Silver Lining
by NoMoreNoodles

Summary

Haruhi wakes up hurt and alone in an alleyway.

She won't be alone for long.

Or

In which Haruhi revealing her gender was not the best idea, but with every cloud comes a silver lining.
Bruises were things Haruhi didn't get very often. She went outside seldom and rarely tripped, so when she woke up in an alleyway covered in angry purple bruises and cuts varying in depth and length, she was perplexed.

The pain started as a dull ache, throbbing somewhere beneath her skin. When she tried to get up, it intensified so harshly she knew something must be broken. She stayed still, trying to assess her situation. She was lying on something hard. Her clothes clung to her in tatters. She was wet too. Lying in a puddle while raindrops came down, spattering on her bare back. Each drop stung as though acid fell from the sky instead of water. It hurt to move. It hurt to breathe. But she was alive. *To every cloud a silver lining.*

Haruhi let out a low, pained groan and tried to roll over to face the sky. Her breasts were as bare as her back, and inscribed on her torso—from collarbone to navel— in shallow scratches was the word 'SLUT'. She could barely make it out, but she was pretty sure that was what it said. She mentally checked for pain between her legs, but found none. It didn't seem as though she had been raped. That was a good thing.

Her mind was hazey, clouded by pain and confusion, but two thoughts floated around in her dazed head. Someone had attacked her. Had they taken her phone?

She forced herself to breathe deeply, rain falling into her open mouth and onto the crusted over cuts on her chest, legs, and face. She looked around, desperately trying to spot her purse: a splash of hot pink anywhere in her grey surroundings. She found it near her feet. She tried to push herself up to reach for it. Her arms nearly gave from the pressure, and when she caught sight of her hand she couldn't help but wince. Several of her fingernails were missing. Her fingers closed on the handle of her purse, and she immediately flopped back on her back and fumbled about trying to open the clasp of it. It hurt like hell trying to navigate the inside of her purse with her ruined hands, but after several seconds of pained scrambling, she found her phone.

Thankfully, it still worked. She flipped it open and went through her contacts, looking for her father's number. There were two contacts labelled "Daddy".

"Damnit Tamaki," she grumbled under her breath. The idiot had obviously gotten hold of her phone again. She clicked on one of the numbers, hoping vaguely that her father would pick up, and that he wasn't out working this late at night. The phone buzzed. She waited.

"Haruhi!"

It was not her father.

"Did you just miss me so bad you couldn't take it anymore? That's okay. Daddy will always be here for his darling little girl!"

"Tamaki?" she said, her voice coming out a mere croak. She could practically hear his expression change over the phone.

"Haruhi? Are you alright?"

"I don't know," she groaned. "I... I'm hurt. But I'm not going to die. I'm... I think I was attacked. I can't get up."
Shaky breathing came in over the phone.

"Where are you?" said Tamaki, dead serious.

"I don't know. I-I think I'm in an alleyway close to my house though." Haruhi glanced around at her surroundings, looking for any distinguishing features. She found none. "I don't know anything else. I'm sorry, Senpai, I just-

"Do you need me to come get you?"

"I... I don't know. I think so."

"I'll be there in half an hour." The phone clicked. She was alone again. She tried the other number labelled 'Daddy'. It went straight to voicemail. She closed the phone. Rain kept falling. Haruhi laid there for an inordinate amount of time, not moving, barely thinking.

She heard the sound of a car pulling up close to her. Then she heard footsteps.

When Tamaki saw her, his eyes widened to the size of saucers. He loomed over her, noting her exposed chest and the message written on her. He put a hand to his mouth. Haruhi could see he was trying not to cry.

"Hey, Senpai," she said, attempting a weak smile. Tamaki's shoulders shook. He knelt beside her.

"Haruhi?" Violet eyes were on the brink of overflowing. "Y-You look like a corpse."
The Ride

Chapter Summary

Tamaki takes Haruhi to the hospital.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The ride to the hospital was long and silent, save for the occasional groan of pain from Haruhi or hiccup of despair from Tamaki. Tamaki's knuckles were white on the steering wheel, and he kept having to blink away tears to keep his vision clear.

Haruhi wanted to say something. To comfort him? To reassure him? She didn't know why, but she just couldn't find the right words anyway, so she turned and watched the rain through the window instead.

A thought occurred.

Tamaki's shirt was probably going to be ruined after this. He had draped her in it "to conserve her modesty and protect her from chills" the moment he put her in the car.

The rich interior of his car may also be ruined now. Part of her worried he would make her pay for it. She had, after all, only recently been released from her debt to the Host Club, and had no desire at all to put herself back in it. Then she remembered that this was Tamaki's car, not Kyoya's, so she probably had nothing to worry about.

The cuts on her front stung and bled with every twitch or jerk of the car.

"Haruhi?"

She turned her head to face him.

"We're here," he said nervously. Haruhi made a weak attempt at a smile. Tamaki seemed to be taking the fact of her injuries much harder than she was.

"Thanks for taking me, Tamaki-senpai."

Tamaki stayed quiet for a moment, seemingly overcome with emotion. She could never quite understand how he always seemed to feel so much all the time. The boy could make a simple stubbed toe seem like a tragedy. She could only imagine what this must feel like to him.

Haruhi gave him a reassuring touch on the shoulder.

"I'm going to be fine, Tamaki-senpai. Don't worry."

Tamaki grasped her hand, holding it to him for a moment. Tears dripped forlornly from his hung head, staining his jeans. Finally, he looked up at her. He tried smiling.

"Let's get you inside," he told her.
Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter is so short, but I'm a lazy and terrible person. Hope you enjoyed it anyway!

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