

# Comfort

## Twin-story to "Hurt"

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### Kapitel 9: Speaking is silver

He was ushered into the shower by everyone which was very nice but also necessary. He had begun to shiver on the way and continually lost heat. His lightheadedness went away after a few minutes under the spray.

Damn. What should he do now? How should he face Kagami? The other must be wracked by shame and guilt. It would not be enough to kiss him and tell him it was alright. It would be cruel to try and diffuse his guilt. Guilt meant you had done something wrong. If something went horribly wrong and you were guilty, it meant you would have been able to change something. To let go of guilt meant that you had to accept that you were unable to change anything of what happened. For Kagami it meant to accept that he would always be a danger to Kuroko.

He sighed, closing his eyes and letting go of the tears that had threatened to fall since his heart had slowed down from its maddening pace. He would not cry in front of Kagami. He would not let the other see his fear. He would not put that on him as well. He would take Kagami's blame, he would ... it was the same as always, wasn't it? Trying to put everything on himself because it made him feel more like someone in control and less like someone caught in a hurricane of fate.

He was an Omega. He was destined to be raped, impregnated and thrown away by Alphas. He had decided to defy that fate and he would. He would not be a victim for all of his life. He chose Kagami and he would stand by that decision. He would help Kagami overcome his guilt and ask him to mate with him. This time for real, he could not let something like this happen again. It was in his power to make it a reality, to stop this cycle of abuse.

But first he had to come out of this shower and face Kagami. And Midorima, not to forget that one. This was likely to be a heavy trigger for flashbacks to the time the shooter lost control and nearly murdered Kuroko. How come he had developed such splendid control? He had not reacted at all to Kuroko's hormones. That only happened to Omegas who were mated or pregnant, not to Alphas who could not ... could he? Alphas who mated reacted less to Omega's pheromones. Alphas who were pregnant though ... what were the chances?

What were the chances of Midorima Shintarou bottoming and having that one in ten-thousand chance of getting pregnant? By a Beta no less, they were even less potent than Alphas. Aomine and Kise had fucked so often without anything ever happening. Kuroko had been pregnant every time he was raped and able to conceive, no wonder with those premium Alphas he had been surrounded by. But Midorima? He had

protected his abdomen when Kagami charged him but he had jumped into the pond and wrestled with the other without hesitation. Maybe his body had unconsciously tried to protect a baby while the Alpha was completely unaware of his status?

That might be. Maybe Midorima just trained himself well but if he could, he would have already done that in middle-school. But though he tried, he had actually become more violent every heat he encountered. So a pregnancy wasn't such a far-fetched thought. He was in a stable relationship after all. And while Kuroko could not imagine Midorima bottoming, he had not imagined him in a relationship as well. He had not thought he himself could win a national championship against the Generation of Miracles either and he had done that.

He called out to Takao from the bathroom door: "Could you lend me some clothes, please?"

"Of course! Sorry, I didn't think." Takao answered with a guilty voice.

"Do not worry. And please tell Midorima to take a shower next. He might rebel, so insist." Kuroko instructed.

"Err, okay. I will." Takao blinked but seemed in the mood to take orders. Or maybe that was his personality, he was with Midorima after all. He went to the back of the flat.

When he stepped into the living room, Kagami was nowhere in sight. Midorima stepped into the bathroom which left him with Takao who went over to give him a mug of hot chocolate. Wow. That was nice. Kagami must have told him how much he loved hot chocolate in the winter. It came right after vanilla shakes in the summer. He sat down on the couch to enjoy the drink.

Kagami stepped out of the room at the end of the flat, most likely the bedroom, wearing clothes that clearly belonged to Midorima. So he was here often enough to have at least two complete sets of clothes here. Most likely he wasn't wrong with the pregnancy theory. But that only diverted his attention from Kagami. That one had stopped in his tracks and stared at Kuroko with a mixture of shock, fear and shame. He called him to come nearer with a hand gesture. Kagami followed that prompt without hesitation. Following another hand gesture, he knelt down next to the coach. He looked ready to kiss Kuroko's feet if prompted to do so. But he simply pulled the red haired head onto his knees and began to scratch the skin underneath. Kagami tensed for a second before he sank against Kuroko, enjoying the sensation and letting go of a bit of that fear.

"Please have some tea, Kagami." Takao placed the tray on the couch table. "It is not as good as Shin-chan's but I learned a thing or two from him. Would you like another hot chocolate, Kuroko?"

"Yes, please." He poked the head he had just petted. "Get up, Kagami."

The redhead did as he was told. He sat beside Kuroko a lot calmer than before and took his hand to intertwine their fingers. This was nice. Very nice. He liked Kagami's small gestures of affection.

"Would you like to shower too, Kagami?" Midorima asked who had come out of the shower.

"No, I'm fine, thanks." He squeezed Kuroko's hand. "Idiots don't catch colds after all."

"What about you, Takao?" Kuroko asked their host.

"What?" The other blinked in confusion. "I wasn't dragged underwater."

"I wanted to ask how you were. I was quite occupied running but I understood you fought a hunting Alpha. Most people who try that end up dead or badly hurt." Actually

it was amazing that Takao was in one piece. He had heard Midorima scream in horror after all. Kagami had attacked the other, he was sure of that.

"Err, yeah. Kagami aimed for my throat, so I let go. I was too afraid of being hurt. Sorry." Takao actually looked guilty about that. Really, how all of them were so quick to take blame was amazing.

"I am glad you did. You were in more danger than I ever was." Kuroko calmly stated. "Alphas normally don't kill Omegas but interfering Betas ... well."

"Yeah." The other stroked his unblemished throat. "I just got dragged around a bit, so I am okay." He sat down next to Midorima who had sat in an armchair. "What about you, Shin-chan? He knocked you down pretty hard and punched you." He gently touched the beginning swelling on the other's cheek.

"It will bruise but that is all. I am tough."

"You certainly are." Kuroko focused on him. Time to go all out here. "Since when have you been unaffected by smells?"

"I am not too sure. Somewhere before the Winter Cup. Why?" The tallest drank a bit of tea, smiling at Takao after tasting it. Whatever that was about.

"While I was turning to run, I noticed how you wrapped your arms around your abdomen before you landed. I know those symptoms."

"Symptoms?" Midorima looked at him, an actual expression of confusion on his face. That was surprisingly expressive for him.

"Not emitting a scent, being unaffected by other scents, easily catching colds, feeling weaker, less endurance and protecting your body like that." He watched the other for a reaction. "Maybe even a slight nausea and sometimes dizziness? I know those well."

"I couldn't be ... could I?" The other averted his gaze in thought but seemed not to reject the possibility on the spot. So it was true. Midorima bottomed. Pigs could fly.

"I can't follow." Takao exclaimed. "What are you talking about?"

"Pregnancy." Kuroko answered.

There was a long moment of silence. Takao blinked at him in surprise, not exactly seeming to get it until he turned to look at his boyfriend who had gone very still. Kuroko expected one of them to say something sooner or later but it was Kagami who blurted out: "You were pregnant before?"

Shit. Oh no. How had he forgotten that Kagami did not know everything about him? Where was his head today? Did the other make him relax so much that he got stupid? Or was it infectious somehow? Why did everyone think he calmly planned his moves when everything he seemed to do was floundering around making one mistake after the next?

"Yes." He answered cautiously, looking to his left at Kagami. "But I was much too young at the time." Abortion was a taboo. Even if you were twelve, you did not abort. You gave away the child but you never, ever aborted one. With him it had been more than once, he could not even write it off as an accident. Having had six abortions was on the level of "irresponsible slut". This was Japan after all. Abortions were more common in America, maybe Kagami would not hold it against him. But still, six ... that wasn't what you wanted in a partner.

"You mean you were raped." The redhead said lowly. His eyes still showed so much guilt. Maybe Kagami would be able to live with Kuroko's past. Maybe now was the right time to tell. The other leaned forwards, lifted his hand and stroked first Kuroko's hair, then his neck. Gods, that was nice. "You were too unfazed for someone surviving a hunt for the first time."

So Kagami wasn't oblivious. He had noticed. He had not abandoned him though. That was the only important thing, Kagami did not hate him for being assaulted. He was seriously the best. Kuroko knew that rationally it made no sense at all to dislike someone for becoming a victim, one could not do anything about that after all, but your emotions weren't rational. Hearing that your partner had been raped, impregnated and aborted said child must be hard but Kagami was completely thinking about him here.

"It was your first time though, wasn't it?" He had looked crushed after all. He still did a bit. With Himuro throwing himself at him and not even noticing that, Kagami had always seemed pretty immune to scents.

They were interrupted by Midorima asking: "How does one determine if he is pregnant or not?"

"Just a second." He had that clinic's card with him, right? He must have. It was one of his safety items, reminding him that if worse came to worse, he had a place he could go to. "There is a clinic specializing in male pregnancies without judgment. It is where I went to in middle school."

"You still have their card?" Kagami asked, brushing over that "middle school" information bit.

"You never know when you might need help as an Omega."

Midorima accepted the card, Takao reading the data over his shoulder. With a look at the clock he said: "They are still open. Do you want to go? We could still make it."

"They have an emergency service for these kind of situations." Kuroko drank the rest of his hot chocolate without sitting down again. "I can accompany you if you like."

Going to a clinic for male gynaecology was scary after all. Even more so when one was an Alpha. Kuroko did not remember ever seeing an Alpha patient there.

The green haired said: "Yes, let's go."

"So ... Midorima might be pregnant." Kagami leaned back on their waiting seat. The other two had just gone into an examination room, so they were alone. "That's a strange thought."

"I did not expect that to happen either." He leaned against the other, relishing in the fact that being a male couple was completely alright in here. "How are you? It was an eventful day after all."

"I need a good night's sleep." Kagami sneaked an arm behind Kuroko's head to embrace him. "I am just happy you're still here with me."

"I am happy you are with me too." He allowed himself a small smile.

"Why shouldn't I be?" Kagami exclaimed.

Well. Here goes nothing. They had about half an hour of waiting time on their hands after all. No better moment than now. Kuroko took a deep breath before he said: "I told you this wasn't my first hunt."

"I kinda expected that. You are seventeen and unmated after all. That must have been one hell of a struggle." Kagami was so warm and nice against his side. He was relaxed even though they talked about so hard a topic. He simply was the best.

"I had my first heat with fourteen. I was able to stay at home, my mom got me depressants right away. There were people banging on the door but she shut us in and barricaded the door. She saved and protected me like a lion."

"She's an Omega too, right? I saw the bite." Well, Kagami continued to amaze him. Maybe he noticed a lot and simply choose not to think about it much.

"She took my temperature every day, always medicating me whenever a heat draw

near. I was able to continue to go to school and learned to do the treatment myself." Gods, this was hard. He felt Kagami's questioning gaze. "I ... there was ... Akashi persuaded me ... to stop the medication." He was so dumb. He had been such an idiot. "What the fuck?" The redhead's face was overcome with dawning horror. "For whatever reason?"

"It ... well ... it doesn't make sense today but back then-" He couldn't, he just could not say it. "He said it was training. That I should train to control my hormones myself, that it was possible. That if I was unable to do it, a hunt was a good way to train too. He promised he would be there to stop others from claiming or hurting me."

"You believed him?" Kagami shook his head. "That sick psycho."

"No, I did demand proof. I am not that gullible." Kuroko looked up. Kagami looked horrified. He should stop. He should not ... but Kagami could already guess the rest. "He is an Alpha after all. I wanted to know if he was really able to control himself, even if he had a full blast of my pheromones."

"I see where this is going. You said before that Akashi is the only one able to withstand you fully."

"Yes, he did pass that test. And when I was hunted, he did save me from being killed or maimed multiple times. He fully kept that promise." His fingers dug into Kagami's arm. "I tried to stop so often but somehow he convinced me ... until I stopped trying and let it all happen to me."

"How often?" The other's voice was nothing but controlled anger.

"Did I try?" Kuroko guessed. It was pathetic. He had tried only twice before giving up.

"Were you hunted?" Kagami asked instead.

"I ... I'm not sure. Sometimes I was pregnant but Akashi still had them hunt me. It wasn't as intense but they still found and raped me. Should I count those?"

Kagami simply sighed and drew Kuroko's body onto his lap while mumbling: "Forget I asked."

Really? Maybe it was better to tell. For the slight chance that Kagami would still want him, maybe he should ... no, it was better this way. It was enough to know it happened at all. It was worse to know how often he had let that happen.

The redhead took a deep breath, inhaling Kuroko's slight scent, unafraid of what might happen. He buried his nose in the light blue hair and said: "You smell of milk and innocence. You smell like someone who just had a baby and is all smiles and laughter. When I hold you in my arms, I want to protect you, protect the life you created. You don't smell like someone who did not want to hold that life."