

Drabble-Marathon

-cracky short stories-

Von cayra

HSM: The last meddler

This little piece was written for whisper132, the author of the wonderful 'Honorable Society of Meddlers' series. It's a take-on how Sengoku joined the HSM, which hasn't been written yet.

HSM: The last meddler

Sengoku Kiyosumi was a very interesting person. If you looked closely enough, you would discover some things you'd have never suspected he appeared like he didn't really care about anything at all, just drifting through his daily life and keeping himself amused, he had in fact a very good grip on reality. Although he didn't look like it, he watched everything around him with great curiosity and did not miss much of it. He knew a lot more about his teammates he let on. And if he noticed something he did not like, he changed it.

Subtly, so subtly noone would ever notice he was the one behind the changes. Of course, none of his teammates suspected he even possessed a shred of subtlety.

Well, sometimes Sengoku thought his tiny manager noticed, for Dan-kun was really right for a first year and equally curious, but he wasn't sure about that. He certainly never commented when Sengoku singlehandedly broke up fights by acting like an idiot, applying considerate amounts of jokes and flirting to make them forget what they were arguing about in the first place. It worked surprisingly well and noone suspected anything, since Sengoku flirted with everything that moved, despite his preferences. They were used to it, but it still affected them. It was kind of Sengoku's secret weapon. It even worked on Akutsu, though the grey-haired boy mostly reacted annoyed. But instead of beating him up, he just snarled at Sengoku and grudgingly did as he was told. Sengoku knew the thin line between annoyed respect and rage inside Akutsu's mind well. So when Akutsu didn't look like he wanted to deal with anyone, Sengoku sent Dan. As long as the small boy didn't show any fear, Akutsu was as good as whipped. Sengoku was not sure how Dan did it, but he knew what he could do and it amused him greatly.

It had something to do with that undying adoration Dan bestowed on Akutsu so freely. Ever since those two had met on the tennis club grounds, he had been

following Akutsu around constantly, trying to get him to socialize. Not that Sengoku had helped that a bit, of course not. He suspected Dan had somewhat of a crush on Akutsu, but he preferred not to think much about it.

However, that cute admiration had managed to keep Akutsu on the team for a while. Keeping him out of trouble was a lot harder. Sengoku had to risk a real beating to get him back in line at last. But if something got to Akutsu, then it was an attack on his pride. Taunting him was risky, but effective. He managed to convince Akutsu that crushing that Seigaku brat in an official match was way more humiliating than beating him up. Surely Akutsu wouldn't want to be accused of fearing to lose in a fair contest?

Sengoku probably wouldn't have gotten away without some nastier bruises if Dan hadn't shown up.

Really, dealing with all that ruckus had made Sengoku a master in the art of manipulation and mediation. And it was quite fun, too.

When he noticed some slightly off circumstances concerning the newest rumors going around, he decided to look a bit more into that. The bits he got a lot of visiting, chatting and flirting at several schools were most interesting. There was something going on and he was going to find out what.

Half a month later he nonchalantly sat down at the table at the small cafe three readheads and a narcoleptic occupied.

"Yo! Can I join the club?"

The looks on their faces were priceless.