Castle Under Siege
by Headphone_Love

Summary

Oikawa lacks in confidence.
Hinata has enough to make up for it.

Notes

Request was:
Hinata running but not paying attention till he ends up at a university and is about to start asking how to get back when he spots Oikawa leaving the gym with annoyance?

Hope I did it justice for you and that you enjoy reading :D

See the end of the work for more notes.

Hinata had a bad habit of getting into situations he would have rather avoided altogether.

Like the time he went to the bathroom and every person he had ever challenged in volleyball somehow managed to meet him there. Or that time he got himself so worked up that he puked on Tanaka and slammed a ball into the back of Kageyama’s head.
Or…

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“Slow down, dumbass!”

Hinata turned and grinned, sticking his tongue out. “Why, can’t keep up?!”

Without looking back, Hinata sped up, not caring that this wasn’t the usual route he took or that Kageyama’s voice had fallen awfully silent. All he cared about was winning, which he was totally doing. Hinata turned with a grin, ready to relish in Kageyama’s frustration until he realised Kageyama was nowhere to be found.

Neither was his team or anyone that looked remotely like he did.

Hinata, catching his breath, straightened up and came to a slow jog, trying to recognise his surroundings but coming up with nothing. This made him stop completely, heart pounding in his ears.

He blamed Kageyama.

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Now. Like right now.

Even after walking for ten minutes straight, Hinata had yet to run into many people. If he did, they’d look at him and move on, probably not thinking much. ‘First things first, find someone to ask for help,’ he thought, walking up to the first people he saw.

“Hello, uh, could you help me figure out how to get back to Karasuno?”

It was only after the fact that he noticed that they were staring at him weirdly. Maybe they just didn’t know where Karasuno was.

“Do you have a cell phone I could use?”

The second-year felt himself break into a new sweat when they began to speak a language that was not Japanese...at least not any version he knew. With a second look, Hinata had a feeling they were foreigners, and with his orange hair, Hinata wondered if they thought he was as well. After a few moments, he could make out a few words and perked.

English. This was English.

He could kinda do that.

“Ah...sorry, could you...help me?” Hinata said as clearly as he could, the people seeming to understand considering how their faces brightened. Hinata let out a breath of relief, glad his tutoring with Yachi paid off somehow.

His victory was short-lived, however, as they began to rattle off to him so fast he could barely keep up until his brain was a mix of English words he caught but couldn’t put in the right order. Talking in English was one thing…. understanding on the other hand…

As the two people began to try and talk slowly, Hinata’s ears picked up on the sound of something slamming nearby. His gaze was drawn behind the poor people attempting to talk to him, the door to the gymnasium wide open as someone walked out of it. Upon closer inspection, Hinata was shocked
Hinata couldn’t recall ever seeing the Grand King look so...angry, though.

“Ah, sorry. Friend, uh, found! Have good day!” Hinata shot out with a wave as he blew past the two people, not stopping until he was close enough to call for the familiar person. He could hear the other two screaming at him with urgency, but his focus was on the familiar face. “Grand K—”

He tripped forward, managing to catch the sight of one of his laces getting caught under his other foot.

Of course his laces were untied right now.

With his arm in front of him to break the fall, Hinata managed to instead grab a hold of the back of the setter’s shirt instead. A part of him was screaming internally because that was the last thing he had wanted to do. It didn’t help that the Grand King turned and slapped his hand away, effectively pushing him onto the ground. Hinata winced and rubbed his wrist, about to utter an apology until he looked up to see a shocked Oikawa eyeing him.

“Chibi-chan?”

“Hey~” Hinata said, voice going high out of the awkwardness he had created. He quickly moved to his feet, brushing his hands off and shoving them into his jacket pockets. “You...uh…talk?”

The Grand King frowned at the offer, Hinata not sure why he had said that instead of asking how to get the hell back to Karasuno. After taking a closer look, however, Hinata could see that something was off about him. It must have been reflex, considering that whenever Kageyama made a face similar to it, Hinata’s urge to help was instant. Something about this setter’s expression made Hinata feel a bit more on edge...as if it was something really big to him.

“Sure, Chibi-chan. It’s been a while, so why not make it a treat?”

Poking at the shaved ice in front of him with his spoon, Hinata kept looking back and forth between the sweet and the Grand King. Said male was smiling at him with his cheek resting in one of his palms as he also used a spoon to poke at the dessert. He seemed to have reverted to his usual cocky self, but Hinata wasn’t buying it.

“So, what brings you here, Chibi-chan~?”

Hinata cleared his throat, placing his spoon down. If he told Oikawa the truth now, then he wouldn’t get to the bottom of that expression. It didn’t seem like anyone had been going after him once he left either, so that would mean he would be alone.

A throb in his chest made him clench his hand into a fist.

“You were upset.”

Oikawa didn’t change expressions, simply sighing and placing his spoon down as well. “I wasn’t. I was getting some air. The weather is getting warmer and it’s nicer out so it’s a shame to be in a stuffy gym all day.”

Hinata frowned, tilting his head and taking a closer look at Oikawa. “If you were, why did you just...
leave with me? Shouldn’t you be back there practicing?”

No response.

Hinata leaned back and crossed his arms, watching Oikawa’s gaze shift to out the window instead.

“You know, Chibi-chan, I remember you being annoying, but not this annoying.”

A pause.

“Ha!” Hinata demanded, standing up from his seat. He had a hard time considering they were in a booth, but he remained standing regardless, a bit of colour on his cheeks.

“On the court, Chibi-chan. Seeing you constantly moving annoyed everyone you played against, I included.”

Hinata faltered a bit, looking away and crossing his arms again. “Well...that was my job as a decoy. I would never take it easy on an opponent,” he defended, plopping back into his seat. It took him all of ten seconds after that to realise Oikawa had managed to change the topic, hands moving to lay flat on the table. “But that still doesn’t explain why you aren’t at practice right now! You love volleyball an—”

“Used to.”

The words made a chill move down Hinata’s spine, mouth feeling a bit like someone had shoved cotton into it. “...what?”

Oikawa didn’t hesitate to speak again, eyes seeming fairly interested in the people walking around what Hinata now knew was a college campus. “I used to love volleyball.”

No explanation as to why things changed, no reasoning...just... that.

Hinata wasn’t sure why he felt so riled up, but the heat in his face was unbearable. “You might have found me annoying, but at least I’m not a liar,” he said softly.

Oikawa’s eyes snapped to him in an instant, and maybe if this had been earlier, he would have flinched. Now, however, he kept eye contact with an upset look of his own.

“You’re talking big words for someone who shouldn’t even be here. What, did you wander too far from Tobio? He’s probably looking for his pet.”

Ignoring the obvious attempts at deflecting, Hinata stood. “I shouldn’t be here, but your weakness is freaking me out,” he insisted, lips pressed into a line. “You’re scared of something. What is it? Being in this big school? Being with players who are stronger than you?”

Standing, Oikawa shifted out of the booth and was about to leave, but Hinata moved faster and held out his arms to prevent the other from walking around him.

“We aren’t done.”

“I believe we are,” Oikawa said with his signature smile, Hinata stepping closer and shaking his head.

“You believe wrong. Now sit.”

Oikawa was tense, seeming to come to terms with the fact that Hinata didn’t care if he made a scene
or not. This wasn’t his school, and these people he would never see again. With a slight flush to his cheeks, Oikawa sat back down, Hinata following suit and placing his hands together on the table. The ginger kept his eyes on his own hands, not sure where to go from here. One wrong word can have Oikawa out of this shop easily, but Hinata also wanted to make sure the king was still active when he got to university level. If he wasn’t, then Hinata and Kageyama would never get to go against him. They wouldn’t be able to go against one of their strongest rivals in the game.

Now that Hinata thought about it more, how could one of the best and strongest hate volleyball out of nowhere? Hinata couldn’t imagine ever coming to hate volleyball even if the world told him to. Hinata would rather do anything than give up volleyball!

“Seriously, grand king. If you expect me to believe you hate volleyball, you must think I’m still the same as my first year,” Hinata said with a shake of his head. “Even Bakageyama admits you worked harder than anyone when it came to volleyball so why would you even sa—.”

“They told me to leave for the day.”

Hinata looked up from the table, seeing Oikawa’s jaw clench. While he wasn’t spilling his guts, it was a start.

“And?”

“Nothing. I just did,” Oikawa grumbled, running a hand over his face and pinching the bridge of his nose. “What else is there to do?”

Hinata felt an eye twitch. It was so... *simple-minded.* He knew that not everyone could jump in headfirst like he often did, but to just give up was so foreign to him it was in the realm of impossibility.

“Why’d they ask you to leave?” Hinata asked, picking his spoon up and taking a bite of the dessert. It was nice, but it was partially to keep him from losing it on the Grand King and asking where the hell his fighting spirit had gone. If he was going to act like a child, Hinata would treat him no different than he did Natsu.

He’d start with questions.

Tilting his head, Oikawa rubbed his neck, probably stiff with tension. “I don’t know.”

Okay, then point out the obvious and show it’s normal.

“Psh. No one asks you to leave practice for no reason. Trust me, I’ve been kicked out of plenty to know that.”

Oikawa nodded. “Yeah...didn’t you blow the rug off your principals head or something one time...?”

Straightening up, Hinata flushed. Natsu wasn’t at the age where she got smart on purpose yet, so this wasn’t expected. He was about to defend himself until Oikawa grinned and leaned in.

“On the first day too...Daichi had a fun time talking about that at meetups. The hyperactive first years that turned into the monsters known today.”

A compliment, but there was something sad within his tone that Hinata couldn’t help but catch. He swallowed hard and eyed the sweet on the table.
“You’re a monster too, you know.”

Oikawa’s grin faded. “Not around these parts. No matter how much you work on something...nothing beats natural talent, Chibi-chan. Especially when you have physical limitations.”

“Lim...limitations?” Hinata whispered, feeling his expression darken. He pointed a finger to himself with a hint of disbelief. “You’re talking to me about physical limitations? The shortest middle blocker in the league?”

Hinata knew that Oikawa was talking about his knee. Everyone knew that the Grand King had injured himself at this point, but the words hit Hinata harder than they probably should have. He didn’t know Oikawa: they weren’t friends at all. The only thing that connected them was volleyball and maybe Kageyama.

That didn’t mean he would let Oikawa think his injury made him any less great.

Noticing that Oikawa had been awfully silent, Hinata tensed. He began to expect an explosion: for the Grand King to snap at him for comparing two different things, for him to hit him, throw the sweet in his face and walk out...

What he got instead, was laughter. One that made Oikawa place a hand on his stomach, face melting into a calmness Hinata didn’t know he had wanted to see.

“What a sad face for someone you barely know,” Oikawa murmured with a shake of his head. “You’re a weird one, Chibi-chan. I hope you know that. I’ll give it to you though, you definitely are the last person to talk to about physical limitations.”

Oikawa picked up a spoon, finally digging into the already melted dessert. “And no...they didn’t ask me to leave for my knee if that is what you were wondering. It’s been a lot better than most would think, actually,” he assured, Hinata not sure why he felt relief at that information. “They asked me to leave because...because I was good.”

Hinata made a face, eating a bit more before pointing his spoon at Oikawa. “Isn’t being good the reason they scouted you?”

“They scouted me because they wanted me to be great...not just good. Just good is when you get put on the sidelines and provide moral support.”

Hinata knew the feeling, especially considering there had been times where he wasn’t as useful as he could have been. With Kageyama, he had awoken his potential...what a lot of people called his natural talent. That term had always been jack shit to him, really. It undermined the effort that people committed to their work...natural talent or not. Hinata looked at Oikawa, slamming his spoon down.

“I used to be the worst.”

Oikawa sat up, moving his hand to rest against the table instead of his cheek. The shock on his face was laughable, but Hinata continued.

“I sucked. Like really bad. Royally bad. Kageyama thought I was so bad that he wouldn’t even toss to me and wished he could toss to himself. Before that, I was bad too. So bad that I played alone for four years and begged people to send a toss or two just for practice!”

“Four yea—?”

“And then I finally got enough people to make a team and we lost terribly. Wasn’t even
close...people asked me why I wanted to play when I was short and had no skills. They told me I
couldn’t hit and should be a libero or quit.”

A slight sigh left Hinata’s lips, but after catching his breath, he shifted. “I didn’t have natural talent. I
busted myself to get faster and jump higher...but I also loved the game and feeling of playing it. Just
like you do. Or...used to.”

Oikawa looked between Hinata and the window, seeming to consider the question sincerely. He
nodded slowly after a few minutes. “No, you were right the first time.”

Hinata’s eyes lit up just a bit. “And you worked hard by yourself too, didn’t you?”

Another expression that might have meant Oikawa was remembering.

“More than anyone could guess.”

“You’re much better than ‘just good’ and even if you weren’t, you won’t get to ‘great’ sitting here
and eating with me.”

Oikawa processed the words, Hinata doing his best to be patient. After five minutes of silence,
however, Hinata was practically vibrating with energy he needed to get rid of because he had never
been able to sit still no matter the circumstance.

“What if...?”

Hinata shook his head, standing and leaning forward to grab at the other’s wrist. “You’re going to
practice!” he ordered, holding back how amused he felt at Oikawa’s expression. “And you are
going to march in there and show them you are far more than just good!” he continued, pointing in
the direction of the gym he had seen earlier. He then directed his finger to himself. “And then you are
going to face me once I get to university level because we only have one year to face each other.
And I’m going to beat you to prove that I’m great too!”

Without much warning, Hinata pulled Oikawa from the booth and out of the store. Seeing the
Oikawa Tooru scrambling was enough to bring a smile to his lips.

“Chibi-chan, wait!”

Hinata ignored him, mind only focused on getting back to the gymnasium. It helped that the place
they had gone to sit wasn’t far off. Hinata made a mental note to see if all colleges had brand name
shops on their campuses.

Oikawa pulled at his wrist once the destination came into view, shoulders having gone tense again.
“I can’t just...I’m not you!”

“Good! No one expects you to be, especially not me. I want you to be the Grand King. The cocky,
arrogant, irritating—”

“Chibi...”

“—ly good player that I met in high school,” Hinata finished, stopping and turning to Oikawa when
they were back where they had started. Offering the elder a large smile, Hinata stepped forward and
placed a hand on his shoulder. “Show them how the Grand King makes everyone work for him...not
the other way around,” he teased.

Oikawa didn’t look at him, Hinata wondering if it was a trick of the lighting that made his cheeks red
like they appeared.

“And if they say I can’t come back today?”

Hinata rolled his eyes, walking around him and shoving him gently. “Then you make them let you, what else?!”

Stumbling forward, Oikawa turned to see Hinata standing with his hands on his hips. Hinata wasn’t going to let him back out of this which he must have known, because then he was walking towards the gym. He only stopped right before opening the door, Hinata wanting to snap at him to go already.

“Thanks, Chibi-chan.”

Hinata watched him enter the gymnasium with a bit of pride, glad that he didn’t come back out even after nearly a half hour. Standing from where he had been waiting in case anything went south, he couldn’t help but feel a bit satisfied with his handy work. He took ten steps forward, ready to head hom—he froze.

His hands moved to his hair in a panic.

‘I forgot to ask him how to get home!’

After another hour of wandering, Hinata had managed to find a campus security guard that led him off campus and gave him directions back to the path they had been running. Things had become somewhat easy to identify at a certain point, and it wasn’t long after that that he managed to find Nishinoya and Tanaka who looked worried out of their minds.

We thought you were swallowed by the universe!

What the hell happened to your hands, man?!

Hinata smiled and laid back on his bed as he rolled his eyes. His upperclassmen were always the dramatic ones. He raised his hands to stare at them, the minor injuries bandaged and cleaned. Tsukishima had actually done them with Yachi’s help, apparently having decided his career path early on. Hinata wondered if Tsukishima had wanted to go into the medical field because of his own injuries, but when he asked Tsukishima told him to mind his own business.

After the ‘injuries’ were out of the way, he had been assigned extra laps for ‘skipping out on practice’ along with being worked to the bone by Kageyama for not listening to him like he should have.

Oikawa’s look of frustration appeared in his mind as he shut his eyes and sighed.

“Worth it,” Hinata insisted to the empty room, rolling onto his side and curling up a bit. He wondered whether Oikawa had managed to complete the rest of practice and prove himself. The longer he thought about it, the more drowsy he became. The long day was finally hitting him after all the adrenaline, sleep beginning to wrap around him.

He could just do the rest of his homework tomorrow in the morning and then for breakfast he would…
The sound of his ringtone going off startled him, a whine leaving his lips as he reached his arm back for his phone. Unlocking it, Hinata was shocked to see the message on his screen by the unknown number.

(10:32) Unknown Number: You up, Chibi-chan?

Processing, Hinata took two seconds to respond, confusion filling his already drowsy mind.

(10:34) Shouyou: Grand King? That you?

(10:35) Unknown Number: The one and only.

You really should have gotten my contact before disappearing like you did.

Had you just been trying to get rid of me?

Hinata could feel his face heat at the accusation.

(10:35) Shouyou: I wasn’t!

Letting out a breath he hadn’t known he was holding, Hinata bit his lower lip and typed out another message hesitantly.

(10:35) Shouyou: How did you get my number, anyway? I barely text anyone except my team.

The reply this time was instant.

(10:36) Unknown Number: I tried Tobio-chan...but he said he would rather die than give me your number.

So I ask Mr. Refreshing instead.

(10:36) Grand King: he also said no.

Hinata chuckled a bit at this and shifted again to his other side, watching the little dots that let him known Oikawa was still typing. In the meantime, Hinata changed the other’s name and saved the number for future reference.

(10:40) Grand King: So I got Iwaizumi to ask around and they all sent it to him without question ( ； ﾒ ﾒ  ﾒ)

The smile grew wider as Hinata tapped away.

(10:41) Shouyou: It helps that he’s genuinely kind.


Hinata’s shoulders shook as he raised a hand to cover his mouth. His cheeks hurt at this point, but he mellowed out when he remembered the reason for talking to the king.

If he had Oikawa talking to him, he might as well ask now to sate his curiosity.

(10:45) Shouyou: So...you seem better. Did everything okay?

The long wait between the message didn’t shock Hinata, but he did hope that the wait was caused by
the king doing something rather than the day ending on a bad note.

(10:59) Grand King: Went great.

They let me come back and said they’d hoped I would show strong dedication.

Thanks again for that...I needed it.

Hinata wasn’t sure why the words hit so hard, but he could feel his stomach lurch and the heat spread up to his ears. Another sound from his phone made him look back at it.

(11:00) Grand King: Maybe you aren’t as annoying as I thought.

Huffing at the jab, Hinata let it go because of what he had prefaced it with.

(11:01) Shouyou: I’m glad you’re better. Don’t forget what I said, either. I meant it all.

(11:02) Grand King: Yeah, yeah. You were so loud with it I couldn’t forget it even if I wanted to.

Neither could the workers and other students.

(11:03) Grand King: Anyway...I should probably get to sleep. And so should you, 2nd year.

(11:03) Shouyou: I was going to sleep anyway!

(11:05) Grand King: Good chibi.

Hinata assumed that was the end of it, ready to put his phone down when he got another message. He made a mental note to tell Oikawa to send all his messages in one go in the future.

(11:06) Did you take care of those hands of yours?

Touched at the concern, Hinata nodded despite knowing the other couldn’t see him.

(11:07) Shouyou: I did...so no need to worry about me taking it easy on you when we meet.


(11:09) Grand King: Not why I asked, but good to know. You’ll need to be in top shape for when I beat you ✧٩(•̀﹏•́)۶

Hinata squinted at the first part of the message, mind wondering why he would ask if not volleyball related. He lost his train of thought when his sister barged into his room to say goodnight as usual. A hug, a kiss, then a pat on the bottom to send her on her way so that his mother could do the same before tucking her in. When he looked back to the phone, he paid more attention to the second part of the message and huffed.

(11:10) Shouyou: We’ll just see who beats who, grand king (ω－ω)

I’m glad to see you back to your normal self. Have a good night...and take care of that knee!

Not getting any more responses after that, Hinata placed his phone on silent and laid it on his dresser.
He shut the lights off before snuggling back into his sheets, out like a light with a smile on his lips. A part of his brain sprung to life for a second to ask how Oikawa had known about his hands, but the exhaustion won and he figured that maybe the other had seen them after his fall or something.

Soon after Hinata fell asleep, his phone lit up, revealing a final message.

(11:34) Grand King: good night, chibi.

Next time we meet I’ll be the cooler version of myself you seem to like so much
☆‿︵(*^∇^)v

End Notes

"How did Hinata end up on campus without realising?"

1. The team went on a new route to run and it happened to be close by.
2. Hinata managed to meet Kenma purely on accident during one run and I found that funny so played off it.
3. Sweet, sweet plot magic xD

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