

La Squadra Esecuzioni Headcanon Backstories

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/26324908) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/26324908>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	ジョジョの奇妙な冒険 JoJo no Kimyou na Bouken JoJo's Bizarre Adventure
Relationship:	Gelato/Sorbet (JoJo)
Characters:	Risotto Nero , Illuso (JoJo) , Formaggio (JoJo) , Sorbet (JoJo) , Gelato (JoJo) , Prosciutto (JoJo) , Pesci (JoJo) , Ghiaccio (JoJo) , Melone (JoJo) , Polpo (JoJo) , Matteo (OC) , Antonio (OC) , Lorenzo (OC) , Arianna (OC) , - Character , Luciano (OC) , Andrea (OC) , Carina (OC) , Federico (OC) , Alessa (OC) , Cioccolata (JoJo) , Secco (JoJo)
Additional Tags:	La Squadra di Esecuzioni as Family , Risotto Nero is basically Bruno but to his team only , Child Abuse , Past Child Abuse , Parent/Child Incest , Incest , Rape/Non-con Elements , Past Rape/Non-con , Rape , Bullying , Insecurity , Depression , Rape Aftermath , Pesci and Prosciutto are Adopted Siblings , Nobody deserves this , Abusive Parents , Abandonment , Prostitution , Loss of Parent(s) , Hatred , Homophobia , Religious Guilt , Matricide , Suicide , Revenge , Holy Shit these tags are fucking horrible , Angst With A Bittersweet Ending , Grief/Mourning , Torture
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-09-06 Completed: 2020-09-14 Words: 11,283 Chapters: 7/7

La Squadra Esecuzioni Headcanon Backstories

by [XX1322847](#)

Summary

The members of La Squadra Esecuzioni were driven to each other by tragic circumstances in their lives, these are the stories of these individuals, and how their grief and hatred at the world led to the dark path of Assassination and Death that they chose

Man in the Mirror

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! This is officially my second ever fanfic!

This fic will be focusing on the Hitman Team, since only Risotto Nero actually got a full backstory, so I wanted to give the others a backstory as well.

However, this fic, similarly to my previous fanfic, is pretty dark; Hell, I would even go as far as saying it's even darker than that last fic, in particular, Pesci, Melone, and Ghiaccio's backstories are especially dark, and most of those fucked up tags are for them, so be warned.

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

Illuso Spavaldo

Illuso was born in Venezia in 1975, his parents were both of high society, so he lived in a luxurious villa, however, his parents were not good people in the slightest, they were drug dealers, and would often target those who in despair or grieving, the people who the most desperate for a high.

Illuso was a natural born genius, with an IQ of 150, he practically breezed through his school with straight A's on everything, this, coupled with his parents always giving him whatever he wanted, turned Illuso into a spoiled brat.

Illuso was not an only child however, his older brother, Matteo, was also incredibly smart, with an IQ of 145, and was equally as spoiled as Illuso, however, whereas Illuso was asexual and didn't care much about girls, his brother was the exact opposite, he would often grope female classmates, and always get away with it due to his family's power, despite this, Matteo and Illuso were inseparable, the 2 loved each other deeply.

Illuso, upon graduation, would continue his parent's work of selling drugs, even aiding Passione in the shipment of their own narcotics.

At the age of 21, Illuso received devastating news, Matteo had been killed, he had attempted to force himself on a 13 year old girl named Clara E, the girl ended up killing Matteo in self-defense, Illuso was filled with rage and grief, he wanted to avenge his brother, despite how much of a monster he was.

Coincidentally, this was around the same time that Risotto Nero was planning on forming his own assassination team.

Illuso was at a bar, drinking away his sorrows, when Risotto Nero sat next to him, Illuso looked at him and said:

“What the fuck do you want? Leave me alone...” Illuso groaned before gulping down his third cocktail glass.

“I heard you’ve recently lost a brother, and you wish to end his killer; Am I right, Illuso Spavaldo?” Risotto asked calmly.

Illuso turned his head quickly and asked:

“How the fuck do you know all that?! Have you been stalking me?!” Illuso asked furiously.

“I have info on almost everyone In this bar, I am a very... knowledgeable person, Illuso” Risotto answered with a smirk.

“...You are a member of Passione, aren’t you?” Illuso asked.

“Indeed, I have a proposition for you, will you hear it?” Risotto asked.

“Fine, I’ll listen to whatever offer you’ve got.” Illuso was now interested in what Risotto had to offer.

“I’m currently thinking of building my own hitman team within the organization, but I don’t have any members yet, I’ve heard that not only are you already involved in the narcotics business, even helping to spread some of our drugs, but you are also incredibly smart, so I want you to join me, in exchange, I will give you a chance to kill the one who took your brother, what do you say?” Risotto offered, even extending his hand.

Illuso thought for a moment, his brother was a monster, even by Illuso’s incredibly low standards, but Matteo was still his brother, the brother he spent his childhood with, Illuso simply couldn’t let Matteo’s killer go, so he shook Risotto’s hand, stating:

“I accept, I’ll join your group, what was your name, by the way?”

“Risotto, Risotto Nero.” Risotto answered.

“Alright, Risotto, how do I join you?” Illuso asked.

“Go to the prison in Naples, there is a man there named Polpo, he’ll conduct a sort of interview for you, to see if you are worthy of joining the Familia, Good Luck, Illuso” Risotto told him.

Risotto Nero then gave the bartender some lire, and told the bartender that the money was for Illuso’s drink, as a courtesy.

Illuso passed Polpo’s test and obtained his stand, Man in the Mirror, he then went after Clara E, and killed her in front of her sister, Sheila E, finally avenging his brother once and for all.

And that was the story of how Illuso Spavaldo became Risotto Nero’s first recruit into the new La Squadra Esecuzioni.

Welp! We just finished Illuso's backstory, and Yes, I did give all of La Squadra last names, I thought that only Risotto having a last name was unfair and wanted to give the others last names as well, so I did!

Also, here's my personal headcanon for the timelines of the members joining La Squadra:

Illuso - Formaggio - Sorbet and Gelato - Prosciutto and Pesci - Ghiaccio - Melone

So the chapters will be going in this order, starting with Illuso and finishing with Melone.

Takin' My Time

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry this chapter took so long, I had some issues with my laptop so I had to get it fixed, but the new chapter is finally here!

This chapter contains Homophobia, so if you unfortunately have had personal experience with that, this chapter may bring up some memories, so I don't recommend reading it if you are affected by that.

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

Formaggio Castelmagno

Formaggio was born in 1977 in Naples, his mother had died during childbirth, leaving his father to raise him alone, his father Antonio worked as a cook, owning a café, one that was particularly known for its amazing cheese, Formaggio was able to get a decent education at the local school.

Formaggio was not like other boys his age, whereas most boys loved girls and would own porn, Formaggio didn't care too much for girls, in fact, Formaggio would often show more interest in men than women, this resulted in Formaggio being bullied, often called a "Strana" and "Spazzatura".

Formaggio was initially terrified to go to Antonio, fearing his father would disown him if he found out he was gay, but eventually he found out, and Formaggio was fully expecting to be kicked out, but instead, his father supported him, stating:

"Formaggio, my son, it doesn't matter who you love, what truly matters is the purity of your heart and intentions, and I know you have a pure heart, so never worry, I will always support you, and as for your bullies, just simply ignore them, they will eventually stop, I promise."

Formaggio was incredibly thankful for his father's support, and eventually, the bullying began to cease, but the worst of them were a group of homophobic girls, they would bully

Formaggio the cruelest, even resorting to physical and near sexual assault, however, the bullying came to a new level when the girls decided to give Antonio cupcakes laced with poison for Formaggio's 16th birthday.

Formaggio walked back home when he noticed his father on the floor, choking, Formaggio ran towards his dad, screaming:

"D-DAD! WHAT'S WRONG?!"

"T-The girls... they gave me a c-cupcake, it had s-something... I-I think it was poison..." Antonio weakly said.

"H-Hold on, Dad! I'll try to get help-" Formaggio was then interrupted by his father.

"No, it's too late for me, Formaggio, I'm sorry that you had deal with those awful girls, you truly deserved better, my son..." Antonio died after saying that, Formaggio's eyes widened, as he tried to wake his father up, but it was too late:

"Dad? No... NO! DAD, PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME! PLEASE! OH GOD NO! **NO!!**" Formaggio screamed in despair, his father was dead, killed by those girls over something as ridiculous as them not liking that Formaggio was gay.

'Those... Those monsters, I'll kill them... I'LL KILL THEM ALL!' Formaggio thought, no longer caring about what his actions could do to his life.

A few weeks later, after Antonio's funeral, Formaggio had decided to bring a revolver to school, he shot all of the girls dead in front of his classmates, but he didn't kill anyone else, nor did he resist arrest, he was fully ready to go to jail for his crimes, Formaggio was convicted of first-degree murder, and was sentenced to a life sentence.

1 year later, a man named Risotto Nero visited Formaggio in prison, and struck up a conversation:

“Formaggio Castelmagno, it would appear that Fate has dealt you a bad hand, hasn’t it?” Risotto said.

“So what? I don’t give a shit anymore, my life’s forfeit anyway. I don’t have any goals, and even if I get let out early, no one will hire me, I’ll be out on the fucking streets, it’s pointless.” Formaggio responded with despair in his tone.

“Are you sure about that, Formaggio?” Risotto asked him.

“What? Are you saying there’s something else for me?” Formaggio asked confusedly.

“There is another option for you, join me, become a member of Passione, and I will give you a second chance at life, what do you think?” Risotto offered with a genuine smile on his face.

“Alright then, I’ll join you, I want a second chance.” Formaggio accepted Risotto’s offer, and passed Polpo’s test, gaining the stand Little Feet, but the trauma of losing his father and nearly destroying his own life never left him, so in order to cope, Formaggio would often don a jerkish and taunting persona, a mask he could hide behind to escape his pain.

And that is how Formaggio Castelmagno become Risotto Nero’s second recruit into the Hitman Team.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter!

The next 2 chapters will be focusing on 4 members of La Squadra, 2 per chapter:

Chapter 3 - Sorbet and Gelato

Chapter 4 - Prosciutto and Pesci

So expect the next 2 chapters to be the longest in this fic.

I Want You, and I Want To Be Chained To You

Chapter Notes

Gelato and Sorbet's backstories are finally here! I tried to give them fanmade stands, but I ended up using the stand concepts from Meti Not The Bad Guy's video on the 2, here's a link to that video:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FtPsI3XJMKw>

I highly recommend you watch the video, it's absolutely entertaining and the concept art made by @KingKUMA404 is really well made!

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

Sorbet Fragola

Sorbet Fragola was born in Florence in 1976, to a poor family, his parents were originally servants, but they were thrown out on the streets due to his mother becoming pregnant and their masters not wanting to deal with a pregnant maid, so Sorbet would often have to sleep in churches and train stations with his parents, and he would often even steal food just to survive.

Sorbet's friends were other homeless children, but one of them was not only not homeless, but was extremely wealthy, was a boy his age named Gelato Nocciola, Gelato and Sorbet would often play together in a secluded place, since Gelato's parent's wouldn't have approved of their son playing with a homeless boy.

Gelato, recognizing Sorbet's family struggles, started bringing Lira with him every time they hung out, at that point, Sorbet almost depended on Gelato for income, since his parents were having massive struggles finding jobs.

Sorbet's mother view on life was one that involved staying focusing on the present, she would often tell her son to "Always live in the moment, the future and the past are nothing compared to the present, always remember this, my son."

Eventually, Sorbet's father managed to secure a job as a hotel cleaner, and he was planning on finally moving his family to a proper home, but unfortunately, a group of spoiled teenagers from the neighborhood Gelato lived in found the couple in the streets and decided to mercilessly beat them to death for fun, Sorbet was playing with Gelato during this moment, and returned back to the gruesome sight of his parents on the floor, bleeding.

Sorbet had to stay in the streets by himself at that point, eventually, he was found by the owner of the local orphanage, a woman named Angelica, she decided to give him a home in the orphanage after finding out that his parents were dead, the years Sorbet spent under Angelica's care were some of the best he ever had.

Sorbet was eventually adopted by a family, but the family treated him less like an actual son, and more like free labor, Sorbet wasn't given adequate food, and had to sleep in a dirty shack outside the family's home, at the age of 18, his adoptive parents won a lottery, but then proceeded to disown him, with his adoptive "father" outright calling him a dog to his face before spitting at him.

Sorbet was once again homeless, but then, he met a face that he hadn't seen in years, Gelato Nocciola, Gelato was also homeless, as his parents had not only died due to a poisoning, but his guardian after them had died as well, the 2 decided to stick together, and then fell in love.

While the 2 were sitting on the alley, they were approached by a tall man named Risotto Nero, he had noticed the 2, and offered them some food at a local restaurant, they accepted the offer, then, Risotto decided to speak up while they were eating:

"You two seem lost, almost in need of guidance, and it would appear that this world has dealt both of you a bad hand, is my observation correct?"

"..." Sorbet and Gelato weren't sure what to say, so Risotto continued:

"It would appear I am correct, perhaps you need a new home, a new family, are you interested?"

“Keep talking, I’m interested.” Sorbet responded, with Gelato nodding his head.

“I need new members for a hitman team I am creating, I am a member of Passione, the mafia organization that runs this country, you two have incredible potential within you, what do you say?” Risotto offered.

Sorbet and Gelato thought over it, they needed a home, and working in the mafia could potentially make them rich, they decided to give it a chance.

“Alright, We accept.” Gelato spoke up.

“Ok, in order to join, you must meet a man named Polpo, he is an inmate in a prison in Naples, since you 2 don’t exactly have cash, I will drive you there myself.”

Risotto Nero then took Sorbet and Gelato to Polpo, and both of them passed the test, with Sorbet gaining his stand called I Want You:

Stand Name: I Want You

Stand User: Sorbet Fragola

Stand Stats:

Power: None

Speed: D

Range: D

Durability: A

Precision: A

Development Potential: D

Visually, I Want You manifests as a large Japanese Torii gate, the gate has a mechanical face fixture in the middle, and two handle structures on each arm of the Torii gate as well as wiring skewed across the body, the gate also has the letter “G” on the top of it, the “G” meaning Gelato, considering Sorbet’s relationship with him.

Ability: I Want You’s primary ability is Data Diving, when used on a picture or painting, Sorbet can dive directly into the history of the painting or photo, for example: If Sorbet had used I Want You on the picture Diavolo took of Donatella, Sorbet could go into the very moment the picture was taken and get a full 360 degree view of the entire moment, even including Diavolo himself.

This ability was the main reason as to why Diavolo had Sorbet killed, since he knew that if Sorbet got his hands on the picture, then he could easily figure out Diavolo’s identity.

However, Sorbet cannot affect what happened in the picture, for example: If he was inside the picture of Donatella, Sorbet would not be able to do things such as killing Diavolo, Sorbet would essentially be a ghost of sorts, looking into the past without being able to affect it.

Gelato Nocciola

Gelato was born in Florence in 1975 to a wealthy family, his parents were members of the Board of Directives in a successful perfume corporation, and as a result, they were incredibly arrogant, an arrogance that would end up being their downfall.

Gelato was homeschooled by a personal tutor, and often played with other wealthy children, however, an exception was a homeless boy named Sorbet Fragola, Gelato’s parents would have never approved of their son playing with a poor child, so the 2 had to play in secret.

Gelato, noticing his friend's financial situation, began secretly stealing Lira from his parents to give to Sorbet, he had to steal a small enough amount in order to not catch his parent's attention, but still enough to help Sorbet's family tremendously.

The arrogance of Gelato's parents bit them in the ass massively when the 2 got drunk at a party, and decided to drink poison, thinking that they would be immune to it, they weren't, and this promptly left Gelato an orphan, he was put into the care of his aunt, who was also an executive, so his luxurious lifestyle didn't end with his parents.

Eventually, when Gelato turned 17, his aunt died of a heart attack, therefore leaving him completely homeless, Gelato spent a year in the slums until he met his long time friend, Sorbet, the 2 decided to stick together until they fell in love.

Gelato would often reminisce on the past, he was incredibly spoiled and lazy because of his upbringing, and so he would often wish that he could go back to the past, back to the times of playing with Sorbet as children, since those were the best times he ever had.

Sorbet and Gelato then met a man named Risotto Nero, he gave them a meal in a restaurant, and even offered them a place in the mafia organization he was in, Passione, the two accepted his offer, and passed Polpo's test, with Gelato getting the stand Chained To You:

Stand Name: Chained To You

Stand User: Gelato Nocciola

Stand Stats:

Power: None

Speed: C

Range: A

Durability: A

Precision: B

Development Potential: C

Chained To You takes on the form of a large camera, the camera looks very similar to a typical camera and can even take pictures, the camera itself has an “S” on it, the “S” standing for Sorbet.

Ability: Chained To You has the ability to bind a person and their stands with chains, to activate it, Gelato needs to take a picture of that person, once the picture is taken, Gelato can immediately activate the ability.

The chains appear to flow from a person’s heart, and even the person’s stand is bound, the chains will last for as long as the picture itself lasts, for every picture Gelato takes has a limited timer of 24 hours before it disappears, and every hour is counted in minutes; for example: If Gelato took a picture of you 2 hours before the start of the new day, then the chains will last for 2 hours.

And that is how Sorbet Fragola and Gelato Nocciola became Risotto Nero’s third and fourth recruits into the Hitman Team.

Chapter End Notes

Well, this chapter was really fun to make!

Now, on to Prosciutto and Pesci, whose backstories are the point in which this story goes from moderately sad to downright depressing.

Wouldn't It Be Nice, Casey Jones?

Chapter Notes

Ok... I'm going to put up a warning here:

This chapter contains some pretty grim shit, specifically with Pesci, a lot of the tags involving Rape are specifically for him, Ghiaccio, and Melone, my personal headcanon is that Pesci's lack of self confidence was caused by a massively traumatic event in his life, so I incorporated that into his backstory.

Seriously though, for anyone who's had the misfortune of going through sexual assault, especially from a family member, this chapter is not one I recommend reading.

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

Pesci Calamaro

Pesci was born in 1981 in Milan, his parents gave him up for adoption after he was born, since they weren't interested in raising a child, when Pesci turned 5, he was adopted by the Invecchiando family, an incredibly rich and influential family.

Pesci also gained a new adopted brother, his name was Prosciutto Invecchiando, Prosciutto was a year older than Pesci and was incredibly introverted and quiet, often choosing to read books in his room, nonetheless, Pesci loved his new brother and always tried to convince him to play together.

Everyone in Prosciutto's family loved Pesci, but one member, Prosciutto's uncle, Lorenzo, loved Pesci a bit too much, and started sexually abusing him once Pesci turned 9, the abuse specifically began with Pesci being raped during a hotel getaway for his 9th birthday.

Lorenzo would often tell Pesci that what he was doing was compensation for Pesci being adopted, that Pesci deserved this, Pesci, not knowing any better, went along with it, not telling anyone and enduring the horrific deeds being done to him.

The disgusting actions of Lorenzo took a massive toll on Pesci, he became significantly more withdrawn, to the point that even Prosciutto became worried, Pesci's confidence and self-esteem was practically thrown out the window, Pesci began seeing himself as disgusting, a stain on the entire family.

Pesci's only reprieve was fishing, not only did Lorenzo hate fishing, but he was also allergic to fish in general, so Pesci was able to go fishing away from Lorenzo, Pesci always felt relaxed every time he went to the lake with a fishing hook and some bait.

The abuse not only continued, but only got worse as Pesci grew up, Pesci thought that the abuse would continue forever, but then, an event that happened when Pesci was 20 would change everything.

Pesci, now 20, was going out with a friend to the mall, and returned home to a horrific sight, his older adoptive brother, Prosciutto, was standing in the central hall of the mansion, and surrounding him were the bodies of all of his family members, including Lorenzo.

All of the bodies were incredibly aged, as if the family members had died due to old age.

Prosciutto Invecchiando

Prosciutto was born in 1980 in Milan to an insanely influential family, his parents were the owners of a gold mining company, and as a result they were incredibly rich, Prosciutto was an introvert, preferring to spend his days inside his room reading books than go outside.

When Prosciutto was 6, his parents adopted a 5 year old boy named Pesci Calamaro, Pesci was incredibly grateful for the adoption, and tried to convince Prosciutto to play with him, Prosciutto found Pesci endearing, and only really played with him.

During Pesci's 9th birthday, Lorenzo, Prosciutto's uncle, had offered to take Pesci to a luxurious hotel, for some uncle-nephew bonding, Prosciutto's parents agreed to this, whereas Prosciutto was a bit suspicious, but agreed anyway.

When the 2 returned from the getaway, Prosciutto immediately noticed that something was off, Lorenzo was noticeably physically close to Pesci constantly, even rubbing his leg at many times, with Pesci often being extremely uncomfortable around him.

Prosciutto also noticed Pesci being more significantly more withdrawn, at first, Prosciutto liked his more quiet persona, but then Prosciutto began getting worried when Pesci began to refuse to play with him, even when Prosciutto offered to play hide and seek, which was Pesci's favorite game.

Around the age of 20, Prosciutto began noticing strange occurrences happening around him, for example: When Prosciutto's hand lightly grazed a growing flower, he noticed that the flower was already wilting, and when Prosciutto touched a tree, the tree was grown massively in seconds, Prosciutto simply wrote this off as him seeing things, but little did he know, it was not a mere trick of the eye.

At the age of 21, Prosciutto was set to inherit the company, and his parents had decided for him to run it alongside Pesci, thinking the 2 of them would do an excellent job together, while sifting through some corporate documents, Prosciutto uncovered a horrific sight, sexual pictures of women, men, and even children, his parents were not just gold miners, they were also the leaders of a sexual trafficking ring, Prosciutto also found pictures of Pesci, with even a picture of Lorenzo raping his unconscious brother.

All of the suspicions that Prosciutto had about his brother and uncle were indeed correct, his uncle had been sexually abusing Pesci ever since that hotel getaway years ago, and it was not just his uncle, his entire family was involved in the sexual harm of innocents, Prosciutto was understandably horrified and disgusted at his family, and was about to confront them, when he noticed something off.

The room he was in was covered in a green fog, in addition, the parrot that lived in the room had died, despite being perfectly healthy a moment ago, Prosciutto immediately went to the primary hall where he found a gruesome sight, his parents, alongside his grandparents and his uncle, were aging at a rapid rate, his grandparents had already died, while his parents were at death's door, then looking behind him, Prosciutto saw what one would describe as a monster.

It appeared to be a robotic looking torso with numerous green eyes across the body, the thing lacked legs and a mouth, and instead had various purple wires sticking out of the bottom of

the torso, it was holding itself up with it's long arms, each arm having 4 metal claw-like appendages sticking out.

Those weird occurrences with the flowers and trees wasn't Prosciutto just seeing things, in reality, he was beginning to awaken the abilities of his stand, and the realization of the horrors his family had done is what finally activated Prosciutto's stand, ***The Grateful Dead***

His parents were already dead, however, his uncle, Lorenzo, was still alive, so, in order to test the abilities of his stand, Prosciutto walked over to his aging uncle, and roughly grabbed him by his hair, just as Prosciutto predicted, Lorenzo's already accelerated aging was going even faster, Prosciutto then forced Lorenzo to look at the pictures of Pesci, then told him:

"See you in hell, *stupratore*."

Then Prosciutto had the Grateful Dead grab his uncle by his neck, within seconds, Lorenzo Invecchiando was dead.

Prosciutto heard the sound of the door opening, and looked behind him, it was Pesci, he had just returned back from a trip to the mall with a friend, and was looking in horror at the sight before him, Prosciutto told Pesci:

"Listen, before you say anything, you have to see this, look next to me, can't you see it?" Prosciutto pointed towards his stand, hoping Pesci could see it, but he didn't, Pesci immediately began panicking, saying:

"W-What did you do?! You killed them! Why?! HOW?!"

Prosciutto told Pesci the truth:

"I have this... thing, I don't know what it is, but it appears to have the ability to rapidly age people, and the aging accelerates when I touch a person; Listen Pesci, we have to leave immediately, we can't stay here anymore."

“You’re saying we should run away?! I don’t understand! What about mom and dad? The Company?” Pesci asked worryingly

“The company is nothing than a farce, look at this.” Prosciutto then showed Pesci the pictures of the victims of the trafficking ring his family was involved in, Pesci was speechless seeing this, and was horrified to see a picture of himself:

“Th-That’s me...” Pesci said, tears beginning to form in his eyes

“I know what happened to you now, what my disgrace of an uncle did to you, I’m sorry I didn’t notice it earlier.” Prosciutto said, genuinely sorry that he couldn’t prevent his brother’s pain

“B-But, he said that I deserved it, that I needed to pay you guys back for adopting me, He... He-“ Pesci fell to the floor, sobbing, Prosciutto immediately went to comfort his brother, saying:

“No, what Lorenzo said was an utter lie, nobody deserves what you went through, you are a gift that this utter scum of a family did not deserve in the slightest; Come on, let’s go, *fratello*.”

Prosciutto and Pesci fled the house, and 3 days later, the police had found the bodies, with Prosciutto being directly implicated in the crime, considering that he was the only person aside from the victims who was in the house at the time.

While on the run, Prosciutto and Pesci were hiding from a police car, but the officer inside noticed them, and immediately tackled Prosciutto to the ground while his partner subdued Pesci, the officer was about to knock Prosciutto out when suddenly, razor blades and knives came out of the 2 officer’s necks, spraying blood everywhere and killing them instantly.

“W-What?! Huh?” Prosciutto looked behind him to find an intimidating looking man, he was incredibly tall and his presence carried a menacing aura, this man was Risotto Nero, the man

spoke up:

“Let me guess, you both are Prosciutto Invecchiando and Pesci Calamaro, right?”

“W-Who are you? What do you want with us?” Pesci asked scared out of his mind.

“Prosciutto, I heard that your parents died in a bizarre way, aging to death, despite having been quite young when they died, that doesn’t seem like something that just happens, you know?” Risotto told Prosciutto.

“And razor blades and scissors coming out of a man’s throat isn’t something that just happens... wait a minute-“ Prosciutto tried to ask, but then saw an interesting sight, in the blood of the officers, there appeared to be a colony of metallic beings swarming in the blood, Risotto noticed Prosciutto staring at the blood, then said:

“You can see Metallica, so you are indeed a Stand user, I was right.”

“S-Stand? Is that what my ability is?” Prosciutto asked.

“Show me, I want to see yours.” Risotto said.

Prosciutto then summoned the Grateful Dead, and Risotto widened his eyes a bit at the horrific appearance of it, saying:

“Out of all the stands I’ve ever seen, yours is certainly the most intimidating, I would even go as far as call it nightmarish.”

“You can see mine as well! So this ability is a stand...” Prosciutto said.

“What about you, Pesci, can you see them?” Risotto asked Pesci.

“No... I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Pesci answered honestly.

‘So Pesci isn’t a stand user yet, that can be rectified.’ Risotto thought.

“I have an offer to make you both, I am part of a mafia organization, it’s called Passione, I am the leader of a group of assassins, all of us have Stand abilities just like you, you both look like you don’t know what to do next, I can give you a new path in life, a new code, a new family, what do you say?” Risotto offered the two.

“What about Pesci? He doesn’t even have a stand!” Prosciutto asked.

“I know somebody who can give your brother a stand, he is a member of Passione, so?” Risotto answered.

“...Alright then, I accept.” Prosciutto said.

“M-Me too!” Pesci said as well.

Prosciutto was accepted into Passione, whereas Pesci had to first go through Polpo’s test, and he succeeded, gaining the stand, Beach Boy, Prosciutto also decided to become Pesci's mentor, teaching Pesci was his way of atoning not only for the pain his family brought to countless innocents, but also Prosciutto not figuring out what was happening between his brother and uncle and stopping it sooner.

And that is how Pesci Calamaro and Prosciutto Invecchiando became Risotto Nero’s fifth and sixth recruits into the Hitman Team.

Well... that concludes Pesci and Prosciutto's backstories.

As I said in the end notes of Chapter 3, this is the point in which the tone of this fic turns from sad, to incredibly dark. so if you are hoping for Ghiaccio and Melone's backstories to be any better...

They aren't.

While My Guitar Gently Weeps

Chapter Notes

Oooh boy... Ghiaccio is one of my favorite characters in all of JoJo, so it really pains me to have to give him such a dark backstory.

Ghiaccio's backstory is probably the darkest out of all La Squadra, even darker than Pesci's.

These are all the trigger warnings for this chapter:

Parental Abuse

Sexual Abuse

Suicide

Matricide

Self-Hatred

PTSD

Be warned, this is really depressing shit.

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

Ghiaccio Rossini

Ghiaccio was born in Venezia in 1976, when he was a baby, Ghiaccio's parents moved to London, where he ended up spending his childhood in.

Ghiaccio's mother, Arianna, was a scientist and a genius, and his father, Luciano, was a restaurant cook and a kind man, they were both often at work, but whereas Luciano always came home during the early evening, Arianna often spent days away from home, cooped up in her lab.

One would assume that Ghiaccio's life was pretty normal, but however, his home life had a very dark side, and that darkness emanated from Arianna...

Arianna's research were towards stands, and she was even the head researcher of a team of Stand Users who were working for the British government, she had been obsessed with them ever since she had developed her own stand, Cold Hearted Woman:

Stand Name: Cold Hearted Woman

Stand User: Arianna Rossini

Stand Stats:

Power: None

Speed: C

Range: D

Durability: A

Precision: C

Development Potential: A

Visually, Cold Hearted Woman manifests as a massive white board, the board itself has no distinct features, although interestingly, it can be seen and can even be physically interacted with by non-stand users.

Stand Power: Cold Hearted Woman's primary ability is to divine information, but in order for this information to appear, it requires a picture of the loved ones of the user in pain to be attached to the board first, the more pain the person in the picture is in, the more explicit the information is.

Back to the story...

Arianna, on the surface, seemed to be a cold and distant person, she barely talked with anyone, not even her own colleagues, to outsiders, Arianna seemed borderline robotic, but to her family, it was a completely different story.

Arianna had an extremely violent temper, and was prone to throwing fits of extreme rage at the most pointless things, such as how people pronounced places such as Paris or Venezia, Arianna was also extremely physically abusive towards her husband, and was incredibly cold towards Ghiaccio.

Despite her severe physical abuse towards him, Arianna's love towards her husband was genuine in a sense, but that love soon turned to an obsession, to the point that she isolated Luciano from his female friends and only allowed him to hang out with a few of his male friends.

Luciano, despite this abuse, never tried to leave Arianna or get a divorce, since he knew that the court would most likely at best give custody of Ghiaccio to Arianna, or at worst get him arrested for abuse if Arianna decides to lie, since the court would be more likely to believe her, and the last thing we wanted to do was to leave Ghiaccio behind, so he stayed.

Luciano would often try to shield Ghiaccio from Arianna, to the point that he would often disobey Arianna on purpose in order to deflect her anger away from Ghiaccio and towards himself, this backfired on him massively when Arianna decided to turn her abuse of him to an entirely new level, introducing actual torture tools into the fray.

Unfortunately, Ghiaccio was not spared, and on the night of his 9th birthday, Arianna decided to make him the subject of her own twisted experiment, and needless to say, Ghiaccio lost his virginity that night.

Arianna often tried to justify her own disgusting behavior, calling them “experiments” or simply a product of her own curiosity, such as how she called what she did to Ghiaccio on his birthday as a “Sexual Response Test”.

The abuse continued on for years, at that point, she had stopped trying to justify her actions, and she accepted how much of a degenerate she was, and now was beginning to show the same possessiveness that she showed towards Luciano towards Ghiaccio, in her mind: Luciano and Ghiaccio were **her** property.

When Ghiaccio turned 16, Luciano had finally cracked, and committed suicide via hanging, Ghiaccio was the first to find his body, also finding a note next to it, stating:

“My son, if you are reading this, then you must have already found me, I am sorry you’ve had to see me like this...

I can’t do this anymore, I feel trapped, I fought so hard to protect you, and knowing that I had failed broke me, I couldn’t handle this life anymore.

This is not your fault, you are the best thing that ever happened to me, this is all my fault, and perhaps I will end up burning in hell for this, but frankly, hell would be more comforting than this...

Goodbye

Luciano Rossini”

Ghiaccio looked at the note with tears streaming down his face, he was filled with so many emotions, grief, despair, and rage all rolled up into one, he began openly weeping, shakier than a leaf, until he heard the door opening, and a familiar voice spoke up:

“Luciano, Ghiaccio! I got Chinese takeout-“ Arianna immediately dropped the bags of food onto the ground and gasped at the sight in front of her, her husband was hanging by a noose, and her son was kneeling in front of the body, sobbing; Confused and horrified, she asked Ghiaccio:

“W-WHAT HAPPENED?!” She screamed, tears already beginning to form in her eyes.

“You... You... **You did this.**” Ghiaccio turned to his mother, his face showing grief and rage, his tone filled with seething hatred, suddenly, the room began getting significantly colder, to the point that the windows became foggy, Ghiaccio continued:

“It’s all your fault... He did this because of you...”

Arianna became legitimately scared, the room had gotten even colder, and now ice was beginning to form around it, Ghiaccio was now walking towards her, saying:

“You killed him, You killed him, You killed him, You killed him, YOU. KILLED. HIM!”
Ghiaccio ferociously screamed at his mother.

A massive gust of wind blew Arianna back against the wall, icy cold wind was blowing everywhere, Arianna also noticed that her body was freezing at a rapid pace, she then looked at her son, who was drastically different, he was now wearing a white suit that covered nearly his entire body, save for a weak point at the back of his neck, Arianna couldn’t believe it, it was a stand, her *son’s* stand.

Ghiaccio’s grief and despair at losing his father, and his pent up rage and hatred towards his mother for the years of abuse she put the two of them through had fully awakened his stand, **White Album.**

Ghiaccio suddenly grabbed Arianna by the throat and viciously pinned her to the ground, she tried to fight back, but her son’s strength appeared to have been augmented by White Album, therefore making fighting back impossible, Ghiaccio was now screaming at his mother, tears of pure rage streaming down his face, saying:

“YOU KILLED HIM! MURDERER! MURDERER! MURDERER!!”

Arianna’s body began freezing at a far more rapid rate, she was going to die, but whether or not it was from suffocation or hypothermia she wasn’t sure, suddenly, Ghiaccio began punching her, he wanted her to feel the pain of the punches she used to merrily inflict on her own husband, and she did.

The punches turned from slow and light to fast and heavy, Ghiaccio was practically brutalizing his mother at this point, he was filled with so much ice cold fury that he couldn’t

stop.

When he finally did stop, his mother's face was non-existent, Arianna had already died from the blows, at that point, Ghiaccio was basically punching a corpse, the floor ran red with her blood, and Ghiaccio's knuckles were also red with blood.

Ghiaccio, realizing what just happened, screamed in despair, in just one evening, he had lost both of his parents, one by their own hand, and the other by his hand.

Ghiaccio ran away from home after that, in order to escape the police, he managed to sneak onto a boat that was heading for Venezia, Ghiaccio's birthplace; Ghiaccio arrived in Venezia after more than half a day of travelling, and decided to begin a new life as an Italian citizen.

8 years later, Ghiaccio was working as an ice cream vendor, using White Album, Ghiaccio could create amazing frozen treats in a matter of seconds, in addition, he would also use his power to create vivid statues composed of ice, his business was going well enough, so he was able to support himself.

However, the memories of his childhood never left Ghiaccio, and the trauma of having slaughtered his own mother still haunted him, despite how much of a monster Arianna was, she was still his *mother*, and matricide isn't something one simply forgets, and that's without even getting into the grief he felt about his father.

Ghiaccio was also incredibly disturbed by his own bad temper, feeling like he had indeed inherited one of his mother's worst traits, and often despising himself for it, especially when his outbursts began to affect his business; In order to cope, Ghiaccio would buy punching bags to unleash his rage on, but the bags would often be completely destroyed after a single use, due to Ghiaccio often accidentally using White Album on them, Ghiaccio wanted nothing more than to lash out at the world, but at the same time, he did not want to become like his mother.

During the evening, Ghiaccio was enjoying some coffee while sitting at a bench, looking at the stars, when suddenly, a tall looking man sat next to him, the man had an intense intimidating aura, the man was Risotto Nero, the leader of the La Squadra Esecuzioni.

The man spoke: “Beautiful night, isn’t it?”

“Yea, but I can’t shake this feeling that it feels familiar, like some sort of twisted nostalgia.” Ghiaccio said, sighing.

“It’s probably because this is the anniversary of the night you exacted your revenge on your mother, right?” Risotto asked.

Ghiaccio spat out his coffee in shock, who was this guy? And how did he know about Arianna?

“I-I don’t know what the fuck your talking about! Piss off!” Ghiaccio bitterly denied.

“I know about what happened with Arianna and Luciano, you awakened your stand abilities 8 years ago, and you used it to brutalize your mother for all the abuse she put you and your father through, and now you're looking for a way to lash out, to take back from a world that has already taken so much away from you; Right, Ghiaccio Rossini?” Risotto said.

Ghiaccio was dumbfounded, Risotto hit the nail on the head, he knew everything, and it appeared that Risotto also knew about Stands, Ghiaccio had remembered hearing his mother talking about them, and even found a few of her research documents regarding Stands, but he didn’t know that there were people outside of England who knew about them.

“You also have Stand abilities?” Ghiaccio asked.

“...Look at your lap, Ghiaccio.” Risotto answered calmly.

Ghiaccio did, and found several metallic looking beings that were sitting on his lap, Risotto then spoke:

“Yes, I do, my stand is called Metallica, what’s yours?”

“White Album.” Ghiaccio answered.

“Listen, I am part of a mafia organization, one filled with Stand Users just like you, in particular, I am the leader of the Hitman Team, and I want you to join me; If you do, I can help you unleash your rage, I can help you lash out, what do you say, Ghiaccio?”

Ghiaccio thought for a moment, this was insanity, but at the same time, he couldn't continue to live like this, keeping all of his rage bottled up, and he didn't know what path in life to choose, so he accepted Risotto's offer:

“Alright, I'll join you.”

“Good.” Risotto said while smiling.

Ghiaccio joined the Hitman Team after that, and was known as having the second most powerful stand in the entire group, only outclassed by Risotto Nero himself, this, coupled with his brutal rage and hair-trigger temper, made him incredibly feared in the group, with some even considering him scarier than Risotto.

And that is the story of how Ghiaccio Rossini became Risotto Nero's seventh recruit into the Hitman Team.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, that concludes Ghiaccio's backstory, and now we are finally at the last member of La Squadra, Melone.

Get Ready...

Tender Lover

Chapter Notes

Here we finally are: The backstory of the final member of La Squadra, Melone.

Trigger warnings for the following:

Prostitution

Homophobia

Suicide

Police Brutality

Parental Abandonment

So be warned.

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

Melone Lussuria

Melone was born in 1977 in Rome, his parents, Andrea and Carina Lussuria, were incredibly religious, and did their best to help guide their son towards a path of purity and righteousness, however, with Melone, this never came to be.

It all started when Melone was 10, it was at this point that he was playing around with his friends, and found something in the trash, it was a porn magazine, since it was his first time ever witnessing porn, Melone was interested greatly, and this event is what began a downward spiral into lust and degeneracy.

Melone started to save up money in secret just to buy porn, he would often hide the magazines in a secret stash away from home, since he knew what would happen if his parents found out, eventually, Melone started to also purchase gay porn, since he had realized that he was bisexual.

When Melone was 17, he went to a high school party, and it was at this party that he lost his virginity to a male classmate of his, that classmate was named Federico, a member of the Drama Class, and a shy nerd, in what Melone would describe as the best night of his life, unfortunately, this night led to a string of tragedies.

Rumors began circulating that Federico was not only gay, but that he had slept with another boy, since Melone hid his sexuality well, nobody suspected him, but nonetheless, this led to an intense amount of bullying for Federico, who was already struggling with a broken home life, and now he was dealing with mockery and bullying from various other students, with even some teachers teasing him for it.

Melone tried to support Federico at every step, always telling him to ignore the harassment, and that it would go away soon, Federico loved Melone as result, since he was the only one who genuinely understood him.

One day, while Melone was in school, he noticed Federico walking upstairs towards the roof, following him, Melone found Federico standing over the edge, Melone, panicking, said:

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! COME BACK HERE NOW!”

“I can’t do this anymore, you are the only one who isn’t a piece of shit here, nobody listens to me, nobody treats me with a speck of decency, everybody hates me, from the moment of my birth, my parents hated me, my older sister treats me like trash, there is no point to anything.” Federico was crying now, he didn’t want Melone to have to see this, Melone responded:

“Listen, we can go to the police, we can call child protective services, we can even run away if you want! Anything but this! Please come to me!”

People were already gathered at the ground floor, watching Melone trying to convince his lover to come down from the edge, some people were screaming:

“Oh my god!”

“Isn’t that Federico?!”

“Get away from there, Federico!”

Federico’s older sister was witnessing all of this, and screamed: “FEDERICO! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?! DON’T DO THIS!”

“That’s Melone! What’s he doing up there?!”

Among the concerned students, some were viciously telling Federico to jump off:

“Do it, *stronzo*!”

“Nobody gives a shit about you; Jump off you fag!”

“Jump off directly into Hell where you belong!”

Federico began crying harder hearing those horrible things, saying:

“See?! They don’t care about me! They want me to die!”

Melone, looking down at the bullies, furiously screamed:

“***SHUT THE FUCK UP!!***”

Focusing back onto Federico, Melone said:

“What about the rest of the Drama Class, don’t they like you?!”

“Please, they only tolerate me because I’m so smart, they don’t really care about me at all.” Federico responded.

Suddenly, the other members of the Drama Class began screaming out:

“That’s not true!”

“You’re our best member!”

“Please don’t do this!”

Melone said:

“See what I mean? There are people who care about you! We can figure out something! Please just come to me, I’m begging you!”

“...I’m sorry, *amore*.” Federico said, and promptly jumped off the edge, everyone at the ground gasped, and Melone’s eyes widened as he screamed:

“FEDERICO! NO!!”

Melone ran towards the edge, attempting to catch Federico, but he couldn’t, and Federico fell to his death, to the horrified shock of the onlookers, especially his older sister, since he had landed right in front of her.

Melone looked downwards at the sight in abject shock, he was filled with so many emotions that he couldn't express a single one, shock, grief, confusion, and even a bit of rage filled him, he didn't know what to do; Needless to say, Melone went to bed sobbing that night.

A few weeks later, Melone was in class, when he was suddenly punched in the face and slammed against the wall by an older woman, it was Alessa, Federico's older sister, she kneed Melone in the gut, and showed him a note, she snarled:

“Read this note, you fucking sexual deviant!”

Melone read the note, it was Federico's suicide note, the note read:

“Melone Lussuria, I'm sorry for doing this to you, but I couldn't take it anymore.

The night we spent together was Heaven, but it led to a far worse Hell than I could have imagined.

I understand if you hate me for this, and you have every right to, but know that I will always keep you in my heart.

Arrivederci

Federico”

“YOU caused this, you slept with my brother, which caused all of those rumors! You didn't save him when he needed you! You let him fall to his death!” Alessa screamed at him.

“You hypocrite...” Melone muttered under his breath.

“WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?!” Alessa demanded.

“I SAID YOU ARE A FUCKING HYPOCRITE! FEDERICO TOLD ME HIMSELF! YOU TREATED HIM LIKE TRASH! YOU CUNT! HOW DARE YOU TRY TO PIN THAT ON ME!” Melone answered with venom deep in his voice.

“You... You little fucker!” Alessa dropped Melone to the ground, before repeatedly kicking and stepping on him, the principle eventually intervened, sending Alessa to her office and sending Melone to the nurse to get treated.

News of Melone being gay eventually reached his parents, and they reacted with rage and disappointment, they were so ashamed of Melone that Carina even suggested killing him, but Andrea decided to simply disown him, Melone was out on the streets.

Desperate for a home, Melone was found by the owner of a secret club for the elite, he offered a home, in exchange for Melone becoming a prostitute there, Melone reluctantly agreed, and became one of the most popular prostitutes in the establishment, called “Cutie’s Playhouse.”

This continued on for 6 years, at first, Melone was filled with despair, but soon, that despair turned into rage, and one day, when Melone was particularly angry, a client attempted to grope him, but Melone coldly said:

“Don’t touch me.”

The client, annoyed, responded:

“Really? I own you, when I say dance, you dance, when I say eat me out, you eat me out, besides, men like you should enjoy getting to fuck a woman and getting paid for it, now come over here!”

“Touch me, **I dare you.**” Melone threatened.

The client grabbed Melone by the shoulder to turn him to face her, but little did she know, Melone had a pair of scissors, and stabbed her in the throat, then immediately began stabbing her repeatedly through her chest, throat, and face.

Melone then realized what just happened, and was forced to go on the run, now he had no other place to go, not only was his reputation ruined because of what Alessa did, but now the police was searching for him as a result of the murder of the client, Melone was, in every sense of the word, **trapped**.

One of the officers investigating Melone was a man named Leonardo, he was an incredibly homophobic man, one who considered murder, no matter how justified, to be the most disgusting act in existence, therefore making Melone a perfect target for his wrath, in fact: Leonardo wanted to kill Melone, despite his hypocritical views on murder.

Melone was in the alleys, covered in bruises, eating a dirty burger that someone had thrown in the trash, then suddenly, a figure viciously attacked him, it was Leonardo, he was stalking him up until that point, Melone fought back and attempted to escape, but Leonardo tased him into unconsciousness, and just as Leonardo was about to shoot Melone, sharp, agonizing pain bloomed in his neck:

“Wha-What the?!” is all Leonardo could say before his throat exploded with razor blades and scissors, and he subsequently fell to the ground, dead.

A man named Risotto Nero stood over Leonardo’s corpse, he had used his stand, Metallica, to kill the officer by using the iron in his throat to create razor blades and scissors and tear his throat apart from the inside.

Risotto then walked over to Melone’s unconscious form and carried him to his house to treat his wounds and clean him up; Melone woke up a few hours later, and was confused by the unfamiliar surroundings, Risotto walked over with a bowl of soup, and noticed he was awake, Risotto then said:

“So your finally awake, huh?”

“AH! W-Who are you?! Where am I?!” Melone asked, scared out of mind.

“Don’t worry, I’m not going to hurt you, I found you being attacked by an officer and saved you from him, he was planning on killing you while you were unconscious.” Risotto answered.

“I... What?” Melone was confused, he didn’t understand anything.

“Here, you should have this.” Risotto said, while handing Melone the soup with a spoon.

“T-Thank you.” Melone responded, while eating the soup.

Melone ate his soup in silence, while Risotto went to grab a medical kit, by the time he returned, Melone had already finished his bowl, Risotto told him:

“You have a few cuts on you, I’m going to have to clean them, please remove your shirt, Melone.”

“How do you know my name?” Melone asked while taking off his shirt

“I’ll explain later.” Risotto told him, them moved on to cleaning Melone’s wounds, before sealing them shut with stitches, Melone then asked Risotto:

“Why are you doing all of this?”

“Melone Lussuria, I have your entire life story all in print, and I must say, life has not been kind to you, you lost your virginity to a male classmate of yours at the age of 17, which

resulted in said classmate receiving so much harassment that he committed suicide, and then when the truth came out, your parents disowned you, and you were forced to become a prostitute for 7 years, before you snapped and killed a client of yours, and now you are on the run from the police.

I am legitimately sorry that all of those horrible events had to happen to you, all because you chose to follow your heart, and now this world has trapped you in its chains.

I see incredible potential in you, Melone; I am a part of the mafia organization here in Italy called Passione, I am the leader of the assassination team in that organization, and you seem like you would be an amazing new member.

I can free you, Melone, I can help you break those chains on your heart, you won't have to hide who you truly are anymore, what do you say?" Risotto said those words while extending a hand out to Melone, a genuine smile on his face.

"... I don't want to feel trapped anymore, I want to be free, and if you can grant me that wish, then so be it, I'll join you!" Melone shook Risotto's hand

Melone passed Polpo's test, gaining the stand Baby Face, he used his stand to impregnate and kill Alessa as revenge for what she did back in High School, then proceeded to send the junior to kill all of Federico's bullies, then targeted Cutie's Playhouse, having his junior massacre all of the clients and owners, then stealing all of the money and wiring it back to Melone, therefore forcing Cutie's Playhouse to be shut down; Melone also went back to his childhood home to confront his parents, but he found out that they had died of suicide.

Melone spat on their graves, and promised to never continue the path of religion his parents wanted for him, to instead embrace who he truly was.

And that is how Melone Lussuria became Risotto Nero's eighth and final recruit into La Squadra Esecuzioni.

Chapter End Notes

As you can see, there will be a seventh chapter, but as for what that chapter will be, I will not tell you, you'll just have to wait for it.

Spoiler: Chapter 7 will be just as depressing as the others, but it will have a somewhat heartwarming ending.

Fade To Black

Chapter Notes

Ok! This is the last chapter of this fic!

This won't be focusing on the formation of La Squadra, instead, this will be focusing on the end of it, and reactions of the assassins to their comrades dying, as well as what happens after Risotto's death.

Here we go...

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

The Punishment

Gelato could do nothing but watch in utter horror as Sorbet was being gruesomely dismembered, they had decided to investigate the Boss, and were able to find a picture that he supposedly took of his lover, Donatella Una, Sorbet was planning on using his stand, I Want You, to investigate the history of the photo and get a perfect view of the boss, but before they could do so, the room they were in was suddenly filled with gas, and the 2 fell unconscious.

Gelato *wished* he could do something, **anything**, but he couldn't, his stand was absolutely useless for a situation like this, the 2 of them had always been mocked in La Squadra for having the most pathetic stands, even more so than Formaggio, the 2 of them were data gatherers, they were not fit for combat in any way, but still, seeing his lover be so ruthlessly tortured was nothing short of absolutely hellish.

Sorbet could do nothing but scream, the agony was beyond extreme, Secco was watching in glee as Cioccolata cut him apart like a fish, the mad doctor knew *exactly* where to cut in ways that would cause the maximum amount of suffering for his victim, without killing them, in addition: Green Day's mold was capable of allowing a person to live despite missing several limbs, theoretically, Sorbet could be nothing more than a head and he would still be alive, it would only be after Cioccolata cut his brain open that Sorbet would finally meet the sweet release of death, Sorbet wished that he could at least look at Gelato one last time, there was no saving himself, Cioccolata had begun cutting his neck off, the wounds were simply too much, he would be dying nonetheless, but all he wanted to see his lover one final time, but Cioccolata blocked his view.

Eventually, considering enough was enough, Cioccolata cut Sorbet head open, finally ending his suffering.

Gelato, overcome with complete fear and despair, choked on his own gag in order to avoid the punishment, he died seconds later, Cioccolata went over to his corpse, and said in disappointment:

"Dammit... I always found the blond bastard especially annoying, I was looking forward to cutting him up."

Days later, Formaggio Castelmagno had investigated the apartment where Sorbet and Gelato had last been, and uncovered a gruesome sight, Gelato was dead, having died of asphyxiation, a note was also on him, stating "Punizione", horrified, he immediately called Risotto and the other assassins and informed them.

A few days later, 36 packages were sent to the assassin team, and they were absolutely *mortified*, it was Sorbet's dismembered body, having been preserved in Formalin to keep it from rotting, in addition: the body was stuck in a perpetual face of absolute terror, it was clear that whatever monster did this to Sorbet, had the ability to keep him alive through it all, it was a silent, yet clear message directly from the boss, and if it could speak, it would've said this:

There is no hope for those who intend on betraying me, there will be no reprise, no hope, no requiem, nothing, all there is misery and death, heed this warning, and never attempt this again.

Sorbet Fragola and Gelato Nocciola

The horrific punishment that was Sorbet and Gelato's deaths hit the rest of the assassins hard, Pesci couldn't stop sobbing, Formaggio vomited so much he began dry heaving, Illuso was pacing around, saying "Oh my god!" constantly, Ghiaccio was destroying everything while

tearfully ranting about all the things he wanted to do with Sorbet and Gelato, Prosciutto was drinking heavily, and Melone was fearfully shaking.

Formaggio was disgusted beyond comprehension, the fact that the boss would do something *this* extreme terrified him, Sorbet and Gelato weren't the most kind-hearted of people, but to kill them like that... that was **heartless**, and the fact that Gelato had to watch his own lover be brutally dismembered reminded Formaggio of how he lost his own father due to a heartless prank, and that very thought had him once again hugging the toilet seat for dear life.

Risotto Nero tried his hardest not to cry, he needed to be strong for his team, especially now, but looking at the corpses of Sorbet and Gelato, he reminisced on the memories he had with them, his heart was filled with burning wrath and hatred, his fists clenched, his teeth gritted, he wanted nothing more than to send personally send the Boss to hell.

The assassins were relatively quiet during the funeral, save for Pesci whimpering, Risotto told his team to forget about Sorbet and Gelato, despite the fact that all of them knew that they would never truly forget about the two.

When everyone left, leaving Risotto alone, he noticed that a few drops of water had landed on his lap.

Formaggio Castelmagno

When news of Formaggio's death reached the team, they were filled with rage, even Pesci was visibly furious, Prosciutto had thrown 2 wine bottles at the wall, Melone had squeezed a stress ball so hard he broke it, and Ghiaccio was letting loose on his car outside.

Illuso was the most visibly enraged, however, considering that he and Formaggio had a close friendship, he told Risotto:

"Fugo, Abbacchio, and the newbie are going to pick up something from Pompeii, let me go after them, I'll slaughter Fugo, and show that brat Narancia how it feels to lose a friend!"

Illuso saw Formaggio like a brother, while the 2 did argue, they nonetheless loved each other, so to lose Formaggio reminded Illuso of how he lost his brother Matteo.

The Hitman Team didn't want anything to do with Buccellati's group, but after Formaggio's death at the hands of Narancia, this became *personal*.

Illuso Spavaldo

Risotto couldn't believe it, he had now lost 4 team members, he bit down his lip so hard it bled, and his nails were digging into his palms.

Pesci couldn't find the strength to cry, and Prosciutto, heavily drunk, noticed this, and grabbed his pupil by his collar, screaming:

"HOW DARE YOU?! YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT ILLUSO AT ALL! I SHOULD KILL YOU RIGHT NOW FOR THIS!"

"That's **enough**, Prosciutto!" Risotto ordered, pulling Prosciutto off Pesci and pushing him to the ground, everyone else was visibly shocked by this, since they had never seen their leader that angry before, Pesci actually began crying, then Prosciutto, realizing what he had done, stormed off into his room, locking the door behind him.

Pesci just sat in a corner in the room on the floor, sobbing, he blamed himself for not crying, every single time something bad happened, it was *his* fault, *he* couldn't complete the mission because he was too scared to kill, *he* couldn't defend himself from Lorenzo, *he* couldn't stop being a complete failure, it's **always** his fault...

"Please come back, Sorbet, Gelato, Formaggio, and Illuso, *please come back*." Pesci whimpered, this made Risotto, Ghiaccio, and Melone look at Pesci with sadness and grief in their eyes, he was always the emotional heart of the group, and while his naivety and unwillingness to kill was annoying, he was always lively and friendly, and they still loved him, so to see him in so much clear despair felt like their hearts had been stabbed and the knife was being mercilessly twisted.

Prosciutto sat against his door in his room, and began clutching his own hair in frustration, what he said to Pesci was completely uncalled for, he has berated his pupil in the past, even physically reprimanded him a few times, but there have been times in which he goes too far, slapping Pesci a bit too hard, accidentally bringing up painful memories when berating him, but *this*?

This was simply inexcusable.

Prosciutto couldn't find the strength to apologize properly right now, so he just finished the bottle of wine he still had in his hand, and promptly fell asleep against his door, and the last thought he had before drifting off was...

'I couldn't protect you from that bastard Lorenzo, I couldn't handle my own fucking wine, I assumed that you somehow did not miss the guy you fucking loved to go fishing with *every* Saturday, I am a pathetic excuse of a brother, let alone a mentor...'

Prosciutto Invecchiando and Pesci Calamaro

Risotto heard Melone speaking, he was *praying* that Prosciutto and Pesci were at least alive, that Buccellati's group would show some modicum of mercy, but Melone's message completely dashed those hopes against the rocks, Melone was trying his hardest to seem calm and focused, even going as far as *insulting* the both of them, normally, Risotto would've angrily reprimanded Melone, but Risotto could easily tell by his voice that Melone was holding back his emotions, and trying to deny his feelings by donning a jerkish attitude, similar to how Formaggio once hid his pain, Risotto was breathing heavily, it was becoming harder and harder to hide his grief.

Melone looked at the mutilated corpses of Prosciutto and Pesci, Prosciutto in particular reminded him heavily of how Federico's corpse looked after he had landed on the school pavement, and he couldn't bear to take another look at Pesci, Melone dropped to the ground, clutching himself while sobbing out:

"I'm so sorry for calling you guys that, I didn't mean it..."

Ghiaccio, this time, didn't do anything, since he had so many emotions he couldn't express it all.

Melone Lussuria

When Risotto heard the news, his heart sank, he had now lost all but 1 of his team, he was almost terrified of telling Ghiaccio, but he had to.

Ghiaccio, upon hearing the news, stomped his foot down on his already abused car, and once he was done talking with Risotto, Ghiaccio sobbed openly, Melone was his best friend, and to lose him alongside the others in such a short time span *hurt*, he let out a long scream, a scream filled with despair, the same despair he felt when he lost both of his parents on this exact same night.

'Goddammit! I wish you were here right now, dad...'

Ghiaccio Rossini

Risotto Nero sat in the empty headquarters, this was it, in the span of less than a week, he had lost the rest of his entire team.

"This is it... I-I... I..."

For the first time in years, Risotto broke down, no longer needing to be strong, since his team was gone, he openly sobbed, his heart was filled with so much despair that he felt it difficult to breathe, he never felt this many emotions, not since the death of his cousin.

After what seemed to be hours of crying, Risotto stood up, and realized that now he must go alone now, he would find Bruno's team, and slaughter them with Metallica, then he would find the boss, and finally put an end to him once and for all...

Risotto Nero

After Risotto's failed suicide attempt at using Aerosmith to kill both himself and Diavolo, he woke up in a train station, the sun was shining brilliantly, and then, Risotto heard a familiar voice speak out:

"Well, looks like someone's awake!" It was Illuso, Risotto's first ever recruit, and the first one to greet him in this place.

"I-Illuso?! Where are we..." Risotto shot up to look around him, and then saw the rest of his team, smiling at him.

"Where are we?" Risotto asked.

"The Afterlife, more specifically, we are on the train station towards the afterlife, the next train that comes here will take us to Heaven, we were just waiting for you, Capo." Illuso explained.

"Risotto! You're back!" Pesci excitedly said.

Risotto was filled with so many emotions, one hand, he was ecstatic to finally see his team once again, but on the other hand, he *failed*, he couldn't even so much as hurt Bruno's group, Risotto then began crying, the other team members noticed this and rushed to their leader, comforting him:

"I... I failed you all! I couldn't even take down the boss! After everything you died for, I couldn't even honor you properly! I'm a failure of a Capo!" Risotto said.

"Shut up already! You are the best damn leader I've ever had the privilege of serving under, you freed all of us, you gave us a new reason to continue on living, you basically saved us!"

Prosciutto responded.

"You and big bro always encouraged me to find the confidence to become a true assassin, Capo!" Pesci said.

"I will never forget the night I met you in that bar, and the subsequent nights we spent there after a successful mission, Risotto." Illuso said with a smile on his face.

"Yeah! I thought I was gonna die in that fucking prison until you came along!" Formaggio said.

"We were gonna die alone in those streets if it wasn't for you, Capo." Gelato said while Sorbet nodded.

"You helped me mold my anger into something useful, and that is something I'm never fucking forgetting!" Ghiaccio said.

"Meeting you was the best thing that ever happened in my life, I got to make some of the best friends I ever met thanks to you." Melone said while smiling at the others.

"Guys... You were the best team I ever had the greatest fortune of leading. Thank you." Risotto said while smiling, his tears now of joy rather than grief.

Suddenly, a train whistle could be heard, and a train appeared in front of the group, opening its doors, inviting them inside, it was time to move on.

"Well Guys! Let's go already!" Pesci said while getting on the train.

These assassins were people who were given a bad hand in life, people who believed that their lives were forfeit, but one man, Risotto Nero, a man who had also been cast off by the world, brought them together, then a group of gangsters with similar motivations as them

eradicated the group, but now it didn't matter anymore, these group of assassins, of *friends*, were finally reunited once again.

Once all the members of La Squadra Esecuzioni got on, the train closed its doors, and departed towards the afterlife, towards the assassins' final destination, their **Last Train Home**.

Chapter End Notes

This is finally it, the end of my second ever fanfiction...

La Squadra is, in my opinion, one of the best groups of villains ever, their stands, personalities, and fights were some of the best in JoJo history, and this fanfic was not only a joy to make, but also sad, since it was a reminder that the best bois of part 5 are dead.

Rest in Peace, La Squadra Esecuzioni.

Thanks to everyone who gave this kudos, and see you all later.

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