So Wrong

by milkyama

Summary

It feels so wrong, yet so right. Oikawa just doesn’t have the heart to say that Iwaizumi is so wrong... that they aren't fated—he doesn't have "Iwaizumi Hajime" printed in cute indigo letters on his wrist—but he can pretend. He just convinces himself that fate must have made a mistake when it came to his mark.

or

Where Iwaizumi has Oikawa’s name, but Oikawa realizes he doesn’t have Iwaizumi’s.

Notes

This is my first venture into the Haikyuu!! fandom, so...wish me luck! Please drop me a comment or something to help me improve!
P.S. This might be unnecessarily angsty, and if so, I'm sorry. I'm used to writing angst.

More notes at the end...

See the end of the work for more notes.
"What's a soulmark?"

Tooru's mother smiled gently, rolling up her sleeves to reveal her soulmark; flowing silver handwriting spelling "Akihiro", wrapping around her wrist like a bracelet made for her.

"Were the girls at school talking about them? It's your soulmate's name, written on your wrist, in a colour special to the two of you," she explained, chuckling as Tooru tried to discreetly check his own wrists. "You don't have one yet, because you're a bit too young to know! It'll appear eventually, as you get older."

Tooru pouted, sitting down on the floor. "Then why is everyone talking about something that doesn't even appear until later? Soulmates can't be that cool."

"Well, a soulmate is someone that you feel comfortable with; a person who accepts you with all your strengths and weaknesses, who will make you feel that you can be yourself and not be judged when with them. That's why many people want to find their soulmate; it's an one-of-a-kind bond with someone special!"

"I still don't get it. What's so great about a stranger who has your name on their arm?"

"You'll learn soon," his mother sighed, patting his head. "It's not as simple as that."

"Iwa-chann!"

Oikawa waves, fixing his hair before lightly jogging over to Iwaizumi. "Today's Iwa-chan's birthday! How do you feel, birthday boy?"

In actuality, he somewhat forgot, but was reminded by his phone calendar that today—June 10th—is indeed his best friend's birthday. He's already wondering what he can buy from the stores as a gift, and already knows that the infamous agedashi tofu will inevitably turn up in his grasp. After all, it is Iwaizumi's favourite food, and what kind of friend would he be if he couldn't at least remember that?

Iwaizumi huffs in disgust, immediately using his hand to mess up Oikawa's hair.

"You were late again, Shittykawa. Next time, I'm leaving if you don't come out on time."

"Wahh! Iwa-chan is being mean and avoiding the question! I took a long time to do this hair, just for you!"

Oikawa sticks his tongue out at Iwaizumi, laughing. He hasn't spoken to Iwaizumi properly in a while, partly because he's been going to school early to practice his serves for the practice match with some school. Now that it's over and done with, he can finally get back to little chats and walks to school with Iwaizumi—something he'd been unknowingly craving.
"Speaking of which, today's the day you get your soulmark, eh? Who do you want it to be? Maybe Ai-chan from Class 2? Or maybe that pretty manager from Karasuno?"

"Shut it, Trashykawa," Iwaizumi growls, shoving his shoulder lightly.

"No no, I'm genuinely curious," he smiles, ignoring the *thump thump* and *whoosh* of blood roaring in his ears.

Oikawa starts to wonder—why does he care about Iwaizumi's soulmate? Why did he spend the night unable to sleep, consumed with thoughts of a girl replacing his spot next to Iwaizumi? He can't imagine it without feeling a twisting in his chest—like he's being cut open and all his organs are being rotated.

"I actually have no idea," Iwaizumi confessed, hiding his reddening face in his hands. "I'm actually really nervous, so stop asking."

Cute. Oikawa thinks, against his own will. It's not often that Iwaizumi is flustered enough to blush a pretty rose pink, but when he does, Oikawa can't help wanting to squeeze him and never let go.

"Iwa-chan's embarrassed! So it really is Ai-chan?" Oikawa asks, masking his emotions under a brilliant pearly smile.

Oikawa, again, ignores the sharp stabbing feeling. There's nothing much he can do that wouldn't ruin their friendship, and that's the last thing he wants to happen. He hates to feel this way towards his friend, but he can't stop falling down this deep sinkhole of *I want him to be mine.*

Oikawa forgot about Iwaizumi and his soulmark, too consumed with doodling little aliens all over his ripped up notebook. Red, green, blue, yellow...

That is, until Iwaizumi nearly knocks over his entire row of desks when he falls out of his chair in the middle of class, hitting his head on the adjacent desk with a sickening *thunk!*

Other students try to help Iwaizumi, who looks like he's been doused in ice cold water, clutching his wrist tightly like a lifeline.

Could it be? Oikawa can't help but dare to hope that his name is written on the hidden wrist—haphazardly small and neat letters spelling out Oikawa Tooru. Can he hope?

Iwaizumi finally lets go of his wrist, assuring his classmates that he is completely fine and that he hasn't been injured by hitting his head against Hanamaki's desk. After a while of spacing out, Iwaizumi finally glances down at his wrist, his eyes immediately snapping to Oikawa's direction.

For a second, Oikawa dares to let his hope grow. Until Iwaizumi zeroes in on the girl sitting to his left.

She's a pretty girl named Rachel. Being a foreign exchange student with caramel hair and stormy blue eyes, even jealous Oikawa has to admit that they look very, *very* good together. He could
imagine this girl getting married to his friend.

And that scares him—more than all of the horror movies he's watched with Iwaizumi, more than angry Iwaizumi back in 5th grade when Oikawa got both of them suspended for a day.

Oikawa didn't think he'd ever been more jealous, and of a girl, too.

When Oikawa excuses himself to go to the bathroom, he runs, tears pooling suddenly at the corners of his eyes.

He's not sure why or when the tears start dripping down his face, but as he curls up on the bathroom floor, his heart aches.

He wants Iwaizumi—not just as his friend, but as his soulmate. He can't help falling for his best friend since childhood, with how good he treated him, the way he was always there to help and defend him—he wanted Iwaizumi to stay by his side forever, as his.

Oikawa can't stand imagining the stupid girl next to his "Iwa-chan", laughing at some sort of inside joke that he isn't in on, celebrating "Iwa-chan"'s birthdays without him, and even calling him "Iwa-chan", the nickname only he, Oikawa, can call Iwaizumi.

Everything hurts; his heart aches, his stomach clenches in disagreement, his nose starts bleeding as he just keeps crying. He can't accept that Iwaizumi isn't his. He can't hate Rachel—she's done nothing wrong. But everything just feels so wrong and he doesn't like it.

He's not sure when he falls asleep against the cool tile wall, but wakes up, the bathroom dark and gloomy. His phone vibrates in his pocket, blaring some god-awful shounen anime soundtrack that Takeru probably set as his ringtone, that stupid brat.

He uses his phone flashlight to find the light switch, flicking it and trying to fix himself in the mirror. He looks like a mess—dried blood, bed head, red and puffy eyes, and a sallow complexion. Oikawa laughs, his dry and crackly voice bouncing off the walls.

He answers his phone, clearing his throat loudly.

"Shittykawa, where are you? I've called you five times already, what's wrong with you?"

"A-ah, nothing, Iwa-chan!" He desperately tries to keep the pep in his voice. "I'm just out buying some things. I swear I'll be back soon! Tell my mom not to worry about me too much."

"You sure, Oikawa?"

"Y-yep! I'm just out at the shops. No worries!"

His mother is going to kill him.

He hasn't even bought anything for Iwaizumi yet.
Fuck.
Revelation

Chapter Summary

Iwaizumi reveals his soulmark, but Oikawa forges his.

Chapter Notes

Well...I came back to write because I was bored. Happy New Years, I guess? I'll just establish a publishing schedule of every Monday, to keep myself from procrastinating :) More notes at the end!

Edit: Would anyone appreciate a Kagehina story...with pastry chefs?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Oikawa's soulmark appears on the morning of his birthday, just like he expected it to. He's not excited—already over the fact that Iwaizumi isn't his soulmate—but it comes as a shocker when the name on his wrist turns out to be "Saito Rachel," penned in small minimalistic letters in a pale celadon. He pales, his stomach disagreeing as he bolts over to the bathroom and throws up.

"Ugh," Oikawa mutters, his vision blurry without his glasses.

And just like that, Oikawa is wide awake, wiping his mouth with his arm and standing up from his kneeling position. What a way to start off my sixteenth birthday, he thinks, groaning—his only consolation being that today is the last day of school.

Right before he walks out the door, his eyes drift to his mother's makeup bag, innocently sitting on the coffee table. It wouldn't hurt to be safe and apply concealer over his soulmark, right? After all, it's clear that he's been set up in a fate that doesn't belong to him, as an unrequited soulmate.

After messily applying a smear of concealer—thankfully somewhat matching his skin tone—he douses it in setting spray, gingerly covering it with a sweatband. Ever since the coach realized the volleyball club had a few too many soulmate pairs within the team, he relaxed the rule about sweatbands on arms—so hopefully it doesn't come off as weird to anyone.

"Crappykawa! You're late again, how many times do I have to tell you that I won't wait for you?"

"Ah! Iwa-chan! I'm sorry, I was too busy looking at my reflection that I forgot the time," Oikawa snickers, watching Iwaizumi's facial expression change to one of disgust. "Next time, you should really go on without me. Not everyone can be as pretty as me, but those who do spend a lot of time admiring themselves."

Iwaizumi smacks the back of Oikawa's head right when he's about to make his trademark winking face, and Oikawa lets out an oof.

"Did you get your soulmark yet?"
Oikawa freezes, his eyes automatically flicking to his sweatband-covered wrist. Iwaizumi may have noticed this paranoia, or may have not. Whatever the case, Iwaizumi stares at Oikawa with a suspicious yet...soft? look, deciding not to pursue the subject any further.

**Shit,** Oikawa screams in his head. *Why did I look at my wrist? Now he definitely knows I'm hiding something. You messed up, Tooru.*

The rest of the walk is quiet, mostly focused on summer plans and volleyball practicing. Iwaizumi mentions Oikawa's birthday once, and doesn't mention it again.

"So, Oikawa. You have your soulmark now, eh?" Matsukawa asks innocently, staring at the sweatband.

Oikawa nearly spits out his water, glaring at Matsukawa who looks back at him indifferently.

"I don't want to talk about it," Oikawa snaps, focusing back on gulping down his water and stretching to cool down.

"Wouldn't you be over the moon if you got your soulmark?"

Oikawa spins around, irritated beyond belief at these *irrelevant* questions they're asking him.

"Wouldn't you be screaming to everyone 'oh my god, I got my soulmark this morning!'?"

"No!" Oikawa screams, snapping from holding in his feelings, his hurt, his *fury*. "No, I wouldn't!"

The changing room goes silent, Hanamaki and Matsukawa's eyes meeting in a chorus of "oh, shit".

"Maybe you and Takahiro are happy as soulmates, but not everyone gets their fairytale ending," Oikawa whimpers, his voice fading to a whisper.

Matsukawa's worried eyes glance at Hanamaki, who—weirdly—laughs and then pats Oikawa on the shoulder gently, murmuring something too soft to be heard.

Oikawa hangs his head, rubbing tiredly at his eyes under his glasses. "I'm sorry, I'm not myself today. I didn't get enough sleep last night. I promise I'll be okay at practice later."

Iwaizumi shoots Oikawa a mildly curious look, tilting his head. "Oikawa."

"Sorry, Iwa-chan, I'll talk to you later!" Oikawa falters, his fake smile slipping off his face for a split second—just long enough for Iwaizumi to doubt that it's real. "I swear I'll be fine after I rest a little bit."

Iwaizumi closes his mouth as Oikawa flounces out of the changing room with a practiced bounce in his step.
"Holy shit," Iwaizumi mutters, cleaning up his bag. "Who the fuck could it be?"

Oikawa leans back against the outer walls, his eyes closed as he eavesdrops on his teammates. Maybe he went off the rails in there, said something he shouldn't have, but he couldn't help but see red when Matsukawa started asking those probing questions; questions obviously crafted just to get him to reveal who it was.

"Iwaizumi, do you know anything?"

"I'd be damned if I knew anything. He's acting like a child."

"I've never seen Oikawa-san angry like that. Normally he's so...flippant about these things."

"Who knows what's making him this way?"

"Eh, Iwaizumi-san, don't you know that he wanted it to be you? Obviously it ended up not being you, so he's upset about that."

"..."

"I'm sorry, forget I said anything along those lines. I'm sure Oikawa-san wouldn't want me to spill anything. Just keep it in mind."

"...Alright."

Oikawa bolts for the door of the gym, heart pounding. **Fuck**, he curses in his mind. It was clear that Kunimi knew everything, the little shit. Kunimi just made everything a billion times more awkward between him and Iwaizumi.

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Oikawa growls in frustration, his serve clipping the edge of the net and bouncing back towards him. He hasn't gotten a single serve in since he started practicing five minutes ago.

"What's up with you, huh?"

Oikawa whips his head around, Iwaizumi casually leaning on the doorframe.

"You don't usually miss, you don't usually get mad at people like you did this morning, and you don't usually look like actual shit. Is it about your soulmark?"

Oikawa thinks about it for a minute. If he tells Iwaizumi, will it make him want to see his mark?

"Yeah," Oikawa mutters, his hand automatically reaching to cover his wrist.

"Well, then what does it say, Shittykawa?"

"You tell me first," Oikawa responds, tugging his wrist away from Iwaizumi's fingers. "You never told me who you got."
Iwaizumi purses his lips, glancing out the door. Oikawa doesn't know how to break the stifling silence, he doesn't know how to return to his status quo. He always believed that it would be Iwaizumi penned on his wrist, had always believed that Iwaizumi would have Oikawa in return, just how fate intended it to be. With the past few days, the only things he's ever believed in wholeheartedly have been shattered beyond repair. He can't believe in fate and miracles anymore, because if they were true, wouldn't he have ended up with Iwaizumi? If fate really did exist, it wouldn't have paired him with an exchange student that would return to her home country in a few hours. If fate really did exist, it wouldn't have created this large empty ravine between two childhood friends, a gap so raw, dark, dangerous. Even if after this, they return to their normal life, things won't ever be the same, and it makes him frustrated.

"Damn it, Tooru," Iwaizumi mutters, covering the lower half of his face with his palms. "Can't you ever answer a question without trouble?"

Oikawa shrugs, hiding his surprise at the use of his given name. Ever since junior high, Iwaizumi hasn't called him "Tooru", claiming that it was too "personal". He loves it, he wishes Iwaizumi called him that on a daily basis, but he can't do much to change Iwaizumi's mind.

Iwaizumi smears his wrist against the side of his sweater, foundation streaks staining the wool in clumps. His wrist comes away red and raw, sections of his wrist still obscured by thin layers of paste. Enough is exposed—Oikawa can clearly read the name on it, can clearly identify it as his own messy sprawling handwriting, can clearly trace his fingers over the midnight blue letters in shock as Iwaizumi watches him with bated breath.

"Holy shit," Oikawa whispers, his mind reeling and his heart beating fast in his chest. "This can't be real. Stop playing with my emotions."

Iwaizumi shakes his head, softly jerking his wrist back from Oikawa's grasp. "It's real. I understand if you don't accept it or--"

Oikawa smashes his lips to Iwaizumi, and feels his soul die a little bit inside.

It feels so wrong, yet so right. Oikawa just doesn't have the heart to say that Iwaizumi is so wrong... that they aren't fated—he doesn't have "Iwaizumi Hajime" printed in cute indigo letters on his wrist —but he can pretend. He just convinces himself that fate must have made a mistake when it came to his mark.

Iwaizumi's lips are warm, sweet, and everything Oikawa had ever imagined they would be. Almost like freshly baked milk bread, like the taste of home. Not that I ever imagined that, he scoffs in his mind, biting down hard on Iwaizumi's bottom lip.

Iwaizumi pulls away from the kiss first, with carnation lips and a dusty blush across his face. "Does that mean you're okay with me being your soulmate?"

Oikawa nods, a wide grin splitting his face as he leans in for another kiss. This time, his teeth knock against Iwaizumi's, and Iwaizumi jerks away, cursing under his breath as he clasps a hand over his mouth.

"Sorry, Iwa-chan!" Oikawa singsongs, tapping Iwaizumi on the nose. "It's okay, later we'll definitely do more."

"Shut up, Crappykawa," Iwaizumi growls halfheartedly, flicking Oikawa in the forehead.
After practice, he frantically searches through his book bag, obtaining a navy ink pen that seems to match the colour on Iwaizumi's wrist more or less. Using a notebook he borrowed from Iwaizumi, he copies the letters onto his arm lightly, blowing on them gently to prevent smearing. He spritzes it with hairspray, recalling the time when the girls in his grade were fascinated with temporary tattoos and made them with eyeliner and hairspray. He hopes the same mechanics apply here. Oikawa will definitely have to invest in a dark blue eyeliner if this doesn't work.

Oikawa knows it's not probably not right to keep fooling Iwaizumi like this—even going so far as to forge a soulmark—but he's already in too deep to retreat.

The rest of his life. It seems like a big commitment to wake up each morning before Iwaizumi, just to conceal a girl's name and write another name in its place.

It's too late for regrets. Fate has definitely made a mistake when it comes to his soulmark; perhaps mixing his name up with a guy back in Rachel's home country.

Rachel. Oikawa's mood sours when he thinks about her. He doesn't want to think about her, especially with the soulmark burning its way into his wrist.

He hopes she never finds out.

"Oi, Trashykawa! Hurry up."

Iwaizumi pops his head around the corner, and Oikawa sends a silent prayer of thanks that Iwaizumi didn't walk in on him drawing his soulmark.

"Iwa-chan, you missed me already?" Oikawa teases, fluttering his eyelashes. "You really like me, don't you?"

"Damn right," Iwaizumi grumbles, turning lightly pink. Oikawa flushes a deep red, not expecting Iwaizumi to be so frank with his feelings.

"Y-you can't just say that out of the blue, Iwa-chan!" Oikawa stammers out, fanning his face to cool it down. "I'm not prepared!"

"Eyyy, so you guys figured things out?" Hanamaki blusters, slapping Oikawa's shoulder as he follows Iwaizumi down the hallway. "First base yet?"

Oikawa's blush—which had just been starting to fade—arrives back with a vengeance, resulting in him smashing his forehead into his bag.

"Wha-" Iwaizumi shouts, pulling Oikawa's face out of his bag. "Stop blushing, Shittykawa!"

"I-I can't!" Oikawa sputters, using Iwaizumi's arm to cover his face.

In the background, he can hear Matsukawa and Hanamaki sniggering at the state he's in as he wills his blood to stop rushing to his damn face.

That is, until Iwaizumi plants a kiss on Oikawa's lips, light and fast but still enough to make
Oikawa's head spin.

"Now stop blushing, Trashykawa, and hurry the fuck up!"

Chapter End Notes

Yep, I'll just establish that I'll be updating on Mondays :) Also, this is the part where I kinda have to say...I don't know how to write smut. If people want it, I'd be willing to give it a try, but I've always been shy about that aspect...so if you want smut, you can just ask or something? And I'll write it? Maybe? Yeah.
Chapter Summary

Rachel returns to Japan and Oikawa realizes too late that he can't hide forever.

Chapter Notes

Warning!!!

There's a slight mention of self-harm in this chapter, please leave or skip over the last line of the chapter if you aren't comfortable. I don't go into detail, but I think it's definitely worth adding a trigger warning. It's not going to happen again, I promise.

Angsty times ahead!

I think I'll end this in about 2 or 3 chapters? It depends how much I get into the story.

Two years have passed since Oikawa and Iwaizumi got together over the summer.

Two years have passed since Oikawa first planted that kiss on Iwaizumi's lips.

Oikawa's been forging his mark for two years...and he's fucking good at it.

Oikawa bites his lip in concentration, laying down smooth strokes of velvety blue eyeliner over the faded marks from yesterday. Tracing Iwaizumi's name has become second nature to Oikawa, and it's not that hard to convince Iwaizumi that yes, I do need blue eyeliner for special occasions. He's a strange person, after all.

Iwaizumi stirs in the bedsheets, and Oikawa hurriedly sprays hairspray over his wrist, stuffing the makeup in a bag embroidered with aliens and taking a seat on the edge of their bed.

After high school, they ended up going to the same university anyways, despite Iwaizumi's original plans of splitting ways after graduation. Iwaizumi insisted it wasn't because of the soulmark thing, but Oikawa is sure that it is. Also because they're dating, but that's another issue. To save money, their mothers suggested they get an apartment together, only a few blocks away from the campus. Oikawa could've sworn there was wild giggling between the two women as they discussed it, but it isn't his place to argue or doubt.

And here he is today, staring at a dozing Iwaizumi. Who would've thought it would be so...easy to forge a soulmark and get his ideal life?

"Oi, Tooru, get back to bed."

Iwaizumi wraps his arms around Oikawa's arm and tugs him into a laying position, flinging his arm across Oikawa's bare chest.
"Wahh, Iwa-chan, so eager to get me into your bed?" Oikawa snickers, nuzzling into the crook of Iwaizumi's arm. "Not that I decline or anything. You're warm."

Iwaizumi pulls Oikawa closer, nestling his chin on Oikawa's head.

"Stop talking," Iwaizumi mutters, drifting back to sleep.

Oikawa's breathing slowly steadies, and drops off as he dozes off, his limbs intertwined with Iwaizumi's.

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When Oikawa wakes up, he frantically punches Iwaizumi in the solar plexus, shouting incoherently.

"What the fuck, Shittykawa?!" Iwaizumi screams, clutching his midsection as he sits up, his forehead smacking into Oikawa's shoulder.

"T-there's a game today! If we don't leave right now, we won't make it on time, Hajime!" Oikawa panics, rubbing his shoulder as he scrambles to find his jersey.

"That's not an excuse to punch me!" Iwaizumi puffs out, winded. "I can't even fucking breathe right now, Crappykawa."

Oikawa tosses Iwaizumi's jersey at him, his shorts and kneepads coming soon after. Iwaizumi hurriedly pulls on his clothes, splashing some water on his face before pulling on his sneakers and grabbing his sports bag.

"Tooru, hurry up!"

"I know! Iwa-chan, are you my mom or something? Stop worrying!"

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Oikawa's fake mark starts smearing after a rough game of volleyball, and he frantically blots at it with a napkin. No luck. It just smears a little bit more. He snarls in frustration, taking out a makeup wipe and scrubbing hard at his wrist. Most of the eyeliner comes off, with trace bits clinging on his skin. After rewriting his mark with eyeliner, he shakes his can of hairspray and attempts to spray it over his arm. There's a light puff—just enough to cover a little bit over half of the mark—but otherwise, he's out of hairspray.
Oikawa wants to scream. Iwaizumi is out there, waiting for him to finish up so they can go home. They have a date tonight and they're going shopping in one of the most crowded shopping districts, Ginza. There's absolutely no way Iwaizumi won't notice.

"Oikawa, hurry up. I have work to do, you can't just stay in the bathroom for two hours."

Oikawa hurriedly digs a worn hoodie out of his bag, slipping the dark blue sleeves over his half-baked mark. "I'm coming, Iwa-chan! Stop rushing me, you know it takes effort to look this flawless every day!"

He can hear Iwaizumi snort in derision even through the door. Oikawa snickers in response, combing lightly through his sweaty hair in an attempt to tame it somewhat.

"Iwa-chan? Do you have hairspray or something?" Oikawa queries, slinging the strap of his bag across his shoulders.

"What? No, of course not. Who else would have hairspray at a volleyball match except for you?"

Oikawa sighs, not really expecting a positive answer, but it still would've been nice to get one. "Yeah, okay. I'm coming out."

He pulls the door open, propping it open with his foot before releasing it and letting it drift shut.

After eating at some little restaurant with surprisingly good food and ambling through bustling night shopping streets, Oikawa is surprised that his mark has stayed intact. The only thing that's lightly smeared is the "I" of "Iwaizumi", which is good.

"Iwa-chan, open up!"

Iwaizumi glances at the section of milk bread Oikawa holds in between his thumb and index finger, then back at Oikawa.

"What, you don't want it?" Oikawa teases, waving his fingers in front of Iwaizumi.

Iwaizumi leans in for a kiss, the taste of tonkatsu ramen and milk bread mingling. It's not a bad taste, Oikawa thinks. Oikawa turns red, propping his chin on Iwaizumi's head as he eats his milk bread in defeat.

"Damn it, Hajime! Why do you always have me blushing like some schoolgirl?" Oikawa groans, nose buried in Iwaizumi's hair.

"Because you are a schoolgirl," Iwaizumi chuckles. "Don't tell me you aren't more vain than some schoolgirls out there."

"Rude, Iwa-chan!" Oikawa giggles, smacking Iwaizumi's shoulder playfully. "You have to be more nice to your boyfriend-"
"Oikawa-san, Iwaizumi-san?"

"Saito-chan?" Iwaizumi asks in surprise, turning around.

Oikawa turns around with him, semi-shocked to see Saito Rachel.

"Saito-chan! What brings you back to Japan?" Oikawa grins, ruffling her hair.

She hasn’t grown much since 2 years ago—maybe a few centimeters more?—with the same golden-brown hair and stormy blue eyes, except her hair now sits in a wavy pixie cut framing her face. Is she skinnier than before? Oikawa can’t quite tell from the loose jacket around her. She’s still just as pretty—he’s always had a thing for half Japanese girls—but she looks tired, with the colourful lights from the shops augmenting her dark eye-bags.

It makes sense that my soulmate would be to my tastes, he bitterly thinks, rubbing at his eyes. Briefly he even wonders if fate will keep dragging them together because of the mark.

"Well, I'm here to search for something," Rachel states, glancing at Oikawa with a weird expression. Is there something on his face? "I lost it back when I was here for school without knowing it and so I came back to look for it."

"Do you have a place to stay while you're looking for this 'thing'??" Iwaizumi slings his arm around Oikawa's midsection, pulling him closer to him. "You can stay at our place if you want; we have a guest room-"

"A-ah, maybe? Give me a few minutes to think about it, okay? Thank you for the offer, Iwaizumi-san." Rachel smiles unconvincingly, eyes flicking to her phone as she frantically types out something.

"Iwa-chan, isn't she kinda acting weird? She's being so...vague about the thing she's searching for. If she really wanted to search for it, she'd be more vocal about what it was, right?" Oikawa whispers in Iwaizumi's ear.

Iwaizumi scoffs. "Shittykawa, it's none of your business what she's searching for. And maybe she just doesn't want a piece of shit like you to help her search."

"Rude!" Oikawa pouts, letting out a *hmph*.

"Sorry, Oikawa-san, could I speak to you in private for a second?" Rachel asks, her voice bordering on some sort of desperation.

"Saito-chan, are you okay? If you need to calm down, we can go somewhere else-" Iwaizumi begins concernedly, getting cut off by Rachel.

"No, no, I need to talk to Oikawa-san right now. Iwaizumi-san, just stay here please," Rachel pleads, hysteria choking off her final words.

Iwaizumi hesitates, Oikawa seemingly reluctant to follow the hysterical Rachel, but pushes him towards her anyways. "Just go, Crappykawa."

Rachel leads Oikawa to a bookstore, leading him down one of the aisles. Oikawa tries to ask her questions on the way, but she cuts him off every time with answers like "Soon," "Yeah" and "Maybe". Oikawa's about to ask her why they're here, but he's instantly cut off when her lips meet his, hard enough to leave bruises.
"W-what the fuck, Rachel?!” Oikawa splutters, covering his mouth with the sleeve of his hoodie. His mind is reeling—he can't believe that the girl that he once considered a rival just fucking kissed him. "I have a boyfriend, Rachel! I'm dating Iwaizumi! You can't just do that without asking-"

Rachel grabs him furiously by the wrist, muttering out something along the lines of "I need proof". Oikawa pushes her away, sprinting for the exit, but Rachel catches up and tackles him to the ground, gripping his hand and yanking down his sleeve.

"Sorry, Oikawa-san," she mutters. "This is the only way."

Under normal circumstances, there would only be his forged soulmark on that wrist.

But today, since he didn't have hairspray, the mark is more vulnerable to smearing.

And it just so happens that Rachel's grip and tug of his sleeve was enough to smear it noticeably.

"I fucking knew it," Rachel curses lightly, taking out a tissue and rubbing at his wrist. "You forged Iwaizumi-san's name, didn't you? I can't believe it."

Rachel scrubs hard, leaving his wrist raw and red, until the letters of "Saito Rachel" glint in the light like jade. Her eyes widen, tracing over her name on his wrist as she flings her jacket off and rolls up the sleeve of her blouse—revealing "Oikawa Tooru" in the same chartreuse shade on her wrist.

"Damn it, you sicko," she hisses between gentle sobs. "I can't believe you did this to me. I've been desperate, trying to make enough money to fly back over here to find you, only to see you trying to live a fake life and not even making an effort to find me. I would've forgiven you for that, but Iwaizumi-san has also been tricked by you. Did you never think about the consequences?"

She takes a picture with her phone, her hands shaking. Oikawa's body is numb—refusing to listen to his internal scream of **Run**. He laughs bitterly. Everything he's ever worked for has gone up in flames in just an instant. Of course he thought about the consequences. He thought about every way this could have ended. He's too selfish to give up Iwaizumi to another, he's too selfish to give Rachel the happy ending she deserves, he's too selfish to do the right thing—even if it hurts him. How could this have ended any other way? Oikawa's half-tempted to just laugh and laugh until he goes mentally insane.

Rachel stands up, stumbling as she sobs. "Iwaizumi-san is going to know everything. I can't believe I took two years, **two years** out of my life savings just to come here and find you, when you didn't give half a shit about me or how I felt about this arrangement. You know, I would've been okay right now if you had just asked me before we graduated. If you just had come and asked me if you could be with Iwaizumi-san, I would've said yes and been happy for you two! It would've been okay. I wouldn't be here in Japan pathetically crying over my soulmate who decided to ignore everything fate told him and lie to everyone."

Oikawa opens his mouth to respond, but closes it. What could he say that wouldn't make the situation worse? Nothing. The hole is too deep for him to climb out again.

Instead, Oikawa runs. And this time, Rachel doesn't stop him.

He runs until his heart pounds faster than it ever has in his 12-plus years of playing volleyball. He runs until his throat is raw, until his lips are stained with blood, until his hair is in a massive disarray, until he can stop the salty tears flowing down his face enough to flick open an army knife.

And he proceeds to destroy his soulmark, his fingers and wrist becoming slick with maroon blood, and he just silently cries and signs himself into a hospital.
Forgiving

Chapter Summary

Oikawa forgives and forgets after recovery, but Iwaizumi most definitely doesn't.

Chapter Notes

Feeling kinda tired this week, and one of my family members is sick...great :) 

I was debating on whether or not to release this crappy chapter, but ultimately decided to do so because I was too tired to fix it. I need some tea after this...

Oikawa opens his eyes to screaming and yelling.

"I'm telling you, I need to see him! God damn it, you incompetent doctor bastard!"

"Sir, your mental state is not stable right now. I'm afraid we cannot let you visit the patient in this...intoxicated state."

"Can't you just fucking tell me why he's here?"

"Apologies. Patient confidentiality is important to us here. Unless you can show us proof that you are somehow related to him, or he gives us permission to let you in, we are required by the law to keep you out."

More shouting ensues, and then a series of stumps that fade away. Oikawa's eyes flutter closed as he breathes in and out, trying to recall the train of events that led him to this situation.

Exhibit 1: Saito Rachel arrives.

Exhibit 2: Saito Rachel drags Oikawa Tooru to bookstore.

Exhibit 3: Oikawa Tooru is a dumbass and doesn't fight off Saito Rachel.

Exhibit 4: Saito Rachel starts screaming and crying.

Exhibit 5: Oikawa Tooru runs and mauls his soulmark to shreds.

Exhibit 6: Oikawa Tooru arrives at the hospital and faints right on the floor.

Oikawa rubs at the pure, clean bandages around his wrist, head falling back on the pillow behind him. It's nighttime, Oikawa halfheartedly thinks, the moonlight being the only thing illuminating the ward he's in. He flicks on the lamp beside him, wincing at the brightness hitting his eyes.

He absently scratches at his bandages, the textured gauze making light scraping sounds against his nails. What does he do now?
"Well, I see you're awake."

Oikawa blinks almost owlishly at the nurse coming through the door. She's short and blonde, holding an armful of materials that she dumps onto his lap.

"Did you know someone claiming to be your soulmate came to visit you? He was totally wasted, I'll tell you that," the nurse whispers, checking the IV drip in his arm. "Even if he was your soulmate, I wouldn't have let him in. From the damage you did to your soulmark, he probably did something rather terrible."

Oikawa shakes his head, his words coming out hoarse and crackly. "No. I'm the one that did something terrible."

"Even if you were the one who caused the incident, you can forgive, can't you? Don't ruin your entire life just because of this one moment. Move on," she advises, unwrapping the bandages around his arm. "I have to say, you did a surprising amount of damage to your arm. It'll probably scar and leave your soulmark unreadable. If that's what you were going for, congratulations, but there were better ways to get the same result without slitting your entire arm open. For instance, you can get a tattoo or a skin graft over it. Much easier, and less work for the people who have to try and save you after you nearly die of blood loss."

She smiles dryly, tossing the used bandages into a container. "It was a fun time, you know. We had to get a bunch of last-minute blood donors to donate a shit ton of blood to save you."

"Sorry," Oikawa whispers, looking at his scabbed over wrist. "I was panicked and I had a knife, so..."

"It's okay," she chuckles, patting his head. "I kinda did the same thing when I was younger. I went and burned my soulmark with a lighter. Hurt like hell but worked well. I was a bit of a troublemaker back in my uni years."

The nurse wraps a new bandage around his arm, checks his temperature, and squeezes his uninjured arm.

"It'll all end up working out the way it's supposed to be. Fate is a bitch sometimes."

"Ah, thank you," Oikawa squints at the small nameplate on her white scrubs. "Tanaka Saeko. Saeko-san?"

"Yes?" she responds, turning around at the doorway.

"If it's not an inconvenience," Oikawa fidgets, the bed creaking lightly underneath him. "Would you please tell the person who came to see me that I'm sorry and ask him to send my belongings to Hanamaki's place? If he asks why, just tell him that I can't stay with him anymore."

"Sure! So Oikawa-kun is sorry, wants him to send all his stuff to Makki-kun's place, because he can't stay with him. All right?"

"Yep! Thank you, Saeko-san!" Oikawa chirps, a weight lifted off his chest.
Two days pass. Oikawa is discharged from the hospital after a semi-serious lecture from Saeko. Hanamaki doesn't ask any questions, but frequently sneaks worried glances at Oikawa's still healing wrist. Oikawa tries to practice volleyball but opens his wound again, resulting in a screaming Hanamaki tossing band-aids into the air. Iwaizumi doesn't attempt to contact him, but Rachel leaves him a voice message about how "sorry" she is. Bullshit, how sorry can she be when she's the one that tattled to Iwaizumi?

Another week passes. Oikawa gets used to the creaking of the bed from Hanamaki and Matsukawa's room. He doesn't really mind—he knows they're trying their best to be considerate of him, and he wasn't going to sleep properly anyways. It's awkward to set to Iwaizumi when Oikawa has to bite back the reflex of calling him Iwa-chan and Iwaizumi can't even meet his eyes. Again, Rachel leaves another voice message, asking to meet at the ramen shop that he and Iwaizumi had their last date at.Insensitive much?

A month passes. Oikawa spends his nights in other people's beds—male or female, older or younger, he doesn't care anymore, as long as they keep him from overthinking at night. Matsukawa asks where he goes at night. Oikawa stays silent and drops a glass cup. Matsukawa doesn't press the subject. The coach takes Iwaizumi off the first string, explaining that if he can't work well with the setter then he shouldn't be playing in games. Rachel texts him, asking for his address. How annoying, can't she see that he doesn't want to see her?

Two months pass. Rachel suddenly shows up at the door holding a loaf of milk bread. Oikawa takes the milk bread, listens to her ramble for a little bit, shrugs and slams the door on her. After this incident, Oikawa finds a cheap place to rent and moves out. The coach asks about the tense relationship between him and Iwaizumi. Oikawa responds with a shitty explanation containing a fight about whether ramen and udon are the same thing. The coach doesn't question his explanation. Rachel doesn't contact him again. Oikawa receives a powerful spike from Iwaizumi sloppily, bruising up the area around the scar where his soulmark would've been. Iwaizumi doesn't apologize but hands him a cold waterbottle.

Oikawa thinks he can exist without Iwaizumi. Sure, it hurts whenever he sees Iwaizumi at practice and it hurts when Iwaizumi doesn't spare him a glance. It hurts when their teammates stare at his scarred arm and look back at Iwaizumi's arm, proudly wearing Oikawa's name with a jagged line through it—the aftermath of Oikawa slicing his arm open and ruining the soulmark. It hurts even more when his eyes involuntarily always, always go back to Iwaizumi, when his shoulders bump against Iwaizumi's when standing on the end line, when Oikawa inevitably goes to the supermarket and reaches for the same item as Iwaizumi, their fingers brushing together until Oikawa steps back and looks down.

It may hurt, but eventually he'll learn to breathe without support, and let his heart beat for another.
Oikawa meets Iwaizumi while they're both trying to add people to their (rather small) body counts.

Hi...?
I'm sorry, I almost missed today as well :(<br>Uh, so I think there might be two or three chapters I'll write after this? I just want to finish this so I can get on to other projects :)<br>If someone can give me an opinion, do people like short stories or long stories?

"Oikawa, you can't do this forever. It's not healthy, and you know it. I care, Issei cares; heck, even Iwaizumi still cares no matter how much he ignores you! You shouldn't be hooking up with a different person every night just to get over him! I get that you're horny and lonely but-"

"Makki, are you my mom? No? Then stop preaching to me and tell me how I look," Oikawa smiles, slight venom backing his saccharine words. "I would hate to spend the night alone because I wasn't up to standards because you didn't give me a second opinion. Now tell me, is it good?"

Hanamaki sighs, leaning back into the beat-up couch. "Yeah, sure, I guess you look good. You need to iron that shirt though, it's more wrinkly than my aunt. And she's dead."

Oikawa pulls at the hem of his flowy black t-shirt, looking at Hanamaki with horror.

"Makki, you're being mean! It's good though, right? I'm sexy enough to get hit on by a stranger with this outfit choice-"

"I don't think that's a good thing, Oikawa," Hanamaki states, making a face. "In fact, I think that's a terrible thing to want. You need to get your head out of your ass and talk about it with Iwaizumi. And maybe while you're at it get his dick in your ass-"

"Hanamaki Takahiro!" Oikawa screeches, smacking him hard with the hat in his hand. "Stop it!"

Hanamaki shies away, falling onto the floor as Oikawa chases after him. "I'm kidding, I'm kidding!"
Jeez, take a chill pill or something. I'm just telling you, you need to communicate with him and at least make an effort to fix things! I can't take you being all mopey and being the third wheel all the time! Just fix it!"

Oikawa sighs, sitting down on a chair and fixing his bangs. "Man, I should really go and cut my hair. It's getting long, should I get a different style?"

"You haven't cut it since the 'Incident', right?" Hanamaki replies, crooking his fingers into air quotes. "Honestly, I don't get you. Either get over it or don't, stop acting so passive-aggressive about it. The fact that you still want me to call it the 'Incident' proves you still care waaayyy too much about it for it to be a normal breakup."

"Hanamaki, I don't want to talk about it. Can I just enjoy my night and not have to discuss this every single time I wanna go out with you two?"

"Fine," Hanamaki sighs out, defeated. He makes a mental note to discuss this with Matsukawa later and come up with another plan to get these two idiots back together. "But you'd better sit the fuck down one of these days and talk it out."

Oikawa waves him off, applying concealer underneath his eyes in an attempt to cover up the dark purplish-black circles—the result of too many nights without sleep, whether from being in someone else's bed, or crying himself to sleep at midnight.

"Makki, can you do my eyeliner?"

Hanamaki rolls his eyes, standing up and taking the cylindrical tube from Oikawa's fingers. "I don't get why you can't do it yourself. It's not like you're bad at it or anything, and I'm not exactly the best at it."

"I can't get them even," Oikawa sulks, his eyelids fluttering closed as Hanamaki uncaps the tube with a click. "One ends up being thicker and longer than the other and it looks weird. You may not have the steadiest hand but at least you can get them closer to even."

The felt tip of the eyeliner touches the inner corner of Oikawa's left eye, slowly and painstakingly dragging out to the outer corner before languidly shifting upwards a little bit and coming back down at a lighter angle. The tip touches down and drags at a section past his eyelid before moving on to the other eye, completing the same ritual.

"I think they're good enough. You can open your eyes."

Oikawa blinks, the bright lights disorienting him temporarily. He draws closer to the mirror.

"Shit, is this the blue eyeliner?"

"Hmm?" Hanamaki brings the container closer to his eyes, skimming over it. "Yeah, it's dark blue. Why, is there a reason?"

Oikawa doesn't tell Hanamaki how this eyeliner is the one he used to forge Iwaizumi's name. He doesn't feel like redoing it with black eyeliner, so he leaves it as is, though it still bothers him quite a bit.

"It's nothing," he fibs, searching through his makeup bag for his eyelash curler. "I was just surprised, I don't usually use that one for normal outings."

He whizzes through the rest of his makeup, applying mascara rather hurriedly but somehow still able
to make them look astonishingly non-clumpy.

"Is Mattsun here yet? It's been quite a while since I last saw him."

"He's okay. It's been busy at work since their stock is coming in slow and people are ordering faster than they can manage. I had to give him three full thermoses of coffee so he wouldn't fall asleep at-

A bang sounds on the door, Oikawa weirdly able to tell who it is based on the degree of the bang.

"Makki, go get the door! It's Mattsun!"

Hanamaki yelps, his knee banging against the bottom of the table he's sitting at. He rubs his knee, face contorted into an expression of pain.

"Fuck," he moans, hobbling toward the door. "Issei, carry me. I can't walk, I've been crippled for life!"

Matsukawa sniggers, closing the door behind him. "You're so dramatic. You're almost as bad as Oikawa."

"Hey! I heard that, Mattsun! Mean!" Oikawa screams from the other room, standing up fast enough to fling his chair backwards. "You know, I'm not deaf!"

Oikawa picks his phone up from the table, pressing the power button.

"Holy shit, we should go now! Mattsun, you're driving!"

"Of course I'm driving, I wouldn't trust you with my life."

"That hurts, Mattsun! My heart!"

"Ah, Oikawa-san, you're so refreshing! Honestly, you're more interesting than everyone else in this room."

The woman sitting next to him gulps down the remainder of her drink, slamming down on the table with a contented sigh. "Can I get two Cognacs? Put everything from tonight on my tab!"

Her vibrantly red-streaked hair contrasts sharply with the softness and cheerfulness of her facial features. She's rather short, only coming up to just below his shoulder at about 150 centimeters. From what he can tell, she's a regular visitor at the bar. Her name is Akane—if he's remembering her name correctly apart from all the other nights—and she's rather interesting, to say the least.

"Aka-chan, don't you think you're drinking a bit much? Cognac's a pretty strong liquor, especially for someone as small as you," he teases, sipping at whatever the fruity drink in his hand is, because god knows what he blurted out when he came in here. "We wouldn't want you to get drunk and
forget the good time we're going to have, would we?"

Akane giggles, her cheeks and the tips of her ears red with inebriation. "I come here to get drunk quick and fast. Trust me, I don't forget."

Oikawa puts on a dazzling smile, ready to spill more honeyed flirtatious words when he chances a glance behind Akane.

He freezes, his eyes stuck on the scene in front of him. Or rather, the person in front of him.

Iwaizumi sits on a bar stool, facing a man drinking white wine. Iwaizumi's wearing the leather jacket that Oikawa bought for him that one time with ripped skinny jeans and a skintight white t-shirt and Oikawa could not want to melt into a puddle more than right now. Iwaizumi has the most beautiful smile as he talks to this man, who isn't Oikawa, who's probably smart and intelligent and everything that Oikawa's not.

Iwaizumi doesn't even care about whether Oikawa still cares or not. He doesn't care that Oikawa's heart just stuttered in his chest even though he convinced himself he's over this doomed relationship. Iwaizumi doesn't care that Oikawa is jealous, oh so jealous even though they aren't even together anymore.

Oikawa doesn't want to feel like this anymore. He wants to just get over it already so he doesn't have to hurt more.

"Oikawa-san? Are you okay? You seem distracted," Akane laughs, putting her hand on his shoulder. "If you want, we can get out of here. Maybe go somewhere more...private."

Oikawa breathes in, the smell of cigarette smoke and alcohol clouding his mind as his eyes flutter closed, his eyelashes brushing lightly against his face. He takes a moment to gather his bearings before opening his eyes, plastering a fakely lopsided smile on his face.

"Sure."

From the corner of his eyes, he swears that Iwaizumi casts him a glance, but decides to brush it off as he walks out the door, Akane hanging onto his arm tightly.
Confrontation

Chapter Notes

Guess who's sick again?!

It's me, of course! How fun!

In all seriousness, I'm really tired so this chapter is shorter than usual.

"Fuuuuucckkkkk," Oikawa groans, throwing the sheets off his half-naked body. "I hate being a lightweight."

His head pounds, his mouth dry and his body disgustingly warm. Akane has already left, her clothes and shoes gone from the floor. Oikawa takes a shower, the steam and hot water serving as a mild relief from his raging headache. He gets soap in his eyes by accident, yelping as he rubs at his eyes to stop the pain that multiplies by tenfold when combined with the soreness of his entire body. He gets dressed, his shirt wrinkled from being thrown on the floor in a heap, pulling his shoes on and shutting the door with a click.

"Shit," Oikawa groans, each step he takes sending another wave of pain to his throbbing head. "I can't even make it back to the apartment at this rate."

He decides to ditch the plan of walking all the way back to his apartment to take a painkiller, and instead opts to walk into the nearest convenience store. He must look like a mess, with dripping wet hair, red eyes and wrinkled clothing. He sifts down the aisles, finding the section with ibuprofen and reaching out a hand to grab the one at the very front.

Karma is a bitch for making another hand collide with his on the way to the bottle.

Oikawa recoils, taking a second before recognizing the other person as Iwaizumi. He backs away, muttering a soft "Sorry," and letting Iwaizumi grab his bottle first. Iwaizumi tilts the bottle of pills off the shelf, the little capsules rattling in the plastic container as he holds it in his fingers.

"Oikawa-" Iwaizumi begins.

"Iwaizumi, just don't. I don't want to have to deal with this right now," Oikawa pleads, looking down at his pristine red Converse. "I-I don't think I can take the stress-"

"No, you're going to talk it out with me right now. I'm looking to get some fucking closure, not be sappy and get back together with you. Jesus, could you not focus everything on you for a moment? I have feelings too, damn it, and I want everything explained," Iwaizumi growls, grabbing Oikawa's wrist and pointing at the discoloured area that his soulmark had once been.

"C-can we go somewhere else?"

Iwaizumi ends up following Oikawa to his apartment after buying painkillers respectively. Oikawa closes the door behind him, letting out a breathy sigh. He'd been hoping that Iwaizumi would never confront him, but he supposes this had to come at some point.
"I want the whole story. From when you got the soulmark to when Saito Rachel saw it. Don't skimp out on the details."

"Do I have to-"

"Yes, whatever it is, sure."

Oikawa narrates the whole story, detailing the horror he felt when he ended up with Saito Rachel's name on his wrist, the guilt he felt when he decided to go along with Iwaizumi's soulmark and change his, how he mutilated his soulmark because he didn't want a soulmate anymore after all the shit that happened.

Iwaizumi goes silent, Oikawa nervously fiddling with the hem of his shirt and avoiding Iwaizumi's piercing gaze.

"You're really selfish, you know?"

Oikawa's head snaps up, but Iwaizumi holds up a hand to stop him from speaking.

"You're selfish—all of this has been only to further your own...sick fantasy, I suppose. You were horrified because you wanted me, because in your fantasy, we were soulmates. You were guilty because you knew your decision would make you fucking pay in the end. You cut open your entire fucking arm so I wouldn't come bother a "sick person who can't see you without wanting to hurt themselves". Tell me if I'm correct or not about this. You're a whole piece of idiot, dumbass, whatever. No, I don't understand why you would take this impossibly long and stupid path to just telling me you weren't my fucking soulmate. If you had just told me, I would've said that I didn't believe in this soulmate crap anyways and we wouldn't have this issue, because I don't like you just because of the damn soulmark."

The last statement leaves Oikawa slack-jawed. "...I don't like you just because of the damn soulmark."

"Iwaizumi-"

"I'm sorry, I need some space. I'll come back after a month, see if you're mentally okay enough for me to beat the fucking stupidity out of you."
Things don't really change, but at the same time, they do.

Seasons pass, the leaves fall, the days get shorter and longer just as they should.

Iwaizumi changes, sure. He gets a bit more wary of people, smiles a bit less, becomes a mild workaholic. Nothing big, just small changes that happened over the years.

But the biggest change happens to Oikawa.

It's not as if overnight he became a saint of some sort, no. It's more like he started seeing the world with a different pair of eyes. Swore off dating so he could focus on himself rather than someone else. Tried his best to tone down his personality to the point where it wasn't obnoxious anymore. Stuff like that.

They haven't talked much. Maybe occasionally Oikawa will greet him and Iwaizumi will respond with a nod. In volleyball he'll call for a toss. Simple, little things. They never took the time to talk anything over.

At this point, they might not want to. Possibly, Oikawa still holds some regret over it. Possibly, Iwaizumi still misses his best friend.

But it's so much easier to just bury everything and start anew, as if nothing ever happened.

And they do that.

Oikawa stops one day to ask Iwaizumi how he's doing, and for the first time in a while, Iwaizumi smiles. They walk each other home after practice, get midnight snacks from the supermarket together, let out some steam about a particularly difficult team member. Hang out at each other's apartments, celebrate birthdays, pretend as if the same things hadn't happened for years. Tease each other, get into fights, just like the old times. They kiss, confess with cheesy quotes and burnt cupcakes and melting candles.

He gets a tattoo to replace the empty space on his arm. This time, it says Iwaizumi Hajime in blue loopy letters. This time, he can love his soulmate. Not a fated soulmate, but his soulmate.

This time, it's just right.

Chapter End Notes

Finally, it's over! I'm really happy I took the time to figure out what I wanted from this last chapter. With this, I can finally rest. I hope you all enjoyed the (really long) journey that this story was!
Thank you for supporting So Wrong!

End Notes

Should I continue this? I'm not sure...

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!