Skyfall - Angoscia

by Bubblepop32

Summary

7 yrs can definitely do a lot to the Vongola; all sorts of things that give Tsuna headaches. He's now the big boss of all mafia, no longer Dame-Tsuna, no longer lame. But one, destined meeting ruined it all. Everything. They strike him at the right place at the wrong time, chipping away at Vongola's foundations. Tsuna's right hand disappears, his left hand betrays him, and his legs no longer walk.

Unless something is done, Tsuna will never be able to save his Famiglia.

And that's just the beginning.

The past's problems become the present's problems and their fates are inevitably connected.
Hello and welcome to Skyfall - Angoscia, a KHR fanfiction! I am Bubblepop32, and I really hope you guys will enjoy this fanfic that took me some time to plan out. (Inspiration came from a bar of Lavender soap)

KHR does not belong to me; it belongs to the awesome Akira Amano, only this fanfiction, the cover (yes! I know it's bad...gomen...), the plot, character depiction in this and a bit of other less significant stuff belongs to me.

~Dedicated to my fabulous friends!~

Pls Sit back relax and enjoy this story...

Tsuna's now twenty-one. It has been seven years since the eventful time travel incident, the defeat of Byakuran and the revival of the Arcobaleno, six years since the Vongola and the Shimon Famiglia have once again, formally, healed their strong and infrangible friendship that their ancestors had previously created. Seven years is definitely a long time, but Tsuna can recall those important memories from then as if it was only yesterday that he woke up from his coffin completely and utterly confused.

He sighed wistfully at his action-packed past and let out a soft chuckle of amusement when his memories drifted to all the fun times he's spent with his treasured Famiglia. He wished that he could live his carefree and less serious younger life again, but going back would contradict the idea that 'the short life-span of good things is what makes them so special'.

The almighty Vongola Decimo was no longer the thin, sickly looking child he's once been when he first started his unexpected mafia career. In fact if it wasn't for his signature brown hair that won't obey the laws physics then nobody would've been able to recognise him now. Thinking about it, being older wasn't too bad.

He no longer held eyes that expressed his expressions like an open book, which could be effortlessly read and easily deceived; they were now a lot more reserved, experienced and definitely almost impossible to fool. Because of that change, adding to the more defined jaw line and a longer, more mature face, he looked like a brand new person that did not live fourteen of their years being a Dame-student.

He's also grown over the years, but not as much as the others. But at least he was no longer 157cm (5'2") ; he's added a hearty height of 22cm to that, now 179 (around 5'8" and a bit more), almost 180 (5'9"). But not quite. Though Tsuna has grown the most out of his male guardians, he was still sadly the shortest. Tsuna decided that when he finally reached the height of being 180cm, he would throw a small party, but he would never tell anyone the reason. Never.

His actions, of course, have been strongly mellowed over the past seven years. His wimpy attitude towards life when he was still fourteen completely vanished, he's now learnt to never ever give up, no matter how dire the situation has become, because there will always be hope…

'My guardians…' Tsuna thought, 'I really do hope that they come back safely…'

Being in the state of reminiscing the past and the current, downright forgot that he was in the middle of signing a trade agreement with some other random corporation that trades leather
products. His fountain pen came to a pause at the very end of the cursive letter 'e' in his signature, 'Vongola Decimo'. Thank goodness the pen's tip lifted away from the paper whilst he daydreamed, if it hadn't, the leather trading corporation would have to see an embarrassingly huge ink blot.

His hand gradually went slack and let the pen roll out of his grasp, letting the pen helplessly roll off the edge of the desk. Right at the moment the pen landed on the ground with a small 'tink', the door to his office burst open and smashed against the wall with a huge 'BANG'.

"Juudaime! I'm back! And with an urgent message!" A very distinct voice bellowed across his office.

Tsuna's thoughts immediately returned back to earth, startling his entire body to jump involuntarily. An alarmed wail erupted from his mouth as a reflex. "GAAHHHHIIIEEE!" In the process of trying to jump away from the sound, his knee banged painfully against the underside of the desk, causing him to lean haphazardly forward and thus banging his forehead on the edge of the same desk as well.

A few files of paperwork toppled off the desk and landed in a pile of mess on the ground, along with a few other documents and a couple of expensive Vongola enterprise pens. Tsuna was in no better state; both his knee and his head were sending 1000 degree burning daggers to his pain receptors.

The person, who caused this chain of misfortunes was none other than Hayato, who was standing in the doorway. Seven years hasn't changed him too much, except his personality has finally decided to tone down a bit from super explosive to just explosive. Other than that, he's obviously developed the mature looks: definitely taller, leaner with more muscles and a deeper voice.

He barged in, donned in his casual Mafioso clothe; A black suit, his signature stormy dark red dress shirt, a loose knotted black tie (probably loosened it when he arrived, he hates the strangling feeling of ties), a pair of black slacks and a well-shined pair of black cap-toe Oxford. He hated the feeling of wearing too much formal wear, it felt to him like he was strapped to pieces of stiff cardboard, so usually he would lay off the vests.

Hayato started speaking, but without the seriousness he planned to use after seeing the mess he's caused. "Ju-Juudaime! I'm sorr-" He started, but was soon cut off by a grimacing waul from none other than his most treasured boss.

"Gokudera! Don't startle me like that!" Tsuna pleaded with slight urgency. He was not in the mood to be given a heart attack, and most definitely not in the mood to get distracted and then later accidently start a war due to forgetting to reply to meeting invitations (the other Famiglia may take it the wrong way). He gingerly pushed himself up, staggering slightly with each little rise, then falling back onto his cushioned office chair.

He let out a small sigh and rubbed his forehead. "Other than that…” Tsuna smiled warmly, casting away the pain that was currently plaguing his knee and forehead for a moment, "Welcome back, my right hand man."

At that, Hayato smiled too. He couldn't help but feel overwhelmingly happy and proud when his boss called him his 'right hand man'. It meant to him that Tsuna has accepted him for being his trusty, jack of all trades, knowledgeable and loyal right hand man. Also, his boss actually welcomed him back!

"Ow…” Tsuna mumbled a complaint about his slightly swollen forehead, not to mention a bruising knee that will soon develop into a nice blotchy canvas of dark purple and blue.
Hayato's facial expression immediately turned sour and rushed to Tsuna's side, easily avoiding the fallen paperwork and pens. He held out his hand in distress, gently whisking away the strands of hair that covered his boss' forehead with careful fingers, revealing a small, pink bump which has already begun developing a light hue of purple.

Tsuna's heart couldn't help but beat a little faster when Hayato closed the distance between them so fast to examine his contusion. He hasn't had such close contact with his guardians for almost three months, due to them having very packed schedules, thus leaving no room for casual meet-ups.

Hayato lifted his fingers away from his boss and took a brisk step back. "Juudaime I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to cause you any pain! I'll quickly go grab an ice-pack." He apologised earnestly, but before he could run off, Tsuna stopped him.

"Gokudera! You don't need to go." He quickly called. "It's only a bruise, and it doesn't hurt much...if I don't bang it anywhere else again." For the sake of keeping Hayato from running off, he ignored his pain. When Hayato came to examine his forehead, Tsuna's skilled eye instantly caught sight of an envelope tucked away in his pocket.

"Instead...I would like to know about the urgent message you mentioned." Tsuna instructed.

Hayato obeyed and terminated his mission to obtain an icepack. He regained his business-like posture and smoothed down his Mafioso suit, slightly narrowing his eyes in the progress. "It's an invitation." He divulged clearly, but with a slight tinge of distaste. "A meeting with the Tramonto Famiglia at one of their bases."

Tsuna's gaze darkened at the mention of the Tramonto Famiglia. The Tramonto Famiglia's ways and mafia families with similar ways of operating was one of the reasons why Primo created the Vongola vigilante group. In fact, the Tramonto was supposed to be eradicated ages ago, but an heir to their Famiglia escaped and revived the Famiglia quite a few years after.

"The Tramonto Famiglia..." Tsuna muttered. "...the one that owns and funds major DTOs (Drug Trafficking Organisations) across the globe. They're the ones who support the growing number of drug-related crimes around Japan, Mexico and the Pacific." He recalled from a database he skimmed a few months ago.

Hayato nodded and took out the envelope he placed in his pocket. "Rumours say that their boss isn't human, reason being his way of killing is terribly inhumane and many of his body parts have been replaced by mechanical counterparts." He added. He placed the envelope on Tsuna's desk, now messy, and slid it forward. "Here's the invitation." He moved back and awaited his boss to open it.

Tsuna reached out and picked the envelope up, decorated with typical vintage border design. Through experience, he's learnt to never open a letter or anything received from other Famiglias without checking it for traps.

One time, one of Dino's men (obviously spies that have successfully infiltrated their ranks) swapped a letter addressed to Tsuna. The letter was originally just a simple greetings letter, but the spies exchanged it for one that was filled with high concentrations of illegal flame absorbent powder. When Tsuna opened it (prior being checked), it led to him being in the state of comatose for a week, due to the sudden deprivation of flames from his body. The spies were singled out and were later disposed of – which Dino refused to tell Tsuna how he disposed them.

His irises flickered from a chocolaty brown to a rich, glowing orange. The warm, endearing orange was also the colour of the flame that suddenly flickered out from his forehead, which had been
very recently banged. Though his Hyper Intuition is already top-notch in his normal form, he figured that he should activate his HDWM just in case.

"Gokudera." He called with his HDWM voice, which was welly modulated and oddly entralling, not to mention very smooth and slightly alluring to listen to.

The name rolled over his right hand man with great effectiveness. His senses immediately perked up and the muscles on his torso tensed, forcing him to stand unnaturally straight. A tingling shiver involuntarily travelled down his neck when he heard his name being called in such an authoritative tone.

Hayato hastily answered the call, but unintentionally stuttered. "Y-yes Juudaime?" He swallowed and cursed internally at himself for acting like an idiot just because he wasn't accustomed to Tsuna's HDWM characteristics after not being exposed to them for such a long time.

Tsuna, of course, caught onto the stutter but kept it to himself. He noted that he should start going into his HDWM more occasionally so that his guardians won't stutter in word or action during missions. "How did you get this letter?" He continued in his well-modulated voice. He narrowed his eyes and concentrated on the contents of the letter, trying to sense any abnormalities.

This time Hayato pinched himself on the arm just to make sure he doesn't act like an idiot again. "One of their men handed the letter to me just as I walked out of the pub that I visit frequently to gather info…." Hayato furrowed his brows just a bit to express concern. "It seems like this Tramonto has been doing some unwanted research…"

Tsuna flickered out of his HDWM after making sure the letter was not laced with traps. He pressed his lips together in thought. 'This Tramonto Famiglia is plotting something…and I can feel that it's not good…but what is it?' He peeled his attention away from the envelope and instead gazed at him tentatively. 'Having such a mysterious Famiglia to know one of my guardian's schedule…it's dangerous. Too dangerous…It'll endanger not only my guardians but every one working under them too, possibly the entire Vongola.' Tsuna pondered deeply.

"Also, the messenger said that this needs an immediate reply…" 'or their boss will get angry, and their angry boss is very dangerous…but I don't want to put stress on Juudaime.' He lowered his gaze and 'tch'ed at himself. 'I should've got rid of that messenger before he even got to me!'

Having been the boss of Vongola and close friends with his guardians (maybe not Hibari and Mukuro, they are more like 'long distance friends' and 'possessive pineapple' to him) for more than six years, Tsuna can almost read their expressions like an open book. With the help of his handy Hyper Intuition, he sensed that Hayato was blaming himself for not doing something, which Tsuna had a feeling he's glad he didn't.

"Well, as long as they didn't do anything bad to you…then I can think about going." Tsuna said with a soft exhale. He could see that Hayato was doing his best to suppress a beaming smile of joy after he said he was glad that nothing bad happened to him. He still doesn't get why Hayato is still so happy after hearing words of concern from him. Actually, he also never really got why Hayato was so dedicated to him either, but he's happy that Hayato decided to be by his side.

Without further ado, he grabbed one of his letter openers that didn't fall off the desk and opened the letter. He slid his fingers around the parchment and gently pulled it out, unfolding it with the other hand. He read through the letter, which had nothing more than the addressee, the location of the meeting, a contact phone number and a short message.

Your highness, Neo Vongola Primo, please do come to this meeting. It is incredibly urgent. The
He's almost forgotten that he was retitled as 'Neo Vongola Primo' ever since…well, ages ago. The reason why he still uses 'Decimo' as his signature is probably because of Hayato's habit of calling him 'Juudaime', and that has rubbed onto him quite a bit.

Other than his title, the rest of the small message is definitely suspicious. First of all, if Tramonto Settimo really needed this to be urgent, then why not visit the Vongola mansion personally? The Vongola mansion's address was no secret, in fact it should be common knowledge among the Mafioso. Other than the mansion's location, the location of other places, bases, communication centres, research labs etc. were kept hidden.

Making the Vongola mansion's address public simply shows how confident they are in their strength. Vongola isn't deemed the strongest Famiglia for no reason, and if other Mafioso really did come to eradicate them, Hibari or Ryohei would've already sent them flying.

Secondly, if another mafia Famiglia requests a meeting, then the subject of discussion should definitely be written. Most Famiglia bosses would decline if the subject isn't included. It was too risky to accept; the invitation could simply be something to cover for an assassination.

But knowing Tsuna, he wasn't the mean type of boss that would simply decline a meeting that's labelled 'urgent', but he wasn't impulsive enough to go straight over without consulting CEDEF or his guardians first.

"Basil-san has been quite busy lately right?" Tsuna asked no one in particular.

But Hayato answered anyway. "Yeah. He's dealing with one of the Vongola research lab that had discovered this 'will energy'. Apparently the lab had been raided and the research that was done on 'will energy' was stolen, so Basil's been trying to recover the papers and put that lab back in working order." He on-pointedly informed.

Tsuna gave a shy laugh and stood up from his chair. "Gokudera, you sure are thoroughly updated with our status. Maybe you should be the boss instead." He joked.

Hayato obviously did not take it as a joke and immediately started his episode of apologising. "No Juudaime!" He blurted out. "I will never be able to be as great as you are! I'm so sorry for offending you! You are the best boss in the entire perceivable universe! I mean it!"

Tsuna quickly walked over to Hayato, attempting to hush his words. "Gokudera! It's fine! That was meant to be a joke…but I guess you would really be a better-" He tried saying to calm him down. He was going to say 'you would really be a better right hand man,' but Hayato presumed that Tsuna was still insisting that he should become boss and started stressing again.

As Tsuna was going to walk out of the room and head off to the communication room believing that he's finally quelled Hayato's unease, Hayato suddenly grabbed his shoulder, spinning him around so that they were face to face. He looked down at his Juudaime and put on the most sincere gaze and serious expression he could make, almost as if he was going to make a grand confession.

"Juudaime! I am sincerely sorry!" He wailed, completely unfit with his deeper voice. "I-I'm a terrible right hand man! Even after so long, I have caused you nothing but discouragement! I-I-I-"
Tsuna, who wasn't actually listening to Hayato's words of self-complaint but instead concentrating on the fact that Hayato suddenly pulled him in so close, with the smell of gunpowder and a faint tint of Chamomile and Lavender aftershave gently emanating from him. It was simply too hard to keep his suppressed blush away from his face. 'Too close!'

He's been isolated from human contact for so long, yet in one day he's gotten less than an atom's breadth close to someone twice. Warmth was definitely spreading across his cheeks, and he was afraid that the pink flush would become obvious.

Tsuna, now with (way) more strength than before, easily broke away from Hayato's grasp. He stepped back strongly and quickly turned away, facing the corridor as if fascinated by it.

"G-Gokudera! A joke. It's ok. Because I know you are way better and reliable being right hand man." He exclaimed, straining his voice a little. He gripped the letter in his hands and slid it into his inner breast pocket before turning his head just a bit so that Hayato could only see a slither of this face. "L-let's go. I'm going to give everyone a call." – And he strode off, leaving a nervous Hayato quickly trailing behind.

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Tsuna now sat comfortably in one of his premium leather bound chairs from the company he signed a trade agreement (quite) a few moments ago. They shipped a sample to him so that the Neo Vongola Primo could evaluate their products personally. The leather trading Famiglia's boss nearly broke Tsuna's eardrums when he personally called them to tell them how comfy they were, and he will happily accept the trade agreement as long as the leather were collected from humane factories.

He had just sent a text to his cherished guardians and his ex-Spartan tutor which he will be holding a group video call in a few minutes, and that they were welcome to join early if they wanted. Usually, he wouldn't trouble his guardians for just a meeting, but something (namely his gut feelings) told Tsuna that he should get a second thought about it.

Now that he's settled down in a more relaxed environment without the pressure of paperworks… his Hyper Intuition was sending him stronger gut feelings. These feelings were strong enough to give him a tiny prick of a headache. It was almost like trying to tell him that-

Then all of a sudden, one section of the screen flickered to life, immediately displaying a smiling ravenette with light brown eyes and a mysterious scar on the right side of his chin. He was wearing an earpiece, and he was dressed in just a light blue dress shirt.

"Yo Tsuna! How are you?" A super familiar, cheery and soothing voice announced clearly. The audio was so clear that they both thought that the person was actually standing right before them.

Tsuna immediately recognised the cheery voice and gripped his armrests in delight, though he didn't really show it on his face, but he smiled warmly nonetheless.

Hayato simply nodded in acknowledgement and muttered something about "Stupid baseball idiot calling Juudaime's name so casually." And "getting a vacation."

"It's nice to see that you're safe and sound, Yamamoto." He said, relieved that his rain guardian wasn't too injured. "How's Boston? I hope you didn't get targeted or attacked or-" Tsuna yet again was unintentionally taking on the role as the protective mummy hen, getting all fretted about his guardian's wellbeing.
The rain guardian's smile cracked into a lopsided grin. "Maa maa Tsuna~!" Takeshi soothed. "I can protect myself, plus the mission wasn't that dangerous anyway." He added. It was obvious that he was on a plane, one of the special jets that's designed especially for the Vongola. Internet was just one of the many things that are available on the special jet where normal planes aren't. Just as he was going to say something else, a flight attendant peeked into view and crouched down, whispering something into his ear.

"Oh, ok thanks. So three more hours until landing?"

The flight attendant nodded and headed back to her compartment.

Tsuna studied Takeshi through the screen carefully. He wasn't supposed to be on the plane back to Sicily until tomorrow evening, yet he was going over the North Atlantic Ocean right now, not mentioning already six hours into the flight. This was definitely fishy. Takeshi couldn't possibly have known about the meeting invitation beforehand, and if he did, it wouldn't be something to push his flight forward. Tsuna specially reserved this mission for him so that he could spend some time in Boston unwinding by exploring all the baseball culture over there, maybe even score a few homeruns if he felt like it.

It was definitely odd that Takeshi would cut short such a great, once in a (long) while opportunity to reconnect with his most favourite hobby.

Tsuna felt responsible and extremely guilty that he had to take him away from baseball. Even after seven years; from the moment Takeshi chose to join him in playing the 'mafia game', he's always felt extremely immense contrite whenever Takeshi had to leave the bat just for him. And most times, after having to leave his bat for a war between Famiglias, he wouldn't be able to play for weeks because of the severe injuries he's received.

Hayato also got suspicious of the sudden unplanned early flight, but only to a certain degree. Though it was odd that Takeshi didn't contact him beforehand. "Hey baseball freak…why the hell are you coming back so early?" He glared straight at the rain guardian as if looking for any hints. "Tch…don't tell me something actually did happen-"

Another dark section of the screen flickered to life, blasting out immense ear ringing noise; the downpour of coins sounding like metallic rain, an entire crowd of people screaming or shouting and the sound of…cards being dealt. Though this call was audio only.

But a distinct, immaculate, deep voice seemed to pierce through all the audio mess like a fog-horn. "Ciao, Neo Vongola Primo." It spoke, loud and clear. "Dame-Tsuna."

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I was going to write more, but that would be too long, so please be patient and wait for the next chapter to arrive!

**Shoutout #1:**

- MY COUSIN (Name) WANTS A BOYFRIEND!

Have a shoutout? Pls add it to the end of your comment.

Oh, and guys, made any fanart for this? (this is the first chapter...so I guess no...I’m sorry!) Please do email them to me at Bubblepop_32 ! I would love to see your creations!
It would be great if you can critique this, or simple encouragements or thoughts on this would be absolutely great :D

-Bubblessss

P.S pls excuse any mistakes~
Tis Bubblesss! XDD Welcome to the second chapter of *Skyfall – Angoscia!* Thanks to the people who bookmarked and kudo'd ~

KHR does not belong to me; it belongs to the awesome Akira Amano!

I'm considering on revising my summary, I feel like it's not exactly related to the current chapters just yet.

- Beta'd by chewybillabong~~

Now snuggle up and enjoy!

Tsuna's heart thumped uncontrollably in his chest like a jackhammer on steroids. Tsuna swore he heard a crack from one of his ribs directly in front of his racing heart. "R-Reborn?!" He gasped in utter surprise. He did not expect him to answer his hails at all, and yet there he was, joining in the group screen meeting. Well, not exactly because he was audio only.

Both Takeshi and Hayato shared similar reactions, but their hearts were beating more like rubber hammers rather than jackhammers against their ribs. Their eyes expanded double their size, mouth agape with surprise and shock. Tsuna hoped that their eyeballs wouldn't suddenly roll out.

And then another voice came through; "Uncle? How does this game work?" a feminine voice asked, most likely asking Reborn.

Tsuna immediately recognised the voice, the voice of a girl that produces the same sky flames as him, the Decimo of the Giglio Nero Famiglia, the girl that sacrificed her life in order to revive the deceased Arcobalenos in a parallel world. "Y-Yuni-chan?!!" Tsuna gaped at the audio.

"Hmm? Is that Tsuna?" There was the sound of a faint ruffle, and miraculously it could be heard over the brain-rattling background noise. "Uncle, are you calling Tsuna right now?" Yuni asked, piqued with curiosity when she heard a small voice from her Uncle's earpiece.

Reborn spoke up. "Yes, we are." He answered lightly. "I was hoping to keep our promise today, but a troublesome ex-student decided to hold an important meeting."

"After all the other meetings that I asked - pleaded you to attended, you finally decided to join!" Tsuna huffed internally. He was very annoyed and slightly angry at Reborn for ignoring all his previous calls, where all of them were as important as the one he's holding now.

Yuni's voice travelled out from the speakers again. "It's okay Uncle, you can always teach me how to gamble another time. Plus, gambling doesn't seem like my kind of thing, but it is pretty fun." She replied, completely happy to let Reborn participate in the Vongola meeting. "You've already made this a great birthday, Uncle!"

Tsuna was already shocked enough that Reborn finally decided to partake in this, and now, from what he's heard, he's introducing gambling to this little angel?! As if Gamma would allow that to happen! But then again…he hasn't heard Gamma's voice from the audio just yet.
"Reborn! Why are you letting her gamble?!!" His voice rose whilst he fussed. "We all know gambling can turn into an addiction and is she even old enough-

"Maa maa Tsuna, I'm sure they have their reasons." Takeshi cut in before they all got an earful of Tsuna's complaints about mental health and all sorts, probably moving onto something off topic along the way. He gave a quick smile for effect. He was relieved that Tsuna was still awfully wary about everyone's health, even after all these years of being in the cold and ruthless mafia world, and he was thankful for that. He hoped that his caring and kind nature won't disappear… "But teaching Yuni gambling sure is peculiar."

"Oi, shut up baseball idiot. Juudaime's right." Hayato retaliated, defending his dear boss, in which he (thinks) already wrongly offended today. He wanted to somehow compensate for his shameful actions, and keeping a sword freak quiet was one way of compensating.

A small giggle chimed from Yuni as she listened. "Tsuna-san, I'm eighteen already, and don't worry," she informed, "I'm only trying gambling because I am finally old enough to do these things." She purposely left out the fact that she's already tried a small glass alcohol earlier on too, just in case Tsuna doesn't start worrying his head off.

"Oh god, I'm so sorry Yuni-chan! I forgot that today was your eighteenth birthday." Tsuna exhaled. He pressed his right hand to his forehead and rubbed it slowly. "I guess my memory's starting to degrade too." – 'I need to now shake the rust off both my HDWM and my memory.' He was going to say that he should retire, but remembering Hayato and his little episode of drama beforehand, he decided to keep quiet.

Tsuna's phone, which was placed on the table, vibrated. The screen displayed a text message from Lambo. Tsuna had previously told him that if he had any tests for school during the designated time for the meeting, education should always be his priority.

Coincidentally, being at the nostalgic age of twelve, he had many grading tests, and toady was one of those days where almost every period had a goddamn test.

Lambo: frikkin test day today. Can't join. Whatever you're thinking, go with your gut. Don't worry, I'm not texting u during a test, it's 5 min break rn.

Tsuna exerted a small sigh and placed his phone aside. "Lambo's busy." He announced to his group. 'Go with my gut feeling, huh?'

"Stupid cow." Hayato muttered in distaste. 'Idiot! Juudaime's rarely holds a meeting with all his guardians, and you don't attend!'

Before Hayato could go on a rant about how lazy and idiotic Lambo is for not joining the meeting, Tsuna averted to another topic whilst they waited for the others to appear.

Just on cue, another part of the screen flickered on, sparing Tsuna from probably going off topic. A serene scenery appeared, and a very familiar yellow bird flew from somewhere outside of the screen and landed on a shoulder.

Who's shoulder?

A voice, cold and toneless, slithered ominously out from the speakers. "Herbivore, I will bite you to death when I come back." It growled dangerously low. The person, who's wearing a black yukata, glared murderously through the screen and right through Tsuna's soul.

Tsuna felt a shiver run down his spine. "Hibari!" Tsuna exclaimed in surprise.
Indeed, it was the one and only tenth generation cloud guardian of the Vongola Famiglia.

'Does Hibari usually introduce himself with a threat?' Tsuna questioned himself. He has long grown out of shaking in fear whenever Hibari appeared. This was possibly due to the fact that Hibari has already lost countless times to Tsuna when sparring with him, maybe also because he's already been with him for more than seven years. During those years, he's seen a lot of his guardian's raw emotions, including Hibari's (which Tsuna promised not to tell anyone).

Though a certain storm guardian was not going to take that threat lightly. "Bastard! Did you just threaten Juudaime!?" Hayato vexed with anger. "How dare you!" He clenched his fists tightly and took a firm step towards Hibari's screen.

Takeshi overlooked the situation with slight amusement. He always does. "Gokudera, calm down." He called, but Hayato refused to listen. Hayato continued the glaring competition with the independent cloud.

Hibari glared death at Hayato's advancing figure. "I will bite you to death after I bite that herbivore to death." He seethed with vicious threat.

"Like hell that's going to hap-" Hayato was going to shoot back a sharp reply, but immediately fell silent after Tsuna commanded him to stop, almost like an obedient puppy.

"Gokudera! Shh!" Tsuna hissed, but gently. 'Why is my family still so hard to manage, even after all these years?' sighing, he thought about how synchronised Dino's men are compared to his. His guardians are like barbaric animals compared to them. "Ah, um… Hibari, why do you want to bite me to death…Do you not like the mission I gave you to go to Japan?" He asked, voice ending higher to signify that he was diffident about his question.

Tsuna swore he heard Reborn stifle a laugh. He was missing something important.

There was no reply, so instead, he continued elaborating. "Did something happen? Did I forget something-" That seemed to strike something. The muscle under Hibari's right eye twitched slightly with annoyance.

Takeshi observed the background to Hibari's screen carefully, then gave a small laugh as he figured something out; possibly why Hibari wanted to bite Tsuna to death. His lifted his eyebrows in amusement. "Ahahaaa~!" He laughed heartily, "It's been so long since then Hibari-san! Are you still-"

Hibari's now frightening gaze immediately snapped towards the rain guardian, as if telling him to shut up or else things were going to happen. And those things would be painful.

Sad thing is that this is a video conference and each of them were in different places around the globe, so he couldn't slip out his tonfas and start beating some proper discipline into those disobedient herbivores. But since screen travel isn't in fully working order yet (Giannini's actually inventing the device – though it's probably going to be very dodgy), he spared one last murderous look towards Takeshi.

Never did the group know that a pair of secretive mists were already watching all this action from the very start. "Ara ara~ never knew this skylark still cowers from Cherry Blossoms~" A tall, lean person with the signature midnight blue pineapple hair-do gracefully emerged from a purple mist behind Tsuna's seat and stepped into the open. He trailed a hand possessively around Tsuna's shoulder and under his chin, smoothly skimming his neck with brisk fingers. "Heh~"
All Gokudera could see was a long whisk of dark blue hair that trailed from a figure dressed in black, before finally realising that his dear boss was taken hostage by a damned old pineapple. "What the fuck!" He unintentionally swore from shock.

Tsuna wasn't exactly surprised that his mist guardians travelled back from Russia via their handy mist travel, in fact he already knew they were in the room through his Hyper Intuition. But for Mukuro to suddenly wrap his arms around him almost like a protective python? Oh hell no.

"M-Mukuro!" Tsuna gasped because of the hand that was touching his neck, then his mind wondered off to what Mukuro mentioned- 'Hibari doesn't like Cherry Blossoms?-' Then he remembered the time when Mukuro was still their enemy and how Hibari got injected with Cherryitis. 'Oh...I forgot...and it's April too...Oops.' He grimaced, 'But I'll deal with that later!' His eyes flickered down and saw a trident's tip advancing towards the exposed skin on his neck, dangerously accurate. Without hesitation, he grabbed the hand with a firm hold and smashed it harder than anticipated on the table in front. If his hand didn't immediately pin Mukuro's other hand against the table, he would have been pricked by his small trident, which would mean that Mukuro would've successfully possessed him.

"Oya~ I thought I was going to succeed this time." The mist guardian purred. "You're getting stronger, young Vongola, and that just makes me want your body more~" He gave a satisfied smirk and hopped back, freeing his arm in the process.

Hayato's fuse finally broke. He failed. He was a failure as the right hand man to the world's boss of the strongest mafia Famiglia. "YOU BASTARDDD!" He broke into a run, charging with pure hatred and rage towards the idiot that dared to touch his boss, and he didn't care if he was the mist guardian or not.

The room wasn't that big, and with the speed of a professional Mafioso, he could've tackled Mukuro in less than a second. But Tsuna was definitely not going to let that happen, considering how much of a pacifist he is. And he simply hated his guardians hurting each other. He never really liked this mafia business from the very beginning, but since Primo's blood was flowing through his veins, it made him awfully good at all this even if he didn't like it.

Tsuna kicked back in his leather chair so that it wheeled right between raging Hayato and smirking Mukuro. Hayato, of course, couldn't react fast enough to stop, but Tsuna expected that.

Just as the silverette was going to ram into Tsuna who was calmly sitting down in his chair, the brunette grasped the other's arm with soft precision. Using his other hand, he gently palmed Hayato's stomach which, adding to the momentum of him charging, caused him to flip into the air, his legs forming a graceful arc. In a split second later, Hayato changed from a raging storm that was going to beat the crap out of Mukuro, to a stunned octopus standing upright on the other side of Tsuna's office chair.

Hayato blinked. He was sure he was going to bang right into Tsuna, yet he was standing still, completely balanced, next to him. "Gah." He felt as if he went to heaven and back for a moment. 'JUUDAIME JUST DID SOMETHING AMAZING! A-and...woah...' He swayed on his legs before staggering forwards, slumping against the wall next to the loathed pineapple. His resentment for him hasn't ebbed away just yet.

"Juudaime, why do you still trust this guy? He might turn out like Daemon." He fumed. "He's going to grab your body and betray us." Hayato has been extremely touchy about this subject ever since Daemon's 'visit', and no one really blamed him for suspecting Mukuro, but that doesn't mean they agree with him either.
Tsuna glanced at Hayato, unhanding Hayato's arm as he previously staggered away, and smiled slightly. "Gokudera, it's ok. Mukuro isn't Daemon." He stated firmly. "I trust him, like I do with all of you too."

Hayato side-glanced with minor embarrassment, forming a small pout on his lips. He was Tsuna's all-knowing right hand man yet his boss was indirectly pointing out his flaws. He pressed his brows down, forming a flustered frown. Instead of wallowing in his discomfiture, he averted his attention to Mukuro. "Tch, If only I can punch you in the face for what you've done."

"Please, no violence." Tsuna exclaimed wryly, "Hibari, I'm sorry for making you go to Japan. So please calm down." He wheeled himself back to his table and rested his elbows on top, a boss-like posture.

Hibari indeed did look like he was going murder the entire population of pineapples, face twisted into a ruthless growl, mouth pulled into a line as taught as a drawn bow. But the hunter instincts in him clicked, telling him that if he doesn't settle down he will be the one hunted instead.

Tsuna held the video conference as a meeting, not a simple gathering and he's about had enough of the drama. As nice and caring as he is, his years as boss made him somehow relentless.

"Chrome, we'll discuss your trip to Russia later on, but for now, please come out. I need your opinion on this matter too." - 'Because we're a family, after all. I can't leave you out even if Mukuro's already here.'

Reborn gave an impressed grunt, and Yuni could be heard 'wowing' in the background at how boss-like Tsuna acted just then. It was like Tsuna had finally turned into a decent boss. They seemed to have moved from the noisy casino to a place without all the interfering cacophony.

A female appeared out from a cluster purple mist, similar to Mukuro's, and nodded her head with acknowledgement towards everyone. "Bossu…we're back. The information we received was odd." She informed briefly. Chrome, dressed in her light purple spring casual wear, took her respective place next Mukuro.

A few seconds of impregnable silence passed, but Takeshi broke it. "Hmm," he hummed, leaning back in his comfy and spacious first-class seat. "I guess it's only Sasagawa senpai now." He indicated unobtrusively.

"Tch, stupid turf-top." Hayato rested a leg across the other and crossed his arms. "Keeping us waiting." He muttered.

"Well, he is the busiest out of all of us, being the 'healer' and all. He's been travelling to places to people in desperate need of being healed." Tsuna defended his sun guardian righteously. Ryohei was indeed the busiest out of all of them, excluding Tsuna of course. Tsuna was busy, but just not in a way where he used his flames excessively until his body gave out.

As if coincidences have graced the Vongola for the day, Tsuna's phone rang, buzzing obnoxiously loud on the table. He instinctively reached out for his phone, thinking, 'whoever is calling my personal number…something must've happened to them.' He nearly dropped it when he saw that it was Ryohei calling.

This meant something bad. His guardians would only call him in the case of extreme situations, and when he means extreme, he means fractured bones, internal and external bleeding, things aren't going as planned, war or possibly even a kidnapper bantering for something in exchange for a hostage – i.e, one of his guardians.
He was almost afraid to pick up, but if he didn't he would possibly be putting a life in danger. Ryohei's life. Tsuna would rather jump off a cliff all chained up rather than putting his guardians in danger.

**His family is everything to him, his treasure, his pride, his hope, his life.**

Before the phone would fully slip out his hand due to how weak and shaky it got all of a sudden, he pushed his finger resolutely down on the big, fat, green button, almost like the judgement swing of a gavel. He brought his hand up hesitantly, pressing the phone lightly against his ear.

The guardians may seem completely uncaring towards each other's wellbeing and hardhearted, not considerate and being complete assholes when someone did something they didn't like (excluding Tsuna himself, Ryohei and Takeshi; they were always cool with each other), they were quite similar to Tsunderes. They may look constantly pissed on the outside, but inside, they really do care.

Despite everyone's stern expression, each of them fidgeted slightly in some way when Tsuna reached for his ringing phone.

Tsuna opened his mouth, hesitating and taking in a breath before shakily breathing out, introducing himself over the phone. "H-hello, Sawada Tsunayoshi spea-" But before he could finish it, a voice erupted from the phone, cutting in.

"Ah! Good afternoon to the EXTREME Sawada!..." A belated, flamboyant and loud voice shouted louder than needed. "I apologise for calling you instead of EXTREMELY finding my laptop-" a stifled loud yawn rang through, breaking the sentence. "I'm feeling too EXTREMELY tired right now…to even keep my eyes open."

Hearing the voice of his energetic sun guardian being completely fine (only a little tired – actually, maybe very tired), and not writhing in pain, lifted ten tonnes from his shoulders and heart. He sighed, eyes fluttering to a close in pure relief.

Though, he wasn't particularly glad that Ryohei was tired to the point where he can't even keep his eyes open, considering how much of a lively and energetic person he is.

"It's…it's fine. Oh god Ryohei, you gave me a huge scare just then." Tsuna let your breath out of relief. He slouched back into his chair, shaking subsiding a little. "I'll connect you to the interface, give me a sec…"

With great effort, he heaved himself from his seat and walked over to a slick black box with cables protruding from it. He found the cable that could connect with his phone and plugged it in. Within a few milliseconds, the link was secured and an audio-only interface appeared on one of the monitors.

The guardians calmed down too; Hayato took in a slow breath, then exhaling just as slowly, body relaxing against the wall. Hibari leant back and propped back a hand, looking his usual ‘*Don’t annoy me*’ resting face though his gaze was still sending death threats to the idiotic long-haired pineapple. Mukuro only smirked, as mysterious as ever. Takeshi gave a distinct sigh before putting on a smile again.

"Ahh…Sorry for being late guys, I just arrived at the hotel EXTREMELY tired." Ryohei exclaimed stridently, though obviously sounding very weary. There was a faint ruffle, the sound of a wooden chair being dragged then a 'plop.'
"Ok, well then." Tsuna returned to his seat, gracefully sitting down and finally taking out the envelope after nearly half an hour of waiting in his inner breast pocket. "Gokudera. Come here." He called imperatively, holding out the letter out to him. "The meeting is now starting."

Hayato pushed himself from the wall and uncrossed his arms, slipping out his reading glasses. He stood sternly next his boss and took the letter, briskly taking out the letter from the envelope. The room was no longer filled with its previous clatter of triviality, instead, the atmosphere did a 180 and it was now saturated with formality.

And Hayato started reading.

It was around 6 PM when Ryohei woke up again, and by then the meeting had finished ages ago. Streaks of elongated light which had found its way past the curtains marred the carpet, almost like fresh scars against skin. The sun guardian found himself slumped on top of the roll-top desk which he sat at just after he called Tsuna.

Ryohei uttered a small groan as he lifted his head up, and it felt like lead. "Ahh…I must have EXTREMELY fallen asleep during the meeting..." he pointed out to himself. He could feel himself dozing off again, back to the wonderful realm of sleep, but he wasn't going to let that happen just yet, not until he checks his phone for important messages.

Slapping his bandaged hands to his face with force, he made sure his cheeks stung enough to keep him awake. Tiredly reaching out a hand, he slowly reached out for his phone and reeled it back in as if his hand was a fishing rod that has caught a big and adamant fish.

He sluggishly manoeuvred his fingers around the edge, searching for the power button, and when he finally found it, he pushed. The screen immediately burst on, streaming with blinding light.

"Gah! Too bright!"

He squinted and indeed, there were messages. Quite a few messages from Hayato about the content of the meeting which he missed half of, and surprisingly, one from Takeshi.

Takeshi never texts. He usually doesn't have much to say, and if so, he would use some other sort of media.

'Well, this better be something EXTREMELY interesting…'

He selected Takeshi's message, inputted his million letter long password, and then read.

_I have a bad feeling about Tsuna going to the meeting. Get back to the Vongola mansion as soon as possible. I think we need a doctor on site just in case…_

_We need a doctor._' Was the first thing Ryohei noticed. He was definitely confused. But over the years, he's learnt that Takeshi had the potential as a hitman, possibly even as strong as Reborn, and he's possibly even more observant than an eagle.

_Touché! I get that organised early tom morn._

Before his eyelids' muscles were going to give out, he put one last effort into pressing 'send' and as he did, his head helplessly clashed with the table top, returning to his long, tiresome journey of replenishing his flames.
Depending on how much I write, next chapter will be quite eventful ;P It will take about 2 – 3 weeks, as assignments are drowning me.

Shoutout #2

- Human Burrito buddies for life!

Have a shoutout? Pls add it to the end of your comment.

Fanart…? Nah…I'm asking too much from you guys '/3/" Please do email them to me at Bubblepop_32 (a) outlook . com ! Anything is fine (Maybe a depiction of me…actually nah, for some reason I imagine me as a bubble popping and meeting the end of my short bubble life DX)

Comments and thoughts on this would be absolutely great!

-Bubblesss
"So some major oil rigs have been invaded and overtaken by an anonymous mafia." Tsuna confirmed. "And the rigs taken over recently is the new one in Prirazlomnoye field, Russia." Right after the video meeting ended, and after sending an email to Basil about its contents for archiving reasons, he went straight into discussing things with his mist guardians in his office.

The two recently came back from a reconnaissance mission in Russia, mostly about valuable information regarding newly emerging Mafioso groups which could be potential threats, but somehow also caught onto some interesting info.

A distant rumble of thunder boomed, almost sounding like a war was happening. The continuous light downpour of an early spring thunderstorm pattered against the window panes, streaking down like shooting stars. Thunderstorms usually last 30 minutes, but this one had already dragged on for an hour and it didn’t seem to be clearing up anytime soon.

Tsuna ran his fingers over his chin and furrowed his eyebrows. "Well…that sure is…odd."

"Kufu~ I am guessing that you want us to go back to Russia and take back the oil rig?" Mukuro suggested, "I will gladly do so." He stood with his arms folded; his trusty trident held in one hand and slightly being swirled in circles, expressing amusement.

"…" After a moment of deep thought, Tsuna leant back in his chair and sighed. "No, I want you two to be here. Guard this place." He felt a pang of culpability for not sending them to take back the important oil rig. But sometimes, sacrifices have to be made, and to him, Vongola was more important. He bears the responsibility to protect everyone and make the undecidable decisions.

At that, Mukuro seemed slightly bemused. "Oya, something different, is it?" He asked with hilarity, but right after, his expression turned into a dangerous swirl of anger and despondency. "You are planning to accept that invitation aren't you, young Vongola." His fingers unconsciously tightened against his trident, making his knuckles appear chalk white.

Chrome glanced at Mukuro, confused at the sudden change of atmosphere. But after a few moments, she then realised why he's become so restless all of a sudden. It was because he was worried for Tsuna, and not for the boss' body, but for Tsuna himself. She's never seen him like this before.

Mukuro definitely knew that the Tramonto were dangerous people to mess with, and the fact that Tsuna was going to simply present himself at their doorstep agitated him, and Chrome sensed that that was the reason.

"Bossu..." Chrome whispered. "Please rethink about the decision..." but louder this time. Mukuro was obviously on the opposing side, and naturally, Chrome was with him.

The guardians did reach a unanimous decision, albeit only after tense arguments and extremely stifled outbursts. Tsuna thanked his lucky stars that it was a video call and not a round table. If it was, he would be left with a non-existing conference room. Tsuna wondered how he managed to calm everyone down without melting down.

He glanced down, brow furrowed, clearly displaying that his feelings were indeed conflicted regarding the final outcome. His brown eyes used to be crystal clear…but after years of getting mixed around in this mafia world, they started to adopt new lustre: a haze of doubt and uncertainty.
"I've got to go, and that's final." Tsuna adamantly stated. "As the boss of Italy's most prominent Famiglia, I have to be selfless and do what's decided." He looked up and gazed sadly at his pair of mist guardians. "I've got to do what's best. I'm sorry..." "W-What am I saying?! Reborn long told me not to apologise! What's wrong with me..."

Mukuro hissed lowly with anger. "Sawada Tsunayoshi..." he seethed, "It seems that you will remain stubborn about your decision...but don't expect me to abide by your ignorant commands." Mukuro sensed a crack in Tsuna's usual charisma, and he did not like it. But even with the severe dislike towards the sudden change of his boss' charisma, he loosened the vice grip on his trident.

Then without warning, he evaporated into a curl of purple mist before condensing right next to Tsuna. With the elegant body of his, he stepped out of the mist and slithered his arm right around Tsuna's shoulder, taking hostage of his upper body.

Mukuro wanted to make one last stand against his boss' decision before lying dormant under his command. He willed his strident to shrink, then, with an unhesitant hand, he struck. But during mid-strike, he knew something was definitely off.

Tsuna would have already pinned him to the table without a second of indecision, yet he was still advancing in his attack. His trident was definitely going to strike its target-

A voice, almost unrecognisable due to the amount of control and calmness saturated through it, rang out. "Mukuro. I'm going."

How many years has he been trying to get a hold of the glorious Vongola Decimo's body? For the past seven years, he had tried anything to get hold of it. He didn't get why he wanted it so much, but he persisted anyway. However, all those attempts were cut short by his guardians or Tsuna himself.

"Young Vongola..."

Yet he couldn't understand why, why his feelings were suddenly all mucked up. And why he stopped. He was utterly confused.

"...Mukuro-"

The point of the trident was hovering less than a few hair's breadth away, unmoving. It threatened to prick Tsuna's neck, but Mukuro quelled it. All it took was one, small prick and it would be done, yet he stopped.

"Why..." His voice shook, but barely so that only Tsuna's incredibly sensitive Hyper Intuition could detect it. 'Why are you so insistent?' He thought, but didn't say, 'Why are you so willing to take such risks?'

Tsuna carefully twisted his head around and looked at him with fond appreciation. His chocolatey brown orbs seemed to once again regain their warmth, melting away the obscuring mist that had long shielded Mukuro's heterochromatic ones. They sent nostalgic feelings of warmth and homeliness right through his soul.

The feeling didn't make him go all sullen because of the nostalgia, no, these feelings were different. They reminded him that he was welcome here, that he has a home to go back to and that he has a family.

And he was completely disordered by these odd feelings. He had moulded himself upon his own laws: to loathe the mafia, to not be in any family and to never grow attachments, and now these
have all come to nought.

Tsuna closed his eyes, but the all-encompassing warmth was still there. "Ne, how about a small break after this is over?" He waited for Mukuro to answer, but after a moment of silence, he continued. "I miss being with everybody, and I want to spend more time doing what every other ordinary 21-year-old does."

For a moment or so, Mukuro stayed inanimate. Maybe his mind went blank, or maybe he was simply very deep in thought. But a few seconds later, he purposely stumbled backwards, letting his arms drop to his sides, uncaging Tsuna from his grasps.

A hand went up, clutching the side of his face. 'HAhhaahhhaahahaa!' An almost hysterical laugh escaped from lips, surprising both Tsuna and Chrome.

"A break?" He asked with a tone of feigned mirth. He wasn't sure if he was glad to hear it, or if he thought the idea was completely absurd.

"Whatever made you think that we can have a break?" Mukuro sounded absolutely spiteful, "We do not take breaks!" -'What the hell am I saying. W-What-' 

"As if the top commanders of our armies can simply go on a break and forget about their responsibilities... Vongola will crumble! Stop spitting out selfish desires so fucking apathetically!" 'I-I- said that? What's wrong with me?!' Through that, his voice rose to an almost frightening volume.

Tsuna couldn't do anything else except calmly listen to those painful words to the end. 'Mukuro...'

Mukuro could tell that his words had hit a sore spot, and he wanted to keep on going. He wanted to shove all his complaints into Tsuna, but an absolutely gut-wrenching force compelled him to stop. "...Young Vongola, I will be waiting for your words of fantasies to come true, but until then," He mustered up a huge haze of purple mist, "I will be watching."

The mist faded and so did a very perplexed Mukuro with it. However, Chrome did not follow after him, after all, she was still standing in the room, fidgeting with her trident nervously as if she had something to say.

And indeed she did. "B-Bossu...I apologise for Mukuro-sama's sudden actions. .. M-Mukuro-sama does not usually act that way... But ever since t-the meeting, he has been..." Chrome trailed off because she actually wasn't sure what her master was going through. It's just that she can't find the right word for it. He's neither sad nor actually angry or anywhere near pleased. And it's making her worried

"Confused with his feelings," Tsuna suggested gently, finishing off Chrome's sentence.

'Bossu?' Chrome called him silently, looking slightly worriedly and quizically at her boss. She felt a pang of guilt and discomfort when she didn't have any way of offering support for her dear boss after such a heart-wrenching one-sided argument with the elder mist.

Tsuna could only sigh and dismissively shove aside his mental wounds aside for later. He stood up briskly and casually strolled over to the door, leaning against it. 'Ah, sometimes the curious side and ignorant side of Chrome is what the Vongola needs, once in a while.' He thought then smiled.

"Well," He patted a hand on the side of his head and breathed out, "He did look very conflicted when he left..." seeing that Chrome was still looking at him as if expecting something else made
him all the more unable to say anything. He shrugged and dropped down his hand.

"I could tell that he was like that…I guess." Was all that he could offer. Defeated was what he would be the best word to describe how he's feeling right now. He couldn't calm down his mist, and he couldn't offer a great explanation either. He felt like a disappointment.

However, Chrome was thinking about something else. She hugged her trident and nodded. "…Bossu has his own ways…" Unlike her boss' pessimistic thoughts, Chrome was happy that Tsuna still remained strong after that little argument.

For a moment, the two stayed where they were, silent and unmoving. Tsuna's mind wandered off, which wasn't rare as he had to at least find some form of entertainment as he sat at his office until his butt went numb or until he spaced out like what he did earlier and banged his head on the table.

'I wonder where Gokudera went off to...Yamamoto's flight ended up getting being delayed due to the recent heavy storms, so he shouldn't need to go to Vongola airport...' He thought, then he remembered something. 'Oh right, he's probably at the local Orphanage.'

However, Chrome brought his mind back to earth. His Hyper Intuition was usually the thing that keeps his mind flying away during (awfully) long meetings, as it was always tingling when there were people around the vicinity.

Sighing was something that Tsuna did every day, and especially today. He sighed blatantly "Chrome..."

"Yes Bossu?" She answered to the call of her name.

"Go to Mukuro and keep him company. Make sure that he doesn't do anything...rash." Tsuna asked her.

Chrome nodded and summoned her own little patch of mist. She closed her eyes to pinpoint Mukuro's location before stepping. But before she left, she poked her head out of the mist.

"Bossu look after yourself." She spoke, "...um...I would like to go on a break as well..." She wanted to say more, but she was never good at talking. She was already embarrassed, and so, she quickly retreated back into the mist and disappeared.

"Ah..." Tsuna could only watch as the purple haze disappear, leaving him completely alone in his office again.

Children of different ages dressed in colourful gumboots and raincoats splashed across the muddy ground, enjoying the light downpour of the seasonal thunderstorm. Only the kids that enjoyed the rain came outside (which was about more than half of all the kids) and the ones who didn't stay inside.

The kids were supposed to stay inside when it thundered, but since they had someone there to protect them, they successfully convinced their carer to let them play in the rain.

~X Sometime earlier X~

A boy, no older than 7, ran up to their carer and asked in his nicest voice, "Pleaseeee can we go outside?" He pleaded, and so did a group of kids right behind him. "Please?" They all sung harmoniously in Italian.
The carer replied to their pleas with an "Aww." She gazed down at the children gently and brushed a few strands of stray dark brown hair from her face. "I'm sorry children, but there's a thunderstorm, and it's dangerous to be outside during a thunderstorm! You might get struck by lightning!" She told them in Italian, "And getting struck by lightning hurts!"

She enacted lightning hitting the ground with her hand, clapping them together for a deafening "CLAP" of thunder. That made the boy that stood right in front of her to jump back in surprise. "We'll play under the tree then we won't get hit by it! The tree will protect us from it." Another boy exclaimed to the group, sharing his great idea. Other kids nodded then looked back at their carer. "Pleaseeeeee?" They all pleaded harmoniously again.

Despite having a soft spot for kids, she stood firm, apron swishing gently from side to side. "Tsk tsk," She sighed, waving her ladle, "standing under a tree is even more dangerous! The tree attracts the lightning, and if you're all standing underneath it-"

She never got to finish the sentence, because someone finished it off for her.

A voice, almost dismissive and bored, rung out from the entrance. "You'll get blasted to smithereens and your body will be burnt to ashes before you can even blink." It said in fluent Italian. Well, it was maybe not exactly as she would put, but close enough, minus the 'being burnt to ashes' and 'blasted to smithereens' part. But nevertheless, it sent the message across very efficiently.

The carer turned around at the direction of the familiar voice, seeing the all too familiar tall and lean figure standing at the Orphanage entrance, shaking rainwater from his glossy black shoes and closing his umbrella. Despite the person wearing a grey hoodie and jeans, he was the most well-known visitor to the orphanage and everyone knew him.

"It's big brother Dera!" The kids called in unison, smiles growing on their faces.

He brushes some more water from his shoulder and rakes his hand through his silver hair. "Tsk, baka on'na* why aren't you letting them outside." His voice was filled with irritation, however, his stature and body language said otherwise. It wasn't intimidating or confronting like his voice, it was more rather chill and relaxed, maybe even comfortable.

"Hahi? Gokudera-san?" The carer exclaimed suddenly, switching back to her native language. "I, I thought you weren't visiting today."

(*Baka on'na means stupid woman)

"Haru, can we go outside now? Dera can protect us from the dangerous thunderstorm!" A boy said, emitting sparkles from his eyes. It was obvious that many kids from the orphanage looked up to Hayato. If they were to count the number of heroic things he did for the orphanage, they wouldn't even be able to count all of them using all their fingers and toes.

One of the older children at the orphanage glanced exasperatedly at the younger kids who thought only one man who has done many great deeds could protect them from such a precarious and unstoppable force. However, he did believe that big brother Dera was someone strong.

From some Italian conversation between their carer and big brother Dera, many kids concluded that he was actually a man from the army (as he threw bombs- "I'll blow this (some explicit language) place to bits if you all don't shut up!") who was actually really kind but the years he
spent in the army made him rough. The guys say that he's a strong man with the perfect wife and a
great family, but the girls say that he's still single and looking for his perfect someone (*ahem* they wish but sadly they're too young to realise that the age gap is too big).

"What are you kids going to do outside anyway? It's raining outside and unless you all want to get
soaked like teabags than you better stay inside." Hayato advised with little empathy in his voice. ".well lightning isn't that much of a big deal if you all stay near me..." He offered quietly, muttering. Hayato definitely did not offer things to anyone except to Tsuna and Nana, maybe Reborn but nobody else. At all.

Except for orphaned kids. Because he once was one. He refused to accept his father as his actual
dad after his mother's death. His childhood was mainly filled with relentless training ranging from
military and normal school education, receiving no parental contact and love at all. To him,
orphans were something more to him then just kids without parents. He has this innate urge to
simply make sure that they won't be going through what he went through.

"Hahi! Gokudera-san?" Haru immediately turned her head towards him, blinking. Ever since she
moved to Italy, she has decided to keep her hair shorter* than her previous hair length. Her hair
now is probably up to her shoulders, and this is probably due to the fact that she doesn't have time
to keep her hair in check.

(*check out Haru's wikia page, she actually has short hair in the future)

The kids who wanted to go outside didn't even wait for Haru's wave of approval and scurried off to
get their gumboots, raincoats and umbrellas. In a flash, the kids were all huddled around the door,
eyes all eagerly placed on Hayato.

One turned to face Haru, who knew she had no choice but to let them go outside. "Can we?" Haru
nodded in defeat.

"Awww, why can't I ever disagree with you cuties?" She complained to herself, but in a joyful
way. She placed down her ladle and crouched down to check if all the little children's buttons are
done up correctly.

Hayato 'tch'ed and pushed opened the door, letting the kids burst out into the open, merrily
splishing and splashing across the puddled grounds. He briskly followed after the last kid and
released his grasp from the door handle, letting it slowly close behind him.

~X~

Once he was outside, he went to work, slowly sending out a haze of storm flames, which are naked
to the eye, above the rampaging kids. These flames were different from the usual red flames that
can be seen, they are flames of detection. If there was even a slight change in atmospheric particles
that floated around, the flames would tell him. Then he has less than 3 milliseconds to act before
lighting comes down and blasts this place to bits.

But lightning striking this puny little orphanage? Chances are pretty low. Nonetheless, his mafia
background forced him to concentrate.

Ting...

Something metallic bellowed distinctively through the playground, sharp, resonating
and strong but surprisingly soft. The rain quietened to a foreboding drizzle, but the sound of
children running around and playing remain unchanged.
And the next moment, Uri popped out from its box, growling. It arched its back, hairs stood up and mouth rolled into a threatening growl. Uri had a tendency of forcing itself out of its box when it feels that something is off, even without the help of Hayato.

Uri now takes the form of a fully grown cat, but still like appearing on top of its owner's shoulders. Hayato almost fell backwards but stabilised himself using a nearby chair. "Uri, what are you-…"

The hair on Hayato's neck stood up, sending an uncontrollable shiver down his spine. He felt signals from his haze of flames to his left, which happened to be a mountain.

'Left?!' from everything he knows of, he has never seen lightning strike from mountains. Uri, who knew it even without its master's instructions, gracefully jumped off from his shoulder and bounded towards the left. It ignored the rain despite hating water, as Uri's inner leopard took over.

It was around then that Hayato somehow realised that it wasn't some UMA causing lightning to strike from mountains but something else entirely.

A kid splashed across the yard when she saw Hayato running right after Uri. "Big brother Dera?" She called curiously, then saw Uri with its pretty ruby red eyes. "Oh, what a pretty cat! Big brother Dera, can we play with the cat-"

"GET DOWN!"

Hayato set his ring ablaze, thrusting it in a box which contained one of his new box weapons, an enhanced crossbow designed for large amounts of storm flames to be fired. It appeared to be strapped to his arm with intertwining buckles tied tightly around his right arm. The crossbow itself was absolutely huge, covering the entire of his arm and sticking out at the end.

When he realised that these innocent kids were going to witness him in his mafia persona, he winced. _They're going to be forever bound to the mafia world now. What goes in to the mafia world never comes out untainted. Even if it is just a glance._ A prick of guilt and pain embedded itself deep into his heart.

He skidded to a stop and bent his knees, balancing himself so that the crossbow wasn't going to topple over too. He couldn't bring himself to look at the children anymore.

Instead, he placed his concentration on the mountain and his crossbow. Corresponding to its size, it was extremely heavy and hard to manoeuvre with. It took Hayato three months to get the general grasp of it, meaning that he wasn't completely used to using it yet.

Children on the other side of the yard stopped and stared at the huge and intricately made crossbow that blew dazzling red flames from the edges that magically appeared out of nowhere, however they never got the chance to admire it properly.

The familiarly deafening sound of thunder cracked through the air, louder than any whip or any distant rumble of thunder the children have ever heard. They finally got Hayato's message to get down, dropping to the ground and covering their ears, not to mention screaming themselves.

From inside the orphanage, Haru immediately heard the shrill screams of the children. She raced to the door and pushed it open, rushing outside and into the rain without thinking. Some of the other kids who were interested in why there were screaming as well as thunder, followed after her and rushed outside too.

**BOOOOMMMM!**
A hot streak of pure lightning energy clashed savagely with a temporary storm flame barrier. Hayato willed his detection flames to condense, adding a bit of sun flames to invigorate them. He could use all elements, except the sky. But storm was his prime element, and he wasn't going to give it up for anything else.

There was no time to waste; he pressed a button on the side of the crossbow, releasing a stand which allowed him to prop it whilst he aimed. He fished out a box from his pocket, opened it and took out the special contact lenses that were inside. As an experienced contact wearing person, he quickly slid them into place.

Resting a finger on the trigger, he breathed in and aimed right where the sparkling streak of lightning was winning the battle against the storm barrier. Hayato had never really used the crossbow in a fight and he was worried.

'What if this thing isn't strong enough?' He thought. 'What if I wasn't strong enough…' these thoughts made him put in an extra dose of storm flames into his shot, pushing its power capacity to the edge.

Hayato searched the crossbow for its reins, for complete control. In order to pull this off, he had to use it as if it's a part of him. Like using a gun or any other weapon. You've got to be the weapon. He let his breath out slowly and pressed down on the trigger.

**PFWOOMM!**

An almighty blast of raging red erupted from the crossbow, soaring powerfully towards its target. It pressed forward, immediately breaking the temporary storm flame barrier and meeting its target. For a moment, the two masses of energy pushed against each other, letting out the sound of thunder and bellowing wind. But a split millisecond later, the Hayato's arrow prevailed.

Instead of fully disintegrating the lightning, it instead got deflected back up the sky. The sky rumbled back in disapproval for sending it such a sparky gift. The arrow kept on soaring forward, blasting away a section of the mountain.

Hayato took out an empty box and packed the crossbow away. The box easily sucked it in, leaving him with nothing to lean on. By now, he was completely drenched from head to toe.

"Ouch-" He clasped a hand to his shoulder, and from experience, he could tell that it was dislocated. The power of the shot caused the crossbow to recoil more than usual, which literally punched the upper arm bone out of its socket.

He grinded his teeth together and kneeled down. He slowly placed his left hand on his shoulder and forcibly pushed the bone back into the shoulder blade socket. A quick spasm of pain rippled through his body causing his ears hum and dots danced around his vision. He took in a quick, short breath of air and swallowed down the pain.

He stood up. A partially dry Uri bounded up to him from underneath the huge tree standing in the yard and rubbed itself against his leg as if asking him to stroke it. But Uri would probably just bite him.

Hayato didn't want to turn around and look at the orphan's faces. What would their expressions be? Afraid? Stunned? What would they say to him after seeing him with destructive storm flames? He stood stoically still and stared at the mountain which now had part of it blown away.

"Gokudera-san! Are you alright? W-was that…" Haru ran to his side, holding an umbrella which
she quickly grabbed, over him. "…an enemy?" she said but in a quieter voice.

Hayato didn't speak. By now, even the stupid woman has a clear gist of what's going on. That lightning was definitely aimed at him.

"Tell the kids to get back inside." He stated. "I'm going." His voice sounded dull.

"Wai- Gokudera-san!" Haru called after him, her worries clearly displayed. "Don't get sick!-"

"Big brother Dera!" The girl who wanted to play with Uri shouted at the top of her voice. "That was so COOL!"

Hayato's steps faltered. A small smile crossed his face, maybe because of relief, but who knows? He raised his uninjured arm and waved, but without turning back. Uri hopped onto his shoulder (though avoiding the injured one) and skilfully balanced on them.

As he got into his car and raised his hands to drive, he realised that his right shoulder was so swelled up and bruised that moving it up was impossible. And the meeting with the Tramonto was going to be tomorrow. Ryohei is on his way back, but even if he makes it back in time, he would definitely not allow him to accompany Tsuna with an injured shoulder.

And as right hand man, he's going to go no matter what.

*He stepped on the gas and drove back to Vongola mansion, steering professionally with his left hand as if he's always been a lefty.*

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Thank you so much for reading this chapter! And thanks for all tha kudos and comments xD

Comments and Kudos are always greatly appreciated (and loved <3)

-Bubblesss

Ps pls excuse any mistakes!
Pain, Pain, All The Way

It's been a while, but here I am again with another chapter! Sit tight, relax and enjoy this chapter~

Hayato's shoulder felt like it had 100 layers of cardboard strapped to it and some insane invisible person was constantly drilling it with an electric screwdriver.

All of a sudden, his vision was sprinkled with black dots. His shoulder burned and throbbed painfully. He was uncomfortable sitting there drenched with incredibly painful senses running through him, but he had to get back to the mansion. A hiss escaped his lips.

"Aaa…choo!" His muscles seized for a moment as he sneezed, the car swerved sharply to the right. "Gah!" he quickly swerved back onto the road before he could crash. He sneezed again but this time making sure that his left arm stayed in place.

Uri, who never re-entered its box, swished its tail around and looked curiously at its owner. "Nyaa…" Uri stepped its way across the seats and curled comfortably up on Hayato's lap. It licked away at its slightly damp fur, acting like a normal cat.

"Uri?" Hayato said, glancing down briefly. "I don't think you've ever been this chill with me before-" But the instant he said that, Uri protracted its claws, crudely digging them right into his thighs. Hayato's eyes widened in shock before yelping out in pain"-GAHH!"

The car, once again, swerved violently. This earned a few disapproving honks from a passing car.

"URI!" He shouted in disapproval.

"Nyah~" The cat meowed. Uri glanced up innocently with its ruby red eyes, rubbing its face with a paw.

"You damn cat…" Hayato seethed. 'If I could use my other arm…' He was wondering why after all these years he still hasn't thrown the stupid and irrespective cat out.

But whenever he thought back to the creation of the cat back during the time when they were fighting against Byakuran, his heart softened. 'Uri was my partner, and still is…' He looked down briefly then pursed his lips. 'But this damn cat has caused me more pain than help.'

Hayato sighed and felt a tingle around his nose warning him that he was going to sneeze again.

"Aa…chooo!" He sneezed on queue, jolting in his seat. The wet clothes he was wearing was sticking uncomfortably against his skin, which was not helping his itchy nose at all. It was also slightly getting a bit unbearable.

'If only this car could drive by itself…' He thought, and that's when he remembers something. "Right…!" A small spark of storm flame sprouted from his Vongola storm ring (which was on his right hand), illuminating the area with a tint of red.

Uri's senses perked up and looked hungrily at the small flames. It hasn't been out of its box for a long time, and it also broke out of its box without a dose of delicious flames. Uri was most definitely feeling peckish after everything that has happened today.
Hayato noticed Uri staring at it ravenously, "Fine, you damn cat...I'll let you have some later." He muttered. Uri meowed happily at that.

Thank goodness this was Italy and not Japan. The driver seat on the car is on the left, meaning buttons and all those technical stuff was on the right side. His right arm could barely move up and down, not to mention stretching far either. At least he could easily press something close if he had to.

With the lit flame, he placed it against a box next to the gears lever.

And the car came to life. Not only did streaks of red light like neon lights light up, but the air conditioner turned on, blowing out air of a comfortable temperature. The dashboard's bland colour scheme turned into a classy red and black, matching the colours of his flame perfectly. Then, it literally spoke.

"Flame signature recognised. Good afternoon Hayato-sama." A robotic but cheerful female voice spoke from the speakers, opting to add a Japanese suffix for nostalgia. "Would you like to turn automatic driving on?"

"Woah..." Hayato gaped, which soon turned into a subtle, impressed grin. "Sure."

"Auto driving initiated. Where are you heading, Hayato-sama?" She asked very politely.

"Vongola mansion." He paused a while before asking again, "...directions aren't needed right?"

"No sir." She waited a bit. "Hayato-sama, if anything is required, please call me. I have detected that your body status is in a less than desired state. Would you like me to notify the Headquarters?"

Hayato release his grasp on the steering wheel when he could feel that it was moving by itself. He stiffly relaxed in his seat and quickly muttered, "N-no...tch, this tiny injury is nothing."

"Okay Hayato-sama. Please notify me if anything is required." she replied smoothly. Gianinni sure did a great job at coding the responses as well as creating the really natural sounding robotic voice.

With his left hand free, he was able to slowly and strenuously tug his grey hoodie off him. Though, only after resting for a moment with half his body tangled up in it before regaining his determination to painfully pulling it over his head than from his right arm (which was the most painful part: "F*ck this frikkin sh*- f*ck f*ck ow sss." By the end of that, he was in a small hissy fit).

Uri was sitting on the shotgun, watching the drama unfold in front of it in amusement.

He wasn't even going to try peeling off his jeans from his legs. Though it would be awfully uncomfortable, he would end up being in an even more agonising position if he attempted to take off the rigid jeans from his long legs in such a small space. Not to mention only with one working arm. Taking off the hoodie was already hard enough.

The air conditioner was relatively warm, and he could feel his t-shirt already drying up, but very slowly. From the familiar surroundings outside the window, he could tell Vongola mansion was still around 10 minutes away.

He took the chance to take off the contacts which he slipped on during that heated moment. Fishing
out the box that was in his hoodie, he opened it and smoothly took of his contacts using the rear-view mirror to make sure he doesn't stab his eyes. He put them in the hydrogen peroxide-based contact fluid before putting the respective caps on the box.

Hayato took the little moment of serenity to sit back unwind – but not completely.

Night was coming, and that would mean tomorrow would be the day he would accompany Tsuna on the visit to Tramonto Famiglia. He felt that all this was too rushed. Nothing was planned, and no precautions were taken either. A phone call should be made with the Tramonto to confirm the situation…

And one more thing…what about his shoulder? A stab of pain travelled from his shoulder to his nerves again to serve as a warning that the endorphin's effect was starting to wear off.

Actually – Hayato tried mustering some of his sun flames that remained stagnant in him. For a moment, a solid coating of sun flames appeared around his hand, ready to tackle any injury, but a split second later it began flickering before sizzling out completely.

As it went out, he felt a small part of his hopes leave with it, disappearing into just a trail of coldness. He slouched back feeling more helpless than previously, which he thought he was already helpless enough.

If anyone saw him with such an injury…he wouldn't be able to go. He felt weak. The only thing he couldn't do was make himself heal faster. He let out a loud sigh of frustration, not knowing what do to.

"Hey car." He calls out, furrowing his eyebrows as he realises that the car doesn't have a name.

"Yes, Hayato-sama?" The robotic female voice replied adherently.

Hayato didn't really like calling his car 'car'. It was too bland and it sounded weird too, not to mention it wasn't catchy nor cool. If this was going to be his companion on roads, then it deserves some cool name.

"I'll take over the driving now." He grabbed the driving wheel with his left hand, then thought about what name would be suitable for his car.

"Okay. Turning auto-drive off." The car replied. "Estimated time to destination – three minutes."

"Kay…" Hayato muttered in account. The pain was really starting to seep through the endorphins now. The shoulder was now throbbing and starting to heat up. Just on que, he felt the computerised control lift off of the steering as he proceeded to take control of the car.

Since he named Uri as 'melon', then why not name the car something similar too? Bitter melon? Nah, bitter melon is green and not exactly his favourite melon to eat (too bitter to his liking). Honeydew melon? The name is too long to be catchy.

If only there was a red melon out there…well, they do exist but they're a type of fish.

Watermelon. It's red on the inside. It's a melon. It's yummy. Suika.

"Car, I'm renaming you." He stated. "Suika will be your name, ok?"

"Yes, sir? I am not made to have a name."
"Well, now I'm naming you, Suika." Hayato responded without a hitch. "Your name is Suika, and I command that nobody else is allowed to change your name."

"Sir, do you want this command to be a permanent law for this car?"

"Yes, do what you need to do. But your name will be Suika from now on." Hayato waved off. By now, he was already in the Vongola's carpark.

"Suika it is, sir." A smiley face appeared on the dashboard, along with a glowing nameplate with the word 'Suika'. Hayato smirked at his own work of creatively name his newly upgraded automated car system.

At first, when Hayato first stepped out of the Suika, a wave of wooziness washed over him, and his injured shoulder felt incredibly stiff. He lifted his right arm a little to see if he could stretch, but all he discovered was more mind reeling pain.

He ended up painstakingly trudging to the back door of the mansion, carrying his damp hoodie, through the rain and in pain. Despite hating the rain, Uri followed him and immediately darted inside when he opened the huge set doors.

Closing the door gently so that it wouldn't make much noise, he hobbled through the various corridors lined with exquisite vases, decor and painting before stopping to lean against the wall. Hayato gritted his teeth as the burning pain started raging through his shoulder. He could barely move it at all.

It was starting to get unbearable, and it took most of his self-control to stop him from groaning out in pain. His breaths became shorter and shallower to the point that each breath he took could be heard.

"Dammit…" He murmured, partially cursing at the blistering pain and his impulsive move to use that huge crossbow, pushing himself to put more flames into his attack. It was rare, but he, for once has realised that he was a huge impulsive idiot (which he quickly forgot anyways).

The fact that Ryohei wasn't going to be back by tomorrow morning 4 am irked him. He was going to bear with his shitty shoulder for an entire night. However the medical clinic in the mansion was always open, 24/7, but he couldn't afford to let the people under Ryohei's faction to know – or anyone really. Hayato was in a complete deadlock.

Uri meowed impatiently and circled around Hayato's legs, urging him to 'hurry up and feed me', also rubbing its damp fur on him too.

"Uri shush. Fine fine I'll let you eat so chill." Hayato replied with an annoyed tone. Scrunching up his eyebrows, he gingerly pushed himself off the wall and started heading towards his room, stopping ever so often to push aside the blinding pain that was slowly closing into him.

He did come across several men as he continued his trudge, and the people came into sight, he forcibly pulled himself painfully upright and walked with an air of control around him (which he put almost all his power into to do). They greeted him professionally, and some asked why he was wet, he would reply with the fact he forgot his umbrella.

Immediately after the people were gone, he would fall back to how he usually carried himself and hurried towards his room hoping that he would come across no one else.

And finally, after what seemed like hours (ten minutes), he finally got to his door-
"Gokudera?"  

Hayato flinched on reflex and almost jumped out of his skin. That voice. How did he not feel his flame signature beforehand? But...hearing it...it's as if he's forgotten about the pain and the uncomfortable clamminess. It was warm, welcoming, endearing. It was as if he was whole again. He turned around, and standing a couple meters behind him was his all-accepting Juudaime.  

"J-Juudaime?" Also on reflex, he bowed in spite of the fact that his arm was nagging him to stand the hell up straight before it pops off from the stabbing throb that was coursing through him.  

Tsuna glanced at him and immediately noticed a huge variety of tiny things that were off with Hayato. First of all, he was soaking. Hayato would always take caution when it comes to getting any rainwater on his clothes and yet standing right in front of him was a thoroughly drenched right-hand man.  

Second of all, Uri was out of its box, strongly indicating that something must have happened. Hayato should already be informed of the fact that cats don't particularly favour being in the rain. Uri seemed irked as well, circling against Hayato. Its flame signature was unstable, swinging all over the place.  

Third of all, Hayato was startled to see him, almost as if he was snooping around and doing something that he shouldn't be doing...or maybe it's because he couldn't sense Tsuna approaching? There could be so many reasons for why. Tsuna could go on and on listing all the things that seemed questionable about Hayato.  

Tsuna, being the all-encompassing sky, feels somewhat empty when none of his guardians were with him. He was a sky that bore all elements regardless of what status, and it was natural for him to leave room in his 'people sensing' sense to accommodate for everyone in his Famiglia. Even with their numbers growing, he would always be able to find more space for them.  

But it is when his people are missing Tsuna feels the aching cavity of their empty spots. However the feeling of hollowness was especially prominent when his guardians are not with him, and it would anchor down his chest. He felt bare without his guardians.  

Sometimes it hurts when they're not with him. Sometimes it would be painful, but he would hide it.  

Sometimes it would hurt so much he would go into his guardian's rooms and sit there (he does respect their privacy, but desperate times takes desperate measures: and sometimes he was desperate) just so he could get a bit of consolation from the remnants of their familiar flames. The strings of each flame would be very faint, but he could feel them nonetheless, and that was all he needed to quell the pain but only for a short while.  

There was also another thing that was particularly weird: when Hayato entered Tsuna's vicinity just a couple minutes ago, Tsuna immediately felt that that the familial storm flame was weaker than usual.  

But 'usual' as in coming back from a quick task of briskly scouting enemy bases or 'just going out for a walk' down to the busy part of town when he was actually punching some obnoxious spy in the face. Tsuna knows what actually goes on when his guardians 'go out for a walk'. He isn't Vongola's boss for nothing over these seven years.  

Yet Hayato only went to visit the local orphanage Haru was at. Normally he would be back at around eight at night, but it was only six.
All that thinking took place in less than a few seconds. He approached Hayato with cautiousness, not because he was afraid that something was going to pop out, but he wanted to be able to analyse the situation carefully.

"Hey, you're back early. I heard the door closing so I thought it was you." Tsuna gave a welcoming smile. It was technically true, but he knew it was Hayato who returned when he was a few kilometres away.

Hayato couldn't bear the pain anymore so he straightened up, brisker than he wanted it to be. "Uh yeah. Some stuff happened-" Oops. He accidently let it slipped. "So I, uh, came back earlier."

Tsuna pursed his lips and remained silent. "Gokudera…" A flicker of orange crossed his irises, and his intuition was nagging him at the back of his head. As much as he hated sighing, he sighed. "You should go take a shower before you catch a cold." He suggests with concern.

Hayato jumped minutely again, moderately surprised that Tsuna wasn't going all interrogator on him. But that made him feel a bubble of warmth blossom in his chest knowing that his boss was more concerned about his health than what happened. His usual stoic features gave up a wide smile for his boss.

"Yeah." He nodded, his posture relaxed but still in an inadvertently awkward position trying to hide his right arm. After a few seconds of awkward silence, he turned around to face his door, pointing at it. "Um, I'll go now." He opened the door to his room and hopped in.

Tsuna stared at him for a moment before realising that Hayato was going to close the door. "Ah-wait!" He called out, to his own surprise. For some reason, his Hyper Intuition nagged at him to stay with his storm for a while longer.

Hayato immediately opened the door fully again when he heard his name being called by Tsuna (he would've ignored them if it was anybody else). "Y-Yes Juudaime?" Damn, he stuttered.

By then, Tsuna knew that something was wrong with Hayato. Tsuna wasn't suppressing his sky flames at all, yet Hayato hasn't reacted to it in any way. Usually, Tsuna would be able to tell if he was affected by his flames: Hayato would be able to read Tsuna. Hayato would be able to tell Tsuna was worried. That's because Hayato used most of his detection flames for that barrier to protect the kids from that abnormal lightning strike.

Tsuna took a few steps closer to Hayato until he was right in the doorframe, face to face with him. "Are you okay?" he asks, placing a hand on the other side of the doorframe. He didn't exactly know why, but his other hand immediately went up to Hayato's right shoulder and held it firmly.

I hope you enjoyed that chapter! I have already pre-wrote the next chapter, so until next time :3

Comments and Kudos are always greatly appreaciated!

- Bubblesss

Ps pls excuse any mistakes!
The Right Decision

Hayato, who was not expecting Tsuna to straight up grab his injury, yelped out loud and automatically flinched and shrank away from his Tsuna's hand, pain blaring like a stereo on max volume to his pain receptors.

Tsuna immediately released his grasp and retracted it from Hayato's shoulder, startled. His eyes went wide with shock, and his mouth ajar at Hayato's reaction. It was so blatantly clear that it was injured and he was surprised that didn't see it before. He could feel how horridly swollen and heated Hayato's shoulder was right through the thin, drenched shirt that he was wearing.

Hayato reeled backwards, unable to stop himself from stumbling. He thought it was meant to be numb, but- "Ow-ah-" the endorphins kicked off faster than he thought it would- "guh-" He bit down on his lips to stop himself from making any more noises of anguish, but a muffled hiss still escaped his lips.

Tsuna stepped into action, immediately striding forward with his gaze pinpointed on him. When he saw that he was going to run into a coffee table, he dove out and quickly but gently tugged Hayato towards himself protectively.

"G-Gokudera! God – I'm so sorry-" He called out in alarm, using both his hands to reach out to stabilise the stumbling Hayato. "I'm so sorry-"

He pried Hayato's right hand away from the firm grip he used on his left bicep which he grabbed onto out of his pain. "Are you alright? I didn't know that your shoulder-"

His Hyper Intuition kicked in and eyes temporarily glowed orange, quickly notifying him of the injury, "- was dislocated – before I grabbed it-" though he guessed that Hayato must've forced the dislocated socket back in place because it doesn't feel like anything was sticking out in the wrong place.

Tsuna was feebly trying to do anything to express how upset he was for putting Hayato in so much pain. Hayato looked like he was going to black out from the pain he was going through; his head was lolled down and his breath was ragged, not to mention how his shoulders and back were hunched over.

It took an entire minute for the pain to subside and by then Hayato's nerves were lethargic. He could feel a thumping headache starting to brew.

Vongola may be to be the strongest, most formidable mafia in the world, but the people who make up the supporting pillars are human like most people in the world. They do feel pain, and they do make mistakes, and that's just what being human is. But being human gives them the omnipotent ability to adapt, change, recuperate and nurture.

Throughout the entire minute, Tsuna had Hayato held steadily but docilely in his arms, ready to do whatever he needed to. When Hayato stood up straight again and his expression was more weary than in pain, Tsuna slowly released him from his arms. As he did, he saw a downtrodden look beginning to overcome Hayato.

And he knew exactly why.

"Gokudera…" He said with an unimaginable amount of tenderness. Hayato's gaze was angled away from him, almost like a puppy knowing that they've done wrong. "Look at me Gokudera."
The continuous, muffled pitter-patter of rain flurrying against the window filled up the liberal silence inside Hayato's room. It was already relatively dark, and the overcasting storm clouds made it appear like midnight. The only light illuminating the room was from the lights in the corridor, streaming through the doorway.

Hayato, despite not wanting to face his boss, lifted his gaze and looked at Tsuna in the most defenceless way he could. He had nothing to lose, and he was after all Tsuna's faithful right hand man, full stop. He couldn't lie to him – he wouldn't lie to him.

"I-" He started, but was cut off by a bright, homely and orange glow that suddenly illuminated the room like a huge wave of genial warmth had decided to wash over the darkness.

His breath hitched in his throat as he watched the mesmerising sky flame around Tsuna's hands flicker to life, bright, lambent and overall welcoming. Hayato was helplessly drawn to it, like all elements in the flame spectrum. The sky is the harmony every element unconsciously reaches for to complete their own imbalance, and that is why sky flame bearers are so befitting to be the centre.

Tsuna raised his hands and pressed them lightly upon Hayato's shoulder hoping that his sky flames would be able to do something about Hayato's injury. Hayato flinched slightly as the hand rested on his shoulder, but did not draw away. Tsuna did not know for sure whether or not using his flames to heal would actually work, but he persisted with what his gut was telling him.

Hayato was stunned to say the least when Tsuna's pair of delicately warm hands rested exactly where it hurt the most. The flames were equally warm, caressing the area with care, extending its tendrils and licking the fabric, but never burning it. To him, it felt like an ice pack that was somehow cosy and toasty warm – and it didn't hurt.

In fact he could feel the stabbing pain gradually fading in to a dull throb, and he hasn't realised how nice it was not being in pain. He unintentionally leaned into Tsuna's palm, yearning for a little more of warmth that Tsuna offered him.

Hayato couldn't afford to unwind, especially since he was officially the Vongola's tenth generation personal guardian, but, this warmth. His habitually over-worrying heart felt rarely satisfied and at peace. But being with Tsuna…his endearing personality breaks down the tough wall of frigidness that blockades his heart. And the flames…he couldn't help but relax.

"Gokudera…what did you do this time?" Tsuna questions softly but without any shred of accusation. He fully understands the fact that Hayato's heart over head when it comes to abrupt circumstances – and to be honest everyone in his family is – though Hayato especially. When it comes to protecting it's always, 'protect in any means possible.'

"I…" Hayato swallowed. "I was just protecting the kids from a lightning strike."

"Huh?" Tsuna gave him an incredulous look, "Lightning?" He repeated. But surprisingly he could tell Hayato wasn't lying, as according to his HI. Though he knows Hayato wasn't telling him the whole story.

"Yeah…” Hayato confirmed. "Lightning." He didn't want to worry Tsuna anymore than he needed to. He's already made a lump appear on Tsuna's forehead and he's felt horrible doing that to him. All of a sudden he became very intrigued with the bright orange tendrils of sky flame whisking down his arm.

Tsuna joggled his memory (which he swear is getting rusty) and pondered about what could've
gave Gokudera such an injury. The lightning itself wouldn't have done that – how was it even possible to shoot at something of such power whilst looking up and also get a dislocated shoulder?-

"Hmm," Tsuna hummed, let his flames simmer down, "Try moving it a bit." He asks, taking his hands away from it. How did he know that the shoulder was ready to be used? He just did.

Hayato on impulse immediately started swinging his arm in large circles without thinking, actually found next to no pain. The thick swollen cardboard-y feeling that was previously plastered to his shoulders completely vanished into thin air, and the awful pain that was there before was almost gone. He looked at Tsuna with amazed shock, beaming.

"Juudaime!" He exclaimed in huge admiration. His shoulder was practically returned to normal, and the pain that was previously there was basically non-existent. He pressed his arms against his sides and bent down, bowing at an unbelievable 90 degrees. "Thank you so much!"

"W-woah!" Tsuna took a step back from the enormous gratitude presented to him, still bashful to words of thanks and especially from Hayato because of his animated methods. "There's r-really no need, we're here to help each other," He patted Hayato's shoulder lightly just to check.

Hayato stood up straight with a small beam on his face, "Yeah, but I can never thank you enough." He looks down for a moment, before looking up again, eyes sparkling (from Tsuna's perspective).

Tsuna lips tugged upwards, but was still modest towards Hayato's display of gratitude, even after these seven years he still can't get used to it. He ran his hand through his puffy brown hair and short exhale.

"Well, I'll get going then. Look after yourself, 'kay?" Tsuna said, but then, "Oh yeah…can I borrow your box weapons for tonight?" He suddenly asks.

"Hmm? Yeah, sure." Hayato fishes out his boxes and hands them to Tsuna, though Uri refuses to get in its box. "Uri! Damn cat – ow don't scratch me – oi!" Hayato, like his cat hisses as he tries to get it in its box.

Tsuna laughs at the bickering scene before him. "Ah~ you can keep Uri," He says, and Hayato stops fighting with his cat reluctantly. Tsuna raises the boxes and turns around, ready to leave. "I'll get Gianinni to look over the rest of them so that they'll be in tip-top shape for tomorrow."

Hayato was once again touched by his boss' display of care towards him, even willing to get his box weapons checked. And it seems like he is still allowed to accompany Tsuna tomorrow! "Oh – ah thanks Juudaime!" He was overly in joy that he could still go.

Tsuna gave a small wave and leaves, quietly closing the door behind him. Almost immediately his expression changes to one with concern and apprehension, uneasy with Hayato's injury. He thumbed the box weapons in his hands.

A small chuckle escaped his lips as he saw how excessively happy Hayato was for just allowing him to still come along tomorrow for the meeting.

But the problem is, he doesn't know how much he was able to heal – or if that was counted as healing at all. Ryohei was coming back home very early tomorrow so he could get him to check Hayato again before they leave.

He'll also need to get ready for tomorrow too – assign the right people to the right places and go through all the different tasks that need to be covered for the day when they are gone, not to mention he had to modify and replan his schedules – Tsuna wanted to cry and bang his head on the
"Ahhhhhhhh..." Though all he did was give out a huge sigh and slouch down depressingly. "Why am I always so busy?" He complained to himself blatantly. All he wanted to do now was chill and eat ice cream.

But first, he has to go pay a visit to Gianinni and tell him to modify Hayato's new crossbow. After thinking about it, that was the only weapon which could've caused that much damage to a shoulder. He'll ask him to modify it so the recoil would be smaller. Tsuna just had a knack for knowing things.

"Ahhhh..."

~X~

Back in Hayato's room, Uri was nagging frantically at Hayato's leg, ignoring the fact that Hayato was trying to strip out of his soggy shirt and turn on the lights at the same time.

"Uri! Gyah- I nearly stepped on you-" Hayato stumbled slightly, finally turning on the lights and getting the shirt off his head, draping it on a nearby chair.

"Nyahh!" – 'I don't care! I'm hungry!' Uri meows back, irritated. Hayato had promised it that he will feed it soon, and he still hasn't yet. It hopped onto a marble ledge in front of a big mirror and flicked its tail about. "Nyaahh!"

Hayato fumbled around his huge room until he reached his closet and pulled out a plain T-shirt that was faded red, a pair of boxers and a pair of beige linen pants ready to wear after he takes a warm shower. He speed walks into his bathroom and drops it off before emerging again, strolling to Uri before dropping down onto a single seated sofa.

Uri sprung from its spot and landed right on Hayato's bare stomach, pressing its face just a few centimetres away Hayato's, 'nya'-ing. Uri refrained itself from digging its claws into Hayato's chest which was quite frankly bare – as Uri did care about food after all.

Hayato looks to the side and ruffles his silver hair, slightly apologetic. "Well, I'm sorry."

"Nyah!" – 'You better be!'

Hayato lifts his hand lets his primary storm flames flow through until he feels his typical storm flames break through. A brightly coloured red flowed flame came to life, twisting and seeking. Hayato eyed his own familiar flame, feeling all the slightly proud whenever he sees his own flame that has protected Tsuna many times. Maybe that's one of the few things that he's extremely proud of – his own storm flames.

Uri opened its mouth in joy of seeing food since forever and was going to chomp down on the ring when it suddenly –

_Puff!_

-Went out.

They both went rigid with surprise. Hayato felt the ripple effect go through his entire body. He suddenly felt so _drained_ of energy. So tired. He swallowed dryly. It was as if that flame was the last drops of his energy. He couldn't believe he actually ran out. He couldn't have used _that_ much.
Well maybe he did – and he underestimated the amount of flames he actually used.

Uri nudged and rubbed its head on the ring as if trying to urge it come out again, but to no avail. "Nyahh…"

Running a hand through his hair than covering his eyes with his forehead, he sunk deeper into the chair. "…" The flames he took pride in disappeared.

Maybe this was why he didn't detect Tsuna coming, because he was so low on flames. But how? It was only a strike of lightning! Maybe it was suspicious because came from a mountain and not the sky, but still.

He stood up, letting Uri fall off his lap with a disgruntled 'nya'.

All he wanted to do was sleep now. Maybe he'll grab something to dinner before he calls it a day. Or maybe he'll sleep after he takes a shower. Walking off, he goes to the bathroom, letting Uri take a quick glance of his lightly scarred back before he shuts the door.

"Nyah…"

~X~

Ting…

A lean, lithe figure leaning on a huge column that supported the high ceiling snickered eerily. His laugh echoed unnervingly through the spacious foyer. "You're back~ How'd it go? Any blood shed~?" The figure shifted, waving an overly long sleeve around.

"…" The person who just came through the door ignored the longed sleeved idiot and kept on walking. "Shut up you lazy bum hole. If you weren't lazing around and came with me I could've blasted that whole place to smithereens." The person grumbled with a low, slick voice.

"Oho~ Saying that you needed my help? I thought you said that Vongola storm twerp was strong enough for you to handle~" The other person spoke again in its particularly honeyed-over voice. "Though I didn't want to get in trouble by our atavistic ancient~"

Ting…

The person who walked in from the door flipped his solid gold coin again, letting an extremely metallic and sharp sound travel down the entrance. "Shut the fuck up." Sparks of green electricity zapped off his sturdy body and to the floor.

"Chill, chill~ No need to get so worked up~ Maybe you weren't trying hard enough. It's your first time attacking a Vongola guarding after all~" A shrill snicker escaped the person's lips before waltzing off. "Now, now, you were being impatient~ Didn't boss say to do nothing until tomorrow?"

The man flipped his gold coin out of habit again, sending another metallic ting reverberating around the place. "Annoying idiota." He sneered, before striding off in the other direction, through the golden lined arks of dark wood. "Who cares."

The other person swayed his long sleeves, snickering behind them. "He's too much of a softy ain't he~ So powerful yet adamant, going easy on them~" Giving one final sly grin to himself, he disappeared into the winding corridors.
Tsuna hears frantic scratches from his door and quickly gets up to get it. As he opens it, a lithe Uri slips through and rubs ardently at his legs, leaving fur everywhere. Tsuna shuts the door and smiles, though grimacing because he was wearing one of his favourite black slacks.

"Ah ah Uri – what's wrong?" He asks in his gentle voice, which he uses when Lambo comes begging him for help (but mainly candy).

Uri walks around impatiently and looks up at him with pleading eyes, 'nya'-ing as if imploring something. "Nyaah~~" It pleads, in a way nicer way towards Tsuna than its own owner.

"Hmm, lemme guess," Tsuna playfully puts his hands to his chin and seeming ponders even though he knows what Uri's after. He picks Uri up with great care and smiles at it. "You're hungry!" He states with a smile.

"Nyah!" – 'Correct!'

"See, I know what you need." Tsuna says, winking. He walks to his table and moves some of his papers out of the way before setting Uri down on it, immediately letting a huge ball of sky flames come out from his ring.

Uri immediately pounces without any hesitation onto the ring and gobbles it right up, purring exceptionally loudly exclaiming its satisfaction loud and clear. Unlike with Hayato, Uri doesn't swallow Tsuna's hand whole when it comes to feeding. Not long after, Uri is satisfied and hops onto Tsuna's lap, nudging his hand so that he would pat its head.

Tsuna of course complies and runs his hands down Uri's silky soft fur which still had a slightly damp feeling to it. "Say Uri, you're worried about Gokudera too, right?" He tells Uri with soft edges. He could feel Uri shifting underneath his touch, knowing that Uri understood.

"Nyah…"

"You know, I felt his flame signature suddenly weaken when I was at Gianinni's." Tsuna states. "Is he ok?" He asks.

"Nyah." – 'yeah.' Uri replies, though showing no more signs of wanting to say anything else after. It closes its eyes and settles down on Tsuna's comfy lap, enjoying being stroked with gentle hands.

"Hmm…ok." Tsuna sees great resemblance between Uri and Hayato. They both unconsciously seek comfort, even though they both seem tough. They both don't like worrying other people and are both indirectly kind (though people may take it the wrong way and think they're simply being insensitive), expressing their affection in different ways than usual people. But Tsuna understands that and embraces them with open arms.

Tsuna is also still mildly worried about Hayato's injury. Hayato did tell him that it was lightning – but that simply doesn't cut for an explanation. It could be an attempted assassination. No, if it was, then it would've been more than just lightning. Maybe it is to assess the waters, or to gather information.

Either way, the lightning incident gave Tsuna a bad premonition. He'll ask Basil to look into it once Basil has his head out of the stolen papers regarding 'will energy' which were taken from the Vongola research lab.

He only hopes that everything will go as smooth as butter tomorrow, and that the storm would
subside so that Takeshi would be able to join them – just for reinsurance – so to make sure that Hayato would be okay. Takeshi’s eyes may even be sharper than Tsuna's. Ryohei was going to arrive early next morning. Everything seems set.

"Ahh…” A dispiriting sigh still escaped his lips despite how much he hates sighing nowadays. 'I wonder if Mukuro is ok…hopefully he'll listen to my words and stays here.' Tsuna softly patted his cheeks, telling himself to keep his mind set high. 'At least Chrome should be able to help him get back to his usual self!’

Glancing over his desk, he came across the envelope once more. Reaching out to grab it, he opened it again.

"Did I…really make the right decision?" Tsuna acknowledges the figment of worry that has been resting at the corner of his mind, and says it aloud. "Did I?"

"Nyah." – 'You're the boss. We can't change your decision, sadly.'

He peeked at Uri with one eye. "You're right Uri. But still…!" He let his head fall on the desk, frustrated. Scanning through the letter, he realised he still needed to RSVP. He was the Decimo of Vongola, and no matter what others say, his choice is definite - more so than he thinks.

But something at the back of his mind, maybe his HI, maybe his sheer premonition, or maybe the blood strongly tied by fate running through his veins, was giving him a slight feeling of uneasiness. It was telling him that something was off – wrong – just completely odd about this – especially this one.

Albeit, he could feel all his predecessors gently urging him on, telling him to just go for it (even though it might be a rash decision). You won't get results unless you change and do something different.

Thus without further ado, he picked up the Vongola phone at the corner of his grand desk (which he had to clean up because all the files and pens flew off before) and dialled the number as written.

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I hope you guys enjoyed it! This chapter opens up a bit to the people on the other side of this story, and just some of Tsuna’s mind-boggling things he has to consider and take care of. I didn't know whether or not to have introduced them earlier or later in the story, so I have decided to introduce them now.

~Bubblesss

Ps Pls excuse any mistakes!

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