

Only Once ...

SetoxKatsuya

Von Koinu

... forget all sorrow

Slowly his senses came back to life.

The blond haired boy could feel something warm covering his body up to his chest and there was that weird smell in the air. He couldn't tell what it was but it definitely wasn't something pleasant, yet familiar.

Wearily the young man opened his chocolate brown eyes and flinched upon the dazzling white light that caused his head to hurt instantly. Moaning slightly he gritted his teeth and pressed his eyes shut. At almost the same moment he recognized the constant beeping of the ECG next to him and coiled up, clutching his hands against his ears. The annoying sound didn't stop. It even accelerated, increasing the throbbing feeling instead of ceasing it, causing his eyes to water from the pain. The blond moaned again. His head felt more and more like it was going to explode each minute he had to stand the sound of that horrible machine.

> Make it stop, please. <

After 5 unbelievably long minutes of agony a doctor arrived.

Well, the blond had time to figure out that he seemed to be in hospital - out of whatever reason - and that that man in the white lab coat was a doctor. The smell he had noticed earlier also turned out to be one of the antiseptics used a lot in the hospital. If only he could turn off that freaking beeping noise! It was hard to concentrate on the doctor since his head felt like it was breaking to pieces.

After a short check on the ECG the older man turned towards him, greeted him and asked how he felt. The blond wasn't able to answer, just winced and groaned softly, gripping his hair stronger as one beep after another filled the room.

The man seemed to understand the behaviour of the youngster and turned off the ECG, for it wasn't needed anymore anyway. The curtains were closed and after that was done the doctor added some medicine into the transfusion that was connected to the blond's arm to counter the headache.

Now that it was silent and darker in the room, Jou began to relax a little bit now that the drug had kicked in and the pain had ceased.

Again, the doctor asked how he felt and this time Jou was able to answer the question properly even though he still had some trouble keeping his mind focused. After filling in the blond on his injuries, he checked how much damage the blond's brain had taken. Nothing seemed to be unusual. He had suffered an infraction on the back of his head along with a concussion. The wound had been sewed with 3 stitches and now he had a thick bandage around his head covered by some strands of gold. He remembered his

name, how old he was and what date it was, so everything seemed okay. The only thing the blond boy had problems with was remembering the accident itself.

"Don't worry, it's not unusual to forget about that. The memory should return during the next days. For now just relax and concentrate on getting better. You are going to stay here till the day after tomorrow to make sure you don't have any other severe injuries. A concussion should not be taken lightly."

Jou nodded slowly, then a picture flashed through his mind.

"How is the kid doing?" The doc looked at him in a little surprise.

"He is fine. A sprained ankle and some bruises, nothing dangerous. He and his friend suffered from shock but that's nothing that won't wear off fast. They got picked up by their parents already, both asking how you were doing before they left."

The blond sighed in relief. "Thank god. "

He had fallen asleep for several hours after the doctor had left his room. His head was stuffed with all that information about his condition, what he had to do and so on, it was hard to grasp them all. Moreover all that brain racking increased his headache again, even though he was high from painkillers running through his veins, so he had decided to stop thinking for a while and just sleep.

Later on some policemen dropped by to gather some information about the accident. Jou wasn't of much help but he tried his best to remember some details. He told them about playing soccer in the rain with the two boys, how the ball flew too far and the terrible scream that caught his attention. He didn't remember who shouted nor what the cause of it was.

The blond took some deep breaths to focus his mind. He was sitting in bed, his vision a little blurred due to the headache and dizziness and tried his best to keep concentrating.

This was the hardest part, to remember the accident itself. Jou ran his fingers through his hair thinking about what had happened.

"There was a pair of lights growing bigger rapidly and ... uhh ...some shadow behind them. It's all quite blurry. I don't remember that I even moved but must have somehow because I remember hitting someone, no not someone, the boy probably, in flight and pulling him with me. There was some ... squealing noise like something was sliding on the wet road. Then a sharp pain ran through my head and everything got dark. I assume I must have hit my head on something and the next thing I know is waking up here with an unbelievable headache."

He felt terribly sick and lay back down because the world began to spin so badly that he had problems sitting upright.

The doctor who also attended the questioning, reacted fast as always and gave Jou some medicine against the sickness. He also filled the policemen in on information the kids had given him when they arrived in hospital. The boy who hadn't been standing on the road had told him that there was a black car rushing closer and that the blond dashed to his friend and pulled him out of reach with a big jump. Jou had protected the boy from hitting the ground with his own body and both slithered on the road. The blond had hit the curb stone edge with his head and passed out. Fortunately, he had worn his school bag so he didn't suffer any injuries on his back.

The policemen nodded and made some notes. They also asked for the names of the kids for a proper interrogation later on. When they took their leave and turned around, Jou sighed in relief and relaxed a little more into his pillows. He didn't like the police because of some incidents in his earlier life.

> Anyway, they are gone so I've got some peace till I can leave here. <
And with a slight smile he fell asleep.

The next two days passed by rather slowly and finally Jou was allowed to leave. He sat on the bed putting on his clothes, which someone seemed to have washed, because now they were all clean and dry. He waited for the doctor to check him over and release him, then grabbed his school bag and started his way home.

The headache had ceased a little and thanks to the painkillers and other drugs he got from the doc, the blond looked forward to a painless time. Happy to finally get out of hospital he didn't even listen carefully on the instructions the older man had given him. What could go wrong anyway? If he felt sick he would stay in bed, if not he could go to school, right? Since he was still a bit dizzy he wouldn't attend PE classes either. And he got a note for sick leave from the doc anyway.

The weather had gotten better over the time he was hospitalized. It was a cold but dry autumnal day. Even the sun was shining, warming his back a bit as he walked through the streets of Domino.

Jou had left the hospital after lunch so he took his time on his way home. He didn't need to get there fast. Moreover the blond had no money for the bus or a taxi. The flat he lived in with his father was located in the suburbs of the town. It would take approximately two hours to walk there.

After a stroll through the city he arrived in the late afternoon.

All was well, till he opened the door of the run-down apartment and stepped in.

A bottle soared past his head and cracked, with an awful noise, into thousands of shards.

"Where've ya been yer dirty bastard?!"

~°~°~°~°~

"Jounouchi Katsuya! I'm talking to you!"

Mentioned young man started up from his thoughts. Where was he again?

The blond glanced around. Everyone – except mister blue-eyes, who had far better stuff to do, like maltreating the keyboard of his laptop for example – was looking at him. So did the teacher which stood right in front of the just awoken boy, glaring at him grimly.

"Just because you've been on sick leave for three days doesn't give you the right to dream in my class! I told you before that you don't have the marks to slack off."

Letting the toad like women in front of him nag, the blond rubbed one of his weary eyes. Right, he was in school but somehow he didn't remember even going. Obviously he must have been walking the whole way because his clothes were wet from the rain again. The young man frowned.

What had happened yesterday when he had arrived home?

"Jounouchi!!"

The blond twitched due to the high pitched voice that made his already existing

headache increase drastically. He grabbed his head with one hand and blinked into the direction of the teacher.

"If you are still not feeling well you should go to the infirmary. Otherwise I will not tolerate any more of your sloth." A stern looking pair of eyes targeted his and narrowed a little.

The blond nodded slowly. "I'm fine, Miss."

"No more sleeping or daydreaming then, till the end of class. I'll keep an eye on you and if I catch you sleeping again I-"

The bell rang for recess in that instant moment, cutting off the teacher and leaving Jou in a great relief.

Slowly he packed his stuff and left to switch rooms for the next class.

To be honest, he really felt sick. The headache had increased rapidly when he had gotten up from his chair and the floor didn't seem to appear as solid as it was supposed to be.

Glad that he didn't have to cross the whole school building to get to the next class he marched his way and flopped into his chair. Ignoring the worried looks of Yuugi and the others, he bed his head on the table, cushioning it with his arms. He was freezing. He felt terribly sick. The world didn't want to stop spinning. Out of some mysterious reason, his whole body was hurting. And to top of it off his head acted as if it was going to explode any minute. It was too loud and too bright.

He pressed his eyes against his arm and groaned inwardly.

On the way to the classroom Jou had searched his bag but hadn't found any of the painkillers the doc had given him the day before. He could bear the sickness and the discomfort of his body somehow but he definitely wouldn't be able to endure this unbelievably throbbing pain in his head. But now the blond had also no chance to get to the infirmary anymore. He was definitely not capable of moving his body any further for now. Every inch of his limbs felt as heavy as lead. He was exhausted just from climbing a pair of stairs.

Jou closed his eyes.

> If it wasn't for this murderous headache... <

~°~°~°~°~

The day seemed to become one of the boring ones again for a special brown-haired CEO. Those were his thoughts at least while tapping the keys on his Laptop until a well known face entered the classroom.

He had the perfect seat, right in the front row, to notice every newcomer and throw an icy glare to scare them off. It worked quite well, just not on that particular person that had just arrived, surprisingly, in time.

Sapphire eyes, previously fixed on a laptop screen, glanced upwards for a split second as the blond stepped in, then jumped back into their former position and the tapping continued as if it never had stopped.

"Hey mutt, you seem to be on time for the first time in your life. Built your kennel in the school yard, didn't you? It appears to have no roof though."

No reply.

The tapping stopped and the brunet frowned slightly irritated. > What the ...? <
He let go of his laptop, looked up at the blond and observed him properly, just to stare a few seconds in disbelief, as the boy passed his desk.

> He looks awful. <

The blond trotted over to his seat and Seto decided to let him off the hook for now but keep an eye on him.

The hours passed by and the blond didn't move. He had only gazed out of the window ignoring the teachers and everyone else. Even when their history teacher finally managed to wake him up he seemed absent minded.
Something was wrong but Seto couldn't tell what it was.

Recess came and went.

They had biology now and the teacher announced that they would be working in groups of two today. Whilst the old man started reading out the pairs Seto glanced to the blond.

Mentioned one lay on the table and seemed to be sleeping.

"Jounouchi Katsuya and Kaiba Seto"

Sharp blue eyes targeted the teacher. "What?!"

"You understood very well, Mr. Kaiba. You are going to work together with Mr. Jounouchi since you are the best in class..."

> ... and that mutt is hopeless. < The brunet ended the sentence in thought as well as the teacher might have done.

He still had to throw deadly looks towards the old man, who answered them with patience, while he gave in, stood up and trudged over to the blond's seat.

Grabbing his shoulder Seto shook him up from sleep realizing how warm the other one was.

"Wake up, Sleeping Beauty, there is work for you. You can sleep some other time."

He felt and saw the blond wince and open his eyes slowly.

"Come on! I don't have time forever."

The blond strengthened his upright position slowly and regarded the brunet through tired and a little glassy eyes which also carried a sign of pain and confusion.

Brown eyes focused on cold, sapphire blue ones.

"Who are you?"

"Stop messing around and get to work, mutt! I don't have all day for this crap, I got more important stuff to do." He straightened up and looked around frustrated not willing to pay more attention to the blond than necessary. Why did he have to get paired up with that airhead anyway? All he wanted was to get his work done to get home earlier today and spend some time with his little brother.

"No, seriously, who are you? And..." The blond looked around. "...where am i?"

Seto narrowed his eyes. This wasn't true. How dumb could someone seriously be?

"In school. Now wake up and move your lazy ass." He wouldn't be tricked by that mutt. He got to keep control.

Calmly he set off back to his desk, threw a last glance over his shoulder and stopped. Seto gritted his teeth and growled. That filthy mutt had not even listened to what he had said! Instead, the blond had examined his hands, had then gazed out of the window for a while only to turn his head shortly afterwards towards the brunet who had already opened his mouth intending to bellow more insults.

"Who am I?"

The voice was silent, barely audible and moreover ... insecure.

Seto froze.

To be continued