

Twice the Tsunas, Twice the Fun

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Twice the Tsunas, Twice the Fun

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

Summary

A Birthday present for Dino-nii. Otherwise known as an outtake from the Sky Attraction 'verse, when in both Tsu-kun and Tsu-hime gang up on another Tsuna's unsuspecting Dino.

Notes

So this happened when I remembered it was Dino's birthday today. Mostly decidedly a self-indulgent omake in the Sky Attraction 'verse

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

He wakes, slowly, head muzzy, mouth full of cotton, and his arms tied over his head; probably with his own whip. The material feels familiar anyway, and his Flames rise beneath his skin, ready to burn himself free of the restraints, but two almost identical and very, very familiar Flames rise in answer and pull a purr from his own in response.

His brain on the other hand, stutters at the realisation that there are two sources of that Flame. Not only that, but that the two of them are in his bedroom, have tied him to his own bed with his whip, and the intent that's heavy in the air is not anything that he's familiar with. At least not from other mafioso.

The bed - and it is his bed, he recognises the way it moves, the sounds it makes - dips beneath the weight of two slight bodies. His body couldn't help but respond to the stimuli, intellectually unnerved he willed his Flames to reach out to the other's singing Harmony, needing to know that this was *their* choice.

It feels like *home*. He didn't think that Sky-to-Sky harmonisation was even possible. He'd certainly had never done so before, never had any sign that it might even be a possibility. Not with his father, not with any of the Vongola heirs, though he'd spent time at least in their vicinity at Mafia school to have been aware if it might be a possibility - and they had shown no signs of being harmonised with each other, either.

(The fact that there should only be one of that Flame, that he knew that the Tenth was a only child didn't even register.)

Fingers drift across his skin, trailing fire behind them and he arches into it, begging for more touch. He hasn't taken a lover in a long while and he'd heard of this, but never experienced it, never taken another Flame Active as a lover. If simple touch felt like *this*, Mother Mary have mercy on him.

The fingers vanish briefly, and return with more intent. Four hands dance across his skin; now he's paying attention he can feel the difference between them and the difference between their Flames. It's in the shape of their fingernails. One set are flattened and blunted; the other sharper, their wielder more willing to use them as a weapon he suspects. Their calluses are different, too.

The sharper set of fingernails scrape along his ribs, tweak at his nipples, burn lines of fire into skin that leave him gasping for air. The blunter set, feather across his scars - both those he'd chosen and those inflicted on him by others - teasing out which are sensitive and which are devoid of sensation.

The weight on the mattress shifts again, and a tongue, lithe and flexible, traces the lines of the rearing Stallion, the one over his heart. (That had been a deliberate choice; it had taken him time to realise that's where his Familia truly lived, but once he'd acknowledged it, there had been no other place for that tattoo.) There is something deliciously wicked about the senior Sky of the Alliance worshipping at that symbol, wet heat and cool breath raising goosebumps on his skin, and fire beneath it. Fire that danced through his nervous system, entwined with his own Flames until he craved it.

The tongue not occupied worshipping at the stallion over his heart made gentle contact with the head of his cock, licking away the bead of pre-cum that had emerged. That did drag several incoherent sounds - sounds that without the mouth full of material would have been obscene - from his throat. It had been so longer since another had touched him like this, and he *wanted*. Wanted whatever these Skies were willing to let him have.

The female Sky took him into her mouth, and his back snapped into an arch at the sensation of tight, wet heat around his cock. The fire raging in his nervous system burn hotter and hotter in response to each of her actions; slow, deliberate actions that he suspected meant that she was using the famed Vongola intuition in a way that no-one had expected it to be used (or of course, that was private enough that no-one *recorded* its use in this fashion).

Whatever was the cause of her current expertise, the way she was inexorably dragging him closer and closer to completion seemingly intent on ripping his pleasure from him made the noises escaping his gag needier, his hips flexing and muscles in his thighs twitch and strain as he clung to the edge.

What threw him over that cliff, was the way her Flames were coiling and pressing against his own, promising more. That and the male Sky's sharp bite to his left nipple. He came with her nose pressed to his groin, the muscles in her throat rippling around his erection, and Sky flames physically manifest and dancing around his hands. She was slow to release him, intent on nursing the last of his orgasm from him, sucking on over-sensitised flesh with long, powerful drags.

The mattress shifted again as his two 'captors' shifted positions, obviously still intent on further pleasure. The gag was removed from his mouth, and a snick suggested something being opened, but he was too relaxed, enjoying himself too much to object to anything they wanted to do to him.

One of the two of them, the female Sky from the musky scent of aroused woman, settled into a kneeling position above him and he stretched out his tongue to taste. He was rewarded by her shifting to a better position for him to lick at her and a lighter - but still familiar - moan of pleasure from her unoccupied lips. Smiling from his position between her legs, he did his best to drive them both to distraction.

Slick, gentle inexorable pressure, aided by borrowed Rain flames coaxed his body open, and his cock back to something like a full erection; a muted comment, incomprehensible to him given his position, had the fingers withdrawn and his hands untied (and yes, that was his whip they'd used; sensible really given it was almost indestructible). He didn't whine until the female Sky rose from her crouch. He made to pull her back, only for his hands to be whacked gently and it made clear that he was to follow instructions.

The female Sky settled down next to him, lithe frame a heated torment next to him, and was relieved when he was then pulled over to cover her, cock cradled in the vee of her thighs and sharp nails digging into his sides. The male Sky shifted to kneel between their legs, and he mouthed a swear into her skin as he realised what they'd had planned for him.

She had her legs spread, wide and welcoming, and when she pulled at his hips, he slipped easily into slick, tight, welcoming heat. Her Flames coiled around his, aided by his intrusion

into her body, raised the heat of her to the point where he felt like he was about to spontaneously combust. Once she had him seated to the root, she deliberately squeezed him before pulling his head down into a kiss, chasing her own taste on his lips, and swallowed the sound he made when the blunt head of the other Sky's cock demanded entrance. Demanded that his body yield to it. It was larger, hotter, harder than the gentle Rain-infused fingers that had opened him up, and he willed himself to stay relaxed as it pressed home. Despite the careful preparation, it *hurt*.

But the pain quickly faded, especially when the woman beneath him kissed him again and raked sharp finger nails down his flanks. The man at his back held still, but his own Flames thick and heavy, pushing at Dino, simultaneously demanding and welcoming, merely waiting until -.

He pushed down, grinding against her clit, and she made a pleased noise that seemed to have been the awaited signal. The first slow, dragging withdrawal made sparks dance along his nerves, added fuel to the fire that was trying to consume him. Left him feeling hollow and needy and open. The return stroke filled the empty space with pleasure, with the need to move, to pour himself out, to fill and be filled in turn. With the second slow stroke he moved too, blindly following the rhythm that the two other Skies set for him. The male at his back set an easy pace, echoed by the pulse and flow of their Flames around them.

Even if you asked him later, he couldn't be sure how long he danced at the heart of those Flames, between two impossible Skies, drowning in the pleasure and the sense of home they offered. It was too long and not long enough. Not long enough at all when the white hot heat began to unfurl again, licking along nerves and coaxing out his own Flames to flicker across his skin.

He brought them with him, this time. It was almost impossible for them not to succumb, given the way their Flames, their Will, the very soul of their beings were coiled around each at the moment that he succumbed and *blazed*.

He woke again, sleepy and physically sated, and with the marks of passion on his body and his Flames purring happily. A note sat on his bed side table, and he reached for it.

He recognised the handwriting. Both sets.

Happy Birthday, Dino-nii.

P.S. Yes, your Tsuna's interested, too. Enjoy, Haneuma.

End Notes

Comments (including concrit) are love!

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