

Say My Name

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Say My Name

by [Akraziel \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#).

Summary

Plenty of people went through life without ever once speaking their soulmate's name.
Tsunayoshi would be one of them.

Notes

Drabbles! What are they even!

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

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

"Thank you for agreeing to this, Reborn. I know you have only just finished with the young Cavallone, and I truly appreciate that you are willing to continue tutoring despite the similarities between this situation and the last."

"Hm," Reborn eyed the ninth boss of the Vongola Famiglia over the lip of his cup, the steam rising from the hot coffee giving him something of a mysterious look, "Training Dino was an interesting challenge. I expect the Vongola Decimo will be a similar challenge."

"Yes, I would expect so, given Iemitsu's ravings about his 'sweet, innocent' son. Still, I am sure you will make Tsunayoshi an excellent boss," Nono said, smiling at his old friend from the other side of the desk.

"Vongola Decimo, Sawada Tsunayoshi," Reborn mused aloud, tasting the name and title. Then he stilled, as the world around him went absolutely silent for a count of four seconds, replaced by a continuous 'tap tap tap' and the sound of a lecture on English grammar in Japanese.

For a moment, Reborn found himself unable to breathe, as he cast his memory back over the past few days since he had first been contacted for this assignment. Had he ever said the boy's name before? It was hardly a common name, the only time he could imagine he might have spoken that name was when he had studied Japanese history in his early twenties. His prospective student had been born years after that.

Reborn pushed his thoughts aside as the foreign sounds faded; now was not the time.

A lesser man might have paled at the sudden interruption, or given some other indication of disquiet. Reborn was not a lesser man, however; his very title contained the word 'greatest', in fact. The only outward sign of his surprise was the four seconds of silence - from the outside he simply looked contemplative. No one noticed, not even the Vongola Don.

Leaving the room on silent feet some minutes later, Reborn's mind turned back to the situation he had found himself in. He had never expected to find his soulmate. After going through most every name he could think of in every European language he had known at the time, a seventeen year old Renato Sinclair had chosen to leave it up to chance. By the time he was the Greatest Hitman in the World, he had mostly given up on the notion. He was 32 when he was cursed into the form of a baby - a form he would remain in until he died.

Reborn was not a selfless man, normally, but for the person who would supposedly complete his soul? He would not condemn them to such a relationship. It was one of the reasons he had changed his name after becoming the Sun Arcobaleno.

He would train the future Vongola Decimo. The boy would become a great man. But he would never speak his full name again.

Plenty of people went through life without ever once speaking their soulmate's name. Tsunayoshi would be one of them.

Chapter End Notes

me: *rereads this* yeesh *edits for better spacing*

Chapter 2

Tsuna was in English class when it happened. He was awake, which was unusual; this was because the person sitting behind him had spent the entire class making an unholy tapping noise against the desk with their pencil, and Tsuna could sleep through a lot, but apparently not that.

It was about half an hour before the end of class. The teacher was droning on about something called 'homonyms'. Tsuna's head had slowly descended to the desktop over the past five minutes. The person behind him had started tapping four beat patterns with their pencil. The regular rhythm had just lulled Tsuna into a very light doze when a childish, yet confident voice said, "Tsunayoshi," startling him into sitting straight up.

He glanced around in confusion, groggy mind searching for the small child who had woken him from his long awaited nap. Seeing no one, he eventually decided it must have been a dream.

(Later, Tsuna would occasionally wonder what it was exactly about Reborn that always made him sit up and take notice whenever the baby hitman said 'Tsuna'. Of course, he was always distracted by something (explosions, poison cooking, bullets, etc) before he could get anywhere with that train of thought.)

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Who was 'Hayato'?

Chapter Notes

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

Marcutio ran his hands along the piano keyboard, remembering silver hair and warm green eyes and the start of a name - not his name, a different name. He played a G, running down a scale as he tried to remember what his piano teacher had called him once, transitioning slowly into a meandering little tune as he went.

Suddenly, as though in answer to his thoughts, a young boy said, "Hayato."

The boy at the piano stood, turning to look behind him and ignoring the awful sound the instrument made as he pressed down on a good dozen keys at once. There was no one behind him, though.

He was about to sit again when the voice spoke once more, "Hayato," the boy said, his tone delighted.

Marcutio said, "Who said that?"

The voice said, "Hayato," one last time, and then went silent.

The child at the piano frowned, looking down at his hands. He knew about soulmates, everyone knew about soulmates. When your other half spoke your name, you heard it, and they could hear whatever you did for a count of however many syllables were in your name. But his name wasn't Hayato, no matter what his piano tutor had said. The name on your soul was the first name your mother or father gave you, and his was Marcutio.

So why had he heard 'Hayato'?

Chapter End Notes

Don't think this is canon compliant? Or is it? Either way, I like the idea of Hayato figuring out his real name due to soulmate shenanigans, so there. :P

Chapter 4

"Dad, Dad, I did it, I found it!"

Tsuyoshi looked up from the stove as his seven year old son came crashing into the room, a bright grin stretching across his face. A little taken aback by the fierce joy on his recently moody son, the former hitman turned the stove down and gave the boy his full attention. "You found what, Takeshi-kun?" He asked.

The boy blinked at him, startled, then laughed sheepishly, "Uh, I was reading that name book you gave me, saying the names out loud, when suddenly I couldn't hear the sound of the stove anymore, and instead there was this big awful 'bwiang' noise and then this long 'screeeee' and then I knew it was like you told me, when you say your soulmate's name!"

Tsuyoshi smiled, honestly delighted for his son, despite the ache the words brought to his chest. It had only been a year since - but no, this was a happy occasion. He brought his attention back to the conversation, and raised an eyebrow at Takeshi, "Well, what was the name, then?" He asked.

"Oops," The boy said, the grin not leaving his face despite his chagrin, "His name is Hayato," he said. Then he gained a focused look, before speaking seemingly to thin air, "I'm your soulmate, Hayato."

Tsuyoshi chuckled, "He can't hear you yet, Takeshi-kun. You'll have to wait until he finds your name as well."

"Oh," the boy said. After a moment, he shrugged, "That's okay. It wouldn't be much of an adventure if we found each other right away."

Tsuyoshi watched as his boy turned and ran from the kitchen, shaking his head in fond amusement at his son's easygoing nature. He hoped the mysterious 'Hayato' wasn't too high strung.

Chapter 5

"Ryouhei. Where are you."

Ryouhei paused on his morning run, taking note of the position of the sun. Oops.

"Ah, Hana, sorry! I -Hana - will be there - Hana - extremely fast!"

"Ryouhei, you better be, you're going - Ryouhei - to be late."

Chagrined, Ryouhei sped up, taking the route to his house at twice the speed. There he took a five minute shower before bursting out of the house again en route to school.

Hibari stood at the gates, watching him approach with narrowed eyes.

"Loud Herbivore. You are almost late."

"Sorry, Hibari! I will extremely make it up to you! We can have an extreme spar after school!"

"Be quiet, Loud Herbivore," the prefect said, one eye twitching.

"Sorry, Hibari!" Ryouhei called back as he flew past.

He reached the classroom in time to set his things at his desk and sit for a moment. Instead he remained standing, looking around at all the students in his class. Aoi was trading short one- and two-second sentences with his soulmate Daiki. A group of girls in the corner were paging through a name book, taking turns saying aloud any new ones they came across.

Everyone was so obsessed with soulmates. It was a good thing he'd already found his! Speaking of which -

"Ryouhei - are you in class, monkey?"

Ryouhei grinned; he had the most caring soulmate ever!

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