Louder than Actions (Rewrite)

by 99BlancSpace99

Summary

In this world, words were louder than actions. The first words your soul mate would ever say to you are etched into your skin from the moment you are born. It's not uncommon to have more than one but... Tsuna has one too many. (From FF.net)

Or rather, Tsuna is unlucky (Or lucky depending on your point of view) enough to be born with way too many soul marks on his body. The more soulmates he finds the crazier they seem to get.

Notes

I have decided to move some of my stories from Fanfiction.net to here so this has been here for a while.

This is one of my first fanfics so be gentle. I'm in college so I don't know when I can get back to this.

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In which the tuna must hide

For as long as we have known, soul marks have been a very important part of society all over the world. What are soul marks you ask? First we should start with what soul mates are. Your soul mate is someone you are destined to be with and you can have more than one with the average highest being six or seven. The way you know this is by your soul marks which are basically the first words your soul mate will say to you. They come in all colours and styles depending on who your soul mate is and are permanently etched into your skin from the moment you are born. You can't erase them, even when the other dies. If a soul mate dies then their words on your skin will turn black and if they are in a coma they will turn white.

Many questions have been asked about soul marks such as what if someone was mute? Well, research has shown that the power that dictates soul mates and soul marks will often use the next best thing such as sign language or your thoughts towards them. Let's just hope you aren't thinking anything bad about them when you meet.

There have been cases where people feel warm energy from their soul marks and sometimes see them glow. But that's probably just some rumours and myths. Right?

Nana Shirai was born into a hard working family and thus she knew the values of patience and effort. They ran a little business that was warm and welcoming to any customer who came. To anyone else, the Shirai's were a very friendly family who were a little clueless and naive. But little did anyone else who came upon this model family know, the Shirai's were anything but clueless. In fact they where probably even more perceptive than high ranking assassins.

Their acting skills where flawless, so that was why nobody knew of the hidden weapons concealed behind walls and cupboards and slotted carefully in the kitchen drawers. That was why nobody knew of the dripping cyanide behind those lovely and oh so sunny smiles or the grace and fluidity ingrained into their bones. That was why nobody knew they had any relation to the famous actor Chou, whose real name was Chiyoko Shirai or the fan wielding assassin who went by one name only; Jurou. That was why nobody knew of their not so innocent history that was passed down to generation to generation.

That was why Nana had easily picked up on her parents act and used it for herself. Etsuko and Kazue Shirai had never been more proud of their daughter.

Nana lived for the words trailing down her back in a golden yellow with a burning orange surrounding it like a protective ring. Nana could sometimes swear she saw it glow and pulse with a strong energy that made her feel warm and safe. 'No, I should apologise. Here, let me help you' she would mouth out everyday in the mirror and giggle at how chivalrous he or she seemed.

When Nana had bumped into Iemitsu Sawada one day she had expected to get yelled at by the gruff and muscled man. He had surprised her (Not that she let it show) when he instead smiled sheepishly and said those precious words dancing on her back like fire. After that the two went out together, seeing the sights, sitting in coffee shops and going to parks where they would talk on end. Iemitsu was a goofy, friendly and romantic man who Nana couldn't help but fall in love with even if he was a little dense.

Nana was aware he hid things from her (not very well though) and that he wasn't a construction worker but this did not deter her as she had many secrets too. Iemitsu had never caught onto her though (which isn't surprising as not even some of the most professional of Hitmen and assassins had caught onto her and lets face it Iemitsu is pretty clueless when it comes to things like these, especially
his own wife) and that was probably for the best.

When Tsunayoshi Sawada had been born, Nana was ecstatic. It didn't matter to either parent that their little Tsuna had way too many soul marks to be considered normal as they loved their little boy as he was, no matter what the doctor or some neighbours said.

On the other hand though, Iemitsu was a little horrified by some of them. He could cope with the insults that where here and there but he couldn't when a few of them said Vongola. Iemitsu's dread seemed to worsen even more as he recognised some of the speech patterns. Some of these people he knew quite well and that wasn't a good thing.

Tsuna was a smart little boy that was mature for his age. Tsuna wasn't a genius or anything but understood things that most children his age didn't. He understood that having 23 marks wasn't normal and that not everyone could appreciate how special that was (To his mother anyway). He understood that if he wanted to survive in this world he had to be selective in what he showed to people and the actions he made. He knows his mother is a great at doing this and often takes a leaf out of her book.

Tsuna is glad none of his marks are on his neck, face or hands as they would be hard to cover up. He covers them up with long sleeved tops, hoodies, zip up jackets, shirts and jeans that aren't baggy nor constricting and shoes that cover up his ankles and tight socks that go up far enough so nobody could peek under his trousers and see anything. His wrists were concerning as they both had words coiled around them like shiny bracelets on display, but wrist bands and wrist covers quickly solved that. The one behind his ear is mostly covered by his fluffy, gravity defying brown hair but otherwise isn't a problem because it's just one mark and everyone has at least one and it's not a weird one either like the rest.

Tsuna was quiet and didn't bother anyone, preferring to stay as a wall flower that nobody paid too much attention. He was teased a bit for his petite frame as he took more of his mothers looks than his fathers and was also teased for being slightly smarter and more polite towards people than other kids, but that was fine for Tsuna because it hid the fact that he was vastly different from them and that he was a freak of nature (at least he would be from their point of view).

When it came to his subjects he was better in things like Language and literature and art and history. He was decent in science and maths, enough to pass at least and this was fine for Tsuna. When he was at home though he liked to indulge in many other things and hobbies.

Tsuna like to draw, it passed the time and was a great way to focus and steady himself and thus Tsuna came quite good at drawing (And he was quite good for his age as well). He also liked to listen to Italian. The language was beautiful and it drew him in like a moth to fire and so he dedicated his time to learning it and his mother even bought him books and a music player with Italian songs to play on it. He also liked to read quite a bit and it wouldn't be too odd to find him reading something in a corner, on a shelf and even on a tree. Tsuna liked to climb things and find his way into very odd places that would make any normal parent faint.

Tsuna would pick up odd hobbies here and there like origami, puzzles, cooking, gardening etc. and knew how to do many domestic things like his mother and if anybody knew, they would most likely call him a housewife. Like any normal child though he liked to play on video games, play with his toys and play on the swings and even climb the trees. It would be important to note that Tsuna was like a monkey squirrel when it came to his speed and agility and could probably jump from one building to another if he wanted to (Not that he would, he wasn't that insane).

Tsuna also had another big secret. Tsuna had a little feeling in his head that warned him about stuff. This little feeling told him when someone lied or told the truth or even told a half truth, when
someone was hiding something, had bad intentions, you name it. It even told him when something bad was going to happen, which direction was the least dangerous route and even which choice he was given was the best to choose. It saved him a lot and hadn't failed him before and his mama had soon picked up on this.

It was safe to say that Iemitsu lied a lot. Tsuna didn't know why his mother put up with that man, he lied about where he went and when he'd be home and he was away most of the time. He didn't trust that man's goofy smiles and obnoxious laughter. Construction workers didn't take pictures with penguins that's for sure.
In which we find out the power of the sun smiles

Chapter Summary

Tsuna starts elementary school and finds two of his soulmates!

Chapter Notes

(From FF.net)
We are back! Tell me if there is anything wrong with this and I'll do my best to correct it.

Onto the disclaimer, which I say because I can't afford a disclaimer man T-T

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tsuna was neither popular or unpopular amongst his peers and was mostly left alone. Tsuna preferred this because he doesn't like attention, but it gets awfully lonely sometimes. Tsuna had been bullied before, though not to any serious extent (Tsuna had a feeling the reason it stopped was because of his mother, there was no way she didn't know and there had to be a reason it stopped so suddenly, not that he was complaining) and this combined with his reclusive nature and paranoia of his soul marks meant that he was uncomfortable with anyone but his mother touching him.

Eventually though, there were situations where Tsuna was going to be touched and he would have to put up with it. On this particular day, Tsuna was starting elementary school and the teacher decided that they should get to know each other. The way she went about this was randomly putting several kids together and telling them to talk. Tsuna hadn't appreciated the sudden arm grab from the teacher, nor did he enjoy being dragged over to four other children and ceremoniously dumped there. He could have walked there just fine thank you. Tsuna held back any mean comments though as his mother had taught him to respect his teachers and to be polite to his peers. Nana Sawada's word was law in the house and not even a police man could over rule her as they would find themselves bending to her will without even realising it.

The group he was in consisted of two rather ordinary looking kids, one boy and one girl who had already started talking to each other about rather average things that consisted of toys, movies, family and other subjects that kids would normally talk about. The girl near him however seemed a little bit more than just a face in the crowd. She was an amber haired girl who had golden eyes and a strikingly similar smile to his mother which was saying something because his mother had most warmest smiles of them all (Tsuna also had these smiles and they where even more blindingly harmonious than his mother and the little girl but Tsuna was rather oblivious to these kind of things you see).

Nearby he could see a dark haired girl with a scowl on her face and a young red headed boy who was quivering under her gaze and fumbling to straighten his glasses. Somewhere else in the gaggle of children he could also see a cheerful black haired boy laughing care freely while the others
seemed to swarm him despite being told to stay in their groups. His focus however was quickly brought back to the smiling girl. He felt himself flushing slightly because of how pretty she was.

"Hi, I'm Kyoko, what's your name?" she asked sweetly tilting her head at him in an endearing way and Tsuna gulped. There was no mistaking it, he read those exact words over and over again in the little notebook his mother got him to memorise his soul marks. He managed to somehow utter out a greeting "I'm Tsuna!" and smiled slightly hoping it didn't weird her out. Kyoko could feel her heart race for two reasons and rubbed her arm while staring admiringly at the golden smile presented at her (These sunny smiles where becoming a real problem in Namimori, just the other day Nana and Tsuna had smiled at each other so much that one could feel the sun melting under the pressure and a nearby crow fainted while a passer-by was momentarily hit with a harmonious feeling that was coming off of the closest house to him like a tidal wave)

Tsuna had never expected anything so good to happen to him on his first day, let alone finding his first soul mate, which most children didn't even find at this age. Sasagawa Kyoko was a rather popular young girl that made boys swoon even at the tender age of six, though Kyoko seemed rather oblivious to this. Whether or not their classmates accepted this revelation that him and Kyoko where soul mates was a bridge to burn at a later date. Right now, what was more important was the fact that Tsuna was meeting Kyoko's first soulmate. The idea that he wasn't kyoko's first soul mate was a little bit dampening but Tsuna pushed this aside, now was not the time for jealousy. Jealously was such an ugly emotion that Tsuna hated more than lies.

Tsuna hadn't expected that someone so innocent and kind could have such a soul mate like this one and upon further inspection, realised that it was the girl from earlier who was sending that other boy into a seizure just by her look. Then again, it could be that the boy was just really socially awkward as his reaction to the other students consisted of a lot of fumbling and stuttering. Nonetheless Tsuna was a little scared.

Kurokawa Hana was a mature girl with an icy gaze and a silver tongue that could destroy a man after a few minutes of verbal bashing at the mere age of six. Kyoko may have been something different to the nameless faces in this classroom but Hana was something else entirely. Hana had studied and examined Tsuna very carefully as if judging him of his worth. She eventually pressed her lips into a thin line and her eyes had become a little less harsher and that seemed to be a signal of sorts that she was satisfied slightly with what she saw. "You better not be like those other monkey's" Hana's words pierced through him and he jolted. He followed her gaze to a bunch of scruffy looking boys who appeared to be poking a bit of fun out of another boy who was thinner and looked more neatly dressed. If she was asking if he was anything like those boys then Tsuna would have to disagree because despite being humble and modest, he would never stoop to their level.

Still Tsuna gave a rather humble and modest reply anyway, which consisted of a rapid shaking of the head and the slightly awkward "em-no, at least I hope not" and shuffled nervously and Hana appeared to jolt slightly at the words coming out of his mouth before gaining back composure and nodding. Tsuna let out a breath he didn't know he was holding and Kyoko seemed to be even more cheerful than before, if that was even possible.

The reason for kyoko's wider smile was because she knew of Hana's other soul mark that belonged to Tsuna. The idea that they where all soul mates was very exciting to kyoko who had dragged them off, with surprising strength, to the corner of the playground where nobody seemed to be looking. Kyoko had turned on them and excitedly chipped up in a quiet voice as if she was about to say something taboo "Can I see them?" It wasn't difficult to figure out what she meant. It was important to know that looking at someone's soul mark without permission was very rude and even the worst kind of people followed this unofficial rule. However Kyoko was his soul mate and she had asked his permission, plus it was her soul mark too so she had every right to see it.
Tsuna was glad that Kyoko and Hana's soul marks were on the same arm so he didn't have to reveal any of his other soul marks. That was another bridge to burn at a later date, perhaps when Tsuna feels comfortable enough to trust them with something so precious. Tsuna carefully unclasps the black wrist band that covers his entire left wrist and shuffles the fabric of his white hoodie that has a tuna on it upwards to reveal his soul mark. Kyoko looks in wonder at the words wrapping around his wrist like a bracelet and tentatively reaches forward "Can I?" she asks hesitantly and Tsuna nods. Kyoko then gently traces her fingers across the sunshine yellow words surrounded by a light pink and even goes over the little curls in each letter which adds a sort of girly touch to it. Tsuna blushes ever so slightly as the only other person who touches him is his mother and to have his wrist caressed so gently by someone is an odd feeling.

Even Hana looks in awe of them and it's then that Kyoko perks up again "Can we see Hana's?" and she looks between him and the mature girl excitedly. "Erm...if Hana doesn't mind?" and Tsuna looks over at Hana enquiringly who shrugs but can't hide the slight interest in her eyes at the thought of seeing her soul mark on him. Tsuna shifts up his hoodie sleeve again to reveal Hana's words curling around his forearm in elegant script, which suited Hana quite well. The words where in a rouge colour that faded into blue which might have looked garish anywhere else but seemed to go well here.

Hana didn't bother going up and feeling them and Tsuna didn't expect her to either so Kyoko piped up again when the moment was over. "We should show him ours now!" Kyoko says looking at Hana imploringly who just rolls her eyes and nods. Kyoko quickly shuffles up her sleeve to reveal his marks on her upper arm in a blazing orange that seemed to swirl around almost elegantly in a form that was neither chicken scratch nor in a fancy and professional style. Tsuna stared in awe of them, hardly imagining that his marks could look so breathtaking. "Want to touch them?" she asked and Tsuna nodded automatically and reached out hesitantly. He blushed again but tried to put the fact that he was touching someone else to the side and focus on what was in front of him. When his fingers moved across the surface, the mark seemed to react to his touch and pulse with a warm energy that made Tsuna feel at home.

Chapter End Notes

(From FF.net)
I think I'm just going to leave it there as I don't imagine him seeing the other marks is particularly important as they are basically the same.

Anyway, I think I am going to skip the scene where the Ninth seals Tsuna's flames as I want Tsuna to trigger his flames at a later date in a particular scene you will get to in later chapters.

I hope you enjoyed!
In which the tuna causes a chain reaction

Chapter Summary

I'll get all of the chapters here eventually don't worry.

In this we see some not so subtle future building. And by not so subtle I mean not subtle at all.

Chapter Notes

(From FF.net)
It's the Easter holidays! That means I have two weeks off of college! That means more writing and more sleeping.

It's a rather sunny day too were I am, which is something we English people treasure in this cold cold country (Sobs)

Anyway let's get on with this

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

As the days and weeks past, the three soul mates got to know each other. Hana and Kyoko learned that Tsuna didn't really like sports, particularly team sports, because that required to be near lots of people and to work with them even when they didn't want to work with you and were picky about teams. Tsuna however liked to run. Tsuna was really good at running, and you didn't need any equipment or a field or a gym to do that nor was it some team sport. Some boys were a little jealous of how fast Tsuna could be and his teacher wondered why he didn't put that same effort into other activities.

There were other things like his favourite flavour being orange and strawberry. Tsuna and kyoko both liked the strawberry tarts from the cake store nearby and would sometimes gush over cake. Tsuna had also taken up to having orange and strawberry flavoured lollipops ever since Hana had bought him some because they were simply mouth watering and he doesn't care if that's unhealthy or if they make him a little hyper sometimes. Hana doesn't really like cake or sweet things and prefers stuff like rock candy and mints but she occasionally has a bit of chocolate. Kyoko doesn't like to over indulge herself in sweet stuff but really likes cake and cookies and she is even learning to bake herself from her mother.

Tsuna also likes the sky a lot. He likes to look at the sky when it's a clear blue with only the sun shining down on them but also when there a fluffy clouds floating about here and there like independent vessels and even when they nearly cover the whole sky and there is only little peaks of sun shining through the cracks. Tsuna doesn't quite like it when the sky is grey and gloomy but likes the rain when it falls and coats everything in little see through pearls and washes away the dirt and grime. He also likes it when snow falls and coats the world in a white blanket and he even likes it
when storms rage. There is something fascinating about how loud and abrupt they are and the way they make the trees shake and the land tremor with excitement and the sudden flashes of light followed by a loud booming like someone was playing the drums. Tsuna likes the sky the most though when the sun sets and turns the sky into a warm orange hue that starts fading into pink and purple and eventually a dark blue with little white dots littering the world like little night lights.

They also know that Tsuna's father isn't present. They don't ask about him but they can observe and assume. The house is lived in but it seems to be for only two people, there is a lack of a fathers presence lingering here and there like they do for Kyoko and Hana even when their fathers aren't in the house. Only two chairs are used and there are bits a bobs around the house that seem to mostly belong to Tsuna's mother and sometimes Tsuna himself and even the pictures mostly feature Nana or Tsuna with only one that has a goofy looking blonde man within them holding a baby Tsuna. Tsuna's mother on the other hand is very much present. Nana Sawada seemed to be a very cheerful and loving person and was the god of cooking. Tsuna seemed to mostly take after his mother with his fluffy brown hair and his does brown eyes as well as his more petite stature that definitely didn't come from the muscled blonde man in the picture.

Kyoko and Hana were lucky to have both parents with them. Hana had a stern but loving mother who was confident and hard working and was thus someone Hana looked up to a lot. Hana believed that women should be strong and not feel like they always have to rely on a man like some girls did. Her father on the other hand was quite doting and a little over dramatic which would often embarrass Hana quite a bit but he had his moments of seriousness too. Iemitsu might have been like that too had he stuck around or had at least half a brain because for all of his goofiness, Hana's father was quite intelligent.

Kyoko's parents were quite ordinary and Kyoko's mother was like a more mellow version of Tsuna's mother. They were quite the contrast against their children and in particular their son. Kyoko had an older brother named Ryohei who was very energetic. That might be under exaggerating it a bit though. Ryohei was all about doing everything to the 'extreme' and it was even his catchphrase. Ryohei himself was a little dense but he had a lot of heart and honour according to Kyoko.

It had happened rather abruptly and unexpectedly. It was on a decidedly normal and almost boring day that seemed to drag on as the clouds went past very slowly and cats napped in the sun all day and children lazed away their free time. During this time, Tsuna had forgone covering himself up so much as he was alone with just him and his mother occupying the house and thus was displaying the marks on his arms and legs quite freely. In fact Tsuna was laying on his bed and reading his book while the air was filled with a comfortable and relaxing silence.

The moment of peace and tranquillity broke however in the room that was Tsunayoshi Sawada's. All of a sudden Tsuna felt himself choking and a cold numbness spread throughout his body like a disease. He thrashed on his bed, book tossed aside in the confusion as cold gripped his body like tightening vines. Tsuna felt something inside him trying to claw it's way out and screaming 'let me out!' and in this moment of desperation, grabbed onto this feeling. Suddenly, Tsuna could breathe again. An odd warmth spread throughout his body like an inferno, much like the cold numbness from before and Tsuna laid still. He still couldn't quite feel his limbs and he felt as though he just walked into a very stuffy room after being outside in a blizzard.

After a while of laying on top of his bed, Tsuna found the strength to get up again. He realised that something in his hand was glowing and promptly choked on his own spit when he saw the bright flickering flames on the palm of his hand. He then realised that there was a bright light coming from above him and that his forehead felt particularly warm. Slowly Tsuna turned to look into the mirror
in the corner of his room and nearly choked on his spit again.

There was an orange flame flickering madly on his head and his eyes looked more narrowed and practically glowed orange. Tsuna stared at his reflection for a long time before the fire finally seemed to die out and Tsuna's body felt like somebody dropped a ton of lead on it. His knees grew weak and he collapsed onto them while his vision blurred and he felt forward onto his face.

Peace and tranquillity entered the room once again but not without the lingering smell of something burning

Unbeknownst to anyone but one man alone, this had caused a chain reaction.

Xanxus had been rather pissed that his 'father' had lied to him about something like this, something so important to him. He couldn't become Vongola Decimo because he wasn't his blood son. It might have been fine, had the Ninth decided to tell him the truth early on but instead, he let the information stay unknown, even when Xanxus got older and aspired to become the next leader of Vongola and had left it until someone accidentally came upon it hidden away amongst the files.

Xanxus had reacted as violently as one would expect someone like him would do and was admittedly, rather reckless. When his so called father finally sealed him away in ice, the last thing he saw was the look of guilt on his face and it infuriated Xanxus more than it did when he found out the horrid news. Xanxus's rage didn't melt the ice however, if you were thinking that.

Instead, whilst he was being frozen, Xanxus felt the glowing marks on his arm pulse wildly and they seemed to almost be trying to escape from their place on his arm before it seemed to explode with warmth. Later once Xanxus regained consciousness, he would realise that the ice had melted. His soul mate appeared to have sky flames if the brightly glowing orange was any indication and they appeared to have slowly melted away the ice over the years. He would have to thank his soul mate later, but now there was more pressing matter to attend to.

During the little episode that Tsuna had, 22 other people would find themselves reacting in some way to the rapid pulsing from one of their soul marks. Kyoko would start coughing on her food and Hana would drop her ice cream and stumble into the concerned arms of her father. Some would pause in what they were doing and look at their marks while others would stumble and fall and some others would find themselves choking on something.

When Tsuna regained consciousness, the crimson and orange soul mark on his mark was grey. He didn't know what grey meant but he found himself crying anyway.

Chapter End Notes

That was dramatic wasn't it.

This was what I meant about the hole awakening his flames at a certain moment.

I want to incorporate how Xanxus will feel when he realises his soul mate, the one who technically saved him, is supposed to be his rival.
In which the tuna experiences ear ache

Chapter Summary

I was actually giggling a bit here.
I like to think my writing is better than this now so sorry if it seems a bit weird.

Chapter Notes

(From FF.net)
Someone was a little confused about that scene with Xanxus so I have decided to clear up a few things.

When Xanxus got sealed away in Ice, Tsuna ended up feeling the effects because he is Xanxus's soul mate. It was made even worse when Xanxus was raging. Don't worry, Tsuna wouldn't of died, he would just be cold for a while. However, this had caused Tsuna's flames to be released, and dispel the effects and consequently started to slowly melt the ice that Xanxus was encased in. Being nearly frozen and having just awakened his flames had taken a toll on Tsuna and thus he fell unconscious for a bit. If you also remember from the first chapter, when I said that Black meant the soul mate was dead and white meant coma (Which I have found in other Soul Mark AU's) you would know how odd it was when the soul mark (that belongs to Xanxus) turned grey.

Well anyway, onto the disclaimer.

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It seemed that the rest of their classmates had caught onto the fact that Tsuna was Soul mates with Kyoko. Nobody would ever try to do anything about the fact that Hana was also her soul mate because seriously she was a scary as the devil and nobody wanted to mess with that. However they had also not noticed that Tsuna was also soul mates with Hana and Hana, despite her initial coldness, didn't like it when people messed with those she cared for.

When the other kids attempted to corner him or bully him (which was a problem all on it's own because Tsuna had a habit of randomly disappearing from their sight and because he preferred to fade into the background, finding him was like trying to find your dog amongst other dogs of the same breed) Hana would appear like some avenging angel (an angel with black wings and a thorn halo) and chew them out completely. There had been a rather large amount of crying boys today, according to a teacher.

Not many people tried after that but there where still some who had taken to calling him 'wallflower' as an attempt to try and insult him. It didn't really work that well and quite a few didn't even know what that meant which served as some amusement for the three soul mates. The day's went on as normal though except for the added annoyance of bullies attempting to get Tsuna alone despite the threat of Hana.
Speaking of inevitable things, it was on a particularly sunny day that Tsuna had met him. Tsuna had a soul mark on his shoulder that seemed to always be glowing and pulsing and as such, he had gotten used to it to the point where he often forgot about it. It's because of this that Tsuna hadn't noticed how his shoulder mark was pulsing more than usual when he was walking down the street. Not even his intuition had deemed it necessary to warn him of what was about to happen.

"EXTREME!" echoed throughout the empty neighbourhood and made Tsuna shriek in a way that suspiciously sounded like a 'hie'. Tsuna span around like someone had just fired a gun and demanded he turn around and face him and gulped at the sight of a tall grinning boy with white hair and a plaster across his nose. At first Tsuna thought that this might be some kind of new bully that wanted to hurt him and internally freaked out because he was alone and this boy had muscles, MUSCLES!

Tsuna however found himself freaking out for an entirely different reason when the boy practically jumped in front of him and clamped his hands on Tsuna's admittedly small shoulders. The boy opened his mouth in a way that made it seem like he was about to make a huge deceleration and said "So your my little sisters EXTREME soul mate!". The sound reverberated throughout his ears loudly and made him wince.

The boy turned out to Kyoko's older brother who thankfully seemed to be very glad that Tsuna was Kyoko's soul mate. Tsuna wasn't really sure what to feel like when he found out Ryohei was his soul mate though. Ryohei seemed even more ecstatic than normal, if that was even possible, at the idea that Tsuna was his soul mate. Tsuna however, felt as though his poor heart couldn't take it. Ryohei was loud and 'extreme' for lack of a better word and also quite touchy feely which made Tsuna feel all kinds of uncomfortable. He had a big heart though it seemed and was quite nice despite his loud nature. He was a little dense but he always tried his best and was never down it seemed.

Ryohei seemed to like fighting more than what was comfortable with his family and Kyoko especially and thus Kyoko had started to learn how to heal injuries and other such medical knowledge. Kyoko it seemed wanted to become a nurse which was something Tsuna admired because he too wanted to help people, he just wasn't sure how. Hana could probably make for a good detective, he thinks, and maybe even a cop. She was perceptive and she had a need for justice buried within her.

Moving on. With the addition of Ryohei to the group, anyone else who was stupid enough to keep on tormenting him after Hana was backing away now. Ryohei was known to be extremely protective of his sister and if Tsuna was his soul mate then they dreaded to know how protective he was of him. Soul mates were more often then not protective of each other and sometimes even the sweetest of people could turn into monsters should their soul mates be threatened. This happened more often though as they got older.

It should be noted that any plans that he had today where thrown out the window with the sudden and abrupt intrusion of Sasagawa Ryohei.

Speaking of plans thrown out of the window, lets look forward in time for a moment. The usual trio of friends/soul mates had decided that it was high time to go over to the Sasagawa household and meet the family. They had already met the lovely yet oddly mysterious mother of Tsuna as well as the clear absence of his father and they had already met Hana's eccentric family.

Kurokawa Kohana was a formidable woman indeed. Her name actually meant little flower as her parents thought she would be a delicate and fragile girl. Boy were they wrong. Kohana had rebelled
against her parents and had become a sort of tomboy, going onto learning how to fight and becoming the disciplinary committee leader. She eventually became a fighting tutor and settled down with her husband, someone who was rather stubborn in his pursuit of her affections. His determination gained a little respect from her and not being a lecherous pervert like the other hormonal boys was a bonus.

Obviously Hana looked up to her and tried to follow in her footsteps.

Back to the Sasagawa's. They all actually laid out a plan on what they were going to do at Kyoko's house, they might even meet Ryohei. Kyoko seemed just as excited as Ryohei that Tsuna was his soul mate. Tsuna and Hana had walked to Kyoko's house together (Albeit they ended up taking an odd route because Tsuna's intuition had picked up something bad coming their way and he quickly dragged a confused Hana away and took them down a different path. Hana seemed to be picking up on his intuition and listened to him more when this happened).

Coming into the household, they met both of the parents, who were friendly and loving. Kyoko's mother was a rosy cheeked woman who spent most of her time in the kitchen if the flour and the apron were any indicators and had a similar attitude to his mother (Without the nasty secrets and the cyanide smile of course). Kyoko's father was quite casual and mild natured and seemed like the stereotypical office worker with his glasses and neat moustache. They seemed like a very stereotypical pair but there was nothing fake about it like some 'model' families.

Later when they were upstairs, Hana would have a surprise in store for her. The three were sat on the floor in front of a small TV in Kyoko's room. The room had peach walls with beige carpets and white and pink furniture. It was easy on the eyes and wasn't so girly that it made them cringe. Overall, Kyoko really wasn't like all those other girls in class who seemed obsessed with the colour pink. The movie they were watching included personified animals on some kind of adventure that Hana found childish but was watching anyway.

The comfortable atmosphere was quite abruptly broken though when the door was slammed open followed by an "EXTREME" that made their ears bleed. Tsuna and Kyoko could recognise the voice easily and were thus, not as alarmed. Hana though had not yet met the very 'extreme' boy. She twitched and scowled but held her tongue because it was rude for her to do so in someone else's house.

"Nii-san don't shout in the house" Kyoko reprimanded her brother with a smile on her face still while her brother smiled sheepishly and in a more quiet voice said "Sorry Kyoko-chan, I wanted to see Tsuna" Ryohei had at first called him Sawada but Tsuna insisted he called him by his first name as they were soul mates. Ryohei didn't need much convincing either for that matter. Ryohei seemed to notice Hana who was glowering slightly behind Kyoko (Ryohei didn't seem to notice the cloud of darkness around her however) and almost yelled "Is this your other EXTREME soul mate?".

Hana just groaned and said "Why me?" and after moment Ryohei once again yelled "EXTREME!"

Chapter End Notes

I had actually wrote this one over a couple of days because I hit a bit of writers block. I didn't want to include any over important plot points in here because I feel it would rush the story and I want to dedicate them to different chapters.

Btw, That whole, Soul mates being naturally protective of each other is something I wanted to implement into the story. I figure, that people with flames would be naturally
more possessive and I want to incorporate people like Takeshi and Kyoko going a little
dark for a moment when something happens to Tsuna or any other soul mates of theirs. I
also imagine that Tsuna would get quite protective of his soul mates too and want to add
that into the story when Mochida challenges Tsuna to a kendo match with Kyoko as the
prize. You can imagine that he wouldn't be happy with that. I am only going really use
this when they are older though as it kind of goes with puberty and It's also when they
start getting more affectionate and going in the intimate zone rather than just friendship.

Imagine how Hibari would be though XD
In which the tuna gets attacked

Chapter Notes

It is with my belief that it may end up with Tsuna meeting up with a new soul mate almost every chapter because trying to stretch it out too much will make it long and boring and I simply can't think of anything else to do in each chapter as Tsuna's childhood isn't exactly thrilling or exciting enough to have anything more interesting than meeting his soul mates.

With that over I will now move onto the disclaimer. (Copied over from FF.net)
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I haven't updated this in so long. Damn you college.

Katekyo Hitman Reborn does not belong to me but to Akira Amano.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Despite Namimori being a seemingly uninteresting and quaint place to live, it was not exactly the peaceful and cheerful town Iemitsu thought would be perfect for his wife and child. The inhabitants themselves were quite odd and not all of them were friendly. I could tell you about that one kid who yelled 'EXTREME' a lot or that one terrifying boy who had the entire police force under his thumb or maybe even the retired assassins that were here and there.

Namimori wasn't exactly bad it's just that it wasn't quite what you would expect either. Darkness lingered in alleyways and you even had some scum who dared to stain the beautiful Namimori with their mere existence. Most of them didn't dare do too much or they would risk facing the wrath of the Hibari's. I could tell you about the Hibari's but they are not exactly important right now.

What was important was that the feeling in Tsuna's head was making itself quite known.

It had been quite a normal morning to be honest, sun shining, birds singing and there was even the faint sound of chatter outside when someone walked past. The sun rays shined through the curtains piercing the darkness that swallowed the room and making the bed's occupant groan. The fluffy haired boy with the one too many soul marks gradually made his way out of the now rumpled bed with an equally rumpled appearance. There was a faint buzz at the back of his head that he had come to know as the tell tale sign that something was going to happen. Another undignified groan escaped the lips of one Sawada Tsunayoshi who was now eight years old. His intuition had only gotten stronger after that incident with the ice and the flames, which Tsuna still wasn't sure as to whether or not actually happened. He briefly glanced at the cold grey marks on his back in the mirror behind him which was an impressive feat considering how hard it is to turn your head that way.

He takes a moment bask in the sun a little, or at least what little sun there is shining through the cracks in his curtains right now and absent mindedly rubs some of the marks on his arms like some morning ritual. It's a holiday week so Tsuna is feeling particularly Lazy today. He briefly notes that there is a dark blue notebook open on his side table, the one that has all of his soul marks written in it. Strange, he is usually more careful with this. He just sighs and goes over to close the book and slip it into his drawer and discreetly locks it. Some call him paranoid. He doesn't bother trying to discredit that.
After that he automatically starts to dress himself in something that isn't warm but at the same time covers him up enough to hide all of the words littering his body like a minefield. His mind is filled with 'what ifs' and different scenarios as to what is going to happen today while he methodically snaps on his plastic orange wrist covers and brushes his fluffy untameable hair, not in attempt to tame it but to keep it soft and fluffy at the very least. As much as he doesn't appreciate it when people ruffle his hair because of how fluffy and irresistibly soft it is, he wants to look presentable at least. He could have just dressed after having breakfast and cleaning his teeth but if he went downstairs and someone else was down there or someone came to the door, then they would see almost all of his marks and Tsuna was not ready for that sort of thing, not ready at all. It didn't help that his mother sometimes didn't inform him when someone was over and Tsuna had a sneaking suspicion that she was trying to keep him on his toes (She hadn't caught him out yet and Tsuna was glad for his need to be prepared but mostly his intuition saved him from that).

He takes another moment to gaze around the room to make sure nothing is out of place. He walks over to his bed and sets the covers and the pillows right then brushes of a little bit of dust on the photo frame on the set of drawers. The picture contains him and his soul mates eating his ice cream with his mother in the background smiling. He lets out a faint smile before exiting.

Yes. Life is good.

Tsuna frowns. He doesn't normally frown, which is why it is so concerning to his friends, even Ryohei had picked up on it. Right now, they are outside enjoying the sun along with the other inhabitants of Namimori. Hana was the first to notice it which piqued the attention of Kyoko and eventually Ryohei. They asked him what was wrong and he answered with "It's acting up again" he says and they immediately understand what he means.

Tsuna has entrusted a lot with his friends over this past year. They know about his intuition and the flames as well as his not so natural agility, speed, stamina and flexibility and much to his chagrin have started to call him 'monkey squirrel' which was affectionately given to him by Hana. She couldn't stop laughing at his disgruntled expression when they all called him that. They were also quite fine with the amount of soul marks he has. That had him crying a little. Sometimes he and the girls would speculate over what kind of person would the people who belonged to his soul marks be like. They didn't mention anything about the grey one on his back, thankfully but their eyes had darkened a little when their eyes locked with a few of the more insulting and questionable ones. He was a little scared about what they would be like in the future.

Tsuna's intuition was ringing in his head at this point but he still had no idea what was coming. Unfortunately his intuition couldn't tell him specifically what was going to happen and they just had to sort of wait until it happened for any kind of direction. Tsuna didn't like how his life choices usually came down to wait and see. He was paranoid by nature and this triggered him quite a bit.

Walking down the side walk, they were all still cheerful but they were a little tense as well. You didn't know what could happen when Tsuna's intuition came. Sometimes it helped them avoid situations, sometimes it only warned them. Hana speculated that it was because they were meant to happen somehow. Either way, it looked like it wasn't giving any indication at the moment.

'Left' a command pierced through any lingering and unimportant thoughts like the ring of a bell and Tsuna, like the little soldier he was, moved left like it ordered. What followed was the sound of something hitting the concrete hard and a strangled squeak almost muffled by two cries of surprise. A generic looking thug had slammed a nailed bat into the ground next to Tsuna in an attempt to most probably kill the little boy for whatever reason. Tsuna felt something rise up from his chest that felt
familiar and turned to look at the greasy looking man. His eyes were tinged orange and his hands were glowing. He didn't exactly have the same appearance as the first time he summoned his flames but it was enough to make the lowlife flinch.

Tsuna took this moment of fear and surprise to attack the man with his intuition guiding him. Knocking the bat out of the man's hands was the first priority so he would be at a disadvantage and wouldn't hurt anyone else. He then moved to hurt the man with his glowing fists. The man had of course retaliated but couldn't do much, especially when Ryohei joined into the mix while the girls backed away. "That wasn't very EXTREME mister!" he yelled before charging at him. His eyes had briefly glowed yellow but nobody had noticed.

Both Tsuna and Ryohei had finished him off quickly with only a single bruise on Tsuna's cheek to prove he had fought. There was a tense pause after this had happened with just the four children staring at the unconscious man before them.

Something told Tsuna that this would happen again and that he would need to prepare. No, Namimori was not all sunshine and daisies.

Briefly he noted that it was starting to rain. Something felt wrong with it though.

Unbeknownst to the children on the side walk, they were being watched. Hibari Kyoya at age nine was on his daily patrol of his beloved Namimori to make sure that nobody was disturbing the peace. He had already dealt with some herbivorous scum bothering a poor old lady in her shop which was a great offence because not only was she a citizen of Namimori, she was just an elderly lady. Despite what you may think, Hibari does have morals (although slightly skewed) and those included not hurting or bothering the elderly.

Swooping down onto the rooftop, silently like vampire on the hunt, Hibari narrowed his eyes on the man quietly exiting the alleyway with a nailed bat in hand heading towards a group of children. The man seemed a little bit different to the normal scum that lingered the alleyways of Namimori but he was still a cowardly herbivore for going after something as weak as children (note how he doesn't include himself in that category).

His initial assessment was turned on it's head though when the boy paused and dodged the attack. He suddenly turned to look at the man with orange tinted eyes and hands that glowed orange and he could almost see flames flickering off of them. The boy suddenly attacked the man with unnatural efficiency and the other boy joined in too. The strength of the two young boys was surprising and the man was taken out quite quickly.

There was a moment of pause after the man was down were nobody said anything. Eventually though one of the girls had fished out a phone and called the police instead of panicking like some of those herbivorous children would. The other girl just smiled and walked over to the other boys and checked them for injuries. Hibari didn't stay to hear her assessment and did not catch the dark look entering the normally cheerful and innocent eyes of Kyoko when she saw the blossoming bruise on the boy's cheek. He wasn't needed here.

He needed to re-evaluate the four children that lived in Namimori. There was potential carnivores in Namimori. It didn't take long to identify the children as Sawada Tsunayoshi, Sasagawa Ryohei, Sasagawa Kyoko and Kurokawa Hana. Originally he had brushed them off as herbivores like everyone else was but then he decided to take a closer look. Tsunayoshi was called wallflower by the other classmates because he seemed to just disappear into the crowds. Obviously he was hiding his true nature. Tsunayoshi also covered himself up a lot and was rather distant to the other classmates. He was also soul mates with the other three children. Kyoko was the most popular girl in school and as such the other herbivore children didn't like the fact that they were soul mates and
attempted to bully Tsunayoshi. It seemed this didn't work though as Tsunayoshi was slippery but also because of another one of his soul mates prevented them from getting any further. Hana Kurokawa was known as one of the scariest females in Namimori and had made a lot of boys cry when they attempted to bother the young Sawada. Hibari smirked at this. Ryohei Sasagawa was an annoying and loud specimen. However he did have a lot of strength and protected what was his fiercely.

None of them were carnivores. Not yet. But they had potential. He couldn't call them herbivores but he couldn't call them carnivores either. He decided he needed to observe them more. His interest was piqued.

Chapter End Notes

I am actually pretty proud of this one. All of that fancy writing.

Have I managed to make Hibari seem like Batman this time?

This will mark the start of them trying to get stronger so when Reborn comes he won't have as much work to do as before.
In which the tuna gets soaked

Chapter Notes

Did anybody get the hint in the last chapter. It suggest who the next soul mate is.

I'll let you figure it out in this chapter. (Copied from FF.net)

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Katekyo Hitman Reborn belongs to Akira Amano and not me. If it did then there would be so much chaos.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The rain pelted it down so much that it wouldn't be surprising if the whole place was flooded. Tsuna was glad he had listened to his intuition and taken an umbrella despite it being a sunny day. Right now Tsuna and Hana were fighting through the rain under a bright red umbrella after the incident with the thug. The two could care quite less about the implications of this when it was raining like there was no tomorrow and they were pretty sure nobody else did either. For one thing, they were kids and secondly they were soul mates so they would probably get more intimate when they were older anyway (Not that they liked to think about that).

Tsuna intuition was ringing and coupled with the current weather and his shaking hands, served to make him frown. Again. Like what I said before, Tsuna did not frown often, so frowning twice in one day was a shocker. What did life want out of him now!? Wasn't the thug attack and the rain enough? He didn't have time to ponder on this though as he paused just as the words 'stop' filtered through his mind and everything seemed to pause. Hana raised an eyebrow at him. She really didn't want to stand in the rain any longer than she had to but she could tell Tsuna was having one of those 'moments' again.

Tsuna ignored this in favour of turning to look into the park that seemed to have nearly disappeared due to the slight fog that appeared along with heavy rain. There, right there, was a lone boy curled up on the bench being drenched in rainwater. Hana seemed to notice as well and a visible frown appeared on her face which wasn't too similar to the one she got when Tsuna's father was mentioned. "Should we?" "Yeah" "Okay" was all that was exchanged between the two and they carefully walked forward to the boy on the bench.

When they got closer, they could practically feel the despair coming off of him. It took putting the umbrella over him to realize who he was. What was the school's top baseball player doing out in the rain?

Takeshi felt like his life was in shambles. To others it was because of the recent incident that occurred the other day. They were half right. It was more like a bulldozer that came crashing down a wall that already had holes and cracks in it. Had they not been there, perhaps he could have handled it better. He never felt so alone. His 'friends' weren't really his friends and he cared not for their meaningless praises, their fake smiles, their pandering or the swooning of girls who clustered after his popularity like he was dangling the most amazing doughnut in front of them. He had no friends. He was tired of wearing a fake smile for those people but he didn't want to be alone.
He cared not for the rain that drowned him in sorrow or the fact it was dark and he was alone on a bench. He was lost in his own little world and did not quite notice the figure (Figures?) heading towards him until he felt the rain pounding on his small stature suddenly cease. He realised there was something above him casting a large shadow over him. He looked up at the people who offered him cover from the rain with dimmed hazel eyes that had almost lost the amber tinge to them. A boy and a girl were crouching ever so slightly near him under a bright red umbrella. He was mostly focused on the boy though. The boy in front of him had the fluffiest brown hair he had ever seem, a slightly smaller than average stature and large doe brown eyes that seemed to see through him.

For a moment there was nothing but the pitter patter of rain all around them and the quiet breathing of the three children. When it seemed like nobody was going to talk, the boy took the initiative.

"Aren't you getting wet out here?"

Takeshi felt his heart beat a little more quicker.

The trio had quietly walked back to Tsuna’s house, holding the umbrella a little higher due to Takeshi’s height. Since it was raining so badly, Hana was staying at Tsuna’s as her house was quite a bit further away in the more uphill neighbourhood and she didn’t want to risk getting soaked. Quietly they entered the house and Tsuna quickly went and got a towel from the bathroom.

They all took their shoes off and Hana got up to make some tea like she sometimes did when they came to her house while Tsuna went upstairs to find dry clothes for Takeshi to wear and the boy in question just lingered near the entrance. The only sound was the boiling of a kettle and some light footsteps from upstairs. Soon Tsuna came down with some clothes for Takeshi. They consisted of some baggy khaki shorts that only just fit Takeshi and one of his fathers tops that shrunk in the wash that was slightly loose on Takeshi along with some of Tsuna’s larger socks. Since Hana was still making tea, it wasn’t as awkward changing in the living room. The only thing awkward was the fitting of the clothes but he could ignore that in favour of the lack of water on his being.

Tsuna led Takeshi onto the sofa were they both sat in silence for a while until Hana came in and placed tea in front of them before sitting down next to them. The three sat there, sipping at green tea while saying nothing.

It was Hana who spoke up first. "So what were you doing all by yourself in the rain?" Hana already had her suspicions as to what it was but she would wait for him to tell them himself. Both Hana and Kyoko were in the social mill so they knew almost every rumour and detail of everyone in the school. Hana made it a point to know these things, even the people outside of school. Takeshi paused and placed the tea down before biting his lip. What would he say?

There was another moment of silence before Takeshi decided to be blunt and just say it "my mom...she's dead" he finally said.

Tsuna winced. He was glad his mother wasn't here or she might have accidentally rubbed the salt in. How was he supposed to deal with this? neither him or Hana had dead parents. Tsuna's father may be absent but he wasn't dead and even if he was, Tsuna probably wouldn't have felt that sad about it anyway. Hana was better at interrogation and getting information out of people so it automatically fell to him to comfort the despairing baseball player beside him. Besides, they were soul mates.

He sighed softly and stood up and faced the young Yamamoto with pleading and understanding eyes "I'm not exactly an expert but I hear hugs have helped in these situations" Tsuna opened his arms a bit weakly as he was rather out of his element "You can cry if you want y'know, holding it back isn't
healthy” Tsuna says afterwards, hoping it smooths out the awkwardness. Takeshi stares for a moment before awkwardly accepting the embrace. It was a little weird hugging someone who wasn’t as soft as his mother and the girls or as strong as Ryohei, but it felt nice. Soon he felt his shoulder get wet as Takeshi’s sobs shook his once very stable frame. Hana had come over and started to rub his back as some form of comfort. Admittedly, seeing someone like the ever cheerful and popular baseball player break down like this was rather surreal.

After a while he stopped sobbing and lifted his head to look at a smiling Tsuna. Takeshi felt as though his tears just evaporated with Tsuna’s smile which made his heart skip a beat and a warm feeling enter him that hadn’t been there before.

For once in quite a while, he smiled genuinely.

When Nana returned home, Takeshi didn't react too negatively which was a relief and they had called his father to inform him of Takeshi’s whereabouts as well as contacting Hana’s family about her staying at Tsuna’s. After a long talking with Tsuna and a backhand from Hana, Takeshi was made to tell his father about his feelings in the morning. Tsuyoshi Yamamoto had never been more relieved to find his son less depressed than before and he was even more happier to have his son open up to him before. The father and son had shared a rather emotional moment together and their relationship seemed to bloom from that day forth. Tsuyoshi was eternally grateful for the intervention of Sawada Tsunayoshi.

The rest of the class got the shock of their lives though when Takeshi had come up to Tsuna and co. on the day back, cheerfully greeted them and then proceeded to hang out with them as if they had been friends for a while (They had only been friends for almost a week though, but Takeshi’s mind works in weird ways). Since Takeshi was a popular baseball player, people caught onto this quick and started to spread rumours. Many speculated that he only hung out with Tsuna because Kyoko was there but they were quite quickly proven wrong one day. Takeshi was quite all right with letting the fact they were soul mates spill and so people heard him when he referred to Tsuna as his soul mate. Everyone freaked out and some tried to deny it by saying it was just a rumour but they were again proven wrong when someone attempted to harm Tsuna.

One foolish boy tried to hit Tsuna only to be intercepted by Takeshi grabbing his arm mid swing. The boy looked up to see their ever so friendly baseball player looking at him with dark eyes and an eerie smile "Hey, don't hurt my soul mate, that's rude y'know" he said in fake cheerfulness. The boy only shivered and nodded and then proceeded to run away as though the devil was on his heels as soon as his arm was released. Everyone had witnessed that and people avoided trying to harm Tsuna from that day on. They were smart enough not to set off the baseball player like that again. Nobody wanted to mess with a protective soul mate like that.

Speaking of unexpected things, Tsuna had made some more observations lately. These were of Takeshi’s father. The man looked like an older and more macho version of Takeshi. He was cheerful but Tsuna suspected there was more to him, like his mother. There was no way his muscles came from cutting up fish and he had spotted the sword hung up on the wall around the corner only slightly hidden by a curtain. Somehow Tsuna knew that they weren’t for decoration. Takeshi also seemed to have unnatural strength and reflexes that could only come from being a natural hitman and that could only come from being related to a hitman. Perhaps they had more in common than he thought.

Chapter End Notes
They are already showing signs of being overprotective XD

Yeah, I can only imagine what some of the more aggressive and violent soul mates would be like. I don't think Gokudera could be any more protective than he already is.

I'm sorry if the ending feels a bit rushed, I wasn't sure what to put. Give me some feedback ok?
In which the tuna trains

Chapter Notes

My chapters are starting to go into the 2000 word mark. This makes me very happy.
Yay

This chapter will feature Tsuna and his friends decision to get stronger and the discovery of some interesting secrets revolving around Tsuna's life.

Also, to the person who wanted a list of Tsuna's soul marks, I plan to introduce each one as they come but when Reborn comes he will take a look at Tsuna's notebook that I have mentioned many times that will list all of the soul marks but I will only have him read the ones he has already met.

And to that one person who wished to know the ages each chapter, all of them are 8 or 8 and a half while Ryohei and Kyoya are 9. (Copied from FF.net)
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Katekyo Hitman Reborn does not belong to me but to Akira Amano.

Hana was a perceptive and paranoid person by nature. It came with the whole territory of being friends with the schools top idol, the top baseball player and the one boy who managed to shake the foundations of social hierarchy.

She knows that Tsuna isn't a normal person already, what with the amount of soul mates he has and who his soul mates are. There is also the fact he has unnatural agility, speed, stamina and reflexes along with that odd intuition he has and not to mention his flames. All in all, she has a pretty long list of weird-shit-about-tsuna (Of course she only adds the shit on when she gets older, she is not that vulgar).

She can see other things that are odd about Tsuna as well like how his mother seems to be hiding something. She can tell by the way her smile sometimes goes cold at the sight of things she doesn't like such as that bruise Tsuna got on his cheek the other day. She also knows that people seem to target Tsuna more often. They haven't been attacked yet but she can tell that they are sometimes being watched by the prickles on the back of her neck and the shadows that sometimes follow them only to disappear soon after. She also knows that there is something very suspicious about Tsuna’s father. He's not there, but she knows he is alive by the postcards and the phone calls that all leave Nana Sawada brimming with happiness. She knows that construction workers don't take pictures with penguins, or have pickaxes or have such bulging muscles that only come through a special kind of training that most certainly have nothing to do with construction. She also knows that construction workers, even if they do work abroad, would have more time to visit their family.

She suspects that all of this comes back onto the mysterious Iemitsu Sawada. Nana may be odd but she suspects that those flames came from him and that maybe, whatever job he has has caused people to hunt after Tsuna and that would explain the odd postcards and his lack of presence in the house. It's these conclusions that lead to any respect she had for this man to go down the drain. Not that she much of it in the first place.
She doesn't tell the others. Not yet. She needs more solid evidence of this, maybe find out what company the guy works for. Her chain of network in the school won't help her with that so she tries to pry information from Tsuna. Tsuna himself doesn't know much but he had heard the word 'Vongola' used a lot and his fathers boss and subordinates used to come around when he was little. He describes them as old and wearing odd rings and the strange feeling of power he gets from them. It's not much but it helps prove that the blonde man isn't working for an ordinary construction company at least. She can't quite get anything from Vongola other than the fact it means clam in Italian and that perhaps this company is in Italy. There's also the matter that some of Tsuna's marks have the words Vongola in them and that means that his future is intertwined with this odd company. This pisses her off a little that Iemitsu Sawada had the gall to drag his son into his life when he is barely here.

Either way, Hana is left stumped. She needs more sources of information, someone who can get her the information she needs. This new source of information comes in the form of Hibari Kyoya.

Hana is more of a verbal attacker than a physical one but she can learn how to fight if it means she can protect herself and her friends. She'll be damned if she lets herself be constantly protected by Tsuna. It started off with them running every morning with Ryohei which was a bit of a commitment in itself and nearly made her break into hives but she could feel her stamina improving everyday.

Ryohei had joined the boxing club which made his family happy as it gave him an outlet that didn't include fighting random thugs on the street but also made him stronger. Kyoko and Hana were more about stealth than anything so they learned how to dodge and sneak and pick locks. Kyoko decided to learn different medical methods in order to stop them getting as injured while Takeshi started to learn how to use a sword from his father. Hana knew there was something off about that man and this just proved it. Tsuyoshi was a little reluctant to teach his son something he had tried to get away from but gave in eventually. He may have noticed the recent underworld activity nearing Namimori. Nana had noticed this and had even signed them up for defence classes which helped quite a bit.

Eventually they got attacked again by a group of Yakuza and they were almost prepared for it. The forefront consisted of Ryohei delivering powerful punches while yelling 'EXTREME' a lot and with Takeshi attacking people with his wooden sword with an almost deadly precision. Tsuna, Kyoko and Hana weaved in and out being selective in their attacks whilst dodging and making the men hit each other instead. If you looked closely you could see a yellow flickering coming from Ryohei and a blue glow coming from Takeshi's eyes.

The thugs were being taken down quite quickly but they were starting to get tired and outnumbered. For a moment it seemed like they were losing but then all of a sudden several men were taken down. The five turned around quickly to face the resident demon of Namimori staring down at the Yakuza like they were mere insects to him.

They had used the rest of the Yakuza's surprise to take them down and they were now surrounded by bodies. It almost looked like a battlefield were it not for the children standing there. Hibari Kyoya seemed to analyse them for a moment and then he smirked.

What happened next was a bit of a blur but it included the police, someone yelling extreme (Bet you can't guess who said that) and Tsuna finding a new soul mate. Tsuna could feel himself burning up and it wasn't because of fever or those orange flames. Later when he stares at his book he will blush more and rub the words curving his thigh in a possessive way which suited the boy it belonged to just as well. Tsuna dreads the future.

On another note, Hana has her source of information now. Not only did this boy practically own the
police force and have his own squad of reformed Yakuza, he had a strong chain of network that could get information that extended to outside of Namimori middle school. Hana didn’t fear approaching Hibari, after all, she was named the second most scariest person in Namimori next to Hibari Kyoya. The search concluded that Vongola was some sort of company but they couldn’t get further than that. They had however identified some of the attacks on Tsuna being contracted by someone from the underworld. In other words, the Mafia.

Tsuna had surprisingly taken the news quite well, almost like he suspected this happening. It was concluded that Tsuna had a relation in the Mafia and that they needed protection. Hibari and his men had cracked down on any underworld activity near Namimori and thoroughly interrogated them.

Tsuna had eventually decided that, if he had flames, perhaps the others did as well. Tsuna himself had practised trying to summon his flames on will which consisted of a lot of hard work and focus. The others had tried this too which varying amounts of success. Tsuna was surprised with the intensity of Ryohei’s flames which were a burning yellow and right in front of him healed the bruise on his face. This was again proved when Kyoko managed to summon similar flames with a lower intensity and managed to heal some of their injuries. She had then become their official healer.

Hana and Takeshi had a harder time but eventually managed to summon them. Takeshi’s were a light blue and seemed to have a calming factor in them. He also accidentally managed to summon them on his sword one day. Hana had the same flames but she also had red flames as well which she managed to produce on each finger after a lot of dedication and concentration.

Hibari seemed to be much harder to access and it had taken many different methods to finally summon them. His flames were purple and seemed to make his hits stronger when they covered his tonfas and Tsuna wondered if he had just released hell on Namimori. One good thing about having Hibari Kyoya as your soul mate was that people would never mess with you again. When they went to school one day, Hibari was at the gate again making people shiver and silently whimper as they passed him. It had been to the shock of everyone on campus when Tsuna waved to Hibari and cheerfully greeted him. What was even more shocking though was when Kyoya nodded and smiled slightly. SMILED!

From there on then, everyone avoided Tsuna like the plague.

After the whole fiasco had calmed down, their lives went back to normal. Well, as normal as it could get anyway. Unfortunately for Tsuna, trouble couldn't leave him alone for more than one second and he found himself with another member of their unofficial gang.

Like all things strange in Tsuna’s life, it happened on a sunny day. We can no longer call it a normal day now, because every time we do, something weird happens. Since it was a sunny day, Tsuna was walking around outside. There was a faint buzzing at the back of his head that indicated something was going to happen, though not necessarily bad. Because of that Tsuna had allowed himself to get lost in his thoughts which was his first mistake. Had Tsuna paid attention, he would have noticed the girl running towards him, not aware of the fluffy haired boy she was getting closer and closer too by the minute.

As it was, Tsuna’s intuition felt the need to just let it happen and thus two children collided on the sidewalk, causing a few birds to squabble and shriek before flying away. The sound of ‘ouch!’ or ‘hie!’ sounded quite loud on the peaceful and quiet streets and luckily there were no passer bys to see, or hear, what was going on. The two children groaned before they shifted and their eyes locked together. ”Hahi!” the girl quickly jumped off of Tsuna a look of shock on her face ”Haru-chan is so sorry desu!”.
Chapter End Notes

I think am going to leave it there, I now have two soul mates in one chapter. I was going to put her in the next chapter but I realized that it wasn't as long as the others so I added that extra bit in.
In which the tuna gets angry

Chapter Notes

Sorry if I have been gone for a while, life was being a bitch again and I just broke up with my first boyfriend. It actually went pretty well and we are now friends. It only really lasted 4-5 weeks. It also didn't help when I got writers block.

You should also know that I already wrote out the first part of this chapter when Fanfiction decided it wanted to log me out and now I have to rewrite this :( *(Heavy breathing*).

To the one that mentioned Tsuna's marks having Vongola in them, I have put that into the previous chapter when Hana is wondering what Vongola is. Thank you for reminding me of that! *(Copied from FF.net)*

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See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Haru may be a naive little girl but she knew what love was. It was the feeling you get when your father kisses you goodnight, when your mother hugs you and when there is someone out there who really cares about you. She also knew it could hurt, like when her mother died. It was a double edged sword but Haru found it wonderful nonetheless. Wonderful because it caused her mother and father to marry and have a child despite not being soul mates.

Her father's soul mate died in a car crash when they were young. There is a picture of him with her father as teenagers and they look so happy together. Her mothers first soul mate had gone to fight in the army and never came back, forever missing in action. Her second soul mate lies in a hospital bed in a coma that she will never wake from. There is a photo of her mother, her first soul mate in his army gear and her second soul mate wearing a cute pink dress and they are all grinning.

She wants to know that feeling of love her parents had for their soul mates, even if the marks are now black and white. She remembers her mother telling her about the light purple marks that wrapped around her wrist and the dark green ones that went up her leg and how she admired them every day. She remembers her father reminiscing when the black words on his arm were electric green.

Haru lives for the fiery orange marks wrapping around her calf which she shows off proudly. Some of the elders find this inappropriate but Haru could care less about their opinions. All that mattered was her soul mate and his passionate fiery marks that danced around her right leg and mesmerized her whenever she looked.

Admittedly though, she hadn't expected to meet him so soon, and in the way it happened. She had been running and not paying attention to where she was going as she wanted to get home and find out what her father's surprise was. So of course she ended up bumping into someone.

She felt herself suddenly collide with something soft but that still managed to wind her. She and whatever she bumped into fell into an unceremonious heap on the floor. She groaned and heard someone else groan but then she panicked as she realised she had bumped into someone. "Hahi!" she
squeaked out in a high pitch voice before scrambling up and swiftly moving to apologise. "Haru-chan is so sorry desu!" she bowed quickly to the stranger.

The stranger with fluffy hair and, dare she say it, cute large eyes, blinked slowly as if he was still processing what just happened. For a moment Haru thought that she may have offended him but then he spoke. "It's fine, I guess I should have looked where I was going" he said with a sincere tone at the end and a sheepish head scratch.

Haru felt her heart race. This...this was the moment she was waiting for.

Had Iemitsu been a smart man, he might have gone on to check his wife and child to see if everything was all right. As it was, Iemitsu was rather incompetent at times. We suppose he has some good traits, otherwise the man wouldn't be in charge of the CEDEF and his strength and flames sort of made up for his lack of common sense. As it was when he learned of odd behaviour in Namimori he didn't think much of it. Well, he did panic a little but when he learned that they had gone as soon as they came he calmed down. It was probably nothing, he thinks.

How wrong he was.

Namimori was only getting weirder and more dangerous. Iemitsu had nothing to worry about in terms of Tsuna's well being. Tsuna was doing just fine. Still, it wouldn't kill for the guy to check up on them. Many years later, Lal will whack him across the head and call him an idiot and Collonello would follow with his own pain and verbal insult. Reborn would chew him out, Nono would have looked at him disapprovingly, his wife would only smile dangerously and Tsuna. Tsuna would tear him to pieces. If he gets through his guardians first that is. Or his soul mates.

Simply put it, Iemitsu failed spectacularly at being a father. And nobody was going to point it out to him. They really shouldn't have to.

Tsuna sneezes all of a sudden. Was someone talking about him. Nah.

Tsuna wonders, when on earth he became some mini vigilante police group leader. All he wanted to do was protect his friends. Really. He supposed this was okay though. He was protecting people, something he wasn't against doing and he felt himself getting closer to his soul mates. In particular it made getting along with Hibari easier. You supposed it was this fellow warrior thing he had going on. He liked stare at you with this intense look sometimes, like he was trying to figure you out. Tsuna wanted to ask him why but he doesn't think he would answer or even take the question lightly for that matter.

Hibari himself was very protective of Tsuna. Anyone who tried to approach him (Those who weren't Tsuna's soul mates or established friends) would find themselves lucky to be only receiving a harsh glare instead of being beaten within an inch of their life. Unbeknownst to Tsuna the entire town was horrified that Hibari had already found his soul mate, the guy was already terrifying and possessive of what was his, as it was. They had hoped he would find his soul mate later on, as not many people find their soul mate this early and they could have lived in relative peace for a while longer. It was not meant to be though.

Moving on.

They now found themselves training more as the days went on. Controlling flames was still a
difficult process and their strength and ability progressed slowly. Haru was good at gymnastics, so she wasn't completely useless and despite the initial hesitance, she trained with all her determination. Haru may have been cheerful and bubbly but she was passionate and fierce and didn't let people bring her down. Of course all of this training couldn't have prevented something happening to them.

A nearby Yakuza who had been recently taken out by Hibari wanted revenge and when they saw the group of people the little demon had gathered, they decided to target them in order to get to him. This was a rather stupid mistake though, but they wouldn't realise this until they were black and blue, laying in a prison hospital.

Tsuna was in an empty classroom at school along with his soul mates as well as kusakabe. Kusakabe Tetsuya was a reformed Yakuza who stood by Hibari and followed him loyally. Kusakabe was young but strong and that's why he was the leader of the other Yakuza men. They weren't really doing anything at the moment and were just relaxing when their peaceful moment was suddenly interrupted by the buzz of a phone.

Tsuna blinked before picking up the orange phone his mother got for his ninth birthday and turning the screen on. It was a call from Kyoko. He swiftly put the ear to his phone as dread filled his stomach and his intuition blared. "Tsuna!" came a desperate call. "Kyoko!??" he almost yelled in concern and panic while the other occupants of the room turned to look at Tsuna with raised eyebrows and intense looks. "We're being attacked by Yakuza we're outside the pet sho-eeep!" the phone cut short.

Tsuna was pale and he slowly placed down his phone. for a moment he was shocked but then he was angry. He gripped his phone so tight that his knuckles turned white and his eyes tinged orange. Hibari looked a little excited by this. "Kyoko, Hana and Takeshi were attacked by some Yakuza outside the pet shop" He told them and they all seemed to flare angrily.

Tsuna shifted in his spot outside the abandoned warehouse that used to hold furniture from a recently bankrupt company that sold bedroom furniture and décor. This was were they had managed to track them using the tracker on Takeshi's phone. Don't worry, they asked his permission. He had gathered Ryohei from his boxing club so they and Hibari could head off to the spot while Haru was made to stay behind. She wasn't as trained as them and she still couldn't activate her flames, plus she would be able to get help if anything went wrong. Kusakabe stayed with her as well.

While Tsuna and Ryohei went into into a hole near the back, Hibari went above so he could swoop down and take them from surprise. He currently had a long steel bar in his hand which wasn't the best of weapons but would have to do for now while Ryohei seemed reared up and ready to start fighting as he was bouncing on his feet and his eyes were glowing yellow. He didn't quite trust Ryohei to be on his own so Tsuna made him stay with him as he could be quite reckless and possibly end up hurting their friends and soul mates in the process. Tsuna himself was glowing orange and oddly enough had a slight indigo tinge on top of the orange. Hibari had smirked at this. The little omnivore was showing his fangs.

What he saw inside made his insides boil. Takeshi was standing in front of the girls with a bruise on his cheek and a bleeding lip while Kyoko whimpered behind him and Hana glared heavily at them with her split lip. They had hurt his soul mates. His soul mates!

Tsuna breathed in and out to calm himself. It wouldn't do to get so mad when his friends and soul mates were in danger. It wasn't long until Tsuna made the signal and jumped out of his hiding place along with Ryohei, taking the scum by surprise. It was even more surprising when Hibari swooped down and started picking them off. The men didn't stand a chance against an enraged Tsuna, an
angered Ryohei and a hunting Hibari. As it was they only got a few scratches here and there from
the surprised Yakuza. The other three had joined in once they got out of their stupor and soon the
men where laying on the ground in agony.

Tsuna felt all the anger and energy suddenly bleed out of him like the effects of coffee were just
wearing off. He felt as though he had awakened something else within him but he wasn't sure what
that was. Despite his lack of energy, Tsuna walked over to the three that were captured and slid
down next to Kyoko who was healing Takeshi and Hana's injuries. Takeshi absent mindedly swung
his sword about while Ryohei punched his fist and repeated extreme to himself, apparently not out of
energy. Hana had already called the police and Hibari was sitting on top of a pile of unconscious
bodies like a king which was pretty disturbing actually.

Tsuna sighed, exhausted. This was his life.

Chapter End Notes

See what I did there. I wanted to give Tsuna some mist flames because of how secretive
he is about his marks and his paranoia.

Nobody asked for this but I wanted to clarify a few things. Homosexuality is mostly
accepted around the world because Soul marks are considered sacred so when your soul
mate is the same gender it isn't considered weird. If you do have a soul mate of the
opposite gender it is encouraged, in some places, that you marry them over the one of
the same gender. Polygamy isn't as taboo as it is in the real world either because having
multiple soul mates isn't uncommon. There is a little bit of stigma attached to having lots
of soul mates though but it isn't exactly rampant. Simply put it, the society in this world
is a little more accepting of these things.
In which the tuna gets kidnapped

Chapter Summary

Not to be a bother guys but I will only be posting the rest of the chapters of this story and I won't be continuing after this. This work isn't something I'm proud of as it falls into many fanfiction mistakes and clichés, not to mention it's rushed and not as fleshed out. As soon as I finish posting the next 6 chapters of this I will post the rewrite called 'Mark of the Soul'. You can go see the first chapter on Fanfiction.net right here: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/12379544/1/Mark-of-the-Soul

Thanks for reading this!

Chapter Notes

The only problems Tsuna will have now is attacks from the outside and nobody would dare try to bully Tsuna now. It's common knowledge that people naturally get protective of their soul mates and the fact that Hibari could get more terrifying than before with his soul mate made people want to piss their pants. Nobody would mess with Tsuna now but Tsuna is rather oblivious to this fear and is way more distracted by his new found responsibilities. (Copied from FF.net)

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

If Shoichi knew what was going to happen to him and had a say in things, he would have run far away from Namimori and avoided Tsunayoshi Sawada like the plague. As it was, fate was a bitch and he was going to meet Tsunayoshi Sawada whether he liked it or not. To be honest, it wasn't really the fault of Tsunayoshi Sawada whether he liked it or not. To be honest, it wasn't really the fault of Tsunayoshi Sawada, it was mostly the people around him and the chaos that liked to follow him like a lost puppy.

Shoichi didn't really meet Tsuna first as much as he did the chaos following him. Shoichi would often find himself stumbling upon the aftermath of their excursions which was mostly unconscious bodies. This had caused him a lot of stomach aches and he tried his best to ignore the slight blood he would find on the side walk and the destruction of property and the environment they left behind. He had also caught sight of of him and his friends several times and nearly even bumped into them but had never spoken to them or been spoken to.

When Shoichi finally did meet Tsuna it was when he was being bullied by some older kids from the nearby middle school. This wasn't so bad for Shoichi but then they had wanted to take his robot. It might have sounded quite silly to defend something so unimportant in the bigger making of things but it was special to him. His pen pal and very close friend had made it and given it to him as a gift and Shoichi didn't have many friends, especially ones so invested in technology like he was.

Somone had noticed his distress and moved towards him instead of moving on like everyone else
did. Of course this was because he was the one and only Tsunayoshi Sawada who didn't like bullying at all and his friends appreciated it as much as he did. Tsuna, joined with Ryohei and Kyoko Sasagawa took down the older boys with ease which wasn't surprising considering they had taken down larger, older and far more dangerous people before and won.

Had Shoichi known the chaos he was about to be thrown into, he would have run far far away, consequences be damned. As it was, Shoichi wouldn't have done that because that was not how you repaid your saviours was it? Even if they were kind of terrifying.

Apparently Shoichi's day could get more interesting (I use that word loosely) because as soon as the words 'are you ok?' slipped from the boy's mouth, Shoichi was having another stomach ache.

Shoichi had never thought much about his soul mark like everyone else did and was more focused on doing well in school and fulfilling his dreams so he could be the man his father never became because he wanted to settle down with his soul mate. A part of it was to do with his sisters lack of interest in finding all five of her soul marks as she seemed quite content with her boyfriend. Another part might have had to do with the bullying he received.

Shoichi was a scrawny boy with messy red hair, grass green eyes and large glasses as well as a shy demeanour. He was also considered a huge nerd and it didn't help that he was considered the smartest in his class and this meant that they targeted him a lot. This meant that he didn't make a lot of friends and kept to himself.

He hadn't anticipated what meeting his soul mate was like. Tsuna was really nice and gentle but he already had so many soul mates and was the leader of some scary and dangerous people and occasionally emitted flames and took down Yakuza and even managed to tame the resident demon of Namimori. It was not something his poor heart and more importantly, his stomach, could take but this was his soul mate and he couldn't just leave him. He was lucky that Tsuna was really nice.

There was some good things he got out of it though. Shoichi was really smart and some of his inventions came in handy and his ability to hack had gotten them some good information as well. This also helped to figure out what Vongola was. It wasn't something Shoichi had found out himself per say, his hacking skills weren't that good and he didn't want to be caught as there was only so much Hibari could do. The information came from his pen pal, Spanner.

Spanner was an odd boy who was obsessed with technology and had his own wrench shaped suckers. He was British but moved to Italy when he was five with his grandfather and didn't even know how to speak English any more. He also knew about the Mafia, apparently.

This wouldn't have exactly been useful had it not explained where Tsuna's father really worked.

Apparently Iemitsu Sawada worked in the Mafia, and not just any Mafia either; the Vongola Mafia. It was one of the most powerful and important Mafia's in the world and Iemitsu was pretty high up in it. Iemitsu had lost any and all respect that day. They no longer referred to him as Tsuna's father and only called him Iemitsu. Tsuna himself stopped calling him dad or any other variation of the word. The closest he would come to that was calling him his sire with a bitter tone.

It had also led to the revelation of another one of Tsuna's soul mates. It was a little awkward having to communicate between computer but he had promised to visit sometime. After all, staying away from a soul mate so long was painful, even for someone so nonchalant and placid as Spanner. Of course it wasn't so good on Tsuna's mind when they both got all science-y and even the calm and nonplussed Spanner had gotten excited.
"Ok, we really need a place to meet up" Tsuna said to them one day currently cooped up in one of the school's unused rooms. Ryohei spoke up "But I thought we already had EXTREME places to meet up at!" he practically shouted and this time Tsuna didn't wince as he was all too used to it now. "We need somewhere more permanent that easy to get to and has more space considering how big this...thing, we are running is starting to get" Tsuna reasoned and Hana nodded.

"How about at school?" Takeshi offered but Hibari immediately shot it down "Students are not allowed to stay after school hours" and Tsuna added "Not to mention that not everyone goes here, Haru goes to a private school, Spanner doesn't even go to school and Shoichi will be going to a private school soon when elementary ends. It will also be awkward when some of us graduate and some of us might not even go to the same school".

The others nodded at the reasoning and then Haru said "What about someone's house?" "Going back and forth between houses will be too tedious and complicated" Hana replied waving her hand in dismissal. "What we need is some kind of base that's nearby enough for all of us to get to, like maybe some place that is abandoned?" Shoichi suggested hesitantly and the others nodded.

"If I may, we do have some warehouses nearby that we sometimes use" Kusakabe interjected. "That could work" Tsuna said thoughtfully. He isn't going to ask what they use them for.

In the end they managed to clear out a warehouse and use it as a base of sorts. Over time, the place started to become more liveable, you might say. There where wooden tables, chairs, desks with computers and bits of paperwork here and there, cabinets and they had even started to put some things up on the wall so it looked less dreary. There where now rooms that were used as bedrooms in case anyone needs to stay and there was even a room for Shoichi and Spanner to use for their inventions.

Of course, danger was coming around the proverbial corner again for Tsuna. Funnily enough, it wasn't even a sunny day when it happened.

Being a nine, nearly ten year old boy who could probably pass off as being an eight and possibly seven year old wasn't the most advantageous thing to be. Of course, people underestimated him which could be an advantage and a disadvantage at the same time and he could sometimes use his cuteness to get things he needed. Never let it be said that Tsuna was a complete saint. Though in comparison to Hibari, he really was a saint. Being a young boy also meant that he was still vulnerable and couldn't always fight back. And damn did they take advantage of that.

One day, he was walking to their 'base' and had foolishly gone alone. Hibari was going to be pissed. So while he was walking along as the chilly air nipped at his fingers slightly before he slipped his hands inside the sleeves on his jacket to keep them warm, a hand suddenly grabbed him. He could feel his intuition blare for a moment before he felt something like cloth be pressed against his mouth and everything faded into black.

When he awoke, there was fire. It wasn't normal fire either because it appeared to be in different colours. The colours that stood out most to Tsuna where purple, yellow and blue. He noted that he was tied up and the men in front of him appeared to be panicking, not really noticing that their hostage was awake. For some reason they were all donned in tailored suits that looked expensive and clearly not in the budget nor the style of the Yakuza or the other scum they usually dealt with.

This day was turning out to be pretty weird.
Chapter End Notes

Sorry about this delay, I was a little busy with college and I was experiencing a rather large writers block.

As you can see, the others have managed to summon their flames in larger quantity.

To be honest I am getting a little restless. I can't wait to write the parts where he is getting more intimate with his soul mates XD I am such a naughty girl. (Copied from FF.net)
In which the tuna gets called a badger?

Chapter Notes

Back again. We are now currently seeing where Tsuna is now. Also, to that one person who asked about the orange mark. At first I was a little confused about what you meant but then I realized you are probably talking about the chapter where I was talking about the red and orange mark on his back. When I said red and orange I meant that the mark had two colours, which were red and orange. The mark is from Xanxus. Also I will not be adding Giotto in here. I like the pairing and all but I want to keep it in the realm of possibility as I doubt Tsuna can be the soul mate of his long dead grandfather.

Also, due to some mutated form of writers block I am going to go on a completely different route right now. This chapter is sort of a filler chapter. I have realized that I am starting to rush a little again so I am using this to sort of slow down the story and go over some things that may have been skipped over in previous chapters. I also plan to use this as some character development. (Copied from FF.net)

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Sorry if I haven't updated this in a long time. I'll also apologise if none of you understand what I'm talking about in the notes copied from FF.net. Someone got confused about something in the last chapter back on FF.net so I answered them. I'm keeping that there just in case anyone else needs that.

Moving on. Katekyo Hitman Reborn does not belong to me but to Akira Amano.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was odd seeing the amount of flames reverberating off of their bodies, he had seen their eyes light up and their weapons flicker slightly but never had he seen them quite like this. They looked a little mad too which had made Tsuna feel a little guilty. As soon as they saw him though, the flames died down a little, which was relieving. Tsuna rubbed his wrists that were red and bruised while the disciplinary committee Hibari had set up took the men away to god knows where and he didn't notice as Hibari narrowed his eyes at the marks.

The men had been a little rough with him it seems as he had scuff marks on his clothing and his skin was a little grazed. It was a little traumatizing for Tsuna and they had bruised both of the soul marks on his wrists, but other than that he was okay. Hibari however didn't seem to agree with his attitude towards what happened.

Later, after he allowed Kyoko to fuss over him and patch him up, he was dragged away by Hibari into another room. It was understandable that Tsuna was nervous and a little scared even if Hibari was his soul mate when he was dragged into another room. Tsuna shifted apprehensively as Hibari seemed to stare at him endlessly and intensely as if he was an anomaly. He then gripped his tonfa slightly and gritted his teeth but seemed to hesitate when Tsuna flinched at the action. It's probably the first time Tsuna had ever seen Hibari hesitate about something.

Hibari let out an odd noise of frustration that would sound better on an animal than a human and dropped his tonfas. The action was so surprising that Tsuna didn't realize Hibari had strode up to him until he felt arms suddenly wrap around him. Tsuna choked back a noise of shock as Hibari pressed
himself into him and put his head into his fluffy brown locks. You felt him breath out as if he was holding it in a moment ago.

You were frozen for a while before he said "Stop putting yourself in danger Mitsu Anaguma" he said in that voice which was a little too deep for someone his age and tsuna's breath hitched. Did he just. Oh he just did. He just called him honey badger. "Hiba-" "Call me Kyoya" he said in a commanding tone that left no room for objection. Tsuna stilled for a moment before blushing slightly "K-kyoya" he repeats and Hib-kyoya hums in approval and it causes a weird sensation in him when he does that.

For a moment they just stand there in each others arms as Kyoya breathes in his scent and Tsuna leans his head on his shoulder.

Kusakabe Tetsuya keeps his posture straight and his face bereft of emotion looking like he could be in the army where it not for the pompadour. The men they took away earlier, guilty of kidnapping and harming the soul mate of their young leader, are in several different rooms, ready for interrogation. Had nobody any context for the situation, they might have thought they were preparing for an execution.

"Have you brought the materials?" he says in a almost monotone voice that he is quite proud of being able to use. "Yep, got the leaches" says one man with a less articulated voice and the others put up their material that consist of ropes and many other... questionable items. "My sister let me borrow her latest video..." one man says almost cringing and Kusakabe looks at him almost sympathetically "Ah, yes, your sister's fetishes have gotten worse haven't they..." he trails off and the other men wince slightly "Yeah, this ones quite graphic and she warns me that if I don't give it back unscratched then I will not see the light of day again" he hands off the video to one of the other men and Kusakabe nods understandingly.

"Ready the tor- I mean, interrogation" He orders. Whether that slip up was by accident or on purpose, we will never know.

Hana shuffles through her paperwork with a face that is too serious for a nine year old and scoffs at a few of them. Being the most sensible and responsible person on the 'team' was hard, though she supposed it was a bit easier with Shoichi and Kusakabe. It also didn't help that she had to regulate Kyoko's popularity more now that she has decided to turn it into a weapon. Kyoko could be pretty scary for someone so cheerful and Hana suspected that Kyoko had started to look into poisons. She seems like the kind of person who would poison your food whilst smiling that honey and cyanide smile.

Haru walks in and places something else into the wardrobe in the corner. No doubt it's another costume, prop or accessory like a mask or gloves. Haru could make costumes which were surprisingly useful and she had recently discovered a talent in make up. This allowed her to make some of them look older or different which helped in undercover and more complicated missions.

"Skull-kun gave us a helmet!" Haru chips up almost bouncing around to meet Hana's gaze. Ah, the odd purple baby. Skull had come in during the 'suit incident' which they now called it. It was weird seeing a baby hold a gun and dress up like a punk or something and even weirder to see it talk properly. No matter how weird it was though, Skull appeared to be staying and more often than not you could find him on Tsuna's shoulder. It had caused a bit of staring from the residents of Namimori, despite them usually being oblivious to these things though she supposed that this was too
weird for them not to stare.

His information had been useful though, very useful. Skull, who is most definitely not a normal baby, knew about the flames they produced. In the Mafia, there are seven different types of flames. They were Sky, storm, rain, cloud, mist, sun and lightning. Tsuna had apparently really strong sky flames, Takeshi had rain flames, She had both rain and storm flames, Haru had storm flames, Kyoko and Ryohei had sun flames, Hibari had cloud flames which were the same as skulls while the rest where unknown. He did however say he suspected Shoichi to have sun flames and Tsuna to have some secondary mist flames. According to him he also had secondary mist flames and an odd glint in his eye made Hana shiver.

The point was is now they could train them better.

Spanner is taller than Tsuna expected when they met in person. It makes sense though considering he is two years older than him. It is a little concerning spanner, an eleven year old, is travelling alone without any repercussions. Upon asking if someone was okay with him travelling like this, he just brushes off the question which really doesn't calm him down. He tries not to think about it afterwards.

He is much too busy trying to keep his brain intact when Shoichi and Spanner start to gush about science and technology. He had always just barely passed in science which was his second worst subject and he'd rather their babbling not mock him in his failure of science, even if they weren't actually mocking him. They make some pretty amazing technology though, which is as plus. He could have sworn he heard them talking about a robot army. He hopes he hasn't done something wrong by bringing those two together.

Spanner's bluntness always manages to catch him off guard. The guy is like a robot himself with no sense of personal space and tact. He has a habit of randomly messing with his hair and making comments on his size like calling him a kitten which always manages to make him blush. He is not that small, or cute.

Of course everyone would disagree with that statement but they won't say it out loud because Tsuna would get depressed.

One of the useful things they have created was some kind of spray that paralysed people for a moment which came in handy when in combat. There was also a few objects that that were inspired by mist flames and helped them sneak around easily. He isn't sure how, two children could make something that grown adults have failed to make in the past. They were named the Genius Duo by the rest. Little did Tsuna know, is that in the future, they would be joined by one more and the world would be doomed.

Chapter End Notes

I finally updated. I hope this chapter is more slowly paced and I would appreciate some feedback.

Also, kudos to the one that figures out the future third member of the group.

The length of the chapter is getting shorter ;A; and it used to be in the 2000 mark!
In which the golden tuna gets smooched

Chapter Notes

So, following that chapter, I have started to think about Primo's soul mates and have decided to add in a chapter about them. I figure I want Primo's guardians to be his soul mates and I want to include them dealing with this and the society around them. If this was the normal world where soul mates weren't a thing then Giotto being in a relationship with a man and with multiple people would have seemed wrong but in this world it's not as bad. People are just not so comfortable with the polygamy as much and the fact that none of Giotto's soul mates are female. Other than that though nobody really minds as long as he isn't so public about it.

Well that was a long spiel. (Copied from FF.net)

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In the rewrite I might go into this conflict with the old society more, this old story is kinda crap If i'm honest and there isn't much at stake or much conflict.

I think I may have been given too much liberty with the titles.

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Giotto's guardians are possessive of him, whether they deny it or not. It was a number of things, like the fact that he was their soul mate, the fact that he was their precious sky and maybe even because of how accepting and kind he was. Women looking to marry him, for the mere purpose of strengthening ties with allies or making new ties or even just because he was so damn attractive and powerful, would soon find themselves being chased off by his possessive guardians. Most of the time, Giotto was unaware of this, and that was the way they liked it.

Being possessive meant that they often clashed with each other, which caused a lot of paperwork, which caused Giotto to get tired and upset, which caused his guardians to feel very guilty, and it was a rather viscous cycle. Still, Giotto loved them with all his heart.

The six of them where really lucky to have someone as kind and beautiful as Giotto.

Giotto was easy to look at. He wasn't exactly girly per say but he wasn't manly and muscled like some men were. He was slim and had soft features along with soft fluffy blonde hair and honest azure eyes. He was a man who didn't like to fight but did so to protect the people he loves and the weak, which is why Vongola was founded.

Giotto mechanically goes through the numerous amounts of paperwork piled on his mahogany desk, looking like he would rather jump of a cliff or stab someone with a rusty knife. His eye twitches, there are bags under his eyes, his hand is sore, he is a little sweaty and his body aches from being sat down all day, even if the chair is supposed to be really comfy.
The process of taking a piece of paperwork, reading it, occasionally sighing in frustration and signing it, is broken when the white doors to his office are opened and G steps in with another stack of paperwork. Giotto stares at the paper with a mixture of horror and exasperation and looks ready to give up on life right there and then. G grimaces at his look as Giotto drops the pen and presses his face into the desk and makes a lot of whining and strangled cries of frustration into it. G sighs and quickly comes over, placing the offending stack on the table gently so as not to make a sound.

"Hey hey, calm down" G says pulling up a chair nearby by, plopping in it and sliding his hand under Giotto's head to cup his cheek. Giotto automatically allows his head to look up, staring at G with tired eyes and sighing slightly at the contact. "I'll have a talk with those morons about lessening your paperwork, hm?" G says this whilst leaning in closer and caressing the blonde's cheek slightly. Giotto feels his cheeks tinge pink as he gazes back at the red haired man.

The others were a little jealous of G because he was Giotto's childhood friend and had therefore known him the longest. G, despite not being one for bragging, sort of relishes in this as he has something over the other guardians. Giotto smiles weakly and slides his hand on the hand that's stroking his cheek softly "That would be nice, thank you G" and G stops himself from blushing out of embarrassment. They stay like that for a few second before they lean into each other.

G presses his lips against Giotto's slightly chapped ones and at the same time breathes in the scent of strawberry and pine trees as well as the faint smell of paper and Italian deserts. As usual, Giotto tastes of strawberry cake which he has a fondness of and kind of makes him want to eat some of it himself. G tastes like smoke which doesn't taste so bad on the red haired man's mouth, coffee and chocolate which offers a sort of sweet but pleasantly bitter taste.

They break apart soon after with Giotto panting slightly, his face a little flushed but smiling anyway. It was amazing how G could manage to make him breathless. G presses his forehead against his and says "I'll even help you do some of the paperwork". Giotto's face seems to light up like the sun and smiles harmoniously which makes any regrets that G had for that decision disintegrate.

Giotto's smile was rather dangerous at times and could unintentionally manipulate people.

The day Daemon had met Giotto was probably one of the best days he ever had, even if it hadn't started out the best. He was a rich aristocrat and as such, he had to attend lavish, expensive and more often than not, boring parties. Daemon himself was a nice man, mostly, who believed that even the lowest of class could achieve great things, but even he found it hard to keep up the smiling when having to converse with the pompous lords and rich men as well as the shameless and petty ladies who looked like they wanted to marry him on the spot.

However, he met a rose in a garden of thorns. Elena was a beautiful woman who was kind and shared his beliefs and he could tell she was a strong woman that wouldn't let people walk over her. Soul mate or not, Daemon would have fallen in love with her. It was enough to make the day seem instantly better and it only seemed to increase when Elena introduced him to someone.

Giotto, upon seeing him, was a rather attractive young man, that had more than one person, both men and women, staring at him. He had a sort of charm about him that wasn't like the playboys you sometimes found but the sort of natural charm that drew people in like a moth to flames. He was instantly hit with his smile and then hit once again with the first few words out of his mouth. Later, he would ponder, Giotto's voice was unmistakeably male but carried a sort of softness to it that you really didn't find today.

"My, my, meeting two beautiful people in one day, how lucky am I?" he says, recovering smoothly
and pressing his lips against Giotto's hand. Giotto blushes slightly but smiles and laughs a little while Elena looks on whilst smiling as well.

As both of his soul mates converse almost excitedly in the garden of the mansion, Daemon watches them with a content look on his face. Ahh, he was so lucky to have such mesmerizing soul mates, even if he had to share one of them. Both Giotto and Elena were kind and accepting but could also be scary when they wanted to be which was why they got along so well. Of course, no less than the best for Daemon.

Being Giotto's soul mate was somewhat tiring for Alaude. It's not that he didn't love him, he loved him a lot, though he wouldn't admit it. It was just that, Giotto was very attractive, and many people could see it. Alaude was often scaring off or even beating people for daring to flirt and leer at what was his. He was possessive and territorial by nature so it was not odd that he was protective of his soul mate. It also didn't help that Giotto was rather oblivious to some of this as he would smile that smile of his (that was very dangerous and should be kept to soul mates only, like seriously) and help anyone out, even if it was a rather menial task. This had caused him to be loved and adored by many people, including his own staff.

This did not do well on Alaude's nerves and instincts to protect what was his. Of course he also had to share his soul mate. He didn't really like the idea of having to share his beloved with other men but then his sky would get upset if he protested too much against it and he didn't want to upset his sky, no matter how heartless he seems.

He thinks though, that when alone with the man and burying his face into his neck, pressing his lips there as the blonde's breath hitches. It was worth putting up with it.

Today however, he is rather pissed. He was patrolling around the nearby town, that was under Vongola protection, as usual when he heard some sleazy men talking nearby. Alaude felt himself boil as the men shamelessly talked about his sky in such a way that would make old ladies and men faint. His killing intent leaked out and scared away some of the civilians that passed by. None of the people dared to walk within five metres of the man when he was like this. Some of the men who had enough sense to not talk about their protector in such an unholy way had dashed off.

The sleazy vermin had not noticed how screwed they were until it was too late. The people winced as they heard screams nearby and just feigned ignorance to the bloodstains.

Later, after mercilessly arresting the men for such lewd acts, he stormed down the hallways of the mansion, still rather pissed off at the whole situation. The staff made a clear path for him all the way down the door he was heading for. They knew not to mess with the cloud guardian on days like these and were glad he was heading off to their beloved boss's office as the man was the only one who could calm his rage.

Upon entering, said boss looked up, not in the least bit surprised to see Alaude "Yes?" he inquired gently. Alaude strode over purposefully and wrapped his arms around Giotto so possessively and so abruptly that Giotto's eyes widened in surprise and looked at the other man in slight alarm. Alaude pressed his lips against Giotto hungrily, not giving him a moment to breathe. Giotto gasped into Alaude's mouth and pressed his hands against the cloud guardians chest futilely but eventually relaxed and closed his eyes, even pressing into the kiss. Alaude hummed in approval as Giotto melted against him and wrapped his arms around his shoulders.

The heated moment was interrupted however when the door opened. The maid at the door squeaked and stuttered out an apology as Alaude scowled in disappointment and Giotto just blushed whilst still
panting, his lips slightly red from the kiss. "It's alright, just leave the food here" He says to the maid gently whose face is burning red and just nods frantically and leaves quickly.

Chapter End Notes

Well this satisfies my need for some steam, if you know what I mean ;3

I have realized that this chapter is long enough so I will have to add the other soul mates of Giotto another time. Well, at least I got my favourites in.

I hope I aren't making Giotto too weird in this. Tell me what you think! (Copied from FF.net)

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Okay yeah, I kind of screwed up the characterisation here. I'll do better in the rewrite promise!
I want to thank everyone for the comments and the important things some of you have pointed out, which I will cover right now. With some help from a commenter I have been able to cover some of the plot holes that concern you and me.

First point is regarding Knuckles priest status. If you don't know already, priests aren't allowed to marry or have sex of any kind. However, the church recognises soul marks as something determined by God, so ignoring them would be ignoring God's command. Because of this, they allow some leniency for priests. Knuckle is allowed to do things like kiss, hug or romantic affection towards Giotto but he is not allowed to have sex with him and the only reason they would be allowed to have sex is for the purpose of children. As you can see, Giotto can't have children, so no sex for him. Regarding marriage, having sex with someone out of wedlock is considered sinful and thus the Church have to compromise. The priest and their soul mate are allowed to enter a sort of civil partnership with rings to show their status so while it's not completely marriage, it's enough to not come of as wrong or sinful in any way.

The next point is regarding how Tsuna can be Giotto's descendant. Giotto isn't really the kind of person to be disloyal towards his soul mates (Btw, I know in that message I sent to that one commenter, I said that Giotto might have actually entered a relationship with someone who wasn't his soul mate but after some deliberation, I decided that it really wasn't like him at all to do that so...). The only reasonable explanation could be that the woman Giotto married was his soul mate as well so I plan on exploring that idea.

There is also the matter of the Daemon coup. In the original story, Daemon did the coup because Elena died and he thought that Giotto was making Vongola weak. However in this, Daemon is with both Elena and Giotto and so I have to take this another way. I won't reveal much but to stop people from asking; the reason he does it this time is out of some warped reasoning to protect Giotto as he goes a little mad and possessive after Elena's death.

I hope this satisfies you and tell me if there is any other points I have missed. (Copied from FF.net)

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So yeah, this is something I did in the old story but looking back seems a little too idealistic. Like I have mentioned before, in the re-write I want to make the idea of same-sex soulmates a conflict in the old society, particularly with Knuckles priesthood.

I'll be keeping the same idea of Daemon of going mad and possessive which in turn warps his reasoning.

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See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When Skull had first met his soul mate, Tsuna, it hadn't been under the best of conditions.
Admittedly though, it could have gone much worse. After shooting that bastard right through the skull (No pun intended, and no it is not why he is called Skull) he had gone to see if the kid the slimy boss of his wanted dead was still alive. He had expected to find the boy tied up somewhere, most likely in a warehouse and that was what he found. However it also appeared to be burning down and the Mafia grunts his ex-boss has sent where running around like headless chickens.

The reason for the fire had become apparent when he saw the different coloured flames popping up. Walking towards the chaos, he casually took down the insignificant grunts that where in his way without batting an eyelash and attempted to find the source of all this madness. Hopefully he could find the kid. On closer inspection those flames belong to several young kids who look like they could be no older than ten or nine. Being as perceptive as he was, Skull could tell that this was the most that had ever gotten out of their flames so far and only one thing could drive them to that kind of state. There was a sky in here. Why else would they be taking down men by the numbers and tearing the poor building apart as if it had personally insulted their mothers and then kidnapped their sisters?

Why on earth was there a sky here though? It definitely didn't come from the shitty boss he used to have. They either killed a sky or used them for important things, which usually didn't include kidnapping children. Walking in the the room where he could feel the very powerful flames, he stopped wondering.

Ah, so the kid was the sky. No wonder those three looked like demented lions, trying to find their cub.

The kid himself, didn't look too panicked for the situation he was in. If Skull had to guess, he was used to this sort of thing. That pissed him off a little. So he took down the remaining men in their cliché suits and ties before going over and freeing the kid. As expected, the kid looked a little shocked at his presence, after all, it's not everyday a baby shoots down some men and rescues you.

It was skulls turn to be shocked when the kid said something to him though.

Ever since the curse, Skull hadn't really thought about his soul mate. But now he had to face the facts. This relationship was going to be very complicated. There was the whole being a baby situation that made being in a relationship almost impossible (Though this hadn't stopped Reborn much) and then there was the fact he was actually quite a bit older than Tsuna. Either way it was paedophilia.

Tsuna didn't seem to mind that much though. He just sort of smiled (Which actually made Skull's heart thump a little more, like what was up with that smile?) and said that it would work out in the end (Apparently it was his intuition that told him that which means that Tsuna has a really powerful intuition and also that things might actually get better, he could hope at least). They had a sort of mentor student friendship which was fine with Skull for the most part.

Everyone else seemed to accept it for the most part which was a little odd but he went along with it (Which was ironic considering he was usually rather paranoid about these things). However there was also the fact that he was most likely going to have to tell Viper, or Mammon as they are now called and introduce the kid to her. Unbeknownst to the other Arcobaleno, him and Mammon got along well. It might have had something to do with them both having mist flames or how they kept each others secrets but they had always been the closest.

It wasn't that Mammon was a bad person per say, it's just that, he wasn't so sure how she would react to meeting the son of the young lion of CEDEF. She had to accept it eventually though, and he suspected it wouldn't be long. Tsuna was nothing like his father from what he had seen of the man
and that was a godsend (Tsuna himself could be considered a godsend as well).

Being the son of Iemitsu meant that it was no surprise that people where targeting the boy. Iemitsu’s security kind of sucked and the protection he had sucked even more and he was surprised his wife and son where alive this long. It might have just been luck but this thought had been kicked out of his mind when he met Nana Sawada. On first glance, she just seemed like a cheerful and ditzy housewife. However he knew better than that. This woman was not the lovely flower Iemitsu thought he had married. It’s a good chance that people have been targeting them for a while and they have all gone unnoticed because of this woman. This was priceless. He was so going to tell Mammon. They love this sort of thing.

Him and Nana had reached a sort of silent agreement. They both wanted what was best for Tsuna and so none of them would do anything to the other like try to hurt them or rat them out. Skull was rather amused by this, Vongola had no idea what was happening. He had put up some better defences around and found ways to distract enemies from Namimori so that it was easier to defend. It was the least he could do.

Mammon, previously known as Viper, observed the child in front of them. They were intrigued to say the least when they heard Skull had found their soul mate and that it was a sky user. They hadn't expected it to be the son of that idiot Iemitsu. They had to make sure the spawn wasn't like his father so that Skull wouldn't be stuck with an idiotic soul mate. They did care a little bit.

However upon seeing the child, they noticed that the boy didn't look like his father at all but rather, he looked a lot like his ancestor. The similarities where disturbing. The colour of his hair and eyes though most likely came from the mother which was a good thing, they weren't sure they could handle another Iemitsu. They also seemed to take some facial features and body structure from either the mother or Primo which further distinguished himself from the man. It was a good sign at least.

After that they had looked a little closer. He covered himself up a bit and the boy's eyes seemed to hide something. They could feel the sky flames coming off of them, probably the only thing that came from the father, but they could also feel something else. It was a similar feeling they got from skull and his hidden mist flames. If you could see under the hood, you would have seen their eyes sparkle a little at the prospect of the child having mist flames.

Mist flames meant that the boy had to at least have some kind of intelligence, after all, how could one deceive properly if they weren’t smart enough to do so. It was something Iemitsu lacked. It would be amusing to see the faces of Vongola and Iemitsu when they found out that their so called innocent Tsuna had mist flames. Even more amusing when they found out that the boy could already use his flames.

It would be amusing when they realised that they were the Varia mist user’s soul mate as well. This revelation had been a bit of a troubling one to say the least. Troubling because of the complications of their relationship. Like Skull, Mammon was a grown adult in a baby's body, there wasn't really much getting around that. Still, she was going to protect this child because she will be damned if she has to look at another black mark on her skin ever again.

Chapter End Notes

I am getting good at these endings, not to brag or anything.
So as a few of you wanted, I made Skulls soul mate status to Tsuna a little less vague and I even added Mammon here. I mostly want to go by the Manga here, even though I haven't read it completely because getting access to it is a bitch :( so I think I may make Mammon a girl. Tell me what you think on that.

Also, if you are a little confused about why Mammon is worried about Tsuna's future, I think Mammon is sort of aware of the possibility of Tsuna being an heir to Vongola which conflicts with her boss's goals. The fact that he looks like the first leader makes it even worse.

Do any of you want Tsuna to meet Mukuro and that before or after Reborn. I'm not sure yet to be honest with you. (Copied from FF.net)

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I finally got access to a site where I can read the manga so now I have a better idea of the story but I should probably get around to reading it more.
In which the tuna goes to Italy

Chapter Notes

Sorry I haven't done anything in a while, I was unsure what to do and I had a lack of motivation. Due to popular demand I shall be having Mukuro come into the picture early. Thanks for your comments~!

Also, I don't mean to advertise but my new story Upheval (Which has been spelt wrong ;A;) has gotten it's second chapter. Only one person has commented on the new one though and I am not sure what to do next... (Copied from FF.net)

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Uhh, yeah, just ignore that one about my other story, It's already been rewritten so you can check it out if you want.

I recall someone in the comments saying they wanted Mukuro to come early, well you are in luck because he gets introduced in the next chapter!

Anyway, Katekyo Hitman Reborn does not belong to me but to Akira Amano.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Most elementary schools wouldn't take trips abroad, they mostly went to local areas or maybe another city, something like that. However, Namimori being Namimori, decided that they should take a class strip to Italy. All the other children were obliviously excited for the trip and their parents were excited for them. For Tsuna however, it didn't settle so well in his stomach.

For one thing, he was leaving Namimori. Nobody was quite happy with that. Kyoya especially since he was older and therefore couldn't come but he was a little reassured when informed that Skull and Mammon would come along. Ryohei and Shoichi couldn't come because they were in the year above them as well and Spanner couldn't come either for obvious reasons. He was ready to talk to him any time he was in danger though from the modified phone he had gifted him for his tenth birthday. Haru wasn't going either because she went to a different school.

This made Tsuna feel just a little uncomfortable though. Sure he could fight but he was less about violence and more about using his brain, plus leaving the sanctuary of Namimori was going to put him on edge regardless of whether he had Hana, kyoko and Takeshi beside him along with Skull and Mammon. Tsuna was aware that they weren't exactly normal babies and that they were very powerful so he felt safe when they were around.

There was another two facts that he was concerned about as well. He was going to Italy, which meant that he was going to the country of the Mafia. That alone was disconcerting and had been enough to get Kyoya flipping his shit (excuse my French) and for his other soul mates to bristle with anger and protectiveness. Even Kyoko's smile had gone a little dangerous. It was times like these that she really seemed like his mum.

His father was there also. Call him a coward all you want but Tsuna did not want a confrontation with the man, at least not in this foreign country. He had questions he wasn't so sure he wanted answering just yet.
He also couldn't guarantee if his soul mates would not attack the man. It's not that Tsuna cared about him, it's just that he doesn't want to be arrested for Murder or assault.

Tsuna placed his orange suitcase on top of the plain white bed while Takeshi just dropped his on the floor and started to look around the room. Kyoko and Hana were in the room next door with only a wall separating them. This was the first time any of them had been to a hotel so no doubt the girls where exploring too like the children they were supposed to be but Tsuna couldn't find it in him to do it as well. His intuition was nagging him again. He knew that it was going to be life changing this time. After a while he had learned to distinguish the different feelings his intuition gave him. It could have also been the plane ride, which had been followed by a coach ride. Overall, Tsuna was feeling tired and paranoid, which was not a good thing to be feeling.

Defeatedly though, he decided that it could wait till tomorrow and slipped into the unfamiliar bed with a tired sigh. Skull had at some point slipped in and he had no idea where Mammon was but he figured she was all right on her own. Mammon was a free spirit like Skull, though she was less obvious about it. He had learned that Mammon was actually a girl but had been sworn to secrecy about it. He supposed she had her reasons.

These were his last thoughts before he fell into a peaceful slumber.

Tsuna was irritated now. The sun was glaring down on them and it rather annoyed Tsuna. It wasn't the heat if that is what you are thinking. The combined genius of Spanner and Shoichi had managed to create something that could cool temperature for him in hot weather so that he could still cover himself up without overheating. He wasn't really sure about all the details, science wasn't his strong point so it all went over his head but he knows they put it in his clothing. Where exactly he isn't sure. His Intuition was now blaring at him obnoxiously which was making him even more paranoid. He needs to be somewhere, he knew, but how would get away from the teacher and other students? His answer came in the form of a cloaked baby that had apparently been on his head the whole time, just invisible. Tsuna would have yelped where it not for his instincts.

"Mammon?" Tsuna enquired quietly as he shifted his gaze upwards. The others seemed to notice her presence as well and looked on top of Tsuna's head discreetly. It was a good thing they were at the back of the crowd and the other children were too busy listening to the teachers babbling. "You're intuition is going off isn't it?" she says and the others suddenly stiffen and look to Tsuna. Tsuna gulps before saying "Yes" and the others look at him disapprovingly. "We told you to tell us when that happens squirrel-monkey" Hana says, folding her arms to show her displeasure.

"Sorry" he says quietly. Luckily, before the awkward situation can continue, Mammon says "Well, what does it want?" she asks bluntly in that slightly monotone voice she has. "well.." he starts.

The Acciaio may not have been at the top of the food chain, but they were still one of the stronger Mafia families out there and still had more of a moral compass than the others, like Vongola and the Chiavarone. Their name stood for 'steel' and were known for having top of the mill weapons. The leader, was a man with ruby red hair that was slicked back shabbily and brown eyes. He was one of those men that could pass off as being 20 while also being able to pull off 40 which came in handy with his occupation. His name was Angelo and he was a generally laid back man but could also be serious and strict when doing his job.
The Poignard are a French Family who were also around a similar position of the Acciaio. The Poignard were less about strength and power like the Acciaio and more about Intelligence and stealth. They were the kind of family that preferred to sneak around and use catch-you-off-guard tactics than up front confrontation. This is why their name stands for Dagger. They are known to be good with poisons but are also known for having amazing wine which they make a lot of profit off. Their leaders name was Claude who was a tallish man with honey blonde hair that was slicked back carefully underneath a fedora with honey brown eyes and a goatee. He was a generally polite and well meaning man but he could be quite manipulative and harsh when the occasion arrives.

The two famiglie have had a bit of a long history with each other. In the past, the two where vicious enemies, though that has died down over the years. Nonetheless, the tension between the two has been thick ever since, so it's no surprise that when their men are attacked, they start to blame each other. Each murder corresponds with the opposite famiglia's style and so a war is started once again between the two.

However, this all comes to a stop when they get a hint that they are being set up.

The Carcassa family, who had been thought to have been destroyed because of the murder of their boss and the destruction of a quarter of their forces, where the perpetrators this time. The Carcassa family were considered deplorable even by Mafia standards because of the drug trafficking and other such disgusting activities and they were even banned from going to Mafia land. The remaining members had decided to carry on their former boss's wishes by trying to tear down the Acciaio and the Poignard by setting them up against each other. It was a rather smart plan actually, though they are ashamed to admit it.

In the past, the Carcassa had been a reckless young family that had messed with the two at some point and nearly gotten destroyed in the process. The boss wanted revenge for his ancestors but would never be alive to see it either way.

And so it was that the two families put aside their differences and their pasts to take down the remaining family all the while spitting on their former boss's grave. They were doing the world a favour here. Of course the initial truce handshake looked more like they where trying to break each others hands off but it was a start.

Of course, they had to find the person who tipped them off, they never forget those who aid them, the two families have that in common at least. Finding him however was a little difficult, the person who did it had a really good security system. Eventually though they lead it to a boy who was on a school field trip to Italy. At first, they didn't think the person who had helped them end their feud could have been so young but upon seeing them, they were surprised.

The boy couldn't have been no older than ten and looked rather fragile. He was surrounded by three other children who's eyes where a little too intelligent and on guard to belong to normal children. They were all Japanese and they looked rather out of place in this European country. Upon getting closer though you could feel their flames a little. The boy they were looking for seemed to have the strongest ones and that put them on edge a little.

They were lucky they were in a more secluded area, otherwise it would have looked rather odd to see two older men in suits talking to some young Japanese children. The girl with dark hair and the boy with the happy grin where the first to get in front of the fluffy haired boy and getting into an offensive stance. The girl's glare was enough to send shivers down their spine and the boy's smile seemed to go empty which was disturbing to say the least. The Amber haired girl shifted half in front of their target with a smile just as empty as the boy in front of her and the boy they were protecting
looked at them blankly with no expression on his face.

Angelo puts his hands up calmly to show he is no threat to them and Claude follows more slowly and with more amusement. They following conversation was a little awkward but eventually they get it running and figure out that yes it was them that tipped them.

"But, why?" Claude asks with a raised eyebrow and Angelo nods after a while of blinking repeatedly at the honey haired man. Tsuna (As they now know he is referred to by his friends) looks at his companions and they seem to have an almost silent conversation. Before anyone can say anything however, two small figures materialize on top of the boy. The two Mafia boss's gape a little at the sight of two Arcobaleno.

"His intuition told him" The mist Arcobaleno answers on top of Tsuna's head and the two boss's gape even more.

It was on that day that Tsuna made his first allies in the Mafia world, all at the age of ten.

Chapter End Notes

If finally wrote it! Yes I know you were expecting Mukuro in this episode but he will most likely be in the next or the one after that, I need to set up the events leading to it and leading to certain plot points that you will only figure out until later~

Also, if anybody is wondering.
Acciaio is pronounced : a-cha-ee-o, Poignard is pronounced : pwa-nyar (silent d)

To be honest, I actually forgot I wrote this. I'm not sure If I'm going to keep those two families in the re-write.

I'm not sure how I am going to introduce Mukuro in the next re-write. I would like some thoughts!
In which the tuna saves a pineapple?

Chapter Notes

I am ALIVE.
Sorry for not updating this for so long, even though the chapters have already been written and are at my disposal, college is just really stressful lately so I forgot.
This is nearly finished and I will be moving onto the revised version of this story but I will probably have to wait until exams are over before that happens.

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Tsuna groans into his pillow as if the world was crumbling around him. Tsuna was used to weird stuff happening to him (which was not something he was happy about) but this took the cake. Maybe he shouldn't have listened to his intuition and helped those people out, he didn't want to become known in the Mafia! If that was bad then what was worse was that people were now thinking a new group had sprung up in the underworld that worked with the Arcobaleno. Why did Skull and Mammon look proud!

He is not sure how the others would feel about this, and Tsuna doesn't even want to know what Kyoya thinks about this. Then again, maybe this isn't so bad. As Hana pointed out, they have allies and informants. Not only could they defend them in the future, but they could also pass on information from the underworld to them which would be much easier than having to hunt it down and hack into places. Less dangerous too. He can't believe he is actually accepting this!

Takeshi looks faintly amused by Tsuna's actions and he isn't so sure about Mammon and Skull. Mammon has the perfect poker face on and Skull is currently wearing his helmet. He hadn't planned on having people notice them and assuming they were another new group, in fact it would have been much better if Mammon had kept them under the illusion! He half heartedly glares at Mammon, almost pouting as he can't seem to find it in him to be mad at the mist baby. Mammon just smirks.

There were other things he should focus on though, like the fact his intuition is going off again. He knew leaving Namimori was a bad idea, or maybe he is just doomed to run into trouble for the rest of his life. It was similar to the one he had earlier, but stronger and it seemed like he had to wait for it to happen again. Sighing in his bed sheets, Tsuna knows he isn't going to sleep easy tonight. Takeshi perks an eyebrow at him.

Tsuna shifts his face around making strands of brown hair fall into his face as he stares at Takeshi with tired eyes. "Intuition" he says and Takeshi looks a little bewildered "Again?" he asks and Tsuna nods mournfully. Takeshi seems to go into thought for a moment before breaking out into a grin and walking over to Tsuna purposefully. Tsuna looks a little confused but doesn't think Takeshi is going to do anything bad to him. However, an embarrassing little 'hie' escapes his throat when Takeshi suddenly slides in next to him on the bed and pulling the covers over them.

Tsuna is a little flustered at this point when Takeshi pulls him closer to his chest and wraps his arms around him all the while grinning like a loon. Tsuna calms down a little but there is still a prominent blush on his face. "Why are yo-" "You might sleep easier if we are close together, cuz this way I can protect you, right?" Takeshi cuts him off. Tsuna thinks over it for a moment and decides he may be right, besides, once Takeshi makes his mind up there is no stopping him.
Tsuna sighs and just places his face into his soul mates chest and he can see out of the corner of his eye that Mammon and Skull are taking advantage of the extra bed. Either way, the young sky gets his beauty sleep tonight.

It was just over half way into the day when it finally happened. Their ditzy teacher was once again taking them around some attraction and blabbering on about something that Tsuna wasn't really paying attention to because of his damn intuition. They were getting a few stares from the locals as it wasn't very common to find a class of foreign students, especially at this age, taking a tour in Italy. They obviously weren't used to the madness that was Namimori.

Tsuna frowns and debates whether he should follow his intuition or stay put. In the end, Tsuna decides to tell the others about it at least. Lord knows what would happen to him if he didn't. Hana purses her lips and goes into thought while Kyoko frowns slightly and Takeshi grimaces. They mostly wait for Hana's opinion because while Tsuna is the boss, Hana is the real brains behind these things.

"While I would be cautious about what it is trying to tell us, I am pretty sure trying to avoid or ignore it would be a bad idea" She says and Tsuna sighs for the umpteenth time today because that means going on another hair-raising little adventure. Tsuna then goes into strategy mode. He can't just jump into this, no matter how much his intuition nags him about it. Mammon and Skull are off doing something or other and while Tsuna and his friends/soul mates are all very capable children, they are just that, children. So Tsuna decides that he should at least call their new... allies. He grimaces at the word. God dammit Mammon.

Throughout Mukuro's childhood, if you could call it a childhood, he often found his reasons for living to be limited to a select few things. One, was Chikusa and Ken. It used to apply to some others but they soon died and so he found himself hoping for their survival every day. Not that he would ever admit this to them, unless he was dying maybe. Two was the ever growing hatred and need for revenge and destruction within him. All his life he had been experimented on and had to watch the same to others and then see them die. It was not right. He would kill them one day and then the rest of the Mafia if he could. He says that word like spitting out venom.

The Mafia was the reason for his pain. It didn't matter who got hurt as long as they got what they desired.

There was one other thing he lived for. His soul mark. It was admittedly an odd thing for someone like Mukuro to live for but it might have been what kept him sane for all these years. Partially anyways. He never had parents to speak for to tell him about these soul marks, but even he knew they were special. When he first learned that these marks were important and what they entailed, he was a little bit happy that someone out there might care for him. A few experiments later and a trip to hell, Mukuro tried to tell himself they were just fairy tales, afterwards reasoning came in and figured that if even the Estraneo classed them as fact and something to researched (Experimented) then soul mates were a real thing and not just myths.

Sometimes he resented his soul mate, why was he left in such a cruel place, why wasn't he here? This didn't really last long though. The marks going down the side of his torso were in orange and radiated a sort of warmth that he almost craved and comforted him after a particularly harsh experiment. He wanted to meet this person, he wanted their warmth. Was it selfish to feel wanted? The words were also a little sarcastic and served for a bit of amusement for him.
His soul mate however would have to wait. There was an escape to be put into motion. He was not standing for this any longer. In their excitement and thirst for knowledge and power, they made the mistake in making him stronger and giving him powers. And thus, the Estraneo would stand no longer by the time he was done with them.

Mukuro wonder why on earth they would bother going after them when their entire organisation was almost wiped out. There was literally only a select amount of members left and that wasn't even enough to keep Estraneo together and even then none of them were powerful enough to lead. Bosses didn't necessarily have to be skies, considering they were as rare as a tiger running around the city, but it still took more than these guys to lead a Mafia family.

They might be trying to regain their pride or something stupid like that, he doesn't expect them to feel remorse for their co-workers and what not. And another reason to hate the Mafia. This speculation sure isn't going to help him get away from these goons though. They are all physically weak from running and trying to survive in Italy so fighting isn't that much of an option. He figures he could loose them with the help of some illusions though.

This plan is sort of thrown out of the window though, when he turns the corner and runs into someone else. He doesn't fall, neither does the stranger, but they do stumble a little. Snapping his head upwards, he greeted to the sight of fluffy brown hair and wide brown eyes. There are others near him but he doesn't really notice them as much as he does the persona in front of them.

Mukuro shakes his head, now is not the time to start examining random people on the street, he's being chased! The boy looks behind him and hears the sound of feet stamping against the ground, the heavy breathing and the vulgarities and demands being thrown around and his eyes seem to click in realisation. Mukuro is about to start running but before he can the boy grabs his wrist, gestures to his other companions, and starts to drag him away. Ken almost looks like he wants to growl or shout at them and Chikusa just looks afraid but they can't really argue when they are being led away from their pursuers.

Running around several twists for a while, they end up in a more crowded area of Italy, and the men are starting to lag behind. One of the girls mutters angrily and he briefly hears her say 'where the heck are they!' before they duck behind some boxes near a store on a decently crowded street. The Estraneo men and panting and angrily muttering by the time they get there and manage to successfully scare the pedestrians as they poke around.

Mukuro, feeling the adrenaline wear off ever so slightly, has a moment of impulsion were he grabs the shoulders of the boy who sort of rescued him and with the most angriest whisper he could summon says "Why did you do that?! you could have gotten killed!". The fluffy haired boy's eyes widen in surprise before he groans in exasperation and then says "I am going to have a harem of Assassins and ninjas by the end of this" and Mukuro suddenly feels numb.
Chapter Notes

I haven't updated this in forever, I completely forgot there was one more chapter to add to this, nonetheless, this will be the last chapter of this story you will see. I have rewritten this story, It is now called 'Mark of the Soul' on FF.net. I will transfer it onto this site after I post this last chapter, thanks for sticking around!

(Crossed over from FF.net)
Here's some Ancestor action ;)

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See the end of the chapter for more notes.

If G, Daemon and Alaude were the more aggressive soul mates then his other three were the more calmer ones.

Ugetsu was probably the exact definition of calm, being the rain and all. He was sweet and more subtle in his actions towards Giotto and though he was more laid back and carefree than most Japanese, he preferred gifts, evenings out, small affections and caressing his face to the more passionate, direct and possessive acts of love he received from the others. That's not to say he couldn't provide said passionate affections.

Indeed, Ugetsu could be pretty possessive of Giotto now and then. Most of the time his rain guardian was calm and peaceful like a dove, but when angered, he was like a an avenging swan whose young was in danger. And much like the swan, he was graceful and did not give up for a single moment. It was a little concerning but Giotto couldn't help find it flattering and flushed a little whenever it happened. Besides, it usually happened when he was actually in danger so it wasn't the most concerning thing on his plate.

It was on a particular day that one of these incidents occurred. The day was rather sunny but not overwhelmingly so and as such, Giotto thought it would be a great day to go out for a bit, seeing as his paperwork wasn't spilling over his rather expensive mahogany desk for once. Expensive because normal ones wouldn't gave been able to handle the amount of documents his guardians manage to produce with their endless violence.

Upon walking out the mansion, Ugetsu saw him and asked if he could join. Giotto, loving the company of his rain guardian, saw not reason why he couldn't and thus the two headed into the town nearby. The two went by carriage seeing as the mansion was deep into the forest. The reason for this you may be wondering was because they wanted to be more hidden. It would take a while for the enemy to get there and it made sure there was very few civilian casualties should a fight break out at the mansion. One downside to this was that the path was a dirt path and thus easily traceable. They used a carriage to make it seem less obvious.

Walking into the town, people greeted Giotto Heartily while the man in question smiled and waved back. A lot of people in the town knew the vigilante's by now and many people were charmed by their kind leader. After the merry greetings, Giotto and Ugetsu were now locked into a pleasant conversation, with Giotto doing most of the talking and Ugetsu just smiling warmly at his soul mates.
cute babbling. Giotto seemed to emit a cheery and flowery air, or at least Ugetsu thought he was, it was a little hard to tell if it were that or just his immense infatuation with his boss.

Still, they continued throughout the walk, Ugetsu holding Giotto's hand and unconsciously caressing them slightly with only the occasional shop distracting them from the moment. Before long the odd pair had made it to a particularly popular section of the shopping district and Giotto's attention was officially torn away from Ugetsu to the various stores around them. Even Ugestu had torn his gaze away from his beloved to look at a few interesting shops in the area.

Giotto had of course gone to the cake store, the glutton, while Ugetsu spotted an antique store that had a few objects from his own culture. Smiling pleasantly, Ugetsu explored the little store with interest, even getting into conversation with the store owner, an elderly man with round cloudy glasses.

When Ugestu left the store he was in a bit of a buzz. Getting to spend time with his soul mate and exploring his roots had gotten the calm male in an even more cheerful mood than usual. His euphoria was cut short however when he noticed his soul mate in a bit of a predicament. Giotto was currently being accosted by some men, who they were Ugetsu didn't care. What did matter was the uncomfortable and tense look on Giotto's face. Now, Giotto was not someone who got uncomfortable or tense very often, so it didn't matter what the men did, they were going down.

It didn't matter that Giotto could take the men down easily either, he was too kind to resort to violence. It did nothing to stop his eyes from turning to ice, his smile to gain an edge and for the feeling of possessiveness and over protectiveness to spread throughout his body. Within a few seconds, the men were down on the floor with Ugetsu in the middle while the people stared a bit dumbfounded. Giotto himself sported a look of surprise.

The people however moved on as Ugestu nearly dragged Giotto away to a more secluded area. As soon as Ugestu felt they were sufficiently alone, he pulled Giotto into his chest and wrapped his arms around his frame. "Umf?" came out of Giotto's mouth which was muffled by Ugetsu's clothing. Ugetsu burries his face into soft blonde locks and then mutters "Sorry, I was a little impulsive wasn't I?" Ugetsu says, coming down from his adrenaline rush for a moment.

Giotto looks up at Ugestu, his blue eyes softening as he gives out his heart warming smile "Maybe just a little" he says a little amused as he leans up to the tall man's cheek and pecks it sweetly. "Thank you" he whispers softly, his breath tickling the samurai's tanned cheek before returning to burying his face into Ugetsu's shoulder. Ugetsu sighs in contentment as he rests his chin against the others ridiculous amount of hair. He hums a little to himself, the feeling vibrating through the Vongola boss slightly.

Yes, maybe just a little possessive.

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Now Knuckle was as sweet as they came. Perhaps it was his way of making up for the fact his status as a priest preventing him from doing certain things with Giotto. Not that Giotto minded, Knuckle was very affectionate showed his love quite clearly.

To many people, especially priest like Knuckle, soul mates were one of the most beautiful things in this world. To many, they were messages from God and to deny this would be nearly heinous. However, as a priest, Knuckle was bound to God and could therefore not get married or have sex. However, there was a special ceremony used for people with multiple soul mates and those with a priest status.
Right there on his right hand, shimmering on his ring finger, right next to the Vongola ring, was evidence to the world of their love. Yes it was cheesy but when Knuckle came into the equation, things tended to be cheesy. The man was so enthusiastic and buoyant and yet so calm and wise. The former boxer was near to tears when he slipped the silver band onto his slender fingers and gazed at Giotto with utter adoration. Thinking about it made the Vongola boss's face burn as he buries his face in his arms and laughs a little hysterically. How the loud man managed to turn him into flustered young girl in love was something only God would know.

It didn't help that Knuckles words were scripted on the hand his ring was on as well. When they were alone, Knuckle would brush his lips against the silver ring and then kiss the ochre letters that spun along the back of his hand. It never failed to fluster Giotto, who thought he would be used to it by now.

On this day in particular, Giotto sat behind his desk, furiously scribbling signatures for the numerous amounts of paperwork piled on his desk. The late afternoon sun shone through the window behind him and made his blonde locks of hair seem almost golden. Blue eyes that were semi-concentrated, flicked back and forth between words and letters with only a few pauses now and then to focus on what he was writing.

This routine however was immediately broken when he heard a knock on his door which echoed around the room slightly. Groaning slightly as he stretched, Giotto sighed and then said "come in" as he wondered who on earth was knocking at this time. Ah, yes, it was Knuckle. He had been out to an orphanage that was recently set up in a nearby village and Knuckle had gone to help out and give supplies. Despite having been gone out all day, Knuckle looked as though it was still the morning, his cheerful grin still in place.

Stepping forward, Knuckle noticed how tired Giotto looked, the blonde male in question rubbing his slightly red and puffy eyes that looked unfocused. Putting the papers in his hand on the mahogany desk in front of him and pushing them away, Knuckle cups his soul mates face with his tanned hand and rubs his thumb over the bruising on his eyes. Giotto looks a bit more focused now as he gives Knuckle a confused look. "You look tired" he says softly to the unspoken question, his eyes narrowing in concern.

"I'm fine, it's nothing new, and this work isn't going finish itself..." he trails off as Knuckle grabs his hand and presses it to his lips, the priest's eyes imploring him to do as he suggests "You can finish it off some other time can't you, I don't want to see working yourself to your ultimate death" the black haired man says, slipping in his 'catchphrase' while he's at it.

Giotto is terrible at turning down requests and is too tired to be stubborn right now so he gives in with a sigh "Alright, if it makes you feel better" Giotto softly responds, a tired smile decorating his face. He is rewarded with a large grin from the priest and another adoring and slightly worshipful kiss on the hand. Come to think of it, Knuckle was often worshipful when it came to kissing, like he was some sort of golden statue of God. He also really liked Giotto's hands as well. Face flushing, Giotto told his brain to shut up and decided to get out of his seat.

He never did look at those papers Knuckle brought in did he? Whoops.

Chapter End Notes

Holy crap on a sparkly burger, I actually finished it.
Looks like these two took up the whole chapter so I will have to do the other two next time. Hope you enjoyed this!

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