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Tags: OiSuga; Seijoh 4; Car Accidents; Temporary Amnesia; Falling In Love; Light-Hearted

He wakes up in a hospital bed not sure what is going on. The bracelet on his wrist tells him his name is Oikawa Tooru, and that seems correct enough. However, outside of that, he doesn't remember anything else. He tries to sit up, but a sharp pain shoots through his side.

Oikawa grimaces, which pulls the attention of the three people in the room. In an instance, they surround the bed. He gets the sense the woman is his mother; though, he cannot recall her name. The other two faces belong to boys about the age of eighteen, and he doesn't recognize them at all.

The taller boy has his arm in a cast, a few scratches, and a fat lip with a wound that appears to be not yet a day old. The second boy looks like he got into a fight. There is a bruise on his left cheek that makes it difficult for him to open his eye fully, hiding their pretty green color.

"Tooru, I am so happy you're awake," his mother says and brushes hair from his forehead.

"I'm so sorry, Oikawa," the green-eyed boy says guilt-ridden. "This is all my fault."

"Things happen, Hajime-kun. What matters is that you are all alive," his mother reassures and places a hand over the boy's hands, where they grip the railing.

"Don't be so hard on yourself, Iwaizumi," the other boy says. "You know Makki is looking forward to using the 'I almost died' card to get a few dates."

"Yeah, it's okay Iwaizumi." Oikawa may not remember who these people are, but he can tell this

boy needs a little comforting... But by the shocked looks they all give him, he doesn't think he succeeded—or said the right thing.

"What did you just call me?"

"Iwaizumi... That's your name right?" He thinks maybe he misheard the other boy.

"Oikawa, what is my name?" the taller boy asks.

He blanks. "I'm sorry... I really don't know who either of you are. I don't really know what's happening."

His mother calls a nurse in, who goes to find a doctor. Their biggest concern is brain damage, but after an examination, he seems to be in fair health. (At least for someone who was just in a car accident, according to the two boys who were supposedly his friends.)

The doctor explains that he has dissociative amnesia. It isn't unheard of after a traumatic event, and she informs them that people usually get their memories back. When that will happen, she does not know. They're told personal items can sometimes prompt memories to return, but they shouldn't force things. Patience is important—both their patience with Oikawa and Oikawa's patience with himself.

It is easier said than done.

Oikawa is told he enjoys volleyball, and that makes sense to him. At least until he tries to recall a memory about the sport, he blanks. He is given a photobook to look through, but all it serves to do is frustrate him further. The only thing Oikawa seems to vaguely remember is his family. He recognizes his sister and nephew the first time they visit without being prompted—he just doesn't know their names. It's not perfect, but it's something, and Oikawa is grateful to not feel completely in the dark for once.

He is two days into his stay at the hospital when the nurse tells him that it would be good if he walked around a little as there isn't a huge risk to his stitches anymore. She mentions how it's easy to feel trapped in a hospital room.

Oikawa can't agree more. He has been stuck in this hospital bed for too long; though, the idea of walking around aimlessly doesn't appeal to him.

"Um... Do you think I could go see... my friend. The one who is also still here?" he asks.

"Are your memories coming back?" Her face lights with excitement at his request.

Oikawa hates to take that away, but he can't lie. "No, I don't remember. But I thought it couldn't hurt," he says.

"I'm sure he'd be happy to see you even if you don't remember him."

The nurse helps him out of the bed and detangle his IV and make sure nothing will drag. She offers to walk him the whole way there, but Oikawa insists a room number is just fine.

As he gets closer to the room, Oikawa starts to worry that the others will be there too. It's not that he doesn't want to not see them; it's more that all of them together would be too much. He still feels guilty that his memories haven't come back.

"Oikawa!" A pink-haired boy, whose name is Hanamaki if he remembers correctly. "What a pleasant surprise."

"Hello, Hanamaki."

"Right," Hanamaki chuckles. "I heard you forgot us all. You can call me Makki... or I guess a better phrasing could be, you call me Makki."

"Makki..." It feels familiar, but that's about it.

The two talk for a couple of hours, or rather, Hanamaki talks at Oikawa. He tells him various stories about the things they and their friends have done. ("Our greatest hits" is how Hanamaki explains it.) Given everything he learns, Oikawa is surprised the four of them haven't been hurt sooner.

When a nurse comes in to take Hanamaki to get some X-rays of his leg, Oikawa is asked to leave. He doesn't want to return just yet to his room, so he decides to take the long way around. He finds himself passing the nurses station on his floor where a silver-haired boy chats with a couple of nurses.

The boy laughs at something a nurse said, and Oikawa thinks no one should be that pretty under harsh hospital lights. Regardless of beauty, Oikawa can't help but feel drawn to the boy. His mind drifts, and the image of the same boy through a volleyball net flashes through his head.

At the thought of a sweet smile with a menacing presence, butterflies flutter in Oikawa's stomach. It is a sensation that prompts a sort of déjà vu moment.

"Mr. Refreshing," he says.

Oikawa isn't sure where the name came from, but it feels right. And it gets the mystery boy's attention.

"Oikawa... Hi," he says. The boy turns back to say something to the nurse before he walks over to Oikawa. "I heard you were here and about the accident. Must be difficult, not being able to play volleyball for a couple of weeks at least."

"Do we play volleyball together?" Oikawa asks, assuming that is what his memory was about.

The boy cocks his head to the side with a confused expression. "I guess that is a way to phrase it. Though, it's more that our teams play against each other. And you plus a few of your first-year teammates have a rivalry with our first-year setter."

"So we aren't friends?"

"I wouldn't particularly say so," he says, and upon catching Oikawa's brief gloomy expression, he adds, "But we don't hate each other. We just haven't really talked."

Oikawa had felt so certain they were friends. When he saw the boy smile—heard his laugh—he felt so warm. He still feels warm—and safe.

"Are you okay?" the boy asks. His expression is a mix of concern and confusion.

"Well, I was apparently in a car accident and now I have amnesia so I can't remember any of my friends or things about my life, but other than that, I'm great."

It takes a moment, but the boy starts laughing. Oikawa laughs too until his side hurts. He isn't sure what's so funny, but presented with such a melodic, captivating sound, he can't help but join in to prologue the moment.

"What is so funny?" he asks when they quiet.

"You can't remember anything about your life, but you seemed to recognize me."

"I mean, it seems like you would be hard to forget," Oikawa says.

"I would think friends would be hard to forget too," the boy teases calmly, though Oikawa doesn't miss the slight pink across his cheeks.

"Can you do me a favor, Mr. Refreshing?"

"Suga. You can call me Suga."

"Okay, Suga."

They stare into each other's eyes for a moment. Again, Oikawa sees Suga on a court. Only this time, he is looking from above and watching Suga's teammates come to life with renewed energy as he enters the rotation. His chest aches with longing and anger, though he believes only one of those feelings is meant for Suga.

"What is the favor?" Suga asks and breaks Oikawa out of his trance.

"Would you mind hanging out with me for a little while?"

Suga smiles. "I think that's doable."

They walk back to Oikawa's room and Suga settles into the uncomfortable chair next to the hospital bed.

Oikawa doesn't tell Suga that his presence is prompting memories. There is a part of him that worries he might be using Suga, but his gut tells him that isn't quite the situation. He feels something toward Suga, and whatever that feeling is, it seems to be slowly unlocking his past.

"Oikawa, your mother asked me— Oh hi." Iwaizumi pauses at the door, eyes inspecting Suga. There is a duffel bag thrown over his shoulder. "Sugawara... I did not expect to see you here."

"Believe me, it wasn't planned. My mother is a nurse here," he goes on to explain. "And sometimes I help out with filing. However, today"—Suga turns to smile at Oikawa—"I ran into Oikawa and he asked me to hang out for a bit."

"Right..." Iwaizumi takes a step in. He jerks his head to Oikawa, brows raising. Oikawa returns the questioning look with one of his own.

"Well," Suga says as he stands up. "It seems you are in good company, and I should probably get home, so I'll just let myself out."

Suga is halfway to the door when Oikawa blurts, "Will you come back tomorrow?"

Oikawa holds his breath as he waits for Suga to answer.

"Sure." The reply comes with one last smile before Suga disappears.

Once they are alone, Iwaizumi chuckles. "Hanamaki and Matsukawa are going to get a kick out of this..."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Oikawa pouts.

Iwaizumi sets down the duffel bag and takes a seat where Suga had just been.

"It's just funny to see you flirting with the person, who, before, you swore up and down you don't have a crush on," Iwaizumi says. "Seems the amnesia is doing you a bit of good, Shittykawa."

"Iwa-chan~ mean!" Oikawa pouts.

Iwaizumi moves to the edge of the seat, eyes wide. "Did you just call me, Iwa-chan?"

"Why wouldn't I? It's what I've called you since we were kids and you shoved that disgusting beetle in my face."

"Oikawa, are you remembering things?"

"I don't know." Oikawa tries to recall what he said and the memory, but like sand in a fist, it slips through the cracks. "No, but yes. I don't know how I knew that. It seems like, if I try to remember, it all fades away, but if I'm just reacting, something will come back for a moment."

"That's better than nothing, and probably a good sign as well."

As Oikawa talks with Iwaizumi, a few more memories come and fade. Although it is his best day

since he woke up, it is nonetheless frustrating. Oikawa thinks it can't be a coincidence that he started remembering after he talked with Suga. Especially if what Iwaizumi says about his crush is true.

The next few days, Iwaizumi and Matsukawa take turns visiting Oikawa after school, and they always leave when Suga shows up. Though, they never miss the opportunity to shoot Oikawa one more teasing glance before they say goodbye. Because Suga knows the nurses, they let him stay past visiting hours. (Which Oikawa is grateful for since Suga arrives rather late most days.)

By the time Oikawa is released from the hospital, he and Suga have already exchanged numbers and are texting daily. When Oikawa complains about the mountain of work he has to do, Suga invites himself over to help. Not that Oikawa cares. It saves him from having to find the words to ask Suga to hang out.

Seeing Suga in his room—sitting on the floor at his study table—Oikawa finds himself thankful that they didn't hang out before the accident. He likes knowing that the moments with Suga that he remembers are all of them.

And although Oikawa's memories still elude him, around Suga, he senses they are close. He just needs to reach out... But he can't think about it too much. It must be more of an instinct.

"Oikawa... What are you..." Suga's voice trails off, his eyes darting between Oikawa's gaze and his hand, which rests on Suga's cheek.

He doesn't remember reaching out for Suga. Now that he is aware, he thinks he should pull back and apologize. Except instead, his thumb runs lightly against Suga's soft skin.

Suga seems a bit nervous but not scared. He presses into Oikawa's touch, eyes half-lidded as he watches Oikawa move closer.

Their noses touch and Oikawa looks down to Suga's lips, parted and glossy. He feels Suga's unsteady, hot breath against his lips. This moment feels risky, but Oikawa isn't sure why. However, it causes him to hesitate. In the end, it is Suga who kisses him, and Oikawa's eyes close as their lips brush.

This may be the first kiss Oikawa remembers right now, but he can tell it isn't his first time. Reading Suga's body language comes to him naturally—like riding a bike after you've already learned.

The kiss is languid like a person gradually entering a pool to get used to temperature as they go. Then they reach that point where it's dive in or get out.

And Suga decides to dive in.

"We all know I'm the best kisser in Miyagi," Oikawa boasted.

In the front seat, Hanamaki laughed and Iwaizumi, who was driving, slapped him upside the head.

"Don't be a shit," Iwaizumi told him before turning back to look at Oikawa. "And you, don't be a cocky asshole."

Oikawa just shrugged. He couldn't help that he was a fantastic kisser nor the fact that he knew he was good.

"Considering none of us have actually kissed Oikawa, it makes sense to be skeptical about such a bold claim," Matsukawa teased.

"We could always determine the best kisser in this car by kissing each other and then ranking each other from the best to the worst kisser," Hanamaki suggested.

Iwaizumi glared over at him. "Nice try. I know about you three having a bet about who will get to kiss me first."

"I told you Iwa-chan would find out!" He hit Matsukawa lightly on the arm.

"I think that means we just need a new bet. Who's someone we could all possibly kiss?"

Matsukawa caught Hanamaki's gaze with a smirk. The two exchanged a devious plan through their freakish, almost psychic connection.

"I think I know just the person..." Matsukawa said.

"Oh, that is an excellent idea, Mattsun. Absolutely perfect."

"What are you two going on about? Who should our kissing bet be about now?"

Hanamaki leaned over the center console and looked back at Oikawa. He had a devious grin across his face as he said, "Sugawara Koushi. Karasuno's number two and vice-captain... Unless you had a problem with that?"

They had all been trying to get him to admit his crush on Sugawara since the first Interhigh. Oikawa had stood his ground, not reacting to any of their jokes. But this was a bit too far. It was all fine when he liked Sugawara from afar and knew that if Sugawara dated, it wouldn't be someone he knew well.

The idea of any of his best friends kissing the silver-haired setter, though... That was something he did not want to observe.

"Absolutely not," Oikawa spat.

"Admit that you like him and we can change it," Hanamaki said.

"No..."

"Then it stays. You better get going on getting that kiss if you don't want to lose."

Oikawa reached for Hanamaki but he moved away. Constrained by his seatbelt, Oikawa unhooked it and lounged forward. Iwaizumi was yelling at him, telling him to sit back, but Oikawa had a vengeance.

"Shittykawa, sit the fuck-"

"Iwaizumi!" Matsukawa yelled.

Oikawa heard the crunching of metal. Glass shattered around him and there was a moment he felt weightless. A hand grabbed at the waist of his jeans and tried to pull him back. He caught Hanamaki's eyes—full of fear.

The chaos ended as quickly as it started. Dust settled and Oikawa tried to look around. However, he couldn't move. His head pounded, and he felt the weight of something on top of him.

"Oikawa!" The voice was Iwaizumi's, but he couldn't seem to locate the direction while his ears were ringing.

He passed out, too exhausted to fight the heaviness in his body.

"Oikawa," Suga says, his voice laced with concern. His hands are cupping Oikawa's face, keeping him steady.

The sun streams in from Oikawa's window, basking Suga in a warm light. His features are even prettier this close. Oikawa didn't realize this before, but Suga's eyes aren't just light-brown. There is a burst of gray as if stardust fell from the sky to find a home in his irises.

It's the most beautiful thing Oikawa has ever seen. Suga is an angel on Earth, and Oikawa doesn't think he is worthy. Yet, Suga sits here in front of him, his hands caressing Oikawa's cheeks. Even in his wildest dreams—before the accident—he would have never pictured this happening.

Suga is searching his expression. Oikawa doesn't know what for, but Suga seems to find it. There is a small sigh of relief before he asks, "Are you okay?"

"I— I'm okay." Oikawa tries to find the right words to tell someone that kissing them cured their amnesia (and brought back the memory of a car crash).

"You just kind of paused. I was worried I, maybe, took things too far, but then you weren't responsive to anything."

Oikawa places a hand over Suga's and pulls it away from his face. He intertwines their fingers, using his grip to pull Suga in as he leans forward.

This time it is Oikawa leading the kiss. Unlike their first one, this kiss is jumping into a pool with a cannonball. He swipes his tongue along Suga's mouth, and Suga parts his lips enough to allow Oikawa in.

The hand that is left on Oikawa's cheek slides down to fist into his shirt. Suga attempts to tug Oikawa forward, but Oikawa has a different idea. With his hands moving to Suga's waist, he lifts

him onto his lap.

Oikawa forgets everything but them making out in his room. He mouths at Suga's jaw, his neck... His thoughts drift and his hands follow to the hem of Suga's shirt.

Suga pulls back and grabs Oikawa's hands, moving them away from his body.

"I'm sorry. That's too fast," Oikawa apologizes. "We can take it much slower."

"The pace is fine," Suga smiles. "I just... I need you to tell me what happened when you froze."

"It was nothing really."

Suga cocks his head to the side, eyes narrowing on Oikawa. "Bullshit. Your eyes are different. You snapped out of whatever was happening and then the next time you looked at me, it was just... different. And that kiss... It was also different from the first one, and the only way I know how to describe any of it is that it was just more."

"It was-"

"If you say nothing, I am walking out that door," Suga threatens.

Oikawa sighs. "If you must know, after we first kissed, I kind of, sort of, remembered everything."

"I knew I was a good kisser, but damn. I guess I can cure amnesia now," Suga laughs. Then he stills. His eyes drift to a corner of Oikawa's room, brows furrowed as he thinks. "Wait... You remembered everything, and then... Oikawa Tooru, how long have you had a crush on me?"

"The length of time is irrelevant. Now... Can we get back to kissing?" Oikawa places light kisses up Suga's neck.

"Answer the question, and then we can," Suga says while trying to keep his voice level and unbothered.

When Oikawa moves to bring their lips together, Suga turns away.

"Fine." He sits back to look Suga in the eyes. "Since the first Interhigh where I kicked your ass... Happy?"

"Very," Suga smirks.

They kiss until the sun goes down and Suga has to get home. Oikawa asks him on a date, a real one; to which Suga claims he will only accept after Oikawa finishes his homework. (Even though it is entirely Suga's fault he didn't finish.) Through the teasing and goodbye, Oikawa steals one more kiss. He watches Suga disappear around the corner before he shuts the front door.

Back in his room, he grabs his phone and plops onto his bed.

Conversation: It's Makki's Fault

I win.

Mattsun

You win what?

Makki

Maybe he won a sweepstakes?

Iwa-chan

He's been in the hospital, when would he have entered a sweepstakes?

Makki

Oh Iwaizumi, my dear friend... Being stuck in the hospital is the exact reason he could have entered a sweepstakes. I, myself, entered five while stuck in that hospital bed.

Mattsun

Please stop talking about sweepstakes! I already listened to it for two hours today.

Makki

Fine... what did you win, Oikawa?

I won the kissing bet. These lips were the first to kiss Sugawara Koushi.

Makki

Holy fucking shit! Guess having amnesia really boosts your confidence.

Mattsun

Makki, you idiot.

Iwa-chan

Does this mean?

That I have a boyfriend? Maybe
(͡° ͜ʖ ͡°)

Conversation: It's Makki's Fault

Iwa-chan

Does this mean?

That I have a boyfriend? Maybe
(つ ^▽^)

Iwa-chan

You know what I'm asking, Shittykawa!

Yes, Iwa-chan. I remember my life again

Mattsun

Who knew it just took some tongue-in-mouth action to cure amnesia.

Makki

Do you think if I kiss Sugawara, it will heal my leg?

Mattsun

I don't know about that, but maybe his magic kiss will give you two brain cells instead of one.

Makki

Oh, like you can talk!

Oikawa rolls his eyes as he closes his phone, ignoring the buzzing as his friends continue to pick on each other in the chat. He folds his hands behind his head, smiling as he thinks about his day and all the ones to come.

Matsukawa may have been joking, but Oikawa does think Suga's lips are magic. But it's a magic meant only for him.