

# Comfort

## Twin-story to "Hurt"

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### Kapitel 1: Dawn, the first glimpse of light

„I am back home“ Kuroko greeted monotonously.

„Is that you, Tetsuya?“ There were steps from the kitchen to the front door, quick and excited. His mother stood before him, smiling nervously. „How was your first day?“ He simply looked at her without answering. One might even say he stared. His gaze lost focus after a moment. Excitement? Being nervous? He had forgotten how that felt like. Inside him was nothing but emptiness.

„Was it scary?“ His mother bit her lip and made fists with her delicate hands. Scary? He remembered fear. In the back of his mind, it lingered like a long forgotten enemy, ready to strike in a moment of weakness. It was there so he would not tell. He shall never tell a soul. The fear had endured even the death of his love. It was an enemy as much as it was a friend. It protected him. Yes, the fear was a friend. It protected him from shame.

„Well, you can tell me later“ His mother decided after not getting an answer for a while. „Come in, I made your favorite. Today's a celebration day. It is so good that you are visiting a new school. I hope you'll find some friends. Have you talked to anyone?“ „No one noticed me“ He answered weakly, his voice not more than a whisper. He could not remember how he had ever been able to talk loudly. Had he? He could not remember that either.

Remembering hurt. His memories were full of pain, filled with sorrow, agony and unbearable shame.

„Pity that, you are such a cute boy.“ She kept up her chatter, filling his plate while talking about this and that. Things on the radio, politics, the newest neighbor's gossip. A grandniece of the woman living two houses over had apparently been married off to some company's CEO. „A great catch! Though I still pity her, she's only fourteen. I am very proud that you are such a responsible boy. You'll wait for the right one, don't you? That's admirable. I love that about you, Tetsuya.“

If only she knew. He clamped down on the thought, feeling himself break into cold sweat. Shit! Sweating was dangerous! He stood, abandoning his food and said: „I'll take a shower, mother.“

„What? But you haven't finished-“

„I am not hungry.“

„Have I said something wrong?“ She came after him. „Sorry, did I talk too much? Please stay, Tetsuya. I'll promise to keep silent. Tetsuya!“

He shut the bathroom door in her face.

„Sorry“ he mumbled, whispered rather. There was no way his mother could hear it. He was unable to speak up though.

Shame. It coursed through his veins, filling him with remorse.

He could not tell her, could never tell. No one should know. No one should know his secret. He was abominable. He was a murderer. She could never know. He looked at himself in the mirror and saw nothing but blood. He had bled so many times, losing his life, losing those lives inside of him. She could never know. His mother was so proud of her unstained boy, her fairy tale romantic hero that waited for his prince to come. There was not a single scratch on him, nothing to scream out the obvious. He knew only he was able to see all that blood on himself.

His and the blood of six lives he had aborted.

She could never know.

When their coach had told them to take off their shirts, he had immediately stepped into that Alpha's shadow. It was an instinct reaction, not especially logical but it felt better than to be exposed like that. Taking off his clothes was like bringing down a bit of that armor that enabled him to stay clear of pain. It felt uncomfortable.

Though it should have felt less uncomfortable than having a strong Alpha around. That red-haired guy looked amazing, smelled even more amazing. He was a walking pheromone-bomb, an Omega-trap much like the Alphas that surrounded him in middle school. Somehow he did not feel intimidating though. Maybe that was because he did not seem to notice Kuroko at all. Did that one already have a mate? Or was he finally able to suppress his scent so much that not even an Alpha took any notice of him? If that was true, it would be a huge step in the right direction.

He was so lost in thought that he only noticed the end of the inspection by the coach shouting for practice to start. He stepped forward, not wanting to be left out but hoping he would not have to take off his shirt. But of course he had to. He felt all eyes upon him, especially those hot ones burning into his back. Would that Alpha recognize him as an Omega by sight, even if he could not do so by scent? Kuroko was unmated, that would be plain to see for him. Would that man prey upon him? It was horrible standing with his back to that person. He should have just stayed in line beforehand.

When he was allowed to robe again, he glanced over his shoulder. That Alpha was looking away, already starting to warm up for practice. Huh ... he did not seem interested in Kuroko. Strange that. He had come to fear Alphas for their lust and brutality. Maybe this one was really mated. Did Alphas lose their hunting nature once they were mated? Omegas changed but did Alphas? Their cycle would adapt to their mates but did it make them uninterested in others? He had heard that in some countries owning Omegas was a question of prestige, so it was allowed for one Alpha to mate with multiple Omegas. That had not sounded like Alphas underwent much of a change.

So maybe it was really his scent. Most likely that Alpha had not recognized him as an Omega. If so, something good might actually come out of this. If that man could become his light without becoming his owner ... well, that might even work. Having an Alpha as a partner and protector without becoming his mate, that would be perfect. This one looked strong enough to hold down even Aomine or Midorima if need be. He wasn't sure about Murasakibara but that one was living far away at least. He should test that man, find out how strong he really was. He had opted for a school with no Alphas on the basketball team but one oblivious one would be okay. As long as that redhead would never find out what he was, he would be alright. He hoped.

Damn, that Alpha was good. Not like his former teammates but he was strong and rapidly developing. Their coach was also great, so Kagami should shape up in no time. And it was true, he did not smell him. For the first time in months Kuroko allowed a small smile on his lips. This might work, it might actually work.

At this rate, he might even be able to face his former teammates again, not hidden in shadow but menacing them side to side with his new light. He would not have to run for the rest of his life. Hearing their coach, hearing Kagami talk about their goals, about actually beating all his former teammates ... Kuroko felt like he should be crying in joy, even if he could only feel a slight happy pang in his chest. This was new. This was what real hope felt like.

He was able to sleep for the first time in years that night. Even the morning after, he felt like shouting out in joy, even though his throat closed up if he tried to open his mouth. So he found his own way to shout by chalking a message onto the ground. They would win. They would be the best. He wanted to trust in that Alpha and his sempais. Seeing Kagami smile at him when he noticed the message made Kuroko's heart skip a beat.

Damn. Who knew he was still able to feel that bit of positive emotion? He was an Omega. His body was built to light up in joy if a strong Alpha looked his way, smiled at him, touched him, fucked him. Kagami might not recognize him as one but that did not mean that his smiles weren't dangerous. They triggered Kuroko's Omega responses. He would have to watch out in a whole new way to not make the same mistake that he had made with Aomine – to think that an Alpha might feel the same.

They did not. Omegas triggered nothing but lust in them. Not joy, no love, no pride, only an bestial instinct to couple and reproduce. Smiling at an Alpha did not make them happy but let them crave sex, an Omega's smile was an invitation to get said Omega pregnant. He knew – he had learned that the hard way.

Of course his little bubble of happiness crumbled sooner than he had thought. A practice game against Kaijou High. That explained that scent in the back of his mind. He had thought he was only imagining things, now haunted by scents as he was by memories but no – Kise was real. He was here. He concentrated on his nose, able to scent the other coming nearer. He was followed by about half the school's female population, all unmarried Omegas right in front.

His instincts urged him to stand by them, to vie for Kise's attention. His rational mind wanted to throw up just for looking in his direction. He was assaulted by the memory of that smile right in front of him, right above him as Kise pounded into him for the very first time. He had that trademark grin, telling Kuroko how beautiful he was, how beautiful their pups would be. He made an instinctual step in Kagami's direction, breathing in a noseful of his scent to forget Kise's stench for a moment.

Kagami did not notice. In the last two weeks, Kuroko had learned that the redhead's best quality was that he was unbelievably oblivious. He seemed immune to Omegas. Not only was Kuroko's scent really weak, he was unimpressed by all other Omegas as well. Two girls had tried their luck with him, one of them an Omega, and he had simply told them no, not even fazed when the Omega girl threw a blast of her pheromones in his face.

He was nearly as composed as Akashi in that regard. Omegas did not affect him at all. It gave Kuroko such a feeling of safety that even now – with Kise right in front of him – he knew he would only need to ask for help, Kagami would not even demand sex afterwards. It was a freedom he had never experienced before. This must be what a

having a mate felt like. No wonder every Omega spent their whole focus on finding the right mate.

It just wasn't for him. He wanted to punch Kise in the face with success, showing him that even though he was an Omega, he wasn't weak, he did not need an Alpha mate to be stronger. He wanted to scream, to shout, to make that smirking Alpha submit to him. But all he did was tremble, fearing the moment that light teasing would turn to innuendo, that Kise would release his pheromones and make Kuroko crawl to him to kiss his feet.

Kagami saved him by aiming a basketball at Kise's face.

Well, that came as a surprise. It was less surprising that Kise trashed him for that, followed up by trying to reclaim Kuroko for himself. He remembered that leering grin on the hunts, in the shower and in the locker room. He remembered Kise above him, behind him, under him, could still feel that double penetration Aomine and Kise liked so much when they weren't completely beat after training.

Again, Kagami supported him more subtle than he ever could have imagined. Was the redhead doing it instinctively? Because he did not seem aware that he challenged Kise's claim again, telling him to back off at the same time. Kise noticed. Kuroko knew that Kise noticed. Kagami seemed oblivious to it all, though Kuroko had to ask if maybe that guy was simply a very good actor. But no, his subconscious seemed to have put a claim on Kuroko without his conscious ever noticing he was acting like an Alpha mate to an Omega.

It felt a bit like being wrapped in a warm blanket of protection. Even though Kuroko did not want to be protected, it felt nice all the same. For right now, he wanted to stand by that man's sight and see how far it would get him.

That moment Kagami put a hand on his head, telling Kise that he was the reason Kise would lose, Kuroko had a sudden urge to be fucked by Kagami.

That was deeply disturbing.

The urge to be fucked was an Omega one, quite natural when an Alpha touched him. That much was not a surprise. Using sex as a tool for gratitude was also an Omega urge that triggered apart from being touched. What surprised him was that even his conscious mind supported the thought instead of vehemently fighting it. His urges did not feel humiliating, they felt natural. He felt respected, worshiped even. Kagami was placing him on a pedestal, one even above himself and it made Kuroko feel so fluffy and nice around his heart that being taken by the redhead seemed completely logical. Of course it wasn't, so his rationality put a stop to that train of thought. Kagami complimented him on his basketball skills, seeing him as an athlete, an equal partner. After a life of being ridiculed, of course that felt good, but he should not destroy it by giving into his Omega urges. Akashi, Kise, even Aomine had never seen him as more than a tool, a nice accessory to make things easier for them. To Kagami he was someone to be respected. And damn, he wanted to show himself worthy of that trust. Even though Kise got more serious by the minute, enraged by an Alpha beating him, Kuroko felt secure to taunt him a little. He knew Kagami was with him, stood by his side, protected him without asking a price for that. He wanted to kiss that big idiot but for now, it was enough to pass him balls, so that he could beat Kise to a pulp.

In hindsight, Kuroko was very sure he fell in love with Kagami at that game. Somewhere between hearing the pride in his voice and being carried by him when his legs gave out, Kagami became his world, his sun, his reason. Omega urges, consciousness and logic alined to have one common goal: When they had beat the

Generation of Miracles, he would make Kagami his mate.