

Wishing on Dandelions

Tags: Oisuga; Timeskip; Breaking Up; Getting Back Together; Angst with Happy Ending

Oikawa watched Suga sleep calmly, breaking in the mattress they had set up only yesterday. Even though he'd been in Argentina a few months, his apartment was fairly bare. Half of his clothes were stuffed in his suitcase and had yet to be unpacked due to space. His living room was just a coffee table and a few large pillows to sit on. And his kitchen wares were just one set of everything—plate, bowl, utensils, etc.

He was still adjusting to his new life, but with Suga visiting, he felt at home again. Before Oikawa left for Argentina, he and Suga were only dating a few months, but he knew he was in love; though, that realization did not bring him any comfort. In fact, it unsettled him.

Tomorrow, Suga would return to Japan, and things would go back to how they were just a week ago: both of them struggling with the long distance. They would once again get into petty fights and manipulate each other with guilt and yearning—even if they didn't mean to.

The reality was they were not made for long-distance.

Oikawa didn't want his love for Suga to sour, but if they kept on the path they were on, it would. He sensed it in his gut, and it ached his heart.

When they were together, the world faded away. The arguments and spiteful comments scribbled down as ancient history. They both understood that it wasn't how they actually felt; it was their frustration with the distance.

The distance that would return and become a permanent fixture in their relationship for the fore-

seeable future. If they stayed together...

Coffee in hand, Oikawa walked across the room and sat at the edge of the bed. He assumed Suga was partially awake before, but it was the shift of weight that caused him to drowsily blink his eyes open.

"Morning." Suga greeted Oikawa with a sleepy half-smile, rubbing his eyes before looking up at the setter.

There was a flash of mourning in Suga's eyes, and Oikawa wondered if he was merely reflecting what he saw. Suga sat up without a word, cupping Oikawa's cheek and bringing their lips together for a soft kiss.

No matter how many times they did this, Oikawa always thought it felt like the first. Butterflies fluttered in his stomach, and time stood still. He forgot what he was thinking. His worries melted away.

It wasn't until Suga whispered on his lips that he remembered why he sat down in the first place.

"Can it wait just a little while longer, Tooru?"

Oikawa feigned his surprise. Suga knew him well, and he shouldn't be shocked when he read what's on his mind. It was a conversation they both knew they needed to have.

He sighed, setting his coffee on the ground so he could hold Suga in his arms. Oikawa kissed Suga's forehead, his nose, and his beauty mark—the last pulling a soft chuckle from Suga. The melodic notes of his laugh made Oikawa feel warm.

A part of Oikawa wanted to tell Suga that he loves him, but he thought it too soon for such a confession. And the declaration would only make it harder to say what he had to say.

"We're running out of time, Kou." His voice was barely above a whisper. "I want to be with you, but I also don't want us to resent each other... And we both know that's where this will go if we keep this up. We will be constantly thinking of the other and not living our lives, missing out because—"

Oikawa didn't quite know where he was going with his sentence, so he let Suga fill it in.

"Because we'll be so focused on maintaining this."

Suga pulled back so they were able to look into each other's eyes, the mourning once again in his eyes. Oikawa reached out, his thumb brushing against Suga's cheek, and Suga leaned into the touch.

"It's so frustrating because this week has been so easy, so perfect," Oikawa whispered.

"We weren't made for long-distance," Suga said, climbing into Oikawa's lap. "No matter how much I wish we were."

Oikawa was going to add something, but Suga kissed him. Suga's hands laced into his hair, pulling him close. His own hands roamed under Suga's shirt, and his tongue licked into Suga's mouth. Hasty breaths filled the air because neither wanted to stop. The kiss was hungry, desperate. Their last hurrah.

Finally, Suga leaned forward and rested his head on Oikawa's shoulder, his breath heavy with thoughts.

"I don't want you to wait for me, Tooru. I don't want to hear any promises about how one day we'll be together because we just don't know that. I want you to live your life and I'll live mine, but..."

He pulled back to meet Oikawa's gaze, a hand reaching up to brush hair. Oikawa waited while Suga figured out what he wanted to say and how. Finally, he cupped Oikawa's cheeks in his hands and kissed him languidly before he sent his proposal on a breath against Oikawa's lips.

"Let's make a deal. Anytime we are in the same area and we are both single, then we are together. All other times, we are friends."

"So, if we are single and run into each other anywhere in the world, we are together," Oikawa repeated back.

The arrangement wasn't something he had thought about before. It never crossed his mind that they could have a little bit of both. He wasn't concerned about whether or not it would get messy. At that moment, he just knew he wanted to have Suga in his life as a friend and lover without the weight of long-distance, and Suga was giving him that option.

"Exactly. So what do you say, Grand King?"

Suga was looking at him with a coy smile and devilish eyes, and Oikawa couldn't help but shift forward to pin Suga against the mattress.

"I think I can make that work, Refreshing-kun."

Oikawa ran along the same path he'd taken so many times before, but it felt different now. It was his first time being back home—being back in Japan—since he moved to Argentina almost two years ago. Although the streets were the same and the faces familiar, Oikawa couldn't help but feel out of place.

Until he saw Suga sitting on the swing, waiting for him like he had that fateful day back in high school.

Suga tapped idly on his phone while he twisted back and forth, the chains creaking as he did so. A few times, his foot slipped, but he caught himself. Since he was preoccupied, he hadn't noticed Oikawa yet. And Oikawa used that to his advantage.

He took a few steps back so that he was hidden behind a nearby bush, and then he dialed Suga's number.

"Come here often?" Oikawa said as soon as Suga answered the phone.

"So where are your spies?" Suga answered, and Oikawa heard him through the phone and in the distance.

"No spies, I'm just psychic," he joked.

"Psychic huh... So what am I wearing?"

"Nothing of course." Oikawa's heart fluttered when he heard Suga's warm, familiar laughter. "Wait, no. You're wearing a green sweater. The image of you wearing nothing was from my dream last night. It's so easy to mix those with psychic visions."

"If you come out from behind that bush, you can tell me all about your dream." Suga's voice was low and honeyed, and Oikawa did as he was told.

When he took the first step out, he came face to face with Suga. He hadn't even fully hung up the phone before Suga's lips were on his, hands on the back of his neck, pulling him in. This was the first time they had seen each other in over a year, but with this kiss—in this spot—Oikawa felt like no time had passed at all.

He let his hands fall to Suga's waist, bringing him closer to prolong the moment.

It wasn't that Oikawa ever truly forgot his feelings for Suga. On the contrary, he always remembered how fond of the man he was whenever Suga's name flashed on his screen. And he relived their best moments as he laid awake at night. But having Suga in his arms now... No memories ever compared to how this felt.

Words could not capture the way Oikawa flowed to Suga; the way he gave himself up effortlessly. Everything fell into place when they were together. This kiss told Oikawa that it didn't matter the time or the distance—when they were like this, it was all worth it.

"I thought you weren't coming home until this weekend?" Oikawa asked when Suga broke off the kiss and tugged at his wrist.

"I finished all my work early so I could come back early," Suga said as he led Oikawa down the street toward his house.

"Did someone miss me?"

Suga looked back to meet Oikawa's smirk with playful eyes. "No more than anyone else," he jest.

"We both know you're lying, Refreshing-kun."

Suga opened his mouth to comment, but Oikawa abruptly stopped. He tugged Suga in for another kiss, but this one was hungrier. Their tongues clashed; Oikawa nipped at Suga's bottom lip. When he tilted Suga's head and ran his teeth along his jaw and neck, Suga let out a low moan.

"We both know you aren't leading me to your house for coffee," Oikawa whispered.

Suga lightly shoved him away, eyes proud with a devilish grin.

"We'll see. Keep this shit up and coffee will be the best you could hope for," Suga said before he turned with a small skip to his step toward his house.

Oikawa rolled his eyes, but he wasn't annoyed. He missed this little game. The one thing Argentina didn't have was Suga. And as he watched a few dandelions chasing Suga on the wind, he couldn't help but wish for more moments like this in the future.

Oikawa stepped outside onto the balcony, needing some fresh air and quiet. As he closed the sliding door, the laughter and music faded to a low hum. The party was more casual than he imagined American college parties to be, but it was still a lot.

He heard the door open, the noise invading his space once more. Then it closed and a familiar presence came to stand next to him.

"What're you hiding out here for?" Iwaizumi asked. Although he refused to look, Oikawa knew exactly what look his best friend was giving him.

"I just needed a little air. Is that a crime?"

"No, but you and I both know that's not the reason you're out here, Shittykawa."

Oikawa leaned forward on the railing, releasing a heavy sigh into the night air. It always felt a little random—the moments when he realized how long it had been... When his heart ached for something he never learned to truly live without.

"You know you wouldn't be cheating on him if you flirted with that girl. Or more, if you wanted. You aren't together."

"I know that Iwa-chan!" Oikawa whined; his brow furrowed as he pouted at the remark. "It's just... Some days I miss him more than others."

"Maybe you should rethink your arrangement." Iwaizumi knew about the rules of his friendship with Suga, and he let Oikawa know he wasn't entirely sold on it.

The whole "we're together if single and nearby" never made sense to other people. They always believed it was just prolonging their heartbreak. But even if that was true, it wasn't the worst thing.

Over the years, he and Suga met up on several occasions. Because they never stopped living their

own lives, there were a few times Suga had been in a relationship, and another time it was Oikawa dating someone else. Still, whether they met up as friends or more, Oikawa wouldn't trade a second of their time together for anything in the world. It may not have looked it to others, but it was always perfect.

Even when Oikawa wished for more, he recognized this was their best chance. This was the path that led to the possibility of them finding their way back to each other.

"The arrangement is as it should be," Oikawa replied with a sigh, running his fingers through his hair.

"When's the last time you saw him?"

Oikawa thought about it, replaying events of the past year to create a timeline in his head. "I think it was New Year's of last year," he answered.

He had been back in Miyagi and ended up at a small party Suga and Daichi were hosting in their apartment. Though he and Suga barely talked, they hovered around each other. Suga's hand grazed across Oikawa's back when he walked by. Oikawa locked eyes with Suga from across the room.

Midnight approached and Oikawa found Suga in his arms, sharing the first kiss of the new year. They stayed close after that. And as the party thinned out, the two of them went to Suga's room. They laughed, kissed, and chatted until the sun began to rise.

Everything was so natural—so easy—when they were together.

"I know you care for him, but how much longer are you going to do this?"

"That's a silly question, Iwa-chan," Oikawa teased, poking Iwaizumi's arm. Then, with all seriousness, he added, "It goes until we live in the same place or one of us gets married."

Although it was dim on the balcony, Oikawa clearly saw Iwaizumi roll his eyes.

"You know, finding someone else doesn't take away what you and Suga had. It will always be special."

"I never—"

Oikawa shut up. Iwaizumi was right: Oikawa worried that memories of Suga would fade if he found someone else. And what he had with Suga was special. He never wanted to forget, even if they ended up on different paths forever.

"Let me put it this way," Iwaizumi continued. "In your soul are infinitely precious things that can not be taken from you. For you, Suga is one of those precious things."

"That's quite poetic, Iwa-chan. Did you just think of that yourself?" Oikawa joked.

"No, it is a quote from some person we read in the literature class I had to take."

Oikawa laughed and shook his head at his nerd of a best friend. And Iwaizumi scowled at him, letting him know he was serious.

He understood the concern—he really did. However, it was unnecessary. Yes, some days were harder than others, but Oikawa didn't doubt what they decided those years ago because every time he saw Suga, it was like the first time.

The butterflies never ceased. The lump in his throat returned with his nerves, and they never stopped playing the little game they started in high school.

Oikawa was in the middle of complaining to Iwaizumi about their train being late when he was pulled to the side. Soft lips met his own, and although his mind raced to determine what was happening, his body recognized the touch. His eyes closed, his hands finding the not-so-stranger's waist and pulling him closer.

The kiss was like coming home, warm and familiar, and that was when Oikawa finally realized who it was—Suga.

He slipped his tongue into Suga's mouth, deepening the kiss. Suga's arms wrapped around his neck. Their bodies pressed hastily together, and Oikawa had to grip Suga's waist to balance their weight. They would have kept kissing if not for Iwaizumi.

"Ahem."

Oikawa opened his eyes and pulled away. He was met with a sweet smile, Suga's hands falling to his chest. Oikawa brushed a thumb across Suga's pink-dusted cheeks.

"I didn't know you'd be in town," Suga whispered. The world blurred around them, and Iwaizumi was forgotten once again. It was just him and Suga—here, together.

"It was a pretty impromptu trip. Things were pretty rushed and hectic. We're going back to Tokyo now."

"The Olympics," Suga said, though the words seemed to be a reminder for himself. "Will you be back?"

"I planned to be back in Miyagi after the games. I was going to text you, see if you wanted to meet up."

None of that was a lie, but Oikawa felt guilty. Maybe he should have told Suga he was in town this weekend too. Even though his schedule had been packed full with family—no free time—he still wondered if Suga felt neglected. If it wasn't for this coincidental meeting, Suga would have never known.

Suga must have felt Oikawa's nervousness because he slipped on a smile and joked, "I don't know. I think you'll have to win. I can't be friends with a loser."

It's a reference to something Oikawa said to him all those years ago and reminded him that all their memories were never far away. It was a reminder that yesteryears were like yesterday for them.

The taunt bolstered Oikawa, giving him the confidence to erase the years of separation.

"Given how your tongue was just in my mouth, I highly doubt it would matter. Besides," he leaned in to whisper in Suga's ear, "Don't you want to see what the stamina of an Olympic athlete is like?"

"Bold of you to assume I don't already know," Suga whispered back, and Oikawa could hear the smirk.

After one final kiss, Suga stepped back. He departed with an apology as he was now running late to work, which was fine since Iwaizumi and Oikawa had a train to catch. Before he got far, he turned around and said, "Find me when you return, oh Grand King."

Oikawa couldn't help his smile, his heart already racing at the thought of seeing Suga again—the next time with a medal in hand. When he turned back to Iwaizumi, his friend was giving him a funny look.

"What Iwa-chan?"

"Nothing. Just watching a dumbass in love," Iwaizumi teased, eyebrow raised.

"Who said anything about love? I— It's not..." Oikawa sputtered.

His friend didn't say another word about it, but he didn't have to. They both knew Oikawa loved Suga, he always had—since the very beginning and through all these years. Though the words had never been spoken out loud, his feelings were always there under every joke, kiss, and touch.

But as Oikawa always did, he ignored them. He couldn't ruminate on what he and Suga were. Or what they weren't. He couldn't think about every 'what if' throughout the past several years because right now his focus had to be on the Olympics.

And he did manage to forget, to hold back everything. Until he stood with that gold medal in hand and still felt incomplete. Until he realized that winning gold was all but empty when he couldn't share that moment with Suga.

It was then he knew he had to tell Suga exactly how he felt. He needed to declare his feelings—to say the words he had been dancing around for so long.

Bolstered by confidence and adrenaline, he left for Miyagi. Everything was on the tip of his tongue; he was ready to shout out his confession the moment Suga opened the door. But then he knocked on the apartment door. It all became real, and the gravity of their distance set in once more.

He was poised to bolt, but Daichi answered the door too quickly. "Oikawa, I didn't realize you were in town," he said.

"I was in the neighborhood."

"Right, the Olympics. Congrats by the way."

Daichi gave him a genuine smile and Oikawa thanked him. There was a moment of awkward silence as Oikawa figured out what he wanted to do. In the end, he figured he may as well follow through.

He and Suga could figure out the distance this time; they were older and wiser.

"Is Kou— Is Suga here?" he asked.

"Yeah, he's grading papers in his room. I'm sure you remember the way," Daichi answered as he reached for his keys and slipped on his shoes fully.

"You don't need to leave."

Daichi laughed at his nervousness as he said, "I was already planning on going to the grocery store today. You two have fun." He realized the implication of the visit.

Oikawa exchanged places with Daichi and then he was left alone in the entryway. He ran his fingers through his hair, slipped off his shoes, and entered the apartment.

He found Suga at his desk grading papers just as Daichi had said. His body moved without much thought. He walked up behind Suga, his hands immediately moving to give Suga a massage.

Oikawa rubbed along the back of Suga's neck and shoulders. Suga relaxed to the touch, releasing a quiet hum into the air.

"You know, if you hadn't won, this would have saved the friendship," Suga teased, tilting his head up to look at Oikawa through half-lidded eyes. Somehow Suga always knew Oikawa's touches without even looking.

"Have time for your favorite setter?" Oikawa asked.

Suga smirked at him then looked to his bedroom door. "Oh, Kageyama is here too?"

Oikawa leaned down and kissed Suga's neck, pulling a tiny gasp as he moved his mouth up to nibble on his ear. Then the setter whispered in a low, sultry voice, "Sure you don't want to rethink that answer?"

"You're right, Atsumu is also pretty good," Suga said, though his breathlessness betrayed the jest.

Oikawa retaliated by leaving a mark at the nape of Suga's neck. From there things happened fast. Suga turned his chair around, standing up to capture Oikawa in a real kiss. Clothes came off. They stumbled backward to the bed. And Oikawa forgot what he went there to do, consumed by Suga.

When they were done, Suga snuggled into Oikawa's side. Suga's fingers ran small patterns across his chest while his own hands rubbed up and down Suga's arm.

"I'd give that a solid B," Suga teased, looking up at Oikawa with a Cheshire grin.

Oikawa scoffed and rolled his eyes, but his smile let Suga know he wasn't truly upset. "If that was a B, what do you consider an A?"

Suga propped himself up and kissed Oikawa again; each movement of his tongue meant to weaken Oikawa to his will. When he finished taking Oikawa's breath away, he whispered across his lips, "That time in Rio in the club... and then the alleyway."

"Hmmm," Oikawa hummed.

He remembered that night very clearly: his hands all over Suga in the club; the way Suga dragged him into the bathroom; and how they couldn't even make it back to the hotel they were staying at. Those were the moments Oikawa knew he and Suga were something different. There was no one else he would ever do such things with.

He loved Suga in a way that was different from anyone else.

"So how does it feel being home?" Suga asked.

"I don't know. It's nice, but I don't think Japan is my home anymore." He didn't realize what he had said until he saw Suga's eyes, filled with remorse and fear.

"Oh."

Oikawa watched Suga piece together that he had no intentions of moving back to Japan. And he was hit with his own realization that Suga had no intention to leave. Suga's career, his friends, his family—his whole life. Everything was in Japan, and Oikawa would never ask him to give that up. He would never be that selfish.

It was then Oikawa knew he would never tell Suga how he felt. He could never burden him with that. It wasn't fair.

"Well then," Suga said with a smile, shaking off all the hesitation. "Let's make this the best vacation

ever. Won't we, Grand King?" Then Suga kissed down his chest, and Oikawa knew he was in trouble.

It had been over a year since Oikawa won gold in the Olympics, over a year since he last saw Suga. With each passing day, he started to realize their paths had finally diverged completely. No matter how much he wished they could be together, it wasn't going to happen.

Suga was on the other side of the world, and that was where he was going to-

A sweet laugh caught Oikawa's ears, and when he faced the source, he did a double-take. He couldn't believe his own eyes. It had to be a doppelganger or something.

While every part of his brain told him the chances were slim to none, Oikawa's body seemed to know otherwise. He walked across the street. The Suga-lookalike was in the middle of a conversation with a woman, and he grabbed his hand and pulled him up from the chair. Their lips met, instantly melding together.

"¿iPerdón?!" the woman said angrily, but Oikawa ignored her.

This was Suga. Any doubt he had faded as they kissed because it felt like home. Hands cupping Suga's cheeks, Oikawa let himself succumb to Suga's mouth, his tongue. Words unspoken between them passed along their breath.

When they pulled apart, Suga looked up at him and whispered, "Tooru..."

It had been years since Oikawa had heard his given name said in such a soft way. Over the past 8 years, it was only said with breathlessness as a plea while they were wrapped in each other's arms—in the heat of passion. It wasn't a boundary they crossed lightly.

"I'm in the middle of an interview," Suga said.

Oikawa turned to see the woman glaring at him. "Oh... I'm Sor- Wait, what?"

"Text me your address. We'll talk later." Suga shoved him lightly away. He didn't wait for any confirmation before sitting back down and apologizing to the woman.

Oikawa shuffled backward, and when his feet hit the pavement, he turned to leave. He kept looking back until the café was out of view. On the walk home, his shock wore off. He wondered why Suga didn't tell him that he was in Argentina. Was he trying to hide something? If Oikawa hadn't seen him, would he have known at all? What was the interview for?

His mind raced with anxieties until a few hours later when there was a knock on his door. Before he even opened the door all the way, Suga was in his apartment, kissing him. Every fear Oikawa had melted away. He knew Suga would never do something to hurt him, so there must be a reason.

A reason he would find out after they greeted each other properly, and Oikawa lifted Suga and carried him to his room.

"Interview?" Oikawa asked as they laid in his bed, naked and out of breath.

"That is what one needs to do to get a job, Tooru."

"Get a job here, in Argentina... Because you?"

"I now live in Argentina," Suga connected the dots out loud. "Japan just felt like it was missing something."

Oikawa wrapped his arms around Suga and held him tight. It all felt surreal to him. He couldn't believe this wasn't a dream. That the wish he made all those years ago on dandelions was coming true. They were getting a future together.

"Koushi," Oikawa started, his hand cupping the other's face. "I love you. I love you so much. I've loved you since high school. I-"

Suga kissed him, instantly shutting him up.

"I know," he said when he pulled away, leaving a long pause after the words. Oikawa narrowed his eyes and Suga laughed. "I love you too. I always have."

They shuffled around, and Oikawa curled up behind Suga. He planted light kisses into Suga's hair, his hand running down his arm until Suga grabbed it, pulling it close. Their warmth wrapped around each other, better than any blanket.

Oikawa made a silent vow to never let Suga go again.