

Comfort

Twin-story to "Hurt"

Von Gepo

Kapitel 17: Finals, a dreaded date

Kagami passed his exams – though only barely. They did ask Midorima for his magic pencil again and gifted him with a talisman for a prosperous family in return. Kuroko vowed to himself to get his mate's grades up next year. He would most likely not go to university but a high-school diploma would be nice anyway. Or maybe he would study sports. Or maybe he would become a professional basketball player, who knew. Good grades wouldn't hurt anyway.

Though he achieved it by rolling the pencil, Kagami sent his mother a photo of his 92/100 Japanese history test which he was really proud of. His very enthusiastic mother promised to fly over and bring him a congratulatory present in person. That let Kagami go on a cleaning spree, even if the flat was spotless in Kuroko's opinion. He heard curses about the dog's hair for three days before Kagami went back to normal. His mother had not shown up though.

"Something must have come up" The redhead excused her. "It happens. Celebrities don't have a fixed working schedule."

Kuroko simply cuddled up to him. How Kagami had become such a reliable character was a mystery to him, both of his parents seemed to be as trustworthy as active volcanos. His father lived only half an hour away but he had not once called or shown himself in a whole month while his son's mate moved in with him and happened to be pregnant.

Kuroko's mother called at least every other day and visited once a week. She had found a flat only a few blocks away which Kagami would help her move into in their school holiday. They exchanged recipes and looked at old photo books with her telling him stories about his mate when he was small. Kuroko loved seeing his two most important persons together, even if most stories were embarrassing.

Misses Kagami showed up about two weeks late. Kagami was out playing basketball while Kuroko was watching TV while cuddling with Nigou on the couch. They had come back from basketball camp two days ago where everyone had been extremely happy that Kuroko was pregnant and thereby had enough time to cook their meals. So he was alone, longing around in a sweater much too big for him when he heard the bell. He went to the door closely followed by his furry companion.

In front of it stood a woman nearly two heads taller than him with bright orange hair and hazel eyes. She wore a big smile on her face and her curious gaze took in Kuroko's frame before she said to the stunned boy: "Nice to meet you! How do you do?"

"Good afternoon." He bowed to her. "My name is Kuroko Tetsuya. Am I right to assume you are Misses Kagami?" He remembered her from the photo Kagami had shown him.

"That I am. Is my son in?" She looked over Kuroko's shoulder, seeing Nigou instead of the redhead. "Oh, that is a cute dog! Is that yours? Taiga hates dogs."

"He was afraid of Nigou at first but he is fine now. Please come in. I can phone Taiga, he can be here in half an hour ... if he hears his phone."

"Okay." She stepped inside, took off her shoes and thanked Kuroko for the guest slippers he gave her. "I've never been here, you know? Is my husband living with you?"

"No, he sleeps at his workplace. Taiga lived here alone until I moved in."

"So my son lived alone for a full year?" She crossed her arms and made an unappreciative sound. "I allowed my husband to take Taiga with him under the condition he would look after him. I can't do that due to work but he should have been here."

"Taiga said he had not expected anything else. He did not seem bothered. It's not as if he was here a lot, school and basketball training preoccupied our time. We spent all our holidays training. You are lucky to come today, we were on a training camp until two days ago."

"Oh, did I not say I would come today? I must have forgotten. Mary keeps my calendar, I would never be able to remember all those dates. Say, is that really all? A bathroom, two bedrooms and a living room with a kitchen? It's quite small, isn't it?" She looked around. "It's okay for a couple but do you really want to raise a baby here?"

Class differences. So that was how the world looked when you were an Alpha. Kuroko took a deep breath and tried to explain: "It is very big for a flat in Tokio. Most are much smaller. Where did you grow up if I may ask?"

"Oh, not too far from here, we lived in Yokohama. I think my parents still live there. I haven't seen them in years." She sat on the couch after giving it a not exactly kind look. It was a used couch after all. "Maybe I should give them a visit, now that I am here."

"Wouldn't they be delighted?" Maybe not. Kagami had never told him his grandparents lived around these parts.

"I'm not too sure ... I ran off to become an actress. They haven't disowned me or anything but I don't think they are happy with my choices. They hated my husband too, not that I blame them, they were right that time. I just did not want to listen. I can be quite stubborn, you know? Taiga got that from me."

"Would you like something to drink?" He gave her some tea when she nodded. "Is Taiga aware that his grandparents live around here?" He pulled out his phone and texted his mate. Hopefully he would look at his phone soon.

"No, I don't think so. They never answered the birth announcement card or sent birthday presents, I don't think they want to have anything to do with their grandson. That's just how Alphas work, we don't really have family ties. When I trained Taiga in scents, the one he most appreciated was male Omegas, it made me relieved. At least one of us has a sensible head. You Omegas have a good instinct when it comes to family, that was direly needed. In my family there hasn't been an Omega for five generations."

"So you really appreciate the fact that your son chose an Omega?" That would be quite astonishing. Omegas were sextoyes for most, obedient wives for others. They were kept at home as shameful secrets or carefully kept prizes. Normally the best an Omega could hope for was to be bitten by a wealthy Alpha who kept them safe, fed

and had an interest in the children they produced – which was often a mass of children because Omegas got pregnant so easily and doing anything against it was heavily discouraged by society. It was how families like Mitobe's came to be.

"I was pretty sure it would happen sooner or later. I was actually surprised he did not jump into bed with that other Omega friend of his, this ... oh, what was his name again?" She looked at the wall as if it would hold an answer.

"Himuro Tatsuya."

"Yes, that one! You know him?" She smiled proudly as if she had been able to remember.

"He followed Taiga to Japan but fell in love with a friend of mine called Murasakibara Atsushi. They mated a few months ago." He informed her.

"Oh, really? So how come my son chose you?" There was curiosity in her eyes, not malice but Kuroko still felt off somehow. Was she unhappy that Kagami had chosen him? It sounded like she had fully expected him to mate with Himuro. It was what Kuroko would have expected too, they were the best of friends, they knew each other inside out, Himuro was more beautiful than anyone ... but Kagami was with him. Was he a disappointment to her?

"I am sure Taiga could answer that question. I am just happy that he did." He hugged himself, remembering his mate's arms, trying to rub some warmth into his body, happy about the fact he was wearing Kagami's pullover which slightly smelled of him.

"Ah, sorry, I forgot that Omegas are meek creatures who would never praise themselves." She took a sip of tea. "So what would my son say about you?"

"You need to ask him that." Kuroko looked at his phone, seeing that he had no answer yet. "I better call him, it seems like he hasn't seen my text yet." He did not have to but he went to the balcony to make the call.

Kagami picked up after a few rings: "Hey, Tetsu! What is it?"

"Your mother is visiting. She sits in the living room."

"Oh." Humor left the other's voice. "Are you alright? She can be a bit ... insensitive."

"I noticed." Kuroko took a deep breath. "Can you please come back quickly?"

"Give me twenty minutes. Ask her about her current job, she can ramble quite a bit." He advised.

"I'll do that." Just hearing his mate made him smile. "Please hurry."

"Yeah." He shouted at the others that he had to go. "I'll run. See you soon. And Kuroko? I love you."

"Love you too." He sighed with a smile, kissing the luke-warm phone screen before heading back inside. "He is on his way. What series are you starring in right now, Misses Kagami?"

The woman was still going on about a coworker who had criticized her handling of the toddler – which she didn't even know the real name of which disturbed Kuroko on numerous levels – when his mate returned. He was still in his training clothes, he hadn't even changed his shoes. Kagami leaned down to kiss him, no, claim him. It was more than a greeting, it was something like a show of ownership in front of his own mother of all people!

"I'm back, Tetsu." Kagami looked up to wave at his mother who still sat in the living room. "Hi, mom! I'll take a quick shower before I greet you, okay? I'm soaked from training." He did not wait for her answer. "Tetsu, could you please bring me some clothes from the bedroom?"

"Sure." He saw his mate vanish into the bathroom. Okay, he was soaked with sweat

but ... gods, this was a strange day. He got some clothes from the bedroom, choosing carefully to prolong the process. He did not want to face Kagami's mother alone again. She wasn't intimidating or mean or anything just ... she did not make him feel at ease. Her disregard for most things that were important to him terrified him somehow. He went into the unlocked bathroom, stopping in his tracks in front of a stark naked Kagami who smiled at him when he noticed him.

His mate was already showered, smelling of his favorite showergel, toweling his hair. He could not have had more than three minutes, he must have really rushed. It made Kuroko smile while he held out the clothes for the other to wear.

"Thank you." Kagami dressed in record time and let his mate hang up the towel before they both stepped out of the bathroom. "Now I'm presentable. Hi, mom."

"Hello to you too." She stood to embrace him and they shared a short hug. "How are you?"

"Fine. You?" They sat on the couch with Kagami pulling Kuroko onto his lap. What was all of this very possessive behavior about?

"Splendid! Your mate kept me good company, he is very nice. But how do you stand to be around such a timid creature? He looks easily breakable." Again her tone did not sound mean but it felt dismissive all the same. How could she talk about him as if he wasn't in the room?

"He is a lot stronger than I am." Kagami kissed his forehead, making him blush with his words and actions. "I admire him."

His mother looked stunned. She blinked, seeming to need a moment to compose herself. Then she smiled, though it seemed a little strained and said: "Aren't you a darling? Where did you get that from? Certainly not your father."

Did she have to fight out her marriage problems on her son's back? Kuroko was beginning to get angry with her. She seemed to like her son but she gave off no maternal feelings, it was more like she simply regarded her son as another adult. Or more like an adult she liked to control. It was disconcerting.

"No, I learned that from my nanny. Getting an Omega woman to care for me when I was small was a good decision on your part." Kagami smiled friendly at the women in front of them and it was in that moment that something in Kuroko's head clicked.

She wasn't Kagami's mother. Well, she was the one who had born him but she wasn't the one who had raised him. She held the title of "mother" but not the feelings. So that was why Kagami behaved like he did. He had been raised by an Omega women. The one in front of them was not a stranger but not someone who he held familiar feelings for. It wasn't mandatory that Kuroko should please her world-view.

He stood from Kagami's lap and kissed the red hair before ruffling the still wet strands and said: "I'll make some more tea. Do you want some soaked lemons beforehand? You must have run at quite a pace to be here this early."

"Oh, yeah, that would be great." His mate smiled up at him. "Can I have a riceball or two as well? Oh, mother, are you hungry? And where are you staying?"

"I chose the Hilton Plaza and I ate at the airport before coming here, thank you for asking. We can have dinner later if you'd like." She offered.

"Sounds good." He still took the lemons and riceballs. "Did you really just come to visit or do you have business here?"

"Your father and I decided to finalize the divorce, so I came to fill some paperwork." She grunted. "It's such a hassle. I changed my mind, can I have a riceball as well?"

Kuroko got her one with chicken and mayonnaise, his own favorite. It was a good excuse to turn and hide his distraught face. Did none of them care a wit about family?

It seemed like Misses Kagami meant what she said, pure Alpha families did not seem to care about family ties. He had to think of Akashi in that moment. If he grew up with such people, somehow Kuroko did not wonder how he turned out so screwed in the head. Same with Aomine, his parents were pure Alphas as well. Midorima and Murasakibara had Beta mothers and those two were strange but nice – it seemed a lot of difficult behavior could be attributed to their parents' second gender.

He was suddenly happy to be an Omega with an Omega mother. He should take pride in his heritage if having Alpha parents could turn people into ... direly misguided persons. And that was putting it nicely.

"Those riceballs are great! Having an Omega around must be nice." The woman complimented.

"Taiga made them. He is a much better cook than I am." He looked at her with an inner smirk. Somehow it made unbelievable fun to shatter her world-view. "He's also better at cleaning. He takes his task of spoiling me rotten pretty serious."

"Your mate is surprisingly feisty, Taiga." She crooked her eyebrows, looking at her son. "You take that tone from him?"

Kuroko balled his fists. Really? Did she even understand the word love? Were all relationships about power for her? Was he a creature to subdue for her? She had just edged her son on to intimidate his mate into staying quiet.

"Of course I do. He is my mate." Kagami did not react to the provocation.

"You are so whipped." She laughed. "I thought mating an Omega was about not having to worry about the other running his mouth and having constant fights."

"That's a question of character rather than second gender, I think." Kagami scratched his head.

Kuroko looked at his mate with a shocked expression. Did he say what he thought he just did? Did his mate tell his mother it was her character flaw that she was unable to keep a relationship? He wasn't wrong, sure, but telling her that to her face ... wasn't that a bit too cocky?

And why was he getting wet from watching his mate clash with his mother?

"You should show a bit more respect for the women who bore you and finances your life." Her eyelids contracted in annoyance. "Is this puberty hitting you?"

"No, this is an angry Alpha who is tired of hearing his mother affronting his mate. If you have nothing nice to say to or about him, I don't think he should be around you."

Protection. So that was it. It was why he was getting wet and weak in his knees. It was why Kagami had tried to keep him bodily near him. He had instinctively reacted to his mother's contempt for Kuroko. She had no actual problem with him. In her world, he was a silent breeding and house-keeping tool and she was alright with her son having one. It didn't mean she respected or liked him. He just did not matter much to her, especially not his character. For her all Omegas were like one another, only separable by their looks and how well they did their tasks.

It was the most infuriating attitude he had ever encountered.

He stayed in the kitchen while Kagami kindly requested his mother to go and accompanied her outside to make sure she actually left. When he came back inside, Kuroko greeted him like the good little Omega she thought him to be. His kissed his mate deeply and spread his legs.