Karmic Justice

by Sanjuno

Summary

A what if, of a what if...

What if the Vongola Tenth Generation were to be raised by Uchiha Madara and Senju Tobirama?

Well, for one thing they don't even bother with pretending to be nice people. For another, Madara is born into the Hibari family.

Yes. Madara. Also yes. Those Hibari.

Notes

I'm really off my nut with cold medication right now somebody take the computer away from me I have no idea what I'm doing.
It ends how it begins, with Madara on his back in the mud with Hashirama weeping over him. Indra and Asura’s ancient cycle of transmigration come to an end at last with Kaguya’s final defeat. Madara could *feel* the last sticky tendrils of Indra’s invasive presence leave his soul even as he died for the third and final time. For the first time in his entire existence, Madara’s chakra was his alone. Like sparks falling on dry tinder, Madara’s wrath built higher, and he burned his way free of Fate’s strangling tangle of threads with a burning will that would never die.

*Never again.* An irrefutable declaration. *I will never be controlled again.*

.../

Madara is reborn. A new world, a new clan, just as broken and bloodthirsty as the old. Still fractured by the division between those who were born with power and those born without. Between those who had the strength to make their own way, and those who were doomed to live the life of ignorant sheep. Madara’s brothers are there with him, and they are all that matters. They loved him enough to leave all that was familiar to them behind. They loved him enough to abandon their entire *world,* to leave the Pure Lands for messy, painful life once again. They loved him enough to follow Madara into rebirth. Madara can only return their devotion for devotion, and swear to never allow harm to come to them again. So Madara is content to live, and grow stronger, and occasionally seek entertaining diversions.

The former sons of Uchiha Tajima still have their sharingan, and so Madara devotes his time to teaching his little brothers the shinobi skills they had all died too young to master. Even Izuna had much to learn, despite how much he protested his own youth. Izuna may have outlived their younger brothers by nearly two decades, but Madara had outlived Izuna by far longer still. So Madara simply brought all the knowledge and skills that came with over one hundred years of life as a legendary shinobi and watched his (young, so very young) little brothers sputter in outrage as he trounced them easily.

Madara is (over one hundred and) thirteen when his Uncle comes home cursed. His wrath is a meteor strike, is a wildfire, is a volcano boiling the ocean to steam. Who *dared* to shackle a member of *his* Clan?

.../

“*THEY HAD NO RIGHT!*” Fon’s eldest nephew shrieked like an offended falcon, Sky Flames, *Wrath* Flames, exploding outward, and outward, and outward until the entire compound was layered in possession and rage and *Harmony.* Sliding off the Curse, the rebound harsh enough to make Fon physically flinch, and his clan’s new Sky’s eyes blazed sunset-bright with outrage. “You are *MINE!* That creature had no *RIGHT!*”

“Oh, nephew...” Fon will weep about this, later, when he has time to fully realize all the implications. For now, it is a mystery explained. Why his Storm, always so centered, never sought out a Sky. Why it had been so *easy* to hold the Eye of his focus after his elder sister had laid her firstborn son in Fon’s arms. Why Luce had included mention of Fon’s family in her too-little, too-late apology after the Fated Day. “Nephew, I’m *sorry.* I didn’t know.”

Madara snarled, his Wrath Flames screaming with the pain of a severed bond. Izuna stood at his
elder brother’s right elbow, teeth bared in a snarl and wreathed in deep indigo Mist Flames. Fon’s own Flames ached, a deep chill stemming from the Curse sunk into his Storm. Madara was still so young, and his brothers were younger still. Almost too young to wake such strong Sky Flames and stay sane, although there were still many risks they would need to watch for. Much too young to have already lost a Guardian Bond, for all that Fon still lived.

“I don’t care!” Madara choked, reached out with hands that shook, and Fon did not hesitate to climb into his grieving nephew’s arms. “I will free you, Uncle. I promise. The thing that did this to you will see me in its nightmares, until one day in the future it will wake to see me there, and know I am its doom.”

“So dramatic, nephew.” Fon stroked Madara’s messy bangs and patted the tears away with the cuff of his sleeve. “I do not know if I should be insulted, that you think I cannot avenge myself.”

Madara hissed in savage outrage, Izuna scoffing at his shoulder, and Fon resigned himself to being coddled by possessive, somewhat overprotective relatives for some time to come.

/.../

The Hibari are far too independent to have a singular Head, but Madara is their Sky now, and strong enough to hold them all in Harmony. Even should they find other Skies to bring into the Clan, they will have been Madara’s first. Hibari Skies are rare things, manifesting perhaps once every three generations at most. Far more common are the Storms, holding the Clan as their Eye. Less common than Storm are the Clouds, claiming the Clan as their Territory. Less common than Clouds are the Mists, wrapping the Clan in Shared Dreams. The other Flames pop up, from time to time, uncommon enough to be notable but as always, none are so rare as the Sky.

Fon has spent as much time at Madara’s side as he could, these past few decades. As much time as he can get away with, as much time as he can risk being out of sight. It would not do for the Mafia or the Triads to realize that the Storm Arcobaleno has a Sky. A Wrath Sky at that, a rare manifestation of the rarest Flame. A deeper fear, that Madara was strong enough to draw the attention of the Man in the Iron Hat, was one that Fon rarely allowed himself to dwell on.

Madara traveled constantly between Hibari Clan strongholds, relentless in his pursuit of the man who cursed his Uncle. Fon says nothing against it, although Madara knows what his uncle fears may happen, should Madara finally locate his prey. The Hibari Clan are united in their purpose, to hunt down the man who was so foolish as to Curse one of their own. They hunt him. They will find him. They will make him suffer for his hubris.

What Madara does not tell his Uncle, or any members of his new Clan except for his brothers, is that the taint the Curse leaves on their Uncle’s Flames is familiar. While the former Uchiha had still been children, still weakened and diminished from starting their lives over from the beginning, Madara had warned his brothers of Kaguya. Madara had cast a genjutsu so they could know, down to their marrow, the feel of insidious chakra that took and warped and twisted. Now the Pacifier that their Uncle was burdened with carried the same corrosive miasma with it. The Curse was leeching on their uncle’s chakra, dug into his very soul, his body forcibly altered by the infection. Just as the Zetsu once had been changed in their very essence by Kaguya’s control and the fruit of the God Tree.

There is another like the Rabbit Goddess, here in this new world. Another creature like Kaguya who sought to harm Madara’s Clan. Stealing their power, their strength, for some unknown end. Twisting lives and Fates to suit some malignant purpose. Madara would allow no harm to come to the world where his brothers lived. The creature could run from him, but Madara knew this game, intimately.
Even the immortal could be killed, if one tried hard enough, and Madara was very motivated to try.

Fon is busy in the Western Continent, drawing the Underworld’s attention away from his relatives, when Madara and his brothers arrive in Namimori. Dark eyes spin and ripple into crimson, glowing briefly as their senses sweep out.

“Oh.” Madara pauses, his attention caught by the town and what it held. “Now, those are some impressively strong illusions for such a small place.”

“Are we staying then, Aniki?” Izuna frowned, scanning the town again. There was more than one source of illusion, trying to hide things away from any who searched for them. Each one too strong to overlook but also strong enough to avoid accurate location. Without the sharingan and it’s ability to see through illusions they would have missed several of them entirely.

“I think so.” Folding his arms into his sleeves, Madara smirked. “Our cousin has been asking us to visit for some time, after all.”

Hibari Kyouya is seven years old when he meets the Alpha Carnivore. Mother introduced him as Cousin Madara, the pack following at his heels as more cousins, the Alpha’s younger brothers. Kyouya ignores them in favour of tracking the Alpha’s movements, fascinated by the strength he can feel lurking under the mask of sardonic amusement.

“Hmm, another fledgling Cloud.” The Alpha tilted his head, mane shifting to expose more of his face. “Well now, little cousin. That’s interesting…”

Power flowed from the Alpha, wild with raging fury yet calmly controlled with utter precision as it coiled around Kyouya. It was an assessment, and Kyouya sat up straighter under the force of it, glaring at the Alpha as his measure was taken. “Carnivore.”

“Little Hunter.” The Alpha bared his teeth, lazy despite the sharpness of his eyes. “You’re of my blood, nothing will change that. You have claim on another, though, and I would judge them worthy before you seek to bring them into the Clan, as is my right. Yet there is someone trying to interfere with that.”

“Intruders in my territory?” Ire sparked under Kyouya’s skin, despite the soothing nature of the Alpha’s spirit curling through the air like sweet smoke. Kyouya could feel the claim, now that the Alpha had pointed it out, stripped away the veil that hid the link from Kyouya. Soft, tenuous, a kitten with eyes still sealed. His. Kyouya growled. “I’ll bite them to death!”

“We’ll help you, little cousin!” The cheerful Mist carnivore grinned, leaning into the Alpha’s side. “More children for the Clan can only be a good thing, especially since you approve of them!”

They go hunting the next day, trying to track down those who Kyouya’s instincts had claimed. They find his Tetsu first, and easily. Understandable, since the Kusakabe have served the Hibari for several generations already. Kyouya preens, just a little, as the Alpha rumbles in approval. Of course his Tetsu is a good choice for a pack mate, but having the Alpha’s acceptance is good too.

It gets harder after that, and Kyouya focuses hard to find the signs marking the false trails the Alpha and his younger brothers mention. It is absence, it is lack. How do you miss something that
is not there? Slight of hand, a street magician’s trick. Look, nothing to see.

It is infuriating. Who dared to play these games in Kyoya’s territory?

They are carnivores. They are hunters. They are Hibari. They can be delayed, but they cannot be deterred. They find all the small animals in Kyoya’s territory, and Kyouya makes note of them, because they will be his responsibility when the Alpha leaves.

“Some of these traps are very old.” The Mist carnivore says, blue and indigo sparks trailing after the fingers he draws over the weathered wooden gate behind the sushi shop. “Many of them are Hibari work, too. No wonder they’re giving us so much trouble.”

The Alpha eyed his brother. “Can you untangle them?”

“Aniki, how rude of you to doubt me.” The Mist carnivore scoffed, shaking his head. “Of course I can untangle them.”

/…/

“That could pose a problem.” The Mist carnivore frowns as he watches the foreigners crowding the neighborhood where the last of Kyoya’s small animals is denned. “Those men are Italian Mafia. This town is a neutral zone, and belongs to our Clan besides. What are they doing here?”

“Good question, little brother.” The Alpha murmurs, eyes narrow as he glares down the street. “There are Skies here, but there is something… I don’t…”

Kyouya catches a single glimpse of warm amber Flame, has only a second to take in the Sky he had chosen to bring into his Clan, before that light is snuffed out. Smothered and locked away.

The Alpha has to hold Kyouya back, outrage and offense looping between them all, until the intruders leave.

/…/

Madara checks on the baby Sky his little cousin had found for the Clan more than once before he leaves. The baby Sky is hurt in a way that Madara finds all too chillingly familiar. There is another soul imposing it’s Will on the boy, smothering his Flame beneath the weight of it’s demands. A twisted version of Indra’s imprint, one meant to harm and stifle rather than forcibly teach and guide.

It is sickening. It leaves Madara raging impotently against the cruelty of humans. It was put there by the baby Sky’s own relatives.

The seal is blood-locked, and unless Madara can find a Sky that was both kin to the boy and willing to remove the seal there was nothing Madara could do. Only death could break it by force. The baby Sky might find death a kinder fate than the cruel half-life he was doomed to with his Flames Sealed, but Madara had long since lost his taste for dead children.

Perhaps their Uncle would have a better solution.

/…/

Masked as a Storm, his Sky hidden so far out of reach it felt like an undefined Secondary to even the most fine-tuned senses, Madara met with his Cursed uncle at a café in Mafia Land.
“I don’t know what to tell you, nephew.” Fon winced and shook his head. “Unless the one who laid the seal changes their mind…”

“They have repudiated him.” Madara’s laid his words down like shoji tiles, precise and calculating. “I do not know why. I do not care why. The boy was claimed by one of our Clan, was born and lived in our Territory. He is ours. I will not allow them the chance to do the child further harm.”

“Of course, nephew. I understand.” The curse may have severed their bond, but Fon will still follow where his Sky leads. “The child’s name?”

Madara looked away, watching Izuna flirt with the bartender. “Sawada Tsunayoshi.”

“Ah.” Fon winced. “That does explain some things. The Vongola have never lacked for Skies, and so they are far more careless with them than most.”

“Nevertheless.” Madara sipped his tea. “You will keep their agents out of Namimori.”

“I will see to it, nephew.” Fon turned his cup in his hands thoughtfully. “What do you intend to do now? Unless you have some way to bring the child back to life…”

“Clinical death would not work, since our Flames need to linger for resuscitation to be possible and that would not dissolve the seal.” With a sigh, Madara pushed his hair back. “I will look to the Clan Histories first, to see if there is a possible solution there. Otherwise I may end up resorting to kidnapping.”

“Nephew.” Fon felt a bit faint as he considered the repercussions of that. “Please do not declare war on the Vongola.”

“Nonsense, Uncle.” Sniffing, Madara lifted his chin in an expression of pure distain. “They are the ones who started it.”

/…/

They ran out of time.

Madara knew that the boy would have a difficult time interacting with people with his Flames sealed, but he had not expected this. They had been reborn into a world that was soft, mostly populated as it was by weak civilians. Madara had allowed himself to forget the bloodthirsty nature of humanity. Despite all the lies civilized society liked to tell, humans are by their nature predators, and predators will always target the weak.

Kyouya’s eyes are hollow, a little too wide to be perfectly composed. His little cousin is holding on to his control with his fingernails, and the slightest thing would send the child into a rage. “The herd rejected him.”

Madara forced himself to breathe. The tiny body in the morgue, stiff and cold and marked by violent death… it hits far too close to home. “I want them to suffer.”

Behind him, his younger brothers shift, exchanging looks that speak entire volumes. “Aniki?”

“The filth who did this, everyone who laid a hand on him, everyone who stood by and let this happen. I want them to suffer.” Madara deliberately relaxed his fingers, one by one. “Let them live this child’s nightmare for the rest of their lives.”

Grim understanding cast shadows in Izuna’s eyes as he bowed. “By your will.”
Madara had not been alive for more than one hundred and twenty five years to let death be anything more than a temporary setback to his plans.

They stole the little Sky’s body before it could be identified by the mother, replacing it with an earth clone layered with illusions. Madara glared at the body, the glow of his rinnegan casting strange shadows on his face. The child’s soul was long gone, fleeing the shell that was more a prison than a home for his spirit without hesitation or lingering. Yet another crime of the seal.

Although, speaking of seals…

Kyouya was silent as Madara stuck the sutra to the walls of the small room at the back of the shrine. The fuinjutsu flickered to life, locking everything into stasis. Madara looked down at his little cousin. “Do not allow anyone into the room.”

“Hn.” Kyouya’s eyes narrowed, and his tonfa dropped down into his hands.

Madara had wanted to keep ignoring it. He had an entire Clan to play Sky for, a single connection should not be so distracting.

It was galling, that Madara had to resort to this.

(His uncle’s curse was not the first time Madara had felt a bond break. There had been another, a lifetime ago. A fragile, tenuous thing growing through the cracks between Indra’s Imprint to reach out to Madara’s Sky. A bond that snapped under the weight of war, after a betrayal that should have been expected, that was no real betrayal at all. A bond torn away in a single flash of sword and a brother’s blood, leaving behind only the taste of ash in half-remembered dreams and bitter self-loathing that he clung to even that much of what had never been.)

Bonds are curious things, stubborn and greedy. The soul cares little for logic, and Madara had been ignoring his own desires for years (for decades.) He was exceedingly good at it by now. Especially when he had a justified vendetta to distract himself with.

Only now… Madara frowned, standing outside his destination as he sorted his thoughts. Reincarnation was supposed to be a fresh start. Perhaps Madara could entertain the thought of letting go of old grudges, depending on how this meeting went.

“Tobirama.” The white haired man cursed, spinning away from his laptop to lunge for a weapon that no longer existed. Madara grinned, letting his Harmonization with the ambient chakra fade away, and had the distinct pleasure of seeing utter shock distort his target’s usually composed features. Before the other man could say a word, Madara stepped forward, empty hands held out in entreaty. “I need your help saving a child’s life.”

“… Madara-sama?” His cousin looked weary, Madara noted with a frown. “Is this…”

“Sasagawa-sensei will be staying with us for a time, Meiran.” Reaching out, Madara let their Flames mingle and was gratified to see his cousin’s colour improve. “Would you be kind enough to see to have a room made up, itoko?”

“Oh course.” With a glance at Tobirama, his cousin bowed and gracefully retreated. Madara could
only hope his plan would work. His cousin did not deserve going through all this stress for nothing. It was hard for any mother to watch a child suffer, and there was nothing quite so painful as the severance of a soulbond. Kyouya and Meiran had been hit hardest by the situation, bar the little Sky Madara sought to save. Yet another injury done to his Clan by the Vongola’s arrogance.

Madara would have to take the time to think of a suitable vengeance to serve in his baby cousin’s name.

Tobirama said nothing as he followed in Madara’s wake, red eyes wary as they passed over the few Hibari that came into sight. Izuna lounged carelessly on a nearby rooftop, alert but relaxed despite his old enemy’s arrival. Kyouya looked up from his guard position in front of the sealed door, face pinched. “Go to Izuna, little hunter. Ensure there are no interruptions.”

Stiffly, Kyouya nodded, growled at Tobirama in warning, and then stalked away.

“Charming.” Tobirama’s face was still as he watched Madara remove the stasis seals. “You still have the rinnegan.”

“I do.” Madara acknowledged simply.

Tobirama’s brow twitched. Smoothed out. “Why did you call on me, in that case?”

“The rinnegan is a force of nature, able to return departed souls to their bodies. A legendary power that can bring the dead back to true life.” Madara keeps his voice quiet, stepping forward into the room to look down on the baby Sky he had failed to save. “But this child’s soul was so wounded by what had been done before his death that it fled this world within moments. There was nothing for the Rinnegan to grasp. I need a power that is… unnatural.”

“You need the Edo Tensei to… call back his soul?” Tobirama blinked, turning that thought over. “And after? Edo Tensei cannot grant true life.”

“But the Rinnegan can.” Madara met Tobirama’s deadpan stare with his own. “I just need his soul back on this plane, Tobirama. The rest I can handle myself.”

Tobirama looked down at the body of a child, younger even than Kawarama had been, and wondered what had driven his soul to flee his body too fast for the Rinnegan to catch. Perhaps Tobirama would linger, after the task was done. Simply to ensure there was no further need for his intervention. Reaching for the scroll that held the sacrifice Madara had so thoughtfully provided, Tobirama inclined his head. “Very well, let us proceed.”

/…/

Tsunayoshi wakes up crying, terrified. Sky Flames burning at the bindings of the Edo Tensei, but Madara is there instantly, Rinnegan flaring as the world is rearranged, the dead returned to life. A hiccup escapes Tsunayoshi as Madara lifts the child into his arms. Sky Flame coaxing against Sky Flame, and Tsunayoshi is surprised out of his tears when he seeks comfort from Madara and is not rejected.

“Hush now, little one, hush.” Madara rocked gently in place as the boy clung to his robes. “All is well, you’ll see. We won’t let them have you again.”

Tobirama reaches out, trailing healing sunlight and soothing rain over the child’s skin. Tsunayoshi calms at last, blinking away the last of his tears even as Madara raises his chin to stare Tobirama down.
“Who did this to him?” Tobirama’s tone is even, almost idle.

Madara knows better than to take it at face value. Nothing enrages Tobirama quite so much as harm done to a child. “His father allowed the seal.”

“I see.” Tobirama pulled his hands back before they could clench into fists. “Is he still here?”

“No.” Madara laughs, cruel and pleased with the first blow of his planned vengeance. “They left him crippled, and it killed him. They left him to die, and we saved his life. He’s mine, now.”

“Hm.” Tobirama’s eyes linger on the child’s face, on hair the same shade as Kawarama’s and sleepy golden brown eyes that echoed those of Hashirama’s grandchildren, before raising his gaze to look fearlessly into Madara’s own shifting eyes. “… Would you object to my presence here?”

Madara looked away, jaw tight and skin flushing red. “… Stay if you like.”

Before Tobirama can respond, Madara is heading for the door. “Ah, Madara…”

“We should let Kyouya know that you’re awake, Tsunayoshi.” Madara does not pause in his stride as Tobirama catches up. “He stayed with you the whole time you were asleep, you know…”

/…/

There was a bit of a scandal, when the news came out. Sawada Nana loses custody of her son to the Hibari family due to reasons that are never quite explained in full. Several families with school-aged children suffer a series of accidents, and move away without warning.

A new professor joins the physics department at the University, a relative of the Sasagawa family. He is harsh, but fair, and an excellent instructor. It is soon a common sight to see him with his niece Kyoko and nephew Ryohei on their way to the Hibari compound for a play-date.

Tsuna loves spending time with Kyoko and Ryohei. Kyouya suffers the chatter of small animals, but they are his Territory, and so he only bites them a little. Luckily, Ryohei loves sparring with Kyouya, so things stay amicable.

Madara is still out hunting for the Man in the Iron Hat, but finds he has settled into Namimori as his home base. Tobirama is unable to help himself and once again collects a gaggle of children, only this time he uses Tsuna as bait. Izuna has had more than twenty years to get over his death at Tobirama’s hands, and within a few weeks their past clashes are something of a running joke within their private circle.

No one asks about Tobirama’s brothers, because it is obvious that Kawarama, at least, remembers nothing. Izuna had even flashed his sharingan at the man when dropping Ryohei off after training one night, but even that stirred no recollection in the former Senju.

“My penance, for creating the Edo Tensei.” Tobirama said the one and only time they asked why he was the only Senju to retain his memory. Madara swiftly put an end to the questioning, remembering all too well the emptiness of the apartment he had ambushed Tobirama in.

/…/

Less than ten years later Reborn will arrive in Namimori to train the last Vongola Heir, only to find that there is very little left for him to teach.

Tsuna will smile at the hitman who is cursed the same way Kyouya’s great-uncle is cursed. At the
man who is not Vongola and only hired by them on a contract. Tsuna will smile and he will welcome the chaos Reborn brings with serene detachment.

Reborn eyes his new student warily, sensing that something is amiss behind that gentle smile.

Gokudera Hayato the Smoking Bomb is snapped up within seconds of entering Namimori Middle’s schoolyard. Tsuna unable to even let Hayato start talking before they are circling into Courtship. The Hurricane and the All Encompassing Sky are both Flame Drunk and high on Bonding by the time they reach the privacy of the school roof. Their Cloud stays out of range on the secondary level of the roof to keep a sharp eye out for interlopers, while the rest of Tsuna’s Harmony lounges around the edges to bask in the spillover from the Bonding. They are all excited to meet the new member of the Clan, but they are polite enough not to intrude on the new Guardian’s first moments with the Sky.

Lambo Bovino does not even make it beyond the property line of the Hibari Compound before he is caught, declared adorably precocious, and claimed by a disturbingly gleeful Kusakabe. The cow-child learned quickly with a dedicated teacher. Reborn was only a little put out by the idea that he would soon need to put actual effort into appearing untouched by the numerous assassination attempts.

The incident with Rokudo Mukuro is treated like a game, one that ends with Tsuna hugging a rather confused looking spree killer to his chest and pouting at the Vindice.

Pouting. At the Vindice.

Gokudera is draped over a rather smug looking Hibari, purring something no doubt disturbing and violent into the Cloud’s ear. Bianchi is close enough to overhear, and the gleeful look on her face is unsettling on many levels. The Sasagawa boy and Yamamoto had both snagged a minion or two each and have deftly avoided being snagged by the chains. Or letting their respective catches get snagged by chains at that.

“This is Hibari Territory.” Reborn’s confusing little student says without any appearance of fear. “Talk to Hibari-sama.”

After several rounds of insisting that arrests, captures, and relocations can only happen with Hibari-sama’s say-so, the Vindice grudgingly follow the kids home to the Hibari compound. Bianchi is carrying Fuuta, and Shamal was easily bullied into transporting the girl minion. Lancia is well enough to stagger along under his own power, eyeing the put out Vindice warily and watching Tsuna snuggle Mukuro incredulously.

Reborn is left wondering when he lost control of the situation.

/…/

Ah.

So, as it turns out, Tsuna’s ‘Hibari-sama’ is a Wrath Sky with reserves large enough the make Xanxus della Varia think twice about attacking.

That would have been nice to know about before taking this contract.

/…/

Reborn’s bad feeling was correct, by the way. Not that it matters much, after all is said and done. He just wants it known that he knew Tsuna was scheming something.
Of course, no one was expecting the Ring Battles to get cancelled by dint of Tsuna using a Gunbai to take off Sawada Iemitsu’s head and then explode the Gola Mosca with the Timoteo di Vongola still inside. Except for maybe the boy’s Guardians, the assorted minions of those Guardians, and the entire extended Hibari Clan including the Storm Arcobaleno Fon.

Alright, so perhaps there were a lot of people expecting that outcome.

The Varia were surprised though! Especially when Tsuna apologized very nicely for stealing Xanxus’ kill and then offered to abdicate in Xanxus’ favour as a sign of sincerity.

“All right though, I don’t know why they expected me to do any different.” Tsuna mused as he wiped the blood off his weapon. “They did seal my Flames away and leave me to die a slow death by neglect and isolation, after all.”

Xanxus blinked at the fluffy Sky that had just one-two-shot the assholes who had caused him so much pain and anguish and started cackling. “You know what, trash? I think I actually like you.”

Dino and the CEDEF agents who had accompanied Iemitsu were having nervous breakdowns in the stands while the Cervello tried to figure out if Tsuna had broken any of the Rules.

Entirely done with the Vongola’s bullshit, Tsuna ignored the gibbering audience and invited the Varia over for tea.

After all, Tsuna’s parents had raised him right, and new allies deserved good tea and hospitality.

/==

End Notes

I have no idea where this came from I just hope it still reads properly when I'm not halfway knocked out with NyQuil.

Also at some point Madara is going to find Kawahira’s shop and the explosions are glorious

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!