

Sky Attraction - the Tsu-kun Variant

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Sky Attraction - the Tsu-kun Variant

by [Night-Mare \(Aoife\)](#)

Summary

He was not what Dino had expected when Reborn had summoned him to Japan to meet the remaining Vongola Heir.

Permission from Reborn

"Did you think I was blind, Dino-baka?" Reborn dropped from a low tree branch onto his senior student's shoulder, startling the young Don.

"I had hoped I wasn't being obvious, Reborn. He's barely fourteen. Barely legal at home and not at all legal in this prefecture for another four years." He knew better than to lie to his former-tutor, especially when the man was balanced on his shoulder, with Leon draped along his forearm. His former tutor had the unnerving ability to read his mind. The muzzle of Leon's pistol form pressed into his temple and he swallowed, wondering if he'd crossed one of the Arcobaleno's few lines.

"But you are *interested* aren't you, Dino-baka? Interested enough to think about it, to consider whether it would be legal, and to feel shame about it." Dino swallowed and nodded very carefully. He could almost hear the smirk in Reborn's voice. "Good. That means you can deal with that side of Tsuna's education. Can't have the Vongola Decimo getting a reputation as a bad lover, can we?" A shiver ran up Dino's spine at the thought Reborn's suggestion had provoked, of the little Vongola Sky, the very image of Primo, spread beneath him, his to wreck.

His former tutor just smirked as he felt Dino's response to his deliberate provocation. Leon transformed back from his pistol form, and returned to his normal perch on his hat.

"Take Mama up on the offer of staying overnight. That way, -" he let the instruction trail off, but his meaning was clear. Reborn hopped down from his perch, and left Dino staring into space as he considered everything that had happened in the past few minutes.

Which had a rather predictable result. It was a very, very pretty mental image, in his defense. The little Sky had obviously inherited his build from his mother, rather than his father; he was far more diminutive than the Vongola Primo at the same age. Reborn had even been kind enough to hit him with a Deathperation shot where Dino could see - he suspected that he'd betrayed himself shortly before that - which had reassured him that he wasn't irredeemable; that it wasn't a child he was lusting after.

He'd have to do *something* about his erection before he returned indoors. He certainly hadn't selected his jeans this morning for their ability to hide arousal. He absent mindedly palmed his groin whilst considering how to resolve the issue for a few moments, before unbuttoning his fly and taking himself in hand.

Allowing the mental images to curl back up out of the box he'd been attempting to keep them in, he stroked himself roughly to completion, to the image of Tsuna kneeling before him, naked and begging.

Midnight Feast

Mama was more than willing to feed him and give him a bed for the night, and not for the first time since he arrived, Dino was left wondering what Iemitsu had actually told his wife about his work. He'd expected to be greeted by the woman's bodyguards - by at least a CEDEF agent, but there was no-one and it worried him. Security by obscurity had a number of notorious flaws and the idea of the this brilliant little Sky dead beneath an assassin's blade - he shuddered.

If it hadn't been for how very, very good Mama's cooking had been, he'd have wondered why he'd followed Reborn's instruction to stay. Between all of the children Sawada Nana had taken in, every room in the house was full, and he'd been offered the futon in Tsuna's room.

Whilst that in and of itself would have been okay, Reborn slept in a hammock in Tsuna's room and that made him nervous. He'd only been out of the Arcobaleno's hands for six months and his body was still not convinced that the training was done. The likelihood he'd get a decent night's sleep, between the thoughts Reborn had given him permission to think and his proximity to both his former tutor and the object of his obsession was very slim.

He did still manage to fall asleep though it took him several hours, most of which he spent alternating between willing away his erection and being paranoid about either of the other people in the room being aware of it; Tsuna on the other hand fell asleep almost immediately, as did Reborn in his hammock.

It felt like he'd only been asleep for a handful of minutes when a creak brought him awake again with a snap, though he managed through an act of sheer will to not bolt upright. He opened his eyes just enough to watch as Tsuna padded out of his bedroom, wearing nothing but a pair of boxers. He followed the younger teen's progress through the house by the sound of his footsteps, and had to suppress a snort of laughter when he heard the fridge open. He remembered being the kind of hungry that drove you to raid the fridge in the middle of the night. He also remembered what made the kind of crash that he heard next, and winced. Hopefully that hadn't woken anyone else up; poor kid was as clumsy as he was.

He rolled over onto his side, deliberately facing away from the door and the bed, and palmed his once again resurgent erection ruefully. He wasn't going to get back to sleep without doing something about it, and willpower wasn't going to be the solution like it had been earlier. Sighing softly, he rose from the futon and tried to remember where he'd been told the upstairs bathroom was. Maybe an orgasm would let him fall asleep again.

Sleepover, Pt 2

Fortunately, and perhaps mercifully, given the number of new people living in the Sawada house, the bathroom had a plaque on it's door. He slipped inside, only feeling a little self-conscious about what was planning to do; whilst the door had a lock, he left it unlatched and cracked open. Curiosity was a wicked thing, and from what he knew about Iemitsu, the CEDEF boss hadn't been home in a very long time, so unless Nana had had the Talk with Tsuna, or the younger Sky had been listening to locker room talk - and he wasn't a jock - he was likely ignorant of the mechanics.

Taking a seat on the edge of the bath-tub, he pushed the sleep pants he'd been wearing far enough down his thighs to allow his cock to spring free. He sighed in relief, a soft noise that would carry in the quiet dark house, as his cock met the cooler air. Already engorged with blood, the head peeked out from within his foreskin with a bead of pre-cum showing at the tip and he palmed it in relief.

Biting his lip, wanting no more than just enough sound to raise Tsuna's curiosity to escape, he groaned sub-vocally at the sensation. The callouses on his whip hand scraped over sensitive skin as he worked his foreskin aggressively, chasing sensation. He had no desire to draw the process out, no need to make this last and he scraped the blunted fingernails of his off hand back over the fragile skin of his balls to press at his perineum. At home, where he had lube and toys, he'd slick his fingers, press them inside and ride them - or a toy - to completion whilst his whip hand tugged and toyed with his cock. Here, he'd have to settle for something a little less elaborate, and he added a twist to the motion of his wrist, pacing himself as he heard the stairs creak, and allowing another very faint moan to escape past his bitten lip.

Another sound slipped out when he realised that the footsteps had stopped, and that the door to Tsuna's room had been neither opened again, nor closed, and that the youngster was lurking on the landing. Shutting his eyes, not wanting to know for sure whether the other Sky was peeking, he pressed and stroked and came with a low pleased moan that could have contained the syllables of the other's name. He was answered by a faint squeak and the sound of feet scrambling back into Tsuna's bedroom. A smile curled the corners of his mouth and he basked in the afterglow for a few moments, before using one of the hand towels to clean up and burying it in the laundry. Having given Tsuna a couple of minutes to fall asleep or at least pretend to do so, he pulled his sleep pants back on again and return to the futon.

Blessed Coffee

He was thankful for the fact that Mama made very, very good coffee. (Not that he expected anything less than from a household hosting his former tutor; the Arcobaleno had driven his own kitchen staff up the wall until they met his personal standards. Two of his chefs had threatened to quit until he'd arranged for them to work at one of the smaller Cavallone houses.)

He'd slept surprisingly well, considering the level of disruption, but he always did when he'd come multiple times in the last twenty four hours. Even when Reborn slept nearby, a quiet, lethal threat. The coffee was still exceedingly welcome.

The household was full, and the three younger children Sawada Nana had taken in were all boisterous; which said good things about the CEDEF's boss's wife. Even if he disagreed with the man's decision to keep her ignorant of the Mafia - security by obscurity was a very dangerous method to use to keep her safe. While it could - and quite obviously had in this case - work well, there was very little warning when things went wrong. And Fuuta de la Stella was here, as was the last remaining Vongola heir; even Reborn could only cover a single group of people, and his priority was quite rightly Tsunayoshi and whilst the fact that Bianchi and Hayato both were Named, that was still only three competent individuals to protect twice that number.

He smiled, behind his coffee cup when Tsuna finally emerged from upstairs and went bright, flaming red the moment he spotted him at the table. That blush was confirmation that the younger Sky had watched him for at least a little while; the fact that he still took the remaining seat at the table, next to Dino, without complaint, and without flinching from suggested promising things for the quiet war he intended to wage.

A knock on the door signalled the arrival of at least one of his men - probably Romario - with the car. Even if he had dropped everything when summoned by his former tutor, there was always work to be done, especially as he was still in the process of resurrecting the Familiga. He drained the coffee cup as the door opened, and he was proved correct. Trailing behind his Consigliere were two boys, one of which he recognised as the young Smoking Bomb; the other resembled someone he was convinced he should remember the name of.

The two of them were bickering, the unidentified male gently needling the dynamite wielder. He could see the potential there; that was good considering the role Tsuna was destined for. He'd need both a brilliant right hand and a lethal left hand, and between them they'd manage that. And the other part of what he saw, well that dynamic wasn't that unusual in the Mafia; the Ninth's Storm and Rain guardians shared a wife after all. It did mean they were unlikely to be direct competition for him in his mission to have the younger Sky spread beneath him, but he suspected that neither would be amused if they thought he was toying with their Boss.

The Paperwork Curse

It was so very tempting to let the damn paperwork slide in favor of more ... pleasurable pursuits, but he allowed his Consigliere to remove him from the Sawada household more minimal fuss. The paperwork would only breed if left alone, and it was always the more ethical businesses that he was trying to move the Cavallone into that would produce the most.

He'd also caught sight of the the boy he suspected was Tsuna's Cloud yesterday. He bore a remarkable resemblance to the Storm Arcobaleno, and he had no desire to get between the younger Sky and the Cloud circling him. Especially one as overpowered as the prefect was likely to be with an Arcobaleno as a close relative. Given the Cloud appeared to have claimed Namimori Middle as his territory, Tsuna needed to continue to attend regularly, at least until the older boy showed more signs of having become territorial about the young Sky. And Dino had enough of a sense of self preservation to not want to be the one that triggered said Cloud's instincts.

Romario had brought one of his less flashy cars to collect him; it was the armoured town car that travelled with him. That meant that his Consigliere was giving him implicit permission to have a *discussion* with the local Yazuka later; at least he wasn't entirely doomed to the paperwork monster. Just, judging by the pile on the back seat, mostly doomed. At least it would keep him from obsessing for a few hours.

Paperwork had been the subject of one of the handful of highly intoxicated conversations he'd had with Squalo in the years since Xanxus' disappearance; neither of them had expected the sheer quantity of it that went with their jobs. Though some of it was their own faults; Dino for wanting not just to resurrect his Family, but to return it to its preeminent position, and Squalo for giving up on trying to get his fellow Varia Officers to do their own share of the paperwork. (Mammon charged through the nose; Bel tended to use the blood of which ever mook delivered the paperwork as ink to complete it and Luss was blind as a fucking bat. Levi? He wasn't even going to go there.)

A Little Light Combat

With the paperwork done, he's left at loose ends until the end of Tsuna's school day. Or he would have been, except Romario has learnt the hard way that that's when he - and Enzo - generally got into the most trouble. Trouble that given the presence of an Active Cloud would probably land someone - most likely Dino himself - in hospital. It certainly had when he'd managed to annoy Visconti as a teenager. Hopefully the Cloud would stay in close proximity to the core of his territory, which appeared to be the area of Nami Middle, especially whilst he and Tsuna were Courting, but there were never any guarantees with a Cloud.

Which probably explained why they'd just arrived at what could only be a Yazuka hideout. His Consigliere was too perceptive. He reemerged from the building thirty minutes later, feeling much better for the skirmish. It wasn't that he enjoyed fighting for its own sake, but rather that after four years of Reborn as his tutor he'd learned to appreciate the endorphins the hard way.

The nice thing about fighting with a whip was that very few people knew how to counter it and that unless he actively pushed his Flames through it, any injuries were unlikely to be fatal. That meant that he could leave several of his men behind to work out an alliance agreement, once he'd worked through his current frustrations by beating on them. That would give him his own set of observers in the town.

That dealt with and his instincts assuaged as a result, he needed a hostess gift for Nana. He'd need ready access to Tsuna to, uh, fulfil Reborn's request, and the woman was a truly excellent cook. He'd seen an Italian import store in town; perhaps he'd find her something there. There were a couple of well-thumbed Italian cookbooks on her shelves - he'd have to remember to bring some of his territory's specialities with him next time he visited. While he was going to stay in Namimori for a couple of weeks, something would call him back to Italy before too long.

Hostess Gift

He manages to trip through the front door of the Sawada residence and curses as he stumbles into Tsuna, who had been opening the door to him. The younger Sky tries to catch him, but Dino is significantly bulkier than he is, and they both go flying and end up entangled on the rug. The box containing Dino's hostess gift for Nana squashed between them. Fortunately, Romario had seen this coming and the box was substantial enough to stand up to one of his "clumsy" episodes.

Despite the rather painful presence of said box between the two of them, his body reacts almost immediately to having Tsuna pinned beneath it. The brunette runs hotter than normal; a little hotter than even he does. Most Flame Actives do. It's one of the tells, and the hotter they run, the stronger the Flame. He's tempted - oh so tempted - to steal a kiss from the teen beneath him, to see if he can get a blush to color his cheeks. He wants a chance to enjoy that blush before Reborn steals that level of uncontrolled response from the younger Sky. He understands why; his Poker face has served him extraordinarily well in resurrecting his family, but he still wants it before it's stolen away.

His body responds to the lithe form beneath him without actually checking in with his brain, and he finds himself grinding down once, without thinking through his actions, and curses himself, worrying that he's pushing too hard, too fast. Tsuna stiffens beneath him briefly in response, but then he feels an answering, tentative jerk of the hips.

He does lean in for the kiss then, a gentle brushing of the lips that leaves Tsuna wide eyed and pink cheeked, before pushing up off the younger boy in a deliberate motion. Once he's back on his feet, he leans down to pick up the box and offers the younger boy a hand up from where he's still sprawled on the floor.

Nana calls out then from her normal post in the kitchen, and he smiles at Tsuna. Not his normal smile, but rather one lazy and seductive and full of promise, that makes the other Sky squeak and flee upstairs.

Nana receives the hostess gift gratefully, cooing over these ingredients he'd gathered and already concocting recipes in a quiet murmur. He listens to her with part of his attention, as he also tracks Tsuna's footsteps. He can hear the brunette move around upstairs before flopping rather dramatically onto his bed. His lips quirk into a smile of their own accord, and he tunes back into Nana's running commentary only to find that he'd agreed to stay for dinner to give her his verdict on her version of Italian cooking.

Dining with Company

Joining the Sawada household for another evening meal is absolutely not a hardship. Nana is wasted on Iemitsu; how the man doesn't come home more often, if only for his wife's cooking, he doesn't know. He's much less of a messy eater this evening - with Nana having prepared Italian dishes, she's also been kind enough to lay the table with western style cutlery - which given his desire to flirt with Tsuna is probably just as well. Enzo is in his tank back at the hotel room, safely away from water and guarded by one of his men; one of his rare Flame Actives who knows how to wrangle the turtle.

He'd been curious about who would be at the table this evening; Nana had laid more place settings than she had the previous night. In the end they were joined by all of Tsuna's guardian candidates, save his Cloud; given that he was well aware that even Nono had to twist Visconti's arm to near breaking point before he'd attend a formal Vongola event, he wasn't surprised by the teen's absence. Tsuna was also still missing a Mist candidate, though his Sun candidate's sister might be a one; he'd have to ask Reborn. It was likely his former tutor had someone in mind; he remembered all the palaver over Federico's Guardians and the outrage when Xanxus had declared that the Varia Officers would be his. That had been one hell of a political mess, but with the strength of the Officers in question it had only taken two attempts to displace them for people to realise that Xanxus was serious.

Mentally setting Mafia politics to one side, he smiled internally at the fact that he'd managed to manoeuvre things so that he had Tsuna sat next to him, on his left and insinuated himself into the conversation. He leaned on his own Sky intuition; not as strong as the Vongola's Hyper intuition, but strong enough, and all he wanted to do was keep this dinner harmonious and for it to be to his advantage.

(Okay, he lied. All he wanted to do was run his foot up Tsuna's thigh and make an estimate of how well-endowed the younger Sky was. He managed to do so with little more than a squeak and a blush from Tsuna, which made his Flames purr.)

Home to Italy

He suspects that Nana would quite happily allow him to stay over, again, but he'd be *far* too tempted to push Tsuna further than he should. He'd already pushed him hard, with the demonstration and the kiss, and the gentle game of footsie; it had only been a couple of days and he was - or should - be playing a longer term game. For all the expectations that *Reborn* had for his tutoring of Tsuna, he was already reluctant to let the little Sky slip through his fingers. But that was something he could discuss with Tsuna himself - they'd both need wives soon rather than later. He shakes his head and to dispel that train of thought, and directs Romario to take him to the airport; whilst he would rather stay in Japan, he'd only planned for a short visit this time.

Reborn had only admitted to wanting to introduce the two of them, and he was teetering on the edge of war with two of the other Dons in *his* region; one was trying to muscle in on his operations and the other was claiming his men were engaged in human trafficking; they weren't, but he had helped several prostitutes flee the man's brothels and was about to get him banned from Mafia Island. He couldn't stay; and not staying, with the ideas he'd planted in Tsuna's head, would probably be more constructive. The little Sky had definitely watched him masturbate, and had been *very* responsive to his kiss; allowing him time to experiment would mean he might get Tsuna to actually be brave enough to touch him.

He slouched back in the car's rear seat, and swore sub vocally; he was aroused *again*; the little Sky was *definitely* under his skin. He only hoped he was getting under Tsuna's, too. Romario raised an eyebrow at him in the rear view mirror and shook his own head, an amused smile on his lips; he groaned and felt his cheeks heat. Mother Mary, please let him be having as much effect on Tsuna, otherwise this was going to turn into a *farce*.

(His parka hides his erection as he transfers to his private jet, and despite the number of emails almost certainly waiting for him on his laptop, he retreats to the small bedroom he has at the back of the aircraft; it's more than ten hours back to Italy and he can spare a few of those to take the edge off of the arousal Tsuna's Flames have been fanning. And he has toys in his bedroom's safe.)

Self-Pleasure

He's patient enough to wait for his private plane to have taken off before he reaches for the small, locked box; it's only about the size of a large hard-back book, but that's no barrier to it's contents being a *delightful* pleasure. He sticks it on the bed, grabs a towel to ease clean up, and shucks his clothes; he had no desire to get lube or cum on them, not when he would likely to be going straight into combat on landing. He liked his laundresses too much to inflict more than one bodily fluid on them at a time.

The box is locked with a combination lock, and it's easy enough to open with his whip-hand, his off-hand already slick, probing at his own hole; his body takes the two fingers he pushes into it with the ease of long practise. But the angle is all wrong for them to be of use for anything more than preparation, and he digs blindly in the box, closing the fingers of his whip hand on the slim wand-type toy. He estimates it's a little narrower than he thinks Tsuna's cock is, and taps it's power button, checking it's charged. It hums quietly, and he sighs in relief; it would have only frustrated him more if it hadn't been.

Fucking himself with it is easy. All he has to do is line it up and bear down; it slides in effortlessly, his body knowing how this goes. He might prefer to top, but given his size, bottoming is the safer option and he's taught himself to enjoy it. The toy feels good, even before he's switched it on, and he rocks thoughtfully, considering how best to sate himself.

The fantasy coalesces almost without thought. He imagines Tsuna over him, the toy, the Sky's cock pressing into his ass, smoothly stroking in and out; contemplates Tsu-kun having whimpered and whined through his insertion of a plug into his untried hole. Thinks about how very tight that passage would be when he pressed a first finger into it; his little Sky would try and wriggle away from him until he pins him down, and blows him; he's proud of his skill at that. And he'd enjoy the taste, would enjoy the little Sky's innocence and getting to teach him how much fun a partner could be.

The fantasy catches him up, and his hips twitch, and he taps it's power button again, setting it humming, and shuts his eyes, is back under Tsu-kun. The little Sky would have the most adorable scrunched up expression as he tried to hold off his orgasm, would want him to cum first, and he strokes his cock in counterpoint to the imagined rhythm.

It's enough. He cums, making a mess of himself. Wringing down on a vibrating toy extends his own orgasm, lengthens it; he barely remembers to pull it out and drop it on the towel, before orgasm-induced lassitude pulls him down into sleep.

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