion’s cross, but she followed her movement through and connected her knee to Shion’s abdomen.

She finally got a solid hit in but blinked when it didn’t sink into his stomach. In that moment of distraction, Shion telegraphed for a roundhouse but used his hand on the ground to help pivot to target her head.

“Haste makes waste, Satsuki.” Testament to her skill, Satsuki raised her block in time but the force of the kick followed through, and she was knocked down to the ground. “You’re not the one in control here.”

Huffing in a bout of frustration, Satsuki took a deep breath and got back into stance.

Aaron winced at the blow as Satsuki got knocked to the ground. He wasn’t sure why he was still there, there was no reason for him to watch Satsuki get knocked around. Sure, she was holding her own, but from his outside perspective, Aaron could tell that Shion was toying around with her.

He watched as Shion slipped by a punch. A pleased look on his face as Satsuki cursed and backpedalled away from a series of attacks that flowed from one to the next. Satsuki lunged in when she saw an opening, and while the punch connected Aaron winced and looked away as once again, Satsuki was thrown to the ground.

“Stand up.”

Satsuki looked up into Shion’s cold glare. Swallowing thickly, she got up, but not without difficulty. She put up her guard again. Jabbing, the sleeve of her Gi was grabbed, and Shion pulled her in, a knee digging into her stomach.

Falling to her knees, Satsuki coughed violently, spittle covering the tatami with each wheeze. She used the time on the floor to try and recover her breath. Her body was aching, limbs battered from blocking, and she was drenched in sweat.

“Get up.”

“Yeah…” She wiped the sweat from her face with her sleeve as she propped herself up with her knee, “I’m on it…” Standing up fully, her attention drifted to the garden for a moment as a refreshing wind rushed through the room. A small grin graced her face and she squared herself once more.

There was still determination in those eyes of hers. It was not acceptable.

Aaron couldn’t watch anymore.

He went around to the side of the building to sit on the patio and took out his camera. If there was
anything that could distract him, it would be photography. Over the time of a few minutes, Aaron winced at each loud thud that was either one of the two getting knocked down. It slowed to a stop, and then there was only the sound of rain.

Now curious, he peeked in to see Shion standing over Satsuki. He was going to intervene when Shion bent over her but didn’t act on it when Shion hoisted her up and brought her over to sit on a bench.

“Are you stupid? Don’t answer that, I already know—but fuck. Really?”

A hoarse chuckle sounded from her as she accidentally banged her head on the wall. “It was a new move. I’ve practiced it, but… apparently not enough.”

“Can you even do a flip consistently?”

“Not perfectly but—”

“Then don’t even think of using it during a fight, idiot!” Shion shook his head and sighed. Satsuki hit the ground directly with her shoulder, and Shion immediately knew what happened as he got the same injury before. “Your collar bone is broken. Don’t even try to move your arm, if the break isn’t clean then it can rip through your skin.”

“I don’t feel any pain though.”

“Yeah. It’s going to be like that while you’re in shock.” Shion cleared his throat and looked to the wall, “Aaron. We have to take this one to the hospital.”

Stepping around the corner, Aaron saw Satsuki grin and rub the back of her head—with her usable arm.

“I, uh… I sorta broke myself trying to do a flip kick.” Expressions neutral, both Aaron and Shion stared her down. “What?! It would’ve been so cool.”

Frowning and shaking his head, Aaron sighed. “Maybe they can fix her head while she’s there.”

“I see we’re on the same page.” Shion outright ignored the indignant shout from Satsuki. “You have a first aid kit anywhere?”

“Not in here… there are supplies in the house though.” Satsuki felt the irritation come off Shion in waves.

“Smart decision not having any in your private dojo.” Frowning, Shion used his sweater as a makeshift sling until there were proper supplies to do so with.

As Satsuki was functional enough to walk, they made their way back into the main house. The guards looked hostile giving that Satsuki was injured, but didn’t make a move yet. They went to a large room that connected to the shower and bath of the house as it had the medical supplies.

“Shouldn’t we let your father know what’s happened?” Aaron questioned and closed the door behind himself.

Satsuki plopped herself down on a stool after showing Shion where the various supplies were. “Nah, it’s fine. I’m sure he’ll know when word gets around, the guards will tell him.”

Shion closed the cabinet he was looking through and moved on to another. “He’s going to
overreact and barge in here,” Shion said dully as he found a large roll of fabric after a bit of searching. Things weren’t very organized. “Let me at least try and get this done before that.”

Satsuki watched Shion as he kneeled down and unravelled the large triangle cloth in his hands. She followed Shion’s instruction to hold her arm against herself as he pulled a corner of the cloth under her arm, while the other corner went over and around her neck. Straightening the fabric out so it could properly support her arm, he tied the knot by her neck. Then he took the leftover fabric by her elbow and pulled it tight before tying it off too.

Making sure that the knots wouldn’t loosen, Shion nodded and stood up.

“That’s handy. You’re trained in first aid?” It was covered briefly in Gym class but was never fully delved into by Ouran’s curriculum.

Shion hummed, “I thought it would be useful to know considering what kind of dangerous activity I used to be apart of.” Choosing not to comment was Satsuki’s first smart decision in the past hour.

“Hmm…” Shion looked at the sling, debating whether he should reinforce it or not. Coming to a decision, he undid his belt buckle—

The door slid open with a loud clack as Fugaku stepped in. “What happened—” His eyes honed in on Shion, undoing and holding his belt as his daughter sat in front of him.

It was certainly not the best image for an enraged father to see.

Shion immediately knew that he was in a bad situation and Fugaku charged. Sidestepping the man, Shion was careful not to injure the yakuza boss as he took his arm and held him to the ground. He was quite strong and Shion was having a difficult time holding him down without using too much force.

Hearing the struggle going on in the room, a guard poked their head in, and before things got even more chaotic, Satsuki shouted, “Enough!” She stood up and glared at the guard, “Get out!”

With a look from Satsuki, Shion reluctantly let her father go, and the man took that opportunity to grab him by the collar. Fugaku was red in the face with rage, “Just what were you doing to my daughter?!”

Shion leaned into the grip and wrapped his hand around Fugaku’s wrist. “Take a closer look,” Shion tightened his grip and forced him to let go.

“Can’t you tell he was giving me first aid?”

Blinking owlishly, the rage mellowed out a bit and Fugaku was more confused than anything now.

Raising his hands in the universal sign of peace, Shion couldn’t help but find it humorous. He chuckled and raised an eyebrow, shooting a suave smirk to Satsuki, “I can see how undoing my belt in front of you would be taken the wrong way.”

Satsuki blinked and it took a few seconds to process what Shion meant before her face burst into flames. “NO! Nononono it was not like that Otou-san!” She cackled, and in the midst of her little freak-out, she moved her arm and flinched.

“That’s why I need the belt.” Shion shook his head with a sigh, “Knowing you, you won’t be able to keep still.” With one smooth movement, Shion pulled off his belt and wrapped it around Satsuki’s torso, over the injured arm and tightening it just enough so she couldn’t lift it. “There.”
“I will be given an explanation,” Fugaku crossed his arms. “Aaron, go with Satsuki to the hospital. I will join soon.”

A black car was already at the entrance of the estate by the time they reached the front. There were two guards, one was seated in the driver’s seat while the other held the door open for their passengers.

Just before they took off, Shion knocked on the window and Aaron rolled it down. “Whatever you do, do not let her move her shoulder.” He shot Satsuki a warning look, “If you do, the bone might pierce through the flesh.”

“Roger that,” Aaron gave a mock salute as he started to roll up the window.

Satsuki shout out the window just before the car took off, “Don’t kill him Otou-san!”

Once the vehicle was out of sight, Shion looked to the man behind him who just sighed. “Follow me.”

Not wanting to make the situation worse, Shion shrugged and did as he was told. He did not want to be on a hit list again. They walked down halls that were familiar to Shion and entered the room that they had tea in during the last predicament.

Following suit, Shion sat on the floor and stayed alert as Fugaku ordered for some tea to be made. Soon a tray of said tea and a few biscuits were brought in and placed on the table between them.

Fugaku poured himself a cup of green tea and gestured Shion to do the same.

Shion subtly looked in the glass to see if there was anything in it before pouring his own. The cup warmed his hand and the steam was pleasant to breathe in. “I’m getting a sense of deja vu.”

Surprisingly, Fugaku cracked a bit of a smile as he looked into his cup and took his first sip, “As am I.” His gaze rose to Shion, amusement shown from the quirk of his eyebrow. Shion didn’t have his glasses on, just like last time, but this time he could still see. “Relax boy, it’s not poisoned.”

Shion chuckled, low and throaty, “Well, I couldn’t be too sure considering your daughter warned you not to kill me.”

Fugaku laughed along, “Ah, I see how that would set you on edge.” He set his beverage down, “Now… Back to business. Tell me how this happened.” The amusement was gone out of the man’s eyes.

“Simply?” Shion scoffed, “She tried to pull a flip kick without being able to do a flip properly. Landed on her head and shoulder which resulted in a break.”

“No. From the beginning.”

“From when this whole fight started?” Shion swirled the tea in his cup, “I’ll try and keep things simple.”

Fugaku stood in front of a door in the hospital and he could hear the telltale laughter of Satsuki inside. Opening the door, the laughter came to a halt as the residence inside looked to him.

“You didn’t kill him, did you?”
“No But I know why Hakuba-san was so angry with you.”

“Uh, yeah… I may be a little stupid.” She fiddled with the thin blankets covering her.

Aaron shot her an intense expression, “Satsuki. You’re not stupid. Just…”

“See, you can’t even argue against it!” She laughed, but it still hurt.

Fugaku sat at the remaining chair beside her bed, “You have to learn that other people have boundaries, Satsuki.”

She was silent for a beat as she looked down, away from the eyes on her. “I learned that the hard way.”

At this time, the door opened and a nurse entered the room. “You must be her father. Hijikata-san here will require surgery. Her clavicle is broken cleanly through at an oblique angle and is displaced. As it is now, the bone risks piercing through the skin.”

“So I’ll get a plate put in?”

“Precisely.”

“Will I set off metal detectors at airports?”

The nurse laughed lightly. That was a very common question. “No, the metal will not conduct with those machines.”

“When will the surgery take place?”

“We will be able to get her in tonight. It is a simple surgery and will only take a few hours.” The nurse looked back to Satsuki who was talking quietly with Aaron. “You will be able to go right home after the procedure.”

“Oh…” Inwardly, Satsuki cursed. Damn, I won’t miss a day of school.

Being able to read Satsuki like a book, Aaron laughed, “Today’s Friday.”

Her eyes widened, “Damn it!”

With the signing of papers, the nurse left the room and went back to their duties.

“So did anything else happen?” Satsuki asked her father with curiosity in her eyes.

“Well… Hakuba-san did ask for something.” Fugaku stroked his goatee, entirely enjoying how his daughter agonized over his teasing. “He asked if he could spar with our guards. Something about missing the feeling of it all.”

“That sounds like him,” Aaron nodded.

“I’d say make him a sparring partner for the black belts.” Satsuki shivered, “He beat the crap outta me, surely they would put up a better fight than me.”

“You did just receive your belt a few weeks ago.”
On the way home, Shion swung by a corner store to grab some groceries. The walk was pleasant. Chilly, but pleasant. The dark clouds were thinning out and the moonlight was just starting to penetrate through the clouds. Exiting the store with another week’s worth of milk, Shion looked up to see that the sky was now mostly clear.

The storm has passed.

_How fitting._

With nothing else really to do, Shion strolled back to his apartment. The streets were mostly empty at the time. The only sounds that were prominent were the trees rustling in the wind and his footsteps.

Fishing out his keys, Shion narrowed his eyes when he noticed a dim light through his kitchen window. Opening the door, Shion was silent as a mouse. He placed the plastic bag down when a particularly strong gust came to hide the sound. Taking off his shoes, he tiptoed and pressed his back against a wall. He glanced around the corner and saw Kyoya sitting on his couch, reading a book by a dimly lit lamp.

He kept on forgetting to buy lightbulbs.

Sneaking past, Shion grabbed a scented candle and a lighter. He approached with no sound in his steps, and in the same movement of igniting the lighter, Shion spoke.

“It seems I have an intruder.”

Kyoya jumped in his seat, heart leaping to his throat. His hand moved to his heart, the shock instantly making him alert.

Lighting the candle, Shion placed it onto the coffee table. “It’s late.”

With a shaky, stress-filled sigh, Kyoya set the book down. “It is.”

Raising an eyebrow, Shion sat down in his chair. “My point is, why are you here?”

Fixing his glasses, Kyoya noticed that Shion didn’t have his own on, and stretched his neck, “I could say that I wanted to discuss the coordination of the events coming up. Though my true intention isn’t as such.” Kyoya took in Shion’s appearance. His clothes weren’t too out of place, but what Kyoya did notice were the bruises on his knuckles and forearms. Kyoya’s eyes lingered on Shion’s forearms before moving back to his eyes.

He looked tired.

“I wanted to make sure you were alright.”

Shion took in a deep breath and smiled, the classy and fruity scent of black cherries and merlot calming to him. “I am completely fine. Satsuki on the other hand…”

The smirk on Shion’s face was disconcerting until he laughed.

“Idiot tried to strike me with a frontflip heel kick,” he leaned forward onto his knees, “landed directly on her shoulder and broke her collarbone clean in half.”

That brought up a memory deep from the recesses of Kyoya’s mind. Way back during the ski trip, he had seen a long scar going across Shion’s own collar bone when he was being… seduced.
“Like you did?”

The candlelight made Shion’s wide, mismatched eyes flicker with something Kyoya couldn’t place. Shion did not expect Kyoya to remember such a minuscule detail.

“Yes,” his hand rose up to trace where the scar ran along the bone. He couldn’t feel anything on that spot, the area’s nerves numb. “Though my cause was not self-inflicted,” Shion chuckled.

A smile quirked up on Kyoya as he chuckled along.

“Have you eaten anything?” Shion questioned as he stood up slowly, careful not to aggravate the bruising on his stomach. He was starving. The few crackers he snacked on during his tea time with Fugaku did not sustain him at all.

“Not since lunch.”

Humming, Shion thought of what he could make. “I’ll whip something together. Don’t set your expectations too high.”

“Would you like any help?”

Frowning in thought, Shion grinned mischievously, “You know what? Sure.” He wanted to know if the rich boy could cook or not. “I’ll teach you how to make Schweineschnitzel.”

Kyoya wasn’t even going to try and pronounce that.

While Shion set up the things needed for the recipe, Kyoya went to wash his hands. When Kyoya came back, the counter was set up with various bowls. The stove had a pan on it and cut pieces of pork were on the cutting board.

“Alright. I hope you don’t mind getting your hands dirty.”

Following Shion’s instructions, Kyoya used a tenderizer to pound and flatten the pork. During that process, Shion checked if the oil in the pan was up to temperature. After that Kyoya was put through the process of breading the meat. Coating both sides of the pork in flour, next was the eggs. The feeling wasn’t pleasant, and neither was the feeling of the bread crumbs coating his egg covered fingers.

Shion laughed when Kyoya grimaced.

“Do the same for the next one,” Shion directed as he took on the next step. Gently placing the meat in the pan, he fried the pork. When Kyoya finished the next one, Shion also placed that in the pan and flipped the first one.

Once done, he placed the pork on a plate with some paper towel to drain the oil.

“That’s classic schnitzel. I like to add a little extra to mine.”

Washing his hands, Kyoya observed as Shion prepared the other two pieces of pork and mixed some extra spices into the bread crumbs. The process was quick and by the time Kyoya was drying his hands, Shion had both portions in the pan.

“You’re no stranger in the kitchen.”

Shion barked a laugh as he set his schnitzel on the plate to drain, “You didn’t do too bad yourself.” He rummaged through his fridge and grabbed the necessities to toss a simple salad together. “My
mom wasn’t the greatest of cooks, so my sister and I took turns with dinner duty before she went her own way.”

Kyoya blinked, “You have a sister?”

“That I do,” Shion went to fix his glasses but forgot that he didn’t have them on. “Older sister. She travels around performing and writing articles. Not the most stable of work, but she’s happy.”

With everything plated, Shion set up the table. It was a small table, but it was about the only thing that the kitchen could fit.

Thanking Shion for the meal, Kyoya tried out this new dish. His eyebrows shot up in surprise—it was simple but delicious. “Isn’t this a little heavy for ten at night?”

Shion pointed at the bowl filled with leaves in between them with his fork, “That’s what the salad is for.” Receiving a bored hum in response, Shion watched as Kyoya took another bite. “That one is a little plain. Want to try some of mine?”

Narrowing his eyes suspiciously, Kyoya frowned, “I suppose it wouldn’t hurt.” It looked crispier than the plain version, and it was slightly red in colour.

Taking a bite, the slightly charred edges added a smoky flavour. Then the spices spread in his mouth. It tasted good, but by his third bite, he had to reach for his water.

“Not to your tastes?”

Kyoya glared through his bangs, but Shion’s smirk only grew larger.

Covering his mouth with his hand, Kyoya coughed lightly, “Too… intense.”

“Hmm… I’ll keep that in mind.”

Finishing their meal, the two of them cleaned up after themselves. Once most of it was done, Shion shooed Kyoya out of the kitchen and made some tea. While he certainly liked coffee more, it was much too late for caffeine.

Kyoya looked up from his phone when Shion entered with some mugs and a teapot.

“Chamomile.”

Thanking him with a nod, Kyoya poured himself a cup. Closing his eyes and inhaling, the pleasant smell of the beverage relaxed him. Upon taking his first sip, he noticed that Shion had gotten a deck of cards out of nowhere.

He watched as deft fingers shuffled the deck. A sly look made his heart skip.

Shion fanned the cards out in a straight line on the table, “Care to make a deal with the devil?”

Kyoya set down his tea, “Why not.”

Poker wasn’t one of the games Kyoya was entirely familiar with, but it was rather straightforward after Shion gave him a run-through of the rules with a mock display. The first few games were slow as Kyoya got into the swing of things.

Things didn’t delve into madness too far after.
Kyoya frowned irritably as they both set their cards down on the table. Shion had earned the devilish glare that the club members were so scared of. It was outrageous.

A royal flush.

For the third time.

“You must be cheating.”

That frustrated sigh was music to Shion’s ears.

Shion chuckled, and the action only seemed to fuel Kyoya’s ire, “Some may think it, but it’s actually not illegal to count cards.” Shuffling the cards one last time, he put the cards away. “I assume you’re staying the night? It’s past midnight.”

“Yes. We do have an English test coming up.”

Shion immediately gathered what Kyoya was hinting at and his shoulders shook with mirth, “Is that what you told your family? Scandalous.”

“I thought it would suffice.” Kyoya smiled as he spoke, the foreign words coming out quite smoothly.

“Ah, yes,” Shion nodded and went with the flow. “We were talking in English this whole time. That conversational test will be a breeze for you, Kyoya.”

Clearing the table, Shion started to get things ready so they could go to sleep. “Do you need to borrow a pair of pyjamas?”

Kyoya retrieved a bag that he had brought along, “I’ve got that handled.” Making his way to the washroom to change, a yawn escaped him. By the time Kyoya was finished, Shion was just finishing up the blankets for the couch.

With the washroom now free, Shion did his own nighttime routine which included a quick shower and went back to the living room to go to bed. He did not expect to see Kyoya sitting there, waiting for him.

“The same arrangements as last time, you’re in my bed.” When he didn’t get a response, Shion leaned closer, “Kyoya?”

Snapping from his daze, Kyoya blinked, “Pardon?”

Shion gestured behind him, “Same thing as last time, you’re not sleeping out here.”

“It would have been impolite of me to go to bed without saying goodnight,” Kyoya said as he stood up and made his way to Shion’s room.

Following Kyoya, Shion stood in the doorway of his room and leaned over to give him a light kiss. His face flushed and Shion smirked, “Well, good night then, Kyoya.”

Shion was about to turn and go to bed himself, but a hand on his shoulder stopped him and pulled him back. Resting a hand on Shion’s chest, Kyoya reached to kiss once again.

Shion’s eyes widened, and it took only a split second for him to snap and deepen the kiss.

Kyoya’s back straightened as a hand was tenderly placed on the small of his back, causing a shiver
to wrack through him. His heart leapt to his throat when he was pulled closer, Shion’s grasp strong and firm. Melting into his hold, Kyoya grabbed at the fabric on his back.

A soft moan brought Shion back to reality. Breaking their kiss, a thin strand of saliva connected them before it broke. His stomach twisted when Shion saw the desire in Kyoya’s eyes. He hummed, the sound guttural as an amused expression took to his face. “If this keeps up, we won’t be sleeping.”

Shion straightened and placed a hand on Kyoya’s chest, gently, but firmly separating them.

Kyoya was silent as Shion backed off.

“Goodnight Kyoya.”

Closing the door, Kyoya leaned against it and sighed. He felt… disappointed.

But before long, a yawn escaped him, and no matter what he felt, his body demanded rest.

*****

Thank you for reading! If you have any thoughts or observations, please let me know! I love hearing from you guys.

We've also hit 100,000 words for this story so far! There's only more to come! :D

End Notes

Mature rating starting at chapter 13.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!