Game Over and Over Again

by Writing_Frenzy

Summary

Doing something over and over again can wear anyone down. Gamer!Tsuna
Warnings: (Some dark times shadowing ahead.)
Mentions of mental health issues, bullying, kidnapping, killing, paranoia, possessiveness,
near death experience, slight madness, violence, talks of bribing, blood shed,
experimentation, twisted mind sets, and loss of body parts.

Notes

Hey there, I'm on AO3! Don't own KHR and never will.
*looks at least of warnings* ... Okay then, moving right along.
To any of the Tumblr users who have already read this, hope you enjoy reading it here too!
To new readers, hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes.
At first, he could admit to being confused about main protagonists in RPGs.

After all, there stats are not only low after being alive for so long (You’d think if they managed to get into middle/high school they’d have some intelligence). They practically never talk, as if they spent their life basically mute and friendless before the story happens. And don’t mention anything dealing with social skills, the are nonexistent.

But then again, it’s just a game, so it doesn’t have to make sense. And if you screw up, you can start over.

And over.

And over once again.

Until you get tired of it or an even better game comes out.

Main protagonists don’t confuse him like they once did.

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First Character: Nana- Before Start

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Sawada Nana hummed to herself as she cooked breakfast, thoughts of the shopping she would do later on her mind as she did. After all, she had growing twin boys to feed, and heavens knew that her youngest could eat a person out of house and home.

Yoshimune was rather similar to his father in many ways, his appetite just one of the examples.

Though her eldest son still worried her with his portions; if she didn’t remind him to eat, the quiet child would probably forget that there was food on his plate.

Her cheerful humming changing into a worried hmm, the house wife slightly frowned when she thought of her eldest son.

Tsunayoshi was ever so confusing to the young mother.

He wasn’t a trouble maker or anything, never acting out like Yo-kun did when in a certain phase. In fact, her little Tsuna helped around the house with chores, even assisting Nana in the kitchen. And his grades at school were fine, even better then his brother, do to the fact at least Tsu-kun was average in his classes. He had even joined a club at his elementary, a Gamer’s Club or something.

No, what confused the brunette was that her son never seem to show an ounce of emotion on his face.

Or, there was the rare times she would see a slight warmth in his eyes, maybe a flash of sadness here and there. But it was always gone so fast, replace by an exhaustion that honestly worried Nana.

"Kaa-san, the eggs are starting to brown." a soft voice announced, neatly breaking Nana from her thoughts and hurrying to save the food.
Crises and empty stomachs averted, Brown eyes met a matching pair in that of her oldest son’s, though his more tired then her own.

"Ah, thank you, Tsu-kun! Do you think you can set the table for me now?" Nana asked, watching as her baby nodded, his seven year old face far too serious as he went about the task given to him.

(Really, she wondered sometimes where he learned to fold the napkins into little origami animals.)

"COOL! Nii-san made me a tiger this time! Thank you Tsuna-nii!" Nana couldn’t help but blink when she saw her youngest at the table already, oo-ing and ah-ing at his napkin. She really was lost in her head if she hadn’t heard her normally loud son enter the room.

Once the three were at the table eating, Nana’s took in her twins. Really, despite how identical they look with some minor differences, they couldn’t be more different in personality.

Tsuna, inheriting her brown hair (though his was much fluffier) and eyes, was quiet, reserved, helpful, and calm even when other would be crying or screaming.

Then there was Yoshi, his hair highlighted naturally with blond (as well as much neater) and hazel eyes, was loud, open, childish, gleeful, and prone to a tantrum here and there. He enjoyed playing Volleyball with friends, complained whenever Nana asked for him to clean his room, and his grades were barely passing.

Taking in her two children finishing their meal, their mother could only wish the best for them.

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After all, doing something over and over again can wear anyone down.

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Chapter Summary

After all, Life could be described as a series of events.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Another confusing aspect of games; Events.*

In RPG games, you can raise stats, attributes, skills, and social bonds all in one go, even level up if you are particularly lucky. Even a chance of opening a romance route can be achieved through this once simple event that took place.

Of course, in real life, events may happen, but all those things that gained a level still need effort, time, and commitment to stay as strong as they have been.

Because, unlike in a game, all can be lost so easy, whether through laziness, apathy, or even saying/doing the wrong thing.

*Then again, if one looks at the world a certain way, Life itself could be considered a game.*

Second Character: Kyoya - Before Start

An eight-year old Hibari Kyoya, bullied victim, contemplated his life and facts. He was considered freaky by all his classmates due to his stronger than average strength and lacking social skills. He also had an even harder time at school when it got out that his mother was ‘sick in the head’ and had to go to a ‘special place’ because of that. And with his father so busy with work, he really didn’t have anyone who he could turn to for help.

Naturally, other children thought that if his mommy was ill, then Kyoya was too. And what if the ‘Head Sickness’ was contagious?

It has been said many times, and in many ways, but the saying ‘Children can be cruel’ is ever so true. He knew it first hand.

"Hey, don’t get to close to him. You could get sick."

"I don’t want to catch what he has."

"We’ll be sent to the bad place if we play with him."

And so isolation is created. And what better target than a isolated one.

"You shouldn’t be here with your head germs!"
"Ewww, you’re so gross. Gross things don’t need money."

"Hey, you should join they other sick people, where you belong!"

And so pain, loneliness, and misery combine in one little steely eyed child.

These are the only things Kyoya know. (Though he did have few memories of happiness, before his mother got sick, faded as they were.)

Until he came into his life.

Kyoya had ran to the park, his newest copy of World-Wide Graphics in hand. The young boy had gotten hooked on the magazine in the waiting rooms at the place his mother now lived. Needless to say, the animals and pretty pictures fascinated the young boy. It was also something he shared with his mother, who would gleefully announce that her and her son were Carnivores, top of the food chain.

(Soon after that Kyoya had to leave the room, as his mother had an ‘episode’, whatever that was.)

The little boy was just reading when the magazine was ripped out of his hands. Looking up showed his tormentors, ugly looks on their faces.

"Who would let you buy something like this?" Bully 1 said, a scowl on his face.

"Yeah, why should you have such a nice thing? Gross people shouldn’t get good stuff." Bully 2 announced, like this was a fact for the universe.

"But now it’s gross too, with you touching it. And where does gross stuff belong?" Bully 3, and the one holding the zine, said with a cruel twist to his lips.

Kyoya went to grab it, only to be pushed back by B1 and 2 as 3 started to rip the magazine.

"In the tras-"

"You are being annoying." a deceptively soft voice stated, the venom in the tone like a caress before it squeezes. It works nicely in stopping all activity for the four boys.

Turning to the source, the raven takes in a rather fluffy-haired, brown eyed boy, looking a lot younger then him and his classmates.

Despite the cuteness, the steel-eyed boy does not relax like the others.

It’s obvious this boy is deadly.

"What’d you say-" Bully 2 tries before…


…he is ruthlessly shut off.

Kyoya feels it hard to breath, like a pressure is on his chest.

(Years later he learn that this is called bloodlust.)

He still takes the chance to get his zine back. His bullies don’t even realize, all panting like they can’t breath too deep.
“Good. Now leave.” The bullies most happily do.

Kyoya watches the brunet, who stops looking deadly and goes to a much more docile state, then crawls atop the bench he sat on to read his book.

When the can’t-breath-feeling doesn’t come back, Kyoya sits back on the bench, leaving a good amount of space between them as he goes back to his magazine. Though he doesn’t read it, his thoughts on the boy next to him too much of a distraction.

'So,' Kyoya though as he gave the boy a sideways look, 'this is a true carnivore.'

(It was only years later that the Prefect would realize his incorrect categorization. After all, Carnivores still needed to co-exist with others.

Poisons, on the other hand, had no need to do so. It was only lucky that it was the actions of others that brought them into play. Otherwise they were happy living untouched or unused, their deadliness unknown until they were upset.)

Kyoya can’t help but want to know more about the boy reading next to him.

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After all, Life could be described as a series of events.

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Chapter End Notes

So, this is me messing with the Hibari family. Really, it’s fun coming up with possible back stories.

Note: World-Wide Graphic is a spend-off name for National Geographic. I’m going to have fun with this story.
Chapter Summary

Why others think starting a game is so easy is another thing that slightly bewilders him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Why others think starting a game is so easy is another thing that slightly bewilders him.

Oh, sure, all you think you need to do is press the start button and you’re golden. And okay, you might get bored a bit due to a slow beginning or an avalanche of information at the beginning, but it’s not like it’s any big deal, right?

Wrong. Oh so very wrong.

Starting a game is a difficult choice, followed by commitment.

Third Character: Reborn- Start

The World’s Greatest Hitman was currently plotting mass murder. First to go would be the Vongola Information network, then the Bodyguards the idiotic CEDEF head hired, then that idiot last.

Why was the twelve-year old looking hitman thinking about murdering high class mafia members?

Because if there is one thing Reborn hates the most, it’s going into a situation blind. And when the soon to be tutor entered town, he did not only go in blind, he went in gagged, deaf, and bound.

If this had been for a target, he would already be the ashes to fertilize their garden.

Oh, he had been provided with information, profiles for his students, the mother, and even anyone of notice, particularly a Hibari who could make good guardian material. He was even provided with a contact, someone who could inform him of the situation who had first-hand experience.

The coal-eyed preteen couldn’t help but give a grim smile, remembering the long since burned and mostly false info.

He had been given a set of twins to train, a Sawada Tsunayoshi and Yoshimune, the older twin being better in academics while the younger better in sports, notably Volleyball.

The eldest was said to be shy, quiet, average in his grades, and didn’t have many friends. Most notable feature was his famous poker face. He was also the less favored to be the Decimo, due to his known delicate state and cute looks. Who would take him seriously, after all?

The younger on the other hand was easily excitable, loud, childish, athletic, barely passing with low C’s, and prone to bad puns. His most notable feature was his early manifestation of flames, which
had been sealed by the Nono. He was favored for the position for that reason, as well as being the stronger twin.

And on it went, the profiles describing the boys, with some personal notes made by Iemitsu, discussing other weaknesses and strengths.

Just the thought of those papers made Reborn wish he could tear at them again. The information in them that was true was few and far between.

At first, when Reborn arrived, he had decided to scout around and check the area before calling the contact.

(That was the decision that ultimately saved him and his dignity.)

What first tipped him about his situation was the bodyguards.

Wait, let him rephrase that; the complete lack of bodyguards was what tipped him off.

In all, what was suppose to be a team of highly trained professionals was only one or two green recruits, who tended to take breaks in their watching. Reborn had ended up watching the guards all day, seeing if they would do anything if their charges were threaten.

Reborn watched in aghast as an obvious pedophile approached the twins, attempting to lure them away as they walked home from school.

Reborn was a minute from storming the scene then and there, observation damned, when Tsunayoshi (judging by his poker face) kicked the man where the sun didn’t shine and hopefully never would again. Watching blankly as the eldest called someone on his cell, the hitman watched as a group of delinquent-looking teens dragged the man away. And all the while this was happening, the guard was listening to his music, reading his mag with a dirty leer on his face.

The raven nearly saw only red.

As it was, the ex-Arcobaleno decided to regard this as a mission. Objectives: Find out what the hell was going on and make sure the kids stay alive.

It had been three days since then, and only now did Reborn have a slightly fuller view of what was going on.

The contact was not only a fucking spy, they were also being heavily bribed to send edited reports and look the other way when ever an assassination attempt happened.

And apparently, this went as far as bribing the bodyguards as well to not do their job.

Needless to say, Reborn took great enjoyment in wringing out all details from the traitor.

Though while all the information he had was considered questionable, the Sun flames user did find out some interesting information.

Apparently, all assassins that went after the boys were sent to the hospital, injuries critical, before being taken into custody by the Disciplinary Committee.

Remembering the scene from earlier, Reborn decided to watch the boys with an open mind.

(It was again another decision that saved him from a lot of headaches.)
After watching both twins the whole day, Reborn was able to make new profiles.

Sawada Yoshimune was not only an athletic, passionate individual, he was also serious when the situation calls for it, and had a brother complex the size of Russia. He was also prone to telling jokes when nervous, tended to be shy around girls, and had an appetite that would rival his father’s. While a good candidate for boss, it would take polish and commitment to make him really shine.

Sawada Tsunayoshi on the other hand…

…

He honestly reminded Reborn of a trained, elite assassin.

The boy, while reserved and quiet, carried a natural calm that could carry one easily through crisis. He moved with the grace known to dancers and not as known infamous assassins who focus on speed. Not to mention his charisma could be a weapon of it’s own. While both twins had it, Tsunayoshi carried it to an even greater degree, where even the Hibari that was mentioned even looked pleased to be assisting him.

And Hibari’s were rarely pleased. (Reborn himself had never seen one content before.)

So, while Reborn wished he had this information earlier, as well as a few more day to observe, he had to go back to his original mission.

(Now, more then ever, did the ex-Arcobaleno wish he could get a drink, something strong preferably.

He felt he would need it.)

"Chaos. I am Reborn, the home tutor."

Starring into two pairs of surprised eyes and one pair not bothered yet interested, Reborn steeled himself.

This would definitely be quite the mission.

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After all, pressing start is a beginning to an ending; good or bad is up to you.

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Chapter End Notes

Reborn character is hard to pin down. Hope I did okay.

Note: Yes, the curse is broken, How? You’ll have to wait and see.
Something else that is interesting and confusing about games is a term know as ‘grinding’.

Spending hours doing something over and over again to raise your stats is boring, no matter what anyone say. And yet, it is always done by those dedicated (or desperate/bored enough) few, just to be strong enough for what happens next.

Fourth Character: Yoshimune- Beginning of Daily Life

As Sawada Yoshimune lied panting on the ground, he couldn’t decide if he hated his new tutor or not.

On one hand, he was the sadistic demon child from hell. Probably sent to torture and maim him in the worse possible ways before dragging him down.

On the other hand, he was also helping him get stronger. And usually, anything that helped him get stronger was good in his books.

Except that the training methods were out of a masochist’s wet dream.

So yeah, he was having a bit of a conundrum. Because the methods were working, even if they were torture, he could feel the difference.

So maybe soon, soon he would no longer be a liability, but a strength to his brother.

Clenching his fists, Yoshi bit his lips to prevent a pained groan from escaping, least he draw the hitman’s attention, as he thought about why he was doing this.

The Hitman had told them the real reason he was here, to see which of them would become the next Clam Boss. (No matter what anyone said, he was going to stick with the name… Though he wasn’t going to mention it around Reborn.) That he would be the judge of who would be the next to lead the Clam Family, as they were the only ones with the blood to do so.

At first, the younger twin felt numb; Mafia Families? Last Resorts? Father wasn’t eligible due to being head of another branch?

It was that last part that broke through the numbness with sheer rage.
It had gotten to a point where his brother had to drag him from the room, least he make an even worst impression on the tutor.

(Then again, when he had reentered the room again and had apologized for his behavior, the kid with eyes of an adult merely looked understanding.)

But it was so hard to calm down. After all, it was because of their father that he was paranoid of kind strangers, couldn’t completely trust his teachers, had to worry about his classmates motives, and even check his food for poison when it wasn’t made by his mother.

(Not to mention the sleepless nights where he would sneak into his brother’s room if he wanted to even think of dreaming sweetly.)

Because of Sawada Iemitsu, his brother had gained so many scars protecting him and mom, doing his best to ensure they would never find out.

It was because of that man that he had to see his own kind brother kill to protect him and their mother from assassins.

It was because of their utter bastard of a father that Yoshimune couldn’t even lessen the burden on his brother’s shoulders.

Sure, his brother had taught him self-defense and was even helping him in his studies, but it wasn’t enough. Apparently, Yoshi and his brother didn’t have the same fighting style, which put a block on what Tsuna could teach him. And the brunette blond would admit that while he loved his brother more then most siblings usually did, he didn’t want to constantly rely on him. He wanted them to be a team after all.

And their father being a naive idiot was not helping him achieve that goal.

Sure, it would be nice to be as non-involved in the mafia as possible, but it was as naive thought. Yoshi, as long as he could remember knew that their were people after his family to do bad things to them.

And it was only due to Tsuna that they were still breathing.

Oh, sure, he didn’t have the full picture until he was nine, when he had almost been kidnapped. That was an experience that still haunted him to this day, a reminder of it burned on his left hip in the shape of a little hand.

It was also proof that he was alive only due to his brother’s determination and strength.

(He could only hope that one day, he would have half as beautiful flames as his brother did.)

"Yoshi-kun, do you want some water?" a most familiar and welcomed voice asked.

"AH! Is that the voice of angels I hear? Have I finally been freed from hell?" Yoshimune exclaimed, somehow finding the energy to sit up and behold his rather blank faced ‘angel’.

"Not quite." Yes! There was amusement in that tone. Score for the (Self-Proclaimed) Joke-Master.

Feeling rather proud of himself, said ‘Joke-Master’ took a water bottle from his ‘angel’.

"Kuudere-Tsuna, did you finish your laps?" And so speak the tongue of the devil.

"Hai, Reborn-san, is there another training method you wish to introduce?" Tsuna asked, his face
showing not an ounce of exhaustion.

(Really, why people keep thinking Yoshimune is the stronger twin confuses the crap out of him. Has no one honestly seen Tsuna and Hibari-san go at it in their spars?)

"… No, that is enough for today." The coal-eyed demon says, the emotion in his eyes leaving too fast for the younger twin to read it.

Though for some reason, his instincts are now screaming for him to drag his brother as far away from the hitman as possible.

(Weird, they used to only act up around Hibari-san when he gets that glint in his eyes after a hard spar with Tsuna.)

"As for you, Baka-Yoshi," speaks that which is evil, his little minion turning into a hammer, "Since you have not finished your laps, you get a remedial lesson."

Gulping, the hazel-eyed twin reminds himself this all to get stronger, for himself, his friends, his mother-

"Good luck, Yoshi-kun. I’ll join you when I can."

And definitely for his brother.

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Because preparation can mean the deference between victory and defeat.

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Chapter End Notes

I can’t help but like my OC, with his bad jokes and complex.

Note: Yeah, Yoshimune does not like his father one bit. On the other hand, he has an extreme hero-worship for his brother.

Hope you all like this! (Sorry for any typos.)
FiC- Hayato

Chapter Summary

Because, it shows exactly where what you choose can take you.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

An aspect of games that he also finds confounding is the choices.

Namely, how limited they are. Life is just filled with decisions, reactions, and possibilities, how could a game attempt to only try to replicate it with only three or four choices at most?

Then again, it’s only a game after all; one shouldn’t expect too much from it.

Besides, at least games actually show just how important choices are.

Fifth Character: Hayato- Beginning of Daily Life

Like most in the Mafia, Gokudera Hayato had heard the rumors about the possible Vongola Heirs. How that they were simple civilians who wouldn’t know the difference from murder to a hit.

How they were weak and childish, probably waited on hand and feet with their father’s money padding the way.

And how they had a legendary team of bodyguards who protected them from any and all harm, no assassin able to break through it.

There were tons more floating around, from that the heirs were secretly models, to that the older twin actually wasn’t human, but a demon summoned by the heir’s mother to protect her baby from her husband’s work.

(The silver haired boy would never admit that this was one of the factors (besides that Reborn himself asked him) that had him leave Italy for Japan so fast. After all, this might be the best and safest time to have an interaction with the supernatural!)

So when Reborn had called him, wanting him to observe and evaluate the heirs in any way he saw fit, the delinquent genius did have some expectations and thoughts on the two siblings.

But by the end of his Observation, Hayato had to scrap all preconceived notions and trash them.

Because rumors had nothing on these twins.

The silver-haired teen had been stunned by the younger twin’s paranoia, which only seasoned higher ups usually carry due to years of survival from various odds. It was all in how he moved, how he
spoke, how he acted, each one used as a weapon to smoke out any dishonestly, find any knives hidden by the backstabber, and work out potential betayers.

(The only ones who seemed to pass through were the elder twin, mother, and some oblivious looking idiot who might have some skill as a hitman. He wouldn’t bet on it though.)

Sawada Yoshimune had his respect, especially when he defended that girl from the blatant chauvinist, basically telling him that girls were people too. And yes, they had feelings, but unlike men they actually understood them.

(Those were the last words that Yoshimune had finished his speech with, getting a few laughs out of everyone, mostly the girls.)

Then there was the Volleyball game, which had been the perfect chance to see the brunet blond’s skill, leadership, strength, and teamwork.

His respect had only risen higher after that.

Though he may have gotten carried away when he challenged the teen to a fight.

And maybe he shouldn’t have tried the triple bomb when he wasn’t ready.

Though it turned out all right, Sawada defusing all of his dynamite with his dying will.

That the boy didn’t want to hurt him or beat him, even when they were fighting each other in such high stakes, showed how compassionate the guy was.

Hayato wanted to protect that kindness. Especially from his world.

But even with all that he had learned about Sawada-sama, he hadn’t learned a thing about his brother.

Because, apparently he had left town the day before Hayato came.

"Hmm? Oh, yeah, Tsuna-nii had an important meeting to go to. It happens time to time, though usually he has Hibari-san stay just in case." Sawada-sama explained, yawning. (He was not a morning person.)

"In case?" Hayato asked, wondering if his boss would elaborate.

"Yeah, in case of any threats. Then again, with Reborn here and all, he probably figured adding Hibari-san would be overkill. Though I hope he gets back soon, doesn’t feel sa-me." The bomber narrowed his eyes at the save.

Safe. The hazel-eyed boy was about to say safe.

From the few things the delinquent dressed boy had learned second hand, Hayato wondered if the older twin wasn’t so much a demon as he was a protective spirit.

(In time, the Storm Flame user would learn that Sawada Tsunayoshi could be both.)

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*Because, it shows exactly where what you choose can take you.*

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Note: Yeah, Gokudera calls Yoshimune Sawada-sama. Why? Because it’s not a for sure thing who is the one who is going to be the boss. That and some mafia etiquette or something.

Yay, Yoshi now has a minion.
Now Bonds, simple yet complexly confusing in their own right, are at least a little easier to understand.

A little bit. Though not as much.

They tell you who is your friends, how strong your friendship is, even if a romantic option is open for you.

Life is sadly not as forward; miss-communication is a thing, a terrible one at that.

Sixth Character: Takeshi- Beginning of Daily Life

Yamamoto Takeshi laughed, dodging another of Gokudera’s fireworks. It was so much fun watching the silver hair teen explode at him, the baseball player just had to do it more.

(And if it stopped the boy from hogging all of Yoshi-kun’s attention… Well, he would just keep that to himself.)

"Come on guys, not in the street! I can’t afford to pay for property damage." Yoshimune said with what looked like literal tears of frustration rolling down his cheeks.

"Anything you say, Sawada-sama!" The amber eyed boy blinked, rubbing his eyes at the 360 change in demeanor. (Did he just see dog ears and a tail for a minute?)

"Sure Yoshi-kun, whatever you say!" The baseball obsessed player agreed, and laughing when Gokudera yelled at him.

The brunet blond merely sighed, “Come on, lets just go into my place so we can study; who knows how Reborn will react if he catches us not doing so.” watching how the other boy shivered, Takeshi decided not to keep them any longer.

(He could have other chances to get a feel for the other teen, make sure he wasn’t a threat to his friendship with the Sawada twins later.)

"I’m sure none of us would care to see such a reaction, so lets hurry home." is said completely out of the blue by a familiar gentle voice.
And even though he can’t hold back a flinch of surprise, the messy-haired raven can’t help but grin.

Tsun is back. This should be interesting.

Looking at the silver haired teen while the twins talk confirms it.

Ever since the Yamamoto was young and pulled from a path that probably would have messed him up, he had found that he could tell a lot about people by how they react to the eldest Sawada twin.

If they tried to bully him they were idiots.

If they left him alone because of disinterest/approached him for a favor or wore just friendly meant they were dense.

If they were wary of him, watchful of his every move, that meant they were smarter/had better survival instincts then others.

But then there were those rare few who looked at Tsuna, really looked, and saw the wide open skies. (Of course, this was something you could only see with time and if Tsunayoshi let you.)

Those were usually the ones that Takeshi saw worth hanging out with.

And looking at Gokudera Hayato, who threw fireworks around like they were candy, he could see the caution, curiosity, and awe in the teen’s eyes and body language.

"Ah, Tsuna-nii, I’d like you to meet my new friend, Gokudera Hayato. Gokudera-san, this is my nii-san, Sawada Tsunayoshi." Yoshimune introduced, causing the green eyed teen to get a stare down by the poker faced boy.

"Hi, er, Sawada-san." the delinquent looking boy said, hesitant due to the stare he was getting.

"… Tsunayoshi." was the brown eyed teen’s reply after a bit of more staring. Takeshi couldn’t help but grin when all the foreign teen did is blink while Yoshimune could only sigh in relief.

He passed the test.

"Uh, what?" Hayato looks so confused, kind of endearing in it’s own awkward kind of way.

"Call me that. If we have a chance to get to know each other better, you may call me Tsuna."

"I couldn’t possibly-!"

"I insist." cue stare down.

"O-okay…"

"Hey, does that mean you’ll call me Yoshimune now?" wow, Takeshi hasn’t seen those puppy eyes in a while. (Though they have nothing on Tsuna’s doe eyes.)

"I couldn’t possibly call my boss in such a intimate manner!" ah, poor Yoshi shot down again. Maybe someday.

"Ah, nice to see you all enjoying the fresh air while you can; I have it on good authority that the air in coffins gets stale rather quickly." Turning in surprise, the raven sees that fedora wearing kid is the speaker.
"EHHHHHHHH! When did you get here Reborn?!" the hazel eyed boy asks/yells.

"Doesn’t matter. What does is that you are one minute and point five seconds late fore your study session. Every second more that passes I add a lap and for ever minute I add to your remedial lessons. It has now been one minute and point 23 seconds and counting." Reborn says, his tone matter of fact (and is that a hint of sadism in there as well?).

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEHHHHHHHHHBBBBBBBBBBBBB!!" and with that, they’re off, Yoshimune in the lead with Tsuna being dragged along, Gokudera on their tail.

Laughing, Takeshi follows.

(Like he always will.)

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Because communication is the key to bonding.

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Chapter End Notes

I blame Cywscross and Blackrogueheart; they got me to thinking about Hayato’s reaction to Tsuna, and my muse and Reborn grabbed it. My muse then started to cackle while Reborn shot at me. Then Takeshi laughed with my muse and slung his arm over my shoulder.

Note: Yes, my headcanon is that Yamamoto is yandere or at least has yandere tendencies. Don’t judge me.

By the way, does anyone have things about games that confuse them?
**SevC- Bianchi**

Chapter Summary

Even if you all the experience in the world, you can’t do anything with it if you don’t know how to apply it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Experience Points is another concept that is both understandable, yet confusing as well.*

As you do something over and over, you of course gain some skill in the act. Something that even works out in real life.

Though enough to where you become a master in whatever it is? That’s pushing it. Even if you all the experience in the world, you can’t do anything with it if you don’t know how to apply it.

But those that do… They are those ones to watch out for.

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*Seventh Character: Bianchi- Daily Life*

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When Poison Scorpion Bianchi saw the love of her life, it took all she had not to hug him then and there.

Really, even trapped in such a young body, her true love Reborn was still ever so handsome, from his perfectly shined shoes to his orange band fedora. She would happily wait for her love to grow again to go on dates, so as to not trouble in in public.

Though she was pleased as punch to see her darling, it was still surprising to see him at the airport to greet her.

"Reborn! I see your contacts are as swift and informed as ever darling. As expected of such a man as yourself." The pinkette gushed, her eyes twinkling with love. Though inwardly she couldn’t help but curse those contacts; now it would be much more difficult to free her love from his chains.

(If only she knew…)

"Chaos Bianchi. I’m glad that I caught you. I’ll need your assistance in observation." Reborn said, getting down to business (and wasn’t he dreamy when he got all serious).

Calming down, the green eyed woman turned serious herself, “What do you need?”

"You eye for detail mostly; few hitmen or women can match it. I’ve already had another evaluate the two heirs, but unfortunately he has gotten too close to the sources. That will put any report he gives under suspicion of being biased, no matter how true they are." Reborn explains, leading her to a cab
while helping her with her bags. (Such a gentleman!)

"And so you need someone unbiased and unattached to evaluate and observe the possible heirs for your reports to Vongola Nono and his advisers." Bianchi says, flattered that the hitman thinks so highly of her and her skills.

(And while it will be difficult to view the deadweights holding her true love down objectively, she do so for him.)

Looking around, the poison chef tries to naturally spot any snipers or possible body guards as they drive through town.

"*So, did Vongola let go of all the bodyguards when you came, dear?*" Bianchi asks, slipping into Italian, just in case the cab drive hears anything he shouldn’t.

The silence that follows that question is a dangerous one.

Glancing over at the ex-Arcobaleno, the hitwoman is surprised to see Reborn pissed. Despite what most think, it is not an easy thing to make him angry.

"*Those men wouldn’t be able to guard one of their magazines from a curious two year old.*" the hatted raven growls.

Thinking over his words, Bianchi hesitantly asks, "*Do… Do you know if this was done intentionally by Vongola’s enemies or…*" She trails off, slightly troubled.

Everyone remembers the Cradle Affair.

"*… It had to be someone on the inside; Sawada Iemitsu may be an idiot, but he’s an idiot who loves his family above all else. He would not have risked them in any shape or form.*" Is the last thing that is said on the matter.

What a troublesome situation for her darling to be trapped in. At least he can always trust her to be on his side.

(Though she’ll have to put her plans for the heirs on the back burner for now.)

After they get out of the car her love directs her to hide behind a convenient wall so that they may observe the twins as they get ready for the day.

And her first impression on the Sawada Household before she even sees them is noisy.

"AHAHA! Lambo-sama is the greatest! Now give me all your candy!!"

"Ah, sorry Lambo-kun, but no candy before you finish your breakfast, okay?"

"Okay Mama."

"Lambo-kun sure is energetic this morning; maybe he should have gone on my morning run with us."

"And then deal with the brat when he whines about everything? I'll pass." (Bianchi couldn’t help but let out a quiet gasp. How long has Hayato been here? Wasn’t he suppose to be with that perverted doctor?)
"Hmmm, are you guys ready? If we don’t leave now we’ll be late."

"EHHHH? Already!? Thanks for the heads up Tsuna-nii."

Soon, both twins are out the door, waiting by the gate for her brother and another teen to join them.

Taking this chance to view them, she has to admit that while they’re not impressive, they’re also not unimpressive.

While they both look alike, they aren’t identical due to the different coloring and the fact that the brunet blond has slightly neater spikes in his hair. He also has a good eye, looking out for all the places a threat might be and even glancing at the place near them more than once in suspicion.

The fluffy brunet hasn’t even taken a glance around his surroundings.

The pink haired assassin wonders how these two are even still alive.

(She doesn’t have to wonder long.)

Reborn of course sees the problem first, readying Leon in his gun form as some two-bit looking wise guy approaches the gate, knife in hand to slash. Hayato yells a warning, bombs at the ready while the amber eyed teen looks ready to swing his bat and hard.

It’s none of them that act in time to stop the would be attacker.

It’s Fluffy that does it.

Kicking the knife out of the man’s hand, the boy follows it easily with a left hook to the diaphragm. Once the guy is on the ground on his knees, the brown eyed school boy then pins the guy down by nearly stomping his foot on the man’s throat.

Brutal, effective, and still leaves the guy alive to interrogate.

"Reborn-san" and while the voice is gentle like one would expect from the boy, the blood lust in the tone sends chills, "Could you and your friend take care of this? We’ll be late for school otherwise."

He says while looking in the exact direction they were in.

He knew they were there from the beginning. He was able to hide all this under a fluffy, blank faced demeanor the entire time and she had not expected it.

"… That was SO AWESOME! You have got to teach me that kick, Tsuna-nii!" The brother gushes, stars in his eyes as he looks to his brother.

"So cool…" Her half brother murmurs, just as awed.

"Ha! That was quick, you might have just broken your record Tsuna-kun." the baseball bat totting boy laughs, smile back to being much more friendly (She hadn’t even notice it turn grimmer).

As the hitwoman watches her love go and handle the rest of the situation, she can’t help but berate herself.

She is going to have to keep a sharp and open mind around these twins.

(And this is a decision the Poison Specialist could never regret, no matter how things turn out in the future.)
Because if they set their mind to it, they can accomplish things you could only imagine.

Chapter End Notes

Yay, we get to see Tsuna kick ass!

Note: Yeah, there is a reason I haven’t done Lambo yet.

Any question you have, just ask.
Because everything has a cost, especially healing.

Something that had always bothered him about games is the healing items and how they can range from the weirdest things.

Medicine is an obvious and normal one, even potions are acceptable. but when even leftovers and cubes can start healing you, it about time to question the world.

But then again, why question something that works? It could save your life after all.

That is naive.

Eighth Character: Shamal- Daily Life

Trident Shamal could admit that the elder Sawada twin unnerved him.

Oh, it’s wasn’t the boy’s skills, he’s seen plenty of the Mafioso with skills similar (even if they were no where near this kids level). Wasn’t even the age or his looks either, he’s seen little girls who could be flower girls able to kill a man four times their size. (Even though those little girls were actually mafia heiresses and this boy was suppose to be a civilian.) And while the boy’s poker face did make him twitch (it was worse then trying to read Reborn’s) that wasn’t what really unnerved him.

It was how he just watched everything, like he already knew everything important and was just going along with the others because he could. Humoring everyone, from Reborn to even his own mother.

Oh sure, the boy cared about those around him, shown by how he helped his brother when he was dying from the Skullities, bandaging the skulls.

(And those bandages stayed on though the whole situation, except the ones on his back where they were loose. Where it showed the one skull that let him pity the kid. He didn’t realize until everything was said and done until the boy, Yoshi he thought, thanked his brother for helping him hide the skulls.

Of course, he didn’t realize it then either, hindsight is 20/20. No, he started putting it together after the fluffy haired teen confronted him.)

"So, the ‘Praise to Death’ Angel Disease? Tell me, Shamal-sensei, why are you trying to handicap my brother? Did you really hate having to heal him that much?" Sawada Tsunayoshi asks, brown
eyes burning with sky flames and…

(Is that exhaustion? In a kid this young? Shamal had only seen this type of tiredness in old men/women, those that have far outlived all their loved ones. Those are not men or women you cross because they usually havenothing left to live for. A child should not have those eyes.)

"…The Angel Disease is the only thing that could negate what your brother had-" Shamal starts.

"True, but it also makes it to where Yoshi can no longer activate his will unless shot in the head or with the use of pills. Maybe he could swing it with a life or death experience, but that wouldn’t last. My brother and I are now stuck in a world where we can not afford such weakness unless we want to die." Sawada says, his face blank and his eyes narrow, easily hiding all emotion.

"Do you?" the dark haired doctor asks, the question slipping through on it’s own accord. Judging by the slow blink from the teen, he thinks that the kid might have also been taken off guard as well.

And before the pervert can take back the question (he doesn’t think he’ll like the answer), the kid smiles.

It is a broken, brittle thing, highlighting the darkness in those bright eyes and shows that madness is a close friend.

"Not for a long time, Sensei. I thank you for your concern." The teen before him says, a deadly charm seeming to ooze from his person, drawing the hitman in like one of his mosquitoes to a slaughter.

Before the door is slammed and the blank faced teen is back.

"That’s never happened before." the lighter haired brunet seems to muse to himself, his arms lazily crossing around his chest. If Shamal didn’t know any better, he would say that the kid is amused.

Though the assassin doctor doesn’t know how almost harmonizing with another could be counted as amusing.

"Wh-what do you want?" Shamal coughs out, his voice rough.

"For now? The Imp and White Wings Diseases, if you could." Tsunayoshi asks, pleasant as you could be.

"Why would you want-oh." And the doctor gets it.

While on their own the illnesses are nothing more then annoyances, the Imp is perfect for countering the effects of the rest of the Angel Disease, with the White Wings leveling everything out and eventually eating the others before going away itself, though leaving an imprint of wings on the person’s back. It’s the perfect fix!

Why the hell has he never thought of that? (And how did this teen know it?)

"Alright, I’ll get it for you tomorrow. That good with you?" Shamal asks, still wary of the kid so close to the edge.

"That’s alright with me. Oh, and Sensei?"

"Yeah?" caution is the better part of valor, but at that tone he can’t help but look to the boy and his eyes.
A little of the darkness is showing, but it’s only a glimpse now, “If you want to be my Mist, the option is always open. Though don’t worry; I would never force someone to be mine… Good night, Sensei.” And with that, the young man is gone.

Once he can’t feel that presence anymore, Shamal slowly slides down the closest wall, his whole body shaking, his lungs gulping in air. Slowly sliding his hand through his hair, the doctor tries to calm his breathing.

But by god, he almost harmonized, something he thought was out of the question for him due to his disease ridden body, something he thought he would never have.

And then one of the Vongola heirs almost pulls him in right off the bat.

The 35 year old doctor is not sure if he should be ecstatic or terrified.

(Shamal soon learns he’ll always feel a bit of both around Sawada Tsunayoshi, though also a great respect will join it. His Sky is just that confusing.)

Because everything has a cost, especially healing.

Chapter End Notes

I like the perverted doctor, though his character is harder for me to write then Reborn’s.

Note: I have no clue Shamal’s age, made up the Imp and White Wings Disease. Also, since they didn’t give us much detail on the Angel Disease, I came up with some.

By the way, thanks Daeofthepast for the advice!

(Found out the good doctor’s real age on the wiki. Have to admit, he didn’t age too badly)
NC- Dino

Chapter Summary

In games, appearances can be confusing...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

In games, appearances can be confusing; when they are not, they're deceiving. Like how the person you thought was your friend ends up betraying you and it turns out the villain was actually trying to save the world.

This also applies in real life and should be remembered at all times. (Though more realistically.)

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Ninth Character: Dino- Daily Life

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When Bucking Horse Dino first heard about the last resorts for heirs lay in a pair of twins for Vongola, the whip user could admit he was worried.

Twins were always a bit of a sore point when it came to inheritances, because only a minute, maybe a few hours separated the younger twin from a family fortune. Due to this, the younger one could try to best the elder of the two, showing to the family that he was the better one to inherit.

Which could caused a Family to be divided, both sides wanting their twin to rise to Don, bitterness spreading all around.

And if his sources were right, such a situation was going on in the Vongola Family.

Some of the more traditional members wanted the elder twin to be the next don, who was said to be smarter and more graceful then his twin.

On the other hand, it was also said that he was a delicate little thing, shy and quiet, and hasn’t shown any of his flames yet.

On the younger twin though, it was said that he was not only stronger physically, had more charisma, but that he had shown flames at the early age of seven. Seven!

So yes, there was internal conflict brewing in the World’s Strongest Mafia. Not something anyone wanted, remembering the last internal conflict…

So when the Chiavarone Decimo heard that they sent his old tutor to not only teach the next heirs, but to help decide who would be the better twin to lead, he couldn’t help but feel relief.

No one would be able to argue with the hitman’s verdict.

Still… It wouldn’t hurt to check their progress (and maybe go over their shared trauma if they bond;
anyone who survives Reborn’s training is to be respected and pitied in equal turns).

When the blond actually met the twins, he wondered where the hell his contacts got their info. Maybe he should tell them to look in other places because where they found it was probably rotten.

"Reborn-san, who is this?" the younger twin, he believed, asked. And God, were those hazel eyes taking in all possible exits, lingering over where his whip slightly bulges under his jacket, the youth’s own hands twitching to his pockets, probably tempted to take out the taser concealed there.

Dino knew he was never this aware or paranoid at this age. Though from the looks of it, this started early, judging how smoothly the brunet blond does it, making it look completely natural. Spoiled civilian backgrounds do not breed this. This is born from having to constantly check for threats in places where one should be safe, watching out for people who should be friends hiding knives.

This is bred in the underworld, though pain waiting in the pleasure and death threats behind smiles.

"It good to meet you, Dino-senpai. I hope we can get along." The elder twin, he thinks, says. And speaking of smiles, damn.

That is a Sky’s smile the brunet is giving.

The Don is admittedly entranced when he has to look away, just in time to catch the younger twin’s open mouth, along with the way Reborn seems to become stiller then a statue. Both their gazes are directed at the older twin, who’s smile goes away much to soon, though whose eyes stay warm.

… So, maybe he doesn’t not smile that often? (Which is a shame really.)

"Uh, yeah, you too Sawada-kun." Dino says, still a bit dazed

"You may call me Tsunayoshi. Now, please excuse me; I promised to help Kaa-san prepare dinner for tonight." And with that, the now blank faced boy leaves.

Silence soon fills the room, though the blond thinks he heard Reborn mutter something along the lines of ‘he can smile?’, though he probably just imagined it.

"Well, I guess you can call me Yoshimune, since you passed Tsuna-nii’s test… with flying colors at that." Yoshimune mumbles that last bit.

"So he doesn’t smile that often?" Dino asks, noticing how even Reborn turns to Yoshimune at that.

"Well… He usually only smiles at a person if he likes them or…" The boy trails off, grabbing one of the snacks off the table, only for Reborn to steal it for himself.

"Or what Baka-Yoshi?" If the best whip user in the mafia didn’t see how those dark eyes focused intently on the boy, the former pupil would have thought the hitman couldn’t have cared less by his tone.

Scowling at the 12-year old looking raven, the youth answers irritably (Though that is probably what Reborn wanted, makes a person answer more honestly.)

"Or he’s plotting the best way to hide the body once he’s through." And he just says that likes it’s natural.

(What the hell have these twins been through?)

The 22 year old feels as if an ice cube got placed down his shirt at that, chills and goose bums going
up and down his body.

He might not have Vongola Intuition, but his gut is telling him he is very lucky to have passed the elder twin’s test.

(And years from now, especially when he’s seen how Sawada Tsunayoshi reacts to those who don’t pass, he still thanks his lucky stars that he somehow passed.)

Because the outside appearance is capable of hiding the thoughts and feelings inside.

Chapter End Notes

So I may have a soft spot for Dino… (I just kind of want to hug him).

Note: Tsuna’s smile was inspired by the Dazzling Smile Skill from Game of Life by Exocara. Go read that story because it is wonderful.
Chapter Summary

While the Tomaso Ottavo knew he wasn’t the smartest person in the world, nor that his family was the best Mafia there was, that didn’t mean he was a complete idiot.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Never argue with stupid people, they will drag you down to their level and beat you with experience.*  
- *Mark Twain*

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**Interlude: Longchamp- Daily Life**

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"I see Pantera has tried and failed again." a soft voice states, making the wild haired heir of the Tomaso family laugh.

"Ah, you know she’s just joking around like always." Naito Longchamp waves off, his tone fond though as he says that.

He has the best family a Mafia Don could ask for.

"If you say so. Now, here is your payment for last month’s information; it was spot on as always." The blank faced boy known to all as Sawada Tsunayoshi said, handing over an envelope the Naito heir knew was filled with money.

"Really Kuudere-chan, you don’t have to pay me; we’re friends after all!" Longchamp sighed. Really, friends shouldn’t have to pay each other.

While the Tomaso Ottavo knew he wasn’t the smartest person in the world, nor that his family was the best Mafia there was, that didn’t mean he was a complete idiot. He knew, like all the previous heads, what things to show off and what to keep hidden.

That’s why that while the Tomaso family were notorious hoarders of anything and everything, no one would consider that information itself could also be gathered, hidden away, and added to the hoards. Most would just focus on all the junk they had. (Mind you, it is awesome junk!)

They were the best at gathering information in the world, even the ranking kid’s book confirming it (and wasn’t that a damn bill to pay for the page that info was on). They went to great pains to make sure no one ever knew the family’s hidden skill, so that no one would bother them too much. (They weren’t really that strong enough to fight off more then one mafia family at a time.)

And then, out of the blue one day, a little brunet asked if he could use their mafia services to find out
who exactly was trying to get him and his brother killed.

At first, many were wary of the kid and why he approached them, till…

(“I’m only five years old, I can’t go anywhere out of Namimori, much less Japan, and the local gangs
know nothing of the Italian Mafias or would require me to join to know. You guys are the only ones
I can go to and only worry about a bill for your services.”)

… he point blankly explained himself.

And ever since, they’ve been friends (even though it was Naito senior who did the transactions until
Longchamp himself was ready for the info gathering trips when he turned ten; he just kept the boy
company if he was waiting for his dad).

Ah, good times. But he digresses.

"Think of it as money you can use to get your girlfriend a nice gift or for a romantic date." ‘Kuudere-
chan says, his voice sounding a little flatter as he rubs his eye lids with one hand.

Huh, Tsuna sounds really drained of energy all of a sudden. Maybe he has a headache or something?

Maybe he should get him some pain relievers?

Deciding on his course of action, the rather dim minded Sky goes to get the medicine, only to see the
brunet gone when he comes back.

Awww, and he wanted to go on a double date with some cute girls he met at the mall!

(As a brown haired boy walks home from Naito’s house, he can’t help but shiver as he gets the
feeling of dodging a bullet, one aimed by Reborn from his first life at that.)

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Chapter End Notes

Sorry to all those who hate Longchamp, but I kinda needed contacts that actually lived
in Japan for Tsuna to have and that would be eccentric enough to do deals with a
child… So the Tomaso family are the secret information hoarders of the world.
But while they have their faults, tutorials still have their uses.

While they have their uses, tutorials can be just be added as another confusing thing about games. They can get too technical, they might not even explain what to really do, or the might just make no sense what-so-ever. But while they have their faults, tutorials still have their uses.

Tenth Character: Colonnello- Ending of Daily Life

The ex-Rain Arcobaleno Colonnello stared at the twins he was putting through the wringer. (Well, one twin he was putting through the wringer; the other seemed to be treating everything like it was an exercise game, one he has far surpassed, judging how he dodges the falling rocks while walking and sidestepping them.)

And this is after he lazily floated around in the whirl pool and preventing his brother from drowning at the same time.)

"Why the hell are you still teaching them-kora?" the blond just has to ask the Sun Flames user next to him. They both are now watching how the brunet gently takes the elbow of his brother and guides him. Just in time to get him out of the path of some rocks that would have landed right on the hazle-eyed teen if he didn’t.

"… Baka-Yoshi still has a whole lot more to learn." Reborn says, and if the Rain flame user didn’t know his rival so well, he would have missed how the man had purse his lips and the fist clenched in his pocket.

His tells that said he was both frustrated and worried. Never a good combo.

"And what about the kid I would never wish to play poker against?" the 12 year old looking sniper asks, hand reaching up to pet Falco as he watches the twins now go through the pit area.

Colonnello is far from stupid, he can see the skill the boy has, the honed talents that usually only belong in the mafia. He can’t help but wonder why the kid didn’t even try to bribe the suit, he probably could have threatened him into doing it if nothing else. But instead he had his younger brother give it a try and utterly fail, getting them stuck here.
(Was he trying to give his brother experience or something? It’s the only reason the blue-eyed hitman could figure he did that.)

No matter how you look at it, the elder of the Sawada twins is not only stronger, more skilled, more intelligent, and, well, just **more**. He’s the obvious choice for Don.

But the fact that Reborn is still training both twins still says otherwise.

"I don’t know what his game is." The raven next to him answers, not looking away from the training field and how Yoshimune clings to his brother for dear life after accidentally activating another pit fall.

"Kuudere-Tsuna cares for his family, no denying that, but he has his own agenda. He skips town every now and then for his ‘contacts’, none of my beetles able to tail him long." Reborn continues, rubbing his temple as if he has a headache. "I honestly can not read him or even predict how he’ll react to any given situation. He is not only an enigma wrapped in a blank sheet, but a deadly one at that."

It is silent between them for a bit, the brunet blond’s yells and cries preventing total silence, two other teens now joining the twins in ‘training’.

And then Skull and the Calcassa family attacked.

Like always when it came to the weakest of their group, it was over all too easy.

"Really-kora? You attack Mafia Land while I’m here? You really are stupid-kora." the rifle user laughed, using his foot to smash the purple-haired 12-year’s face into the sand as punishment.

"Hmph, stupid errand boy." Reborn added, adding his own kick to the side for good measure. This probably continued for a while more, untill-

"Well Skull-san, it’s good seeing you again." the soft voice said, coming from the kid Reborn called Kuudere-Tsuna.

"Skull-san? Skull-senpai is here? Where!?!" Baka-Yoshi asked, looking around for said person.

And before the other two Arcobaleno could do anything, the Cloud Flame user was out of their grasp and hugging Yoshimune, helmet off.

"Yo-kun! I didn’t know you and Tsunayoshi-kun were here! If I did, The Great Skull-sama would have attacked some other time!" the purple clad stuntman said, sounding honestly happy and excited.

That was weird.

"Hey! Why are you so familiar with Yoshimune-sama and Tsunayoshi-sama!" the silver haired kid yelled, breaking out some lit dynamite, only for it to be defused absent mindlessly by the elder twin.

"Oh, Skull-san stayed with Yoshi-kun when Tsuna-kun had to go out on one of his trips for a long time." the baseball bat holding boy said, big smile on his face.

"I was hired to be Yo-kun’s bodyguard for a few months; it was so much fun! And I miss Mama’s cooking." the dare devil sighed longingly.

(…Is he seriously calling the twin’s mom Mama? Really?)

"So, do you have anything going on?" Tsuna asked.
"Well, the Calcassa Family has offered me a long term contract depending on how things go here, but I doubt that’s still on the table," the Cloud user says, a grimace on his face.

"In that case, would you mind if I contact you later?" The fluffy teen asks, to which Skull nods.

"Sure, anytime." the purple eyed false-kid says, still clinging on to the younger twin.

(If those two haven’t harmonized, Colonnello will let Lal have at him.)

"Come on everyone, we’re leaving!" a rather motherly woman announces, making most of the teens droop in disappointment.

The exception is the elder twin, who couldn’t look like he could care less.

(As time moves on, the blond Rain will realize that the brunet is the exception for most things.)

Because while you may not comprehend them now, you might later.

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~The Beginning Arc has been Completed. Save and Move on to The Adventures Arc?~

Brown eyes stared at the pop up. Ah, the beginning was always so slow to get through, made him just want to yawn sometimes. Though watching everyone add in their own chaos, dodging Fuuta’s ranking field, and the possibility to harmonize with Shamal, it didn’t make it a total bore. And he did go off and do his own thing occasionally.

This life was just for fun after all.

Smirking at the screen, the much lived teen says a simple ‘yes’.

"Though I wonder, " the brunet thinks aloud as he watches the screen load, "if Mukuro and the others will get involved. I did have a lot of fun messing with their lives."

Chuckling to himself as the screen finishes loading and his surrounding regain their color, Tsuna goes back to sleep to dreams filled with both pleasure and madness.

Just like always.

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Chapter End Notes

Wow, finally finished the first arc. Honestly, I was expecting it to be about 3 or 5 chapters, but nope, it wanted ten and an interlude.

Note: Originally, Tsuna was suppose to have Skull as his Cloud. But then Skull said nope and started clinging to Yoshimune, while Hibari aimed one of his tonfa at me. So Tsuna has his canon Cloud.
And Yoshimune didn’t recognize Skull at first because of the helmet and older age.

(And a Warning: Tsuna is OP. Very, very OP.)
Chapter Summary

A back story is a person’s past

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Many things are put into games, trying to make it successful to the developers.
On of these things that can make or break a game is the story’s back story.
If you think about it, the back story reveals someones motives, reasons for living, their personality, heck, even their favorite food.
A back story is a person’s past. And you know what they say about the past.

Eleventh Character: Chikusa- Begining of Kokuyo Days

~*Dream*~

It’s been another day of too painful tests and the six year old glasses wearing boy can’t help sniffling, hugging his knees to his chest.
He doesn’t want this, he’s never wanted this pain. But it’s all he knows, besides the times Mukuro-san can visit. Though that takes a lot of flames out of the older boy, so he can’t do it often, especially since they’ve done more tests on him.
Birthdays here are to be celebrated with only pain. It’s how it’s always been and how it will always be.
Or so he thought.
The first sign of something being off is the cold. The labs always have it set just a little below room temperature, due to the sensitivity of some of the experiments.
The next are the screams. Not the screams of the others trapped here, left to be used and abused. No, it is the cries of those who use and have abused, all in the name of science.
He wonders if there is something wrong in enjoying it, but doesn’t see how it can.
Then suddenly, the mechanical doors are opened, the sounds of others being opened echoing in the suddenly silent halls.
Soon, he finds Ken and Mukuro, who watch with him in a crowd of faceless children as a rather blood stained boy stands before them all. Frost forms around him, the smile on his face kind to them,
but turns sadistic when his glowing orange eyes spot the remains of one of his victims.

The cloned boy thinks he’ll like this blood spattered brunet.

"So," The cause of the slaughter chirps, "would you like to go back to your families, or come with me? I promise I’ll take good care of you!".

After saying his piece, the other holds out his hand, asking if he’ll take it.

And he does.

"Now you’re mine, Kakimoto Chikusa-kun." Glowing eyes brighten as the smile turns possessive.

And then he wakes up.

Blinking, the former experiment looks over to see what woke him up, only to find Chrome.

"Sorry to wake you, Chikusa-san, but we’re almost here. We’ll be facing turbulence soon." the shy girls say quietly, always so thoughtful of others. Probably one of the reasons she was Mukuro’s favorite after all (besides the fact that her body was the perfect host for his own soul).

Nodding in acknowledgement, the barcoded boy turns to look out the window.

So, he dreamed about that? Wonder if that was a good or bad sign.

While his dream was true on a blood stained boy saving him and his comrades from their tormentors, their was no symbolic hand holding or such.

(Though it didn’t change just how true those words were.)

For another, all the other children had cried and wanted to leave, while yes, they did want their families.

Only him, Mukuro, and Ken hadn’t.

So they became His, for awhile. They had traveled all over, helping the other children get home, then traveling the world and learning together with just them four.

Along the way, they also drew in a girl called M.M. who constantly had big greens and Mukuro on the mind. Then while in Japan, the Mist flame in their group saved a little girl, basically kidnapping her, and ruining her parents while they were at it after her home life was found out.

And through all the things they went through, He taught them not only things to get by, how to do this or that, but how to live.

Those months together had been the best.

Then He had to leave, stating that they “Have to experience life on your own, otherwise you’ll would never form your own thoughts and opinions on it. And besides, the bodyguard I hired to protect my family will be leaving when his contract expires, and I can’t leave them defenseless.”

(Chikusa personally thought life was much more boring and slightly more annoying without Him there when he finally pushed down his jealousy. He knew Mukuro (and the others) agreed, though his pride got in the way.)

Of course, he didn’t leave them out to dry in the world; he put them in the care of one of his own
contacts, The Strongest Man in Norther Italy Lancia. And while the man may be in a mafia family, the Estraneo children can see that the guy is ridiculously soft in concerns to children and his family.

(Mukuro took advantage of this all the time, nearly getting away with murder without punishment til the family’s boss told him to go to the corner and think about all the ways he messed up. Ken just wanted more food, M.M. more money, while Chrome was just happy being around people who cared.

The monotone boy used this to sneak calls to *Him.*)

They were content in their situation.

Then the Northern War broke out, basically destroying Lancia’s family. (At least they got to see the brunet again, no matter how short it was.)

After that, the six basically became assassins to hire.

"So, excited about possibly seeing your crush again, Kaki-pi? He does live in the same town where the Vongola heirs live after all." the greedy red haired girl smirked, turning backwards in her seat so she could see his face.

(Someone is still pissed that he and Chrome were sitting in the same row as their male Mist flame. That and she is also sitting the farthest away from him, the two others in their group sitting to her right. And as making Chrome cry would make anyone feel like shit, along with earning a certain person’s ire, and Ken would shout in her ear as he’s the one sitting next to her, so he’s the one targeted.)

"I’m not surprised you would mistake it as that. You always were slow when it came to anything besides money and your own pointless crush." The glasses wearer mocks, watching how the female Sun flame flushes red, her eyes narrowed in anger.

"Why you-"

"Peace M.M.; we don’t need security to be waiting for us when we land. No need to send out any warnings for the heirs after all." a smooth, sly voice cuts in, calming down the red head. Looking across Chrome, navy blue eyes meet mismatched red and blue, the knowing look in them telling.

Looks like they’ll be having a talk later. After all, Chikusa will have a choice to make.

**Flashback**-

"Oh, that was rather fast." Browns eyes look at him thoughtfully, as if putting him through a brief moment of intense bliss was a curious event. It was another evening of their traveling adventure that was being used to spar, though this time it was decided to use flames, their savior along with Mukuro showing them how.

And then Chikusa nearly fainted after feeling those beautiful Sky Flames.

"Kaki-pi! You alright?" Ken asked, looking rather angry and worried.

"Uh, I don’t think that’s the normal way to react to others flames, is it?" M.M. asked, frowning as she looked over the cloned boy.

"No, it’s not; me and Chikusa-kun nearly harmonized." the brunet six year old says.
"...And that means?" the feral boy in their group asked, giving the Sky user a blank look.

"Well, it's when other flame users are compatible to a degree that their flames literally bond together, strengthening each other. Harmonizing can also develop an emotional link between people, helping those... unwell in the mind to gain stability. As I have a Sky flame, I can bond with any other flames of the Sky I wish. Chikusa, as a Rain flame, is completely able to Harmonize with me if he wants." Is the explanation they get.

"...Do you want to?" the navy blue eyed boy asked, staring intently into brown eyes set into the blank face he knows so well.

Which stares back at him knowingly.

"Kakimoto-san," is how He starts, showing just how serious what he says next is going to be, "as of now, if I harmonized with you, I could potentially draw you into madness. It is never a good idea to harmonize as children, the mind not mature enough to handle the presence of another well."

"Then how old would it be safe enough to try?"

"...14 is the minimum age."

Nodding, Chikusa accepts the answer.

Just seven more years.

**Flashback End**

A choice he has long since known the answer to.

After all, absence make the heart grow fonder. And he has longed for his Sky, his savior, for Tsunayoshi for long enough.

(And it is a choice he will never regret, even as he feels the madness that clings to his Sky’s beautiful mind cloud his own.)

That while you can not change the past, you can effect the future.

Chapter End Notes

Long chapter is long. And there is even more details about my idea on Harmonizing!
And what purposes are the Kokuyo gang getting involved with Vongola?

Note: So, Mukuro destroys the labs when he is ten, five years before Reborn comes to kick Tsuna’s but in gear in canon. My Tsuna decided that was too long and did it three years earlier. This, of course, effects things, mostly Mukuro and the gang.

And I don’t know if it’s canon or fandom, but the idea of Chikusa being a clone appeals to me. So there.
TweC- Chrome

Chapter Summary

Yes, how the game opens is important.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Another aspect that makes a game sell is the opening of the story.

Not only do you get a feel for what this story is like, you can get a real look at the graphics, a feel for the characters, and even an idea about the game play.

Yes, how the game opens is important. Though be careful, because this is only one thing that helps make a good game.

Twelventh Character: Chrome- Beginning of Kokuyo Days

Dokuro Chrome had been charged with watching the Ranking Prince.

Really, none of them wanted to involve the child in their schemes, even Mukuro-sama had at least a little sympathy for a child hunted and used for something he couldn’t control.

Though that didn’t stop them from doing their job; Scoping out and bringing back information on the two infamous Vongola twins. (And if possible, do away with one of them.)

All they knew at the moment was that they were in this town and that they went to Namimori Middle, along with a few Vongola members.

Thus why they needed the little boy; they needed to find the strongest students of the school, who would most likely be part of the Family, to get the information out of them about their boss. And if they were lucky, they would even find one of the twins themselves.

And so the little boy was placed in her care.

And the one eyed girl couldn’t really bring herself to mind that. Unless the older Mist Flame was controlling her body, she wasn’t really good at attacking; defending and fooling the senses was where she excelled, even better at them then the second oldest in the group. It was in the subtleties that she bloomed in and she was content with that.

And while little Fuuta was their prisoner, that did not mean she wouldn’t take care of him to the best of her ability.

Though it was times like this that she wished Tsunayoshi-sama was here; otherwise, the talented child would have probably warmed up to them now, drawn by the brunet’s charm. The Sky flame
had an abundance of it, his appeal easily ensnaring their group, even M.M. with her adoration of Mukuro-sama. Even the male Mist was no exception.

She really missed the boy who saved the ones who saved her. Who, with a blank face, yet gentle tired eyes would listen to what she had to say always. Who would hold her in his arms after a nightmare of her old life took her, humming to calm her down. (Apparently, she wasn’t the first he did this with.)

The one who healed and comforted her when she lost her right eye in the crossfire during the mafia war. The one who showed her how to walk, run, and even fight on her own will again.

She had admittedly been crushed at the fact that they weren’t compatible to harmonize, with little possibility of it happening. Mukuro-sama though, had been hurt.

**Flashback-**

"So, why are we not able to harmonize with you? What makes Chikusa so different?" The heterochromic boy asked, Chrome watching how he gritted his teeth despite the smile.

Looking worriedly between their savior and her personal one, the recently handicapped girl hoped that the others returned soon; they had to separate due to her needed healing, meaning staying in one place, so they went out as a distraction. Mukuro-sama’s flames was being used to hide the three of them at the moment while Tsunayoshi-sama healed her with his Sky flames converted into Sun.

Despite the loss of her eye, she didn’t mind it as much with the brunet there to heal and hold her next to the older Mist, tucking a blanket around all three of them to keep out the cold air.

"And I was thinking Ken would be the first to ask that." the brunet mused, gently petting her hair as he did so, calming her worries down. Chancing a glance, she saw the blue hair boy slightly bite his lip as he looks at her, before he saw that she noticed. The purple haired girl relaxes even more, as she can see Mukuro-sama didn’t want to upset her with the sudden tension.

"But in answer to your question, it all boils down to one thing. Survival instincts." the brown eyed Sky continues, turning slightly to look at the other boy. "What ever was done to Ken in the labs has given him an animal instinct which is connected to his flames, M.M. isn’t ready to bond at all yet so her flames purposely stop it from happening."

"But… Why would our survival instincts stop us?" Chrome asks quietly, looking up at one of the boys she looks up too.

"Remember the emotional link I talked about that happens with Harmonizing? And how it can stabilize an unwell mind. The same is true in reverse." is the rather grim reply.

"And Mist flames are the most sensitive to insanity; their minds are their greatest weapon and weakness. Your flames can probably sense the madness in me, and so naturally shy away from anything even close to a bond. If I am to ever have a Mist, it would probably have to be someone much older then I am, whose mind is mature and stable enough on it’s own."

It’s a bit quiet after that.

"But what about Chikusa-san? Why do his flames not shy away?" She has to ask, because she knows the glasses wearing boy will Harmonize, even with the threat of madness surrounding him.

There is no one more loyal then the cloned boy in their group to the brunet.
"Ah, but his flame is Rain; that which is naturally calming and tranquil. Madness is not as much as a threat for him, or any Rain flame user. If we were to Harmonize, it could only be beneficial." she sees how his eyes grow fond, even the slightest bit possessive, as he talks.

"... I see." the other boy says slowly, and Chrome can see how his eyes slightly widen before they narrow.

She can’t help but wonder what he realized, as it would probably be about the groups savior.

**Flashback End**-

Shaking her head to ward off the memories, the female Mist went about making lunch for her and the little one staying with them against their will.

After all, despite the fact that they couldn’t harmonize, it didn’t make any of them less Tsunayoshi’s.

(And even when she calls someone else her Sky, her Bossu will always be what others call ‘madman’, a Brunet with a blank face, but tired kind eyes.)

That while a first impression counts, it could be counted on to fool you..

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Chapter End Notes

And another chapter done! Now who hired Mukuro and the gang? Any guesses?

Note: Yup, Chrome still has her organs; still lost her eye though.
Chapter Summary

Though be wary of the desire to know.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Another thing that makes a game sell is the want to know.

Make them want to know the characters, how they get through the story, make them curious to find out what happens next. Make them want to discover the enemies motives, secrets, and plans that they have.

Make them greedy for the ending, to see how all the knowledge concludes into one big finale.

Though be wary of the desire to know.

Thirteenth Character: Fuuta- Beginning of Kokuyo Days

Fuuta de la Stella was scared.

He had been taken from his home (and wasn't that amazing? He had a home now!) by these scary people, who wanted the information he had on Tsuna-nii and Yoshi-nii. The light brown haired boy would forever be grateful for the law of Omerta, which made sure he couldn't betray his family, however unwillingly.

He had been placed in a much nicer kidnapper's, a pretty girl with an eye patch, care as they could not let him go to warn his family. It was pretty much a quiet time, the girl easily preventing him from escaping by putting him to sleep with her illusions. (They reminded him of how Tsuna-nii would hum for him and the younger kids when they had problems sleeping; rubbing their backs or smoothing down their hair as he did included.

When ever he woke up from such dreams, he couldn't help but sob when he saw he wasn't in his nice warm bed at mama's house, the older boy not there to wake him up for breakfast.

And then Hibari-san came at a time he attempted another escape.

(The battle that happened didn't even deserve to be called that. Torture was more fitting.)

The red and blue eyed mist user terrified the Ranking Prince and he wasn't even the one who was getting beaten like a dog.

So much blood...

But even as he was guided by the purple haired girl out from the room where the rather one sided
fight was taking place, the little scarf wearing boy felt a grim satisfaction.

Tsuna-nii would already be annoyed whenever he found out that Fuuta was taken. He would also probably be upset when ever he found that his family members and friends were being threatened.

But daring to harm Hibari-san, and to the extent to what the blue-haired boy did, wouldn't upset him or annoy him.

Sawada Tsunayoshi was a very possessive person, especially of those he thought as his.

And the raven haired prefect was his. (Fuuta couldn't exactly tell with the other boy, but he thought the raven haired teen was possessive of the brunet as well.)

So no, his brown haired chaser away of bad dreams wouldn't be upset. Because he would be beyond that; he would be livid.

It was only a matter of time till he found out, after coming back from his latest trip. (Though what a time to be 'chasing after birds', whatever that was code for.)

While his fluffy-haired older brother figure didn't look like much, he had more secrets and skills then even Reborn could expect.

**Flashback**-

"Tsuna-nii." the younger boy addressed his brother figure, who was putting him and the others to bed after reading a story to them. Fuuta enjoyed the stories greatly, as the older brunet's voice, while soft, conveyed the emotions running in the tales perfectly.

"Yes, Fuuta-kun?" warm, yet tired eyes looked at him, face blank as ever.

Seeing that the two younger kids were sound asleep, the nine-year old takes a breath for courage.

"I've... notice how you dodge my ranking fields, every single one, and how you make sure never to look in my eyes... What exactly are you hiding, nii-san? You're not in trouble or going to get hurt, are you?" Fuuta says, nearly in tears with worry.

Usually, when someone went out of their way to avoid (or try to kill) him, it meant they either did something they shouldn't have done that could be revealed in one of his rankings or they had secrets.

Secrets they would be willing to do anything to keep that way, at all costs.

But with Tsuna-nii, it was like he had some way of knowing when he would make contact with the Ranking Planet and only avoid him around those times. Otherwise, the older boy with brown eyes was the best big brother ever.

"...While yes, there are things I would like to remain quiet as it would be rather annoying if they were discovered, it's not my main reason for avoiding your ranking." his brother figure sighs, a grim, bitter smile on his face.

"It's rather I don't want certain things confirmed.

**Flashback End**-

Fuuta trusts Sawada Tsunayoshi will come.
(And the boy will still carry that trust, especially when his ranking reveals how much suffering his brother in bond has faced, how much pain he has experienced, how madness follows him, but is still willing to hug and smile softly despite it all.)

That while a thirst for knowledge should be celebrated, there is a reason 'ignorance is bliss' is a saying.

Chapter End Notes

Fuuta is made from the same cuteness Tsuna is. I love him. (Though he's still a mafia kid.)

Note: Yeah, my head canon has it to where Hibari would be possessive of anything he likes or treasure.
Money is another thing that makes a game sell, obviously.

How much you put into a game can make the efforts of everyone working seem more, as it can let them access more equipment, more time, more people, and just plain get more.

And pricing of games is also important; while everyone likes cheap games, it's the brand names people are willing to pay more for.

Because it's these games people can trust in to usually be good enough for their money.

Though one must be careful.

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Twelveth Character: M.M.- Kokuyo Days

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Current Kokuyo Student M.M. couldn't help but feel disappointed with herself; just as Chikusa and Ken before her, she had underestimated the target, thus having her to escape/be saved.

Sure, when Kaki-pi had come back injured after having to leave because of police, though with nothing life-threatening (sometimes, she wondered if the guy even considered his life his own), the red head thought it was just because he was outnumbered. And even despite his injuries, he was able to confirm Gokudera Hayato and Yamamoto Takeshi were members of the Vongola, and that a 'Yoshimune-sama' was one of the heirs. Though as he was talking of the heir, he had a slightly troubled frown.

When Chrome had asked, he had replied, "He looks familiar." and continued with that troubled look.

Ken had replied as much the same, after the beanie wearing person in their group went to save his ass. Though he wasn't as injured as 'the ditz' just knocked him out instead of having multiple bombs thrown at him. (And healing those injuries again after fixing them had made her charge the raven extra. He was damn lucky that Tsunayoshi-chan had taught her and Ken to use their flames to heal, otherwise he wouldn't be able to walk around as well as he did.)

Though Ken looked more confused about the familiarity, obviously thinking to hard for his brain to be able to work correctly.

And now that she saw this 'Yoshimune' herself, damn if she wasn't bothered by the familiar looks.
She can swear that she has seen that face somewhere once before, but where she can't figure for the life of her.

And then she got poisoned by her own weapon, which had not been cheap! Now she was going to have to look for a new one!

Then added to that, she had to be saved by the only other girl in their group; that had been what really blewed. (No, the stupid pun wasn't intended.)

Having to be saved by her rival for Mukuro! Couldn't it have been Kaki-pi or their group's wild child?

(And it's not like she was worried that the crazy 'love' lady would hurt her. Who the hell would suggest that?)

Love... don't make her laugh.)

Though it was lucky she was so good at healing, otherwise she wouldn't have been able to have her Sun flames work at clearing the poison and Storm flames from her system. (Huh, so the woman's flames naturally interacted with her food as a subtle medium? Or something along those lines. Something to remember.)

Of course, she was better at outer healing on others while the feral Sun in their group was much better at healing his own injuries. It was why the musical one in their group was the 'healer', Ken able to pull off rough patch jobs her and there.

Of course, it was thanks to a certain brunet they were even as good as they were with their flames.

**Flashback-**

"That's not a bad try Ken-san, though don't use so much flame; not only will it drain you faster, it might harm the person you are taking care of." tired brown eyes gentle and patient as always as their owner explained for probably the millionth time how the flames worked and where someone messed up.

Really, she had already pretty much knew all she needed about healing others. She was just having a problem healing herself.

Which for Ken turned out to be easy as pie. Though he wasn't allowed to even heal anyone in their group as his sun flames couldn't even heal a bug.

And they've been using nothing but bugs to heal with at first. Tsunayoshi would only let them heal larger animals after he was sure they wouldn't be able to hurt the creature more then he could heal it.

And while she was now competent in her Sun flames healing ability, she was still having problems healing herself. So far, she had only managed to clear drugs and slight poisons from her system, but she wasn't able to go beyond that.

*It was at least a bit of a reassurance really, no one would be able to take advantage of her.*

(Just like how the bitch who called herself her Mother took advantage of her Father, trying and nearly succeeding in stealing the family gems on her dad's side. Unlucky for the woman, her aunt had seen right through her and cut the woman's head off.)
Her father still cried about the loss of his 'love'. Ha, if that was love, no thanks, M.M. would rather a rich boyfriend to pay for her every whim.)

"So, Tsunayoshi-sama, how are you able to do Sun flames? I though you were a Sky flame." The blond boy asked, watching how Tsuna was giving him another demonstration of flames.

"You really don't have to call me that, Tsuna is just fine. And I am, though it is possible for others to have more then one flame type, though one flame tends to work better for them then the others." the brunet started to explain, M.M.'s interest perking. Maybe she would have another flame, so that she and Mukuro-chan could harmonize when the time came?

(Really, why couldn't Sun Flames bond with Mist? It just wasn't fair!)

"Oh, so do you have Sun as your other flame?"

"Hmmm, well, to be honest, I can actually do all flames; I just need to train in them harder to make them better. Though Sky will always be my best element."

"..." "..." Both of the 'students' were a bit speechless.

"That is really cool." M.M. murmured. Imagine all the stuff she could do if she had such abilities! She'd be the best con artist/hitwoman ever!

"Yes, thank you M.M.-chan. But enough on me, lets get back to healing." Tsunayoshi said, steering them back to what they were originally doing.

"Man, why are you so insistent we learn? We can just go to you if we need healing." Ken pointed out, obviously not wanting to go back to the bugs.

The silence the fluffy haired boy gave was just as grim as his expression, she was kind of expecting a graveyard to suddenly pop out.

"Because, I will not always be here. If you guys are ever involved in a situation where you can get hurt, or worse even die... I want to make sure you have anything you need, anything that could help, at your disposal."

They went back to learning about healing after that with no complaint.

**Flashback End**

As M.M. and Chrome got away under the younger girl's illusions, the red haired young woman couldn't help but think of her past 'mentor' and hope he was okay.

(Of course, it would take her years to realize that the man she admired was never okay, not with what he had experienced in his life; she personally wondered how he was still sane as he was, then thanked her lucky stars he was.)

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For though the love of money can be the root of evil, it can also be a cause for mistrust for others.

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Chapter End Notes
Yo! M.M. is an interesting character that I can't help but like, but then again, she's a red head. I have a weakness for red and silver/white haired characters. (Though geniuses and glasses are a plus too.)

Note: My theory on Bianchi's cooking is that her Storm flame naturally leaks into her food, something she has no control over. And depending on how much she wants to kill someone determines how much flame goes in. That's why Gokudera never died from her cooking; she would never want her beloved little brother die.

And as for Tsuna being able to do all flames... Yay for Unlockables!
Interlude- Shoichi

Chapter Summary

Oh well, at least he was having fun with his friend.

Chapter Notes

Knowledge is having the right answer. Intelligence is asking the right question. -Unknown

Interlude: Shoichi- Kokuyo Days

"You know, if you find it that funny you should laugh; laughter is good for the soul, especially for someone who rarely laughs." is said after a moment, a very much bemused Irie Shoichi trying to hold back his chuckles so as to not offend the speaker.

But really, it wasn't everyday you see Sawada Tsunayoshi surrounded by birds, cute little canary birds at that. Not only was it an adorable sight, it was also funny as heck watching all the different colored birds flit here and there on the blank faced boy.

Of course, one then had to land on his head; a really pretty red one, with paler red on it's wings. And apparently it decided it would not budge.

"Says the boy I've only heard laugh once. And I think chuckle twice." the read haired genius replied dryly, reaching a finger out to the bird, seeing if he could get it off his head. It had obliged him, but then the little guy used the chance to go on his shoulder, squeezing it's self into the crook of his neck.

"Shobird likes you. I guess that means he is your's now; please take care of him." Tsuna said.

"Shobird? What kind of- never mind, I do not want to know." the glasses wearer said with a sigh. "What I do want to know is why do you have all these bird with you?"

"I stole them from an old man."

"... Was there a particular reason for this?" Tsuna usually always had a reason for doing anything, even if it didn't make sense at the time-

"He was using them as bombs."

"WHAT!"

-or they sounded like something extremely weird/impossible/ohgodwhydoesthatevenhappen.
Was it sad that he was getting used to this? This kind of thing didn't give him stomachaches anymore, just slight pains now.

Oh well, at least he was having fun with his friend. (One who provides him with the best antacid pills ever! Bet he puts both Sun and Rain flames in them.)

On the other hand... "Are you alright?" he had to ask, knowing the brunet had probably fought with the rather... 'creative', if cruel, bomber.

"Yeah, just a bit tired." the brown eyed boy answered, slightly rubbing one of his temples with his hand.

Dark green eyes narrow behind suddenly reflective glasses, a soft frown on his face.

"Are you sure you can't harmonize with me now? While I know Sun flames are mostly for physical health, it should also provide you with strengthening your body's defenses, which the brain is definitely part of. I know we are compatible, I have felt your flames before." The red head asks, his arms wrapping around his stomach as he worries and remembers what a feeling those flames had been.

**Flashback**-

Ten-year old Shoichi couldn't help but flinch when he heard his father come home, smelling heavily of alcohol again. Looks like another night of insults, with only him as the target.

Really, the little red head wished that the man who 'helped' bring him and his sister into this world would just leave and never come back. This way, maybe his mom would start smiling again instead of having to worry about the bill money (the money she worked for) being drunk away. Maybe his sister would actually stay home at night and play video games with him again instead of being off with her friends to get away from their father's remarks and criticisms.

Maybe if he never saw the man who was his father again, he wouldn't take the words spewed from that mouth to heart.

It was something he wished for more often then not.

And it came true, just not in a way he thought.

His father was taken. By a kid who looked younger then him.

"You know what, you prissy little brat? You think cause you're smarter and brighter, you'll have a good future? Tough luck, you little bastard, but life isn't that-" And the still rather attractive man physically suddenly shut up, ice forming around him before the boy he was taunting eyes.

"Irie Toshiyuki, formerly Iida Toshi, you are coming with me; your life of hiding is over." is suddenly announced, a blank face boy appearing out of no where in the living room, claiming his father was an insane murderer that escaped prison years ago before knocking him out, probably so the drunk wouldn't struggle.

And he didn't think his opinion could go any lower when concerning his father. ( Even when he didn't know this boy who was dragging the nightmare from his life out of the already open door by an office chair with wheels, the brunet was defiantly more trustworthy then his own 'father'.)

"I apologize for the destruction of your evening; I hope the rest of your night is more pleasant." and then the fluffy haired boy with a blank expression is there, looking at him.
"It's fine... And thank you," he thanks, bowing his head and hopes the other doesn't ask him what he's thanking him for.

After a moment passes, Shoichi feels an addicting warmth on his shoulder, where that man had caused hurt when he yanked his arm, making him feel like he might swoon. He barely hears what the boy says after that, his shoulder no longer in pain.

"You are welcome."

Getting his head on straight as he can, he asks, his eyes brighter behind his glasses then they have in years, "Can I see you again?" Maybe he'll tell him about the ice and the healing?

"...Maybe." And then he is gone.

After a few weeks, after his family and them have moved on from the missing man in their lives, after they find half the bounty money for an escape prisoner on their doorstep-

"Hello, my name is Sawada Tsunayoshi; it is good to meet you all."

-his rescuer starts at his school in his class.

**Flashback End**

"And like I've told you, it's not really safe for me to Harmonize with anyone till I have a Rain; I need a steady influence before I can even think to attempt trying to feel the emotions of others. Though a Sun would be best to go second." Tsuna says with a pointed look, his words taking Shoichi from memory lane, the warm feeling back at that.

(And while the red head knows quite a few people willing to be the brown eyed boy's rain, he seems to be waiting for a certain someone.)

"Alright. Oh, by the way, I just finish legally transferring us to Namimori Junior High; you'll be with your age group. Though why now of all times do you want to transfer? Tired of sending a Mist double all the time?"

"While faking being numerous Students all across Japan was helpful to confuse hitmen after me and my brother so they couldn't find our true schools, now it is just a bit troublesome, especially with the tutor who is living with us. Besides, you were transferring first, and school just isn't fun anymore without your's and Spanner's little robot minions around." the brown eyed boy points out, making Shoichi feel even warmer (though he wished the brunet and blond in their group stopped calling them his and Spanner's minions; Byakuran always got a creepy glint in his eye whenever it was said and would then top it off with a laugh. Not good for his stomach.)

Though they're not going to be in the same grade again, it's still great to be with his friend who cares so much for him.

(Even if they do have a few circuits short of a chip.)

"So, how have things been in town since I've been gone?"

"Ah, well, it's been getting really violent lately, which isn't being caused by the skylark; he been missing for a while actually. And..." Shoichi explains, informing all that he knows that is going on so far.

(As a brown eyed boy listens, his eyes darken as they do; looks like he'll have to be a bit more
careful on when and where he goes from now on, if he's going to return home to such messes.)

Chapter End Notes

Shoichi is mine, I claimed him in my group of friends, I love him! Hope you all like his character, I always thought him to be a little sassy to go along with the nervousness and temper, hope I carried it well.

Okay, long note time.

Note: So, it's said that Sun flames can strengthen things, which is why it is so good for healing. So I got to thinking, the brain is a physical organ, why not be able to strengthen that? Mental defenses!

And all we know about Irie's family is that he has a mother and a sister. So when I thought father, my brain said, "Lets make him an asshole and a murderer in hiding!" and there is that.

Also, not sure if anyone noticed, but none of the Kokuyo gang reacted surprised or shocked by any names on the list of the top students in Namimori Junior High. Tsuna destroyed an entire Mafia family, he would have been on that list. Unless he wasn't a Namimori Junior High student. Does Reborn know? Well...

As for Shobird, he's an American Singer Canary intense red factor.
Fifth- Mukuro

Chapter Summary

Everyone loves a good villain.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Another thing that makes a game sell is the characters.

Heros, villains, neutrals, even a shopkeeper can be of interest to someone, tempting them to buy a game.

Though usually now a days, everyone loves a good villain.

Fifteenth Character: Mukuro- Kokuyo Days

Rokudo Mukuro was, admittedly, impressed with the younger Vongola twin. Of course, when one isn't expect much of anything, it tends to be impressive when something is there.

Though threw all the odds he has faced, even when Mukuro used his six Paths of Reincarnation to posses the kid's friends, he didn't lose the will to fight.

(He is rather curious to see if the older one can even compare, who none of the group has met as they don't seem to be around much from what they have found.)

Still didn't mean that the brunet blond was suited to be in the dark, disgusting Mafia, as shown when that will slightly crumbled. It was just damn lucky for him that the... lizard(?) popped out a new weapon, a key chain with a disk that said 44 on the end appeared.

Which happened to turn into an ever lengthening chain with a fire surrounded disk with an X at the end. That was not fun to dodge

(Some mittens with 27 on them appeared as well, though Yoshimune said those were probably his brother's, so he didn't really mess with them. The pineapple haired boy didn't really want to find out what those could do; knowing his luck, it'd be even more annoying.)

Though it was lucky him and his group transferred the info they gathered when they did, otherwise their benefactor wouldn't have been able to pay them.

Watching M.M. haggle with the person on the other line had been amusing to watch.

("Sure, it's not all the information you requested, but you never mention that we would have to deal with Arcobaleno grade hitman; A hitman who happens to be the greatest there is. Add in the Poison Scorpion and Trident Shamal on that, we demand hazard pay!"
They got there hazard pay in the end, even if the original payment was lowered.

Though now that the young Vongola heir had glowing orange eyes, the feeling a familiarity hit him even worst then before.

Flames of the Sky itself; just like another the older Mist in the group knew.

Another boy who was like him; not really the youth they looked like.

**Flashback-**

"How many?" Mukuro asked the younger boy in appearance, his eyes hard and worried.

"Hmmm, I figured you would be the first to notice; though, how did I give myself away?" the boy with brown eyes looking so tired asked back.

"You're too adult at times; children wouldn't normally take to situations like you do... And your eyes are similar to mine." except his carried no where near the same amount of exhaustion; the blue haired boy knew there was still some youth in him, in his choices, in his mind, and even soul.

Tsunayoshi had none.

"Now, will you answer the question- or... do you not know?" Maybe some of his memories were locked until he was better able to handle them, so he only got snippets here and there? Just enough for it to leak through to his eyes and body language?

The brunet was quiet for a bit, looking around the alley where him and the others were camped for the night. Tsuna and Mkuro were the ones on guard tonight, thus the only ones awake, making it a perfect time to ask the question that had been bothering the mismatched eyed boy for a while.

For a moment, he thought the fluffy haired destroyer of the Estraneo wouldn't go any farther then confirming he had lived more then once.

Then he broke the silence, willingly. "You're kinda right, I don't know exactly know how many times I've lived; I stopped trying to count them after the 70th. It was just starting to depress me again then." He answers, as if he hasn't had to live constantly over and over again, remembering all those different lives.

How the hell was he still sane?

"Mostly, it stubbornness on my part." oh, the male Mist didn't realize he asked that out loud. "That, and I have something I must do."

"Something you must do?"

"Hmmhm. But not now, not this life; this life is for fun." the older boy only in appearance stared.

"For fun? Why?"

"Well, I guess to remind me." probably seeing the confused look on his face, he smiles such a heartbreaking, sad smile that the few bits of the Mist's tattered heart goes out to him.

"To remind me why I live in the first place."

**Flashback End-**
Tsunayoshi is someone who he will always respect; being reborn over and over again puts a lot on a soul, especially if they remember everything.

(He is also one of the few people who understand him, an experiment who has lived six lives before, even if he himself can barely understand the other's pain.)

And yet, he still was able to open his heart to others, even offer them a place if they ever needed it.

"So, this is a desperate, last resort thing; if you guys need a safe place to lie low for awhile, you can come to my home, in Namimori. My mother will love the chance to feed more people."

Is what he said before he left them once again, once the Northern War between the Mafia's died down.

Needless to say, his offer had warmed quite a few hearts; from the sound of it, his family was basically defenseless, so he must have trusted them to offer what he did.

"Mukuro-san, I do believe we should retreat." Chikusa said, dodging the length of chain thrown at him, Chrome back to back with M.M. for better protection.

"Yeah, I don't really think I can hold out much longer against the crazy boxing nut." Ken added, panting like a dog which at times he resembled.

"EXTREME!!!! YOU SHOULD ALL JOIN MY BOXING CLUB!!!" nearly everyone shivered, a feeling of terror one feels when a bad comedian takes the stage. Not only fearsome for the ears, but a headache waiting to happen.

The animistic boy in there group shuddered, starring in plain horror at the white haired Namimori student while the teen's allies replied to him.

"Not now Onii-san!"

"Shut it Turf-Top!"

"Hahaha! He sure is having fun."

Yeah, a strategic retreat doesn't sound bad. Especially since that annoying/amusing boy with the Tonfas got back up, despite his injuries and the yellow bird now on his head now (when did that even get there?).

He's almost tempted to stay just a little longer to knock the other teen down again.

"Kufufu, as fun as this has been Vongola, it's about time this is finished." Mukuro smirked, readying his flames.

"You won't get away!" the hazle, yet now orange, eyed boy declared, tossing his chained weapon at them, just about to reach him as the Mist user's own flames charged.

Both, however, never had a chance to collide.

"Leave town for a bit and you come back to chaos; how is this the story of my life?" a very familiar voice sighed, sounding slightly put out.

And there, in what light there is in the room, he can see a gloved brunet, sky flames surrounding like a halo, as he stops the chained weapon and flames from crashing easily.
"Tsunayoshi-san/sama/chan!" "Nii-san!" "Tsuna-kun!" is suddenly called out from all around.

... What? Everybody sort of stared uncomprehendingly at each other, wondering how they all knew the brunet. (And did the Vongola heir just call him Nii-san?)

Suddenly the older Mist feels like the room is quite a few degrees colder. Tsunayoshi's rather cool gaze doesn't help with it, as he looks carefully around the room, before he seems to spot what he is looking for.

"Fuuta-kun, you alright?" and ignoring everyone else, the brown eyed teen approaches the youngest among them, kneeling down to his level.

"Tsu-Tsuna-nii... I'm sorry, I couldn't do anything, even when they were hurting everyone... They wanted information on you and Yoshi-nii and Omerta and... I want to go home!" the Ranking Prince sobbed, collapsing in the knelling teen's arms, crying.

"There, there, it's not your fault, Fuuta-kun. You stayed strong through this whole ordeal, right up till the end; I couldn't be more proud of your strength of will. But you can rest now, I'll take care of everything." the blank faced boy comforts, his voice warm despite his expression.

And with a few sniffles, the youngest starts to relax as warm brown watch over him, entering a much more willing sleep then the ones Chrome has had to put the boy through.

And suddenly those eyes are on the rest of the room, an icy hardness entering them as he takes everyone in.

(He can feel Chikusa flinch from all the way over where he is standing.)

"Now then, why don't we convene to me and my brother's home; I'm sure everyone would like something to eat as we talk about this... Misunderstanding..." And despite the offer he just gave, his eyes say that this definitely better be an understanding.

"Kufufufu, sounds like a plan, Tsunayoshi. Lead the way." He can't stop himself from laughing the slightest bit nervously, following the younger in only in appearance teen as, everyone else right behind them. (Though the Hitman in the group keeps a hold of his... lizard gun(?), warily watching them all.)

Just as he and his group prefers it, being closest to their savior.

(And while in the future he might be concealing and protecting a much younger Sky, it is a far older one that will always have his fascination, dedication, and even his affection, no matter what.)

For it is usually them that we can sympathize more with.

Chapter End Notes
Yeah, I can't do fight scenes that well. And Mukuro's character, even modified, likes messing with me.

Note: As he was rescued sooner, this Mukuro is a little more open with his emotions, at least around those he actually cares for. And basically, he is the de facto leader of the group whenever Tsuna isn't there, as he is not only the most powerful of the group, but also the one most mentally capable. Still hates the Mafia, though not to world ending degrees.

Also, one of the reasons Mukuro bonds so much with Tsuna is because he is the only other person who understands what it's like to be reborn (Though not in the way he thinks) and remember it. It's an understanding that no one else can really share with Mukuro, who looks young, but mentally isn't.

(And the 08 on the keychain for Yoshi is because he's the eighth Shogun and I don't think it's a taken number. EDIT: have decided to change it to 44, because I am a slightly evil person.)
Sith- Ken

Chapter Summary

Ken never knew he could feel as awkward as he did now.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

_Something to consider to make a game sell is the audience you are speaking to._

_After all, you wouldn't pitch a horror game for little five year old kids who can't even watch scary movies. It all depends on who you'll selling it for._

_And if they'll believe that they love it._

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**Sixteenth Character: Ken- Ending of Kokuyo Days**

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Joshima Ken never knew he could feel as awkward as he did now; at least the other side shared it, looking even more awkward then them once the healers all left. Except for the boxing nut and the guy with the yellow bird; former looked like he was excited while the latter looked like he wanted to bite them and lock on. On their side, their Male Mist seems to be the exception, as on the surface smug, though the blond can see how he's rubbing his fingers against his thumb, so even he is effected.

Kaki-pi though wasn't awkward...The wild teen has honestly never seen him so pale, his head bowed as his fist's stay clenched on his knees. He doesn't need his sense of smell to tell him the glasses wearer is distressed; one can tell by looking at him. (He kinda wants to slap him on the back, insult his glasses, anything to get him out of this state, but can't.)

And he can't help but worry for the punk; even when Tsuna-sama left the room, his displeasure could still be felt.

It was just their luck he happened to be one of the Vongola twins; while they didn't mean to, they still betrayed him slightly by attacking his family, which was like a bite to the heart, doubly so for the loyal Rain.

"Now then." And in comes the brunet everyone was waiting for, who was putting the little brat to bed. (No, he wasn't jealous, what reason would he have to be jealous?!) "Shall we get started?"

"Yes, how about with how you know an up and coming assassin/mercenary group, notorious for hating all things and anything Mafia related?" the kid in a hat, who had apparently been ordered not to interfere in the fight by his boss, demanded, his tone accusing.

The blond teen couldn't help but puff up, growling slightly at the perceived insult directed at them and Tsuna-sama. He could see the girls both frown as well, while Mukuro-sama smiled that
twitching smile that meant he was about to throw illusions at the blond (though this wasn't as... nice as when it was directed at him). Even Chikusa looked up to glare at the twelve-year old looking hitman, even though he started trembling when Tsuna spoke.

"Usually, hating the Mafia would be considered a virtue then a vi-" the brown eyed boy cut himself off just as he was nearing the table. Ken was surprised, but definitely pleased, when he changed course to sit by Kaki-pi, pulling him into a one armed hug, ignoring everyone to focused on the suddenly very still boy.

"It's alright, stop worrying... I know you guys wouldn't have attacked if you knew I was involved." the Sky flame user comforted, letting his head rest slightly on the raven's beanie head. The feral teen couldn't help but relax, as if the monkey that had been chewing on his neck left.

The fluffy haired brunet always understood them.

"Tsunayoshi-sama..." Crap, please tell me he's not going to cry; Chrome in tears is the only thing that can beat a sad/tearful Kaki-pi.
(Though if Tsuna cried... Heaven help the damned soul who did it.)

"Kuudere-Tsuna, answer the question; how do you know these people?" Reborn demanded once again, untouched by the heartwarming display. (Bastard.)

"...That is up to Mukuro and the others to tell you, if they wish to. It's not my story to tell; I only play a part in it." was the answer that the brunet gave, making the pineapple haired teen laugh.
(Only played a part? It sure was an important part, if Ken had a say.)

"Kufufufu, I don't see why anything personal about us should be shared, especially with the competition, Arcobaleno-san." the blue haired teen answered, smirk never leaving his face. "Though I will say this; we owe Tsunayoshi for a service he has done for us in the past."

Yeah, Mukuro does not like the hat wearing kid. (Though he isn't on his shit list, otherwise he'd trap the guy in a illusion by now.)

Watching how the suit wearing kid seems to grow a little colder, his lizard nearing his hand, Tsuna cuts in.

"More importantly what I want to know who hired you, and what for?"

"Eh? What do you mean by hired?" Tsuna's twin (And god does Ken feel stupid for not seeing the resemblance; side by side they look so freaking alike.)

"From the last time I've been in contact with them, Mukuro-san and the others were a group for hire for specifically Mafia targets and only such targets. Meaning someone either wants us dead or..." the brown eyed boy trailed off.

"Or what, Tsunayoshi?" the bastard with the metal batons asked, his eyes narrowed.

(And why the heck was Ken being reminded of a territorial wolf when he looked into the other teen's eyes? He can't help but edge closer to Kaki-pi, just in case.)

"...If they were just meant to kill you, then Mukuro could have single handily made Yoshimune kill himself by possession, unless Reborn-san intervened. But even then, Reborn can't watch out constantly for my brother; a guard watch would have to be put up 24/7. And this is even if Mukuro is
caught in the first place." Looking over at Mukuro, who seemed a little smug at the recognition of his skill. (No way to deny it; he's the strongest in their pack when Alpha Tsuna is away.)

"...So if our deaths weren't the goal, they would have wanted us alive, at least for a little while... Kidnapping? Or was it information?" the younger of the twins guesses, his eyes narrowed as he considers the group opposite of them.

Okay, now he can tell the two are related.

"... We were hired to find out any information possible about the twin heirs, get out facts from rumors, and if a chance came, take out one of the heirs. We already delivered most of the information, so we already got our payment." Chrome offered quietly, earning a considering nod from Tsuna.

"This gives us a lot to think about; we'll probably have to be even more careful from here on out, training will have to be even tougher from here."

"Eh, as much as I hate the thought of more tort-training, Tsuna-nii is right; we'll have to face them for what comes next." the hazel-eyed teen says thoughtfully, even after he cringes.

"And since we have new tutors for everyone, this should make it more effective." And then the dangerous smile is directed at them.

"I'm sure you all will be happy to help, especially after this rather painful misunderstanding, hmmm?"

Ken doesn't know about the others, but he sure isn't going to say no to that smile.

Besides, this way Tsuna keeps his promise.

**Flashback**

*He is not crying; Ken is a big boy now, he's not gonna cry again just because Tsuna-sama is leaving again.*

*On the other hand, Chrome is getting teary eyed, while Kaki-pi is sniffing slightly.*

"Come on guys, it's not like we'll never see each other again. We'll definitely be meeting again." the brunet comforts, smiling ever so slightly andsoftly as he now hugs Mukuro goodbye after hugging M.M. (who he thought might have cried one tear, but he's not too sure).

"Yeah, maybe for a week, a few months at tops before you leave again." M.M. bites out, her eyes suspiciously red.

"I would like to stay with Tsunayoshi-sama much longer too." the glasses wearer in their group adds.

"...Maybe one day, if you all want to, we can be together again, maybe even live together." Tsuna offers softly, his gentle warm eyes making everyone forget to be sad, even if only for a little bit.

"Kufufu, we'll hold you to that Tsunayoshi; you have now made a promise you won't be able to break." Mukuro laughed, squeezing the boy in his arms just a bit tighter.

Ken wanted his turn now, so he tackles the two. (Which somehow turned into a puppy pile with all of them laughing. Didn't stop Mukuro from throwing illusions at him for days afterwards.)
Alright, alright; it's a promise." and while Tsuna isn't laughing, the twinkle in his eyes is just as good in the blond's opinion.

"Come on guys, we all got planes to catch; we really can't afford to miss it." Lancia announces when he finds them, only to sigh when he sees the puppy pile.

Despite the fact the brown eyed boy is leaving, the wild child of the group still feels warm in his chest.

After all, if he promised; he'll make it happen.

Flashback End-

Which the brunet fulfills in the most sneakiest of ways; make it look like they're being punished (though he's sure he's still a bit mad), when they really aren't.

(The stunned look of impress-ness is easy to see on the Mist flames in the group; that was a move that would make any of the those user's of the flames of sneakiness impressed.)

"But now it's getting late; I'll show you guys where you'll be staying tonight." the elder Sky says as he gets up, helping Chikusa as well. (Though if Kaki-pi stays that close, he's kind of worried the teen with the yellow bird will actually go through with it and attack him, what with that look he is giving him.)

Soon he has them directed to a large room with bunk beds ("Don't ask me why the house is so large, I rather not think of my mother's plans."). As they certainly don't feel comfortable enough to let the girls be off on their own tonight.

"Tsuna-sama, I gotta ask; why did you never tell us you were Vongola's heirs?" the fanged teen asked, the question troubling him since it was found out.

"...Because, at first, even I didn't know; Reborn had to be the one to break it to me and my brother when the Family screwed up." the brunet answered after a bit, sighing as he rubbed his temples.

Ken couldn't smell any lies coming from the other, so he felt justified in his anger being directed at the Mafia.

Mukuro, on the other hand, focused on something else.

"Screwed up you say? How so?" the mismatched eyed boy basically purred, as if a curious cat that got the scent of his next prey.

One the other hand, the brunet grew irritated, his flames converted into Mist suddenly surrounding the room, unnoticeable to those who don't have an understanding of them like their group does, "First, they can't handle internal disputes with out force and violence, letting emotions fester and rot with everyone; yes, the Cradle Affair was bad, but it would have never happened if the Ninth hadn't been such an absolute idiot." He nearly hisses, eyes burning as he does.

"Then," he continues, this rant obviously something he has long since held back, "Due to these internal problems, they can't even protect the already fully trained and knowledgeable mafioso heirs, all dying for this reason or that, the family's weakness being ruthlessly taken advantage of."

"Oh, and in addition to all this, our father, who had a noble wish in not wanting us to be involved with his work, was utterly and completely naive. Our blood already and will forever mark us. So now we have to play catch up with a hitman who actually takes us seriously, even if he has no
respect for us, at least at first..." gritting his teeth, the brunet looked a moment from pulling his hair out.

Talk about stressful situations; Ken would have probably killed everyone by now if he was in the brunet's shoes.

"What can we do to help." and wow, Kaki-pi actually looks really cool.

"... You can help us get stronger, because whatever threat is coming, we'll need all the help we can to power through it... I can't do everything." Then Tsuna looked hesitant, his eyes taking in the glasses wearer in the group.

"And to be honest, I need a Rain, a full flame one at that."

"Of course." and damn if that couldn't have been answered faster, blue eyes behind glass brightening up.

"And you'll always have our assistance, Tsunayoshi." the pineapple shaped haired teen offered, his hand coming to rest on their savior's shoulder.

And while the smile Tsuna gives is shaky, it's still something that Ken wishes to protect.

(And will be something he always will, whether it is filled with happiness or madness.)

For once they believe they do, they'll do what they can to get it.

• Uploading Omake...
• Load Complete.

Next morning had been utter chaos.

"How dare you disrespect Yoshimune-sama like so!"

"I'll respect him when he stops smacking his face with the key chain."

"Why you-

"Ah, Gokudera-kun, you shouldn't throw you fireworks in the house. You might hurt someone."

"Shut it you-"

"AH! EXTREME MORNING EVERYONE!!!!"

"Shut up turf-top, you're to loud!"

"EHHH! What was that for Reborn."

"You should learn to control your subordinates, Baka-Yoshi."

"Kufufu, now I see why Tsunayoshi needs our help."

"I will bite you to death, pineapple herbivore."
"Would you like to repeat that, Skylark?"

Just as Hibari was about to say something, his tonfa's at the ready, a dangerous aura filled the room.

Turning, everyone looked to behold a smiling Tsuna, Chikusa right next to him with two plates of fluffy pancakes in hand with a blue and gray canary bird seeming to be nesting on his beanie.

"I'll have you know that Kaa-san hasn't been feeling good, so she's still asleep, as is Fuuta and the kids. If they get woken up due to the noise, I will personally spar with you, gloves on and with Mist Flames." the brunet says pleasently, making the Kokuyo group shudder.

After all, it was Tsuna who taught them to go for the nightmares and worst fears.

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Chapter End Notes

Yeah, Reborn wants answers; Tsuna just doesn't want to give them.

Note: Tsuna is stressed; it's a plain and simple fact. He leaves town for just a little bit to deal with a problem and comes back to find the people he cares for duking it out. And just like he said, if Mukuro and gang's goal hadn't primarily been information, his brother and friends could have been dead. And do to his lives he's lived before, Tsuna knows things others have no clue about, so it tends to bottle up on accident.

And Tsuna didn't lie; he's just a master of half-truths.

And the bird on Chikusa is Chibird, a (White Ground) Blue Variegated Canary. Just imagine the brown replaced with blue, because anime!
Sevth- Basil

Chapter Summary

And then his Master had come and both flames changed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Go home and be a family man.” -Street Fighter 2, Guile

Seventeenth Character: Basil- Beginning of Varia Havoc

CEDEF Apprentice member Basil never thought the situation could get so tense.

When Squalo had found one of the younger Sawada twins, he thought that the man knew so and accidentally revealed it. The Varia member had easily cut through the two boys with potential to be great guardians, though he did face resistance with the bat holding boy. In the end, he was able to overpower them and take the fake ring halves.

It was so lucky Master's eldest came, gloves blazing with his dying will, as he pounced at the long haired man, getting him in the chest. And even though the silver Captain for the Varia was forced to retreat, it felt so hollow a victory. He saw that the three other boys agreed with him on this sentiment, determination flowing through them as defeat became merely a memory of taste; they were hungry for a true triumph.

Though despite the unpleasantness, both twins were absolutely awe-worthy.

Young Master Yoshimune's determination and giving nature, like a young flame in a light house during a storm, showing it's light to all that have need of it, willing to guide all his way.

And then Young Master Tsunayoshi's wisdom and strength, much like the burning fires that rage against armies, bowing to no man as they ravage both person and land, but allowing new growth from the ashes.

Both were certainly people such an orphan from the street like him admired, greater then he could ever hope to reach.

And then his Master had come and both flames changed.

What once was Yoshimune-dono's warm and welcoming light suddenly shut off, refusing such a ship to sail to his heartland, the flame's kindness dried to embers.

Tsunayoshi-dono's though... It was as if the fire gave way to ice, cold and uncaring of what it covered, allowing no growth to emerge for this land he hath marked.
It was so obvious to him, made the dirty blond wonder if his Master honestly didn't notice or was ignoring the emotions (or none at all) in his children's eyes.

The teen wasn't sure what he wanted the answer to be.

Though whether or not the blond man noticed it, others did.

The mercenary team that had been reported giving trouble to the young heirs now looked to be plotting murder/torture depending on what mood they would be in when they finally strike. The kept close to the Eldest Young Master, keeping watch over his back and keeping a close eye on the teen's father.

(He also though he saw the one wearing the strange hat motion to his yoyo, only to get a head shake for no from the brunet. For some reason, Basil feels he should watch over his Master for the night, just in case.)

Which the two young men from before, Gokudera-san and Yamamoto-san, were doing for Yoshi, eyes watching everything and anything the twin's father did.

And it seemed that the young children could feel it as well, along with a white haired young man, as despite staying cheerful they always watched carefully for any sudden movements from the Mafia Father.

(And the blue eyed foreigner couldn't put his finger on it, but it was as if he felt eyes of steel and death directed at his and his Master's back and throats; as if a predator was sizing them up. Though watching and hearing the pretty yellow bird sing was rather soothing.)

It was with this all going on that the CEDEF leader explained what was happening, with the Ninth's disappearance and the Varia's coup.

No one looked particularly sympathetic.

"So basically, we have no choice but to fight for something we never wanted, unless we want some pissed off assassins on our asses. That-I just-argh!" the brunet blond said tonelessly at first, his eyes hard as he could no longer hold back his anger at the end.

"I'm leaving; need some air." the teen managed to bite out as he left, his brother following right behind as a more steady pace, before pausing slightly.

"I hope you do not mind, but I have called in some... friends of mine to help us out; they should be here around the same time as the Varia arrive, maybe a little later or earlier circumstances depending." his voice cool he waits for no answer, going after his brother once more.

"Kufufu, looks like the Vongola has screwed up; how delightful I get to experience it during this life time." the assassin identified as Rokudo Mukuro said, a cruel smirk on his face as he did.

"It's the Mafia; it's made to be screwed up." Identified as Joshima Ken said, his tongue starting to stick out at a rather unattractive angle.

Frowning, Iemitsu-dono turned to the group, his eyes narrowed.

"What I would like to know is what you all are doing around my son. Care to enlighten me?" the father basically demanded.

"We don't care to; if you really want to know, the twelve year old has an idea why. Now if you
excuse me, I'm rather tired of breathing in the same air as you mafiosi, so we'll take our leave for now." the blue haired boy said, him and his group getting up to leave.

"I am his father, I have a right-"

"Say that you have the right after you've seen the pain you've cause your them; I dare you to say you still have the right after that." It was surprisingly Yamamoto-san who said this, the eyes of a natural hitman starring out of such a young face.

"Hmph, we should be spending this time training, not listening to old men; I'll see if Lancia needs any help again with Yoshimune-sama's weapon training." And then the silver haired teen joins the others in leaving, till only Reborn and the two CEDEF members were left.

"You screwed up big time Sawada." It what starts a whole new conversation.

"Like you've and Lal constantly keep telling me." Iemitsu-sama said with a sigh.

"Then I'll keep saying it till it gets through!" the fedora wearing kid barked, a barely contained rage shown in his voice.

His Master kept quiet and stared.

"Your children do not like you, and I can not blame them. From information I have received, those kids have been dodging assassins since they were little." and with those words, both blonds paled before the hitman.

"But what of thy guards?" Surely-" Basil started, situations and possible plots coming one after another, imagining what those young masters could have gone through.

It did not create paint for pretty pictures.

"They were being paid off; it seems your children not only had to look out for themselves, but for your wife as well." And thus saying so, the world's greatest hitman tosses a file to the CEDEF head.

"That's all the the information on what the spy, the one who happened to be in charge of making sure your kids were safe, had. You may be a great Family member, but not so much a father." and with that, the raven left too.

And as he watched his Master hesitantly go through the file, Basil stayed beside him as this was still the man who saved him from starvation and a life of slavery.

(And while he will always respect him for that, he will respect a pair of twin Skies more.)

-------------------------------------------------

Chapter End Notes

I don't know why, but I imagine Basil to be really poetic and flowery with his words and thoughts, so I wrote him that why.
Note: And reasons why Reborn didn't tell Iemitsu of his suspicions of Tsuna? One, he is still pissed at him (For reasons, check Reborn's chapter, number 3). Two, the man doesn't even know his kid. And Three, doesn't trust him to really look, for his judgement could be clouded.

And yeah, Lancia is the one training Yoshimune. Maybe you'll see later why he has Gokudera help him with that.
Eith- Rasiel

Chapter Summary

"In the darkest hour there is always a way out."

Chapter Notes

WARNING: Imagery of being buried alive; If this disturbs you, skip the Italic dream part.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"In the darkest hour there is always a way out." -Mass Effect 3, Eve

Eighteenth Character: Rasiel- Beginning of Varia Havoc

~*Dream*~

He couldn't see, it was too dark.

"Pl-please! Any one? H-help!" a very much sore voice begged.

"Princes should never beg." is all his mother says from outside, leaving him in the box with the suffocating air.

"No! I'm sorry! Please come back." the little blond boy cries again, his nails getting bloodier as he once again scratches at the top of the box.

"A future king should never cry." is what the voice of his father says, before it to goes away.

"Noooooo, please come ba-back." The elder prince begs as he sobs, breathing in stale air mixed with blood, sweat, and urine.

"Shi-shi-shi, my how the mighty have fallen." is laughed by his brother.

"Please Bel, you can have the kingdom, the inheritance, I don't care! Just let me out!" Rasiel begged, starting to curl into himself, the space he was in getting smaller and smaller.

"Please, someone please save me." he asks once more, his voice cracking in the end.

"Okay, then come with me." is suddenly said as he sees light enter his world, beautiful warm orange eyes comforting him.

It might not be his color, but orange is now by far his most favorite one right then.
The sun light around him and his savior is so beautiful, yet too bright.

Blinking, hidden eyes look around the rather luxurious room, the wide space that can be found in it, with his comfortable king size bed a bit damp, along with his clothes, with sweat.

Calming himself after such a nightmare, he'll have to get his butler a note not to feed him caviar before bed again; otherwise he might just have to... replace a cook.

Again.

(It's starting to be a bother hiring them; no one ever seems to want to apply from what he hears.)

But really, to have that nightmare again, but with it ending up seeing him at the end.

The person who saved him, nursed him kindly back to health, all without asking for anything in return, and even asking if he wanted to join his family on their vacation!

"It's the right thing to do; besides, no one deserves to be buried alive. So come on, lets have some fun." was all that his brunet savior had said. And even his Royal hardened heart was touched by such kindness and strength.

This was a person he could easily find himself following. (And if he could spite his own parents by doing so, even more fun for him. It was just too bad he couldn't Harmonize with the young Sky yet, other wise he would have been able to leave with him.)

"Young Master, it is time to be ready for the day: The new coronation for that blasted King steal-er Raphael shall commence today." his ever loyal (and somewhat fanatical) Butler Owen, a man of Spaniard descent with his tan completion and dark eyes, but by Rasiel's kingdom raised, said after he finished opening the curtains, knocking the blond out of his thoughts.

(Olgert always said that he would only serve his king. Hope he enjoys serving Raphael with a limp.)

"Despite the fact that I am not to be King does not make me any less Royalty; That is something no one can take of me," the blond huffed, even though he had no desire to attend such an event.

Really, he could have easily taken his rightful place when those advisers tried to shuffle him away, since his health had greatly improved and could have easily killed them all.

But being king was no longer in his plans; he had much more fun things he could be doing. Assassination, torture, spying, protecting Tsunayoshi-sama, tormenting the annoyance that insists on clinging to him.

Yes, much more fun and productive.

"Yes, my Prince. Oh, and apparently there was a call last night." the raven haired servant informed his Master.

"Hmmm? From where and who?" the royal asked, wondering who would dare call him at such late hours.

"Ah, it was from Japan, a Mr. Sawada Tsunayoshi sire." Owen paused when he saw his Master still, but carried on when he saw the glint of a knife, "He asks of need for your assistance, as a group known as the Varia wish for him and his brother's deaths apparently. He wants to know if you would also assist some others in coming as well. A email has been sent to your computer if you wish to accept with all the details not able to be discussed."
Starring out to the dawn skies beyond his window, the passed over Prince for the throne smiled.

He then started to chuckled.

Which only made way for the release of full blown laughter.

"Sheshesheshe! Owen! Give my excuses to the new King, have the maids ready my private jet and luggage, and make sure my pilots know where they are going; I must get ready."

"B-But sire! What should I say?" going to run a bath for his lord, as he had just entered the bathroom, then start to undress him once it was to his liking.

"Sheshesheshe, tell them a Royal Storm is making itself home in it's true Sky." and so laughingly, he went into the tub while his servant went off to do as he was bid.

Won't be too long now till he sees his Sky again. (Though if it's Varia... that should be interesting, seeing his little brother once again. Maybe he can finally return the favor he gave him.)

He almost can't wait; Storms are very protective of their Skies after all and don't much care to have them out of their sight.

(Though if it's Varia... that should be interesting, seeing his little brother once again. Maybe he can finally return the favor he gave him.)

He almost can't wait; Storms are very protective of their Skies after all and don't much care to have them out of their sight.

(Though still sadistic.)

And remember just because a person is sadistic and likes blood does not make them insane (I think it is technically a fetish?).

Chapter End Notes

So, I'm sure no one saw this coming.

Note: Okay, Bel mentions that he killed and buried his brother; that's the stuff from nightmares. It's also a fact that Byakuran saved him... But what if it was Tsuna who did it instead?

Bam, slight change in our favorite sadomasochistic Prince's brother; instead of saying he is the 'King', he says because he is 'Royal/Royalty' and his loyalty is dedicated to Tsuna. This also changes his mind set just a bit, since it's Tsuna, (Though still sadistic.)

And remember just because a person is sadistic and likes blood does not make them insane (I think it is technically a fetish?).
Good men mean well. We just don’t always end up doing well. -Dead space 3, Issac Clark

Ninteenth Character: Lancia- Beginning of Varia Havoc

The Strongest Man in Northern Italy Lancia felt just a bit amused, and even just a little confused. (At least he wasn’t as confused as Sawada Yoshimune was.)

"So calculating the angle this way should optimize the subjects ability in avoiding all obstacles that would implode in such a manner.” A red haired boy explained, pushing his glasses up as they started to fall down his face.

"But if he calculates the descent of my explosives that way, isn't there a chance he might get caught in the after effects?” And then the silver haired boy asked, frowning over the papers between the two of them in the field they were training Yoshimune in, in case he was the one to go against Xanxus.

(Apparently, as neither twin had been declared heir itself, it would be decided by random which of whose guardians would be in the ring battles. How the brunet got this information amazed the raven as it seemed this was suppose to be a secret, judging by the mafioso reactions. Tsunayoshi’s contacts are fearsome indeed.)

"Ah, but that is what the latter part of the theory comes in; if he adds this plus what is from before...” Irie-san trails of meaningfully, Gokudera-san's eyes widening before they start to sparkle.

"That is genius..." he says breathlessly, his awe obvious, making the glasses wearer beam in pride.

"Yes, I thought so as well; I went over this about three times last night too make sure it had no errors.” as the Sun and Storm of two different Skies beamed at each other, one could just see the bond forming between them.

(And while Storm and Sun flames can harmonize, it's usually rare; so he might witness an unique sight if those two can actually do it.)

"Ehhh, you guys do realize I'm only getting high C's and low B's in all my classes right? I won't be able to use this," Young Yoshimune hesitantly admits, breaking the moment between the two young geniuses as they apologize and worry for the one they are trying to help.

Watching the kids, he couldn't help but remember a bunch of other different kids, all so different yet some similar in ways no one could understand. How they bonded in ways no stranger could or had the right to know.

How they let him join in on that warmth when he lost the only family he's ever had light. He had been so honored.

And because a little brunet asked if he would be willing to share information on any mafia gossip.
"I don't want anything on your family or anything not meant to be shared; I just need rumors about the Northern Mafia Families, since they tend to keep not only quieter, but get overlooked on occasion."

The ball and chain user had of course at the time went to his boss with this, who thought that maybe it was a mist user donning a mask to approach him with, one that no one would expect.

After all, no one expects children.

But in the end, the deal was okay, and he was even given good money for the information he gave (though he gave most of the money to his boss, along with other information he might need). He even got to the point he listened in to any and all gossip, hoarding it and keeping a tab on it just in case.

And that was basically how it was, him giving the gossip, with the brown eyed boy giving him money. Then the brunet had asked him a favor, dropped off a group of kids who could seem innocent but turned out to be little trouble makers and devils in the making (needless to say that his boss adored them).

And while it was much more stress inducing, it was still something that soon became welcomed as well, seeing the kids running down the halls and giving the staff and him hell.

Then the Northern War hit and it really was hell. And all started over the most simplest of misunderstandings and greed.

Lancia will always be thankful for Tsuna during that time, as he doesn't think he and the kids would have made it out as well as they did otherwise.

Though look at him now; helping to train one of the possible Vongola heirs, both who don't want to be so, against trained assassins capable of killing with skill unheard of.

He thinks he has a bit of a right to be worried; just a bit.

"Try telling your theory to Basil; while not a genius, he can understand the gist of it and explain that to Yoshi-kun. Though thank you two for helping Yoshi-kun train on your day off from it." and think of the devil and so he shall appear.

(Though to be honest, depending on who you are and what mood Tsuna is in, he could be a devil or an angel.)

"Oh, Tsuna-kun/Tsunayoshi-sama!" Both geniuses exclaimed, blushing at the gratitude.

"Ah, Nii-san! What are you doing here? I thought you were with waiting for your friends at the airport." Yoshimune asks, happy for the chance to get away from all the papers.

"He was. Lollipop Sho-kun?" Blinking, the oldest in the group at that moment takes in a strange blond with half-lidded eyes who just walked up, holding out a sucker to the red head, who seems to suddenly sparkle.

"Ah! Thank you Spanner-kun, but when did you get here?" wow, he never knew someone could actually show their happiness that visibly unless they were a Mist user. Then again, the boxing obsessed kid basically burst with visible enthusiasm, so maybe Suns can do it to.

"Just now; the bloodthirsty Royal and the mad marshmallow delayed the flight with their fighting while the green haired kid kept spilling acid everywhere... So Tsunayoshi had to get us away from..."
security." the half lidded eyed boy explained.

Lancia could practically feel the sweet drops from everyone gathered while watching Tsunayoshi just shook his head, his eyes showing amusement.

(And did Yoshimune just pale at the mention of a Royal? Does he know who the blond is talking about?)

"Don't worry, Yoshi-kun, Rasiel is staying at a hotel with the others; only Spanner will be staying with us." the older Sky in the group said, making his brother sigh in relief.

"Oh, okay. So Spanner, are you one of possible fighters? Cause-" the younger twin started, trying to change the subject, only to be cut off.

"I can't; I have Flame Countermand." Spanner sighed, making the spiky haired Kokuyo Gang, as they have been dubbed, member wince along with the red and silver haired boys.

"Flame... Countermand? Not to be insensitive or anything, but what's that?" the hazel eyed boy asked, frowning slightly in worry.

"You know how Flames Harmonize and all, right?" Tsuna asked his brother, who nodded, "Good, so Reborn-san hasn't been just torturing you but actually teaching. As for that, have you learned which flames can and can't harmonize with each other?"

"Ehhhh, no, having gotten that far."

"So it seems I have spoken to soon. Hayato-kun, would you care to explain?" The brunet asked the silver haired genius, who nodded while he blushed. (Still not used to Tsuna addressing him so familiarly.)

"Sure. Okay Yoshimune-sama, here is how it goes with the flames; Sun and Mist can't harmonize because Sun flames need something to strengthen, and Cloud and Storm can't bond because you can't just destroy what you just built up. Then you have Rain and Lightening, that which softens and that which hardens; not something that mix well. If I person actually wants to use these flames together, they would have to have a third flame involved to balance it out." Gokudera explained, actually making sense as he did if judging by the brunet blond's nod of understanding. (Then again, he has been learning to dumb down on explaining things.)

"Okay, so what does this have to do with whatever the giver of lollipops has?"

Here the delinquent looking teen hesitated, which was perfectly understandable; it wasn't a pretty topic to touch.

Though it seemed to be one that the victim himself didn't mind so much talking about.

"Flames Countermand is when a person has two flames that can not harmonize together, with no other flame to balance them out. Due to the constant struggle with the flames in the body, it drains energy and life from the afflicted, unless they can harmonize with a Sky or if desperate a Storm or Mist, though the latter two are inadvisable due to not being stable enough. But even with a Sky, it only stabilizes the person enough to live; they'll never be able to use the flames. If you live past being an infant, your life span is drastically lowered to around late twenties, early thirties at most. I have both Lightening and Rain flames." the green wearing teen said, taking out another sucker to give to the elder twin, who nodded in thanks.

And with understanding comes the horrified look, "I-I, isn't there anything to be..." the younger of
the unwilling Vongola heirs asks, not looking like he knows what to say.

"Don't worry; once I have a full Harmony, Spanner and I will harmonize; and no Spanner, you are not going to be wearing a wedding kimono." brown eyes then gave the blond next to him a deadpan look.

"The situation is rather fitting for it; besides, you know I would look good in one."

"We're harmonizing, not signing our lives away together."

"In some cultures it is... Then can I wear a Yukata?"

"... As long as it's not one for a wedding."

"Deal."

While the conversation was going on (which had been sly of Tsuna, changing the subject to a much more light hearted one, Yoshimune had edged closer to his brother, now glaring slightly at the blond bantering.

Looks like someone's getting a bit protective.

(Then again, both Skies always have and always will be of each other... though no where as near as their Guardians.)

--------------------------------------------

Chapter End Notes

Lancia is the dangerous character that stays quietly in the background, waiting for a chance to strike. Good thing he's on Yoshi's side.

Note: More information with Harmonizing. And with flames, I couldn't help but wonder what sort of related illnesses are capable with happening. And I always imagined Spanner as either a rain or lightening even though he never uses them. So I made him both, which isn't healthy for the blond in this story, though explains why he can't use flames.

(And also I think Spanner would look cute in girly clothes.)
"Nobody finds what they want immediately. But if you waste your time everyday because of that, you'll never find anything.” -Harvest Moon: Back to Nature, Mary

Twentieth Character: Lambo- Varia Havoc

Bovino Lambo was both scared and hungry; he didn't like that.

First these weird mask wearing guys come out of no where and attack him, easily avoiding his grenades and I-pin's attacks. Even though Fuuta was running away with them, they just kept coming after them!

And now a crazy blond with knives comes out of no where laughing, easily using those weirdo's as some kind of target practice.

"Royalty shouldn't have to handle such weaklings like thee even if Tsunayoshi is the one to ask of it! Owen, do finish them; their screams of pain are no longer as enjoyable as when this all started... Though better not traumatize the children, so no killing." The fancy dressed crazy huffed, black nail polished fingers twirling a throwing knife around them. (Lambo didn't exactly knows what traumatize is, but he thinks the blond has already done it,)

"Yes, my Sire; I do as you command." the tall tanned man dressed like a butler from one of those really old movies the cow spotted child watched with Mama and the others said, before moving very fast.

The meanies were knocked out before the children even knew what was happening.

"Fuuta! I-Pin and Lambo too! Thank goodness you're alright..." Is exclaimed by Baka-Yoshi-nii, whose voice gets quieter and face paler when he sees the blond and butler pair. The rest of the gang arrived and Fuuta and I-Pin went crying to the older boy.

(For the record, the Afro haired boy only joined in to make them feel better about themselves; he was great like that.)

That meanie Reborn even aimed his gun at the pair before them, the scary grinning teen just doing that weird laugh while the dark eyed man by his side frowned really, really disapproving-like.

And then this scary man appeared.

"Who knocked out my... Belphegor?" The guy with a lot of rings in his face said, looking confused as he looked to the guy who called himself Royalty.

The air became ever so chilly after that.

"Sheshesheshe, my Royal self would much prefer if you did not call me as such; I find it ever so insulting." was the ominous reply, which seem to confuse the enemy even more.
"Wha-" he started, only to be cut off.

"Ah, come on and share the- oh my." a guy with a little bit of green hair on his head said, his girly voice sounding started.

For a whole minute, everything was quiet and still, both sides stunned, though some for different reasons.

EHHHHHHHHHH/VOOOOOOOOOO! THERE ARE TWO OF HIM?!” was shouted, both Squalo and Yoshimune looking ever so slightly annoyed/horrified.

(And thus the seed was planted for the strangest friendship/drinking buddies relationship ever born.)

"Sheshe, there is only one of someone like me; I'm incomparable." the longer haired version of the one on the hill laughed, his grin turning as sharp as his knives.

If the air was cold before, it was below freezing now,

"How can you be here? I thought you dead and buried properly." The shorter haired version said from atop the hill, his smile seeming strained.

"Yes, that was unpleasant, maybe I'll share the experience with you. My Sky is the one you must thank for that; he found and healed me when he did." and Lambo wasn't sure, but it looked like that smile turned just a little bit softer.

"Shi-shi-shi, I'm make sure to show my thanks; by undoing it all." and just when he looked like he was about to jump down-

"Out of the way."

-the even scarier big boss came.

And then Lambo couldn't move.

"One of the Sawada Twins, Sawada Yoshimune." The red eyed leader stated, his hand starting to glow as the others around him freaked out, "Die."

"Not unless I can return the favor." was stated serenely, followed by an aura that made the young curly haired child remember some of his worst nightmares.

"Heh, it's always fun seeing you get so serious, Tsuna-chan."

"This should go down in my research; rare to see such strong wills clash."

And then there was Tsuna-nii, smiling the smile that said he have better be a good boy for Mama or else. (Though this one was much, much worse.) There was also a smiling white haired teen next to him, along with a grumpy looking green haired kid, who seemed to be typing something into a laptop. (Lambo noticed that Reborn had become very still, wonder what he's so surprised about.)

Red eyed narrowing in on brown ones, both wills clashing, making it slightly hard to breath. (Though Lambo wasn't sure, but it felt like both sides were holding back.)

The cow suit wearing kid has never felt his knees shake so much.

And then that weird old man who says he's his Nii-san's father came (Lambo isn't sure if he likes him too much; he makes his older brother figures change and not for the better). By this time, the blond
who calls himself a Royal and his butler are by his older brother figure's side, looking bored along with the white and green haired boys.

The old guy then goes on and on about what some older man has said in a note, though Tsuna-nii doesn't look happy; he actually looks really, really not happy, his eyes narrowed on the letter his father is reading.

The bovine nicknamed child thinks he's seen a similar look, but on Yoshi-nii's face when Reborn is obviously lying. It's a lot a like, but the brunet looks... disgusted maybe?

(In times that pass, the young lightening will learn this look well, not only from others, but from making it himself.)

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Chapter End Notes

Doing Lambo's POV is harder then I thought it would be.

Note: Due to his age, some things fly over the young boy's head, so Lambo wouldn't have noticed things adults would. On the other hand, as a child, he also notices things adults have trouble with.

And yeah, Rasiel and Belphegor have met! Though Xanxus stopped a fight from happening between them on accident.
Chance is actually a big part of games; it can effect how something changes in the story, can be the simple difference between a great defeat or a terrible victory. It can stop you from going forward, from learning more, or even help you in ways you wouldn't have succeeded in before.

Chance is something in games that should always be considered, but it's not all there is.

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Twenty First Character: Ryohei- Varia Havoc

———

Sawagawa Ryohei, proud student of Colonnello, was worried and confused.

Ever since this whole business with the jewelry has happened, the two teens he thinks as little brothers have both been tense and strained, worse then even when the pineapple head came into town. (Mukuro doesn't know why, but he now has the great urge to stab the annoying boxer... He'll do so later.)

Though it seemed the adults started feeling the strain when they met the 'Gesso heir', the little green kid, and the Royalty.

Flashback-

"Shesheshe, we're all Tsunayoshi's guardians; have a problem with that and I'll let Owen deal with you peasants." the blond who says he's royal answers, his laugh dark as he grins at his little bros's dad. They're all at the Sawada house, when the father confronts his older son about the people around him.

(And the boxing lover may not be the brightest person there is, but he can tell a tense situation when he's right in the middle of one; he just doesn't understand why everyone is tense in the first place.)

"Yes, Sawada Tsunayoshi is a rather interesting person; though I see no reason why a second Lightening is necessary, especially one who is also a Sky with a full harmony; did they even agree to you being a guardian?" the green haired kid says, seeming to give the other white haired boy a slight glare.

"Hmmm, actually, they're wondering why I haven't already kidnapped Tsuna-chan; they all miss his cooking and help with paperwork." the purple eyed guy says, smiling all the while.

"...Tsunu-nii, you do have your taser still, right? And the pepper spray?" Ryohei hears Yoshi ask his older bro, who sighs.

"Exactly what is your problem with my choice in guardians?" the blank faced teenager asks, his eyes holding no emotion as he takes in the hat wearing kid and his own father.

"I admit, I never would have expected Verde to ever willingly Harmonize with anyone." the dark haired kid says, shooting a glare at the other kid in the room.
"Like I said, Tsunayoshi-san is an interesting person and worthy of my respect... He has also done something for me that will forever cement my gratitude to him, and I am not one to bite those who aid me, especially in my research." The kid known as Verde says, his voice cool and eyes hard as he takes in the other.

"Well, these choices in Guardians are obviously bad influences! And especially the Gesso heir; his Family is know to always be at odds with our own family-" Iemitsu says, only to be cut off.

"I'm sorry, but my family has never had any problems with any one of the Gesso; so I'm not sure what you, someone with no influence in me or my brother's lives, gets to have any opinion of those I choose to be around."

"I am still your Father-"

"You are just the man who impregnated our mother; if you want to be a father, you will actually have to at least try to be one." the brown eyed brunet says, his face still blank but his voice colder then Ryohei's ever heard. "Now then, does anyone want some last minute training? We should take the chance while we still have it." and so saying the elder twin gets up, those that are his friends and considered family following him.

Ryohei doesn't bother to even look to see the other sides reactions.

-Flashback End

Though he didn't really get the situation or why most of the adults and the suit wearing kid had problems with some of the others, the older teen hoped he could be of some help to his little twin bros.

But now wasn't the time to think on all that confusing stuff.

They were all (Yoshimune, Tsuna, and all their friends) now at the place, he thinks it's called the Sun Arena or something, they were to fight when the ladies with the masks pulled on a floating roulette, the thing that would say if either he or the red head would fight judging how one half is his face and Irie-san's.

It landed on the red head.

"I was afraid this would happen." the teen sighs as he rubs his stomach, chancing a look over at Tsuna in the group, who nods understandably, a soft look in his eyes that the boxing obsessed boy has seen on his sister's face when she just wants the best for him.

"Combatants, please enter the ring now." One of the... Cervy? Cerjello? The pink haired ladies announces, the Varia member already moving to do so.

Irie-san does not.

"I apologize, but I must forfeit; my life is more important to my Sky then a piece of metal." and so saying, the glasses wearer throws the ring over to the Varia's Sun, who looks stunned along with the others as he catches it.

"I knew this would be a quick match, but not that quick." the... Man(?) pouts as he catches the ring, "I was hoping for a least a bit of a work out."

"Then how about I EXTREMELY fight you!" Ryohei shouts out, people covering their ears as he does so.
"You will not be able to gain the ring back even if you win..." One of the identical judges says, still seeming taken of guard by the sudden forfeit.

"This is not about rings; this is about how EXTREME men fight and what they must fight for!" the grey eyed teen speaks, his eyes hard.

And while Irie Shoichi cannot fight due to it being a death sentence for him, the white haired boxing teen will take his place, showing that they are not just some teens this group can walk over.

He will show them just what they are messing with; that luck will not always be on their side.

"Hmph, don't see why not! And I still win either way." the guy(?) laughs, entering the arena, the loud boxer starting to follow.

"Wait, Ryohei-niisan!" Is called before he enters. Turning he sees his little bro Tsuna coming up to him, a pair of sun glasses in hand, "Here, take these and you'll do even better then extreme; you be beyond it." and so saying, he puts the dark blue tinted glasses on him.

"EH! BEYOND EXTREME? EEEEEEXTREME!!" He can't help but yell, his dying will already starting to ignite.

"Do your best Nii-san." and with that, the brunet goes back to the group, standing next to the other white haired guy, the lollipop one, and the hat wearing one, the red head just now joining the group along with Tsuna. His little bro Yoshi is also with his own friends, all of them cheering him on.

When the fight starts, he really can go beyond extreme, due to his friends and thanks to the glasses letting him see.

(And as time goes on, he finds he can definitely go beyond extreme if it's for those he loves and cares for; always.)

For while chance is an opportunity, you'll the the skills and ability to reach for it.

Chapter End Notes

Hey! So for the battles, I had actually did a roulette thing, hence the roulette that appears.

Note: Shoichi is not a fighter; it's his intelligence that is so terrifying. If the little red head fought Lussuria, the guy would kill him. So yeah, he forfeit the ring. Ryohei though still wanted to fight and had a much easier time since he could see.

And yeah, Tsuna could really care less about what his father thinks.
There is so very much to learn.

Twenty Second Character: Verde- Varia Havoc

The Greatest Scientist Verde cursed faulty equipment and annoying cow dressed children as he tosses another electrified projectile at their opponent, which they easily dodge.

Really, of all the people he had to fight with in his life, he thinks he hates fighting with this kid the most. And he’s had to fight with Reborn... No, wait a minute, he still hates fighting with that blasted himan the most.

(who is probably enjoying watching him suffer this annoyance, the bastard.)

At least the Bovino boy has that going for him; even if he doesn't have much else.

But really, when the faulty roulette not only malfunctioned not just once or twice, but thrice due to the damn lightening everywhere, the inventor had nearly volunteered just to get it damn well over with before the opponent lost his patience first.

"Enough of this, I'll just take them both on; not like it's be hard to take care of a brat and a little scientist." had been the frustrated remark made.

(And just for that, the green haired boy used his particularly nasty inventions, the ones that could poison, crush, and kill. Too bad this Levi person was good at dodging, otherwise the grenade and poison powder combo from him and the brat would have won the fight already.)

This had not been part of what he expected when Tsunayoshi asked of his assistance in a favor.

Now, while he was admittedly interested in Bovino tech, he was not so interested in the people themselves; they were not only annoying, they were completely bothersome people, trying to force a Harmonizing with him of all people. If he wouldn't Harmonize with Luce, why would they think he would Harmonize with them?

Though to be honest, he always wondered how all the other Arcobaleno trusted a woman who saw the future and smiled much to friendly for it; he would have thought that at least Reborn or Viper would have seen through her, someone who saw what they could become and did nothing. It made him grateful for his scientific mindset, as his thinking the woman mad and suspicious saved him a
break in Harmony and even more trust issues then before, like the others in their 'merry' little group.

(And the other Arcobaleno wonder why he has such distrust for Skies.)

Then he came across Sawada Tsunayoshi and then he could understand a bit why the others went a little weak around the Prophetic Sky. Though it would be more correct to say the brunet came across him, a blank expression on his face, a glint in his eyes, and detailed plans to break the twice damned curse with two gifted boys at his side to assist him in it.

He had actually been tempted for once in his life to show someone else a hint of affection; he hasn’t felt that way since his dear little sister died, squeezing her hand in comfort before the doctors ultimately failed her, the event changing the doctor hopeful into an inventor.

It had been startling for the spiky green haired baby at the time, so of course he investigated it; and that only fed his growing interest in the boy who aided him in breaking the damn curse, even getting the Vindice indebted to him the same time, some how.

Despite his apparent young age, he reminds Verde slightly of the Arcobaleno, but only a little; it’s as if he is much too long lived for that, if that could even be possible. He has a knowing knowledge in everything he does, which the scientist believes may play a factor in the boy's insanity and power he has. But unlike Luce, the boy actually uses his knowledge to purposely change things, sometimes in his favor, sometimes in others.

This is one of the few things that endears him to the brown eyed Sky; his non-acceptance for letting things run their course.

Doesn't like what the Estraneo are doing? Destroys them and frees their test subjects.

Doesn’t care for the Mafia War that is happening in the Northern part of Italy? Helps victims and children of the mafia, and even has a hand in ending most of the conflict with a word here, a death there.

Finds the Arcobaleno System unnecessary and a waste? Some how comes up with plans to end it, once and for all as if it were nothing, and trusting him and two young genius children to fix it.

He may have been grateful, but it was his interest, curiosity, and eventual trust in that Tsunayoshi will not do him wrong, not intentionally, that Verde offers to bond with him, after he has found a Rain of course (he rather not risk his mind to the Sky’s insanity, thank you very much).

Though really, why he has to share the guardian position with that Gesso heir does irritate him, even if his ability to see into other worlds does interest him. (Though how an alternate of the young red head is behind it is curious and makes barely any sense scientifically; sometimes he honestly thinks flames over complicate things more then is needed.)

But really, as much as he would prefer to think this over tea made by his interesting Sky and a new project, he does have a fight/protect the brat from killing himself to do.

The brunet owes him for this; maybe he can get him to test some of his more experimental inventions afterwards?

And there goes another damn lightening bolt; despite it being his flame, he is really starting to get sick of the real thing. Especially with how it keeps hitting the brat, no matter what he does. (He wonders if his lightening rod ability is more a curse then a blessing, since it actually seems to attract the deadly energy to him. It also prevents him from using his own paralyzing thunder as it hits Lambo more then the opponent.)
Cue tears and the Ten-Year Bazooka use. (Truly an amazing invention; if it wasn't for the color he would have thought someone besides the cow child's family came up with it.)

And introducing brat upgrade 1.2 with greater strength and at least not as annoying. Still prone to tears though and with his fighting ability Verde has to stay out of his way unless he wants to get shocked as well.

He much rather not.

When the brat fails, the scientist has to drag him from danger, only for the now teen to freaking run away to his time traveling device once again.

What comes out this time is much more impressive and definitely not annoying, looking as if he had just recently finished a fight.

"Oh, Yoshi-nii, Tsuna-nii, along with everyone else; it's rather refreshing to see you all again after so long; but now is not the time to get sentimental I see." And so saying, he turns to regard their Varia opponent.

Though he still has to stay out of the fight due to the much improved fighting style and the power put into it. It is most certainly impressive.

Then the brat comes back just before they can win, with him to far away to help him, almost all of his projectile weapons all used up as he tries to reach the kid before the Lightening from the assassin group can kill him.

In the end though, it is the young child's Sky who says him, his chain weapon wrapping safely around the kid and pulling him to safety.

Of course, this disqualifies them and also forfeits their Sky ring as well. Meaning that they will have to win the other four battles to come if they are to ensure a complete victory.

Oh wonderful, don't you just love the feel of pressure in the air?

(Then again, it's worth facing it if it's for his Sky and research.)

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Chapter End Notes

Okay, funny thing about this. When I went find out how I should have this battle work out, I went to a number generating site to figure out who it would be (odd number would make it Yoshi's guardian, even for Tsuna's). First time I tried it, didn't work because my internet disconnected for a long while. Second time the site when down. So, I decided to ask a friend of mine to pick a random number and they said infinity. So I said screw this and had both of them fight.

Note: Never fight with someone you do not know the fighting style of; this is more then likely to make one lose the fight then win one, as the enemy can and will use this. That is one of the factors why Levi won.
Also, I honestly can't see Verde harmonizing with Luce; a woman who says she can see the future shouldn't be that nice or sane, if she is even telling the truth.

(And Verde is 100% done with everything.)
"To show my appreciation, I'll only beat them half to death." -Disgaea: Hour of Darkness, Laharl

Twenty Third Character: Belphegor- Varia Havoc

When the Varia's child prodigy Belphegor sees the roulette pick his brother, he can't help but laugh. Now he'll get the pleasure of killing him once more. Should be fun.

Watching how his twin leaves a bird with it's feathers arranged much like their hair style with the fluffy Sky, the younger takes the older and his Sky in. He looks disgustingly good and healthy. (Should be delightful to rid that smile from his face once and for all.) Dressed in finery befitting of their Royal status, but easy to move in, one could think him well off and obviously above most.

As for his Sky... If Bel had not felt the power from the brunet when he clashed wills with the boss, he would have been disappointed in his brother's choice. As it was, the sadomasochistic assassin readied himself in case those brown eyes were holding any more surprises, keeping a careful eye out for him.

After all, his brother wouldn't lower himself to serve anyone, even if they have saved his life. "This should be interesting, brother; finally the time has come to see which of us is the stronger one." the younger blond says wickedly, starting to slowly advance on his brother, who attempts to circle him.

"Likewise; with no underhanded tricks it should be a battle between Royalty to remember. Even if the victor is obvious." a matching bloodthirsty grin meeting his, nothing nice in either of them.

("Vooooi, please say they do each other in." Squalo mutters, Yoshimune secretively agreeing with it; his nightmares are already full of one of them, he doesn't need the other joining in.)

One the call to begin happens, both twins are off, knives aiming for the vital places going this way and that, each missing their mark. Both blonds are moving, aiming, strategizing the best way to take the other down and down hard.

His brother draws first blood, like he always had.

It was a few knives, small enough that they could easily hide in the shadows of the larger counterparts. one had managed to nick his neck, the others hitting around his hips.

After that, it becomes a little hard to think, like it always is after he somehow gets nicked in battle, the sight of his blood bringing back old nightmares and thoughts.

Seeming to taunt him with times where he and his twin always fought, remind of the times where
they would work together to make someone suffer, remind him of that night.

He will never admit it, but he on occasion he wished for a chance to get to know the boy who his Parents had kept on saying he must be better then, who he must defeat if he were to be king, any means necessary.

But he is digressing; there is a battle to be won now.

As he keeps at the other, his wires and own blades singing through the air, making royal blond bleed, a flash of lightening hits, blacking out the school he is in.

"...It's dark..." is the ominous words he hears, the feel of the air around him suddenly suffocating.

"What?..." the Belphegor gasps, the smell of old blood and earth reaching his nose as he collapses, the feel of not getting enough air staying with him.

What is happening to him?

("Belphegor's chances for winning were lowered once Rasiel's knife hit him; once the darkness engulfed the school all was lost for him." Tsuna answered when Gokudera asked the same question.

"Eh, why is that Tsuna-nii?"

"Because each and every knife that Rasiel throws is filled with his Storm flame to such degrees that the metal rusts at speeds to where if the energy is not transferred, the knives turn to dust; that's why he's been leading his brother away, so that he wouldn't see and realize this."

"But why would it being dark help him?" Chikusa asked.

"Because, it takes time for flames to work on the body, especially when it holds the same flame. But when it gets dark, Rasiel remembers, just like his flames do, the feeling of shortness in your breath and blood in a stale air. While not an illusion, the flames degrade the victim's body in a way that gives them the similar feeling to being buried alive.")

Why can't he breathe?

"It's so dark isn't it? The air so stale and cold, the earth all around you, caging you in. So very unpleasant, isn't it brother. I told you I would share the experience with you; lets see how you feel after being stuck in the ground for a while." he hears, feeling the ring he held being taken off.

NO! He can't let him take that! But why can't he get up?

("And not only do they do that, they also paralyze them after a while, showing them the same helplessness that my Storm has felt; it is not a pleasant experience for the opponent.")

"But you know what brother? I could easily end you here, you never having to be another worry in my life; but my Sky gave me an even better suggestion" the younger twin prince heard through his own gasps, the pain from to little breath clouding his mind.

"I'm going to let you live; this way, I'll be able to make sure you'll suffer more." is the last thing he hears, before he passes out.

(And while his brother definitely keeps his promise, Belphegor can't help but find it a relief as well; it's something that he can know for sure that will never change.)

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Meh, I hate writing fight scenes.

Note: despite what many believe, you can't hate someone since you were born; humans don't have the mental strengths at the time to even tell if we want to suck on our toes or fingers. On the other hand, parents can try and make their children compete, for some strange reason.

And coming up for a believable fighting style was a pain for Rasiel, as he basically only uses storm bats and his servant.

(And I kid you not, there is a bird with a similar hair style to Bel and Rasiel! Say hi to Rasbird!
http://beautyofbirds.com/images/birds/canaries/gloster3.jpg just remove the spaces)
Life does not accommodate you, it shatters you. It is meant to, and it couldn’t do it better. Every seed destroys its container or else there would be no fruition. -Florida Scott-Maxwel

Interlude: Leviathan- Varia Havoc

The Lightening Guardian of the Varia Leviathan, while not compassionate to anyone other than his boss, could admit he winced in sympathy for the pain their youngest was going through.

The damn brat's brother did a hell of lot of damage.

Extreme injury done to the boy’s lungs, as well as some done to his nervous system along with minor injury to the brain gave Lussuria and the medics a lot of work. From what one of the medics have said, the Storm flame from his twin was literally poisoning his mind, giving him the hallucinations of apparently being trapped. It got better once they have taken him out of the darken building, but the blond was still in a bad way.

And while such injuries is usually considered a sign of weakness, none of the Varia, besides the Boss of course and maybe Mammon, could honestly say that they could have done as well against the elder blond Royal. After all, it only took one nick to get Rasiel's flame in your system it seems, and none of them could dodge every knife for long.

So such injuries could be excused. Varia may be made of heartless assassins and cruel Mafioso, but they stuck together, fought together, and served the boss together.

"How is the trash?" is asked, Xanxus glaring over at the rather feminine Sun flame user who just came in, looking tired.

"The poor dear is stable now, he'll be up and preying on the staff in a day or two. Oh, I had to use up soooo much of my flame to do so, I haven't felt this tired in a while." the man with the green Mohawk yawned, Levi not able to stop a cringe when he tried to do so cutely.

Really, just why?

"VOOOOO! The brat got cocky and payed the price; the rest of us will just have to make sure we don't do the same." their silver haired captain shouted, scowling at the door Bel was behind, concern obvious to most of the men in the room.

Now while they would never show their concern on the outside, one only had to look carefully for the details to see how each and every member of their team, except the robot, was worried. It was in the way how Squalo would look to the door, his scowl growing more darker each time. How
Mammon would count his money repeatably, occasionally looking up from it before going back to it. You could see it in how Lussuria was willingly giving up on his 'beauty sleep', staying close in case of any changes. How it was given away in Levi himself by staying by his boss's side even more, his eyes on the door even as he awaited for any order.

How his boss's mood was even more temperamental, breaking his glasses before he even had a chance to throw it at their second in command.

Varia stuck together, until they all eventually moved on in blood and shadows; death was always a part of Varia, and if you couldn't accept that, you just weren't Varia Quality. (Though that didn't mean they wouldn't have a moment for the lost, each in their own ways dealing with it.)

"... Don't underestimate any of those brat scum... Especially the fluffy one." Xanxus suddenly said aloud, finally able to take a drink of the wine he ordered.

The fluffy one? The boss much be talking about Sawada Tsunayoshi.

To be honest, the apparent youth gave the Lightening flame user the chills.

He did not have the eyes of a youth; Belphegor had more childishness in him then that kid. He held none of the innocence that would be in a civilian. He did not carry any childhood sweetness despite his smiles or soft weak warmth when he was kind.

The brunet actually reminded the assassin of them; his eyes fit a Varia member better to be honest, a veteran at that.

And Levi would bet Mammon most of his savings that the boss noticed that. (Though he wouldn't, he wasn't stupid.)

"You mean the older twin trash?" Squalo said, eyes narrowed as he looked to their leader. Levi wondered if the silver haired man had noticed the kids eyes as well, then thought that was a dumb thought; of course he did.

"He's planning something; I don't know what, so be sure to be on your guard you damn scum." boss growled, before throwing his glass at the long haired man, starting a one-sided shouting match.

(And in the future, the Varia learn that Sawada Tsunayoshi is always planing something; you just better hope you too can benefit or are not involved.)

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* Uploading Omake…
* Load Complete.

Verde blinked in the mirror, making sure he was seeing what he was seeing right.

Their was a little greenish bird in his hair. Some type of Canary if he was correct.

Why the heck was their a bird in his hair and how long has it been there?

"Ah, so you've finally noticed Vebird. Looks like Ken-kun and Mukuro-kun owe me~" is said by that annoying Gesso heir.

Turning to give the other a piece of his mind, as well as to ask what he is talking about, the man trapped in a twelve year old body stops, his eyes narrowing in on the white spot on the teen's
shoulder, which is not hair.

It is another bird, a pure white Canary.

"Are they not cute? Tsuna-chan has saved them and is finding them people to care for them. Though it seems even they do not wish to be far from the brunet, as most of them have gone to his guardians." the Mafia heir explains, eyes twinkling as the bird seems to laugh.

Starring longer then is usually polite, the green haired inventor heads to his room in the hotel; maybe Tsunayoshi is on to something when he said he needs more sleep.

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Chapter End Notes

And it is another interlude! Man is it hard to get Varia dynamics down.

Note: While it is fun to make fun of Levi, he is still a competent and strong assassin, to the point Mammon even comments on it and how Xanxus accepted him in the group. And yeah, the Varia has been feeling good about themselves, what with getting three rings in only two matches, Belphegor's loss and injuries came as a bit of a shock.

And Xanxus's own intuition/instinct shows itself.

and Marshmallow! -http://beautyofbirds.com/images/birds/AlbinoCanary.jpg Just remove the spaces!)
Names don’t matter. What’s important is how you live your life. -Final Fantasy Tactics, Ramza Beoulve

Twenty First Character: Mammon- Varia Havoc

The Mist Arcobaleno Mammon was admittedly irritated.

Ever since Squalo lost to the other young swordsman, the boss has been even more temperamental, his trusted second not there to vent on. At least Levi was there to act as Xanxus's stress ball, otherwise Belphegor might have had his recovery impeded by a glass aimed at his head.

Though with all the destruction, it was also adding to the bills, which was another cause for irritation.

The other was the people who just walked into the room.

Rokudo Mukuro and his gang; the very same gang he had hired to find information on the brats, as they couldn't use their own sources when so close to actually freeing the boss. It would have made eyes look at them, something they didn't need at the time.

And while the greedy twelve year old knew the information he got was accurate and that the mercenary group was honestly doing their work, he couldn't help but wonder what changed for the group and why they were allowed so close to the heirs. Even if Vongola struck a deal with them, they would still be heavily supervised, yet they are sticking to the older twin like glue.

Mammon is not blind; he can see it in the group's body language, in how they act, in how their eyes do not stray far from the brunet. Sawada Tsunayoshi has somehow gained the loyalty of the Mafia hating group of assassins. That speaks in many words, coded and locked, with the Mist flame only able to scratch the surface of what this could mean.

Just like their boss has thought; there is more to the young brunet then meets the eyes.

Though now is not a time to think of such things.

"Are the Mist Guardians for both brothers here?" the Cervello judge asks, looking over critically at the two young Mist users in the group. It seems like the pink haired woman has also noticed the apparent loyalty to only one brother.

"Hmph, how do we know that they are not just both the eldest's Mists?" Levi mutters, though it echos a bit in the room, letting it be heard all around, voicing the doubts others are having.

"Kufufufu, I can assure you, me and Chrome are not Tsunayoshi's Guardians; he is merely a trusted friend." Rokudo says, a flash of pain passing through his eyes before it goes away quickly, Mammon only able to catch a glimpse of it.

What could that mean?
"Do you have any proof of this?" one of the judges asks, looking hard at the group.

"You wish for proof?" is in turned asked by the older Sawada twin, who glances at the two Mists by his side. There seems to be some unspoken conversation that takes place, before the blue haired boy nods his head and makes a distance between him and the Sky, the female Mist following.

And then he feels it.

A heavy pressure, coming in from all around, pressing in on him, making his breathing difficult, a darkness that keeps closing in even as it seduces you into it's confining embrace, dragging you to it depths-

Which is suddenly closed tight, the air tasting much fresher then before.

"I rather not lose my friends to my own insanity. I hope this is sufficient proof?" The elder brunet twin says, eyes half lidded, a dangerous smile on his lips.

Dear god, what has this boy gone through? His mind... how is he able to just stand there?

(This is when Mammon feels a bit of fear; he had no clue that insanity was even there until the boy revealed it.

Though at least he doesn't look as horrified as the young man's father, who is staring at his son as if he is just seeing him. Must be quite the shock.)

"W-well...Well then, if you do not have a Mist, you will have to forfeit if the roulette lands on you. Do you understand." one of the ladies asks, coughing slightly to clear her throat.

"That won't be necessary." is suddenly announced as Trident Shamal makes himself known, standing behind a suddenly grinning brunet.

"So, you have made your decision?" Sawada says, looking to the older man, ignoring everything around them as he does.

"This would have been so much better if you were a lovely young woman, but you managed to convince me." the darker haired brunet sighs, he too ignoring the reactions from everyone else, which Mammon is of course taking pictures of.

(Always have a camera at the ready for black mail pictures; Reborn's face alone is worth it's weight in gold, and the CEDEF head's is sure to be worth a pretty yen piece somewhere, though jealousy does indeed look good on Rokudo's face.)

"Alright, since both Mist Guardian candidates are here, let the roulette decide who goes." and so saying, the wheel appears, spinning fast before it finally lands on the blue haired boy.

So he battles Rokudo Mukuro? This should be interesting.

"Oh, by the way Cervello-san, as we do not have any safety from the illusions, may I use my own flames to counter act any threat?" Sawada Tsunayoshi asks, his face back to being blank as he does so.

"... As long as they do not interfere with the battle, that is fine." once given permission, the boy then fills the area he and his group are in with Mist Flames. Very powerful Mist flames.

Is that his secondary flame? But it's much to powerful to be just that... Could he be similar to the
boss, just with Mist instead of Storm?

While the possibilities are daunting, the twelve year old in the cloak has to put them out of his mind; he does have a battle to win, no matter how terrifying those possibilities are.

(Though as the Mist Arcobaleno finds, those terrifying possibilities are a comfort when fighting on the same side; though of course, you couldn't pay him to be against Sawada Tsunayoshi.)

Chapter End Notes

Yay, Shamal is now Tsuna's Mist; he took a long time to decide. And it was basically the canon fight for the Rain Battle, which is why I went ahead to the Mist Battle (And I have plans for Squalo! Mwhahahaha!)

Note: And I have Mammon as male here, it's just how I think of him. And as such a money conscious person, I can imagine that he would have a camera with him at all times, for blackmail and information purposes.

And yeah, Iemitsu and Reborn got some surprises this chapter.
TwenFif- Skull

Chapter Summary

Skull can happily admit he is glad to be an observer this time around.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Until I have found my answer, just like I promised them…I’ll keep fighting. -Dissidia: Final Fantasy, Cloud Strife

Twenty Fifth Character: Skull- Varia Havoc

The World's Greatest Stuntman Skull can happily admit he is glad to be an observer this time around.

(He was also lucky in missing the meeting with the CEDEF head as well, who apparently left do to an emergency; apparently Yoshi-kun and Tsuna-kun didn't like the man very much, the sentiment shared by many others as well.

Though he apparently made it just in time for everyone to be overprotective of the brunet twin.

Really, someone even looks at the boy wrong, Hayato and Yoshi will glare, Yamamoto with be just an inch from going swordsman on them, and don't even get him started on the people that were the older twin's guardians; he pretty sure they're all already plotting murder, he just doesn't know who's.)

But watching Tsuna's Cloud deal with that robot so easy and in just a blow? That was incredible!
(Though the purple haired man wonders just what is with all these kids and their crazy strong abilities! He even heard that Viper was defeated! Oh, wait, it's Mammon now.)

But now that teen was challenging that terrifying Varia boss just for 'threatening what was his'? Two scary people should not be fighting, especially when it seems one of them is egging the other on!

And the worst part is that Tsuna doesn't seem very happy; actually, he looks pissed! it's all in that very small frown and the way those expressive eyes seem to slightly glare. At what, he's not sure, but a ticked off brunet is someone the stuntman does not want to see! (Though he's surprised he's the only one noticing this; then again, he's always made sure to keep an eye on the biggest threat in any room, so that could be it.)

Ah, if only Yoshi-kun were here and not training with Reborn, Tsuna would at least keep his anger hidden better. He tends to not show his darker side to his brother, not wanting him to see such things from what Skull has seen.

(Then again, with how Yoshi adores his brother, he would probably accept him even if he murdered a thousand people; the boy believes in his bro that much.)

And just great; the crazy robot goes nuts and tries to kill them all. He does not like being an observer
"Skull, Mukuro, Chrome: can you three help protect the others? I'll deal with the robot." the elder twin asks, gloves suddenly in hand as he blasts off to meet the threat.

If the situation wasn't so dire, he probably would have commented on being ordered around. As it was, he got everyone who came behind his companion, the Octopus able to bat away any missiles while the pineapple teen's illusions, along with the purple haired girl's, made protections from any threats of debris and plasma cannon shots.

(And boy does Rokudo-san look pleased, smirking over at the doctor in the group as he does so. Jealousy is not exactly attractive, yet this guy makes it look like the highest fashion. Where is the justice? Whenever he gets jealous, he just looks constipated.)

"Tsunayoshi-sama!" is suddenly gasped, the dynamite kid the cause as he is watching the battle in shock. Turning, Skull watches in time to see a whole bunch of missiles aiming straight for the teen.

Who easily dodges at the last minute, looking so utterly blank it's not even funny. Why was worried again?

"Starting the party without me Nii-san? Shame on you." is said out of nowhere, a familiar chain with the X on the disk slicing through the other remaining robot's arm.

"Just a warm up, Yoshi-kun." is quipped back, "Haven't had a good fight in a while, so I'd thought I'd start a little early."

The brunet blond smiles slightly at his brother, Sky orange meeting Sky orange as they seem to converse silently.

And then they are moving.

With Tsuna as the distraction, throwing pot shots here and there, the younger twin is able to deal some serious damage, before ultimately chaining the rampaging monster up, the ever lengthening chain trapping it quite effectively.

Though Skull soon sees both brothers talking, he can't make out the conversation as Yoshimune suddenly removes his weapon, just as Tsunayoshi uses his flame to slice down the middle.

And then a old man falls out.

... What, just WHAT??!!!

And is that utter bullshit he smells? Because it's not roses that are coming from that Varia Boss's mouth.

Taking a glance at the brothers, he can see Yoshi is frozen, staring horrified at the Ninth. Tsuna, on the other hand...

... Is starring at the old man in pity, as he kneels down next to his brother.

And then another conversation happens, though it seems that the ninth is still alive at least.

And then everything seems to happen to fast, what with Xanxus challenging Tsuna for almost killing the ninth earlier what with the punch and burns, the Cervello saying they're in charge of the match, then all of them disappearing in a flash of Sky flames.
"So, that is how he wants to play it, hmm." is hummed by Tsuna as he gets up from kneeling, helping his brother along as they meet with the rest of the group.

"Tsuna-nii... Make sure you kick his ass." And wow, but the hazel eyed boy looks even cooler then before.

"... I will. After all, I owe him for threatening those I care for." and with that, Tsuna gently pulls his brother out of the way of Reborn's infamous kick, the younger sibling already complaining at the hitman for almost kicking him, to which Reborn replies with another kick.

And hearing and seeing everyone lighten up, Skull can't help but have hope for the future.

(After all, with those two twin Skies, it's hard not to have hope; they just seem to fill all those around them with it, now and in the future.)

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Chapter End Notes

Mentally, I imagine Skull as a very observant person, who tends to troll people. Hope I showed that, as I don't think I did it enough.

Note: As much as I like Xanxus, and as much as Tsuna already knows about his situation, it does not change the fact that the man has threatened his family and friends. And as Tsuna is a very possessive person... you can see he is not pleased with the man. And yeah, Tsuna pities the Ninth.

And yay for competent Skull! And for giant metal octopuses.
Chapter Summary

If it’s not found out, a lie becomes the truth.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

If it’s not found out, a lie becomes the truth. -Suikoden II, Rowd

Twenty Sixth Character: Squalo- Varia Havoc

When the second in command of the Varia Superbi Squalo usually saw Xanxus fight, it was usually a thing of utter and complete destruction for the opponents.

But even before the fight begins, the long haired man can tell this will be different.

"You seem rather confident." is noted by the younger opponent, his eyes still brown as he has not yet activated his flames just yet.

His powerful, yet arrogant boss merely glares at the kid, eyes narrowed as he does so.

"How about we put a little more at stake, as me and my brother are in this whole thing rather unwillingly." the shitty little brat continues, the scarred man looking slightly interested.

"What do you want?"

"Hmmm, if I win, I would like regular sparring matches, non-lethal, held between my friends and family against the Varia." is the proposal, Squalo frowning at that. Sounds like he wants to use them for his trashy family to gain more experience; how noble of the brat.

"And what do I get if you lose?" is growled, red eyes narrowing in on a pair of brown ones.

"Well, what do you want? I have a good amount of money on me, as well as information, though I think you could care less for those at this moment."

The Xanxus on the screen stares thoughtfully, before a wicked grin is on his face, that deadly gleam in his eyes all in the Varia recognize to mean they should get away, as the boss as something nasty in mind.

"When I win, you have to join the Varia, life contract, and as a full subordinate."

"... If that is the case, then you'll have to let me braid Captain Superbi Squalo's hair. And yes, he is alive." The damn brat has the nerve to ask (though the rare look of disbelief is slightly worth it.)

"Why the fuck would you want to do that?"
"I guess you could say it is an achievement I would like to do." is the cryptic response.

"Whatever, you have a deal; hope you're prepared." and with his boss's last words on the matter, the fight begins.

And what a fight it is.

Watching them fight was a whole other level of battle. It was like watching a hawk hunt a snake, biding it's time, learning the movements, and looking for just the right moment to go for the kill.

And his shitty boss was the damn snake; still dangerous with it's fangs and venom, but was still counted as prey for the other predator.

Oh, the brat was good at hiding it, making it seem as if he were just dodging, throwing a punch here and there to keep his ruse of 'trying' so that no one would catch it. (Though from the looks of things, it seems like that damn Reborn might suspect something.)

Squalo on the other hand has not only fought many different people with different styles, he has actually fought someone similar to this. It had not been an easy battle, but he had shown that he was no snake, but a shark that could easily kill a hawk.

But Xanxus wasn't fighting someone like that; Sawada Tsunayoshi was easily keeping up, dodging, and fainting this way and that way, always keeping the person he was battling in his sights, allowing no room to be taken advantage of.

The silver haired man was starting to get an uneasy feeling in his gut, watching how an opening, for just a moment or so was there, the kid seeing it, then ignoring it to get more distance instead.

What the hell is this trash eating scum planning?

And then the other guardians cries were heard and the area went cold.

At the same time when Xanxus let off his shots from his guns to free the rings, the brunet did as well, releasing sky flames to land a few rings near his and his brother's guardians that had fought in the conflicts, who had now been forced to fight when poisoned.

The boy then got progressively more violent, going in for pain more then damage, a dangerously mad glint in his eyes.

Though the fight pauses when Mammon and Belphegor bring the rings to Xanxus (and really, Squlo should have felt suspicious then, after all, how could they have gotten them that easily just when all the others had happened to received the antidote first?) and Xanxus put on the Sky ring.

Then he coughed out blood, making his heart sink.

And to add to this cluster fuck, the crib is discussed. Can this situation get any shittier?

"While you are correct on a few things, you are incorrect on not having Vongola blood." The other Sky says causally, his face blank as he does so.

A moment of silence...

"What the hell did you say?" the complete look of disbelief and anger coming over the wrathful Sky's face is rather terrifying to watch.

"Tsuna-kun had us do our research on you." the red head suddenly appears on another screen that
was definitely not there before, looking a little worse for wear, a taser of some sort in his hand as the other one holds on to a file. "We looked into anything and everything, even found out your past in it."

"We also" and here Squalo has to twitch at the sight of the Belphegor clone, only even more annoying due to not being on the Varia's payroll, "ran a blood test for any matches you could have to the Vongola line; you are actually a dead ringer for the Secondo's youngest son, shesheshe." The elder of the princes laughs, the red head next to him scooting away as he takes out some sort of pill from a bottle as he rubs his stomach.

The silence after that is even worst then the first.

"If that is true, then why do the rings not accept him?" The younger prince spits out, his face twisted into a scowl on the screen as he looks at his brother's face on another one.

"Because his resolve will not benefit Vongola." is now answered by the brunet Sky.

"What the fuck do you know of my resolve." Xanxus snarls.

"Right now, you have been betrayed, lied to, and used by the Vongola; despite your loyalty to it, you will always have those feelings mar it, especially so soon after you have finally been freed. As of now, you would harm the Vongola more then you would help it. How convenient, isn't it?" is how the older of the possible twin heirs starts out coolly, before looking disgusted at the end.

Narrowing his eyes, the silver haired man frowns when he hears that.

His boss mimics him unknowingly, considering the teen he was fighting, "How is that convenient?"

Brown eyes lock on to red ones, consideration shinning in them.

"Now," the brunets says as he sees Xanxus considering what he is saying and is also listening, "if you don't mind, I'm just going to state some facts that I know. The crib incident was held eight years ago, correct? Do you also know when the second heir's death happened?" at those words, people start thinking, coming to the same thought Squalo did.

"...The day after the incident." he mutters, (which is loud enough to be heard by all.)

"So, that is two heirs gone in one go. A shame, but not to much of one; after all they still have the first and third heirs." is said rather flippantly before he continues, "Then, at a dinner party that is held in memory of the incident, the eldest is killed, the ones who did it a mystery even now. Now the security doubles, people being even more protective of the last heir, when just about a year ago he disappears. It is only recently that his bones were found and confirmed to be his.

Don't you find it strange? All the highly trained and able body heirs dead or unsuitable to inherit the Vongola's throne, leaving only two twin civilian children as possibilities, one showing no sign of flames while the other is impeded by a seal placed on him when he was young? Does that not seem strange at all?" is asked, the Superbi heir feeling his stomach seem to drop.

"We are the last two possible heirs, civilian raised, and going to be trained by Reborn. Meaning they will be easily manipulated, trained to be afraid and respectful to certain types of people, and possibly little lambs with fangs able to do anyone's bidding."

"Perfect puppets..." Xanxus growls, eyes narrow as he considers this new angle, Squalo as well.

But if this is true... The corruption in Vongola Family is worst then anyone had thought.
"Of course," the brunet says with the fucking smile from hell, his tone rather cheerfully morbid to match, "This is all conjecture, none of the facts able to be proven or disproved... Though I will say this." and those eyes go half-lidded as he says that.

"I refuse to let me or my brother, our friends and families as well, to be used. Anyone who thinks they can..." and those eyes flash orange, the field suddenly filled with pillars of ice all around them, some able to reach out even to the audience.

"Zero Point Breakthrough... but it's different..." is gasped by the CEDEF's brat, a few other people staring at the living ice in awe, Xanxus paling ever so slightly at seeing it.

"If others think to make us puppets," At his continuation everyone turns to look at the elder Sawada, who raises his hand as if to snaps his fingers.

"I will shatter them." and so saying, he snaps.

Making every ice pillar break and indeed shatter to pieces.

(Just how fucking powerful is this brat, why hasn't any word of it reach anyone? Surely someone has heard about or seen such power!)

Slowly, the brat walks over to Xanxus, who backs away slightly, before stopping himself, before the brat simply takes the rings from him.

"Yoshimune? Could you and your Guardians take care of this for me?" Sawada Tsunayoshi says, the blank look back on his face.

... He is not even going to ask.

"Sure, Nii-san, but didn't you win it?" The boy on the screen looks startled at being given the items.

"If you use them, I know they'll be in good hands." the brown eyed Sky says, before suddenly clapping his hands together as he grins.

"So, who's hungry, because I know I am. Besides, it's always good to have deals ironed out over good food." and is it just him, or does that grin seem rather chilling as he looks over at his boss.

"After all, our groups will be meeting quiet often from now, right Xanxus-sensei." and suddenly the silver haired man knows fear as he sees the pleased look on that brat's face.

Things look like they'll be very insane from here on out.

(Though with the elder twin Sky, he finds very few things are sane in his life.)

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Chapter End Notes

You know, I kinda like this chapter, yet on the other hand I don't. It's a very weird feeling I'm having.

Note: This is one of my conspiracy theories related to KHR; the Civilian Puppet. It's
where all the possible heirs are taken out, leaving Tsunayoshi as the only good heir purposely, so that he can be used as a puppet figure, the real one hiding in the background. Sure, Reborn is teaching him, but he is also noticeably sadistic and does traumatize his students, as shown with Dino. So it is still possible.

And Squalo is kinda freaked out.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

But just as some things can be right and useless at the same time, can’t something be wrong…and priceless? - Suikoden I, Viktor

Twenty Character: Xanxus- Ending of Varia Havoc

The Wrathful Sky Xanxus stared at the large amount of chaos going all around him by the scum before him. It was something he has never seen before, and coming from him, the leader of the Varia, that was saying a lot about the trash.

"HAHAHAHAHA! Lambo-sama is the best there is! Gimme all the sweets!"

"Lambo-san should share!"

"Quiet you pests, this experiment is highly sensitive."

"EHHHH! Please no robotics in the dinning room! What if some oil gets into the food?"

"Shesheshe, then you would start turning interesting colors; how about we start with some royal red?"

"Get away from Yoshimune-sama!"

"Make me, little storm."

"Oh, Gokudera-kun looks like he’s about to snap. We should be seeing fireworks any moment now."

"Gokudera-kun! Please don't do that!"

"It's okay Sho-kun, this way we can see if our robots are resistant to explosions."

"Please stop with all the robots!"

"EXTREME! Do you think the robots can join the boxing club?!"

"Robotics is not allowed on school grounds; if any are found, they shall be bitten to death."

"Huh, that would be interesting to test out- no, wait, no testing any of our creations on Hibari-san!"

"But you have to admit it has you curious, with how easily he took care of the Mosca."

"Kufufufu, why use such toys when you can just trick and deceive someone in person?"

"You will be bitten to death."

"EHHHHHH! Can someone please stop them!"
And this is all happening on the other side of the room, the side where Sawada Tsunayoshi is not doing a waterfall braid (he only knew it was called that because that's what the boy decided on, after debating with the Gesso scum if he should do that one or a fish-tail) on his second, who seems completely blissed out of his mind.

Apparently, the boy had given the man a shoulder massage first, as he kept moving to much due to tension he carried, twitching every time the brush went through his hair.

"You shitty boss, I'm never going to forgive you for losing." Squalo mumbled, eyes half lidded as those hands seem to glide through his hair.

The red eyed man was half tempted to throw his glass at the man, if the damn brat hadn't been messing with his hair.

(No way was he going to underestimate that brat again, especially after such a display of effortless power.)

Though he wouldn't mind another fight, with the brunet actually trying; it would be guarantee to be a fight to experience.

He hasn't had his blood pumping for a battle like this since he first started his Varia missions at age twelve, six years- no, he's 24 now, so that would mean 12 years.

(Don't think on it, keep it out of your mind for now.)

"Did you find the meal satisfactory?" is asked, knocking off those thoughts, and making him focus on the Sky braiding the Varia boss's Rain's hair.

"I've tasted worst scum's cooking." He said gruffly. And while what he said was true, it didn't truly describe the meal he just ate, a finely roasted lamb topped with one of his favorite sauces, the perfect wine handed to him to accompanied it. It was rather vexing that the food was perfect, as he couldn't even give the kid any hell over it.

(And he might just not forgive himself a bit for losing after the first bite, the other members of the Assassination Squad sharing similar looks of regret. He was going to have to kick their asses for showing such weakness later.)

"Coming from you, I'll take that as one of the highest compliments. But anyways, as I know you'll all probably have your own missions within the Varia to take care of, I'll be willing to pay for the expenses for hiring out one of your top brass to come here at least once every month to teach." The brunet says, making Xanxus stare.

"We don't need fucking charity; I said we would train your trashy family, so we will." He growled.

"Well then, don't treat me like a fool," is said in a dangerously light tone as boy lets some strains of silver hair to escape, gently gathering them again as his hand's brush the swordsman's neck, Xanxus catching the subtle threat easily as those eyes glance at him as he does so.

"Taking a fully trained Varia member off roster is only done in situations where the person either has to lie low for a while, they have to be killed, or they were exclusively hired to be someone in Vongola or CEDEF's care for a while. Otherwise, Varia loses money that the assassin could be making doing a hit somewhere, or even valuable training for new recruits. And not only that, but I have not only the best of the Varia here, I have the elite of the elite, the assassins who can bath in blood and still come out from the darkness mostly whole. Having any of them gone, much less all of them, is not only a waste of money, but a waste of time, effort, and use they could be doing for the
Varia then a 'bunch of brats' who will probably never even join. I will not let this be held over any of us, I will not let the slightest debt grow, so you will take the money and be happy about it." The young man says, his brown eyes burning as he glances over out of the corner of his eye at Xanxus, a grim smile painted over his features.

... Damn, now he really regrets not snatching this brat up for the Varia; he would have been a great asset.

As it is... "You know an awful lot about my organization for a 'civilian' brat." he says, not helping his brief moment of sarcasm at the term.

Calling this brat a civilian was like calling himself a mafioso; technically true over all, but doesn't even scratch the surface of what he truly hides underneath.

"Hmmm," Sawada hums, his eyes going back to a more neutral look, his face turning blank again (and Xanxus has to admit, that is a good poker face), "I guess you can say I've had experience with an assassination squad in the past."

"Ever make a name for yourselves?"

"You could say we did, though not exactly." is the cryptic reply he gets.

"What the fuck does that mean?"

"It means what it means; what you take from it is what you get."

"You're a fucking frustrating piece of trash, you know that." He snarls, glaring at the brat, who actually laughs at that.

For a few moments, the room is silent, filled with the amused laughter coming from the teen.

And then when the kid has pulled himself together, finishing the braid finally by tying it off at the end (and he has to grudgingly admit it looks good), the brunet turns to hims with a stunning smile.

... Okay, that is honestly not fucking fair, he rather the smile the brat gave him during the match right now.

(No he doesn't, he doesn't ever want to see that smile again, because that one is a promise of pain, and he doesn't want to even think of what that poisoned mind can come up with.)

"If you didn't make it so easy, I wouldn't be able to frustrate you, Xanxus-sensei." and with that smile replaced by a rather pleased look, the elder Sawada twin leaves the room, saying he'll be getting the cake out.

"Kufufufufu, looks like Tsunayoshi has found himself a new toy to play with." the damn Mist trash from the conflict laughs, merely smirking when the Varia head glared at him.

"What do you mean by that?" his Storm asks, pausing in his knife throwing contest of 'who can stab the other first' with his brother, who has stopped first when the laugh happened.

"Well~" is said by the damn Gesso heir who grins gleefully, "When Tsuna-chan finds something he really likes, yet doesn't at the same time, he likes to toy with them."

"And it looks like your boss is his new victim." the blond trash with the lollipop says, offering one to the red haired scum next to him.
Suddenly, Xanxus feels like staying on the brat's good side would be his best bet.

(And he has never been more right, especially when he sees how Sawada Tsunayoshi reacts to those he hates.)

- *Uploading Omake…*
- *Load Complete.*

Xanxus twitched when a yellow canary landed near him, glaring at it only to get a glare back from beady black eyes.

This would have probably gone on longer until the Sky got pissed enough to shoot at the bird, if another yellow canary didn't dive bomb the other, pulling at the other's feathers.

For some reason, this irritated the crap out of him, so he shot at the wall, startling both pests into scattering.

"VOOOOI! You shitty boss, stop shooting the walls!" Squalo yelled as he slammed the door open, the bird that had been abusing the other going to land on his shoulder.

"What is with the birds you shark trash?"

"How the hell should I know!"

For that, Xanxus threw his glass at the other, scowling as he did when the second yelled.

Just another day within the Varia.

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Chapter End Notes

And here is Xanxus; I honestly don't know if I put in enough 'Scum's and 'Trash's.

Note: When Tsuna says he's been part of an assassin group that made a name for itself, but not at the same time, consider this; how can someone make a name for a group, when it has already made the name for itself? Consider that. And on the braid I chose, while someone recommended a fish tail, I already had my heart set on waterfall; can you imagine how awesome that would look with Squalo's hair?

And poor Xanxus.

(And as for the omake, that was because a reviewer poked at my muse; you know who you are.)
When people see games, there are so many aspects they look at. One of these is genre, the type of setting and world it is in. Is it a fantasy game with helpful elves with dragons to slay/help? Or is it a Science Fiction with advanced alien race trying to prevent their world's destruction? Or even a Horror one with the blood of friend and foe freely running in the streets, a monster of hellish nature after you as well?

Genre tells a bit of what you're going to get.

Twenty Eighth Character: Spanner- Beginning of Parallel Problems

The robotics and Japan lover known to all as Spanner could admit he was feeling pretty content as of now.

After so long of putting it off, Tsunayoshi had kidnapped ("It's not kidnapping Spanner, you're all willing to go.") in the middle of the night, leaving a note saying he would be gone for a while, before taking them to a rather nice hotel and spa. (Though he thinks the brunet might have told his brother and the Mist's group personally about the leaving.) It was there, over the space of a few days, that all of Tsuna-kun's chosen Guardians and him had finally Harmonized.

And boy did he enjoy the spa, because all of them needed it afterwards.

Despite how romanticized Harmonizing had been by those who didn't really understand it, the process was extremely mentally draining, especially since your Sky was not only covering you in their flames, but you were doing likewise for them, for hours on in.

It was a test of trust after all; if your flames did not accept the other person, they will hurt the other, preventing a bond from forming at all. This was why it was impossible to force Harmonizing, as both flames had to accept everything from the other.

And sure, there were the sudden connections here and there that happened (He believes that's what happened between the ex- Cloud Arcobaleno and Yoshi, as those two were awfully close for such a secretive person as the stuntman and the paranoid Sky... Actually, now that he thinks about it, it seems like Yoshimune-san might have already Harmonized with most of his Guardians that way. Huh, some are just born lucky, the blond guesses). But those were rarer then opals to find (though not in the case of a certain Sawada twin).

But once the flames accept each other, that's when the differences came in.

The more violent ones seem much more calmer, more relaxed then before. And already he can see how much more confident the others are, how they can stand straighter, and how much more protective they're becoming of their Sky.

(He swears he's actually seen the perverted doctor leave his... 'flirting' with a group of girls to subtly threaten some man who had been attempting to bother Tsuna; needless to say, the sweet lover was
not surprised when he found out the guy was down with a bad fever, but also suffered from bruises from the violent ones in the group, mental trauma from Byakuran and Kakimoto, and he might have sent some of his, Sho-kun, and Verde's new robots to mess with the man's things... So maybe he could be included in that protectiveness.)

Spanner though had a different experience with the Harmonizing. As he couldn't even use his flames due to his illness, the blond had a bit of a more intimate experience with his sky; they basically stayed in bed all day.

(Since in order for Spanner to bond, his flames need to be stabilized first, meaning Tsuna would have to pump his Sky flames into his body constantly for around 24 hours. Meaning that the brunet would have to constantly touch him to do so.)

Spanner would admit he had no problems with this, as the Japanese teen was not only fun to hug, he was also nice to cuddle with. (And is was also great to have the very high in demand teen all to himself for once.)

After it all went through, his contrary flames able to be strong enough to harmonize, it was like a world of difference; his thoughts were so much clearer, his body wasn't as lethargic, and he could work for hours on end, without having to worry about stopping due to any pain from the flames constant struggle against each other.

He could even now enjoy candy just for the flavor again instead of having to eat it because otherwise he just wouldn't have the energy.

Like he said, he was content.

Though no where as near as Tsuna, who actually relaxed for the first time in a long time the blond has seen.

He smiles much more now, these small tiny ones that show his contentedness, his laugh no longer carries that edge to it that would usually mean he's close to ready to snap.

He's also more willing to show more affection, obviously more sure in his own actions now that he won't hurt them.

(That is slightly painful to watch, but feeling the heavy feeling of the brown eyed Sky's insanity, it was probably a big worry for him.)

Though while it was nice to just be around his fellow Guardians and Sky for some good peace and quiet to build lasers and light sabers (And adding more interesting features to Shoichi's violin; he honestly can't believe the fellow genius hasn't added a hypnotizing feature to it!), all things must eventually come to an end.

Which means going back to the Sawada Household to face the chaos.

Though it seems that they come just in time for an assassination attempt.

And it was easy to take care of, Tsuna suddenly in the air to catch his brother, while the weird Mist guy and Hayato-kun were dealing with the threat.

It was nothing to even sweat about... Until Lambo-kun took out his time traveling Bazooka, which Spanner can tell from a mile away that it has already been tapered by Giannini, judging by the sparks flying off that thing.
The genius teen immediately feels worried, wondering slightly if Sho-kun's stomach cramps had finally become contagious.

And that worry is perfectly founded when the machine dances out of the young child's hands before it covers the floating twins in the air, replacing them with pink smoke that reveals...

Nothing.

And even after the five minutes have long passed into an hour, the two skies don't return.

(And even to this day, the blond still has nightmares about that time, one of the many that make him leave his own bed and sleep on a pallet in his sky's room just to hear him breathing; though he isn't the other one to do this either.)

But don't forget; where there is genre, there is variety.

Chapter End Notes

Wow, first cliffhanger! And I love Spanner.

Note: I know it is joked about in the fandom a bit about Spanner and his lollipops, but it was actually something that made me wonder; after all, he always says he thinks better after eating something sugary, sooo yeah. As for Harmonizing, I made two forms; Sudden Connections and the Long Drawn Out Process aka Flame Covering. My thought is that in canon Tsuna has gotten all his Guardians through the Sudden Connections route, because he is just that awesome. Here though, GOaOA Tsuna has to do the Flame Covering, due to his insanity possibly overwhelming his friends.

And Protective!Guardians for the win!
Something else others will look at in a game is the game play.

Is it smooth? Is it choppy? Does it take forever to do this while it takes little to nothing to do that?

Is the fighting clean and easy to do, or is it just a mess?

Game play can be ever so frustrating or easy.

Twenty Eighth Character: Parallel Shoichi- Beginning of Parallel Problems

If there was one thing the unknowingly false Sun Funeral Wreath regretted in his life, Shoichi would have to say it was letting his damn curiosity get the better of him when it came to that damn Bazooka.

If he had never decided to experiment with it, test his knowledge and know how on such complicated mechanics, he never would have created the monster who he served and planned to betray.

He also regretted getting Sawada Tsunayoshi and Yoshimune involved as well.

While the brother's relationship was notoriously rocky as it was from their childhood, it seemed with the elder being the leader while the younger heading CEDEF the two have come to some sort of understanding.

Which was obviously being put to the test as it was, what with the information Shoichi had provided them about some of Byakuran's plans, though with very little proof to show for it.

After all, it was still early in the madman's plans.

Yoshimune-sama wanted to be done with the problem, here and now. With the Decimo on the other hand, he argued that the Millefiore head could be expecting that and use it for their own gain; after all, if Vongola just started attacking it's allies out of nowhere, it could create even more problems for them.

But he can't think on that now; he has to focus on the up coming Mafia Alliance meeting that he will attend as one of Byakuran's attendants and Sun Guardian.

How fun.

"And now, the MA meeting will be held; we will be going over the-" And so begins the part where the red haired man has to work not to fall asleep as he takes notes... And make sure not to look at Byakuran, who is most likely doing that knowing grin and freaking out the Bovino assistant, or glance at the Vongola and CEDEF leaders, who are sitting side by side to each other, their right hand men standing beside them.
"-as of last Wednesday, it is believed that a new uprising group is planing to sell drugs coming from the Triads. It will-" BAM!

Immediately, everyone has there weapons at the ready, looking for the source to only see a cloud of familiar pink smoke.

He can already feel the stomach cramps coming even before the smoke clears, especially when he sees the look of interest on his boss.

And as the smoke disappears, the red head can't help but do a double take, taking a look at the much younger boys and the older counterparts just across the room.

What the hell is pretty much the general conscious of the group as they see a much younger Sawada Tsunayoshi holding a younger as well Yoshimune to his chest, making it to where only the brunet is the one seeing what is going on.

A complete moment of silence happens, no one able to decide what to do as tired brown eyes take in the room.

The silence is only broken when one of the people who caused it in the first place breaks it.

"Why can't I..." and god does the younger twin sound even younger, "Why do I always have to be protected..."

Brown eyes blink once, taking in everyone in the room once more, lingering on the twin alternates for a bit before ignoring everyone else to focus on his brother.

(... For some reason, the glasses wearing man feels insulted.)

"You're not always being protected; I've seen you fight off your own opponents, along with everyone else." Is said by a similar, though much different voice then the Tenth of the Vongola.

"Then why, when it really matters is it not enough! Why when things get bad do I need to be saved, the one always lagging behind!" The brunet blond bursts out, his outburst oddly fascinating to watch. The CEDEF Head is well known for his ever calm and cold facade, his humor dark and twisted; it's weird seeing a younger version so open.

The older of the younger version of the twins however couldn't be more closed off, his face blank even as his brown eyes hold more emotions then one could count.

"You are still learning after all, you can't just rush through things, otherwise you could get hurt-" The blank faced teen starts, only to be cut off by another of his brother's outburst.

"You mean you'll get hurt! You're always covering for my mistakes, you're always saving me, you're always the one in harms way because of me. I'm honestly getting tired of seeing new scars." the choked reply is said, the boy burring his head back into his brother's chest, looking as if he is listening for a heartbeat.

Another silence happens once more, everyone mesmerized by the soap opera before them.

"Yoshi-kun," is said with a sigh, expressive eyes gentler as they look down at the boy before him, "you know I can take a hit or two-"

"More along the lines of a damn bullet or three."
"Well, that too, but I must admit I am an incurably selfish person." Shoichi can see hazel eyes confused by that, probably why the brother continues, "I don't like seeing you hurt or in pain; in fact, I hate seeing anyone I love and care for in pain; if I can prevent it from happening, I'm going to take the opportunity."

"But don't you realize Nii-san, it works both ways. None of us want to see you hurt or harmed either... In fact, I think Mukuro-kun would put any through hell for that, if Hibari doesn't get there first so no one could share." Yoshimune mumbles the last bit, "But anyways, the feelings are shared, so even if I am incurable selfish as well, no one wants you in pain either Tsuna-nii."

The brunet stares at his brother hard, a slight frown on his face as he does so, "I won't stand idly by while you or anyone else gets hurt."

"And I would never ask someone to do something that would make me a hypocrite," is slightly joked, before the younger twin turns serious, the resemblance between him and his older self strong then, "I'm just asking that you do your best to not get hurt, to look for another way."

"... You realize what you're asking for, right Yoshi? It won't be pretty if I do so." Brown eyes say, turning dark before it goes away.

(The Sun Flame user feels a chill go up his sleeve at that.)

"We'll be stuck in the Mafia for who knows how long; I'll have to see that every now and then." is the wry response.

A silent conversation is held between the two, eyes meeting and seeming to say countless things before the older one nods slowly, the younger lighting up as he does.

"Alright then, though could you get up now? My legs have fallen asleep and I think everyone around us might be getting the wrong idea about our relationship.

"Eh?" The younger blinks, before looking around for once.

"EHHHHHHHHH! Doppelgangers!"

Well, looks like this meeting won't be so boring after all.

But just like regular walking and running, it's the game play that eventually gets you somewhere.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! And yes, the boys are in a Parallel world, though I'm sure everyone is wondering why the older counterparts didn't switch places. You'll find out about that later.

Note: While Yoshimune is getting stronger, he is tired of the slow pace; he wants to help his brother now, not later. And with all the events taking place, the time with the recent assassin was just the straw that broke the camel's back.
And now I get to do Parallel POV’s! Yay!
"Although I know the journey will be hard, we have lots of time." -Final Fantasy X, Yuna

Thirtieth Character: Hayato- Beginning of Parallel Problems

The minute the Tenth's right hand man saw the boys who looked like alternates of his boss and younger brother, thoughts and theories flew through his head as to how this could be happening without the universe collapsing or his boss and his annoying twin disappearing.

The only one that made sense so far was that these boy's world/energy/souls/whatever thing you believe made a person who they are were different enough that they did not count as exact alternates of the Tenth and CEDEF leader. Which was confusing as hell, because it was obvious that this was Sawada Tsunayoshi and Yoshimune, just with a much better sibling relationship from what he could tell.

(Though he didn't like the connotations the teen's discussion hinted at; just what kind of world did they live in to invoke such emotions and words?)

The Meeting had to have been put on hold till tomorrow (small wonders that) due to the interruption, so the boys had been shooed from the room and attempted to be put into a hotel room that the Vongola were using.

Key word there, attempted.

"Why would I go anywhere with you doppelgangers? For all I know you could be planning to slit our throats in the dead of night." the hazel eyed brat scowled, eyes narrowed as he too them all in, looking definitely like the older version of his self, who was scowling right back while Basil tried to calm him down.

(And oh the irony of those words; how in his youth the silver haired man had been so tempted to just bomb his boss's little brother to kingdom come. Now a days he was only tempted to punch him about once or twice.)

"We're not going to have possible weak point outs in the world that mafia families can just easily exploit; we may only be parallel counterparts, but we have no idea any similarities others could try to take advantage of to get to us." The head adviser said coolly, glare still on his face.

"And let me guess, you're part of that freaking Clam family, aren't you? Now I definitely don't want anything to do with you guys." is practically growled, Hayato resisting the urge to snort at the name and smacking the kid for his disrespect.

"Please," And his Rain in their groups interrupts, a worried frown crossing his face as he stares at both teens in concern, "We just don't want you two getting hurt for petty reasons, reasons that lay at our feet and not yours. We just don't want a situation to come up that we can't possibly protect you from, with the distance a hindrance then a help." Basil explains, his eyes softening as he takes in both
teens. (He has to admire the man's for interrupting his own boss and his miniatures glaring contest, as it directs both glares at him.)

And that gets a reaction, though Gokudera wouldn't have expected.

When the younger Yoshimune had turned to listen to the CEDEF head's right hand man, he had slowly during the explanation taken in the person before him, seeming highly unimpressed.

"Like I said before, why should I trust in words of strangers, ones who wear the faces of those I know?"

...Wow, he didn't think the Volleyball obsessed kid he knew in his youth was this paranoid.

"You do realize that you are probably in an alternate world, right? We're not the monsters you think we are." Hayato puts out, curious about the teens reaction.

Which is what seems to get a strange reaction

"I-I.... What?" The hazel eyed teen blushes as he stares at the Tenth's storm, "Okay, that is not fair!" He exclaims, pointing his finger at him.

... What.

"Told you Hayato-kun would have a nicer voice when he grows up." the older twin, who has so far been silent since he had comforted his brother in the Meeting room, finally says, his eyes amused while his face is blank.

"But that's just not fair! I sound like I have a stick rammed in my ass, and yet Hayato-kun sounds like he just had a fantastic night! He already has a wonderful voice, why can't I get in on some of that." the teen grumbles (and is that an actual aura of gloom?).

"... While I'm sure we could spend all day just discussing Gokudera-kun's voice, we really should move on to what exactly you two are going to do." So speaks the Tenth, who sounds amused and serious all at once. Hayato is just glad he doesn't blush as he once did, otherwise his face would be rather flushed now.

(And he is also thankful for his iron will; otherwise he would have laughed at the description of the CEDEF head's voice. He already respects Basil for trying to calm down his cold boss, who glares at his younger alternate.)

The younger Yoshimune takes in his boss, looking slightly confused before he hides it again, turning to face his brother, "Nii-san?" is said questioningly.

"... Unless we want to go down Skull-nii's route and join a circus, where mind you we will be watched and targeted, it seems we will have to rely on Vongola's kindness and paranoia until we can get home... Though we will have to earn our keep to even out any debts." The younger Tsuna decides, laying out their choices (which Hayato admits is rather impressive; the kid already understands the costs of debts), making the much younger brunet blond wince while the older one snorts.

"And what could you possibly offer us?" Is the rhetorical question, older hazel eyes slightly condensing.

Then the hallways seems to freeze, conversations starting to die out as that aura just surrounds them, making most back away while others freeze.
And it's all coming from a suddenly smiling brunet, no warmth anywhere to be found.

"I suggest that you do not underestimate me and my twin, Sawada-san; we have our fair share of surprises and skill." Is said simply, the feeling lingering just a moment longer before it goes away, the younger twin alternates the only ones who seem to be undisturbed.

(Briefly, he wonders if the younger has felt that so much that he is immune to it or just thoroughly desensitized.)

"Well, well, well! That was rather interesting." A smooth rich voice spoke with a slightly sing song tone, making the group of older adults tense as the three from Millefiore approach, a daunting smile on the leader's lips.

Oh, why couldn't the man just choke on the sweets he is rumored to love?

"Oh god, why can't you just do the world a favor and choke on a marshmallow already!" The younger counterpart of Yoshimune groaned, covering his eyes with his hands.

A moment of silence at that, as the kid has just voiced the words quite a few in the Mafia world wished for.

And just for the look on the Millfiore leader's face he just might actually like this teen; if only he had a camera this would be gold. Can this get any better?

"Yoshimune." Is said by the younger Tsuna, who gives his brother a look, who responds by making a face back at him.

"Look, I already have to make nice to the one in our world; I draw the line at creepy versions who looks at us like we're condensed milk covered marshmallows on a cream puff." and he stands corrected, because it just did; now he must not break face. (And the red haired man's look of horror this time just makes it even more funnier, making it so much harder not to laugh.)

"Do you know the Millefiore leader in your world?" is asked by the dark haired young man who is probably an assistant, looking interested; creepily so.

"Millefiore? I thought the damn marshmallow fiend was the Gesso heir." is the confused look that appears on the younger alternate twin's face.

"Heh, the Millefiore is made up of the Gesso family and the Giglio Nero family." is how the damn Q-tip answers, purple eyes very much interested. "If you like, my family will be happy to assist you in getting home; after all, we're all allies here."

"... Is it just me, or does anyone else get this really unclean feeling."

"Ah, you're hurting my feelings little Yoshimune."

"Good."

"Hmm, does my alternate really incite such issues that he has poison you to possible others?"

"He threatens to kidnap Tsuna-nii often and lock me up in a closet with my Storm Guardian on an aphrodisiac high; yes, I do believe we have issues. " Is the deadpan answer that puts a pause on the tennis match conversation.

"... Pardon, but what?" Basil, as his Yoshimune's right hand man and Rain, probably feels obligated
to ask.

"Don't ask, just don't." The ten years younger Tsuna suggests, though looking at his brother with narrow eyes, "And I though Byakuran stopped threatening you with that."

The teenage version looks away, "Well, he stopped threatening me with the previous drug he had threatened to use; apparently he had someone make an even better one."

"Hmmmm, I see." brown eyes look thoughtful, before turning to the flower named Mafia family."And we will consider your offer, if we have need of it."

"Glad to see you have better manners then your brother, little Tsunayoshi." is said, the albino man smiling as he does so.

And then a phone starts ringing, lyrics flowing out.

'Boys and girls be ambitious! Boys and girls keep it real!'~'

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Chapter End Notes

And Yoshimune is back to being paranoid, how fun.

Note: And the younger twin is suspicious as hell, because he has no clue if these people are good or not, he doesn't know if they'll keep their word or try and blow him and his brother for the possible leak they could provide. To him, they're just strangers wearing the faces of friends. And unlike Rasiel who strikes trauma and fear in the young man, Byakuran strikes frustration and rage. As for the voice thing, when boys go through puberty, their emotions and things go all out of whack, where a simple hair cut can make them cry like the world is ending, to getting a pair of shoes is like a spiritual experience. As a teenage boy, Yoshimune is actually sensitive about his voice and I can't blame him, with all the nice voices he is surrounded by, even I would get a complex.

And can any guess what song the ring tone is?
Something else people look at is the name; does it sound interesting, is it important, is it a hint about what the game is about?

Just like for people, a name can tell a lot about person.

Though be careful when judging by names.

———————

Thirty First Character: Basil- Beginning of Parallel Problems

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Yoshimune's Rain Basil would admit he was uncomfortable with the situation.

While it wasn't out in the open, in the shadows the tensions between the Millefiore family and Vongola were cold and high strung; like two predators eyeing the other, one desiring the other's territory, the other just wanting their possible rival gone, both only held back by single string in the way.

Of course, with the both of them being part of the Mafia Alliance, it put things in an even more awkward setting. Those families with heads who are able to truly see and read the situation picking sides and making the situation just grow even more tense, the string just ready to snap between the two groups, destroying the last bit of a block between them.

Yoshimune-sama, his Master, is already stressed enough as it is, having to send their men out for information on the going on's of the possible enemy, but not able to send in a full force and having to have them be discrete, due to it only being a possibility. And if that wasn't bad enough, a terrorist group is also making an irritant of themselves, throwing in their own attacks like biting mosquitoes, irritating everyone all around.

(Though they could also be another reason why the string holding both sides back is still intact; both predators too annoyed by the insects to bother each other as much as they normally would.)

And now it seems life has decided to throw a rock at the string, making it twitch and sway most dangerously, with alternates of the twins appearing, the Millefiore leader gaining an interest in them.

'Boys and girls be ambitious! Boys and girls keep it real! 'Boys and girls be ambitious! Boys and girls keep it real!~'

Blinking, the dirty blond with blue eyes takes in the incredulous look on his alternate Master's young face, who is just staring at his brother.

(He has to admit, the alternate Master's face is rather endearing; reminds him of when he started tutoring him on the workings of CEDEF, still so young, hardened, yet able to still find some enjoyment in the world as he tried to make a use of himself. It was one of the many things he couldn't help but respect about his Master.)
"... I know they said it would work anywhere and everywhere, but even alternate dimensions? Your mad scientists have way to much time on their hands." is the dumbfound words spoken.

"You mean our mad scientist; I'm sure we both remember the hallucinogenic smoke bomb creation?" is the reply given by the other Tsunayoshi-sama, who is taking out a strange phone as he does so, putting it out before himself as he goes to press a glowing orange icon.

"Wait, you're going to answer it here and now?"

"Like the adults around us won't be listening in or bugging the camera's later; might as well do so where only seven other people can hear for now." Oh, the tiny brunet did scare off most of the eavesdropping mafioso with his display earlier.

(And much to his shame, he had admittedly froze; he couldn't ever remember facing such a deadly aura before, and that the alternate of the Decimo has it is rather daunting for his young age. He rather think not of what the youth has gone through.)

Though for some reason, Basil feels rather wary when the young teen goes to press the icon on the touch screen phone, making sure to hold it out before him as he does so.

This action end up making sense when an orange holographic version of a recognizable, though much younger, red head appears from the waist up, his counterpart staring incredulous when he sees that.

"FINALLY!!! Sorry about the bad graphics, it usually would run better, but this is basically running on pure flame right now, so the image might be a bit strange at times. And just so you know Tsuna-kun, I am going to update everyone's weapons for when we murder that incompetent, idiotic UFO that calls himself an inventor." is the dark greeting they all get, the red head obviously scowling.

"Leave me something; because of him we're stuck in a world where I seem to have lost any sense of humor and Baka-ran got coached on being even creepier." the younger brunet blond scowls, getting a narrowed eyed, considering look from the alternate Irie.

(And Baka-ran?)

"I'll see what I can do, though I make no promises."

"Shoichi-kun," the older of the younger twins says, stopping that line of conversation from continuing, as the two other teenagers in turn focus on him, "do you know what happen? And how long it will take us to get back?" is asked, making the younger glasses wearer bite his lip, before sighing.

"We have some idea, though we're still trying to figure out the hows and whys. I'm sure you noticed how you haven't switched with your counterparts, right? Well, I've got a theory on that.

From the sensors placed on you, which are reading you as well as your environment, there is an obvious disconnect in energy and flame in both. Unlike when the Ten-Year Bazooka does it's time traveling, the worlds are still similar enough that no complications can come about. The five minutes are just a fail safe to make sure you don't destroy your past, other wise you create parallel words.

But here, somehow that damn Giannini was able to send you to a world that is a disconnect in a way; technically an alternate, but with differences so strong in ways that you are not even the alternate's alternate; you're energies, or auras if you prefer, are just too different." The younger Shoichi said, scowling as he adjusted his glasses.
"You placed sensors on your version of Sawada?" Basil hears his world's version of the red head asks, and sees how he looks curious, yet also incredulous.

"If he didn't insist in getting into dangerous situation after situation, I wouldn't have to worry to go to such extremes. Though if you let me put a tracker-" the younger says after a moment of looking at his alternate, before turning to look hopefully at the younger version of the well known brunet.

"Denied; the sensor's are enough to let you know my general well being." is the negative response.

"... You know, your willingness to let Irie-kun and the others use you as a guinea pig for their new inventions never ceases to amaze me; especially when it comes in useful for once!" The younger of the alternate Skies says cheerfully, making the hologram red head sputter, a little bird flapping it's wings as he does so from his shoulder.

"By the way Sho-kun, why are you on the hologram?" is asked by the blank faced boy.

"Unfortunately, the other calling and texting features don't work; it's only because the Hologram feature runs on Flame Mechanics that we're able to even have this conversation; though it's a good thing we've Harmonized, otherwise this would be filled with way more static and-

Wait, what?

"What the heck do you mean you Harmonized with Decimo?" His Master cuts in to asks in a deceptively quiet tone, his alternate shooting him a glare, the red head blinking as he does so, and Tsunayoshi's just staring at him, an eyebrow raised.

"So I'm guessing that I'm not one of Tsuna-kun's Guardians in this world, his Sun someone else. Though judging by how you've said that, particularly how you've stressed the you when addressing me, I am well known, probably bonded with someone you greatly dislike." The red head calmly observes, the hologram eyeing the older Yoshimune, a speculative glint in his eye (and did he look just a little possessive for a minute, or were Basil's eyes seeing things).

So, this was the infamous Irie Shoichi's mind at work; rather fascinating really, how he came to so many correct conclusions, and at such a young age. And just a bit terrifying, especially with that temper of his. (And who knows just how much he found out that he kept to himself?)

"So the question is, who am I the Sun Guardian to?" the red haired genius muses, a curious look on his face while both of the alternate siblings suddenly look worried/concern.

"Maybe you should get some of your antacids, Sho-kun." Is lightly suggested by the teen's Sky, who gets a narrow eyed look in return.

"Am I going to need them?"

"... Possibly."

The hologram stares for a bit, before it starts moving around a bit, some light shuffling can able to be heard as the teen on the other end seems to be searching for something, before what looks to be a pill bottle is placed next to him on the screen, easily within hands reach.

"Okay, I got them."

"... I can see your alternate wearing what appears to be the Sun Mare ring." Is actually said hesitantly by the blank face teen.
"..." the silence is rather stunning in it's own way, and even if the screen is only colored in orange, seeing the red head turn paler is interesting.

"...You have my condolences; though I never would have taken you as a masochist, in any world." the other Yoshimune offers up, breaking the red head out of his stupor while the older one sputters at the remark.

"I just- I- really? Did he get my other self drunk? Did he drug him? Oh god, did he actually accept that abomination of a marshmallow? That sweet was never meant to be consumed." is his eyes glazing over?

"...It is an alternate world, maybe they get along much better?" the other of the younger of the twins suggests.

"If what you said about this world's Byakuran being even creepier then ours, who caused a cleaning lady at the hotel we were staying to be sent into therapy for running out of marshmallows, I don't want to know how him and my alternates built up enough trust to even Harmonize." is the flat reply.

"But we'll talk more later; I got to tell everyone that contact can be made, and my flames are running a little low. Stay safe till next time guys." with the last words sounding more like a threat, the projection cuts off.

"Well, that was informative." Byakuran notes cheerfully, eyes narrowed even as he smiles, the Vongola Decimo looking thoughtful while Yoshimune-sama frowns darkly at the teens.

The CEDEF Rain can only wonder if the they also caught on to the conversation happening underneath the surface, one that only the three teens seemed to only speak and understand.

(He can already feel that string, straining even tighter. He can only hope the young ones can make it back safe, as it seems both predators have included them in there not yet scuffle.)

Because just like with a person's name, they can be purposely misleading, and sometimes not even their real one.

Chapter End Notes

I hate allergies; they are evil, evil things. This is why I wrote in Shoichi, for I need him in my life again.

Note: Like Tsuna said, the adults probably wouldn't have let them leave just for a phone call, since it's possible to lose track of them and all, or they could get kidnapped. Though that doesn't mean the teens are stupid, so they talked mostly in code, giving mostly the bare facts as well when they can't. (Though Shoichi does get carried away when talking about his babies.)

Things are getting interesting.
Interlude- Iemitsu

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Do yourself a favor and at least try you idiot." -My Grandpa

Interlude: Iemitsu- Beginning of Parallel Problems

There were many regrets Sawada Iemitsu had, his relationship with his twin boys the cause for many of them.

It had never hit him harder seeing how his children that once looked up to him (though it was a bit harder to tell with his oldest, who seemed to always have such a blank face most of the time) now looked at him at best a stranger, and at worst an annoyance.

Heck, the only time his youngest was civil with him was when Nana, (who while oblivious, could definitely feel the tension between their family, which also added to a regret when ever he saw the pain in her eyes) was in the same room. Otherwise the teen would ignore him, glaring at him if they had to speak to each other, and made sure to never be alone with him at all. It was painful, but the lying man was starting to see that you reap what you sow, and he had sowed a lot of pain.

Tsuna on the other hand didn't seem to care one way or the other, which hurt in it's own agonizing way. (It is true what they say, apathy is the true opposite to emotion.)

But his little brunet's mind... Just how long has it been like that? How long has he suffered from the incidents discussed in the file filled folder, which only describes around half of the things his children have faced. How much has his little Tuna-fish had to take some hurt that was meant for his oblivious family, because otherwise they would die or worst? What tortures has his little boy faced to make him so unstable?

The biological father doesn't honestly know if he wants those answers.

This was why he had never wanted his family involved in the Mafia in the first place; he never wanted them involved in his world of blood and betrayal, everyone just waiting for a screw up to happen. He never wanted them to have the life he lead growing up, learning all there was about the Mafia, and losing his Mother, Father, and little brother and sister to it. He had never wanted them to feel such things, such lost, such darkness, but it only seems Nana was able to escape it, not even through his own effort, and still feeling the strain from the friction between him and their children.

And now his children weren't even in this world anymore, stuck in a parallel one.

"If you want to be a father, you will actually have to at least try to be one."

Maybe, just maybe, he could actually start trying instead of just expecting.

He could only hope it wasn't to late for them to accept it. (Though... he would understand if they couldn't.)
But shaking those thoughts from his head for now, the blond Mafioso focuses on the meeting taking place, surrounded by those his twin boys all care for and are cared by. (Though why the Varia were here was a mystery he was trying to figure out.)

"If we are going to get both Sawada twins back, we will need a transporter of sorts and flames from our world sent over there; none of it can be from the Parallel world, as the energy would just mess with the processes." Is explained by his oldest's Sun Guardian to all those in the Sawada living room, his wife off grocery shopping at the moment.

"So what do we have to EXTREMELY do?!" Is shouted by the other Sun in the room.

"As the Transporter we have designed is a delicate piece of equipment, we will have to send it piece by piece through the Ten-Years Bazooka." the ex-Arobaleno Verde says, pushing his glasses up, "it is there it must be constructed and built, so that it may send itself and the others back home, where the landing pad will be built to accept it."

"But we have to be careful in who we send." is warned by the half-lidded eyed blond, "We have no idea what could happen if a whole Harmony is sent, as that could accidentally trap everyone part of it in the other world; Flame Mechanics are finicky that way, and this transporter is completely reliant on them, and the Harmony bonds to get everyone home." the blond teen finishes by crunching down on his lollipop.

"This makes it difficult because the fact that you'll be transported around five to fifteen feet away from your counterpart, with another problem in that we need two Harmonies worth of flames to power this machine... Gesso-san, would you be willing to have some of your guardians come? Otherwise, I don't see any other way that this could work." Verde asked, looking like he was swallowing a lemon as he did.

"Hmmm, judging by how things look, you can only spare Gokudera-kun and Spanner-kun to be sent to this other place to build the device, Spanner-kun having to go as the only one here able to transport the more delicate equipment? Which only leaves you and Sho-chan working on this side's landing pad? I'll make sure to bring my own Sun, though do tell me if I need to bring anyone else." is the thoughtful reply from the albino, who gets a nod in return.

"Alright, so we'll have to decide who is all going and who all is staying. Mind you, you all can't be sent out immediately, since we'll be waiting for the perfect moment to do so, with you all hopefully near or close to Tsunayoshi or Yoshimune, though from the information Tsuna has sent us, it will be likely Yoshimune will receive his Guardians first." Is said by Verde (who seems rather displeased, along with the other of Tsuna's Guardians while Yoshi's look both pleased and uncomfortable as well; wonder what that's about?), which starts off a whole new discussion/argument.

The rugged blond man then hears his wonderful wife enter through the door, so he goes to greet her.

He has decided he would try and be better for his family, so it would probably be best to start with his wife, the woman who has loyally stayed by him, even when he wasn't there.

If nothing else, he owned his family Nana's happiness.

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Chapter End Notes
I know many people have been waiting for this POV; and so here is an interlude, with important information as well.

Note: Like I've told many of you reviewers, I don't particularly like Iemitsu, but I also don't hate his guts. It all depends on how I feel like writing him if I want the father to be a total complete asshole or if he is still a decent guy who has made his fair share of mistakes.

This is one of the stories where I decided to go with a redeemable Iemitsu, as I figured that would fit with the game mechanics, with the bonds and all. Tsuna himself is just tired of doing most of the work, so he just gives the man a shove once or twice to see what he does and if it will even be worth it.

And as for the other information, who will be going and who will be staying? You'll just have to wait and see! (Though I'm sure quiet a few of you have good guesses of a few who will go.)
What most parents look at when getting their children games is the warnings. Will this scar my children for life with the violence, does this one have too many bad words, oh, and this one contains nudity?

These are usually the games parents would never buy for their kids, not wanting them around such a corrupting influence.

Such a foolish thought.

Thirty Second Character: Parallel Lal- Parallel Problems

The corrupted Arcobaleno could admit she was slightly amused.

"Did I say you could stop doing push ups? No I did not; you all have about fifty more to go, then you'll be running laps, and I don't want to see any of you slacking, especially you Arturo. Yes, don't think I haven't been noticing, you're not exactly subtle." Is announced by the Decimo's blank faced counterpart, in perfect Italian, turning to stare over at one of her recruits in training.

"Want some popcorn Lal-san?" is offered by the alternate of her Sky, the teen holding out the bag to her.

(It reminds her of slightly of better times, when Yoshimune would smile more freely and plot ways with his other friends how to match make her with that blond idiot, when he was much more open with his feelings. And even if she misses the teen he once was, not that she would admit it, she still can't help but respect and care for the man he grew up to be.)

"... Why not." She mused, reaching into the bag to take out some of the buttery treat to snack on, turning to watch as a bored teenager whipped her sorry bunch of recruits into shape. Which was a very good thing, because by now she probably would have shot at someone or delivered her infamous slap combo. It was much more healthy for her blood pressure to watch her disrespectful, idiotic bunch of morons get schooled and schooled hard.

(Though she would have to admit she was wary; the teen's eyes were much to a like to a trained assassin's, even if they belonged to a face she knew quite well; she would not let familiarity cloud her judgement, even as she wondered what the kid went through to learn the hard lessons. It was that in the end that had her accepting his offer to take over for a bit.)

"Damn, I don't think I've ever seen the new recruits so terrified; the tiny brat doing that eyes in the back of his head thing again? Or is he reading their minds?" is asked in amusement, one of her co-
workers and fellow Guardians approaching, his sword resting against his back.

"Eyes in the back of his head and the Hell smile at the beginning, Mochida-san. Popcorn?" The younger version of the infamous brunet answers before offering the bag to the raven.

"Ouch, that's rough. And no thanks, can't really eat after missions." their Yoshimune's Cloud and childhood friend says, leaning against the wall while the young teen just shrugs.

Really, if someone had said that she would be stuck baby sitting two counterparts of the Mafia's most favorite twins and actually grow to respect them, she would have sent the person back to training, with her or Reborn as the instructor.

But that is what has happened, though how it came to be was still shocking; apparently, in just the few days the twins were here, the older of the alternate Sawada's liked to play a disappearing act and leave Mist doubles behind while no one had any idea where he went, which had her boss cursing up a storm and made the Decimo keep headache relievers on hand. Not even his brother knew where he would go, only saying that he was scoping out the area probably for information, and would return when he wants to, all the while sticking close to the double that stayed around to protect the younger twin,

(Which was how they apparently found out that the Mist doubles were even there in the first place. And they had had been found out in a rather messy manner, as it seemed the double was capable of using the flames it was made up of to literally drive any attackers insane, even driving one of the victims to go so far as to kill themselves. What the CEDEF Head's Mist Guardian found so disturbing though as she read about the incident was how nonchalant the younger twin was taking it, and the statement he had given for the report she read.

"Well, they did just try and kill me and Nii-san; why should I worry about what happens to them?" were the young man's words on the matter. If that didn't drive in the fact that the alternates had different childhood, nothing else would.)

So, as Dokuro herself was on a mission at the moment, the next best Mist user was put in charge of them, hopefully being able to spot when a Mist clone was being used or not.

And it was really galling that she honestly could not tell the difference; she didn't think anyone but Rokudo could see through them; they were just that good. She wondered if the other Tsunayoshi was like Xanxus with his Sky and Storm flames, where they weren't just Primary and secondary, but both were main.

It was a impressive, though daunting thought, with the possibilities of both Sky and Mist flame combinations.

Of course, she had tried to keep them both busy, putting them on Kitchen Duty at first since "They insist on working, so work we'll give them" had been their boss's growled words on the matter. Soon though, it was getting ridiculous, because both boys were able get everything done in ridiculous amounts of time, and do a five star job still. (She doesn't think she's ever seen the kitchen that close to sparkling, ever.) Soon though, even with all the odd jobs they threw at them here and there, they had to stop least the cleaning staff riot or go into a depression, the Kitchen staff already contemplating kidnapping the two hard workers.

This though was fixed by the older twin deciding to just pay their way out of any perceivable debt; they ended up hiring Lal to be their guard until they got home or a better guard could be provided. (They even had the correct payment, in their world's money, and all the paperwork correctly filed and filled.)
Having seen what the fluffy brunet could do with his flames, and seeing the spars both boys had, she could see the 'bodyguard' duty for what they thought it was; a way to ensure they wouldn't be indebted.

She wondered how long these teens would hold on to that cockiness; hopefully not long, otherwise she just might have to slap them if it didn't get them killed first.

'Boys and girls be ambitious! Boy and girls keep it real!' A much watched out for ringtone plays, making the younger Tsuna pause in watching the recruits run around, his brother perk up, and the two CEDEF officers ready themselves, keeping their eyes and ears open.

A phone call had only been caught once between the alternates, and had released some interesting information about their world; who knew what this second conversation would reveal?

Watching as the orange Hologram come on, It takes a while for the baby cursed person to realize who it is on the other line.

"I do hope you are alone, as I can't tell if someone else is there unless they have the same flames as you and I do due to the Holograms instability in the alternate world." is said by the glasses wearer on the screen, pushing his glasses up as he does so.

"Sorry Verde-san, but there are two others with us." The teenage brunet replies, the name a shock for the Arcobaleno woman.

What has her so shocked? Because the person they called Verde looked like a twelve year old, with no pacifier in sight.

How can that be?

"Hmmm, I see; well, we're still figuring out the details in sending you and the potential experiment you call your brother home; though in the mean time, you should hopefully be getting some deliveries soon to make you a little more comfortable. The others are of the thought that the counterparts are not treating you as well as you deserve to be treated." the scientist says, scowling a bit, looking like he might agree with it.

"Ah, you guys don't have to worry too much; things have been better, and definitely beat learning under our hellish tutors." the brunet blond chirps, bring him self into the conversation.

"You do know that said tutors are ready to skin you alive, right?"

"It would be hard," the older twin cuts in between the two, "to do so, as we are not even there in person. But I have a question, has Spanner's cold acted up due to the stress of the situation? It had only just gone away, and I wouldn't want him to regress." is asked. Lal couldn't help wondering who this Spanner was, and if he got sick badly; the look on the brunets face and eyes were too serious for it to be just a simple cold, and that had even gotten a worried look from his brother when he said that.

Verde on the other hand had only given himself away be the slight narrowing of his eyes, "The teen has been in good health, from what I have seen so far... But while we are on the matter of stress, how are you, Tsunayoshi." and for a moment, a slight staring contest takes place, but the brunet just sighs, closing his eyes, as he brushes his free hand through his hair.

"I have been better." is the sentence said before a moment of complete silence happens.

Judging by the looks on Verde's and Yoshimune's faces, this must be a very big understatement.
"...I-I see." Verde coughs, seeming slightly disturbed, "I'll see about getting those deliveries getting to you quicker... And if you do anything stupid, I will have you in my labs, my Sky or not, when you get home again. Until then, goodbye." And with that, communication is cut.

Though despite that, the blue haired baby still hears those words repeat, over and over.

*My Sky or not.*

What. The. Fuck.

Sure, all the higher ups have heard about the brunet teen being Harmonized with the kid Irie, but that could also be explained easy, they did live in the same town as young adults after all, and could have met at any time and bonded.

(Though Sawagawa had been a pain since then, challenging the red haired Funeral Wreath when ever they saw each other; and with him seeking the guy out, it's pretty often.)

But Verde? Harmonizing? With Sawada Tsunayoshi... Sure, the boy was charismatic, but so had been Luce, and the green haired man had refused to bond with the woman. (And a tiny part of her envies him that, though not as much as Reborn does.)

It defies all thought really.

"Hey, Lal-san, Mochida-san, can you please excuse me and my Nii-san?" the alternate Yoshimune says, eyes serious as he looks at them, before leaving with his brother, Kensuke yelling as he runs after them.

Lal meanwhile goes back to pounding her lesson into the trainees; she really needs to do something that makes sense.

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*Because the world is the most corrupting influence, one which usually warns it's victims far to late.*

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Chapter End Notes

And here we are, the really darker parts of the story starting to show up.

Note: Everyone remember the conversation Tsuna and Yoshi had? Where Tsuna asked if his brother knew what he was asking for? Well, this is just a little taste of it. Tsuna is no longer going to go nice on his attackers; he is going to go for the kill now. Yoshi broke the chains holding his brother back.

As for Lal, I can actually see her possibly being a Guardian for Yoshi, if the right circumstance are met, like they were in this world. As for Mochida, I couldn't find a flame for him for canon, so I went with Cloud.

And next, is the 'stress' Tsunayoshi is going through; can any one guess what exactly is causing it, and why it is so bad?
Oh, and just to let you all know, I am cackling right now.
Nothing else to look at for games are reviews. They can tell you if the games was amazing, what it lacked, or even if it should be burned in a fire.

The only problem with reviews is that there are so many of them.

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Thirty Third Character: Parallel Takeshi- Parallel Problems

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The Vongola Decimo's Rain Guardian could admit to feeling slightly bemused about the entire situation taking place.

Sure, a lot of crazy things happened in his younger days, but Parallel versions of his boss and brother was it's own special kind of crazy. And did he regret not being there in person when they first showed up; from what's he's heard from rumors the two are filled with surprises. As it is, he just got back from another diplomatic mission for some of the Vongola's allies, so it was only just now that he got to meet the alternate twins, the big bosses also in the room with them along with their Storms, Gokudera and Lancia. And it was just as he thought it would be, an interesting experience, (one that hopefully won't destroy the meeting room they're in).

Especially with just how different they were.

"...I am going to develop a complex, mark my words I will." is how the alternate of Tsuna's twin replies after the Swordsman introduces himself to them, looking so gloomy as he says it.

(Takeshi never thought he would want to hug Sawada Yoshimune, but with that kicked puppy look, it's kinda hard not to want to.)

"It's okay Yoshi-kun, this is an alternate world after all; if Ryohei-oniisan can learn an inside voice, maybe you'll have the voice you wish for." The other Tsuna comforts, his face blank as he places his hand on his brother's shoulder.

And wow, if their Tsuna had tried that when they were teens, Yoshimune would have snapped at him at worst or ignored him at best.

This version of Yoshimune-san on the other hand actually leans into it, looking slightly hopeful.

(Though when Takeshi chances a glance at the CEDEF Head to see his reaction, he isn't surprised by the dark look on the man's face, though he thought he caught a glimpse of another emotion, however brief. Huh, probably just imagining things, Yoshimune is never one to be jealous after all.)

"You think I could have a chance?"

"You'll probably have to be careful with the things you eat, and with yelling, but I'm sure you do."

"Not to interrupt and all," is said by a very displeased older Yoshimune, "But why did you ask for the presence of Vongola's Storm and Rain Guardian, along with the Cloud Arcobaleno?"
"We have need of their assistance; though mostly it's their flame we're after to be honest; its to bad Hibari-san couldn't be here." the brunet admits freely, nodding over at the Decimo's Storm and Rain, Skull not yet here. Though Takeshi wonders at the pained look in the little Tsuna's eyes when he mentions the Cloud Guardian; did something happen between them in their world?"

"Could you explain just why you need their Flames in particular?" Takeshi's Sky asks, eyes slightly concerned as he takes in the two teens. The swordsman can't help but frown slightly at that; is Tsuna's intuition acting up?

"We'd like to wait for Mort-san to arrive first if that's alright; what we need won't take long and it won't hurt them in any shape or form." the young blank face counterpart of his first true friend consoles, seeming to ease some of the tension in his Sky, which naturally relaxes him and Gokudera-kun.

Harmonies are always in tune with each other, so when one person, especially a Sky, is upset, they are all upset.

"Hey! Sorry I'm late! The Amazing Skull-sama had things to take care of before he could grace you all with my awesome presence. Anyways, you said I was needed for something, Vongola?" a familiar baby with a bike helmet on his head asks as he walks through the door, Takeshi absently noticing the hesitation as the Arcobaleno takes his head gear off.

"About time you-" the CEDEF Sawada nearly says, before he is cut off by his counterpart.

"You're the other Skull-nii? What the heck happened to you? Why do you look like a toddler?" is the incredulous questions, the connotations in it loud and clear. Takeshi personally is more curious about the suggested closeness between the alternate Skull and Yoshi, since this world's CEDEF Commander can't really stand the purple stuntman.

"...So, we really do look older in your world?" is the hopeful question, purple eyes wide in with many emotions.

"Eh, yes? Is there a reason you wouldn't?" is the confused look on the younger teen's face, the one next to him calm as you please, messing with his phone as the slight drama plays.

"While I'm sure you all have questions," the other brunet says, as his cell starts projecting an orange hologram of a dialing phone, "We only just need a moment of your time, so if you could hold off for a moment Mort-san." he says, hanging up just before the phone can connect.

Then suddenly, the room is full of a familiar pink smoke, voices able to be heard.

"Ah, that is always so strange to go through. Wonder what would happen if I tried to swing my bat in there."

"Shut it Baseball-freak, why the hell would you even do something that idiotic!"

"Oh, Oodaku!" is suddenly yelled as a smaller version of the infamous red metal octopus flies across the room.

Where it then precedes to tangle itself around the other Yoshimune. Takeshi is just a moment away from using his blade to free him, the others following suit with their own weapons as they think the creature is attacking, when instead of yelling and screams, he hears laughter come from the boy.

"Hahahahaha! Stop-stop that Ha! Oodaku, that ti-tickles." The boy laughs, starting to dissolve into giggles as the metal armored creature searches for a comfortable place to perch itself.
"Hey! Get your greasy tentacles off Yoshimune-sama!" is yelled by a familiar voice, the words making the Rain Guardian stop.

What? He can't help but look over at the two storms in the room, both looking as stunned as him as a familiar boy runs out of the slowly dispersing smoke, dynamite at the ready to aid Yoshi.

Again, what?

"Oodaku is NOT GREASY! He is perfectly polished!" is yelled, a twelve year old looking Skull the next surprise running out now, scowling fiercely.

"Ah, come on Gokudera-kun, have a heart! Oodaku is just saying hi." and then comes his alternate, smile on his face, which brightens up considerably when he sees his world's brunet blond, trying to convince the Storm user through his laughter not to throw his dynamite, Skull yanking said dynamite away. The teenager version of himself joins in seamlessly, chuckling as he tries to calm the silver haired delinquent down, who then directs his ire at the raven.

It could have been a scene from his childhood, if it was Tsuna in Yoshimune's place instead.

As it is, the swordsman is still stunned; he can kinda imagine what the two Storms are going through and he hopes Basil gets this news broken to him gently, because it is so obvious just who is Harmonized to who.

It's just, the three fledgling teenage flame users ran to Yoshimune first, they checked if he was okay first, seeing if they could help him first.

And he can feel how his alternate's flames calm at being close to the younger of the twins, how just putting his arm around the other in a one arms hug calms some stress, the smile turning more real by the minute.

He's only suppose to feel that way around Tsuna, not anyone else. It's feels so wrong seeing that happen with anyone who isn't the brunet.

"What the fuck, you Harmonized with the Cloud Arcobaleno?" is said with slight condemnation, disgust, and shock, cutting through everyone's thoughts.

The room grows silent at that, faces that were once open and happy with reunion shutting down faster then stores after Black Friday in America.

"Is there a problem with that?" the hazel eyed teen asks, eyes burning as he takes in his older self.

Takeshi can't help but edge close to Tsuna, Gokudera following his example as Lancia does the same with his own Sky.

"A problem? De Mort is an annoying, useless-" and the man gets no further, as a flash a metal, along with a flare of flame take over the room for a moment.

Once it is gone, it reveals the other Tsuna, who had been briefly forgotten, holding back his brother's chain, his hands devoid of flame, yet easily holding it. All with a rather dangerous smile on his face, one that gives the Rain Guardian chills

"As much as I know it can be tempting to nick him, it would not be wise to harm the CEDEF Head." the brunet says lightly, the chain weapon slowly changing back to it's keychain shape, though this one has a 44 on it. (Takeshi knows as a fact that the CEDEF head has a 08 on his.)
"A nick? That wasn't aiming for a nick, that looked like it was aiming for a beheading!" Lancia says incredulously, turning from his inspection of making sure his boss is alright.

"Are you saying that the Great Head of CEDEF can't even dodge an angry outburst from a teenager? Makes one question his fighting ability then." is the sly reply given by the brunet, his face still blank as he does so, "Though I hope he doesn't make it a trend to insult Guardians and their Skies; otherwise it's a wonder you even have any allies." the subtle warning laid, the older of the twin counterparts heads for the door.

"Well, we got what we needed anyway, so we'll take our leave... Though baby Skull-nii, do you want to come with? We'll surely better company." the brunet blond offers, looking over at the purple haired 2 year old who has also been forgotten.

"...Sure... Though do you mind if I ask some questions along the way?" the Arcobaleno asks hesitantly, his eyes glancing repeatedly between his alternate animal companion, the warm eyes looking at him, and his older self.

"If I can answer them, I will." is the offer as they start to leave, the baby cursed Cloud user following behind hesitantly.

Takeshi can only find himself watching, still stunned as they leave, other Tsuna holding the door open for his brother and his brother's Guardians.

He wonders if Tsuna still has any alcohol in this meeting room, because he won't really mind a drink or two now.

And it looks like he isn't the only one.

Because it just means you have to go through more opinions that aren't your own to make a decision.

Chapter End Notes

Surprise after surprise comes! If that doesn't make people forget to ask the real questions, I don't know what else will.

Note; Parallel Takeshi had only rumors to go on when he met the twins, so that's why he's so caught off guard. And with Tsuna as his role model, there was no way Yoshi would miss out on the protective instincts. Also, while it would have been nice to put the other Yoshimune down a peg or two, the twins really don't need that right now, so better to prevent such an incident from happening, and making sure it can't be used against them. Also, I decided to change Yoshi's number to 44, with Parallel!Yoshimune having 08.

And poor Yoshi, your voice complex has only begun.
If you don't know, just say you don't know. Ambiguous words are no more honest than a poisoned blade. -Suikoden V, Zegai

Thirty Fourth Character: Parallel Skull - Parallel Problems

Very few things truly stun the cursed Greatest Stuntman nowadays. Someone genuinely and fiercely standing up for him is one of them.

He honestly can't remember the last time anyone has done that for him.

(He pushes thoughts of a kind, smiling woman who once did away; her betrayal still hurts. Which just reminds him of another shock, because him, Harmonized with Sawada Yoshimune?)

"So, you said you had questions? Lay them on us, and we'll see what we can tell you." The teenage counterpart of the Vongola's Rain says cheerfully, looking happy as he sits on his Sky's left (who isn't Tsunayoshi) with his arm around the other's shoulder, Gokudera on his right of the same Sky (who still isn't the brunet) leaning slightly into him, Oodaku sitting perched on brunet blond hair. Skull's own (uncursed) alternate went off to the cafeteria line with the blank faced Tsunayoshi, getting everyone's lunch while the four of them saved a circular table.

This whole situation is bewildering, can't they wait for him to catch his bearings first?

"Mort-san, do you like your coffee with two sugars and no cream, or do you want us to get you something different?" is asked suddenly, bringing the purple baby out of his thoughts to see strangely tired, strained brown eyes look at him. He thinks the kid might need the coffee more then him, the way he looks like he hasn't been getting much sleep. As it is, he needs caffeine right now for something stable, his eyes stealing glances at his alternate, who had been carrying the food trays stacked upon the other as Tsuna had the drinks.

"Oh, yeah, that's good." he accepts, taking the nicely warmed liquid, and sipping it. Soon, all the food is dispersed, along with the drinks as they all gather, his alternate sitting next to Yamamoto, while Tsuna sits by Gokudera.

"So, what questions do you have?" is asked rather grumpily by the silver haired teen as he bites into a nicely made sandwich.

"...Are you all really harmonize with erm, Yoshimune-san?" his words slip over at how to address the brunet blond, before deciding on the one he used. And while he knows he should be asking other questions, like the uncursed state his counterpart is in, he can't help but wonder about these Guardian choices.

After all, it seems from word of mouth the other Verde and that alternate Irie guy has bonded with the other Tsuna, while Gokudera, Takeshi, and his own alternate are with Yoshimune; he wants to know how these happened.
"Yeah, we are. And I don't know if you'll get what I mean here, but Yoshi is a true Sky along with his brother, unlike Luce," his double answers before the others, purple eyes meeting each other with an understanding in them, the cursed infant finding a part of him calming down.

Despite the differences between them, he wouldn't wish for anyone to become Disharmonious once, much less twice. It's a cold feeling that replaces warmth, and can lead to depression and other fun things. One of the reasons it was suggested that you get to know your Sky first before you bonded, and why the rare sudden Harmonizing's that happened were so feared.

It's good to know that he has the possibility to find that happy feeling again, one that isn't marred by death and betrayal; he just has to find that right Sky.

But he better get on to asking the big questions, otherwise when he comes back from here to the meeting with the others, they'll probably pound into him; just like how they pounded into him all he would have to ask the boys about their world and Arcobaleno system. (Though why Reborn and Lal can't do it he doesn't get; he's not buying their 'conflict of interests' line.)

"So, if you know Luce, you've been Arcobaleno; otherwise you would be much older."

And while he notices how the three of the teens are confused, he notices the Tsuna double doesn't even look phased, while his own just sighs.

"Yeah, I have. Admittedly, looking at you now just brings the bad memories to mind, but it could have been much worse." the other Skull says, a wry grin on his face as he does.

"We were all cursed, all looking for a way to get cured, Verde researching like mad, and a few of the others paying doctors the world over to check for a way to fix it. Then a few years ago, just as we were getting used to it, our curse was suddenly broken." his alternate says, snapping his fingers, "Just like that. None of us know how it happened or why, though I do have some theories." the purple twelve year old says, his eyes glancing to the right before looking back over at the baby version of himself, too quick for the cursed infant to know just who he was looking at.

"...You don't know how the curse was broken?" the baby can't help but ask just the slightest bit brokenly, wishing his own Oodaku was here to comfort him. As it is, his best friend is back home due to a stomachache, so it's just him now.

His double, along with his Sky, seems to become slightly distressed at his pain, seeming to cringe at that, "I think our Verde might know, though good luck getting it out of him; he's been strangely mum on the subject to be honest."

"Though speaking of the Arcobaleno, don't you think the others should come out by now?" the blank faced teens suddenly says, his eyes looking over the room lazily, pausing on certain spots.

Spots that Skull can see the others of the Arcobaleno group hiding behind, if he looks really carefully. How did the teenager see them and how long have they been there?

"Hmph, looks like this version of Dame-Tsuna has some tricks up his sleeve." a familiar fedora wearing baby coming out of nowhere from the ceiling titles, Colonello and Lal following suit, and already the stuntman can see there intention to use him as a landing pad.

Which is stopped by his twelve year old double suddenly being there, using his food tray as a shield from the kicks that would have landed on him.

"I'll have to ask that you re-frame from harming any of us while in my Sky's and Tsuna-kun's presence; both of them tend to get a bit protective, especially when we all haven't seen each other in
"so long." His other self warns, a dangerous glint in his eyes as the tray slightly cracks. (This is Vongola, they made sure these trays would last.)

"...We'll keep that in mind, then." is said suddenly from his left, startling when he sees Verde suddenly there, writing down some type of notes in a journal.

"I'll keep it noted." is said by a neutral voice, Mammon appearing from thin air in a bunch of Mist Flames, gently floating down to sit on the other seat to Skull's right, not looking away from the older brunet twin, a slight confused frown on the baby's face. He can't help but feel a bit better about these two being the ones to sit next to, as they are pretty much indifferent to him, Fon the only one who is nice to him.

"Do excuse us for the interruption of your meal." and speak of the Storm, and so he appears, sitting besides Verde as he speaks.

If they were going to follow him in the first place, did they really have to pound him with their questions to ask, or did they just want to use him as their resident punching bag again.

He really is getting tired of that.

"... I am now going to have my nightmares filled with demon babies. Babies are not meant to be evil, they are meant to be cute and drool all over the place. Why is nothing sacred anymore?" the brunet blond teen mumbles on, looking as if his soul has left his body while looking at Reborn, who has taken a seat by Colonello and Lal on Mammon's other side. More then a few eyes glance over at the older looking version of himself, who has returned to his seat, the three assassins looking a bit confused and wary at him. And isn't that sad, then being confused about his other self defending himself (okay, maybe it is a bit confusing if you think about it like that).

Of course, it doesn't help that the other guardians are looking at the three coldly and ever ready, Skull remembering their protectiveness back in the meeting room. He can't help but smile a little, feeling a bit warm at the feelings he gets at the thought of someone wanting him safe.

But he doesn't get to enjoy it for long sadly.

"Let us cut to the chase, do any of you know how to break the Arcobaleno curse." Verde asks after he has closed his notebook, a gleam in his glasses as he turns his head to look at the other Tsuna head on.

Brown eyes stare back, the same strain and exhaustion from before there as they take in the small green scientist, a look of longing taking over his face. Verde, despite his legendary composer, twitches slightly at that in a tell of slight discomfort.

It's only now that Skull can only wonder just how hard the teens were hit when they came here, their Harmonies not there around them, placed in a hostile situation, and how the Guardians felt. It explains a bit about the actions of the other Yoshi and his Guardians, and how they seem so paranoid, and are constantly touching each other in reassurance, even if it's only a pat on the back, or a one armed hug.

A sigh from a familiar brunet breaks him from his thoughts, making him look over to him, the brown eyes hidden behind closed lids.

"It would be odd if I didn't know how, as I was one of the few to help break the curse."
Chapter End Notes

Poor Tsuna, Verde reminding him of his own Guardian.

Note: The reason for Verde's un-comfortableness is that he realizes his resemblance to his alternate, who is obviously very much cared for by this strange Sky. And Tsuna just honestly likes messing with people. As for Skull stopping the others from hurting his double, right now all of them are not in any mood for any kind of crap, so he took matters into his own hands.

And I like it when Skull is badass.
"That’s why we need to go out there and find out." -Kingdom Hearts, Riku

Thirty Fifth Character: Parallel Verde- Parallel Problems

The World's Smartest Arcobaleno would have to honestly say he was fascinated, though a bit uncomfortable with this situation.

Though he had come from his previous digital stalking of the Decimo as he had expected the Arcobaleno's Cloud to mess up in the ways he always usually did, he could excuse him in light of the circumstances. After all, none of them expected an older version of the stuntman to come out and be harmonized to the younger Sawada brat's alternate.

Still, he was glad he left the didgital stalking to his drones and came himself; he was able to gather more information on the alternate Sky his own counterpart had deemed suitable, if Lal's information is correct.

Someone he has yet to find himself, his paranoia a blessing and a curse in that respect.

Though if his world's version of Sawada Tsunayoshi was anywhere near as fascinating as the one, he could understand the interest; he had only been in the boy's presence for a few hours the day before, and his flames were actually reaching out to the Sky's own flames, his mind wishing to decode and dissect the other's, wanting to know.

It had been a long time since he had honestly wanted to know about a person, he honestly can't remember the last one.

Though why he had to pick one ever so frustrating is beyond him (which is a lie, he loves challenges more then most would comprehend).

Flashback-

"I'll have to check if the cure can even be used here, as the world's energies are very different. I'll tell you any news we have tomorrow." had been all that the brunet prepubescent had said on the matter despite their questions, the other Skull just looking smug, the other teens not seeming to really care either way as they watched.

"Can't you check now Dame-Tsuna?" is growled by Reborn, the name slipping through on it's own accord. Unlike when the Hitman first said it, this time it was not missed in any confusion.

"Why should he if you're not even going to show him any respect." is said ice cold by Gokudera, the scowl on his face growing as he says that.

"It isn't very nice to say such things, other Reborn-san, especially when they're not true. Tsuna-kun has never been no good." Takeshi says with a smile just as icy as the right hand man's voice.
The other Yoshimune says nothing, though his eyes have noticeably cooled as he takes in the hat wearing baby, no sign of the traumatized teen anywhere.

It gets really awkward for a moment, quiet as these very different people look at them as if they are the enemy.

"It's alright guys, I am just an average student after all, nothing of interest to note about me." the brunet Sky says simply, getting deadpan looks from the others from his world for that, and successfully disbursing the strained air.

"An average student who can talk about the relativity of marshmallows in Italian." is said by an unimpressed Gokudera.

"An average student who purposely aims for certain scores on his test, to even the last decimal point." is pointed out by a wry Yamamoto.

"The same average student who likes to point out exactly how flawed questions and information in the text books are." is said by the teen's twin, looking slightly disbelieving.

"Of course those all are part of an average student." The other uncursed Cloud Arcobaleno says, sarcasm heavy in his voice.

"Exactly." is the reply they all get, a stunning smile to also go with it.

"... What did I just see?" the blond Rain of their group says hesitantly, blinking repeatedly, the scientist not even able to blame him as he too fell victim to the rather dazzling display.

Who knew a smile could be so disarming?

"Can you at least give us an idea when you will get your answers." the illusionist in the group asks, preventing Reborn from speaking up, who glaringly accepts it. (Seems he's finally remembered his brains).

"Hmmm, you'll get them when we can get them to you; such things take time, and the Arcobaleno system was different in our world from the one here." Tsunayoshi says considerably.

"What do you mean by that?" Verde himself asks, feeling slightly self conscious as those eyes take him in, a hungry, lonely look in them.

He's not really sure what to think of such strong emotions, ones directed at him no less.

"...Well, I guess you could say the curse was truly that; nothing but a way to inflict harm or punishment on someone or something."

Flashback End-

This was all said before him and his group just left, their Skull seeming to be invited into it by the brother's whim. (The boy had happily and rather protectively carried him, the purple haired baby seeming to enjoy the hair rubbing he was getting. This was much to his counterparts jealousy if his whining was anything to go by as he hugged the younger Sky, much to the Storm flame user's ire.)

And while it galls him to do so, he can wait for it; he and the others have been waiting for a possible cure to their curse for years, the scientist searching for it for half of his life.

(Though the teens last words on the matter leave a rather ominous feeling for him. Again, he can
though he has to admit he has some pleasure in seeing Reborn so off his game; the hitman was close to the Vongola Decimo, and a little bit as well to the current CEDEF Head as their former tutor, and seeing these doubles not at all cowed by him was good for the soul. Then again, the fedora wearing baby isn't an idiot (unfortunately) who tries and threatens an already strained and strung out Harmony. It was obvious in how they moved, in how they talked, always watching, carefully keeping any threat and exits in sight. It was lucky the violent three of their group had realized their mistake after their attempt to bully Skull, otherwise he would have lost what little respect he had for them.

Already he can just taste the undiscovered research in his grasp.

Now if only his spy camera drones would stop malfunctioning; how is he going to observe the alternates if they don't show anything. He already knows better then to trust the cameras placed in the room by Vongola, as they're basically covered in Mist Flames.

He looks forward to when they finally realize the trick.

After another one of his expensive camera's goes down, he can't help but scowl anger.

"When technology fails, one must do the work themselves." he can't help but mutter, getting ready to head out from his hiding place from the ceiling. Really, Reborn should get these hide a ways better protected, such a security risk. As it is, he had enjoyed the coffee stash that had been there.

Going off, he travels through the vents, consulting his GPS time to time to make sure he is even going the right way, before he hears cries of relief from up ahead.

Now what could that be about?

Going next to the vent, and peering through the grid, he can't help but feel his mouth drop open for a split second, before he closes it forcefully.

Now is not the time to lose one's self, even if a tired, eighteen year old Skull nibbling a SnapTart is now in the room, replacing the twelve year old. The apparently young man has all his makeup off, as well as his piercings and clothing, a simple bed sheet the only thing conserving his modesty.

Now how did this come to be about?

"Shoichi, do you know what's going on? I thought the Arcobaleno weren't due for another growth spurt until next year." Is a tired question posed by the very Sky he came here to investigate.

At that, the green haired baby observes the room, taking in all the tired teens, and the buckets of water with wash cloths, one which Yoshi is reapplying to the older Skull's head, the much younger one helping to clean the place up, looking over worriedly at his double here and there.

"It was, Reborn-san hasn't grown even an inch, neither Lal-san, Colonello-san, or Fon-san either. It's only Verde-san, Skull-kun, and Mammon-san that have." is a reply given by an interesting holographic device (he feels a great urge to take it apart and see it's inner workings) that the other Sawada Tsunayoshi is using to talk to the other Irie Shoichi. (Verde has to admit, the young man has some beautiful work.)

"...So only those who are harmonized have been effected?" Young Yoshimune asks from where he is helping his Cloud, after making sure he is drinking his water.
"We believe the additional strengthening from their Harmony with their respective Skies, all of which have more than the average amount of flame, has affected their growth rate, causing them to heal faster than the others who do not have a Harmony to their name." the holographic image says, Verde's mind going through all the possibilities this could mean. Looks like he's just finding more and more things to look into.

"...How is Verde?" is the pained question from a worried Sky, his name spoken so casually getting the smart baby's attention.

"I am fine, Tsuanyoshi; Spanner and Irie have been ensuring the continued state of my well being with plenty of water and substance." a much lower, deeper version of his voice says, Verde stilling as he hears it. Unfortunately, the hologram does not show himself, only the orange red haired teen is displayed.

"I should be there helping you." is said by the brunet rather hollowly, the scientist wincing at the that. While he may not be one for emotions, it does not make him emotionless, and despite words to the contrary, he does have a heart.

It's just that most of it died with his beloved sister, the rest nearly destroyed by greedy doctors.

"Be that as it may, while you are not, your voice is still a soothing quality that I find I enjoy at this moment, so I would rather it not be ruined by any misplaced guilt... You should be glad to hear that you and your brother will be getting a few of flowers soon, easing the way a few of the more complicated deliveries." his other self actually sounds comforting as he speaks in some sort of code, which surprises him. He knew on some level his other self must care for his Sky a little to even place the trust in him to bond; It's just startling to hear the confirmation.

(He doesn't think he's heard him sound like that since Amabella, gently consoling her as her coughs took a painful turn, causing tears to fall from her pale green eyes.)

"At least there is some good news... So, since I'm guess the others have you on bed rest, would you like to connect our call so we can all go over the schematics for the newest project you have designed? I'm sure you can take this time to plan a few more features."

"Hmmm, a few adjustments here and there can never go amiss so I do not see why not, since otherwise I must sleep." is said dismissively, though Verde can never lie to himself; he can hear the slight relief coming from his other self.

"And may the heavens help us if you ever get a decent night's sleep." is the wry response from the Sky before he looks around the room. "I think everything's mostly taken care of in here? Then I'll be leaving a double for now." The brunet says in reply to the nods he gets, indigo flames coming easily, and forming into another double of himself, the original disappearing slowly.

"Stay safe Nii-san." is said by his twin, everyone else sharing in the sentiment, a soft smile the thanks for it.

And then he's gone.

Looking over the room, the scientist sighs; while not the original, he might get a few more facts from the Mist clone at least, so stay he must. Though the theories and thoughts he already has should keep him busy for a few days, his hunger for knowledge won't be satisfied until he knows.

And what he wants to know, he will eventually.
Chapter End Notes

Shout out to JayBird345 and Heroshand for Stalking! Verde idea; my muse took a look at it and cackled evilly.

Note: Amabella is the name for Verde's fictional little sister and means loveable. In Verde's back story I made, her death effected him greatly, along with some cruel doctors charging through the nose for the 'care' they provide for her. And as for sudden growth spurts, I imagine that the Ex-Acobaleno's body might get over heated, so they have to be cooled down and kept cool. Then they have to push water and food on them before they sleep, so that they won't accidentally starve and dehydrate, because bodies need those vitamins and calories right now.

And the hits keep on coming, don't they. (And foreshadowing is love.)
"Stop worrying about what can go wrong and get excited about what can go right." -Unknown

Interlude: Parallel Reborn- Parallel Problems

The Strongest Arcobaleno was not having a good day.

Shooting down another easy target, for him that is, the raven haired baby couldn't help but think back the cause for his bad mood.

Flashback-

"The cure we used does have an actual chance of working for all of you." is the deadpan answer all of them finally get, just an hour away from midnight, keeping his word just barely. The teen had gathered them through Mammon, who like the rest of them was hanging on to his every word.

"...I feel there is a but here, young man." is said hesitantly by Fon, the Storm both hopeful and wary.

"Indeed there is." comes this time from a hologram of a much older Verde, which just makes Reborn scowl as he speaks, "In order to separate the energy from your bodies and put them into different vessels, you will all need to be Harmonized, or at least have a Sky flame running through you at the time to stabilize you."

There is an awkward moment at that.

"And this was not necessary in your world?" Reborn asks, gritting his teeth as he does so.

"Unlike in your world, we only had to transfer the energy into the exact same place, which was easily done from any where, and over in a minute." the orange hologram Verde says, a smirk on his face as he says this.

God, does he want to punch this man. He'll just have to settle for his world's version later.

"Me and my brother have volunteered our flames for those who can't find anyone to help them, and if necessary, I can do two if needed." the other Tsuna says, even though he doesn't look like he's gotten enough sleep.

"Are you sure that is wise? Your Flames are a different resonance from our world after all." is noted by the baby scientist, a slight trace of concern in his tone. (Huh, who knew the other could do emotions, a darker part of his mind wonders.)

"As long as it's Sky Flames being used, where they come from won't matter; though you can be rest assured that if me and my brother do so, we won't be able to Harmonize with you." this version of the brunet assures.

"How can you be so sure, kora?" Colonnello asks, frowning.
"Unless you purposely mix your Flames together, which won't be possible during this process, then you'll have nothing to worry about." is the narrowed eye reply the eighteen year old version of Verde gives, as if daring them to even think of it.

"You have your answers now, so if you'll excuse me and Mort-kun, we'll be leaving, Verde-san probably stalking us as we go." and so with that said, Verde twitching at being caught, the brunet gathers his Lacky to go.

"That's it?" Reborn finds himself saying, a familiar anger (jealousy) sweeping through him as he does so.

"Why would there be? The ball is in your court so to speak." knowing brown eyes stare back, a blood stained look to them that Reborn recognizes and wishes he didn't.

Just what was his other self doing that let these kids have such eyes? Could he have really done such things to have them like that?

"Though I will give you a piece of advice Reborn-san." is said simply, bring the man in a baby's body back from his thoughts, "You should be more concerned with the students you have taught then the ones who are just mirror images." and with that last parting shot, the young teen leaves.

Flashback End-

"You'll run out of targets if you keep that up, Reborn." is said, bring the hitman's attention to Dame-Tsuna, his student who always could use another lesson.

"The you should better supply-" the raven haired baby says, before he cuts himself off, getting a good look at his student, who looks like he's seen better days and is obviously worrying about something.

"You should be more concerned with the students you have taught then the ones who are just mirror images."

"...What's wrong, Tsuna." He says, following said advice, daring his student to lie to him.

"... It's just..." the 24 year old brunet starts, only to sigh, running his hand through his hair, "I just sometimes wonder if my Guardians would have been happier, with a different Sky is all... Or if I was at least a bit better in my childhood, maybe my relationship with Yoshi would have been better as well." the young man says, bowing his head as he releases worries and regrets that have been bothering him for a while now. Reborn can't help but bow his own head, his thoughts racing as his face his shadowed.

So the other Tsuna saw this already? Granted, the hitman had been distracted, but still, he should not have missed his student's pain. Though did this mean something was also going on with Baka-Yoshi.

They are his students, and he takes care of what is his, and being distracted is no excuse for it.

"You really are dame if you believe that; as such, you will do a lap for every reason why you just said is stupid. Number One; they are not you, but mirror images." and as he says this, he has Leon mallet come out, his student using his signature shriek as he does so.

Though by the end of his make shift lesson, the worries have mostly gone away and even if it's not all of them, the hitman can't help but smile just a little.

He wouldn't change a thing about his Dame student.
"Oi, Tsuna, I have something to ask you."

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Chapter End Notes

Tsuna was cutting it a bit close, because he can.

Note: I can see Canon TYL Tsuna feeling regret for bringing his friends into the Mafia, something he would never have wanted to have happen. And Reborn still calls him Dame because as long as his student needs him, he'll still have a reason to stay.

And Tsuna is getting tired. And short interlude is short. (And I wrote over 50 k!)
ThirSiC- Parallel Ryohei

Chapter Notes

Warning: Violence will happen with some disturbing imagery, also with mentions of scars.
(I don't want to accidentally trigger anything, so here's a warning.)

Another that people look for in games is the violence. Some love all the blood, guts, and gore, others preferring it to be much cleaner.

It's all a matter of taste for a person if they like beating the bad guys bloody or just a clean corpse.

Despite this, there is still one thing you should remember.

Thirty Sixth Character: Parallel Ryohei- Parallel Problems

Vongola's Sun Guardian could admit to being tired of all the confusion that arrived with the counterparts of his little bro and the bratty brunet blond. Even the Varia had been caught in the shock wave they brought, with their Arcobaleno member prowling around the bass more often then not with the others. Reborn in particular had been in a fowl mood, the target range facing most of his ire with the Sawada Twin bosses facing the rest.

Then again, if these teens knew how to fix the Arcobaleno curse, something that Tsuna had been trying to figure out for years, he could understand the high emotions.

Watching from the observation room with a few of his fellow guardians as the doubles sparred in the training room, the white haired boxer sighed. As if the brewing tensions with Millefiore and the attacks from some terrorist group weren't enough to worry about.

"Why the fuck would they bond with Yoshimune, hell, why would anyone want to." is said grumpily by Tako-head, who is carefully observing how his alternate is training with the other Tsuna, the brunet helping him with his aim. (Though does he have to be the target? Those bombs are coming awfully close.)

"Now Gokudera-kun, that's not fair to anyone; they are from a whole other world after all, who knows what differences could have happened." the Extreme Takeshi said, though was rather half-hearted about it, his eyes not straying far from his own alternate, who is cheering on the side lines with the other Yoshi, both taking handfuls of popcorn here and there.

"Some of the changes more obvious then others." Chrome says softly, watching how her alternate was battling it out with a much older Skull, her eye narrowed in concentration as she twirls her trident with ease, attempting to catch her opponent in some rather skilled illusions. While the Sun User wasn't there when the young girl had come over to their side, he had heard about how it had caused some distress. Apparently Chrome could feel that the other wasn't using Mist Flames to
stabilize missing organs and thought maybe the process used to get her over to here may have unstabilized her.

Only to see a very confused young girl ready to defend her self, seeming slightly bewildered by all the Mist Flame trying to help her with a problem that wasn't there.

That had been a shock for everyone, because judging by her hair style she knew the strange Pineapple guy. Question now was how she knew him if he wasn't providing her organs at this part of time.

And what was with her strange relationship with the other version of the twins? It was obvious that her flame was Harmonized with the younger twin (who seemed to blush brightly whenever he talked longer then ten minutes with the purple haired girl), but if the older twin were to ask her something, she would do it in a heartbeat, obviously happy to be of some service to the other. It was even more strange how she would get these occasionally longing looks whenever she looked over to the brunet Sky, ones that the not-bratty Yoshimune would notice and then try and cheer her up, an understanding look on his face as he did.

Just another confusing thing.

"Alright Hayato-kun, that's good for today." was suddenly called by the other Tsuna, finally calling an end to the dynamite training, their own Storm twitching at the familiar address, "You're doing well over all, but you need to stop wasting too many explosives when just a few can get the job done just as easy. Remember, despite rumors to the contrary, you do not have an infinite supply of dynamite on you." is the wry joke that comes from the blank faced teen, the silver haired one down below blushing as he sheepishly scratches the back of his head.

"But despite that," the brunet adds, his hand coming to rest on the delinquent-like teen's shoulder, "You've come a far way from the teen I first met who blazed forward recklessly, turning into an amazing, reliable, and all around great guy, one I couldn't be more proud to my friend and my brother's Storm." and as he says that, the younger teen blushes bright red, looking a little teary eyed.

"Tsunayoshi-sama..." is breathed, green eyes looking so awed, much older versions of them just staring at the scene in shock, hands clenched into fists.

"Tsuna-kun! Trying to seduce innocent Storms isn't very nice." the other Yamamoto teases, making said Storm turn angrily to the Rain to shout something, the Sky with him saying something at the same time.

"Why do these idiotic things come out of your mouth!? Do you even hear what you're saying?"

"But Hayato-kun has the cutest blush when complimented; it's one of the reasons that I like praising him."

There is a moment of silence at that, everyone slowly turning to look at the blank faced boy.

"It is true." he says, poking the madly blushing teen's face, "Though only when he deserves it because I don't believe in empty compliments or false praise. It's a good thing he ends up deserving it and more." Wow, the boxing fanatic didn't know someone could become that red, both Storms matching the color of their flame rather well.

"... I don't know if I approve of this or not." the younger Yoshimune says hesitantly.

"Don't worry Yoshi-kun, I'm not looking for a relationship for a long time. I'm just being honest." the brown eyed teen says, gently leading the dazed teen he was training to sit at the bench.
"...Does anyone else get the feeling you just dodged a bullet." Lambo observes, blinking at the other Tsuna in shock.

Ryohei personally wonders if their Sky is such a tease and is just hiding it.

...Nah, the other still blushes when someone hits on him. (His little bro looks EXTREMELY cute when doing so, invoking his brotherly instincts.)

"I'll be in the locker room's shower if anybody needs me; and when I return, I better see you and Takeshi-kun training in your respective weapons; you need to practice that new technique Yoshi-kun, and Takeshi-kun needs to perfect integrating his flames with his sword." and while that face still remains blank and slightly tired (the Sun Guardian can only hope the other is getting some sleep, or that he'll come to the infirmary if his insomnia gets worst), his voice still comes off as mildly scolding.

"Yes Tsuna-sensei." both addressed teens confirm cheekily, the brunet rolling his eyes at their antics.

Watching as the Sky and his Rain (and he can't help but feel wrong thinking that, looking over at Takeshi) start to spar, the brunet blond turning his key chain into his chained weapon, while the raven readies his stance with his sword.

And then they begin.

By this time the Cloud and Mist in the group go over to the bench to take their own break, taking some of the water bottles and eating the popcorn. The Storm also comes to his senses, and starts cheering for his Sky.

"Come on Yoshimune-sama! Wipe that retarded smile off the Baseball Freaks face!"

"Do your best out there, both of you!" the Chrome double calls softly in encouragement.

"Don't kill each other; we don't need Tsunayoshi learning necromancy just so he can smack you two over the heads." is the teasing the older Skull gives.

It's an admittedly heartwarming scene... Until the lights go out.

And then gun fire is heard.

Ryohei doesn't think he or his guardians have left the observation room fast enough, someone flicking on the emergency generators as they go, the dimmer lights already coming on to light the area.

"What the fucking hell is going on!" Gokudera yells over a walkie-talkie, eyes hard.

"There has been a perimeter breach Sir, coming in from the west side training areas!" is exclaimed over the device.

"Do we know who is attacking?" Takeshi asks.

"It seems to be Holy Flare, that terrorist group talked about in the media; the attackers are wearing their symbol of a fiery woman giving praise." is the answer given, just as a crash is heard coming from the room next to them.

As the boxing lover goes, he can only hope that the damage isn't too bad.

Thankfully, it isn't, as the alternates actually have it well in hand.
Takeshi's teen double and Yoshimune's have teamed up, the Sky taking out those at long range with his ever lengthening chain while the Rain takes them out when they get close.

Meanwhile a team of three with Skull, Chrome, and Gokudera's counterparts work together, the Arcobaleno having his animal partner use force as necessary, tentacles blocking shots while he uses a staff to get close, Gokudera providing long range support while the girl in the group uses her illusions to do a little bit of everything.

They are all about to join, weapons at the ready when ice suddenly forms around the field, breath now able to be seen.

"I really don't need this right now." is the dangerous words spoken, and as if they were some unknown signal, all the other versions back away from the enemy, putting plenty of space between them.

"Ice Pillar, Ambush." is called, a blur of brown moving fast as literal pillars of ice form all around, some of them catching the enemy, others just surrounding them.

"Shatter, Raining Hail Effect." is called out after the first, and the sight that happens next leaves a cold feeling through the big brother figure for years to come.

The beautiful pillars that were formed shattered spectacularly, the bodies inside them falling to pieces as well. But that's not where it stops; there are now thousands of dangerous knife-like shards falling on the enemy, piercing them without mercy.

"What the hell?..." is gasped, a sound filled with worried/horrified awe.

And before this slaughter is the other Sawada Tsunayoshi, only with his pants and gloves on, Sky Flames burning cool and cold as he takes in his work, hair still a bit damp judging by how the spikes aren't going everywhere.

And just when he doesn't think he'll see anymore surprises, the lights finally come back on.

And then all he can see are scars.

All around a young body, there is a patch work of faded scars on it, some looking like they are from shrapnel, others from knife and bullet grazes along his sides. There is even a burn here and there along his back, still holding a shine to it despite how it aged. But what the older brother finds the most horrifying is the bullet wound, right where the heart should be, the smaller entry wound on the back while the larger exit is on the front.

As he sees this scarred young body, belonging to a boy that was able to cause such a slaughter, Ryohei can't help but wonder what sort of trials the alternates when through, that obviously left all these children so marred, forcing them to grow up.

"TSUNA-NII! Are you okay?" is yelled, a young teen running over to the very much scarred one.

"I'm fine Yoshi-kun; I promised you after all." is quietly murmured, eyes so cold and emotionless turning back into the tired and even more strained ones everyone is beginning to recognize. Soon, more of the group come over to the brunet Sky, checking to see if he is really alright and if he needs anything.

All except one.

"You know" is said from right behind them, all the older Guardians turning to see a teenage Rain,
"Tsuna-kun is really awesome, always has been. One of the really awesome things about him is how he has all his organs all switched around, so instead of his heart being on his left, it's on his right instead. It's how he's able to take 'direct' or 'critical' hits he sometimes jokes, and with his healing factor, it's like he's never been hurt in the first place." the young Takeshi says causally, but his eyes are hard.

"I don't know how your childhoods were like; though I'm guessing they were all much more assassin free then ours." is noted as the young man makes his way to the group he belongs with.

"So please, stop looking at us as if we were you, and look at us as if we are our own people; it's really getting tiring facing all your expectations." is his last parting shot, before he joins the others in worrying over the Tsuna double.

Like Ryohei has said before, he is tired of getting so confused by the doubles.

You are still harming someone, even killing them, whether there is blood or not.

Chapter End Notes

So, Tsuna has unleashed the beast.

Note: Has anyone noticed how video game characters can take critical hits or direct hits, yet still live? Took me a while to think of a good way to explain this and then it hit me; what if their heart was on the other side for main character, and everyone just thinks they're hitting an important place. The medical term for this is Situs inversus or isolated dextrocardia (not exactly sure which is the correct term). As for Skull, I figured he would use a staff to fight, when he isn't using Oodaku, so that he can have more reach and force in his attacks. I figured he could have started using it when he got cursed.

And it was so hard for me to figure out cool names for Tsuna's moves, I felt kind of pathetic there for a moment.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“**The right man in the wrong place can make all the difference in the world.**” -Half-Life 2

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**Thirty Seventh Character: Parallel Spanner- Parallel Problems**

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Millefiore’s star mechanic would admit he was rather curious now.

He had been hired for an outside job; the person had gone through all the right channel's, completed the right paperwork, and had even gotten approval from five different desk clerks, two more then was needed. (The blond had heard actual tears had been shed at the ‘beauty of the correctly labeled and complete paperwork.) Now outside jobs weren’t exactly rare, just not as common since the Mafia Family he worked for was doing pretty good on funds already. They usually only accepted ones from allied families or if the big boss found it interesting.

And apparently, having an alternate Sawada Tsunayoshi wanting to hire out their best mechanic was interesting. Spanner knew he was definitely interested, what with his studies of the Vongola Decimo and his techniques. It would be interesting to see how this alternate compares once they get to the meeting place, an Alliance meeting room where they will be met with some others from Vongola.

"Hmm, wish I had brought more marshmallows." Byakuran mourned, his words making Sho- Irie-san twitch.

"You ate them all on the way here, Byakuran-sama." the red head points out irritably, "And no, you can’t have Greco go get more now, we have a meeting." his words making the file carrying young man jump, looking like a deer caught in the head lights.

"Ah, Sho-chan is so mean...~"

"You should be more focused on repairs for the bases that were attacked last week!"

"I didn't know bombarding random facilities with piles of drugged dango counted as attacks now."

Spanner muttered, turning the red head's ire on him.

"It is when they not only manage to damage the base system's computers, weapons, and people, but do you know how much the cleaning bill is? Do you know just how hard it is to clean up melted dango sauce?!!" And thus the rant began, the two Cervello woman on either side of him trying to calm him down, making Spanner the only one to notice how his boss frowned slightly at the reminder.

Apparently, a few of the bases that were pranked were hidden, which weren't hidden anymore due to the piles of Japanese sweets (such a waste), and had contained secrets that the albino had wanted to keep under lock and key, even from his Funeral Wreaths. (Though if someone asked Spanner his opinion, he would say the man especially didn't want them to know.)

"Well, at least they had also stopped those annoying terrorists that tried to attack as well." The
marshmallow loving boss said cheerfully, clapping his hands together as he did.

Putting another sucker in his mouth, a tasty strawberry, Spanner thought of the group that had actually dared to go against the Mafia, Vongola and Millefiore personally.

Apparently, they were some kind of religious group that found the using of the Dying Will Flame a sin for evil to use in the path of blood and pain. It was their belief that the 'sacred flame' came from some Goddess, and should only be use by those that were pure and righteous. To be honest, this belief wasn't an odd one, and if you look through history you can even find signs of it all over the world. Thus Cults revolving around Sky and Earth Flames weren't uncommon either, though were apparently carefully monitored by the Vindice.

What was uncommon was one with terrorist like leanings, like this Holy Flare was. If there were just only out to destroy the Mafia, why was it that they also attacked innocents as well? Pretty suspicious for a group that spoke of virtue and being good, when they would also steal, lie, and cheat like any other Family.

Then again, he didn't really care too much about them to worry. He had much better things to be spending the little time left he had to keep building better machines and inventions, before his Flame Countermand's struggle finally reached it's end.

(Even though he, maybe, possibly, would also like to spend it with some actual friends as well... As if that were possible, no one wanted a friend who was just guaranteed to die.)

"We're here!" is said aloud by an irritably cheerful voice, probably meant to irritate the others in this room, which is quiet a few, as much as possible.

As expected of the big boss.

"You are an hour late." is said by an irritated looking CEDEF Head, glaring holes through them. The man looks like he could use some coffee, maybe something stronger.

While the posturing is being done, Spanner takes in the room. In all, he sees the CEDEF Head with his infamous Mist and Storm Guardian, along with the Vongola Decimo with his own Storm, Rain, and Mist Guardians. An impressive turnout.

"Huh, I never would have guessed he'd get a tattoo, one on the neck at that. Wonder how much it hurt." is questioned, the younger voice getting the sweet lover's attention.

"No need to wonder about that for now; you'll not getting one until you're legal."

"I know Nii-san, but it's still something to think about."

"Hey, maybe when we're of age, we should all get a tattoo!"

"Like you could handle the pain Baseball freak."

Looking over to where the argument is taking place, half lidded green eyes take in the some of the teen versions for some of the higher ups of Vongola, and one surprisingly adult looking Cloud Arcobaleno.

Glancing over all of them, his eyes forcibly stop when they take in a mini-Decimo seeming to be typing with a phone, a holographic image of a keyboard displayed.

That phone design... it's much more slimmer, and the coloring for it is much different, but the
hologram projection, along with some of the obvious Flame mechanics going through it is awfully familiar to one of his earlier projects. When he still had hope he would could make a few friends, even though his illness kept him down more often then not in his childhood, he would make things that might help. One of them was making something that would help him keep in touch with them, no matter where in the world they were. Then reality came crushing down, the want to create such a thing gone.

"-And why there is even a need to hire someone outside Vongola makes no sense to me, as we have plenty of world class mechanics." is bit out louder then the rest, breaking through most of the other talk in the room.

"Who all happen to be under the man who in our world sent us here, and is still known to make the occasional 'mishap' here and there. Thanks, but no thanks, I and my friends rather not end up as another mishap please." is the reply given from the mini-CEDEF Head, both sharing in a slight glaring contest.

"So..." Spanner says, eyes never leaving the younger brunet, who is starting to type on the orange hologram key board faster, little pips being made as he types quickly, "that's an interesting phone you have there."

It is quiet for a minute between them as conversation flows around them, only the typing the blond is hearing before the teen stops, slowly looking up till their eyes meet, those brown orbs stunning the him with the longing and loneliness in them.

"I guess it would be interesting," is the slightly choked reply, "since it was made for me by your counterpart." and before he could consider the meaning, another pip sounds, follow by a burst of pink smoke.

"Oh hell, not again-Whoa!" is groaned by the bigger-Gokudera, when something suddenly comes flying out of the brightly colored smoke, seeming to tackle the tiny brunet.

It take Spanner a moment to take in what exactly he is seeing, the scene that strange to him. Blinking once, then twice, he sees the scene doesn't change.

What looks like a mini-him with a backpack is clutching onto mini-Decimo, face buried into brown hair as small, but callused hands grab onto a smaller green jumpsuit, which is not a Millefiore one.

"Sorry it took me so long." is murmured, only heard because the room is so quiet.

"Don't blame yourself for things you can't control, and never take it for things that aren't even your fault." is said back, the voice sounding just this shy of tears.

This goes on for a bit, the two teens obviously rejoicing in being together again, few of the adults looking away out of respect while others just stare dumbfounded.

"... So, when's the wedding?" is joked by mini-CEDEF, breaking the slightly dumbfounded, but still heartwarming atmosphere.

"When Tsuna-kun says yes." is the utter most serious reply mini-him gives, looking straight on at the suddenly sputtering younger twin.

"I was just joking! No one is marrying my Nii-san without my permission!"

"Okay then; do I have your permission?"
"NO!"

"Good to know someone is looking at for my virtue." The mini-Decimo finally cuts in, finally breaking the hug, though only to change it to holding hands now. "And Spanner, no tattoos unless I'm there with you."

Blinking, that is finally when his teenage self seems to realize there is more then just their group in the room, though it could be more like he just didn't care for the others, depending on just how similar they are. Green eye meet eyes of a similar shade, and already the older blond can see the differences between them, even if he can see the subtle similarities.

This one managed to reach his dream; his illness didn't ruin it for him.

"...It was suppose to be a surprise." is said faintly, those much younger eyes seeming pained as the blond teen's hand seems to grip the petite brunet's hands, which he can see squeeze back reassuringly.

"So Spanner-san is one of your Guardians? I didn't know he was Flame Active." Sho- Irie-san says, and the reactions to that are interesting, as most of the counterpart group either still or just look at the red head in uncomprehending horror.

Huh, so his alternate must be real close to these other teens if they know, and judging by there reactions, he must be really close to the red head in this other place.

"That's- I- Is, really? You have be joking? Please? Oh crap he isn't." the teen CEDEF head slightly sputters, seeming to be stuck in a horrified awe, his Guardians seemly slightly disturbed as well.

"Aren't you two friends?" the mini-Gokudera says, looking between the red head and himself, a confused look on his face.

"We are co-workers, nothing more, nothing less." is the firm response, Spanner having to look away as he hears it, his eyes catching brown ones that hold him still.

There is a fire burning in them, ready to be unleashed and make any enemies before it turn to ash. It is not only a protective one, it is one of wrath as well, burning cool like dry ice.

"Well then, as nice as this has been, I'll be borrowing your mechanic for now. Don't know when I'll give him back, so don't wait up." is suddenly said so cheerfully, a dangerous, deadly smile directed to his associates, Byakuran even backing away from the force, wary as he does so.

And then the brunet teen faces him and all he can see is flowers and sparkles. And were those little angels and a heavenly choir?

He can only stare for a bit as his alternate takes his gloved hand with his own covered ones, stunned as he follows dazedly, conversation flowing around him by the teens as they discuss 'souvenirs' and if they can take some home.

The blond man can't even bring himself to look back, not willing to look away from this warm atmosphere.

He... he could get used to this.
So, excuse me while I go through a box a tissue. And thanks to JayBird345 for the quote suggestion, I thought it fit.

Note: Tsuna was getting pretty emotional right then, because he knew in just a moment, he would have his Spanner with him, a honorary Guardian and pillar of sanity. Now, with Shoichi being a potential traitor and all, along with an image he has to project, I can see the red haired man trying to distant himself from everyone in Milefiore, thinking of them as only co-workers. And this should be easy, but then he met Spanner, and they bonded, but yeah; I could see tension forming.

And the Hell Smile, followed by the Dazzling Smile strikes! Combination is super effective!
A scattered dream that's like a far-off memory. A far-off memory that's like a scattered dream. -Kingdom Hearts II, Sora

Thirty Eighth Character: Parallel Chrome- Parallel Problems

The Vongola's more loyal Mist Guardian carefully didn't look to where she could feel Mukuro-sama's flames, not wanting to give him away as she walked on out of the meeting room. The other Guardians with her were also seemingly ignoring Millefiore as they all walked to the lobby, even if they didn't have the same reasons as her.

Though the blue haired Mist really did enjoy stirring up the pot, possessing Yoshimune's undercover Lightening Guardian, who is also spying on Millefiore for CEDEF. The man is one of their best undercover agents, spying first in Vindice on certain prisoners, and now going up in the world to spy on the dangerous Sky and his red haired Sun. She wonders slightly if Greco Guido will even get out of this okay; he'll definitely need therapy though, as forceful possession isn't nice from what she has been told.

"Hmm, I don't know, it might clash with some of the other stuff back home." the teen Gokudera points out, seeming slightly regretful as he does. It's also this that draws her into listening in to a conversation of souvenirs.

To be honest, Chrome isn't exactly sure what to think of their counterparts; it's already mind boggling how different things obviously are for them, but the differences in their persons is both fascinating and horrifying. And then there is her own alternate, who she can tell would rather be harmonized with her alternate Bosu, though her reasoning why she can't leaves icy feelings in the young woman's false stomach.

Flashback-

Blinking in surprise, the purple haired woman can't help but find herself startled when she sees her younger alternate alone at the vending machine, looking as if she is trying to decide on what to drink.

It is rare to see one of the alternates alone, as they seem to at least have a buddy system when they must separate, or they just aren't very far from each other.

Hearing much younger laughter from up ahead, sounding much like Yamamoto-san, followed by angry yelling, Chrome is able to determine that the other teens must be in Lambo's playroom, which is filled with some of the best games on the market, the Lightening Guardian having a weakness for good video games.

Deciding this would be the best time to get some answers to questions that have been burning...
through her, the older woman approaches her younger counterpart, who has probably already felt her presence, judging by how the other doesn't look surprised when she looks over at her.

"Good evening, Dokuro-san." is shyly said, the purple eyed teen gripping her staff.

"Good evening, Dokuro-chan." she gently replies, nodding her head to the other, "If you do not mind a recommendation, I would suggest the red bean soup."

"Ah, thank you." the smaller girl nods at that, going to look at the selection for said option, before pushing it, making the warm can pop out, along with extra change.

(Bossu had multiple vending machines delivered all the way from Japan, making sure they're always stocked with some of his Guardians favorites if they ever want a taste of home.)

"You're welcome." is how she answers, not able to help herself as she looks the other girl over. She looks remarkably a lot like how she did at that age, from the Kokuyo uniform to the skull eye patch, even with the much shyer demeanor.

And yet, the woman can see that this young girl is definitely stronger then she was at the age, just like the other counterparts.

"Ano... Do you need something?" is asked hesitantly, the younger starting to fidget slightly.

"Ah, that is..." Chrome can't help but hesitate, not exactly sure how to word the question she wants to ask.

Luckily, it seems the other Chrome already has an idea.

"I've seen how all the Parallel Guardians react to us, how they seem to always have questions about us, more just growing as each day past. But with you..." The young girl trails off, a single eye meeting another single eye, "I've only seen you have only one question, and one for me I think. I won't answer it if you don't want me too, but I will if you like." the alternate female Mist says, her eye showing her earnestness.

Taking a deep breath, the older woman lets it out, stealing herself, "...Why aren't you bonded with your Bossu?" and nearly regrets asking it the next minute later, as a pained longing seem to enter the other's eyes.

"...Because Bossu doesn't want to hurt us, Mukuro-sama and I." is all she has to say on the matter, bowing as she leaves, her words confirming she knows the male Mist, but bringing up worrying undertones.

When Harmonizing is more likely to hurt a Guardian then help them, that's usually the signs of an unstable Sky, a very dangerous thing.

And those words suggest that the alternate's Sawada Tsunayoshi is. And with his power and skill...

She can't but feel grateful her own Bossu is so stable, as being Harmonized with anyone else is impossible to imagine.

And something she would never want to in the first place.

Flashback End-

"But it's purple! And green as well! And we'll definitely take better care of it." younger Yoshimune
"Stealing is not look well upon." the uncurse Arcobaleno in the group points out, seeming more amused then anything.

"Then we'll just ask nicely." the alternate Yamamoto says cheerfully, a big smile on his face as he does so, getting a scowl from his fellow Guardian for it, the delinquent of the group looking ready to punch him.

"Hope you all don't mind, but we'll have to carry on this conversation later. As it stands, everyone should ready themselves, as we're about to be attacked." is suddenly warned by the brunet teen who is pulling his hand away from the blond teen as he puts on his gloves, just as his older self yells for everyone to defend themselves. Eyes widening at that, she turns to focus on her Bossu, seeing him already readying his gloves as well, even as she materializes her own weapon. (Hyper intuition is a truly fierce-some ability.)

Just in time too, as people start coming in from the ceiling, the walls, and even the doors, a bulk facing a giant, though reasonable sized, metal octopus which easily bats most of them away, letting everyone else gain a little more time to ready themselves.

And then the fighting begins in earnest, the ones from Millefiore and Vongola actually working together, even if it's only in that they're attacking the same enemy, this Holy Flare group.

Though how did they even know there would be a meeting today? It had been kept rather secret, as a meeting between Millefiore and Vongola, with some of the highest ranking members there, would draw assassins and attacks like bees to honey.

Something that Holy Flare would take advantage of, using it as a chance to attack. And judging how these grunts seem never ending, the female Mist Guardian can only think that this could be planned.

So that puts certain things into question; which side had the mole?

As she takes care of a few other attackers, Yamamoto-kun having her back as she does so, she is starting to think escape is the best option as of now; even with the wide space of the lobby and all the fighters they have, none of them can really maneuver well or unleash their truly devastating attacks what with the risk of hurting your comrades. And with how some of the people have to be defended, it doesn't look like a good situation.

Looking around at the others, it truly does look like nothing but a troublesome situation. Lancia and Lal are working together, the multi-flame user back the ball and chain wielder up when ever vulnerable. Their Sky is with hers as they have the other's back, Gokudera-san providing support.

Millefiore's Sky on the other hand looks rather bored, though Chrome can read a frustration in his eyes, with the slight glare in them. Him and his people are protecting themselves well, though it's mostly the Cevello and the albino doing all the fighting.

As for the counterparts, they actually are doing the best, the Spanner person and and his alternate, while protected, are both using a taser-like weapon, though this one actually shoots a beam of electricity. Though in all the fighting, a few of them have been separated, creating it's own tension there.

All around, this is not looking to be a victory for them.

Only for the tide to suddenly change as field to suddenly be swarmed with Lotus flowers, their vines easily trapping and killing many enemies, poison darts getting some who have avoided the illusions.
She thinks for a minute that Mukuro-sama has abandoned his disguise, before a familiar, yet young voice is heard.

"Kufufufu, having a party without me? I'm hurt Tsunayoshi." is echoed around the room, Chrome's heart nearly skipping a beat as she hears it, a few of her fellow Guardians actually cursing when it's heard, the CEDEF Head joining in.

"You're the one who insists on being fashionably late." is the fondly sounding retort given by the blank faced brunet, eyes glowing orange, gloves burning with Sky Flames as they deck a grunt, making them soar through the battle and knocking a whole row through it.

"About time you showed up Mukuro-kun! You've been missing all the fun." young Yoshimune yells, seeming delighted at hearing the voice.

(Chrome thinks more then one person paused at the address, even a few of the enemy seemed to be stunned. Their world's Mukuro-sama and Sawada Yoshimune are infamous in their hatred for each other.)

And chancing a look over, her mouth falls open at the scene she looks at, Yamamoto nearly following, though both still have the mind to knock out their enemies.

It's just... Mukuro-sama's and the CEDEF Head's counterparts are working together.

And rather well at that, the blue haired teen making an illusion of the brunet blond's chain like that of a dragon, the majestic creature able to crush it's foes with real illusions and a base for it, Sky Flames slightly petrifying those it gets close to. It is a complicated piece, one that the two must have practiced over and over for it to work, much less be as devastating as it is.

It also show that the two are obviously Harmonized.

"...Because Bossu doesn't want to hurt us, Mukuro-sama and I."

How did she miss that?

"Shesheshe, don't take all the fun for yourself; I've been ever so bored!" Is announced, followed by obvious Storm flame covered knives.

Was that Belphegor? No, they look alike, but this one's aura is just too different from the other. Maybe he's related?

"Excuse us for our tardiness, a certain Q-tip decided to stop for dango before picking us up." is announced by a familiar monotone, a younger Kakimoto joining the fray.

"I will bite all these Herbivores to death." and there is a much younger Hibari-san.

Hearing a laugh come from the younger Tsuna, how his entire being relaxes even as he battles, it doesn't take much for her to think his Guardians have finally arrived.

And with all this help, it isn't to surprising that the battle ends so soon.

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Chapter End Notes
I think this might just be my longest chapter to date. Though fight scenes, why you so hard to write!

Note: I imagine as Chrome grows older, she gains a bit more confidence, being around all these tough guys who genuinely care for her, but that she still keeps her gentleness.

And Yoshimiune isn't her Sky, so I don't think she would bother telling him Mukuro is possessing his Lightening.

And Greco Guido is an actual person in KHR! He's the guy who Mukuro possessed in canon. And I decided to make him one of Yoshi's Guardians, who usually goes undercover, so it would be safer for him to spy. So Mukuro possessing him is just another way to mess with Yoshi.

And of course Tsuna would have a reunion with his Guardians when they're fighting.
"I been here since the beginnin’, an’ I still don’t know what the hell’s goin’ on.” -Final Fantasy VII, Barret Wallace

Thirty Ninth Character: Parallel Yoshimune- Parallel Problems

The Sky of CEDEF was really getting tired of all the crap the counterparts were pulling, though judging by his brother's Storm, he wasn't the only one. Couldn't they go a day, at least one, without giving him a migraine (or guilty feelings)?

(He had long since accepted that his and his brother's relationship wouldn't be the best, but damn it, he rather not have it shoved into his face what they could have had! If only he hadn't let his peers influence him, if he hadn't fell to their pressure, maybe...)

"Let go of Tsunayoshi, Tool."

"Hmmm, how about no, Carnivore."

"Shesheshe, how about you let go of him now before my Royal self makes you, peasant."

"I rather all my Guardians not try and kill each other for at least five minutes? Otherwise only Chikusa-kun will be getting any of my home cooked food." the blank faced version of his brother said as he gently pulls away from his hug with the teen Spanner to hug teen Kakimoto, those words surprisingly turning the blood thirsty atmosphere completely calm. Though the younger version of one of Mukuro's lackeys looked pretty pleased, if the slight smirk that was there for a moment was anything to judge by, even when the brunet went off to give the younger prefect a hug as well, followed by the 'Royal'.

Really, what the hell was with his brother's alternate's taste in Guardians? Three geniuses/mad scientists, a Belphegor look alike, and Hibari Kyoya, it was just a recipe for disaster.

(Though he would never admit it, he's glad the Cloud is still with Tsuna; he wouldn't want to imagine what it could be like if the bloodthirsty loner didn't have his brother's much calmer demeanor around, .)

"Hey, no fair! I want some of Nii-san's cooking!" is yelled by his own counterpart, making him twitch.

So he might want a better relationship with his brother; that doesn't mean he wants a fucking complex.

"That does sound really good right now." the teen Rain Guardian says, rubbing his stomach again.

"I would be most honored to eat Tsunayoshi-sama's cooking!" is exclaimed by the delinquent, the older brunet blond blinking as he swears he sees dog ears and tail.
Naturally, on cue, multiple stomachs start growling as everyone starts thinking of a nice cooked meal.

He could personally go for a meatball sandwich, smothered in marinara sauce. Or maybe some of his mother's curry, as something spicy sounds really good right now.

"Well... I don't think anything will surprise me ever again." Lancia says, looking a little worse for wear from the battle, but still in one piece at least.

"I'd like to see anything top Rokudo and Yoshimune working together." Lal says as she eyes the area, the reminder making the younger twin cringe.

"I'd rather not tempt fate, at least with these counterparts." he can't help but mutter, his own eyes looking over the battle field, careful not to give anything away as his eyes ghost over his Lightening (and damn, who knew it would be so hard to hide a harmonization? He can feel his flames straining to reach out to the other), who is just staring at the scene with the alternates in shock.

Feeling apprehensive, he too turns to look at the area he was steadfastly avoiding and ignoring to the best of his abilities, only to see the younger Tsuna hugging Rokudo Mukuro.

One does not simply hug the maniac. (A hug with the Skylark is more likely to happen, and that impossibility already did happen.)

And said maniac isn't suppose to look happy about it, hugging the other back with a rare gentleness in his eyes, the others looking rather put out bit it.

"Why does he get a hug, he's not your Guardian; let his own Sky hug him." is slightly whined by the Belphegor clone, getting him a glaring smirk from the Mist user.

"His alternate is stuck in the worst place imaginable in this world, in a water bubble that is slowly killing him, my alternate unable to do anything about it because of the threat he poses. I need to hug him, to assure myself of his well being... besides, he's also nice to hug." is the little brunet's words on the matter, a slightly stunned silence coming over the group.

"Kufufufu, as you can tell Tsunayoshi, I am here and well. You shouldn't worry about some careless counterpart that makes trivial mistakes." the older teen laughs, even though Yoshimune can see how the blue haired boy seems to be the one reassured.

"...Okay, I have to ask." Gokudera, the older, suddenly cuts in, drawling attention to himself as he does so, "Do you or do you not have plans to destroy the mafia and plunge the world into darkness?" is the blunt question, catching the younger male Mist off guard just a bit, if the bemused look on his face is anything to go by.

"I admit, I've fantasized about it a time or two." is how the other Mukuro starts off, a smirk on his face, "But if I did that, how could I ensure that they would still suffer? Pain is for the living, after all... And some forms of undead, but no need to worry about those. Besides, I wouldn't be able to enjoy fireworks with Tsunayoshi and young Yoshimune if I did that, or have enjoy Tsunayoshi's cooking." He adds thoughtfully, oddly enough sounding like one of the main reasons.

... Yoshi is done, Gokudera probably with him with how he just face palms.

"Is my alternate's cooking that good?" He hears his brother muse, looking a little shell shocked as he does.
"It ties with Sawada Nana as the best cooking in Japan, though the best internationally." is how the beanie wearing teen answers, everyone pausing as they hear that.

As good as Kaa-san's cooking?

"Okay, this I have to try." He can't help himself but say, ignoring how his counterpart glares at him, to stare at the other version of his brother, those brown eyes amused, yet obviously tired and strained.

"If you all agree not to fight, I don't mind cooking for everyone. I wouldn't want my feast skills to get rusty." is what he says, everyone around him assuring him they never would.

How lighthearted this scene is.

And then a smoke screen appears, Yoshimune naturally using his flame to burn some of it away when he sees the Rain flames faintly running through it.

"Careful of the smoke! It'll tranquilize you if you breath it in!" is yelled by his brother's Rain.

"Is it another ambush?!"

"I thought we got them all!"

"Wait a minute, these Flames- You damn brain dead Marshmallow! Let go of Nii-san this instant!" Is suddenly yelled, pure rage seeming to fuel it as the smoke is forcibly departed, revealing the most bewildering scene the CEDEF Head has ever seen.

(And he works in CEDEF, enough said.)

"Ah, we've been caught." a blue long hair girl pouted, even as two green haired boys hover next to her, one with scars while the other looks like a longer haired version of Byakuran, don't really react. They're all up in the air, their flames easily propelling them as they fly along.

Though what really gets everyone's attention is the one with scars that is holding a bemused looking teenage Tsunayoshi, held as if he were a teddy bear next to a rather battered rabbit.

"He's actually staging a kidnapping attempt now of all times? Really?" is the brunet's question, looking at the ones attempting to take him away.

"We've worked really hard! We've picked up your other Guardians when we got here, had to even infiltrate a few places, even that other Skylark's place." is how the one holding the teen brunet says, a slight pout to his tone as he does so.

"We deserve some quality time, especially with how much we've had to explore this world all incognito! And had to suffer from the annoyances you call some of your Guardians and Rokudo!" is added by the blue haired Rain, her pout growing with her sharp words.

"Though thank you for providing funds for us; they made our stay much more comfortable." the Byakuran look-alike says dolefully, Lightening flames sparkling all around him as he does so.

"Your welcome, Ghost-kun."

"Enough with the talk! Stop trying to steal my brother away!" is interrupted by Yoshimune's counterpart, who lets his chain fly, Skull joining in with his own flame to make three separate chains appear, only for the three abductors to separate and dodge.

"I will bite you herbivores to death." is the deadly promise given by the younger Hibari, purple fire
appearing as he says so on his tonfas.

"I'll help." is added by a very pissed looking alternate Rain, who already has his Yo-Yos swinging.

"You dare try and take what my Royal self just got back? I don't think so." is said, an intense blood thirst heard in those last four words.

And then the three work together, which is terrifying in it's own right.

Now, Storm and Cloud Flames are naturally a very violent mix, not able to really work together that well.

On the other hand, if you have Rain Flames to act as a stabilizing medium...

"Combination Attack; Tranquilizing Explosions." is what the three teens announce, with Kakimoto having each of his poison darts catch in the holes of the metal knives, while then Hibari hits them with his flames, successfully having them multiply by the thousands as they rain down on the opponents.

Where they then precede to explode, blue sparkles raining down as they do.

"That's a new move." the scarred Sun user says, who along with the other green haired teen got caught in the attack, "I can barely move now because of it. Bluebell, could you take Tsunayoshi-sama now?"

"Of course!" The girl says cheerfully, already going over to her teammates.

"Not so fast." is said lightly, the younger Mukuro the source as he intercepts the girl, his trident swirling. "But I find that I don't agree with this arrangement."

"You're not suppose to." is the only reply he gets from the girl as she attacks, as he meets her with his own.

As that happens, the rest go over to where Tsuna is, attempting get him down and out of his capture's grip.

"You know, I can get down if you guys really need me to." is what the 'kidnapped' teen puts out there, not losing that bemused look.

"It's the principle of the matter, Tsuna-kun." is what the other Yamamoto says, smile on his face even as his eyes are narrowed in concentration.

"We know you probably could escape any moment," is added by the silver haired teen, watching as Skull gets on Oodaku, who grows so they can get up higher, "but what if something happened that you couldn't do alone happened? As much as I hate these attempts, they also are good for training."

"Though why the damn Marshmallow has to go through such extremes is very unnecessary!" his alternate starts to rant, the CEDEF Head suddenly remembering something he rather wished he didn't.

"He threatens to kidnap Tsuna-nii often and lock me up in a closet with my Storm Guardian on an aphrodisiac high; yes, I do believe we have issues."

... He really hopes their world's Gokudera doesn't remember that last part. Or at least that his mind blocked it out.
As it is, he wonders where the heck is the other version of the Millefiore leader. Maybe if they're really lucky, he's far, far away.

"Heh, tell me how you really feel, Yo-shi-mune~." And no such luck, as suddenly a younger version of the albino is there, now in possession of his other brother.

"I can honestly say I hate you less than this world's version; he's even creepier then you." is the immediately angry response.

"... I feel like we should be doing something, though urge to just ignore it grows ever stronger." Yoshimune hears himself faintly, watching how his alternate cursed the younger Byakuran out, who just taunts him.

"Well, they look like they have it well in hand." Tsuna puts in, looking just as stunned with the situation as him, though more bewildered.

Indeed, especially when the Gesso teen stops taunting when he suddenly starts sneezing like crazy, accidentally dropping his precious cargo as his fit continues.

Who is then caught by a very disgruntled looking Shamal, younger judging by how his hair is free of any silver.

"We'll have to put a hold on that feast you were planning, because when was the last time you've slept? No, don't answer that, I can tell. How you haven't depleted your flames I will never know, with your constant use of Mist doubles. If I have to make you to sleep, I will, with shots, the big ones." is how the assassin/doctor greets the brunet he just caught, scowl growing as he seems to take the other in.

That gets everyone of the alternate's attention, all worried with the younger twin and his Guardians looking guilty as well.

"... Sorry for worrying you all, but too many assassins have been coming one after the other, especially at night. Skull has been the only one with the strength to back me up so far, and even he can't take on a whole group without at least one slipping through." the brunet sighs, finally and completely starting to lose the tenseness in his body, looking rather sleepy as he does so.

(And now Yoshimune is going to have to work with Tsuna to find all the rats stuck in the building, if what the teen is saying is true; no one should be even trying to lay a hand on any of the teens.)

"Well, you have plenty of backup now, so rest." is the stern order from the doctor, the man's flames flaring as he does so, revealing that he is Harmonized to the younger Tsuna.

Watching how the large group that had invaded their world start to gather themselves and leave, all being careful to be quiet as the do so, the CEDEF Head finds he only has one thing to ask.

"... Anyone wants to get a drink right now? Because I know I certainly do."

---

- *Uploading Omake…*
- *Load Complete.*

Steps To Gathering Deliveries.

*Step One: Send Flowers First.*
"Ug, I really hate moving through worlds, my stomach always hurts when I do it." Byakuran mumbled, looking a little under the weather as he does so.

"Well, at least we made it all in one piece! Wouldn't want to forget Ghost-kun's arm again!" Bluebell chirps as the doleful version of Byakuran's cheerful self rubs his arm.

"So, once Byakuran-sama is feeling better, we pick up Rokudo first right, because of his Mist, then Daisy, since you could only take two people with you?" Ghost asks, lightening sparkling around him as he does.

(It used to be so much worse before Tsunayoshi helped stabilize the other. Now Byakuran can dress the other up whenever he wants!)

"Oh! So we're invading Vindice first right?"

*Step Two: Talk To Well Payed Guards.*

"Ah, so no invading?" The blue haired Rain pouts as the Vindice guards just let them in.

"Bermuda-sama has said that you all can enter and pick up your package when it arrives, and that he also has something to talk to you about." is all the bandaged guards have to say.

"That's nice of him, though I wonder what he has to say."

- "Here is the suitcase left to you, with the order not to spend it all on marshmallows, and a reminder to call in regularly from your world's Sawada Tsunayoshi." Is said by the rather dark baby, who hands them the suitcase full of money to the teenage albino. "I shall now lead you to where Rokudo is."

"... What did Tsuna-sama do for you?" Bluebell couldn't help but ask, looking extremely curious.

"... He took care of last years entire back log of paperwork." The baby actually sounded slightly joyous right then, though only slightly.

"I am so jealous right now."

*Step Three: Dango*

"You can now remove the flames from my Royal person!" the giant Dango ball says, Mukuro removing his Mist to show it's really Rasiel.

"Damn, I thought for sure we would get Daisy this time." Byakuran sighed, before starting to walk away from the mess of Dango the base now was.

"...How did he..?" The blond motions to the base, his tone curious as he looks at Mukuro, who just sighs.

"Don't ask."

*Step Four: DON'T Piss Off The Older Skylark.*

"Run, run, run, RUN!" a disguised Daisy exclaimed, him and the other disguised Mare Ring holders running as well, a very disgruntled teenage Skylark following.

Looking over to see what has them moving, Rasiel and Mukuro take in the dangerous looking older
version of Hibari Kyoya running closer to them, aura deadly.

"Kufufufu, damn territorial Skylarks." and with that nervous laugh, both Storm and Mist users run.

**Step Five: I Don't Want To Know.**

When a pale Shamal exited the apartment building with an equally pale Rasiel, Everyone was admittedly curious.

"I'm going to stay away from liquor for a while." is all the man faintly says, the blond nodding with him.

... Everyone agrees not to mention the apartment building after that.

**Step Six: Avoid Being Poisoned.**

"Hmm, your aim does seem to improve greatly in the future, Chikusa, as well as your sensitivity to Flames." the blue haired teen Mist says, observing the hole in his jacket in interest.

"Sorry for that, Mukuro-san; I will buy you a new one if need be." is how the monotone teen replies, as both of them ignore the shouting in the distance by the other Kokuyo gang.

**Step Seven: Rolcall.**

"Bluebell?" "Present!"

"Ghost?" "Here."

"Daisy." "Here Byakuran-sama."

"Rasiel?" "Royally Present."

"Rokudo?" "Kufufufu, wouldn't you care to know."

"Kakimoto?" "Here."

"Shamal?" "Yeah?"

"Hibari?" "Hn."

"And of course me! So now that we're all here, lets go bother Tsuna-chan!"

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Chapter End Notes

I have finished this, thanks to cheese cake! All thank the deliciousness that is Cheese Cake!

Note: Anyone ever heard of Chinese water torture? Or seen what water does to the human body when exposed for a long time? Yeah, I can see the water prison slowly killing Mukuro, a true torture. And Tsuna has been stressed, because yes, assassins have been trying to kill him and the others every night they've been in this world, and why he
always leaves a Mist double if he does have to leave. He hasn't gotten any decent sleep in a while. (And no, no one knows Byakuran is Harmonized with Tsuna yet.)

And long Omake is long, but I really wanted to put it here.

And does everyone remember why Yoshi has issues with Byakuran?
Mammon, known as Viper when among the Arcobaleno, never thought he would have to prevent his blond co-worker from getting himself killed in Vongola headquarters. Sure, it could happen, but one usually would believe that the assassin could take care of himself.

So, to rephrase that, he didn't expect the blond Prince to be attacked in Vongola HQ; at least, not by Sawada Tsunayoshi, an alternate of him at that. Who happens to be in cute zombie cat covered pajama pants and shirt, saying 'Hang in There' with a rather morbidly cute picture of a cat. It looks pretty fitting, as the younger brunet looks ready to hang the blond any minute now.

Granted, if the cursed baby knew Belphegor would attack his look alike, who is the brunet's Storm Guardian, he never would have let the knife thrower come with him to check how the cure was going. As it was, he could only hope the prince didn't screw everything up for him. The brunet Sky was very protective of his Guardians, and looked ready to kill for them.

"As much as I know of your hatred for your twin, I suggest you do not attack unless you want me to make you suffer." Is promised, brown eyes dark as they take in the blond assassin, after being assured his Guardian was alright. Mammon was not able to stop himself from blinking, taking in the blond look alike again.

Hmm, now that the baby is looking for it, the differences are rather obvious now. Their Flames don't have a single thing in common, while all the other alternates at least have a slightly familiar vibe to them. Though they do look eerily alike, enough to fool most into thinking them the other's alternates.

So, this is a version of the brother that Belphegor killed? Besides the slightly longer hair, looking to be about an inch taller, and with his tiara on the other side of his head, the obvious twin looks remarkably how Bel at that age did.

Though as interesting as this is, the others in the suite are starting to come out, all of them looking as if they have been building something, judging by the slightly singed smell to them and the tools they have on hand. Mammon knows that most of the other alternates have gone down to the mess hall as it were, getting food for the others. That leaves Gokudera's counterpart, the blond Milliefiore mechanic and his alternate along with the other Tsunayoshi and Belphegor's twin out in the hallways, all looking ready to ask questions much, much later.

Using his Mist to make a little hammer appear, the very much annoyed baby sets it to repeatably knock on his teammates head, ignoring the sounds the tied up young man is making. He is by far to annoyed with him at the moment to care.

"I apologize for my coworker's behavior towards your lookout, and for waking in you." Mammon starts, those dark eyes calming slightly, their owner also ignoring the slight sounds of pain.
"Lets hope that will not happen again. Anyways, I'm sure you'll be glad to know we can have you and the others all fixed up this weekend; make sure to be here at around noon to have everything set up... And you might want to bring some larger clothing," the brunet says, making the Mist user feel hopeful, though a little confused.

"Will we have a growth spurt that fast?"

"Kinda; the process will age you about two or three years at first, which is an age you'll stay at for an year. Though, as you are Harmonized, and with someone with a large amount of flames, you'll probably age faster." the younger version of Spanner steps up to explain, as the brunet next to him seems to be distracted by something.

(For a moment, the Mist Arcobaleno can't help but feel a little bit of vindictive glee at that information.)

"... And if the rest of the Varia have any questions, now would be a good time to ask." Tsunayoshi says, projecting his voice so that it carries. Looking over his shoulder slowly, Mammon can indeed see part of a chair, and a green tuff of hair.

The baby isn't sure if he should feel paranoid at them following him or honored that they took time to come out and see what was going on.

Soon enough, the Varia elite are assembled, boss looking pissed off as he glares murder at the brunet. Who only releases that dangerously dazzlingly smile in return. (There has to be Mist flames involved, but he can't sense a single one.)

It's super effective.

"Wow, Xanxus-sensei really grew up nicely!" the teen chirps with what can only be an evil delightfulness, sparkles and rainbows appearing all around him, the pajamas only making it even more cute.

It is rather stunning, as even those on the boy's side seem effected.

 Luckily, the teen returns to normal face, (briefly, the Mist user wonders if this is more for the protection of his close one's minds then just a default expression) his infamous blank face now in place, "So, I'm sure you have questions?"

"...Xanxus-sensei?" Levi is the first to ask, always with boss the first thing on his mind.

"Oh, that," those brown eyes flash again with the wicked delight, which actually makes boss twitch, looking as if he wants to both shoot and throw a wine glass at the other, "Our version of Xanxus-san now teaches, along with the rest of the Varia, us how to fight and defend ourselves, and a few of the more subtle forms of Mafia Etiquette." is finished, amusement clearly heard.

"Really? How did something like that happen?" The Varia's Sun asked, looking more curious then disturbed like the rest of the Varia.

"It's not important, so what's your next question." the silver haired Storm growls, glaring suspiciously at them, fingers obviously twitching to grab his bombs. In response to this disrespect, Xanxus naturally throws his wine glass at the other, the cursed Mist feeling his heart head for his throat as he watches it slowly sail through the air.

While he is loyal to his Sky, if the man has ruined his chance at being cured, he will make the
So when the brunet intercepts it, catching it perfectly by the neck, swirling the wine still in the glass as he seems to waft it to his nose, taking in the scents.

"I see you have excellent tastes in this world as well, Le Pin if I’m correct? Even as young as they are, they still have their own distinctive scents and taste." and so says, the young man takes a sip, eyes going half-lidded, obviously knowing what message he is sending.

You don’t worry me. And the terrifying thing is, Mammon can’t find it as arrogance, it’s as if it’s just a fact, the aura of insanity that has slowly been filling the hall closing in on them, which has been creeping up since the Sky’s storm has been attacked.

The Mist can’t help but admire how his boss is able to stay calm in the face in it, as the others are not faring any better, Mammon feeling like he is going to stop breathing any minute, the tempting darkness trying to lead him to an eternal sleep or lost of sanity, which ever came first.

"How can I trust this isn't some sort of trap." and the Arcobaleno clings to those words, focusing on his Sky’s Flame to center himself.

"... You can trust that I want to help this world's Skull and Verde, Mammon to a degree; otherwise I probably could care less." is the brunet's answer, not a single bluff or lie in those words.

"What about Reborn?" Mammon can't help but find himself asking; after all, the hitman is pretty close to the Decimo in this world.

An unreadable look takes over the teen’s face at that, "... As much as the man will always have a... Special place in my heart, I am not close enough to Reborn to really have him as a reason. It's been a long time since I've cared for his opinion." is all the kid has to say on the subject, a tired look in his eyes as he says that.

Those words really do prove just how different the two brunets are, hitting in a way that is rather shocking.

"Now, any other question you have will have to wait for another day; we’re about to eat." the other Sawada Tsunayoshi dismisses, finishing off the wine and taking the glass with him as him and his group go and meet with the nosier one coming.

"Ah, finally, I've been getting really hungry." The oldest blond in the group says, starting to take off his gloves as he does.

"Hopefully those idiots didn't mess up the order for us; Yoshimune-sama was taking care of Tsunayoshi-sama's food personally, so he wouldn't be able to check them to make sure they wouldn't screw up." is muttered crossly by delinquent genius, scowl growing even as he keeps a out of for them.

"Finally, they better have a meal fit for Royalty, or I might just find myself with new targets for practice! Sheseshe." is laughed darkly, the whole group just up and leaving them behind, interest all gone now.

And the Mist Arcobaleno can't help but imagine them safer for it.

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*Uploading Omake...*
Chrome can't help but be nervous; what if Bossu didn't like her gift?

Oh, she knows he would accept it, even if he didn't like it, but she really wants him to actually find it acceptable.

Yoshimune-kun loved the joke book she got him, looking like he wanted to read it now and not later, even while he opened his other presents.

(Tsuna had put down Reborn's suggestion of a Vongola Style Birthday Party, as otherwise Mama wouldn't be able to join in as she is considered an outsider, and we wouldn't want to make Sawada Nana sad, would we?)

"Chrome-chan, you okay?" is asked by the person she was thinking about, brown eyes looking at her in concern.

"Y-yes... I got you this, Bossu... I hope you like it!" She said with a blush as she bows her head, holding out the clothing box for Tsunayoshi-sama.

"Oh, thank you Chrome-chan." is said, the opening of the box and rustling of tissue paper heard.

A moment of silence before she can feel the smile the older boy directs at her. She kind of want to see it, but she isn't sure if her heart can take it.

"Zombie Cat PJ's; I love it Chrome, thank you for it." is said with such warmth, the girl can't help but feel like she's on the top of the world.

(Though it doesn't compare when she sees the Sky she so admires wear the clothing she bought him, looking ever so adorable.)

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Chapter End Notes

This chapter was possible due to the joy that is cinnamon rolls. Love them.

Note: I tried researching wines and everything, but I still find it very much lacking and confusing. So to any Sommeliers out there, sorry if I am wrong in how I had Tsuna identify the wine.

And as for how Tsuna feels about Reborn... Imagine getting to know the man, really getting to see him, and able to be considered a friend by him. Think how it would feel through each life, having to earn this man's respect all over again, because in his arrogance, you barely are even a mark on his radar. But as you are now wiser, gaining it through pain, suffering, and experience, you start to notice things, manipulations, body language, little betrayals here and there.

Well, it starts to add up really, no matter how much he was important to you at first, this isn't the same person you managed to befriend when you were still innocent. You now know better and sometimes you really wish you didn't.
And if I only get one fanart for this story, please let it be Tsuna in those PJ's.
Something everyone notices is the rating, which can be just as much a draw as it can be a deterrent for anyone. Most parents will shy away from M-Rated games, while never knowing how they would disapprove of T games.

What they don't realize is that their disapproval for M games is one of its biggest draws.

Fortieth Character: Parallel Byakuran- Parallel Problems

The mastermind and leader of the Milliefiore Mafia family could feel he was starting to develop a twitch. All his plans, all his plots, and even a few of his secrets he could feel were starting to unravel.

And the irony of it all was that the cause was from another world.

"Why the hell is the Millefiore Don here?!"] Is exclaimed by an exasperated CEDEF Head, looking annoyed and slightly resigned.

(And damn it, but he's starting to empathize with him. He really needs to get more marshmallows, this stress is not good for him.)

Looking around the Vongola meeting room and ignoring the CEDEF, he takes in the seven small boxes on the floor, all seeming to have miniature black holes in them, the Arcobaleno each in front of one, the Sky's who are going to help them standing next to them.

Xanxus and Yoshimiune were expected, as each would help their Guardian, and seeing the little Yoshimune and Tsunayoshi helping with Cloud and Lightening isn't too surprising, considering who their Guardians in their world is. The Sun getting assistance from the Decimo isn't too much of a stretch either and he could see it happening. Though he does wonder how the Rain Arcobaleno got help from the Bucking Bronco, probably some pretty big favors maybe? Though he can't help but find amusement in the discomfort the Storm of the Arcobaleno gives off, as his own alternate offers him marshmallows.

"Due to the fact that he has his own Arcobaleno in this group, and that breaking the curse will break her's as well, I saw fit to warn them both." And his biggest annoyance finally speaks up after checking over Verde, blank face and all as he nods to both him and Yuni, and a slight wave directed at Gamma and Sho-chan behind him.

"Wait a minute- So the Giglio Nero really did have the Sky Arcobaleno?" Is said stunned by the baby Skull, who stares at Yuni in shock, along with the other Arcobaleno. Some of them seem warier then others, while some have already fallen for Yuni's charm.

The white haired man can't help but notice how it's the Cloud, Lightening, and Mist that never lose their caution, those three seeming to tense even more when the young girl looks over at them. Well, she does look a lot like her grandmother. Must bring up some bad memories.
"Thank you for all you are doing." the still young girl says, a smile of gratefulness on her face as she bows to the brunet teen, who seems to give her an unreadable look.

"Ah! Yuni-chan's double!" Is suddenly exclaimed, Bluebell's younger alternate suddenly popping out of nowhere, giving the Sky a hard look. He can't help but twitch slightly as he sees her, the urge to hide her away great.

"She has aged into a nice looking young woman." is said by a doleful version of his voice, making him turn to a more humanized version of his Lightening. Though really, is he admittedly impressed with the combination of Mist, Sun, and Lightening Flames that is stabilizing Ghost's body, which is keeping it in a healthy and more reality bound state. He could only imagine how much work it took to have this done, having the Mist to replace certain functions, the Sun flames to strength that which is weak, and the Lightening flames having to work at stabilizing and directing the other two, keeping the entire form in tact. Though he's sure that having to always reapply the Sun and Mist Flames is quite the hassle, as Ghost can't create such flames.

Good thing he doesn't have to worry for such trivial matters.

"I still think our Yuni-chan is more fun to dress up!" is announced, another twitch developing as he hears this familiar voice.

It's the other him; the one that refuses to talk about his world.

In the times that Byakuran has used this ability, he has found that some of the other versions of himself have learned to block the others, not caring to release secrets about their 'loved' ones, or just not in the mood for sharing their secrets.

This particular one, he knows because he'll talk to the others, but refuses to share anything about where he comes from, likes to listen to the more ridiculous worlds and share all that he knows about them with everyone else.

For example, the albino man did not want to know that there was a world where Sho-chan and Spanner were Supreme Overlords with their robotic minions, where he and the Tsunayoshi in that world were favorites in their Harem.

(Though it really brought up a good question; just how innocent was Sho-chan in the art of seduction? From what he's seen, all the Cervello fought tooth and nail to get the job for assisting him when ever the rare change up happened.)

Watching as those similar lavender eyes glint brightly, he watches as the other motions him into following.

"As we wouldn't want to disturb the Arcobaleno during this difficult time, all those involved in the process will wait outside. Other Yuni can stay, but hanger-ons must leave." is announced cheerfully, Gamma stiffening worriedly when he hears that while Byakuran himself frowns.

"Thank you, I'm honored for this opportunity." The young girl says with a smile as the other Byakuran behaves like a gentleman, offering her his arm, which she takes with a slight giggle.

"Oh, and before I forget." The other says, moving quick as a predator after his prey, slapping something on his wrist.

Something that immediately starts draining at his flames, the pain manageable, but enough to disrupt his concentration in using his Flame.
"Can't have you getting any ideas after all; my delightful Sky would be ever so disappointed if his plans failed." Is said in a mournful tone, the words taking a while to register.

When they do, everyone freezes at the implications.

"Aren't you a Sky though?" is said dumbly by the Vongola Decimo, who had previously been worrying over the hitman he was going to assist in this procedure. Now he's looking struck like everyone else who didn't already know this.

"But I'm also Lightening." is the comeback, a smile of delight as his alternate takes joy in all the incredulous looks around the room.

"But, isn't bonding two Flames separately with other people highly un-recommended?" Is what the Chiavarone Decimo asked, looking between the younger Tsuna and himself like he was trying to figure out a rather complicated puzzle.

"It would be if both of us didn't have Sky Flames as our main. Since it is, I can actually Harmonize easily with his Lightening, his own Flames merely increasing the Harmony factor." Tsuna explains, before tilting his head cutely, "Of course, we do have different requirements... Which basically when you boil down to it, is all based on personality capability and if we even like each other."

...

"... Tenth, permission to raid your liquor cabinet?" is asked by the Decimo's right hand man, who his boss just answers by handing him a set of keys.

"Please save me my favorite."

"Will do."

"Okay, everyone!" is called by the alternate of his mechanic, half-lidded eyes taking everyone in, "we're ready." is announced, the tension in the room going higher as everyone looks on in either hope, wariness, skeptically, or even all three.

"Time to go." the alternate Ghost says with a sigh, gently leading them out along with the other Bluebell and Daisy.

Looking back, Byakuran can see that everyone is in place once more, though Yuni now holding her own tiny little box in fascination as it starts to glow, along with the other Arcobaleno's.

And then the door is closed and locked, then energy beyond it still felt though.

It's only then that the sweet lover realizes he has been epic-ally played by his own alternate and the little Tsunayoshi.

They knew he would have probably tried something, but they probably needed Yuni to come.

So he was distracted with the truth, taking away his attention from his plan and ensuring he wouldn't be able to do anything.

After all, with his Flames crippled as they are, even he would have problems going up against this many.

Well played alternates, well played.
Because their is no advertising that can beat something like being told not to do it; it only makes one want to do it more.

Chapter End Notes

Haha! This chapter was brought to you by Marshmallows. Good Marshmallows.

Note: When Ghost came over from his world, his body weakened to a degree he would have become what he is in canon if Tsuna and Byakuran didn't work so hard to stabilize him, which was hard. It is supported by Mist, Lightening, and Sun flames, showing how those two can work greatly together as long as they have something to stabilize them. In this case, it's Lightening. I call this the Harder Healing Combo, with Mist, Rain, and Sun as the Softer Healing Combo, Mist, Sky, and Sun as the Power Healing Combo. Though if Cloud is Switched out, I call it Multi-Healing Combo, and with Storm I call it Virus/Illness Hunt.

... I have way too much time on my hands.
"Experiences that only you know, feelings that only you feel, don't deny them." -Tales of the Abyss, Tear Grants

Forty First Character: Parallel Yuni- Parallel Problems

The Granddaughter of Luce would admit at the time she was nervous when she stopped getting visions from the far off future, and was only seeing things as far as a week a head. While her power to see was weaker due to the curse, she had still been able to see quite a bit a head. So when such things had started happening, Yuni thought it meant that she does not have much time left, even if she hadn't seen her death.

But looking around the room, seeing these alternates in action, how they feed their harmonizing flame into the gown wearing Arcobaleno to make sure they're stable through the process, she thinks she can understand why now; the future isn't as written in stone for them.

It's all rather amazing, refreshing really. All her life she has had her sight, had always been able to see the future laid before her on a path she didn't always agreed on.

(She had only tried twice to fight against it, and it only ended with her best friend dying anyway, even worst then what she has seen and her mother's own death of by illness.

It took her a while to realize that her versions were the much better alternate road to take.)

And she thinks it's cause for it would be in that world's Sawada Tsunayoshi; he usually tends to be at the center of most things, much to Byakuran's ire.

Though he is rather strange; his soul gives off a much older feeling, one that is even more mature then the Arcobaleno around her. It is rather startling, to be honest, especially the instability that comes off from him.

It is the insanity of someone who has watched all their love ones leave them, one where someone has seen both the worst and best, and an exhausting one that creeps in and never leaves.

Briefly, she wonders if maybe Tsunayoshi-san was really the Mare Ring holder in his world, before throwing that thought away; it's obvious from the other Byakuran's aura that he is the true bearer of it.

Though she really can't help but wonder.

"Okay, we'll separate the flames; warning you now though, this will hurt the Arcobaleno a bit, but DO NOT let go of them. It could kill them if you do." Spanner-san, the older, says from behind the clear boxed in area with his alternate and Gokudera-san's alternate, all of them monitoring different computers.
And this is where for just a moment, one moment, things get strange.

For a single moment, she thought she saw the letters P-A-U-S-E flash before her eyes, all bright glowing orange set against a screen that changed from one color of the rainbow to another.

She couldn't help but take a breath, feeling as if she was seeing something beautiful and so wrong. Something that did not belong here, in this world, that wasn't suppose to work here but somehow did.

Though it went by fast, the young girl was admittedly stunned still, barely noticing how her Sky Flame from the pacifier went into the box smoothly, her eyes going over the room to find brown hair.

When she had heard about this way to break the curse, she though that maybe they had such advanced technology, that they could easily use it to replicate Kawahira's technique that was needed to separate the flames from them.

She never would have guessed someone would actually have that ability, judging how by the strained look on the Vongola Decimo's counterpart, the slightly concerned look the Lightning Arcobaleno was giving him despite the pain he was obviously in himself, telling her along with her instincts that he had said ability.

It was both terrifying and worrying.

Terrifying because if he has such an ability, what other kind of things can this teenager with such a heavy soul do? On the other hand, him having such an ability means that he has a purpose.

A purpose that heavily involves the Arcobaleno, maybe even the Tri-Nii-Sett as a whole in his world.

She can only wonder what it is, as the chains of the curse that have shackled her are suddenly broken, a weightlessness coming over her as it does, the air suddenly feeling sharper then before as she takes breathe after breath, her pacifier cracking slightly before crumbling.

She feels so free, freer then she has in a long time.

And despite the slight pain everyone of her slightly aged fellows are in, they all laugh with her.

They are finally free.

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Chapter End Notes

Short chapter is short.

Note: Yes, that was indeed the Pause screen Yuni saw; as the Sky Arcobaleno, I think she would be able to sense anomalies in the world more then anyone else, along with her ability to just see things. And I basically used the canon method for the cure here, so that's why there is the containers.

Take all this as you will.
(And it was asked that I put which Guardians go with which Skies, so here.

GOaOA Cast:

Yoshimune- Has canon Guardians, except Cloud who is Skull.
Byakuran- Has canon Guardians.
Tsunayoshi- Raseil as Storm, Chikusa as Rain, Shoichi as Sun, Verde and Byakuran as Lightning, Shamal as Mist, and Hibari as canon Cloud, Spanner as a bond.

Parallel:

Tsunayoshi- Canon Guardians
Byakuran- Canon
Yoshimun- Lancia as Storm, Basil as Rain, Lal as Mist, Mochida as Cloud, Guido as Lightning, and no Sun.)
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"There’s is no good or bad, just opinion and perspective." -Final Fantasy VIII, Squall Leonheart

Forty Second Character: Parallel Fon- Parallel Problems

The Storm Arcobaleno (now ex) never realized how much he could grow excited over growing four inches.

But he was, extremely so, just like the others, even if they showed it in their subtle and not so subtle ways as they all feasted and rested after the meal they shared with the respected Skies that had helped them. (Yuni-san though had to leave, as she still had business to do with her own family, and as she wasn't as affected by the process, she was allowed to go.)

Reborn was already in his new clothes which he had obviously had sized for the occasion, and only stole a bite from either of his students's plates here and there. Said students don't complain as he does so, too used to it as they held their own conversation about the experience. Yoshimune though seems stuck between that conversation and an argument between Lal and Colonnello, which the older brunet blond had to stop before his Mist results to violence.

Mammon and his(?) Sky on the other hand were enjoying their own meals quietly, both to tired, hungry, and irritated to hold a conversation right now. They merely keep a close eye on the room, on the alternates especially, probably in case they have any more surprises up their sleeve.

Meanwhile, the Alternates have been having tired, though lively interactions, a few of their Guardians coming in here or there in slow trickles of two or three, eyes watchful and weapons ready as their Skies at this moment were in a weaker state.

(Though he was surprised that his alternate nephew didn't attack himself when he had spotted him; the glare wasn't a surprise on the other hand.)

He did admit though it was surprising to find Verde and Skull looking like they were enjoying themselves, especially around each other. Though Verde looked more pleased and intrigued then joyful, seeming to be discussing something to great lengths with the two blonds with lollipops, the oldest looking one in the three explaining in detail about some subject.

Skull on the other hand seemed to be discussing something in great excitement to the younger Sawada Yoshimune, showing the young boy what looks like a picture and getting a soft smile in return, though there looked like a bit of wistfulness in those hazel eyes.

Wonder what that is all about?

"Yaaaaaum," is softly yawned, making Fon look over to see a sleepy younger Tsunayoshi cover his mouth as he does so, looking rather exhausted. In fact, he looks like he's about to sleep in the food left on his plate any moment.
"Hmmm, I hope you all don't mind if I excuse myself? I don't think I'll be the best company at the moment." The teen excuses himself, gaining a few worried gazes, along with a few considering ones.

"Finally!" is an exasperated reply from the other Trident Shamal, who puts down the wine bottle he was enjoying to go over to his Sky, a stern gaze directed at him, "Lets get you back to the room before you decide to change your mind."

"Yes Sensei, thank you for looking after me." The brunet says with a soft smile, only to get a sigh in response.

"You better thank me, with a bottle of good rum when we get home."

"Hey! Don't ask Tsunayoshi-sama to buy you booze!" is yelled by the Gokudera double, getting the doctor and the bomber into an disagreement one would usually see happen between family members.

It was interesting to see those two so close, as from what the Storm Flame user has seen they mostly argue harshly or are rather distant in this world.

And soon, as those two argue out the door, the counterparts of Yoshimune and Yamamoto attempting to calm them while the alternate of Byakuran and... Rasiel (?) seem to try and ignite it even more.

Kyoya's alternate though is the last one to leave, going right after his Sky, who starts to trip a little as he does so. The young Cloud easily and naturally aiding him, his speed much faster then what Fon remembered he was at that age, and refusing to let him go afterwards. He even allows the brunet to lean against him, a pleased look in those steely eyes. the door shutting behind them, preventing more from being seen.

(It really is an alternate world; though he is surprised that no one else hasn't reacted to such a display from his aloof nephew.)

The atmosphere immediately changed once they are all gone, a serious feel entering into it.

"What do you all think of this?" Tsunayoshi says, the boss in him showing loud and clear, even in his concern.

"...On one hand it still feels like a dream, on the other I can't help but wonder at the motives behind this, especially in taking the boxes." Fon puts forward, as it doesn't look like the others feel in the mood to share their thoughts first.

"I can take the first part as them not wanting to be in our debt; breaking the Arcobaleno Curse is something that we in Vongola and CEDEF both have been trying to do for years." Lal's Sky sighs, fingers pinching the bridge of his nose as he does so, "They have effectively put us in their debt, the Varia as well in this matter."

(And despite how much all the now ex-Arcobaleno hate owing anyone, in this case, they find they don't mind as much.)

"They also now have leverage against us as well, holding on to the pillars of our world in their hands." the raging Sky of the Varia says considerably, sipping at his wine as his eyes narrow.

"But they said that the boxes would be given to the Vindice." Dino-san points out, a slight frown on his face as he says so. Everyone agrees inwardly that no Family should be in possession of such power, and that it would be best in the hands of the Mafia Lawmakers.
Until then though, they are in the hands of a group of teenagers with only two adults.

"They never said when they would hand it over." Viper retorts after wiping his mouth with his napkin.

It is silent as everyone takes in what has been said, possibilities and outcomes coming to mind one after the others as they consider them.

Only for it to be interrupted by the CEDEF's Storm comes in with a slam, Lancia seeming rather worried and concerned.

"Boss, your Lightning has returned." is all that is said for Sawada Yoshimune to pale, eyes worried and taking on a concerned look.

"Is he alright?" is the first question he asks, Lal actually looking just as concerned by him.

"He says he's been compromised." is the even more worrying reply they get.

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Chapter End Notes

And Sleepy Tsuna is a cute Tsuna, no matter what.

Note: I don't know about you guys, but I rather not argue with the person who holds the powers of the world in their hands. And I see Fon as the type of person who would keep tabs on his family, just to make sure they're alright.

And I feel like I'm forgetting something.
"Memories are nice, but that’s all they are." -Final Fantasy X, Rikku

Forty Third Character: Parallel Mukuro - Parallel Problems

One of the strongest Mist Users ever known would admit he didn't exactly know what to think of his situation.

He was being freed, something he knew that Young Vongola has been trying for years to do. Much to the disagreement of everyone else in the mafia.

As if his being chained down would stop him from destroying them. (Though he would spare Vongola's Head and Guardians; Chrome has come to care for the others, and he personally would rather never experience a Disharmony, thank you very much.

But it wasn't exactly him who managed it. (Which for some reason feels wrong in a way.) It was the younger, alternate version of him who had done so, offering something to Vindice that they couldn't possibly refuse.

Really, every time he thinks of those alternates he had seen through the eyes of Greco. (Who he was admittedly disappointed that he had to let go of; he had only been able to cover him with flames in the prison, and not take his blood, so if he were to let go of him he wouldn't be having him in his grasp any time soon. Pity really, it would have been useful having a spy so high up in CEDEF.)

While yes he could easily see the great difference between the older vs. younger groups, (him and Yoshimune working together would never happen) what really got his attention was his own alternate.

Well, more a feature, his counterpart's loyalty; Mukuro has seen loyalty, has experience it directed to his person, and can easily fake it if need be. But he has honestly never felt it directed at anyone besides himself.

He can feel concerned, worried, or fond for others, but that is the extent he is willing to go for them in positive emotions. But to see a version of himself so soft in expression, to see that gentleness in his eyes, and that righteous anger all for the alternate of a certain brunet, it can only make him wonder.

What change had happened in there world could happen, that would make an Estraneo harden experiment trust someone other then themselves? And his eye was the evidence he was still an experiment, as well as Chikusa's mere existence.

If there was one thing you learned in their family, it was to not trust anyone unless they can benefit you.

(Even though Chikusa and Ken insist on staying by his side as his savior, they really should know better.)
He couldn't help but think over this as his guard's delivered him before Vongola and CEDEF Skies and Guardians, older and younger.

"... Any particular reason he's wearing a pink ribbon?" the CEDEF Sky asks, lips twitching as they take in the pink monstrosity that is wrapped around his body with a bow around his waist, preventing the use of flames.

He can't resist his eyes narrowing in on the other, a slight ominous laugh coming from him; why, Yoshimune looks fit to murder him even more then the Skylark does, past the twitching lips. He's probably figured out it was him who had commandeered his Lightning. Really, such a shame he had to let him go.

"It was requested that he wear this by the one who delivered the boxes." one of the guards says, depositing him near his Sky, who looks caught between being relieved and worried.

(Really, the Vongola Don should be more concerned for himself. This is how others are able to take advantage of him, and only he is allowed to do that.)

"Oh! It came out even better then I envisioned!" The utterly delighted voice says, cutting through the tension around the room accidentally as he does so. Mukuro can't help but feel a twitch come over him as he takes in a much younger Byakuran, who looks wickedly please with himself as he takes in the bow. "Always knew pink was your color." this part was actually directed at his alternate, who merely smiles death at the albino.

"I would think it is more your color though, wouldn't you say?" and like the mist, a neon pink ribbon appears from no where, wrapping repeatably around the other Byakuran, mostly his mouth though.

"This is a much better look on him, if I do say so myself." the younger Yoshimune says, the ribbon in his hands as he shares a smirk with his other self.

This is just strange, even by his standards. Though the illusions were impressive, the ribbon looking rather soft, and probably felt that way judging how the albino's body didn't tense or how the younger brunet blond's hands didn't hold his weapon like it was such at the moment..

"That is some impressive work with illusions, using a chain weapon as a base for something that is it's opposite." he compliments, only to get a suddenly blank look from his other as the younger Yoshimune just looks struck.

"... Is there any hope for me? Mukuro-kun's alternate has been trapped in a hellish place for years, and still sounds smoother then silk. I just want a nice voice, is that too much to ask for? Should I even try for voice classes? Will they even help me at this point." And it looks like someone is going down a well of depression.

Though when he usually sends people down that way, it usually involves more illusions and maybe a possession or two, never just because his voice sounds good.

"Yoshimune, this is Mukuro; he would be blessed to have a good voice since childhood, it's a fact." And so finally speaks the alternate of his Sky.

"Well, yeah, but I wasn't mentally prepared for it." is the reply he gets from the younger twin.

"Well, at least give voice classes a chance, okay? For now though, we'll leave the reunion to our elders's; we still have things to do everyone, so please unbind Byakuran." is said, brown eyes giving a look to the Mist and his brother, who do so with great reluctance.
"Why the hell did you even free this-" apparently not able to find a word insulting enough for him, the older Yoshimune just motions to all of him. Behind him, the Sky's Guardians that are there look like they very much agree.

"... I couldn't just leave him to die like that, so I did something." is what the younger Tsunayoshi says, glancing over at him with a blank look on his face. "Of course, even if he ruins this chance, I'll be able to sleep easy knowing I did what I could."

"Kufufufu, you are a fool, much like your other self; you'll find yourself filled with regret if you live this way." he finds himself saying only to feel a heavy, dark feeling that seems to almost crush him in it's sweet, deadly insane grasp, before it goes away so quickly.

"Who ever suggested I did this out of the goodness of my heart? This is so I sleep easier at night." is said with a still blank look on that face, as if he hadn't exposed his insanity to the whole room.

Who all while cringing slightly at it, don't look very surprised.

"Shesheshe, let us leave these peasants for now: I would love to enjoy some of Tsunayoshi's cooking."

"Agreed." is said by a smiling younger Rain Guardian.

And with a discussion of food taking over the talk, they're gone.

"... Is this a regular thing for them, cause mayhem then leave?" He can't help but ask, looking over to Chrome.

"Pretty much."

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Chapter End Notes

Okay, this was suppose to be Parallel!Kyoya's chapter, but Parallel Mukuro laughed and threatened me at trident point. So yeah.

Note: While Mukuro is stuck in his water bubble, I don't think he would be able to do his full possessions of a person because in my mind, I think he would need to be there in person for the blood to work. So he just got really good at possessing people only with flames.

Tsuna and Co just love bring the 'may' in Mayhem.

(And I am so sorry for the lateness of this chapter, RL decided to actually bother me today and then my internet decided to not come on.)
Chapter Notes

Warning: mentions of slightly more graphic violence.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"Can you not live unless you were born for some purpose?" - Tales of the Abyss, Van Grants

Forty Fourth Character: Parallel Kyoya - Parallel Problems

Hibari Kyoya, leader of his organization known as the Foundation, was both curious and pissed off.

The damn Pineapple herbivore was freed; that in itself was a guarantee his good mood would be destroyed, especially with the disruption he had caused with the herbivores in CEDEF. (Though now it would be even more satisfying to bite him to death in person.)

On the other hand, he was interested in these counterparts, starting from when some of them had dared to invade his territory to all the rumors and information heard from them.

(The Marshmallow herbivore's attempt at camouflage wasn't that good. And he had seen a much younger version of the damn pineapple as they ran so he knew something was up. He wasn't some brainless vegetation, which he found most people were now a days instead of herbivores.)

What really interested him though was the carnivore that this other world's Sawada Tsunayoshi was; it was obvious from the way he moved, to how he talked, in how he looked at the others that he wasn't one to be easily pushed around. And his power, while subtle to most, was obvious to his own steely eyes.

He was interested in seeing it for himself, the power the other held.

All he had to do was wait for it.

He didn't have to wait long though, as some herbivorous creatures from Holy Flare dared attack the youth's pack.

The steely eyed adult wasn't sure entirely of what happened, as he was more focused on destroying those that had disrupted the peace, but it started with a slight yell of pain. After effortlessly beating the lower life forms before him, he turned to take in the scene before him, pausing in interest to watch.

Before him he saw the Yo-Yo herbivore, bleeding from a bullet wound on his shoulder as the annoying doctor treated him, the younger of the Tool herbivores by his side. The group was being defend from all sides by the other counterparts, all of them preventing stray attacks from coming through.
It was the only thing they had to prevent, as the younger Sawada Tsunayoshi, without any mercy, was destroying his opponents, some of them only just a second away from death. His gloved hands, covered in flames tore threw his opponents, enraged orange eyes watching dispassionately as limbs were seperated, stomachs punched through, bones broken without a care, and even the occasional broken/snapped neck here.

The teen did not care for having one of his own injured by these enemy herbivores.

Kyoya would have to admit, he was impressed; it was only when the boy's pack mate got hurt that he lost control, and only a little at that, ending the battle in a slightly bloody mess.

"... It seems some troubles have been left alone for too long." the blank faced carnivore said, eyes promising blood and pain as they looked at the injury his Mist was taking care of on his Rain.

"Nii-san..." the Carnivore's herbivorous brother approached, eyes determined even in their tiredness, "Please don't go alone." is all that is asked, both seeming to have a silent conversation after that.

"... I'll take Rasiel, Kyoya, as well as Skull and Mukuro, if you do not mind." the other finally says, his eyes looking to said people who nod to show they are wiling while his brother shakes his head to show he doesn't see any problems with it.

"... You're not taking Baka-ran with you?" is asked with a scowl by the younger brother.

"Byakuran has something he personally wants to take care of." is the answer that he gives, before starting to leave, "Make sure you're ready in an hour or so."

"... What is the Fluffy carnivore planning?" the older Skylark finds himself asking, taking in the counterparts before him as they to start leaving, the injured one being carried by the older Tool herbivore. (And why did the CEDEF herbivore's alternate suddenly start moaning about voices, looking as if his soul as left his body?)

"Sawada Tsunayoshi is not a carnivore." is rather suddenly stated, the voice familiar and similar to his own, age the only difference. Turning to his own counterpart, he can't help but narrow his eyes as he takes him in. While he does not like being corrected or contradicted, this alternate of himself does know his world, thus the people in it, better then he himself does.

"Then what is he?"

Steel eyes meet equally steely eyes, both not backing down, and both considering the other.

"... He is someone much stronger, something that can kill plants, herbivores, omnivores, and Carnivores easily, but never is he the one who acts first. He is only involved when the actions of others bring him in, otherwise he is content to never even fight." is the thought provoking words said, the teen to going to leave.

"Sawada Tsunayoshi is a Poison, that which can destroy, yet heal in equal measures." is the parting words said before the elder Hibari is left alone in the room.

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Chapter End Notes
This chapter is filled with my rage for the world, can you tell?

Note: If a battle is just too easy, I can see Hibari, in his arrogance, not really having to pay it too much attention. Of course, this disregard goes away once a more tougher opponent gets involved.

And 50 chapters in 50 days, with the story being over 50 thousand. I feel so proud of myself.
"For what profit is it to a man if he gains the world, and loses his own soul?" Matthew 16:26, I believe.” -Castlevania, Dracula

Forty Fifth Character:  Byakuran- Parallel Problems

The crafty heir of the Gesso Family would have to admit he was ever so disappointed in his alternate. Really, these defenses were just pathetic, even Ghost looked slightly horrified at them.

"... Please forgive me for saying so, Byakuran-sama, but your alternate seems to have some mental defects." Bluebell said nervously, as they easily went through the laser field like they were just playing hopscotch.

Really, some of the easier training methods Tsuna-chan put them all through were harder then this! This was just sad. There weren't even any boulders for a classic feel! Even Tsuna liked to add them here and there, though usually he preferred them covered in fire and able to spread sharp debris all over the place.

When they got back, they would have to go through another obstacle course made by his brunet Sky; he could feel his skills getting rusty! And judging by this alternate's taste in defenses, he can feel his creativity failing.

I mean really, laser fields are nice and all, but when you have to go through that and drones all the time, it gets so boring. He could have at least added a pit trap!

But he guess he could excuse the other, as they after all didn't have cute little brunets around to help stabilize his mind, using a mixture of Mist and Rain Flames to calm and organize things. At least until he learnt this interesting Mind Palace technique from a businessman version of himself who went up against a private detective Sho-chan and assistant Spanner. Though his more like a Mind Sweet Mall filled with shops that each sold one type of candy, with a security desk on ground floor that helped keep everything in order.

(He would never tell anyone, save Tsuna-chan maybe, that he still kept the little seven year old avatar version of the brunet, who was originally left there to organize his mind as his security guard now, even when he didn't really need it. The little guy's presence calmed him, and he looked adorable dressed up as a candy police man.)

And wow, was he so bored with his alternate's base that he was getting through them all with his eyes closed?

Yes, he was and yes he did.

Oh and look, there he was in his office chair, Bluebell, Daisy, and Ghost already restraining him for Byakuran. How thoughtful of them.
"Your traps need so much work, these defenses couldn't defend against a stubborn five year old." he scolded, his disappointment sounding out loud and clear.

His alternate, even while smiling, was obviously rather angry, as he could see the gritted teeth behind it all, "So, have you come to criticize my bases, or do you want something more... fatal?" And ah, there was a bit of fear shining through those older lavender eyes. Daisy must have placed the Flame Disrupting bracelet on him then.

"Ah, no worries there, I'm not suicidal, so I don't have any plans to kill you." the younger of the albino's says, his older counterpart still wary even as he calms down slightly.

"I just need to make sure you won't try destroy my world when we leave." is explained cheerfully, the other stilling at that.

"Why would I try something like that?" the other him asks, his body language as if made from marble.

He can't help but give the other a wry grin, a dark understanding in his eyes, "I myself am a vengeful person, so don't try and fool me; if someone went around ruining my plans, I would wish them to suffer. And what better way then to destroy their world. literally and figuratively?"

Both stare at the other, both taking the other in, with the older paranoid and doomed, none of his subordinates even aware of the danger he is in while the younger merely still grins, a plan already formed and made, just waiting to be implicated.

"I'm going to have Ghost and Daisy seal your ability, then I'm going to erase your memories, along with your real Funeral Wreathes. Can't leave any loose ends." he explains, his alternate paling as he hears that, his struggle to get out of this now kicking in. "It's really lucky you keep so much to yourself, otherwise this simple method wouldn't even work!"

And so said, the younger gets closer to his older, obviously enjoying the fear of the other.

"I learned this erasing technique from another Byakuran whose son had just lost his soulmate, so when his son begged, he destroyed all the memories related to that person, so his child would live. Rather depressing really, but the world is still very interesting, especially with all the alien invasions. But don't worry, I'm sure Sho-chan will take good care of you; after all, he still sees you as his friend, plotting and all." the younger Sky says, getting his flames ready as he has his fingers put to the other's temple.

Unlike Tsuna-chan, he's not so good with the other flames besides Lightning, his Mist and Storm respectable, while Cloud and Sun are non-existent. He's not even going to try and touch on Rain, as the less said about his ability with that Flame, the better.

It's a very good thing he only needs his Mist, Storm and Sky.

Letting the Mist cloak the others mind and having his Sky flame sooth and slightly freeze the memories he desires, he set only a flare of Storm flame out, just that little bit able to create a chain effect. Soon, all the memories connected by the Mist crumble and go away, the deceiving Flame able to make something into nothing easily and finish the process.

"Flame Combo, Freezing Memory's Termination is a success." He said, moving his hand from his knocked out alternate.

"Now we Seal him, right Byakuran-sama?" Daisy asked, as him and Ghost readied themselves.
"Go on." he said, giving them the go ahead.

"Combo Attack, Solar's Hardening Seal." both green haired teens said, as they both pumped their flame into the alternate of their Sky.

How this Seal worked was rather simple, really. By strengthening the Lighting with the Sun Flames, the Hardening ability gains a whole new level, allowing it to be used to seal off talents and such.

He had learned this one from a Byakuran who almost turned into another's Ghost, who had strongly disagreed with it. That one had a very strong Lightning attribute, with Sun as his secondary Flame, and with the connection already between the two, it was even easier to place the Seal, preventing the attempted kidnapper from taking him and destroying his world.

Goes to show you shouldn't judge someone by their cover; this cross-dressing version of him showed it off rather nicely he thinks. (He also learned some great hair styling tricks from the other, and boy do they sure help when he wants to bond with his Funeral Wreathes.)

Though really, if they had asked nicely, like he did with his own Lightning, he's sure everyone could have their own Ghost; there are plenty of terrible and dying worlds to go around.

"It is done Byakuran-sama; should we start on the other of his Funeral Wreathes now?" his Ghost speaks, his voice seeming to forever be doomed to be sorrowful.

"Hmmm, alright, but we better leave this older version of Sho-chan a note. Oh, and we should also hand in that resignation paperwork as well." he said considerably, looking over to see all of them nod.

"Well, then, lets go Byakuran-sama!" Bluebell says cheerfully, as if she hadn't just aided him in wiping another's memories, Daisy looking just as unaffected as well, while Ghost always look mournful.

He just loves his family! If only they all could have come, then they would have had even more fun.

Частье стратегии

No one knows how long I've been wanting to write that quote with Byakuran.

Note: To be honest, if I were a Byakuran, and I didn't want to become someone's Ghost, I would look for ways to defend myself, thank you very much.

And I had to much fun making up silly alternate worlds.
"Don't look to others for knowledge, this is your story." -Final Fantasy X, Auron

Forty Sixth Character: Parallel Tsunayoshi- Ending of Parallel Problems

The Vongola Decimo would never want anyone to find out, especially Reborn, but he sometimes felt like crying when he would walk into his office and see the mounds of paperwork on his desk.

Forget bullets, Flames, or assassins in the night, his own Family would be the death of him through all the paperwork they caused him. If only they could be just a little less destructive, he would be ever so much happier.

As it was, this time the cause for most of his piles of paperwork didn't come from his own family. It came from the alternate one.

Fixing the Arcobaleno curse, fighting off assassins, revealing spies hidden in the works, going off all on their own, freeing Mukuro from Vindice, and just generally causing their share of chaos and mayhem added up to all the papers he needed to look over.

It really reminded him of his younger years to be truthful, however much he tried to forget them most of it at times.

( Mostly when he hears half a town has nearly been destroyed in an argument between the Varia or that his own Guardians basically burned down a park and playground. It's times like that that he likes to forget he knows any of them, so he can sign and get through his paperwork without breaking down at the bills. And while he knows he doesn't have to pay for the damages, his heart and conscience wouldn't let him just leave it.)

So just as he was tackling his mounds, pleased to see that some of it is not only filled out nicely and orderly, but done perfectly too (there is a Kami), he gets a knock from his door.

"Come in, Gokudera-kun." the elder brunet says as he recognizes the knock, really hoping the silver haired man isn't bringing any more work for him to do.

To his relief and worry the man only takes in a simple, single paper, the fancy feel to it come off strong. The worry comes when he see the baffled look his right hand man has on his face as he looks at it.

"We've received an invitation for lunch in our own formal dining room." his right hand explains, handing him the paper.

Briefly remembering an earlier request of renting said room that had been approved by the staff, the Vongola boss takes in the information on the invitation.

To: Vongola Decimo and Guardians
From: The Parallel Versions.

You have been cordially invited to share lunch together with

our fine company.

Please come at noon if you desire

Delicious food and good conversation.

Staring at the paper for a while, then at the clock, he can't help but wonder what the alternates are going to pull next. (They're always pulling something, it's only a matter of just how mind breaking it will be for them at this point.)

"We better go, no telling what they have up their sleeves this time." the brunet sighs, the silver haired man joining him in that as well.

As they gather the rest of his Guardians, even Hibari joining in without a mention of crowding, his curious eyes showing why, they head out.

Along the way to the dining room, Tsuna is admittedly surprised when he bumps into the Arcobaleno group with the Varia and Yoshimune along with his own Guardians waiting before the doors.

"You guys too, huh?" His brother says, looking irritated by everything right now.

"Looks like it." looking over everyone, he finds it unsurprising to see Verde and Skull not with their fellows, probably already inside the room.

"Lets get this over with." the Varia leader then growled, pushing past everyone to kick the door open.

Only for everyone to see the lunch spread that looked as if it looked as if it came from the classiest of classy restaurants.

Ranging from more 'normal' lunch choices like club sandwiches, salads, and soups to the more upper class like perfectly cooked sea food, lamb, and even filet mignon. It was a spread made for royalty, but was already feeding a bunch of teenagers, some of them even throwing the food at the other if they weren't stealing it from the other's plates. (For some reason, his intuition sparks warily at this, though he's not sure why.)

"Come right this way, your seats have been labeled." is said from right behind them, all of them twitching as they turn, the only reason no weapons are drawn is because they sense no killing intent. And there before them now is his counterpart, face blank even as he motions them to sit.

It isn't long before everyone sits, all eyeing those across the room, and the chaos they are creating, which the younger Tsuna is ignoring as if this is normal (which it probably is).

"Please, enjoy the fruits of my labor while we talk." the littler brunet says as he sits down across from himself, separating the Varia group from CEDEF.

Looking at the selection, the older brunet decides on a sandwich, his intuition confirming that it, as well as the rest of the food, have not been tampered in any way.
Taking a bite, he can't help but stop, as the flavors seem to flow through his mouth, his taste buds stunned.

This is an experience. No other way could describe how the taste just sends him to a whole other plane of existence.

How the alternates can just throw this around he can't understand. Probably spoiled from it, able to eat it all the time.

"So, here are some things I'm sure you'll want to know." is suddenly spoken up, interrupting him from his out of body experience for a second (and not only him judging by the faces of the others around him). "You will be glad to know that Holy Flare has been taken care of, along with the innocents who were heavily tricked and fooled. They have been shown the correct teachings and churches, so they should not be a bother to you." the younger brunet starts to explain, examining a wine glasses with a rather critical look before putting it down.

"Next, Millefiore should no longer be problematic for you; in fact, I'm sure that there'll be talks of strengthening your alliance coming up soon." the blank faced brunet says, amusement starting show in those brown eyes as they take in everyone's reactions.

"And finally, we shall soon be out of your hair, so you won't have to worry about putting up with us anymore." the young teen finishes, a pleased look coming over his face before it returns back to his default.

"... How can you just say these things?" Yoshimune asks incredulously, food forgotten as he just stares.

"Rather easily actually. For one, I don't care, unlike your brother who would be completely willing and happy to grow a stronger bond with you despite your shared past." the brunet points out, much to his younger twin's blushing horror, while Tsuna himself is just surprised, though hopeful.

And then those brown eyes turn to him, a wickedly considering look in them, making him feel wary as his intuition spikes once more.

"For two, I don't have much too worry about, like my alternate who feels he has dragged his friends down into this dark world and has ruined for them a happier life." this time, the older alternate feels himself flush as his own Guardians turn to him, their serious faces showing that he will be getting a talking to later (even Mukuro looks admonishing!).

"And for three, when I said we would be leaving soon, I should have been more specific; we'll be leaving in about 5, 4, 3, 2, and 1. Bye, it's been great meeting you all, hope you enjoy your food." and with a dazzling smile on the Mist Double's face, all the alternates, along with Verde, Skull, and this world's Spanner disappear in indigo flame.

What. The. Hell?

It takes a moment for everyone to take that in before they all rush from the room, all heading to the sleeping quarters where the Alternates have been.

Only to find Skull and Verde there, both of them holding suitcases, the Cloud Arcobaleno's having a large money bill hanging out from it, and new phones in hand.

"You just missed them." Skull puts out as he turns to see them, waving to them all as they enter the room, stares just drilling through them.
"I admit I'm surprised you didn't leave with them, with how well you two got along with all of them." Mammon says like a question, to which Verde scoffs.

"As tempting as it would be, I can not just leave my research here to rot; I still have many things to discover about our own world, and I can't do that if I'm in another." the scientist huffs, even as he clenches his phone to his chest protectively.

"And I got responsibilities of my own here, so I can't just leave myself." the purple haired toddler says, fingering something in his pocket. From how flat it is, Tsuna would think it's a picture, maybe something to do with his family?

His intuition merely confirms it.

Looking around at his family as they question the two Arcobaleno, Sawada Tsunayoshi can only wish the Parallel versions of themselves well, and hope that they can take any trial that comes there way.

He feels they'll be able to meet the challenge though, as long as they're together.

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- Loading...

~The Adventures Arc has been Completed. Save and Move on to The End To It All Arc?~

Staring tiredly at the screen, the weary brunet can not help but close his eyes, his intuition screaming out at the danger that is to come.

He would admit, the last adventure had really strained him, to the point he was tempted to just start over from his last save, before the whole mess had begun.

The only reason he hadn't was because he was afraid if he did, his brother would be sent over with someone else, or even worst alone.

He couldn't do that to any of them, especially with how hostile that world had been to their health. They could have died, and he really couldn't handle that now.

Though it had also been nice to really let go for a bit, and having the other Spanner-ah, excuse him, he meant Ratchet, as another pillar of strength for him had been a great choice, his mental fortitude a good addition. And even though the other Verde couldn't bring himself from the world his beloved sister's grave was in and Skull had his grandchildren to help care for (that had been a shock for their world's Skull, who didn't have a family besides them), they still left them phones made for contact and all the money they had earned while in that world.

Sighing, brown eyes opened once more to stare at the screen, knowing that he couldn't put this off, no matter how much he wanted to and how much his intuition wanted him to.

"Yes." he said, and somehow, even through it was probably miles away, he could feel an earthquake happen as the screen loads.

"So much for just having fun."
*Collapses* this Arc is finally done, I can go to bed now.

Note: Yeah, Verde and Skull didn't go due to responsibilities, that had been planned from the beginning, though I have been tempted. Also, I think it would be strange if Luce was the only parent in the Arcobaleno group, what with them all being who they were and ridiculously attractive people. And the thought of a grandpa Skull makes me smile. And to the reviewer who suggested calling older Spanner Ratchet, my many thanks goes out to you!

Now, I shall go back to being the ill person that I am, hope you all stay healthy!
Why are games so loved? What about them seems to draw people in, catch them in their grasp, and continue to play them, no matter how many times one dies, not matter how many endless secrets there seems to be?

It is certainly something to think on.

Forty Seventh Character: Kikyo- Beginning of Shimon Says

The mint haired colored young man wouldn't be the first or last to admit he was glad everyone made it back from the other world intact and minds still sane. And even though it all only happened a month ago, he knew he wouldn't feel alright to see Byakuran-sama out of his line of sight for many more to come.

Then again, his own worries had nothing on the Sawada Guardians, who had seen their Skies just disappear before their eyes. A trauma like that doesn't just go away.

(Really, if the sleepovers in Tsunayoshi-sama's room carried on, they would have to think on expanding it just so a bigger bed could be put in place.)

So yes, while things were... relatively normal for the Sawada Household now, there was an undercurrent of extreme protectiveness underneath it all. No one could even try and give the two twins dirty looks without one of their Guardians there and ready to blow/slice/slash/poison/drive them mad/bash them away.

And while most teenagers would be feeling stifled by such actions and atmosphere, the Sawada Twins took it all in stride. Yoshimune in fact started planning events for them all to go out on, so that way they would be able to hang out even more. Though someone would eventually turn it into a training exercise (Reborn), turn it into another kidnapping attempt (Byakuran), or even accidentally ruin it through mass arguments (which could have been anyone). If they were really unlucky, it would be all three.

(It was in such situations that he was really thankful for Tsunayoshi-sama; they all would have probably been kicked out of the town by now if he didn't charm everyone he met and payed for the damages.)

Of course, Tsunayoshi-sama still had to leave from time to time, much to the twitching anxiety of his Guardians and twin, who understood but still did not like it.

So when ever the young brunet returned, he would always be swarmed by his Guardians, even his crowd hating Cloud would join in.

This time, however, everyone was off either helping Nana-san or training with Reborn-san, so it was only him, Irie-san, Spanner-san, and Ratchet-san who were there to greet him and the red haired guest he brought.
"Tsuna-kun! You're back!" was exclaimed by an excitably relieved voice from Irie-san, who ignored the other red head to hug the brunet. (The young teen with old eyes had been gone for a week, the longest since they got back.)

"It's good to be back." the brown eyed teen said, hugging the other back easily, just as Spanner decided to join in, hugging the other from behind. Ratchet, as the older Spanner had decided to be called, looked as if he wanted to join in, but looked uncertain until the younger Shoichi broke one of his arms free just to pull the other in.

(The glasses wearing red head had been pretty protective of the older blonde, probably coming from how he heard his other had treated him. Him, Spanner, and Verde seemed to make it a mission of their's to spoil the other as much as was possible with technology.)

"Kikyo-kun" Is suddenly called, pulling his attention to concerned brown eyes, "Could you take care of Kozato-san here? I found him being ganged up on by some petty bullies, so I think he could use some aid." Tsunayoshi-sama asked, to which he nodded, pulling the first aid kit out from under the kitchen sink (the were all over the house, some rooms actually having multiple ones). Motioning the young red haired teen to sit, he started treating the other, nothing broken luckily as he took him in.

So this was Kozato Enma, Don of the Shimon Family? How curious that a teen so young and small could be such a power house, one that had actually defeated quite a few of Byakuran-sama's alternates in other worlds. Even now, he could sense the flame that lay quite in the boy's body, waiting for the right moment to be called upon.

How interesting really.

"Thank you for treating me." the polite young teen says, his eyes though never leaving Tsuna, who had finally broken from the hug his Guardians have giving him, and was now making his way over to the fridge.

He can only wonder how this will turn out; after all, from what Byakuran has said, the Shimon Family has been enemies with the Vongola in quite a few worlds, and has started out as one in many more.

"If you're hungry, I can fix something up for everyone to eat." the brunet offers, to which everyone accepts. Food made by Tsunayoshi is a treat that could never be denied.

Seeing someone try it for the first time is always interesting, as the looks on their faces are rather funny to watch at times. The Simon head is no different, even if he is wary at first with how all but the cook watch him take his first bite of curry.

The way those red eyes widen and gleam with awe and surprise as an intense hunger is awaken, the blissful smile that takes his face over as he enjoys his meal, and then how he looks near tears when he sees his plate is empty, before it is refilled by the brunet Sky, whose eyes betray his amusement in how the other just brightens at that.

Briefly, the green haired second in command can't help but wonder if the Shimon and Vongola do make enemies of each other, will another Family now join in the kidnapping attempts? (Then again, he could just do that even as allies.)

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Chapter End Notes
Enma is mine! Mine I say- *falls down in a fit of sneezes*

Note- Tsuna's family and friends are all traumatized, though some in different ways. You'll be seeing signs of this throughout the rest of the story, and it will make the Guardians, especially Tsuna's and Yoshimune's, even twitchier and less likely to ask questions. And yes, Tsuna still has to make trips, what with all the contacts he has.

And I just want a Enma plushie to huggle now.
Could it be because of the story? But then what about those games that have none, that just give you how to play and then set you off?

Forty Eighth Character: I-Pin -Beginning Shimon Says

The young child assassin took in the young teen eating Mama's dinner from across from her, taking him in, weaknesses, strengths, just generally finding herself attempting to get an understanding for the other. It was something that she always did, even when she was learning under her Master, who had encouraged her to hone and use it to the best of her ability.

Though ever since she was made to stay here after she had made the mistake in her mission (and never before would she have thought she could be happy to have made a mistake; she now had a family, with a Mama, some uncles and aunts, lots of cousins, a Broccoli Monster and even two amazing brothers!), I-Pin has found that she is able to see and observe more easily. Maybe it had something to do with all the people she found herself surrounded with, all the actions and words spoken, tells being revealed and shown in rare moments of weakness.

(Though it could also be because Tsuna-nii had went shopping with her, getting much better glasses, ones that wouldn't fall off when she fought... And were much more prettier too.)

And not only has her ability to judge her surroundings also grown, but so has her other talents in her art have grown, her strength something no one could easily mess with, even if she was by no means the strongest.

But even with all this behind her, the young girl knows she is no match for Kozato-san, the red haired teen with band-aids all over himself.

"So Kozato-kun, you came to Namimori due to the earthquake? You're okay, right?" Mama gasped, her warm brown eyes concerned as she takes in the other. It's just Mint Hair, Shoichi-kun, Tsuna-nii, her, Fuuta, and Mama at the table tonight, the others of the science trio (now quartet?) in the middle of a project at the moment, with Reborn off training everyone else, to most of their displeasure.

(The young girl thinks Marshmallow-san would start plotting with Lambo-san by how his eye kept twitching, a few other of Tsuna-nii's Guardians looking willing as well. Otherwise, she doesn't think they would have gone so easily.)

"Me and my sister made it out alright, as it was really only the area near the school that was damaged. All my friends also made it out healthy and whole as well too due to the same reason." the red haired boy answered politely after chewing his food, looking rather content. (Are those flowers floating around him? Maybe she should ask Tsuna-nii to take her for a check up if she was seeing such things?)

"Oh! We didn't mean to keep you if you've someone who is waiting at home." Nana starts, only to get a shake of head from Enma-san.
"It's no worries, they knew I would be out late, so they know not to wait up for me." the young man consoles, the glint in those eyes passing by quickly, making the young assassin narrow her eyes, recognizing that gleam from anywhere.

That is the gleam of those who plot; she has seen in many times in the men and women who order her master, and she finds she does not like it.

Despite herself (one should never show weakness to the enemy), she finds that she can't help but glance over at Tsuna-nii, who has a completely unconcerned look on his face, which calms her more then any words that could be spoken.

The few times she has seen Tsuna-nii worried or concerned, he gets this narrowed eyed look, his sleepy brown eyes darkening dangerous in response to any threat. That he is so calm, despite the intentions the other teen obviously has, shows it must not be that much of a threat.

Because just like how she can't compete with the bandaged boy, he can't even compare to her older brother figure.

The her brunet brother figure could rip through him as if he were rice paper, easily.

With that, the young girl goes back to her meal.

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Chapter End Notes

hmufwgf *sleep*

Note: I figured that I-Pin would have nicknames for certain people, as she is still a young child. Also, as a child assassin, I can see her being very observant and talented, bad eyesight or not.

So, my updating will probably slow down a bit from here, as RL and being sick have been getting to me. Sorry for that.
Could it be the suspense of it all? Being held over the tip of a knife, with any chance of loss or gain? But then what of those who do not like such feelings, yet still play?

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Forty Ninth Character: Bluebell -Shimon Says

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The holder of the Mare Rain Ring couldn’t be happier; this ‘training trip’ was finally at an end.

Looking over to where their ‘trainer’ was, the blue haired girl couldn’t help but feel rather vindictively pleased to see that the pre-teen hitman’s suit was still a rather fetching shade of yellow, though his hat had been left untouched. (They wanted to cut this ‘trip’ short, not get the guy homicidal and trigger happy. She rather not have to waste Tsuna-chan’s time dealing with him after all, especially since only her, Ghost, and Zakuro-baka of Byakuran’s Elements were present to be reliable back up.)

To put how the ‘training trip’ went simply, after a few days of harsh (for the pipsqueak Sky and his Guardians, for the others annoying.) ‘training’, a mutiny had been held, which had evolved to a glorious prank war. It had been so much fun and she didn’t even get hit at all! Though it seemed that the bastard Reborn had been impressed by something (or even just really had enough with Byakuran-sama’s pranks) as he had decided it was time to return home.

The blue haired Rain couldn’t help but stick her tongue out at the other, getting a twitch from the world’s greatest hitman. Really, he was such a prejudiced jerk, why anyone would even care about him escaping the girl. He had been a big meanie throughout the whole trip, especially to her own Sky and how he taunted him.

Byakuran-sama was in no way a lesser Sky just because he harmonized his secondary with Tsuna-chan! It just made her normally cool flames burn hot when she heard this certain bit of prejudice pop up.

So what if the Sky Element was usually considered the leader? There was a reason they to were called Guardians too, and not just because it sounded nice. Sky’s were the Harmonizing factor, it did not mean they were born leaders, just that they could bring people together and make them actually work together. They could learn of course to be leaders, but so could others.

But most of the world saw a Sky and instantly saw a potential leader, despite how that might not be their natural calling. And unless the two Skies Harmonizing together were a man and a woman, it was thought that one of the Skies must obviously be the more submissive and wrong, because Skies were leaders, they couldn’t be seen as weak or inferior. After all, who would want to Harmonize with a weak Sky?

(Sometimes, Bluebell wondered about the reactions that would surely come up in response to just who Byakuran’s Mist was; it was a matter of time before he accepted the ring after all. She would love to see anyone call him submissive or a doormat, preferably when she has a bowl of popcorn near.)
So, combined with the snide taunts, criticisms, and frankly useless training for them, the trip had been hell and they really just wanted to go back home and rest.

Though to make it all better at least Tsuna-chan was back home now and even made them a big breakfast from what Kikyo-kun said over the phone to Ghost-kun.

Yay! Hopefully the day could only get better from here on in.

“I hope Tsuna-nii made pancakes; I could really use something sweet right now.” the wimpy Sky twin sighed, making the young girl slightly drool at the thought.

“Blueberry pancakes with vanilla flavored syrup, maybe some bacon on the side along with some eggs.” Bluebell couldn’t help but say longingly, eyes twinkling as they did.

“I’m more of a traditionalist myself to be honest; rice, miso soup, and grilled fish is always a great way to start the day.” was laughed by her fellow Rain, her stomach starting to growl even more at that.

Tsuna-chan made an amazing bowl of miso soup.

“I’d like Tamagoyaki my-” was started by the loud Sun, only to be growled at by the wimpy Sky’s grumpy Storm, who cut him off.

“Can we please stop talking about food?” was the threat disguised as a question, eyes glaring murder even as growling stomachs could be heard from all around.

“Yeah, this talk of food isn’t really... hey, do you guys hear that?” was said by the younger Sky Twin, which got Byakuran-sama’s attention and curiosity, breaking him out of his conversation with the lizard brain Storm.

“Hear wha-”

BOOM!

...

No one spoke, no one said anything, no one even argued for once. Everyone just ran, faces pale as they did, dark looks and caution being shared by all.

(For such a loud sound, the silence that followed it was even more jarring then it could ever be.)

Bluebell was one of the few in the lead because even despite her youth, she was one of the fastest in the group. Though the blue haired pre-teen could only try and swallow past the lump in her throat as she ran, possibilities running through her mind. The resident nerds all had their own lab to play around in, which was sound proof, and the bomber was with them. Heck, all the reckless idiots in their big family who could have made such an explosive noise for no reason was with them, which meant either A, someone made the explosion outside for a pretty good reason or...

Or it wasn’t an ally who made it.

The Rain hurried on, trying to put on an extra burst of speed. Hopefully nothing too bad was happening, because if something was, the bluenet was ready to destroy whatever was causing problems.

And judging by the looks on the others around her, she wasn’t the only one to feel the same way.
“You utter bastard! I’ll beat you so hard, you’ll, um you’ll... well, you will certainly feel it and be able to compare it to something when I defeat you!” was yelled out by a young frustrated feminine voice.

“You will never defeat me, my villainy knows no bounds.” was said in such a deadpan tone, that it could be only Tsuna-chan who could say it. (Though why would he say that? Was he reconsidering Byakuran-sama’s proposal for world domination or something?)

One could almost literally see the question marks above everyone’s heads, like in those weird comics everyone seemed to like.

Though when they finally got to the scene of the crime... well, the young Rain user just knew that everyone was thinking the same thing (or at least something along the line of it.)

“What the hell?” pretty much summed it up.

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Chapter End Notes

(I’m baaaaaaaaaack!)

Note: To be honest, I don’t believe Skies are just up and born leaders like that; my opinion is more like they are the glue in groups, able to get everyone together and heal the group (Doctor!Skies for the win). They could be awesome right or left hands to a leader to, which might be a good position for them as well.

Unfortunately, over time people saw the harmonizing aspect, how it gathered the other elements, and thought ‘leader’ all the time. Combine this with how people loved to rule, and you have stereotypes. To me, Flames are like the horoscopes in a way; may have a few things right here and there, but that doesn’t mean they can rule you and your life.

Now that that’s out of the way, hey everyone and anyone! My muse for this story startle to cackle again for me, so I updated! Hopefully I’ll be able to update again next week, let’s see how long the GOaOA Muse will stay around.

Though I do apologize for leaving it at such a cliffhanger, but I couldn’t resist. This was how the chapter wanted to be written, so who am I to deny it.

Though can anyone guess who Tsuna is fighting?
Maybe surprises are the answer? While it seems like most have a nice little easter egg, or even a shock, not every game out there has them, so that would count out the element of surprise.

Fiftieth Character: Zakuro -Shimon Says

.... Was he honestly seeing what he thought he was seeing?

"Damn it, stay still!" was said by what looked like a nearly bald girl in a swim suit and inflatable tubes around her, using them to bounce around as she attempted to land a strike on the unflappable Sky.

"Pure evil stays still for no one, least of all that which stands for good." was the rather profound reply Tsuna-sama gave as he simply did a series of side steps to get out of the way of the attack. He then just, as if an after thought, ducked a mace attack by titling his head just so to get out of the way of it.

"You-you! You really big idiot, tell me what you did with my brother." was yelled by another girl, though she was dressed more normally in her rather formfitting back shorts and tube top, a stylish red jacket with cherries on it to match the one in hair clip in her long red hair. If she wasn’t currently trying to swing her spiked mace at Tsuna-sama’s head, Zakuro would have definitely appreciated her athletic form.

(Well, that and the fact that she was obviously a bit young.)

"What kind of Villain would I be if I told you that?" Tsuna-sama asked in his deadpan voice, titling his head even as the weirdo tried to land a hit on him, even as the other girl was slowly getting more and more red with anger.

... It must really suck to be one of Tsuna's toys; the teasing alone was something the rather wrathful Storm couldn't stand an hour against, much less the hours these girls must have been going through, judging by how tired out they were.

(Of course, Tsuna-sama's idea of teasing was very different to most peoples.)

"We... Shouldn’t we be doing something?" Sawada said, though his tone showed just how unsure he was.

“... He looks like he’s having fun, so maybe not?” The Baseball Rain offered up, though even his uncertainty was heard loud and clear.

“Hmmm, well, it looks like Tsuna-chan has this play-time well managed; we’ll only intervene if his playmates start breaking any rules.” Byakuran-sama said thoughtfully, before breaking out into a foreboding smile at the end.

“Play-time?...” the youngest idjit of the group asked, looking curious now, “Lambo-sama wants to
“Play!” the cow exclaimed, almost running into ‘Play-Time’ and causing a mess if the red haired Storm hadn’t caught him.

“This is a big-kid game ya idjit; read the situation a little before you go running at it.” the mood-swinging redhead growled, making the Brat start to cry.

And this was just one of the many reasons on why he hated kids.

“You STUPID MEANIE! TAAAAAAAAKE THAT!” the afro brat yelled, taking out that annoying Bazooka (Why the fuck has no one taken that thing off the brat yet?!), which luckily wasn’t malfunctioning for once.

“You IDJIT! DROP THAT RIGHT NOW.” just because it wasn’t malfunctioning at the moment didn’t mean it didn’t give Zakuro day-mares just looking at it.

(Tsuna-sama might just be their second Mist, but he was also someone who all of Byakuran’s Guardians not only respected as a Teacher, but as a friend/brother figure. He along with their Sky came into their lives, help them, guided them when no one else would have, making them feel better then any one ever had or wanted to.

For that all of them would be grateful to him, but Zakuro felt it just a bit keener then most; the brunet Sky had been the one to help him through his grief and rage at his Father’s death, showing him that it was okay to rage at the world, it could most certainly handle it.

“Just make sure that when you’re done, you’re able to join it once more and just where you want to go to.” had been the other’s only warning.)

Light a light switch, the behavior and demeanor of their group changed drastically; where once their was hesitation and amusement, their soon came tension, unease, and sometimes even flat out hate. If it wouldn’t have started a small time Mafia war, the red haired Storm Wreath was pretty sure the damn time machine would have been broken, judging by how some of the Guardians, especially Tsuna-sama’s. (Byakuran-sama and that Royal Pain in the ass looked particularly murderous when they noticed the purple problem.)

“Waaaaaaaaaaaaa!” was all that the kid did, once he noticed all the negativity that was directed at his weapon, and thus him as well. (He knew kids were much more resilient, but the brat should have at least known better then to take that damn thing out whenever they damn well pleased.)

The little braty Idjit then did something that would forever make him (and quiet a few others) hold a grudge against for many, many years to come.

They fucking threw it at him. Of course he fucking dodged, reflexes Tsuna-sama had spent time and effort training aiding in that to where it could only be second nature. Unfortunately, this meant the thing went sailing past them, and over to where the fight was.

And while Zakuro wasn’t there the first time the twins had gone into the past, he heard all about it, and even now had some wonderful nightmare fuel for when he next when to sleep. Because that fucking bazooka hit Tsuna-same, engulfing him, making screams of horror and howls of fury come about, the Guardians, friends, and Family all thinking the worst, all terrified, all so damn out of their minds with fear, because what if no one comes back-

Only that someone did.

Zakuro could help but boggle, ignoring how just about everyone else was as well, even the two girls that had been fighting Tsuna-sama were, blushes bright against their faces as they all took in the Sex
God that was now here on earth.

“Ah,” the other said, revealing a deep, sleep rough voice that made nearly everyone shiver as they heard it, though those dark orange eyes really did it, half lidded as they were, an amused look on that familiar, older face. “Now this is rather interesting.”

Before them was a 24 years older Sawada Tsunayoshi, dressed in a rather fine brown bath robe, staring over the entire cast around him, taking him in rather dumbly.

Interesting doesn’t quite cut it.

Chapter End Notes

Hello! This chapter was helped along with some alcohol. This arc just really, really doesn't want to be written, so I drank some alcohol, got drunk, wrote, slept, woke up and went over to edit it. I had to edit this chapter so much for me to be happy with it, but I can honestly say I like it a bit.

(As for Lambo being Lambo; as a little kid, he doesn't exactly understand why everyone hates the weapon his family gave him. After all, it's was that stupid inventor's fault it messed up, so why does everyone always glare when he takes it out?)

Again, I don't know when I'll get out the next update, but I at least want to finish this story before the end of this year.
Could it be a question of questions? A wanting to know? But yet again, we find our selves with games of nonsense and dreams, no answers to be found.

What could it be, that draws us so?

Fifty-First Character: Ten Years Later(?) Tsunayoshi -Shimon Says

The world around him was frozen, no one moving a muscle, not a sound to be heard from what were essentially statues of rainbow colors all around, shifting from one color to the next lazily, an aurora of colors swallowing the world around them whole, no end in sight.

Twenty-four year old Sawada Tsunayoshi was admittedly very amused, the cast before him rather 'colorful' and unique if he said so himself. He felt just the slightest bit nostalgic seeing his twin and first time Guardians, with even the familiar faces from Milliefiore and Shimon as well. And oh, look at that, there are even some Arcobaleno in the mixed, aged up and ready to take on the world it looked like.

'Wonder if this version is from an earlier life; what with how nice they are.' Tsunayoshi considered, looking at a twelve year old Reborn, stuck in a pose of readying his gun, hat hiding his eyes from view, even as the rest of his body was just screaming of stress and concern. Taking his eyes off the hitman, the brunet Sky really did have to sigh, taking in all these familiar faces once more.

After all, last time he saw some of them, they were screaming his name, dying bloody, slow deaths by his own hands after all.

(The Milliefiore white practically drenched in blood, gore adding an interesting texture along with burns so deep, some might as well be ashes to dust their graves instead.)

(The Shimon, back in the earth they belonged to, their screams melodies as they were buried, their cries long heard through the many nights, till they lost the last of their air supply.)

(The Vongola, so betrayed so many times, you wouldn't think another one would hurt so much; and yet, even at the end, so many disbelieving eyes ended up gouged out, burns wiping out so many faces, to a point not even dental records could be used to identify them.)

Ah, memories.
Shaking his head ruefully, a rather pleased smirk slowly etching his way on his face, Tsunayoshi looked to the dark orange words floating in the air, eyeing his options carefully.

**Time Limit Quest: In five minutes, do one of the following:**

- Be Nice *(50% boost to any compassion stats | Requirement: Compassion > 350)*
- Blow Their Minds *(60% buff to any manipulative/deception stats | Requirement: All Mind stats > 500)*
- Slaughter Them *(Max to any killing stats | Requirement: Attack Maxed)*

Raising an eyebrow at that last one, the older version of the brunet took in the cast all around him, wondering as he did. Why would he need his Attack stat maxed out to take them all on? Narrowing his eyes, he couldn't but frown even more as he took everything and everyone around him, not very impressed as he did. Really, the highest here was only a level 499, and Tsuna has long since past such digits; he could easily clear out such a crowd in a flash-

*Hyper Intuition has Activated.*

*Survival Instincts has Activated.*

*Sense Danger has Activated.*

*Foresee Disaster Has Activated.*

*Skill has been Blocked.*

*Skill has been Blocked.*

*Skill has been Blocked.*

*Skill has been Nullified.*

When he finally came to, it was with a gasp and a rather annoying headache.

Well, that certainly answered a question he wondered about; an earlier life wouldn't be able to lay such a nasty trap, one even he would fall for and in this space none the less.

(He can't wait to learn how to do so; it promises to be so much *fun.)*

Using some of his Sun Flames to heal his head, Tsunayoshi goes back to eyeing his choices once more.

Obviously, the third option is out; judging by the trap that managed to get him, the other version wouldn't be stupid to let his group go undefended. Who knows how many things they have unlocked, not to mention the Mist Doubles that are no doubt probably skulking around.

He doesn't want to die after all, not after all the work and time he's put in for his little *pet.*

(Dark eyes so desperate, so wanting, so needy of him, willing to do just about anything; for a word, a glance, a single touch if he ever even so much as hinted about it.)

Yes, he wouldn't want to miss *that* after all, not after Tsunayoshi finally got them where he wanted them...)

Rolling his eyes, he finally decided the second option, just as the sun flames went through his
system, making him bite back a yawn even as he absentmindedly straighten his robe.

It shouldn't be to hard, seeing how every single one in his audience gasped and/or blushed once they saw him come from the pink smoke.

"Ah" he started, amused as he noticed a few starting to sputter, his voice ensuring everyone was blushing, "Now this is rather interesting."

And it was; judging by the feel of everyone around him, an even spread of all flames is marked everywhere, just waiting for even the slightest bit of killing intent directed from him to attack, burying him to smother his flames and body.

How clever; he'll have to remember this.

Objective: Mind Blown has been cleared! **Pick another Objective?**

Really? He's only just standing here, and already he's blown their minds?

taking in the group around him, he shrugs; well, not like being nice has ever killed him before.

Yet at least.

("You want answers about Vongola and Shimon Families? Why not ask the the Firsts yourselves; they're a lot closer then you think.")

Chapter End Notes

.... I honestly have no idea where this come from, but here it is. I have no idea if the muse is going to stay, but I am going to appreciate it while it is here to do so.
I do NOT know when I will next update this story, so please be patient with me.

Now that that is out of the way, how does everyone like "Future" Dark!Tsuna and a look from his pov? :D I've told people that he has been pretty fucked up before, so here is an example of that!
(As for who the 'pet' is... use your imagination~ I made it like that for that reason after all.)

(And to clarify, this is Tsuna from a previous run through, and not the current Tsuna or his actual future self.)

I hope this chapter has been worth the wait, and that everyone has enjoyed it.

End Notes

I was inspired by Gamer!Fics.

Note: Yoshimune is the name for the 8th Tokugawa Shogun.
Hopefully you all like it, this idea has been bothering me a while

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