Summary

Our greatest glory is not in falling, but in rising every time we fall. The Winter Cup brought about radical changes to the Generation of Miracles. It brought them together, and their bond was restored. End of story? Not even kind of. As Akashi Seijuuro and Kuroko Tetsuya begin a relationship, they learn that the drama in high school is not the only thing to worry about.

Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Kuroko no Basuke/Kuroko no Basket/The Basketball Which Kuroko Plays/Kuroko's Basket/ Kuroko's Basketball/KNB. But this summer I will, as Viz has decided to release it in the states! I burst in to tears in the drive threw of a Steak and Shake minutes after it was announced at NYCC. My friend was more than a little concerned.

A few things before we begin:
1) I started writing this fic in September 2014, immediately after the manga ended. This means that this was before Extra Game was released. For this reason, I am ignoring it and Kuroko's Birthday OVA (you will see why in this very chapter).

2) This is an Akashi-Kuroko get together fic. Yes there is smut. Yes there will be trigger warnings. Please pay attention to them at the start of all chapters.

3) I made minor changes to little things in the manga to use to back-up the content in this story. I will note them, and they aren't severe, so no worries!

   Warnings: None this chapter.

   Notes this chapter: I know that Akashi reverts back to calling them by their last names. However, ignore that in this fic.

   Please enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes.
The cheers were immediate. As the crowd went wild, as his teammates began to cry out in glee, as lights flashed from the media cameras, Kuroko Tetsuya took a brief moment to reestablish the reality he was currently in. His eyes met Akashi's briefly before he was engulfed by his teammates, and tears began to stream down his face as he let out a raw cry of emotion the adrenaline running through his veins taking over.

"We won!" Taiga shouted near his ear as his arm hooked around his shoulders. Kuroko grinned back at him once more before he noticed Akashi approaching, a strange look in his dichromatic eyes. Kuroko pulled away, leaving Seirin to bask in their triumphant win.

As the two became closer, Kuroko realized that Akashi was relieved. Relieved that he had lost?

Despite his confusion, he felt his tears start again when Akashi's eyes shined with tears.

"It's your...no, it's your team's win. Congratulations." The red head murmured, offering Kuroko his hand. The pure, undeniable affection in his eyes caught the phantom sixth man off guard. Around him, Seirin stilled, listening to the conversation, their celebration put on hold. "...also, prepare yourselves. Next time, we'll be the victors." Akashi smirked, his usual confident mask making a reappearance once more. Kuroko's heart lurched at the sight, even as his mind was processing the affectionate gaze that had just been given to him.

It was one that he certainly wasn't used to.

Being the polite man that he was, Kuroko pushed that thought aside. He extended his hand, grasping Akashi's.

"...All right. Let's play again. Again. And again...as many times as you want." He promised, the sincerity in his own voice taking him by surprise. Akashi's gaze shifted, something unreadable flashing over his face too fast for Kuroko to catch before Akashi let their hands fall to their respective sides as the refs called for them to stand together in a line.

As they bowed, Kuroko made a silent reminder to himself to continue this later.

A week full of congratulations and celebrations followed. In that week, Kuroko saw as much of his old team as he did his new. Murasakibara took him to his favorite milkshake shop as a reward for 'finally beating Akachin.' Midorima bought him his lucky items for the week, insisting that the horoscope predicted that this was the start of a fantastic lucky time period for him. (Kuroko actually believed in that, for once, because he had been doing better at just about everything.) Kise took him to the local mall, insisting that he needed to start 'dressing like a champion again. Aomine took him to dinner, and then traveled to see the latest action movie. Kagami had teased him that it was a date, which both firmly denied.

The only one missing from the group was Akashi. While Kuroko could understand him wanting space, he would be lying if he said he wasn't a little hurt by all of this. He had been in communication with the others, but not him. Kuroko couldn't grasp why.

He and Akashi had been close at Teiko. Akashi had trained him to be what he was today, and he presented Kuroko with new goals. Having regained his other bonds with the Generation of Miracles, Kuroko had hoped that Akashi's would return as well.
Now, however, he sat with the others as they waited for Momoi and Akashi to arrive. They were getting a group picture, at Momoi's insistence. Kise and Kuroko were all for it. Aomine was grumbling in between them, and Murasakibara was munching on a box of pocky. Midorima was clucking his tongue as he checked his watch once more.

"Sorry, guys! The line at the camera store was so long!" Momoi pouted as she and Akashi appeared. Kuroko felt his heart rate pick up as his blue eyes met Akashi's red. A blush filled his cheeks when Akashi offered him a confident smirk.

"People can be so very incompetent these days." Akashi spoke as he stepped next to Kuroko's side.

"Okay, let's get this picture taken so that Tetsu-kun can return to his practice before Miss B-cup throws a fit!" Momoi called out, smiling. The group agreed, and via her instructions, managed to get in the frame of the camera. Kuroko stood in the middle, listening to Kise and Aomine bicker. Kise stood to his left, insisting that 'Kurokocchi liked him more, which is why he got to stand next to him.' Akashi stood next to his right, eerily silent. Midorima stood behind them, fiddling with his lucky item of the day. Murasakibara stood to his left, reluctantly putting away his bag of chips. Aomine was behind Kise, his glare boring in to the back of the smiling blonde's head.

"Everyone, get ready on 3!" Momoi cried out happily. After saying the count down, she bounced to Kise's side, resting her hand on his back.

"Smile, Kurokocchi!" Kise cried out, causing Kuroko's gaze to shift towards him as the flash went off. As Momoi and Midorima debated doing another shot, Kuroko himself actually liked the photo. It wasn't perfect, but it was an accurate depiction of their relationships. From Kise and Momoi's happy grins, to Midorima's arrogant expression and Akashi's smug smirk, to Murasakibara's nonchalant expression, Aomine's scowl, and his own curious gaze.

"I want to keep this one." He murmured softly. Akashi came over to Kuroko's side, leaning over his shoulder, a contemplative hum escaping him as he examined the picture with his critical gaze. Kuroko blushed when Akashi's hand slid onto his shoulder, the once familiar action now so very foreign it almost hurt to admit it.

"I agree, Tetsuya. It really does reflect our dynamic." Akashi's gaze slid to his face, and Kuroko cursed his heated cheeks as Akashi noticed them, a wicked gleam entering his red eyes. He quickly moved away to return the camera to Momoi and throw himself in to a conversation with Kise and Aomine.

As they were all about to go their separate ways, Akashi approached him again. He attempted to think up an excuse to leave.

"Tetsuya, I need to speak with you." Akashi murmured, catching the blue-haired male's wrist before he could walk away. Behind them, the rest of the generation of Miracles pretended not to listen, Momoi and Kise doing their best to be loud and obnoxious.

Kuroko's expression filled with dismay. He had wanted this; an opportunity to reunite with Akashi, to sit and talk about all that they had been through. However...

"I need to speak with you as well, Akashi-kun, but I'm running late to practice. When will you be in town next?" He asked, hoping that the red-head would return quickly. Akashi let a small smile slip on to his face, and he shook his head.

"I will come and retrieve you after your practice. Call your parents and let them know that you will be out with me tonight." He ordered, dropping Kuroko's hand. Kuroko nodded, slipping his hands in
to his pockets, his mind racing with questions. Before he could find the words for them, Kise's arm was slung around his shoulder and the blond was leading him away from the rest of the group so that he could get to practice close to on time.

As he stepped into the gym, he hoped that tonight would end with the two of them resuming their friendship.

Akashi appeared in Seirin's gym about 15 minutes before practice ended. He was dressed in a pair of dress slacks and a button down, red shirt. A tie was lazily draped over his shoulder, and his eyes sought Kuroko.

The phantom felt his steady gaze on him throughout the rest of practice, and instead of it making him nervous and causing him to lose his focus, it instead helped him focus. Maybe he wanted to show off? After practice was finished, he approached the bleachers to greet Akashi properly.

"I'm going to shower and change. Would you mind waiting on me?" He asked. Akashi shook his head, passing Kuroko a bag.

"Not at all, Tetsuya. Inside that bag in an outfit for the restaurant we are dining at this evening, including shoes. Consider it a gift." He added when Kuroko opened his mouth to protest such a generous gift.

"Okay, Akashi-kun." He reluctantly agreed. He knew better than to try and fight Akashi when it came to gifts. He headed to the showers, ignoring the questions his teammates shot at him. As he was buttoning up the shirt, Kagami gripped his shoulder.

"If you need someone to come and save you from Akashi…" He offered, the earnest concern in his eyes making Kuroko smile.

"Thank you, Kagami-kun, but I will be fine. Akashi-kun just wishes to talk." He assured the redhead as he removed his hand from his shoulder. Nervously running a hand through his blue locks, Kuroko shouldered his backpack and exited the locker room. Akashi was leaning against the wall by the exit, messaging someone on his phone. As Kuroko approached, he looked up, his blank expression slipping away to that of a welcoming grin.

"Ah, Tetsuya, I'm glad to see that the clothing fits." He said politely, even though both knew it would. After all, Akashi was always right. Kuroko nodded, dipping his head.

"Thank you, Kagami-kun. May I ask where you are taking me?" He asked as he followed his ex-captain out of Seirin's gym. Akashi led him to a parked car before opening his door for him.

"We're going out to dinner, Tetsuya." He said simply. Kuroko fastened in his seatbelt, pondering where this evening was going.

They remained silent during the drive to the restaurant, both lost in their own worlds. When they arrived, Kuroko opened his door, only to shiver at the cold breeze that blew in. Akashi frowned at that and retrieved one of his jackets from the floor of the car.

"Here, Tetsuya." Akashi said gently, though the order in his voice remained. Kuroko accepted it, slipping it around his shoulders.

"Thank you, Akashi-kun." Kuroko murmured, hiding his face in the collar of the jacket to cover up the pink in his cheeks. The jacket was warm and smelled like Akashi-kun, and he regretted having to
hand it over to the coat check as they entered the restaurant.

"Welcome, Akashi-sama." The manager himself greeted them personally. Akashi's hand rested on his lower back as he addressed the manager.

Kuroko did his best to not overthink that simple gesture. Surely it was just to guide him around the unfamiliar restaurant. He did his best to stop the blood from rushing to his cheeks, and tried not to focus on the warm hand resting so close to his ass.

Akashi pulled out his chair for him as he continued to chat with the manager, who quickly made his exit. Shaking his head, Akashi sat down across from him and offered him a reassuring grin.

"Relax, Tetsuya. We're just here to talk." At Akashi's teasing words, he felt his heart drop and he buried his face in the menu.

He, Kuroko Tetsuya, didn't do conversations relating to himself. As he had relayed his history to Seirin, it was terribly humiliating. If he were at dinner with Kise or Aomine, he knew that the conversation would be full of reminiscing. He would be a little uncomfortable with it, but the two of them would be cheerful about it. They all knew where they stood when they parted ways.

However, this was Akashi. Akashi never did anything without a purpose. This was clearly going to be about him, and he wasn't sure where they even stood. Or where he wanted them to go.

After ordering their meals and receiving their drinks, Akashi cleared his throat.

"Before our food arrives, I'd like to say something for you to think about." He announced. Kuroko's curiosity caused him to meet Akashi's eyes with his own. He nodded, accepting Akashi's proposal. Shifting a bit in his seat, Akashi locked his eyes on Kuroko's expression.

"I rarely offer up my past, Tetsuya. It is no one's business but my own. However, if you'd like, I want to share my history with you and you alone." He said. Kuroko's eyes widened at that.

"I'd like that, Akashi-kun." Kuroko murmured, voice sincere. Akashi nodded, a wry smile slipping on to his lips.

"Good. That will come at a later evening. But first, I must get down to business. I am a man of prompt and direct confrontation, Tetsuya. Allow me to be blunt." Akashi paused, allowing Kuroko to digest this information. He continued when Kuroko's eyes narrowed defensively. "You are mine, Tetsuya. Not just my phantom sixth man or a valuable asset to my previous team. You are so much more than that to me. You are my pride, my greatest accomplishment. My Tetsuya, I let you leave my side so that you could have the freedom you desired. And now, I would like to request that you return to my side." He declared. Kuroko's cheeks heated at that, and he looked away as his heart pounded in his chest.

To most people, the speech would come off as abusive and controlling. And while it might have been, it was the sweetest thing that anyone had ever said to him. That someone was actively seeking him out, for his attention and not his abilities, meant more to Kuroko than even he realized.

"As your friend? Akashi-kun, our friendship never ended." He pointed out. It was true. When he quit the team, he hadn't spoken to Akashi then and there hadn't been any communication between the two until his text before the Winter Cup finals. Akashi's eyes narrowed and he reached across the table to take his hand.

"No, Tetsuya. I want you to be so much more than my friend. I want you to return to my side as my boyfriend. My partner. Eventually, you shall even be my lover. But above all else, Tetsuya, you will
be mine." He corrected. Kuroko's heart began to race at the thought.

Akashi-kun...as his boyfriend? That was definitely something to think about. It was also completely unexpected.

"I can think about this as we eat, right?" Kuroko asked. Akashi's hand gave his a squeeze before it returned to Akashi's side of the table. Kuroko instinctively clenched his fist, trying to capture the warmth of Akashi's hand.

"Of course, Tetsuya. That is why I wanted to do this over dinner." He shrugged. Kuroko nodded, and soon after, their waitress appeared. The two were silent as they began eating.

Akashi-kun as his boyfriend. That certainly came as a surprise to the shadow. He never would have imagined that his feelings were returned. He had noticed his crush on Akashi-kun at one point during his third year at Teiko, and had did his best to keep them to himself, not wanting to bother the other when he had so many things to deal with. He wasn't even sure if Akashi was in to guys, and didn't want things to grow awkward between them. Even after that fateful match that ruined everything for him, his feelings for Akashi hadn't simply disappeared. And their time and space apart hadn't diminished it either. It was always a thought in the back of his mind.

If Kuroko was being honest, it was a bit of a dream come true. This guy that he had been crushing on for a while now suddenly confessing over a sweet dinner date? Completely out of the blue, it almost felt like a fantasy. But his life wasn't a fairy tale. Far from it, really.

As he secretly observed Akashi, he weighed the pros and cons of dating this red-headed genius.

He was certain that Akashi would be an affectionate man. He cared for all of his teammates, past and present, and spoiled them as rewards for their accomplishments. Akashi would take care of him. He would dote on him and spoil him and above all else, love him for whom he truly is.

That mattered a whole hell of a lot to Kuroko.

But on the other hand...Akashi had such high expectation for those around him. He got violent if he was challenged. He was sure in his beliefs and opinions. He would end up graduating from Rakuzan and entering Tokyo University as an honor student. He would graduate with a bachelors in two years, a master in two more, and he would have his PH.D within another year from that. A year after Kuroko managed to graduate college with his basic education, Akashi would be leaps and bounds ahead of him.

What if he realized that Kuroko really wasn't what he wanted? That would probably break his heart more than anything else.

But what if he didn't? A small voice inside him asked. What if this was actually where he was meant to be? Akashi did everything with careful calculations. Why would he use Kuroko, when he never had before?

With that in mind, he decided to just go ahead and ask the red-head directly.

"Akashi-kun?" He called out softly. Kuroko glanced up to find his ex-captain watching him. He met his gaze before looking down once more. "May I ask you some questions before I give my final answer?" He asked.

"Of course you can, Tetsuya. I will do my best to provide honest answers." He promised. Kuroko nodded, taking a deep breath before voicing his first concern.
"If I accept your offer, there are a few things I can't go through again. Akashi-kun, are you going to push me to meet your expectations?" He asked, swallowing his drink to hide his nervousness. Akashi shook his head, expression softening.

"Oh no, Tetsuya. Of course not. I'll help you meet your personal ones. As my partner, you and I will truly be equals. I will be just as much yours as you are mine. I apologize for being the reason that you have to ask me that question." He sighed, shaking his head as a bitter smile crossed his lips. "I will continue to push those under me to meet my expectations. I will continue to reward them and punish them as the situation calls for. But Tetsuya, none of those are what I expect out of you. If you accept my proposal and become mine, I ask but of two things of you." He paused, giving Kuroko a minute to catch his thoughts.

"What are they?" The blue-haired male asked.

"I want your loyalty. After everything that has happened to me..." Akashi trailed off, a dark expression crossing his face. "...I couldn't handle another betrayal, Tetsuya. I also expect your honesty. There will be no secrets in our relationship." He declared. Kuroko nodded at that. Secrets and lies would get them nowhere, and damage their bonds of trust.

"I agree, Akashi-kun." He said. Kuroko tentatively reached out to Akashi, smiling a bit as Akashi's warm hand grasped his. "...why me? I'm not intelligent, so I will never be able to converse with you about your future in the business world. I'm not really attractive like Kise-kun or Momoi-san, or even Kagami-kun. I am quiet and introverted and no one notices me. So why me, Akashi-kun?" He asked softly, as his eyes met Akashi's. The red head shifted, cupping Kuroko's hand with both of his.

"Your low sense of self-worth has always bothered me." Akashi admitted. "Tetsuya, you are so much more than you give yourself credit for. Your sense of intuition, nurtured from your detailed observation skills, rival those of myself and Shintarou. You give wonderful advice based off of the little things you pick up about people. Having you at my side during a meeting could bring about many perks." He promised. Kuroko blushed, looking away from his earnest gaze. "Your quiet presence is often overlooked, but that doesn't matter to me. I notice every little thing you do." He admitted.

"Akashi-kun, that sounds a bit like you are always watching me." He cut in, attempting to make a joke. It dragged a chuckle out of Akashi, who leaned over and brushed his cheek.

"My Tetsuya." He crooned, a wicked smirk on his face at Kuroko's blush. "You are so breathtaking to look at. You possess a quiet grace and a strong mind. You are still so loyal to me, even after all that I did to mess up your life. You mean so much to me," He admitted, and for the first time that night, looked away from Kuroko. Despite the hammering of his heart at the sweet confession, Kuroko didn't want their connection to break so easily. He placed his other hand over Akashi's, urging him to look at him once more.

Akashi's expectant eyes had his heart hammering in his chest, and his fingers unconsciously tightened around Akashi's. He did his best to really think over everything that Akashi had said. Most of it had been very flattering, but he did his best to look past it. Akashi had been startlingly open tonight, which Kuroko took in to consideration as well.

Honesty was a key part of a relationship, wasn't it? Taking in a deep, calming breath, Kuroko made his decision.

"Me too, Akashi-kun. You mean a lot to me as well. That's why I'm going to say yes." He said. Akashi's gaze snapped up and locked with Kuroko's.
And in that moment, Kuroko surrendered. As Akashi took one of his hands, and pulled it to his lips, Kuroko's heart skipped a beat. Akashi's gentle kisses to each of his knuckles sent a dizzying wave of warm affection washed over him.

As he offered Akashi a shy smile, he felt hopeful for the first time in a long time. He had his old team, some of the best friends he had ever had, back in his life. He had a new team that supported and cared for him.

And now, after longing after his ex-captain, he finally had Akashi Seijuuro as his boyfriend.

The two continued their meal by sharing idle small talk. Akashi asked him question after question about his preferences and gave Kuroko time to question him in return. As they stood up from the table that night, Kuroko's hand was captured by Akashi's and he stood close to his side, watching as his boyfriend left a generous tip for the waiter, on top of paying for their bill. The manager saw them out, and Akashi helped him in to his jacket, his hand returning to the small of his back once again.

They slipped in to the backseat of the black car that had brought them to the restaurant. Kuroko blushed bright red when Akashi tugged him close to his side, but he didn't pull away from him. He sucked up his embarrassment and leaned in to Akashi's warm side.

"Next time, we'll eat in. I don't want you catching a chill." Akashi said.

"Will you cook, Akashi-kun?" He asked, his eyes alight with mirth.

"If that's what you wish, Tetsuya. I'd do anything for you, you know?" He murmured sincerely. Kuroko's cheeks heated once more at those sweet words, burrowing in to Akashi's side to hide his happy grin.

Akashi walked him to his doorstep, their hands linked. Kuroko looked up at the stars, enjoying the rare, clear view of them.

"The stars are so beautiful tonight, Akashi-kun." He said in awe, eyes tracing the constellations. Akashi's warm hand cupped his cheek, bringing him back down to reality. His breath hitched at the adoration in Akashi's red eyes.

"So are you, my Tetsuya." Akashi said softly before bringing his face in closer to Kuroko's. Their breath mingled for a heartbeat before Akashi's warm lips were pressing against his. Kuroko's eyes slid shut, attempting to press his lips back against Akashi's.

It was just a simple brushing of their lips. It ended soon after it began. But it sent his heart racing, and Kuroko wrapped his arms around Akashi's neck, his blush returning in full force as he shyly met Akashi's gaze from under his eye lashes. Akashi let out a soft huff of laughter, pressing another kiss to Kuroko's lips.

"I had a nice time tonight, Akashi-kun. I missed you." He admitted. Akashi kissed him again, tightening his grip on Kuroko's waist.

"I have missed you too, Tetsuya. Thank you for accompanying me tonight. We should do this again soon." Akashi murmured as he stepped back a bit when Kuroko shivered from the cold. With a stern frown, he pushed him towards his door. "Now get inside before you catch a chill. Tetsuya?" He called out as Kuroko reached for the door.

"Hm?" The blue-haired male questioned. Akashi's smile turned smug and self-assured as he stepped off of Kuroko's front porch.
"Have a good night, my Tetsuya." He said. Kuroko blushed at his words.

"You too, Akashi-kun." He stuttered out before slipping in to the house. As he leaned against the door, his heart racing, he realized that he was wearing Akashi's jacket. Deciding to return it to him next time, Kuroko walked upstairs to his bedroom. After changing in to his pajamas and petting Nigou, he grabbed his phone and Akashi's jacket. Slipping it on, he took in a whiff of Akashi's scent, of his boyfriend's scent, and with a smile, opened a new message.

To: Akashi-kun

Subject: Jacket

Akashi-kun, I have your jacket. When we meet again, I will return it to you. Also, please message me when you have returned to your home safely.

Satisfied with that, he sent the message and curled up under his blankets. Nigou snuggled close, sniffing at Akashi's jacket.

"This belongs to Aka- no. Nigou, this jacket belongs to my boyfriend." He said quietly, feeling giddy at the way those words sounded aloud. Biting back an uncharacteristically happy giggle, Kuroko buried his face in his pillow, pulling the jacket around him so that he could get lost in Akashi's scent.

He was asleep when the red-head replied.

From: Akashi-kun

Subject: Re: Jacket

Tetsuya, I am aware that you have my jacket. You can keep it for as long as you'd like, so long as you actually wear it. These cold winter days are bad for your health. I have returned home safely. I will message you later in the week with details about our next outing. Feel free to contact me for any reason, Tetsuya.
Chapter 2

Kuroko Tetsuya spent a lot of time with his dog. Nigou was his faithful companion; his closest confidant.

And so when he woke up the morning after his great night with Akashi, his boyfriend, he had smiled at Nigou and ruffled the fur atop his head.

"Good morning, Nigou." He murmured softly. Nigou let out a happy bark, licking his face in greeting. Chuckling softly, Kuroko sat up, stretching a bit. When the jacket fell off of his shoulders, he paused, glancing down at the bed sheets. His cheeks colored a light pink as he took in the dark jacket settled beside him. He reached out, running his fingers over the lines of Akashi’s name. Grinning, he turned to his phone. A message was waiting for him.

From: Akashi-kun

Subject: Re: Jacket

Tetsuya, I am aware that you have my jacket. You can keep it for as long as you'd like, so long as
you actually wear it. These cold winter days are bad for your health. I have returned home safely. I will message you later in the week with details about our next outing. Feel free to contact me for any reason, Tetsuya.

Releasing a small chuckle, he quickly pulled the jacket over his lap and responded to Akashi.

To: Akashi-kun

Subject: Re: Re: Jacket

Akashi-kun, thank you for the jacket. I will wear it until we meet again. Have a nice day at school.

Satisfied, Kuroko neatly folded up the jacket and rose from his bed. Nigou jumped off of it, prancing over to Kuroko’s door before sitting down in front of it, patiently waiting for his master. Kuroko slipped on a pair of slippers, lest he catch a chill and Akashi-kun would be angry, and then made his way out of his bedroom. As he and Nigou walked towards the backdoor, he quietly greeted his parents and grandmother. They returned his greeting as he exited in to his backyard. Nigou ran out in to the yard, happy to do his business. A small vibration from his phone indicated that he had a new message, and Kuroko eagerly pulled his phone out from the pocket of his pajama bottoms. He actually had three.

From: Kagami-kun

Subject: Homework

Yo, I forgot about that assignment for sensei. Did you do it? Can I…borrow it?

From: Aomine-kun

Subject: Street ball match

Yo, Tetsu. There is going to be a game tonight by my school. Wanna show these losers what we’re like when we work together? Kagami can come too, if he wants.

From: Akashi-kun

Subject: Good Morning

Thank you, Tetsuya. Be sure to do the same. I hope you slept well. There should be a present in your mailbox for you soon. Be sure to check on your way to school.

Curious about that, Kuroko exited his backyard as he replied to Kagami and Aomine.

To: Aomine-kun

Subject: Re: street ball match

I will ask Kagami-kun when I arrive at school. It will also depend on if I have a lot of homework.

To: Kagami-kun

Subject: Re: homework

You may copy my homework, Kagami. Try and remember to do it next time.

Kuroko came to a stop in front of his mailbox, curiosity peaked by the note sticking out from it. He
took it, and then opened it to find a blue rose. Surprise, he pulled it out and opened the note.

Tetsuya,

A wise man by the name of Henry Van Dyke once wrote a collection of short stories referring to blue flowers as symbols for hope and inspiration. It is my wish that this flower serves the same for you. Have a great day.

Kuroko blushed scarlet as he held the flower close, and slipped the note in to his pocket. He quickly pulled out his phone as he made his way back to his backyard, heart racing with glee at the thoughtful gesture from his new boyfriend. With a wide grin and shaking fingers, he quickly typed back a response.

To: Akashi-kun

Subject: Re: Good Morning

I slept well, thank you. Thank you for the flower, Akashi-kun. It's beautiful. I'm not really sure how to show my gratitude via this form of communication, but I am very grateful. It has made my morning significantly better, so thank you.

Nigou came to his side, his bright blue eyes happy as he wagged his tail in greeting. Chuckling, Kuroko let him back in to the house, and the two made their way back upstairs. His parents were nowhere to be seen, probably elsewhere in the house getting ready for work, and his grandmother was watching television in the living room.

Once in his room, he grabbed a spare cup from his private bathroom and filled it with water before putting the flower in to it and setting it on his window sill. Akashi’s reply was quick, and Kuroko sat down in his desk chair as he eagerly opened the text message.

From: Akashi-kun

Subject: Re: Re: Good Morning

You are most welcome, Tetsuya. Our communication for the rest of the day will be limited, unfortunately, as I must begin getting ready for school. I have a student council meeting during lunch, and a late practice tonight. I will do my best to respond as quickly as I can, if you try to contact me. Have a wonderful day, Tetsuya.

Kuroko felt himself melt after such an affectionate text message, and pulled his knees to his chest, resting his chin on top of them as he sent his final reply.

To: Akashi-kun

Subject: Re: Re: Re: Good Morning

Thank you for warning me in advance, Akashi-kun. I will do my best to keep that in mind, and save any important things until you are free for the evening. I must be getting ready for school as well. Have a nice day, Akashi-kun.

Content with that, he put his phone on his charger before gathering his uniform and heading in to the bathroom for his morning shower. He was sure that Akashi would reply once more, as he always had to be the one to have the last word, but Kuroko couldn't bring himself to care.

For the first time in a very, very long time, Kuroko was excited about where his life was taking him.
His own personal motto of 'once in a lifetime encounter' was happening once more. He could feel it.

Akashi had always fascinated him. He had noticed his abilities even before he had a grasp on them. He had always believed in him. The red-head could be scary when opposed, and affectionate towards his friends.

And he had been Kuroko's crush in middle school. It had started as admiration for the strong red-head, and developed in to so much more as they grew closer.

Now, he had been given an opportunity to really get to know Akashi. It certainly made his future brighter.

After showering and getting ready for the day, Kuroko gathered his school bag and the jacket and headed downstairs, Nigou following at his heels. As he made his lunch, he checked his phone. Sure enough, Akashi had sent him a final text message, wishing him a nice day. Leaving it at that, Kuroko slipped on the jacket and placed his finished lunch in to his bag before patting Nigou on the head and exiting the house.

As he met with Kagami, he clutched the note in his pocket, a small smile on his face for the rest of the day.

Kuroko was at Maji Burger with Momoi, Kagami, and Aomine when Akashi called that night. Their streetball game had turned in to a pseudo-tournament when some rude, older guy tried to tell Momoi that she didn't belong on the court, but in the kitchen instead. Enraged, Kuroko and Aomine immediately decided to challenge him. Momoi had been sitting on the edge of their court, playing with Nigou. It was uncalled for. Kise and Himuro were contacted, and the five of them had immediately set up a tournament.

Now, Kuroko was physically drained, and trying to replenish his stamina with a milkshake. When his phone began to ring, the conversation at the booth immediately died off. Waving them off, Kuroko pulled his phone out and answered the call.

"Hello, Akashi-kun." He greeted. His heart skipped a beat at Akashi's warm greeting in return.

"Hello, my Tetsuya. I am free for the evening. Are you?" Kuroko shook his head, sipping on his milkshake once more.

"I am out with Aomine-kun, Kise-kun, Kagami-kun, and Momoi-san, Akashi-kun. I'm sorry." He said around a yawn that had Momoi wrapping her arms around him as she gushed.

"...you sound exhausted, Tetsuya. What happened?" Kuroko blinked at Akashi's stern tone. It caught him off guard, before he realized that Akashi must have heard his yawn.

"We just finished a street ball tournament. Aomine-kun invited Kagami-kun and myself to a game. During it, someone insulted Momoi-san." He explained around another yawn. Akashi was silent for a moment.

"You won." Akashi stated rather than guessed.

"Yes, we won." He promised. Akashi let out a pleased hum that made Kuroko flush. One of the reasons that Kuroko was attracted to Akashi was his arrogant, 'I'm always right,' attitude towards everything. His satisfied and prideful smirk after winning always did interesting things to Kuroko's body.
"Excellent. Well then, I shall let you go. I have decided on an evening for our next outing, but I'm not quite ready to share you with everyone yet. Our relationship will remain quiet for the time being, Tetsuya. I will text you the details after we finish this conversation. Now wish me a good night and give the phone to Daiki." He ordered.

"Okay. Good night, Akashi-kun. Aomine-kun, Akashi-kun wishes to speak with you." He said, handing his phone over. The ace of Touou winced, accepting the phone. Kuroko settled against Momoi's side, content now that he had heard from his boyfriend. As Aomine began to describe the guy, Kuroko let a pleased smirk slip on to his face.

Akashi was fiercely protective of the generation. Momoi was a part of them. No one messed with his closest comrades and got away with it.

"Ne, Kurokocchi, why did Akashicchi call?" Kise asked. Kagami was watching him as well, waiting on his answer. Kuroko shrugged, not feeling the slightest bit guilty when he lied to them and told his friends he didn't know.

It was worth it when Aomine handed him back his phone, and not a minute later, Akashi texted him the date and location for their next date.

Or their first date? Shrugged it off, Kuroko petting Nigou as he and Akashi chatted about their day.

Finally, the weekend arrived. His homework was finished, and he had excelled at that morning's practice.

And in just half an hour, Akashi would be arriving to pick him up for their night out together. Akashi had promised that they would be going somewhere that allowed casual clothing, much to his relief. So dressed in a pair of his favorite jeans with one of his favorite shirts, Kuroko Tetsuya attempted to make his hair look presentable.

He was losing that battle. A frustrated sigh left him as his hair stuck up once more. After fighting with it for 15 more minutes, he gave up and wandered back into his bedroom. Grabbing his phone, he decided to take Nigou out once more. He slipped on Akashi's jacket as he walked through his empty house. His parents had left an hour ago to attend some business dinner, and his grandmother was off at her favorite book club, leaving him in the house by himself.

He was nervous about this date. He had never really had one before, and wasn't sure what Akashi was really expecting out of him. He wanted to please Akashi. He wanted to be whatever he was looking for in a partner.

He just wasn't sure how to do that.

So caught up in his musings, he failed to hear the knocking on his front door.

"Tetsuya?" Akashi's voice pulled him out of his thoughts and caused him to jump, quickly turning around as Akashi stepped into his backyard. He quickly checked his watch, a surge of relief calmly his rapidly beating heart when he noticed that Akashi was early. Seeing the action, Akashi chuckled and stepped closer to him, gently cupping his face with one hand. "I am running a bit ahead of schedule, it seems." He offered an amused smirk as his other hand took Kuroko's.

"Hello, Akashi-kun. I was just letting Nigou out one last time before I left." He explained. The dog perked up at that, walking over to the two of them. After sniffing at Akashi, he looked up at the jacket that Kuroko was wearing, and then at Akashi, and he sat down once he made the connection.
Akashi gave the dog a pat on the head at his obedience.

"He recognized me at our first meeting. What a wonderful compliment, Tetsuya." He said, heterochromatic eyes filled with glee. Kuroko frowned, titling his head in confusion. What did that mean?

"He recognizes your scent from your jacket, Akashi-kun." He attempted to explain. Akashi shook his head, even as his eyes slid over the jacket with approval.

"It's something much more primal than that, Tetsuya. He recognizes that you are mine. I think that bringing another jacket was a good idea." He commented, nodding to himself. Kuroko blushed at that.

Nigou recognized their relationship? Just because he had been wearing something of Akashi's…oh. His face burned with embarrassment as he comprehended the situation.

By wearing something of Akashi's, for an extended period of time, it was as if the man himself was there as well. It was a silent reminder of who he belonged to.

Which would explain why Nigou was acting so attentive and cautious around Akashi. He must have recognized him as his new alpha. As soon as that thought registered, Kuroko's heart skipped a beat as a wave of…something settled in his gut.

He would be lying if he said that he disliked the idea of Akashi's blatantly possessive attitude towards him.

"Tetsuya? Your face is red." Akashi stated, his eyes studying him in that calculating way that made Kuroko feel as if he knew exactly what he was thinking.

Akashi probably did. And from the smug smirk on his face, he liked it.

Tenderly brushing his thumb over the bright color on Kuroko's cheek, Akashi removed his hand from his face and gently tugged him back towards his house.

"Let's get going." He stated. Kuroko nodded, following after him. After making sure that Nigou had food and water, the two made their way to the car that was waiting for them.

"Where are we going, Akashi-kun?" Kuroko asked as he put on his seatbelt. Akashi simply took his hand and offered him a small smile.

"Patience, Tetsuya. You'll enjoy it." He promised. Of that Kuroko had no doubt. So he simply squeezed his hand and asked him how his practice match had went.

The two spent the car ride exchanging stories of the practice matches they had had that week. As Akashi talked about the utter annihilation of one of the rival schools, a flash of pride went through Kuroko. He remembered that feeling of triumphant that had come from winning a match led by Akashi. He knew how to make his team feel as if they were unstoppable.

If there was one thing his missed, it was that.

Soon, the two were pulling up to a small building that looked as if it was hidden from the world. It was in the middle of a large bar and a skyscraper. As Akashi helped him out of the car, Kuroko's curiosity was piqued. What could this be?

Keeping their hands locked, Akashi led him in to the building.
It turned out to be a restaurant. A high class one, at that. From the foreign words at the welcoming podium to the American waitress, this was obviously not a Japanese run business. When Akashi greeted the waitress with perfect English, both Kuroko and the girl blushed. Winking at Kuroko, he said something and she led them into the restaurant.

"Look up, Tetsuya." He murmured. Kuroko did, and his eyes widened.

There was a clear view of the night sky.

"Wow." He breathed. Akashi's hand tugged him onwards, and the two entered an elevator. Akashi pulled out a blindfold from his pocket, holding it up to show him.

"Do you trust me, Tetsuya?" He asked, reigning in the mockery of the question. Kuroko appreciated that, and nodded.

"Of course, Akashi-kun." He said, dutifully closing his eyes as Akashi wrapped the blindfold around his head. Tying it securely, Akashi then placed his hands on his shoulders, pressing himself against Kuroko's back. Kuroko blushed and his heart began to race.

"Relax, Tetsuya. I'll guide you." Akashi promised, and his hands slipped in to Kuroko's.

"It's not that, Akashi-kun." He blurted out, his flush darkening afterwards. A quiet chuckle escaped Akashi, and he moved back a bit to give Kuroko room to breathe.

"Oh Tetsuya, the things you do to me." Akashi sighed. Kuroko's heart lurched at that, and he shyly squeezed Akashi's hands. The elevator came to a pause, and Akashi directed Kuroko out, helping him find his way.

This room was definitely cooler than the one below, Kuroko noted. He was seated at a table before Akashi took away the blindfold.

"Open your eyes, Tetsuya." Akashi said. He did, and they widened in surprise.

He was sitting in some type of glass room. The only wall was the one that held the elevator's entrance. Surrounding them was thick glass, used to help keep out the effects of the elements. Even the ceiling was gone, and the only light that the room had to offer was the moonlight streaming down on to them.

That and the two candles on the table.

"Akashi-kun." Kuroko managed to murmur in his stunned state, seeking out Akashi. His breath hitched when he caught him. His red hair was glowing under the moonlight, and it accented his golden eye in ways that the normal lights never could.

What caused the warmth of a blush to creep on to Kuroko's cheeks was the genuine smile that Akashi offered him. He shrugged out of his own jacket, neatly setting it on the chair next to him, before returning his affectionate gaze to Kuroko.

"Well, what do you think?" He asked. Kuroko shook his head, eyes returning to the sky once more.

"It's wonderful, Akashi-kun. Where did you find this place?" He asked. Akashi took his hand, bringing his gaze back to the red-head.

"My father owns this place. The Americans who run it were running low on funds. He bought it, and put me in charge of it a year ago. Which is why this room is just for us tonight." He added with a
pleased smirk. Kuroko's eyes widened.

He owned this place? What else did the Akashis own?

Deciding to ask that at a later date, Kuroko instead offered Akashi a small smile.

"This place is wonderful, Akashi-kun. Thank you for bringing me here." He said shyly. Akashi squeezed his hand before letting go and handing him the menu.

"I always order the same, Tetsuya. If you have any questions, feel free to ask." He said. Kuroko nodded, and went to work on picking out his meal. Quickly deciding on something, he let Akashi know before observing the room. Akashi rose from his seat to convey the order to the kitchen via an intercom by the elevator. Kuroko caught sight of several light fixtures along the walls, and it looked as if the ceiling could be covered with lights imbedded in the curtains. Only a handful of tables sat in the room, and all were sat up as the table in front of them. A door next to the elevator probably signified the supply closet that held more items to help customize the room with.

"Akashi-kun?" He asked when the man helped him out of his jacket.

"I told them to turn up the heat as well. I don't want you getting cold." Akashi explained. Accepting his answer, Kuroko nodded and looked at their table once more. He spotted a little box in between the candles, and his eyes widened.

"Ano, what's that?" He asked. Akashi's eyes lit up, and he leaned over Kuroko's shoulder to retrieve the box.

"When I was out shopping, I spotted these and thought of you." Akashi explained as he handed the box to Kuroko. Curious, Kuroko opened up the little box. His swallowed around the lump in his throat at what was inside. It was a simple pair of sweatbands. They were identical to his old ones, except that these wouldn't slip off of his wrists as his current ones had taken to doing recently. He had mentioned something about it to Kise during their meet up for the picture just a week ago, but he hadn't thought that Akashi had been paying attention.

They served as his anchors. They helped keep him grounded, and the feeling of them rubbing against his wrists reminded him that he had a purpose in basketball – to help the light grow, no matter what.

Akashi had given him his old set as well.

"Thank you." He murmured softly, looking up at Akashi. The red head leaned down and kissed him for the first time that evening.

"You're very welcome, Tetsuya." He replied against his lips. Not wanting the kiss to end quiet yet, Kuroko leaned up and pressed his lips back against Akashi's, his eyes slipping closed as their lips met again and again. Akashi pulled back from the kiss when the elevator opened behind them, reminding them of the food they had ordered. Kuroko watched as Akashi returned to his seat, and placed the lid back on the box of the sweatbands, setting them on top of his jacket. As they began to eat, they talked about school and their clubs.

"And I am really having trouble with my math class. My teacher keeps forgetting to help me with my problems." Kuroko sighed.

"I can help with that, Tetsuya. The next time you are stuck on a particular question, call me. If that doesn't work, we can meet up and I can go over it with you. You shouldn't have to suffer from your teacher's incompetency." Akashi scoffed. Kuroko grinned, excited at the idea. His grades in middle school had much improved after Akashi began to help him. He sat down and answered all of his
questions, and managed to explain things in a way that Kuroko actually understood. If Akashi could help him with that, then maybe his grades would finally start to pick up.

"I am worried about our upcoming finals." Akashi admitted. "My current team is not made up of the brightest people. They all have their academic flaws, and I am worried that I will have to tutor all of them personally. In Teiko, I could rely on Shintaro to help take off the load of tutoring sessions. I am without him in this case." He sighed. Kuroko didn't like the tired frown that slipped on to Akashi's face.

"Don't take on too much, Akashi-kun. You must come before them." He stated, his blue eyes stern for once. Akashi caught his gaze and let out an affectionate chuckle, the worry and exhaustion leaving his features as he reached out to cup Kuroko's face, tenderly swiping his fingers over his lips.

"Ah my Tetsuya, you are correct. I cannot be blamed if they do poorly when I have given them enough alternatives." He shrugged. Pleased that he had been able to help, Kuroko leaned in to his palm.

Their quiet dinner passed quickly and eventually, Akashi rose from his seat.

"Are we leaving?" Kuroko asked, heart sinking at the prospect. Akashi shook his head, picking up his own jacket before offering it to Kuroko. Blushing, Kuroko slid in to it, thanking Akashi for his assistance. He retrieved his present as Akashi slipped on the black jacket that Kuroko had worn in. He zipped it up, before sniffing at the collar. He grinned at Kuroko, a wicked gleam in his eyes.

"Now I smell like Tetsuya." He stated. Kuroko blushed, burying his face in to the collar of his own jacket. The strong scent of Akashi caused his flush to darken and he burrowed inside of it, attempting to get lost in his boyfriend's comforting scent. Akashi walked over to the side of the room and opened a door Kuroko hadn't noticed, gesturing for him to follow.

The two stepped on to a balcony that overlooked the city. Kuroko's eyes were wide with awe as he took in the lights and colors. They leaned against the rail, a comfortable silence settling over the two. When a light breeze blew by, it struck Kuroko that Akashi wasn't touching him. His hands were in the pocket of his jacket, so maybe he was cold?

His heart began to race as his mind scrambled to find a solution to his dilemma of his. He wanted to hold Akashi's hand. He hadn't realized it until they weren't connected, and his hands felt strangely empty.

>You can hold his hand, Tetsuya. Akashi-kun would never reject you. He berated himself. If anything, Akashi would be pleased by Kuroko wanting to touch him enough to initiate it.

Wanting that proud gazed turned to him, Kuroko hardened his resolve and reached for Akashi's hand. While avoiding Akashi's gaze, he shyly slipped his hand in to Akashi's pocket. He could feel Akashi's intense gaze on him as his fingers found Akashi's, and he quickly connected their hands. Nervously squeezing Akashi's hand, Kuroko looked up for approval. His heart rate picked up at the proud smirk on Akashi's face, and the red head turned towards him.

"Cold, Tetsuya?" Akashi asked, squeezing his hand. Kuroko shook his head, feeling a bit brave at the lack of rejection. He slipped his other hand in to Akashi's other pocket, grasping that hand as well.

"No, Akashi-kun. I'm fine now." He promised. Akashi stepped closer to him, his gaze calculating as he pressed their foreheads together. Kuroko simply stared back, wondering what was going through Akashi's mind. Whatever it was quickly vanished when he pressed their lips together. Kuroko's flush
spiked, and he felt a bit light headed as Akashi gently slid his lips around Kuroko's bottom one, tugging it out. He gasped, feeling as if his face was on fire as Akashi's warm breath covered his face.

Akashi released his lower lip and pressed their lips together again. Kuroko's mind was buzzing at the warm, almost familiar now, feeling of Akashi's lips on his own. He liked it. He liked that when Akashi would pull away from his, his heterochromatic eyes would be focused on him and him alone. He liked that his lips tasted like Akashi. He liked that this was something only they shared.

He liked kissing.

"I like that." He admitted when Akashi placed a parting kiss on his lips.

"Do you?" His boyfriend asked, his amusement apparent. "I like kissing you, Tetsuya. I really like kissing you as the moonlight causes your hair to glow. It enhances your natural beauty." He teased. Kuroko blushed, ducking his head under Akashi's in embarrassment. Akashi's answering chuckle was accompanied by a kiss to the top of his head.

"Let's get you home, Tetsuya. The night chill will be rolling in soon." Akashi eventually murmured. Kuroko nodded, pulling away from Akashi. The red-head's hand held his still, and the two made their way back in to the glass room. Akashi left a generous tip on the table before they climbed in to the elevator.

"When will we do this again, Akashi-kun?" Kuroko asked once they were in the car. Akashi sighed, shaking his head.

"I will let you know soon, Tetsuya. Unfortunately, with our approaching finals, it might be a week or two before we can do this again." He admitted. Kuroko pouted, leaning against his side. "I don't like it either, but we must focus on our education. You are an all too tempting distraction, my Tetsuya." He teased. Kuroko nodded at that. He felt the same way about Akashi. "I will call you tomorrow night with a date." He promised, pressing a kiss to Kuroko's pouting lips. Kuroko returned the kiss, satisfied with that answer.

After kissing him goodnight, Akashi left Kuroko on his front doorstep. He entered his house, not at all surprised by how empty it was. Nigou came running up to his side. He scooped up the dog, and they made their way upstairs.

As he responded to the various text messages he had received while he was out, Kuroko changed in to his pajamas before curling up with Akashi's jacket.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: So I tried to write a unique date scene. I hope I pulled it off? Be sure to read my note at the top before you comment on where Kuroko actually got his sweatbands.

Here we are at chapter 2~ I hope you guys enjoyed it! Next chapter the Generation discovered their relationship, so please look forward to it.

See you next week!

- Kida-Asumi
It had been Akashi's idea to tell the generation first.

"Our first public outing?" Kuroko asked, a bit confused by such a…formal term. It could have meant a lot of things, and he wasn't really sure where his boyfriend was going with this.

"It just means that I will get to claim you in a public setting, surrounded by our dearest friends. It is a huge step for us, Tetsuya. After our fellow members of the Generation realize that you are mine, they will begin to correct the people surrounding you who might pursue you. I regret the physical distance between us because I cannot be at your side." Akashi confessed, a sigh accompanying his words. Kuroko blushed, cuddling into Akashi's jacket.

"I don't think you have to worry about that, Akashi-kun. People pursuing me, I mean. They barely notice me as is. I should be more worried about your admirers." Kuroko added, even as his gut twisted with jealousy at the idea. He knew that Akashi would never do anything to betray him. That wasn't the issue. The main problem was that Akashi was in a separate prefecture, in a separate school, surrounded by people that could touch him and chat with him whenever they wanted.

Kuroko hated it.

"Jealous, my Tetsuya?" Akashi teased. "Don't worry about me. My...admirers, as you call them, have never received my attention. It would encourage them and make them more of a nuisance than they already are. I do not need that." At Akashi's annoyed grumble, Kuroko cracked a small smile,
his body relaxing with relief from Akashi's reassurances. "And of course people notice you, Tetsuya. You have a quiet grace that draws people in to you. You captivated all of the Generation with it at one point of time, and I'm sure that the members of your team and current classmates are struggling with it as we speak. Winning the Winter Cup brought you in to a spot light that I am proud of, but not comfortable with."

Kuroko pondered that. What Akashi was saying wasn't necessarily wrong. He had been approached more after Seirin's win against Rakuzan, with some of the women in his class asking for advice about an assignment, and the men asking about training techniques. Kagami would always break in to laughter at his monotone and short responses. All of the attention made him uncomfortable, really. He would have been content to remain in the shadows.

"I don't like this spot light, Akashi-kun. People have begun to notice me. Hopefully it will blow over." He murmured. Nigou jumped on to his bed, affectionately nuzzling the hand holding his phone before lying down next to him.

"It will not, Tetsuya. Which brings us back to next Friday. We will have a family dinner of sorts, here in Kyoto. I have spoken with all of the other Captains, and practices have been suspended for that day. I will be providing all of you with tickets to me, with the train leaving soon after you are free from your lessons. We can have study session here as well, so be sure to bring your practice exams, Tetsuya." Akashi added.

"I will, Akashi-kun." He promised. As Akashi began to recall a thrilling Shogi match he had had earlier that day, Kuroko half-listened.

He was nervous to see how their friends would react to their relationship. None of them would openly defy Akashi by expressing their upset or protests. Well, at least most of them wouldn't. Kise and Momoi might. It was the train ride home that really worried Kuroko. They would immediately begin to interrogate him, and he wasn't sure he could handle that. Be it embarrassment from the extensive and intrusive questions or the upset by their protests about his relationship with Akashi, that day could end up being one of great upset for him.

"Tetsuya?" Akashi's calling of his name broke him out of his worries. "Something has upset you." Kuroko closed his eyes in shame at being caught not listening. "What is it?" Akashi asked.

"The train ride back from Kyoto." He managed to say while trying to gather the courage to explain the rest. Akashi was silent, waiting for him to continue. "I'm sorry, I'm not really sure how to say it, Akashi-kun. You can be intimidating." He blurted out. His eyes widened in horror at the way that it came out, and he scrambled to find a way to fix it.

"Tetsu-"

"To others, Akashi-kun." He quickly amended. "If our friends do not approve of our relationship, they will not voice their feelings in front of you. They will voice them to me, or behind our backs. What if they-" Kuroko cut himself off before he could voice his greatest fear.

"What if they what, my darling?"

"What if they quit talking to us because of it? What if us being together bothers them or makes them uncomfortable? Akashi-kun, I want to be with you. You make me happy. But if it makes them unhappy..." He trailed off, feeling terrible for every word he said. It was honestly how he felt. He just knew that Akashi wouldn't be happy about it. The frustrated sigh that Akashi released had him closing his eyes, his stomach flipping with anxiety.
"They will be very confused by our announcement, Tetsuya. It will catch them off guard. However, I do not think that it will make any of them unhappy, or cause them to resent us. How can they be upset with us for wanting to be happy, together?" Akashi asked.

Despite the serious conversation, Akashi's words sent his heart racing.

"I make you happy, Akashi-kun?" He asked aloud, disregarding how stupid it sounded. Akashi's amused chuckle had his heart skipping a beat.

"Very much so, Tetsuya. You make me the happiest I have ever been. Even if it seems selfish, I don't care what our friends will think. I am happy, and you are happy, and that is all that matters to me." He stated. A silly grin slipped on to Kuroko's face as he cuddled in to Akashi's jacket once more, an elated laugh escaping him.

"You're right, Akashi-kun. I'm sorry that I was being silly." He said. "But I am worried about the interrogation I will get on the ride home with them." He admitted.

"If you still feel this way after dinner, Tetsuya, you can remain in Kyoto with me, and I will take you home the next morning. There is no need for them to confront you after you have left me side. We are a united front now. If they have questions or concerns, they can be voiced in front of both of us. How does that sound?" Kuroko liked that idea.

"Fine. Thank you, Akashi-kun." He said, reaching down with his free hand to resume his petting of Nigou.

"Look at the time, Tetsuya. It is getting late, and we both have school and practice tomorrow. I am going to let you go so that you can begin getting ready for bed." Akashi said, prompting their typical dialogue.

"You are right, Akashi-kun. Have a nice night, and sleep well." Kuroko said, playing his part.

"I will. You have a wonderful night and sleep well, Tetsuya. I will contact you tomorrow." Akashi promised before a single beep signified the end of their phone call. Kuroko smiled, staring at Akashi's contact information on his phone with affectionate blue eyes before he sat up. Nigou opened an eye to glare at him for the movement before him closing it again. Giving him an apologetic pet to the top of his head, Kuroko climbed out of his bed and moved to his bathroom to brush his teeth.

Their dinner with the generation still made him feel anxious. He honestly wasn't sure how they would take this news. But knowing that Akashi would be at his side when the news broke gave him confidence to actually go through with it.

It would be the first time that he got to call Akashi his boyfriend to other people. After finishing up in the bathroom and turning off the lights, Kuroko turned towards the window where two other flowers sat in his cup. The blue one was showing signs of aging. The yellow one from last week remaining strong. The green one that he had received that morning was standing proud and tall, as if it were happy to have friends. Shaking his head at them, Kuroko climbed out of his bed and moved to his bathroom to brush his teeth.

As he had predicted, Kuroko's ride to Kyoto was an eventful one. He was sitting between Kise and Aomine, with Momoi, Murasakibara, and Midorima sitting across from them. Aomine was sleeping
against the window as Midorima read, leaving Kuroko to entertain the rest of them.

"Why do we have to come all the way here, when all of us live in, or close by, Tokyo! Can't Akashicchi just come to us?" Kise whined.

"Se-chin shouldn't complain about living far away." The purple-haired giant mumbled around the candy bar in his mouth.

"Mukkun is right, Ki-chan. He lives in Akita, remember?" Momoi piped up, grinning up at Murasakibara. He offered her a wafer as a thank you as Kise groaned, flopping on to Kuroko.

"Kurokocchi, stick up for me!" He whined dramatically.

"No." Kuroko sighed, pulling out his phone. It contained a new message from Akashi, asking how the trip was going. Letting him know that they would be there within the hour. As Kise let out a shriek of indignation, Kuroko attempted to bite back his anxiety. It was silly and irrational to think that this would be the last train ride he would share with these people, but that was his greatest worry. Nigou hopped up in to Momoi's lap, cuddling close to her, and it made Kuroko's heart clench painfully.

He didn't want to lose any of them.

Again.

"What's wrong, Tetsu?" Aomine spoke up. He looked over to the taller male and attempted to force a smile.

No one bought it. As Aomine sat up in his seat, Kise and Momoi wrapped their arms around him, assuring him that he didn't have to feel so sad. Midorima assured him that it was just a bad emotional day for Aquarius' and attempted to find him a lucky item. Murasakibara offered him a handful of vanilla candies and Nigou pawed at his leg, a worried whine escaping the dog.

"I'm sorry, everyone." He murmured in to Momoi's shoulder. She nuzzled the side of his face as Kise squeezed his hand. Aomine's hand ruffled his blue locks and amidst all this affection, he couldn't help but feel a bit better about the upcoming dinner. All of these people just wanted him happy.

Surely they would accept this. With that in mind, he wiggled out of their grasps and picked up Nigou, pulling him close. Only an hour more and he would be beside Akashi once more.

Kuroko and Kise did their best to attempt to find the red-head quickly, with Kuroko weaving in and out of the people getting off the train and Kise jumping up and down, occasionally hoisting himself off of Midorima or Murasakibara's shoulders. Aomine trailed behind them, Momoi clinging to his arm and giggling about the latest gossip at school. He only half listened, his eyes narrowed at all the leering older men.

They found Akashi leaning against one of two black cars outside of the station, chatting quietly with the driver of the other car. Kuroko shot him a wide grin as he spotted him, keeping a tight grip on Nigou as he made his way through the people and to Akashi's side. Akashi reached out and tugged him closer by the front of his jacket, his heterochromatic eyes shining happiness as Kuroko's legs met his. Nigou let out a happy bark, his tail wagging in greeting. Akashi released Kuroko's jacket and raised that hand to his face, tenderly rubbing his thumb over his lips, pressing on them to convey his wish to kiss him. Kuroko's cheeks colored and he leaned in to the touch, heart racing from their close proximity.
"You're riding with me." Akashi announced, gently pushing Kuroko back from him as he spotted Murasakibara in the distance. Getting the message, Kuroko turned towards their friends, his expression slipping back in to its typical blank state. Akashi stood slightly behind him, and with his hidden hand, he pressed it against Kuroko's back, his fingers curling in to the material of his jacket as they were surrounded by the generation.

"Akashicchi!" Kise cried out happily, his earlier disgruntledness forgotten as he attempted to throw his arms around him. Aomine and Midorima reached out as Akashi stepped behind Kuroko, out of Kise's reach. The blond would have collapsed if the other two men hadn't grabbed the back of his jacket, yanking him back towards them.

"Tetsuya, Atsushi, and I will be taking this car, and the rest of you will be taking that one." Akashi directed. Kuroko's heart sank a little at that. He had hoped they could be alone of the way to Akashi's house.

"I'm sorry I'm tall, Aka-chin." Murasakibara mumbled around the chips he had opened. Akashi shook his head, watching as Momoi climbed in after Kise, but before Aomine into the back seat of the other car. Midorima took the front seat.

"It can't be helped, Atsushi. Now, let's go." He insisted, opening the door. Kuroko climbed in, taking Nigou with him. The dog curled up on his lap, looking out the window of the car with curious blue eyes. Kuroko was doing the same until Akashi's warm hand curled around his. He looked towards his boyfriend, offering him a smile. Akashi, after a quick glance in Murasakibara's direction, brought that hand to his lips, pressing tender kisses to his knuckles before letting with connected hands fall between them. Each little kiss had sent Kuroko's heart racing, and a bright red color darkened his usually pale cheeks.

The ride was silent, a direct contrast to the noisy train ride. It helped Kuroko relax, his grip on Akashi's hand sound as he watched the scenery roll past them. He could feel Akashi's eyes on him, and occasionally he would turn to him and offer him a smile. Akashi would squeeze his hand, resting his head on the back of his seat, returning his smile with a content smirk.

They arrived at the Akashi house all too soon. It was a lot larger than Kuroko had anticipated, and he did his best to mask his surprise.

"I should have warned you just how large it is." Akashi stated as he exited the car, holding the door open so that Nigou could jump out. He helped Kuroko climb from the car and their hands remained locked for longer than was necessary, only separating when the other car pulled up behind theirs. Murasakibara joined them, and together they watched the generation climb from the other car. A giddy Momoi and hyper Kise were harassing an irritated Aomine, and a disgruntled Midorima hurried to their side to get away from the chaos.

"When we get inside, we are dedicating 5 hours to reviewing for your exams." Akashi ordered, holding the gate open for them. Kuroko and the others nodded, and together they entered the large house.

Those 5 hours passed by at a grueling pace. By the end of it, Kuroko was slumped over his assignments with Aomine by his side, bitching about how he was finally finished. Nigou was sleeping in-between Aomine and Kuroko. Kise was erasing something on his last question and Momoi was wrapping up her final question for Midorima. Murasakibara was being given a snack as a reward for doing well on his practice exam.

"Tidy up as I begin dinner." Akashi ordered to them before exiting the room.
"Man, Akashi sure was tough this time around." Aomine sighed. Kuroko nodded, rolling his shoulders to try and relieve some of the tension in them.

"If you studied, we wouldn't have had to be." Midorima chided, pushing his glasses back up. Momoi pouted, slumping against Kise.

"Ki-chan, I have a headache!" She whined. Kise wrapped an arm around her shoulders, digging in to his pocket with his free hand for the little packet of headache relievers that he carried around with him. Being famous meant loud reporters and fangirls, leading to a constant demand of headache relievers.

"Count me out some as well, please. Anyone else need them?" Kise asked. As Aomine and Midorima nodded, Kuroko rose to his feet.

"I'd like some as well, Kise-kun. I'll go and re-fill our water." He stated, reaching for the pitcher. The others murmured their thanks as Kise began to pass out pill as he left the room.

He quickly realized that he had no idea where he was going. Kuroko walked down the hallway, hoping to hear Akashi-kun moving around to indicate a direction. Unfortunately, the direct route he had taken ended up being a dead end. With a frustrated sigh, he turned around and headed down the other.

"Akashi-kun?" He called out, hoping that he wasn't too far off.

"In here, Tetsuya." Akashi's muffled voice answered from the end of the hallway. Relieved, Kuroko tightened his grip on the pitcher and made his way toward Akashi.

He found the redhead in the middle of putting something into the oven, a plain black apron covering his front. Akashi stood up and offered Kuroko a pleased grin when he noticed that he was alone.

"We needed more water." Kuroko explained as Akashi took the pitcher from him. The redhead nodded, placing a quick kiss on his lips before pulling away to refill it. Kuroko followed him to the sink, leaning against the counter to watch. As it slowly refilled, Akashi turned to him and took his hand.

"You will do well on your exams." He declared. Kuroko nodded, a scowl slipping on to his face.

"Akashi-kun is a tough teacher." He stated, his blue eyes accusing. Akashi shrugged unapologetic, squeezing his hand.

"I always have been, Tetsuya."

"No. This was much worse than in middle school." He insisted.

"It's because you have gotten lax on your studies, my darling." Akashi teased.

"Akashi-kun attempted to give me a migraine." Kuroko said instead of acknowledging Akashi's statement.

"Do you want something for it?" Akashi asked as he turned off the faucet. Kuroko shook his head, stepping closer to his boyfriend. Akashi's other arm tugged him in to an embrace, and he let his weight fall on to Akashi.

"No thank you. Kise-kun has something already. It's why I was getting water in the first place." He murmured against Akashi's shoulder, closing his eyes as he focused on Akashi's familiar, comforting
"Ah. That explains it. I’ll make vanilla pudding for dessert to reward you for your efforts. How does that sound?" Akashi asked. Kuroko cracked open an eye, trying to see if his boyfriend had an ulterior motive with that. Deciding that he did, he closed that eye and nodded, wrapping his arms around Akashi’s waist.

"Wonderful. Thank you, Akashi-kun." He yawned. Akashi pressed a tender kiss to his forehead.

"You should return to the others, Tetsuya. I am running dangerously close to getting off schedule." Akashi said. Rolling his eyes at that, Kuroko disentangled himself from his boyfriend and grabbed the water.

"Okay." He agreed. Akashi pressed another kiss to his lips before shooing him from the kitchen with directions on how to get back.

"Kurokocchi, our savior!" Kise exclaimed as soon as he stepped back in to the room.

"What took so long, Tetsu?" Aomine asked as Kuroko rejoined him. Doing his best to keep his expression stoic, Kuroko shrugged.

"Akashi-kun is cooking our meal. The sink is an intricate part in that." He managed to say, only feeling a little bit guilty for his half-lie. Soon those wouldn’t be necessary.

"You’re right, Tetsu-kun!" Momoi giggled before knocking back her allotted amount of pills and taking her glass of water.

As they all waited for Akashi, they conversed about their teams. It was a nice way to catch up on one another's lives, and it gave them all something to bond over.

When Akashi returned, apron-free, Kuroko's stomach dropped. As the others were led by Midorima to the dining room, Kuroko remained with Akashi as he set Nigou up outside with steak and water.

"Everything will be fine, Tetsuya." Akashi promised when Kuroko clung to his hand.

"What if we lose them?" He voiced his greatest fear. Akashi tugged him close to his side, wrapping an arm around his waist.

"We won’t, Tetsuya. They love us. Even if a couple of them are upset, they will move past this and get used to it. Our relationship isn't going anywhere, and they will quickly realize that." Akashi insisted. Kuroko turned to wrap his arms around Akashi, burying his face in the crook of his neck. As Akashi finished the embrace, offering Kuroko his strength, the blue-haired male took comfort in that. "How often am I wrong, my darling?" Akashi asked. Kuroko had to give him that.

If Akashi said it was so, it was.

"Okay." Kuroko eventually murmured once he got his anxiety under control. After checking on Nigou one more time, the two headed inside.

As Akashi took his spot at the head of the table, Kuroko slipped in to the seat immediately to his right. Aomine was sitting next to him, ignoring Momoi's rant about his spending habits. Midorima sat to Akashi's left, with Murasakibara and Kise next to him.

"Well, dig in." Akashi ordered.
As they ate, Kuroko did his best to focus on the conversation that was happening now, and not the one that would happen later. Kise and Momoi led the discussion for the most part, with Midorima occasionally challenging their views or Akashi correcting them. The familiarity of it all helped Kuroko to relax a bit, and he manage to finish everything on his plate for once.

He regretted that once everyone had finished, and they all looked expectantly at Akashi. He could see the question on all of their faces.

Why did you really bring us here?

Taking that as his cue, Akashi wiped his mouth with a napkin before straightening up in his seat.

"I did bring you here for a reason, and I thank you for coming. Yes, I did want to look in to your academics and make sure that you were keeping up with your studies. If we intended to keep testing ourselves against one another on the court, it is important that we can all be there, and the best way to guarantee that is to keep our grades up." Akashi began, looking at all of them. Midorima nodded his approval.

"What's the other, Akashi?" Aomine asked when Akashi stopped speaking. Akashi rewarded his perceptiveness with a nod of approval.

"What an excellent observation, Daiki. I did have another reason for bringing all of you to Kyoto. It might seem a bit selfish of me, but I would rather tell all of you about this in the comfort of my own home than in some fast food chain in Tokyo." Akashi paused there, letting them all take that in.

"What, Akashicchi?" Kise finally decided to ask.

Kuroko braced himself for that, looking up for the first time to actually take in his companions. As his eyes swept around the table, he watched the confusion and curiosity on their faces grow, and with it, so did his anxiety. As Akashi's eyes met his, he forced himself not to think and took Akashi's hand.

"Recently, I took Tetsuya out to dinner. We had a lovely evening and at the end, I asked him to be my boyfriend. He graciously agreed. We are now dating." Akashi declared. Kuroko tightened his grip on Akashi's hand as a stunned silence fell over the table. Akashi didn't flinch as they all stared at him, attempting to understand what he had just said. Kuroko did his best to do the same, even as his stomach churned unpleasantly and he felt himself breaking out in to a nervous sweat.

He really hoped that they didn't ask him to speak. He wasn't sure the lump in his throat would call for it.

As everyone slid their gazes over to him, he felt more exposed than he ever had. He, the phantom six man, had been loved by these people first. They noticed him and wanted his friendship. And now, as he faced their judgment, he did his best to not cower before him, or hide behind Akashi. He needed to be strong and proud. He glanced over at Akashi once more, and seeing the support and concern in his heterochromatic eyes helped strength his resolve.

"We are dating." Kuroko echoed, the words escaping him suddenly. As Akashi squeezed his hand in thanks for his support in this conversation, his mind berated him for speaking. By confirming it, he was letting them know that he was willing to do this. Yet it also opened up a way for them to directly confront him. As he anxiously awaited some kind of response, he did his best to focus on Akashi’s hand in his.

Murasakibara broke the silence first.
"Aka-chin likes Kuro-chin? Well if Kuro-chin likes Aka-chin back, then its good that's you're dating. Congrats." Murasakibara shrugged indifferently. Kuroko felt his heart soar with relief at having at least one of them support this. It quickly sank when the tense silence resumed a few seconds later.

"Thank you, Atsushi." Akashi murmured, his eyes sweeping over the other's faces to get a grasp on their emotions.

"If you must do this, then so be it." Midorima grumbled next, his typical irritated scowl masking his actual feelings. Akashi's eyes narrowed dangerously at that, and the two had a brief, silent conversation, but Kuroko ignored him and politely dipped his head in thanks. A reluctant approval was better than just none, in his book. That seemed to spark the chain, because Momoi and Kise's eyes began to water and Aomine placed a hand on his shoulder, concern in his dark blue eyes.

"You want this, Tetsu?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, attempting to convey his feeling with earnest blue eyes. Aomine sighed but nodded his acceptance, slumping back in to his seat. Kuroko felt a bit relieved that one of his best friends wasn't going to protest, even as he made a mental note to call Aomine about it later, privately. Out of everyone here, Aomine deserved an explanation the most. He earned it by being one of his lights, thus the one he had trusted most.

"If this makes Tetsu-kun happy, I will do my best to be happy for you!" Momoi declared, even as she wiped at her cheek. Kuroko felt a bit bad for making her cry, and offered her a quiet thank you. She nodded, cuddling against Aomine, who allowed it. Kuroko began to relax, thinking that might be working out okay. Akashi squeezed his hand when he noticed, and offered him an encouraging wink. His anxiety was starting to die down when Kise finally spoke.

"Akashi-san, may I be excused?" Kise asked softly. Kuroko tightened his grip on Akashi's hand as his eyes widened and Momoi let out a muffled gasp.

"You may, Ryouta." Akashi allowed, even as his eyes narrowed at the usually hyperactive blond's odd behavior. The awkward silence resumed as Kise removed himself from the table. They listened to him walk away, and with each step he took, Kuroko's mind raced with theories behind Kise's odd behavior. Not only was he unusually quiet and non-responsive, but he was also polite. On top of that, he had dropped Akashi's nickname. A sense of dread settled in him, and Kuroko returned his eyes to the table, doing his best to control his anxious and confused emotions.

Finally, Akashi addressed them once more.

"I understand that this will take some getting used to, as it would if any of the rest of you started dating. However, keep in mind that this is something that we both want, and it is making us happy. We aren't asking for your consent or permission. We aren't asking for anything, really." Akashi added, a frown on his face at just the thought of asking for someone's permission to do something. Kuroko briefly bit back an amused smile at that, before mentally berating himself for finding amusement in this serious situation. Bracing himself, he chimed in.

"We want your support, everyone. Seirin will react badly to this. So will the media. I would like some people to turn to when people tell me I shouldn't want to be at Akashi-kun's side." He said. Silence fell over the group once more at that, as they all took in Akashi's wishes. Letting them think, Akashi rose to his feet and began to gather the dirty dishes. Midorima helped, and together they headed in to the kitchen. Left alone with the others, Kuroko turned to face them.

"He's not manipulating you, right?" Aomine asked as soon as Akashi and Midorima were out of earshot. Kuroko shook his head.

"No, Aomine-kun. He's not. Akashi-kun asked me to be his. He didn't order it. Doesn't that speak
"Volumes?" He asked. Aomine shrugged, grasping his shoulders.

"Honestly, I don't care what Akashi thinks or what his feelings are. What I care about is that he's going to treat you right, Tetsu. You'll tell me if he doesn't, right?" He asked, gaze full of concern. Kuroko nodded, reaching up to grasp one of his hands.

"Yes, Aomine-kun." He promised. Nodding, Aomine released his shoulders with a sigh.

"Okay then. I can accept this if it's making you happy." He said. Kuroko couldn't help a wide grin that crossed his face at those words. There were only a handful of people whose opinions really mattered to Kuroko – his lights were two of them. To have his old one supporting him gave him hope that everything would be okay.

"Se-chin will figure it out, Kuro-chin. Don't worry about him." Murasakibara spoke up. Kuroko looked towards the tallest male in the room, and nodded. Kise's reaction was something that he couldn't quiet wrap his mind around, and from the unconvinced look Momoi and Aomine shared, he knew that they were just as skeptical as he was.

"I'll figure out his problem, Tetsu." Aomine promised, squeezing his friend's shoulder. Kuroko nodded, doing his best to put Kise's detached expression out of his mind.

They sat in silence for a few minutes for Akashi and Midorima returned both wearing frowns. Midorima's was irritated, and his green eyes narrowed at Kuroko. Akashi's was dangerously unhappy, and he shook his head when Kuroko looked to him for answers.

"Shintaro and I have contacted the drivers, so why don't you all gather your things. Get plenty of rest for your practices tomorrow." He ordered. The Generation nodded, and all of them rose to their feet, heading in to the living room. Once they were alone, Kuroko turned to Akashi with anxious eyes and opened his mouth to speak. Akashi placed a finger over his lips, silencing him.

"Later, Tetsuya. Let's get them home first, and then you and I will talk." He promised. Kuroko nodded. His upset and disappointment were growing by the second, sending his heart pounding in his ears and making him light-headed. He grasped Akashi's hand, holding on to it tightly as the crushing disappointment finally caught up to him.

His friends hadn't been happy about this news. In fact, the only one actually okay with it had been Murasakibara. Aomine had been concerned for him. Momoi had cried. Kise had been non-responsive. Midorima was furious. He had managed to upset everyone else just because he wanted to be happy.

How was that even fair?

"Shh, Tetsuya." Akashi murmured, pulling him in to an embrace. He flinched, feeling ashamed that his upset had been so apparent.

"I'm sorry." He murmured, attempting to pull back. Akashi didn't budge, pressing kisses to the side of his face.

"Don't apologize, my darling. You're understandably upset. However, you do need to take a deep breath. We need to send them home." Akashi reminded him. Kuroko nodded, and did as he suggested. He took in deep breaths, the lump in his throat making them painful and hard to swallow. Eventually, he managed to rein in his emotions, and he pulled back. Akashi kissed him swiftly before helping him to his feet.

Seeing them out was an ordeal all of its own. Kise refused to speak to either of them, and clung to
Momoi and Aomine. Midorima promised Akashi that their conversation wasn't over before climbing in to the car. Murasakibara had simply waved goodbye before climbing in to the front seat of the car. Momoi managed to drag Kise in to the car as well, settling herself on his lap for the ride. Aomine hugged him, wishing him the best and reminding him to contact him if he needed to.

"And Tetsu? Congrats, man." He had said before climbing in to the car. Kuroko nodded, squeezing Akashi's hand tightly as they watched them drive off.

"Come, Tetsuya. Let's get you inside." He insisted, the concern in his voice catching Kuroko by surprise for a moment. He didn't understand why until an unwelcomed gasp escaped him, and his throat tightened considerably. Feeling his oncoming panic attack, Kuroko turned towards Akashi and grabbed on to the front of his shirt, his eyes wide and alarmed. Akashi cupped his face, his thumbs rubbing soothing and comforting circles in to his cheekbones.

"Deep breaths, my darling." Akashi soothed. Kuroko took in a shaking breath, even as his racing pulse caused his pupils to dilate. Spots danced before his eyes, and he involuntarily tightened his grip on Akashi.

"Akashi-kun." He managed to rasp out.

"Tetsuya." Akashi gently released Kuroko's face. He shook his head at the involuntary whine that Kuroko released, and placed a kiss to his forehead. "Come on, my darling, let's go inside." He grasped the hands that were clinging to his shirt, and guided Kuroko inside. Kuroko let it happen, struggling to climb out of his attack.

These happened on the occasion. Typically, he would curl up in his room with Nigou, and talk himself out of it. Once, Aomine had helped. Yet Akashi was here, next to him, willing to help him in any way he could.

Somehow, that made it worse. He didn't want to come off as weak or helpless in front of his boyfriend. He wanted to be strong and worth Akashi's time.

"Akashi-kun." He cried, burrowing himself in to Akashi's arms as soon as they were seated on the couch. Akashi pulled him on to his lap, arranging him a bit so that they were more comfortable, and cradled him close, murmuring soothing things as he ran his hand through his damp-with-sweat hair.

Kuroko did his best to focus on the present. What would happen with their friends would happen. Getting upset about it now seemed rather pointless. And yet…he was so very disappointed by their reactions. Why couldn't they be happy for them? Did they not see that this was a great thing? That Akashi wasn't manipulating him, that Kuroko wasn't entering this relationship with rose-tinted glasses. He knew that Akashi had his fair share of problems. Hell, all of them did. Yet…they didn't know Akashi as he did. The red-head was controlling and ruthless when need be. He could be cold and harsh. But he also had the side of him that he was currently showing - the comforting and tender side of him, where he put all of his efforts in to healing rather than destroying.

Why couldn't they see that Akashi wasn't going to intentionally cause him harm?

Kuroko wasn't sure how long he cried in Akashi's arms, or even when his anxiety attack ended. All he remember was coming back to reality to a dark room with Akashi's even breathing and steady heartbeat in his ears. It must have been a couple of hours, because only a soft light from the nearby lamp illuminated the room. Nigou was curled up on the couch next to them, gnawing on a bone that Akashi must have bought for him.

"Good evening, Tetsuya." Akashi said softly, pressing a kiss to the top of his head. Kuroko blinked
slowly as he gathered himself back together, his head pounding with a headache from his crying.

"I'm sorry, Akashi-kun. Can I bother you for some headache relievers?" He asked, wincing as his voice croaked. Akashi nodded, gently easing him off of his lap. Kuroko righted himself, stretching a bit to ease his stiff muscles. Akashi stood as well, taking his hand as he led them to one of his bathrooms. Kuroko winced as he took in his appearance. He looked like shit, and turned away from the mirror to watch Akashi rummage through the medicine cabinet.

"Can I borrow a wash cloth, Akashi-kun? For my face?" Kuroko asked. Akashi nodded, gesturing to the neatly folded pile of them, in a little basket beside the sink. Thanking him, Kuroko grabbed one and turned on the sink, wetting the cloth. The cool water helped his enflamed skin, and he felt refreshed as he neatly folded it back up. He took a dry one to wipe the water from his face, and when he turned to face the mirror again, he was pleased to see that he looked better.

"Tea?" Akashi suggested as he handed Kuroko the pills. The blue-haired male nodded, and after accepting them, he took Akashi's free hand.

After making the tea and Kuroko taking the pills, they made their way back to the couch. Nigou moved over to give them room to sit, his tail wagging happily as Kuroko petted him in greeting.

"How did you think that dinner went, Akashi-kun?" Kuroko asked, cradling his tea close as he turned to face Akashi. His boyfriend shrugged, sipping on his tea.

"Rather well, actually. Ryouta didn't add to the tense atmosphere by escalating it with his emotion. Satsuki reigned in her emotions, and I'm rather proud of her for that. Daiki's concern for you was something that I approved of. It is something he should worry about." Kuroko smiled a bit at that, happy to know that Aomine's concern hadn't irked Akashi. "My conversation with Shintaro was very…irritating." Akashi sighed.

"How so?" Kuroko asked, genuinely curious about that. Akashi had returned visibly irritated. It had made him curious then as well.

"Oh Shintaro was doing that infuriating thing of his where he questions my actions and why I am doing what I'm doing. He is convinced that I am taking advantage of you, or that I am using you to experiment with." Akashi grumbled, his grip tightening on the mug in his hand. Kuroko fought back a smile at his disgruntled boyfriend and reached out with his free hand to gently touch Akashi's hand.

"Don't break the glass, Akashi-kun. Not only will it cut you, but the tea will burn you." He chided gently. Akashi's hand let up its grip on the cup, even if his expression didn't change.

"How did you feel about it, my Tetsuya? You haven't really said…" Akashi trailed off. Both knew how Kuroko felt about the dinner, but for Akashi to pretend that his little anxiety attack wasn't a big deal meant a lot to him.

He didn't want it to be a big thing.

"I'm disappointed. Why did they focus on all of the negatives?" Kuroko asked, bringing his knees up to his chest so that he could rest his chin on them. Akashi's arm slid around his shoulders, tugging him against his warm side. The red-head shook his head, a sigh slipping past his lips.

"It's easier for them to criticize than accept. Unfortunately, they will have to accept this. I don't intend to let you go anytime soon, Tetsuya." Kuroko looked up at Akashi's nonchalant expression as a small, pleased smile settled on his face. He reached up and entwined their fingers together, resting his cheek against Akashi's shoulder.
"Don't. Keep me." He said, even as his cheeks grew red with embarrassment. He didn't look away when Akashi's eyes widened in surprise. He meant it. He wanted Akashi to keep on wanting him, even if that was terribly selfish of him. A chuckled shook Akashi's body as he pressed their lips together.

"I will if you wish it so, my Tetsuya." He promised sincerely. Kuroko's heart skipped a beat at those words, and he slid his eyes shut, pressing his lips back against Akashi's. Akashi pulled back suddenly, and Kuroko's body followed, much to his chagrin and Akashi's amusement.

"I don't want to kiss you with hot tea between us, Tetsuya." He teased. Kuroko's eyes widened, and he instinctively tightened his grip on his cup. He had nearly forgotten about that. They moved their cups to the coffee table in front of them before Kuroko settled against Akashi's side once more, sliding an arm around Akashi's waist. Akashi's wrapped an arm around him, threading his fingers through Kuroko's hair.

"What are we going to do for the rest of the night, Akashi-kun?" He asked. Akashi shook his head, musing over the possibilities.

"Whatever you would like, Tetsuya. I didn't really have anything planned for us. Despite the fact that you are here to avoid an interrogation, I am genuinely happy by your presence. I've missed you." He confessed.

Kuroko's heart soared at those words, and he nodded, gripping the fabric of Akashi's shirt. They hadn't been able to spend the last two weekends together, much to their disappointment. Kuroko hadn't realized just how difficult a long distance relationship could be until suddenly he found himself in one. Not being able to see or talk to Akashi whenever he wanted

"I've missed you too, Akashi-kun." He murmured. They shared a smile before moving in sync. Kuroko's arms wound around Akashi's neck as Akashi's hands went to his hips, helping Kuroko climb in to his lap. Kuroko nuzzled their noses together, looking up at Akashi from under his lashes, his cheeks growing hot as Akashi's arms settled around his waist.

"Hello." Akashi murmured. Kuroko grinned a bit, his lips brushing against Akashi's with the action.

"Hi." He replied shyly. Akashi pressed their lips together and Kuroko's eyes slipped shut, allowing himself to get lost in Akashi's smooth lips pressed against his own soft pair.

There was a certain intimacy about this kind of kissing that Kuroko really, really enjoyed, he quickly discovered. He was pressed so closely to Akashi's body, with his arms resting on his boyfriend's strong shoulders and Akashi's arms keeping him close from their hold on his waist. His legs were resting on either side of Akashi's hips, keeping him in place. It was so very easy to pretend that it was just the two of them, with no outside issues to think about.

Kissing Akashi always sent his heart racing. His boyfriend parted his lips, letting their breaths mingle for a moment, before pulling his lower lip between his own, giving it a tug or two before letting it go and following it up with brushes of his own. Akashi's mouth traveled down his jaw, peppering it with gentle and light kisses. Kuroko did his best to breathe in these moments, taking in deep inhales and letting out long exhales until Akashi followed his way back up and connected their mouths again.

Kuroko's nose brushed Akashi's cheek as he tilted his head to change up the position of the kiss, a pleased hum escaping him brought about by this new angle. He froze a minute later, embarrassed by it. Akashi let out a huff of laughter, his warm breath sweeping over Kuroko's face and assaulting his senses in a delightfully dizzying way.
"Don't be shy, Tetsuya." Akashi teased. Kuroko's eyes opened, and he glanced up at Akashi, a question in his eyes as his mouth hovered over Akashi's. His boyfriend nodded, and so Kuroko slid his eyes shut and pressed their lips together, taking the lead in this new angle. He tried his best to concentrate as he rubbed their lips together tenderly, but the feeling of Akashi's warm lips pressed against his was very distracting.

Eventually, he pulled back, using one of his hands to help push himself away from Akashi slightly, so that he could breathe in something that wasn't Akashi's intoxicating scent. As he tried to regain his breathing, his pulse continued to race, making him feel a little light headed at the change in temperature. The cool air helped, and when he opened his eyes, he was pleased to see a light flush over his boyfriend. His eyes were closed as he attempted to get back his breath as well, his kiss swollen lips parted. Kuroko wasn't sure whose heartbeat was resonating through his hand, but it made him grin in triumph regardless.

He had managed to fluster his boyfriend.

Kuroko leaned back down and in to Akashi's embrace, curling in to his chest. Akashi had leaned back against the couch to catch his breath, and he opened his eyes as he felt Kuroko snuggle in close.

"Let me shift first, Tetsuya. Why don't you grab the blanket on the other end?" Akashi suggested. Kuroko nodded, and sat up on his knees so that Akashi could shift on to the couch. After draping the blanket over them, he turned to face Akashi again, who offered him his arms. He shot him a quick grin and snuggled in close once more, a content sigh leaving him once he was settled. Akashi's arms were resting on his waist, and the two simply lay there, enjoying each other's company in silence.

Occasionally they would talk about the little things that didn't really matter, like their favorite childhood TV show or what the latest celebrity rumor was. Occasionally they would kiss. On one occasion, Nigou curled up on Kuroko's back, much to their amusement. Kuroko didn't remember falling asleep. What woke him up was Nigou's cold nose nuzzling his ear.

"Nigou, go away." He grumbled, burrowing in to the warmth beneath him. His eyes snapped opened at that, and he took a moment to get his bearings.

He was at Akashi's house in Kyoto. They had spent a good portion of previous night chatting and kissing, like normal couples. A happy grin spread across his face at that, and he looked up to meet Akashi's amused expression.

"Good morning, Tetsuya. Are you hungry?" Akashi asked. Kuroko nodded, sitting up a bit. He blushed when he realized that he had slept on top of his boyfriend.

"I'm sorry, Akashi-kun. I didn't mean to squish you." He said. Akashi waved off his embarrassment as he too sat up.

"That wasn't the issue. You weigh next to nothing, Tetsuya." Akashi said nonchalantly, even as his eyes narrowed in accusation. "Next time, we shall share my bed. Pillow talk should actually be done on pillows, don't you agree?" The red-head asked as he rose from the couch. Kuroko nodded, rubbing at his eyes as Akashi walked over to his back door and opened it for Nigou, who jumped off of the couch and ran outside. "What would you like for breakfast?"

Kuroko blinked at that question, his sleep-fogged brain doing its best to remember what breakfast foods he preferred.

He really wasn't a morning person.
"Anything will work, Akashi-kun." He said around a yawn.

"Okay. I'm going to grab something for you to change in to, and then you can shower as I make breakfast." The red-head called over his shoulder as he walked around the couch.

After showering and changing in to a pair of Akashi's sweats and a t-shirt, Kuroko took a minute to study himself in the mirror of the guest bathroom. He had to admit, he liked the positive changes that he could see. He was visibly much happier, if the subconscious smile on his face said anything. His lips were still a little swollen from last night. Best of all, he was in his boyfriends clothes, which were a lot better than Akashi's jacket. He would probably wear them to practice today. The thought of it sent his heart racing with excitement, and he could just imagine Seirin's baffled expressions over his good mood. With that thought in mind, Kuroko exited the bathroom.

The rest of the morning seemed to pass by in a blur. Their breakfast was simple and quick, with Akashi making sure that Kuroko ate everything on his plate. They gathered his things and Nigou after Kuroko helped him clean up from breakfast, and all too soon, the two were seated in the back of Akashi's car, heading towards the station.

"I had a nice time, Akashi-kun." Kuroko said as Akashi bought their train tickets. Akashi smirked at that, wrapping an arm around his waist so that he wouldn't get swept away in the crowd.

"I did as well, Tetsuya. It was nice spending an entire evening with someone that isn't my staff." Akashi said. Kuroko could relate to that. His parents were rarely home, and his grandmother ignored him. When his parents were home, they were preoccupied with something else. All he ever really had was Nigou.

"Can we do this again sometime?" He asked as they took their seats.

"Of course we can, my darling." Akashi promised, entwining their fingers as he pressed a kiss to his lips.

The ride was over just as quick as the morning had passed, and before his mind could catch up to the situation, Akashi was walking Kuroko to his porch. Nigou obediently sat at Kuroko's feet as he and Akashi held hands, saying their silent goodbyes first.

"We're about to enter reality again." Kuroko reluctantly stated. Akashi nodded, squeezing his hands.

"If you have any trouble, my Tetsuya, just call me. I will help however I can." He promised. Kuroko nodded.

"You can do the same with me, Akashi-kun." He said as his blue eyes flashed with determination. He wanted Akashi to lean on him as well. The slightly older of the two nodded, and released his hands to zip up the new jacket that Kuroko wore.

"Good luck at practice today, my darling. I'll talk to you later tonight." Akashi said. Kuroko nodded, cheeks coloring when Akashi's warm hands cupped them. Akashi pulled him forward and connected their lips for a moment before pulling back and releasing him. He stepped off the porch, and after waving to him, the red-head headed back to his car. Kuroko entered his house with red cheeks and high spirits.

Chapter End Notes
A/N: So now the Generation of Miracles knows about their relationship! Next chapter everyone else finds. You also get to see how Momoi and Kise are handling the news. I hope you guys liked this chapter~

Also, this is the average chapter length overall. There will occasionally be shorter chapters than this. There will also occasionally be much, much longer chapters than this. See you all next week!

- Kida-Asumi
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own KNB!

A few things before we begin:

1) I started writing this fic in September 2014, immediately after the manga ended. This means that this was before Extra Game was released. For this reason, I am ignoring it and Kuroko's Birthday OVA (you will see why in this very chapter).

2) This is an Akashi-Kuroko get together fic. Yes there is smut. Yes there will be trigger warnings. Please pay attention to them at the start of all chapters.

3) I made minor changes to little things in the manga to use to back-up the content in this story. I will note them, and they aren't severe, so no worries!

Please enjoy!

I am so, so, sooooo sorry this was late! I ended up driving around a bunch and was in a car for about 10 hours of the last 48. When I wasn't in the car, I was in meetings, which account for about 10 more. The remaining time was sleeping and home. T-T However, in order to prevent this from happening again, I have uploaded the next couple chapters on to FFN (I'm trying to see if I can do it on AO3 as well). This way I can post the chapter, regardless of how far away I am. Again, I'm sorry!

Warnings: None this chapter~

Notes this chapter: Kagami and Himuro are dating. They also speak in English from time to time, and it will be noted by [text]. Also, I acknowledge that Imayoshi graduated already, but he still hangs with Touou on the weekend. Also, my grammar doesn't go to shit when Kise is talking. I'm trying to make it authentic and his grammar is shit.

Kida-Asumi

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Seirin spent one Saturday a month playing street ball. Kagami had suggested it, and Hyuga and Riko liked the idea.

On one of those particular Saturdays, Kuroko found himself walking with Akashi, Nigou, and the rest of Rakuzan from the train station. Akashi's hand was warm in his, and Kuroko ignored the questions that Rakuzan was sending him with ease. Nigou was happily trotting along next to him.

"How was your practice yesterday, Tetsuya?" Akashi asked as he led them to the courts. Kuroko shrugged, pausing as they stopped at a crosswalk.

"Short. Riko-san wanted us to be well rested for today. She expects us to keep up our winning streak against you, Akashi-kun." He teased. Akashi chuckled, tugging him forward as the light changed.
"Unfortunately, Tetsuya, I do not make the same mistake twice. We will take back our crown tonight." He declared, his typical proud smirk falling in to place.

"Yes we will, Sei-chan!" Reo chimed behind them. Kuroko ignored that, and looked up at Akashi with mirth-filled blue eyes.

"We shall see Akashi-kun." He said. They spotted Seirin and Shutoku instantly, with Kiyoshi and Midorima's heights towering over the rest of the athletes. Nigou let out a happy bark, his tail swishing with excitement as he looked up at Akashi. The red head nodded and the dog ran off to greet Kagami, who shrank away from the dog by sliding behind Himuro.

"Ah, Kuroko-kun!" Riko called out, searching for the male. Her brown eyes widened in surprise as she noticed Akashi at his side, and narrowed on their interlaced hands. Himuro slipped his hand into Kagami's and they approached Kuroko and Akashi. Seirin stayed behind, baffled over the sudden change in Akashi and Kuroko's relationship.

"Hey guys." Himuro greeted them, an amused smile on his lips as Kagami stepped behind him once more, wary of Nigou.

"I didn't realize you were afraid of dogs, Taiga." Akashi stated as Nigou trotted over to his side. He patted the dog on his head for his obedience. Kagami paled, tightening his grip on Himuro's hand. As Akashi began to tease Kagami, Kuroko reflected on his conversation with Kagami a few days ago.

It had all started as they left practice for Maji Burger. Kuroko was really looking forward to the vanilla shake that he would get, and Kagami was claiming that he was dying of starvation. As they settled in to their usual table, Kuroko's phone chimed at the same time that Kagami's did.

"Weird." Kagami shrugged as he answered his text. Kuroko did the same, and a grin spread over his face as he read Akashi's message. "Yo, Tatsuya might stop by before we leave." Kagami's voice pulled him out of his reply and he nodded, his blank expression falling in to place. "Who has you smiling, Kuroko?"

Kuroko bit his lip, looking down at the table. He had asked Akashi the night before if he could tell Kagami, and Akashi had allowed it. But now, as he was facing the prospect, he felt anxious. What if Kagami reacted as the generation had? Bracing himself, Kuroko decided to just jump in.

"Akashi-kun." He stated simply. Kagami's eyes widened.

"Akashi? That guy from your old team?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, staring down at his phone, as if the device would provide him strength. "Is something going on between you two?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, looking up to see Kagami's reaction.

"Yes. Akashi-kun and I are dating. We have been for a couple of weeks now." He explained. Kagami's eyes widened and he sat back in his seat, running a hand over his baffled face.

"Huh. Well, congrats man. I didn't know you swung that way." He muttered. Kuroko's eyes widened and his shoulder's sagged with relief.

"So you're okay with this? With me…" He trailed off. Kagami scoffed.

"You being into dudes doesn't both me, Kuroko. I'm dating Tatsuya." He pointed out. Kuroko shook his head.
"No, not that. You're not a hypocrite, Kagami. I'm dating Akashi-kun. Doesn't that worry or upset you?" He asked.

"Should it?"

"No, but-"

"Then why would I?" Kagami asked. Kuroko fell silent, returning to his milkshake. "I'm not worried about your abilities to play basketball if we face him, just like you don't have to worry about me when I face Tatsuya on the court. I trust you to do your best. And yeah, that Akashi guy is pretty scary, but he doesn't seem like a bad guy. If he makes you happy, that's what matters." He explained. Kuroko felt his heart soar at that, and he offered Kagami a rare smile.

"Thank you, Kagami-kun. Our mutual friends didn't react this way." He admitted, and his expression fell once more.

"React to what?" Both light and shadow glanced up to find Himuro standing beside their table, slipping off his scarf. Kagami stood up to let him slide in to the booth, and took his jacket for him. "Such a gentleman, [Tiger]." He teased as he pressed their lips together. Kagami blushed scarlet and urged him into the booth. "What are we talking about?" He asked.

"I just told Kagami-kun that I was dating Akashi-kun." Kuroko summarized. He watched on in amusement as Himuro began to steal Kagami's fries, his grin growing wide as Kagami protested, but didn't move to stop him.


"Yes. Murasakibara-kun was really the only one who accepted it without question. Everyone else was concerned or upset by it." He explained. Himuro nodded, glancing up at Kagami as the taller of the two wrapped an arm around his shoulders.

"Our parents didn't react well to our dating. The threatened to have one of us deported to keep us apart. Alex stuck up for us and it's been okay ever since." Himuro explained.

"If you're 'miracle' friends don't like it, too bad. You're obviously happy with this guy. Just let him know that if he hurts you, I'll break his neck." Kagami promised. Kuroko chuckled, nodding at that. As Himuro began to ask Kagami about his day, Kuroko took the moment to text Akashi with this update.

And now, as Seirin approached them, Kuroko tightened his grip on Akashi's hand. The generation hadn't reacted well, and Kagami had accepted and supported him. Their track record wasn't really going well.

How would his teammates react?

Akashi gently returned his squeeze and shifted so that he was standing tall and facing Seirin head on.

"Kaijou and Touou are on their way here now, Kuroko." Hyuga broke the silence that had settled over the two groups.

"Aomine-kun texted me on our way here, Hyuga-senpai." Kuroko nodded.

"Oi, Kuroko, how long have you been with Akashi?" Kogamei asked, peering curiously at their locked hands.
"A while, Koganei-san." He answered honestly, and Akashi squeezed his hand at that accurate answer.

"Young love can be distracting, Kuroko-kun! We expect you to do your best against Rakuzan!" Riko exclaimed. Kuroko blushed but nodded.

"Yes, Riko-san. Akashi-kun wouldn't forgive me if I didn't perform to the best of my abilities." The shadow added, looking up at his boyfriend. Akashi nodded, his heterochromatic eyes examining Seirin for any signs of protest against their relationship.

"Exactly. Our romantic involvement does not excuse Tetsuya from pushing himself to his best in our games." Akashi finally spoke. With that, Seirin seemed to relax and together the two groups walked over to Shutoku.

Whatever disagreement that had come between Akashi and Midorima wasn't present here, Kuroko noted as Akashi and Midorima discussed the other teams present.

Eventually, Touou arrived. Momoi led the way with her bright smile and laughter as she clung on to a reluctant Aomine. As Imayoshi approached Kiyoshi and Hyuga, Aomine and Momoi stopped in front of Kuroko and Nigou. Akashi and Midorima stood behind him, still discussing the other teams.

"Tetsu-kun!" Momoi greeted cheerfully, but when she hugged him, he didn't find himself in her cleavage. So to reward this behavior, he returned her hug.

"Oi, Tetsu, where is Bakagami?" Aomine asked.

"Kagami-kun is helping Himuro-san and Murasakibara-kun set up the water station." He explained.

Momoi continued to cuddle close as Aomine searched the crowd for the red head. Spotting him, he smirked and cracked his knuckles.

"Play nice, Daiki. Hello, Satsuki." Akashi said. He and Midorima turned their attentions to the newcomers, and both looked down at the pink-haired female. "Shintaro and I need your advice on the newcomers." He said. She nodded, releasing her grip on Kuroko to instead wrap an arm around Midorima and Akashi. The two shared surprised looks at that. Momoi had never clung to them as she did Kise, Aomine, or Kuroko.

"Yo Akashi, Tetsu and I are going to the water station?" Aomine asked. Akashi nodded his permission and winked at Kuroko before returning to his conversation with his main strategists.

"Momoi-san hugged Akashi-kun and Midorima-kun." Kuroko stated, even as his blue eyes looked up to Aomine for answers. Aomine nodded and sighed, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Yeah. She has decided to 'share the love' instead of just attaching herself to you and me." He explained. Kuroko nodded, relieved that she was trying to move on.

"Oi, Ahomine. Ready to get your ass kicked again?" Kagami asked as they approached them. Himuro rolled his eyes at that, shooting an exasperated look towards Kuroko, who shrugged. Their pointless rivalry at least got a smile on Aomine's face, even if it was a bit satanic, and it kept Kagami on his toes.

"I don't think so, Bakagami. Good thing Himuro's here to hold you as you cry after your devastating loss." Aomine shot back.

"I am also a part of Seirin, Aomine-kun." Kuroko chided, helping Himuro set up water bottles. Before he could respond, Kaigous arrival was announced by squeals from the women in the crowd.
Kuroko tensed, and his blue eyes searched for Akashi.

"It'll be okay, Tetsu. Kise has calmed down." Aomine's hand squeezed his shoulder, and Kuroko looked up to scrutinize his expression. "He might even talk to you today." Aomine added cheerfully before turning back to Kagami and Himuro. Kuroko appreciated the fact that Aomine was trying to make him feel better, but the idea of a confrontation with Kise caused his heart begin to race as the panic set in.

"Tetsuya?" Akashi was suddenly at his side, his warm hand settling at the base of his back. "What's wrong?" He asked softly as he leaned in. Kuroko moved his gaze towards Kise and his fans. Akashi's eyes narrowed at the blond.

"Don't, Akashi-kun." He begged, not even sure what he was asking for. Akashi must have sensed that because his glare softened and he nodded.

"If you are sure you can handle him, Tetsuya, then I will leave him to you." Akashi promised, dropping a quick kiss to the top of his head.

Kise did in fact approach Kuroko.

"Akashicchi, may I borrow Kurokocchi?" Kise asked. Kuroko relaxed slightly at the return of their nicknames Akashi nodded, stepping away from Kuroko's side. Kuroko glanced back at him, heart skipping a beat at the glare he was sending Kise. Despite its murderous intent, Kuroko found it endearing how protective Akashi was of him. Offering him a reassuring smile, Kuroko stepped towards Kise and followed him to the water fountains.

An awkward silence fell between them, making Kuroko anxious. He fidgeted with his wrist bands, focusing on the way they brushed against his skin instead of the serious expression on Kise's face. Eventually, the blond reached out and grabbed his wrist, forcing Kuroko to glance up at him.

"I'm sorry I was rude the other day, Kurokocchi." Kise began, his golden eyes full of earnest regret. "You shared with me something important to you, and I stepped all over it. I know how much that sucks. So I'm sorry."

"Kise-kun-"

"No, not yet, Kurokocchi! Let me finish. I've liked you for a really long time now, Kurokocchi. You're a pretty amazing person. To find out that Akashicchi got to you first hurt. I was really jealous. But I've come to terms with it and now I wanted to congratulate you. So congrats, Kurokocchi. I'm happy for you and Akashicchi. I know you'll make him happy." Kise grinned at him, his hands resting on his shoulders. A small smile settled over Kuroko's face as he relaxed.

"Thank you, Kise-kun. I'm sorry that you were upset." He added. Kise pulled him to a tight hug, cuddling in close.

"Aw, it's okay Kurokocchi! I'm all better now after spending time with Momocchi and Daikicchi. Nothing helps a broken heart like friends!" He sighed. Kuroko began to nod his agreement when something odd in Kise's statement clicked in his mind.

"'Daikicchi?"' Kuroko questioned, pulling out of Kise's embrace to scrutinize his reaction. The blond froze before a sheepish grin crossed his face and he scratched the back of his head.

"Yeah. Daikicchi and I are sleeping together. He's great in bed, Kurokocchi!" Kise added cheerfully. Kuroko paled at that, shoving Kise away from him as he tried his best to wrap his mind around it.
Aomine and Kise? Together? Kise must have sensed his confusion because he quickly began to explain everything.

"I went home with Momocchi and Daikicchi to Daikicchi's house after we left you guys, and we all snuggled for a few days," Kuroko doubted that Aomine did that willingly, "and so eventually Momocchi admitted that either one of us could ever have you and that we should try and find something else to want, so she decided to focus on her friendships and left and I was still pouting so Daikicchi offered to find me a nice girl and then I kissed him and we had sex and I liked it and he liked it so it's a thing now." Kise took a deep breath after that mouth full of words, even as a pink hue tinted his cheeks. Kuroko's eyes widened at that.

"Do you like him, Kise-kun?" Kuroko asked. Kise shrugged, and together they began to head back to the group.

"I guess. I don't know if I like him like that yet, but Daikicchi's a really nice guy and a great distraction." Kise said, and his oddly serious expression told Kuroko more than he needed to know. As he took Akashi's hand and answered his concerned expression with a reassuring smile, Kuroko made a note to talk to Aomine about this later.

The games took up the entire afternoon. Eight teams participated, with four of them containing the generation. All of the other teams were knocked out in the first round. The semi-finals were between Seirin and Touou, and Rakuzan and Shutoku. Seirin defeated Touou by a measly one point, while Rakuzan defeated Shutoku by a 15 point margin.

As they lined up for the final round, Akashi smirked at Kuroko, reaching for his hands.

"Good luck, Tetsuya." Akashi said. Kuroko squeezed his hands, nodding in determination.

"Good luck to you too, Akashi-kun." He dropped their hands, stepping back to Kagami's side.

The match itself was an intense, but shorter, repeat of the final of the Winter Cup. The only difference between it was the lack of emotional baggage that had hovered over the tense atmosphere in the arena. In fact, Akashi seemed to enjoy the challenge, Kuroko noted happily.

When Rakuzan won this time, Kuroko wasn't disappointed. After the lineup, as his team tried to figure out what had happened, Kuroko approached his boyfriend and placed his hands on his shoulders before leaning up to press a surprise kiss to his lips.

The crowd froze. Those that hadn't realized the extent of their relationship were surprised. Those that knew Kuroko were stunned to see him so openly displaying his affection for Akashi. The red-head himself was very surprised, but did his best to kiss back despite the unexpected action. Kuroko had never initiated their kisses before, and was shy when Akashi would kiss him in public.

"Good job, Akashi-kun." Kuroko murmured as they parted, wrapping his arms around Akashi. His boyfriend nodded, pressing their sweaty foreheads together.

"Thank you, Tetsuya. You did a great job as well. I have to admit that I'm a little surprised by your kiss afterwards." He confessed. Kuroko's cheeks burned scarlet as he realized what he had just done. He hadn't been thinking when he kissed his boyfriend. He had just acted on some type of instinct or impulse. Burying his face in Akashi's chest, Kuroko hid from the world. Akashi allowed it with an amused chuckle, wrapping his arms around his shoulders, providing him more of a shelter.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking, Akashi-kun." He murmured, mortified and embarrassed. Akashi pressed a kiss in to his hair, a smile on his lips.
"Don't apologize, Tetsuya. I thought it was sweet. You should kiss me more often." He suggested. Kuroko's blush darkened and his hands gripped the back of Akashi's jersey.

"Please, Akashi-kun, don't tease me here. Everyone was watching, weren't they?" Kuroko whispered, heart pounding in his ears as he felt the gaze of the crowd on the two of them. Akashi wasn't affected by it and simply shrugged, tightening his grip.

"They were. That's okay, Tetsuya. Now they know that I am yours." He said, a smug smirk sliding on to his face at the thought. Kuroko paused his embarrassed thoughts and mulled over the idea of people knowing that Akashi was his. He glanced up at Akashi, thinking about that idea.

"I kissed you, Akashi-kun." He said, asking for his boyfriend's approval. Akashi let out an amused chuckle.

"You can always kiss me, Tetsuya. I'm glad that you did." Akashi assured him. Kuroko's heart soared and he leaned up towards Akashi, pressing their lips together again. So long as Akashi was happy, Kuroko could stand a little embarrassment.

Kise let out a whistle behind them, causing Kuroko to turn bright red and pull back from Akashi's mouth, burying his face in his chest once more. Akashi guided him off the courts and to their friends, accepting their bottles of water.

"My team, why don't you amuse yourselves for the evening? Think of this as a reward for winning. We will go home later tonight." Akashi added. "Reo, bring me my jacket." He ordered. Reo did as he was told, and Kuroko pulled away from Akashi to uncap his bottle of water, though he didn't leave his side. Instead, he settled in to his warm side, avoiding Aomine's amused gaze and Kise's teasing grin. As Akashi gave Rakuzan a large sum of money, the rest of the teams began to disperse, leaving just the generation, Takao, Kagami, and Himuro. They would all be going out to dinner, Kuroko guessed, and as he slid an arm around Akashi's waist, he felt content for the first time in a long time.

His friends had come to terms with his relationship and were happy for him. His team had taken a loss with grace, and were going to be working towards doing better next time. His boyfriend was relaxed, for once, and at his side, giving out his usual orders and absolutes with ease.

So when he glanced up at Akashi and the red-head glanced down at him, the wink he sent him had his heart racing and he smiled up in return. He tightened his grip on Akashi's waist and listened to the conversation around him, his heart content.

If the rest of his days continued like this, he would be a very happy man.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Alrighty, a couple things. First, yes I have Kise and Aomine in a casual, sexual relationship. It's mostly to amuse themselves and also as a distraction too. However, they will be together in this fic. I just picture their get together starting off as a friends with benefits type thing. Next, I have Akashi spend copious amounts of money on Rakuzan all the time because I feel like he would. His father would probably be okay with it too.

Next week's update is a gem! And things start to heat up between our babies~ The rating of this fic will also being going up! Please look forward to it!
- Kida Asumi
Kuroko Tetsuya recently developed a love for the weekends. Before he began dating Akashi, he really didn't care about them one way or the other. But then his boyfriend entered his life, and suddenly he was the first one out of school after practice or lessons on Fridays.

Practice had let out early, so Kuroko passed the time waiting for Akashi by chatting with Kagami. The red-head was bitching about the raised price of his Maji Burgers, much to Kuroko's amusement.

"So that's why Tatsuya and I will be going to the movies tonight instead of there." Kagami finished his rant.

"I didn't realize that you were so frugal with your spending, Kagami-kun." Kuroko teased.

"I'm not! I'm just teaching them a lesson." Kuroko's new light huffed. Shaking his head, Kuroko turned towards the entrance of the school once more.

The two passed the next few minutes with quiet conversation. When Akashi's car pulled up, Kuroko said his goodbyes to his friend and gathered his things. He climbed into the backseat of Akashi's car, smiling at his boyfriend. Akashi closed the book that he had been reading and offered Kuroko an
affectionate smile, holding out his arm. Kuroko's cheeks heated from the affectionate look in Akashi's eyes, and with a pleasantly warm gut, he slid in against his side, snuggling in close. He looked up at Akashi, eyes sliding shut when the red-head pressed their lips together in greeting.

"How was your practice, Akashi-kun?" Kuroko asked, a bit breathless from his racing pulse. His boyfriend shrugged, returning to his book.

"Typical. We didn't make much progress, unfortunately. I cancelled practice for the next couple of weekends." He sighed. Kuroko frowned at that. Akashi had never cancelled practice at Teiko. He would excuse one of them if something was wrong with them, such as they were sick or needed to study. Akashi also wasn't going soft, so something must be happening to have him so distracted.

"Why?" Kuroko asked. Akashi's arm tightened around his shoulders, and when Kuroko glanced up at him, he was alarmed by the dark expression crossing Akashi's face.

"My father has insisted that I begin attending his board and business meetings. I was unable to convince him that it wasn't necessary. So I am cancelling our practices and have ordered my teammates to begin looking for new recruits amongst the first-years." Akashi closed his eyes, and Kuroko realized just how tired he looked. His usually composed boyfriend had bags under his eyes, and the utterly exhausted expression on his face broke Kuroko's heart. Hoping to relieve some of his stress, Kuroko gently wrapped his arm around Akashi's midsection, cuddling in closer and offering his silent comfort. They sat like that for a few minutes, with Akashi reading his book and Kuroko searching for a differently topic. Eventually, he settled on one.

"We're already in our second-year of high school, Akashi-kun." Kuroko stated, marveling in the fact that the time had flown by. Akashi nodded, leaning his head back against his headrest.

"Yes we are, my Tetsuya. Was there anything in particular you wanted to do tonight?" Akashi asked, his gaze lazily sliding over to Kuroko's. The blue haired male shrugged and shook his head.

"Spend time with you." He mumbled shyly, dropping his gaze to Akashi's book. He could feel Akashi's amused gaze and his cheeks heated. His boyfriend's warm lips brushed against his cheek, and he looked up at Akashi from under his lashes, pulse quickening from such an affectionate gesture.

"That is a given, Tetsuya. I am actually in town for the week because of my father. Do you mind if we return to my hotel room? I still need to settle in." Kuroko's eyes fluttered shut as Akashi's warm breath fanned out over his face, and he nodded. He turned his head towards Akashi, eyes falling on to his boyfriend's mouth, and he had the overwhelming urge to kiss him. He was leaning in to do just that when he realized what he was doing and pulled back, his cheeks darkening with embarrassment. Akashi let out an amused chuckle and pressed their lips together anyway.

"You don't have to be shy about kissing me, Tetsuya." Akashi reminded him when their lips parted. Kuroko nodded, and did his best to shove back his embarrassment as he pressed their lips together again.

He wanted more, he realized as their kisses remained chaste. He wanted to see what Akashi tasted like, he wanted to know how Akashi's tongue felt wrapped around his own, he wanted –

Realizing his thoughts, Kuroko pulled away from Akashi's mouth like he had been burned. A sound of distress left him and he hid his face in Akashi's side, burrowing in close. Akashi's amused chuckles resonated throughout his body, and he gently ran his fingers through Kuroko's hair.

"What was that all about, my darling?" Akashi asked, and Kuroko could feel his curious gaze on
him. Kuroko shook his head, tightening his grip on Akashi.

"Nothing." He mumbled, taking comfort in Akashi's warm presence and comforting scent. Akashi let the subject drop and resumed his reading. Kuroko was grateful for that and worked on controlling his urges.

The car ride was a long one. Eventually, the blue haired shadow lifted his head up from its hiding place to watch Akashi's graceful fingers turn the pages of the book he was reading. After reading along with him for a few minutes, Kuroko realized that it was about Shogi, and bit back an amused smile. Yes, his boyfriend was a bit obsessed with the board game.

He glanced up at Akashi once more, and when Akashi's eyes slid over to meet his, he leaned up at pressed their lips together. Akashi let out a pleased sigh against his mouth before he cupped his face with his free hand. Kuroko pulled back first, sucking in a deep gasp of air. Akashi pressed kisses over his flushed face, trailing up his cheek to his temple, and then trailing back down along the bridge of his nose to his mouth once more. As he locked their lips together once more, Kuroko's lips settled around Akashi's bottom lip and he shyly flicked his tongue out to trace it, wanting to see if Akashi tasted as good as he smelled. Akashi raised his other hand to cup the other side of Kuroko's face, his thumb gently stroking over his heated cheek bones.

Kuroko pulled away from him, heart racing as his mind reacted to Akashi's taste. It was unique and something that Kuroko had only vaguely tasted before from their previous kisses. Like Akashi, the taste of his boyfriend was dominant and strong. It reflected his absolute personality, and left Kuroko craving more.

As soon as that crossed his mind, Kuroko's eyes slid shut and he leaned forward into Akashi's hold, embarrassed by his urges. What if they were unwanted? A part of him wondered about that, even if the logical part of him berated the idea. Of course Akashi would want more.

"That was awfully bold of you, my sweet Tetsuya." Akashi practically purred, and Kuroko opened his eyes to find Akashi's gold and red eyes studying his reaction. They were curious, and the small smirk on Akashi's lips showed just how much his boyfriend approved of his curiosity.

"Was it okay?" Kuroko whispered shyly, his hands flexing nervously against Akashi.

"Tetsuya. I am yours. You can do whatever you want with me. And when you are ready, I promise that I will return the favor." He murmured. Kuroko's eyes widened and his gut twisted with anticipation. With shaking fingers, Kuroko reached up and pressed one of Akashi's hands against his face.

"I'd like that, Akashi-kun." He said, blue eyes flashing with determination as they locked with Akashi's. The sudden intensity of their gaze caught Kuroko's breath, and he began to lean back in to capture Akashi's lips once more when his boyfriend spoke.

"We will be arriving at my hotel soon, Tetsuya. I think it'd be best if we sit back in our seats." Akashi murmured. Kuroko nodded obediently, scooting out of Akashi's hold and back in to his end of the backseat. Akashi took his hand and they resumed their ride in silence.

"Ano, I'm afraid to touch anything, Akashi-kun." Kuroko admitted as Akashi led him in to the hotel room. Akashi simply shook his head, smiling at Kuroko's pointless fretting.

"Nonsense, Tetsuya. Relax. Why don't you unpack my laptop and notes as I finish with my clothes?" Akashi said. Kuroko nodded and approached the bag that Akashi had indicated.
Akashi joined him soon enough, turning on his laptop and pulling up several chats and email accounts immediately after connecting to the Wi-Fi of the hotel.

Kuroko separated the notes based off of the headers, and Akashi glanced over them briefly before nodding his approval. He laced his fingers with Kuroko's, tugging him towards the couch. As they settled back in to the soft pillows and cushions, Akashi took hold of the remote next to him and turned on the TV, pleased when the Shogi national tournament appeared on the screen.

"What are the odds of that happening?" Akashi wondered. Kuroko snuggled against his shoulder, his mind wandering as Akashi became caught up in what was apparently a really close game.

The game progressed slowly, with Akashi making comments of praise or criticism from time to time. The one that Akashi was cheering for won, which pleased his boyfriend immensely. He turned to Kuroko with self-righteous smirk.

"Tetsuya, I'm going to kiss you." He stated. Kuroko felt the blush staining his cheeks as he nodded. After everything that had happened in the car earlier, he was almost certain that Akashi would want to pursue the advancement that he had started. It was in his boyfriend's nature, and Kuroko was certainly in no need to stop him.

Akashi's warm lips pressed against his as his hand cupped the back of his head. Kuroko leaned into the kiss, his eyes sliding shut as Akashi's lips slid across his own. The familiar pressure helped soothe Kuroko's nerves while at the same time, it sent his heart racing and had him yearning for more.

Akashi didn't keep him waiting.

Akashi tilted Kuroko face a bit before pressing in deeper, their noses brushing together. As Akashi's warm breath fanned his face, Kuroko became intoxicated by the scent. He only thought of his boyfriend and yearned to taste him. As if Akashi could hear his thoughts, his boyfriend tugged his bottom lip between his own, nipping on to it softly. The sharp jolt of pain had Kuroko gasping, eyes cracking open to meet Akashi's heated ones.

Don't move. They seemed to say. Kuroko obeyed, anticipation building for whatever Akashi had planned. When his boyfriend's tongue lapped at his bottom lip, Kuroko's eyes slid shut. Akashi slowly worked his way into his mouth, tracing his lips thoroughly before moving inside. It felt weird, Kuroko decided, to have someone licking at your gums and teeth. It wasn't a bad weird. It kind of tickled.

And then Akashi moved deeper, tilting his head back for a better angle. Akashi tongue playfully swatted his own before it traced it. Kuroko moaned at the feeling of that slick, wet, warmth tangling with his own, his cheeks coloring with embarrassment and arousal. Akashi responded with a content sigh through his nose before he pulled back, wiping away the saliva from Kuroko's lips. Kuroko looked up at Akashi from beneath his lashes, feeling so very shy and exposed in this moment. His boyfriend's gaze was predatory even as he offered him a warm smile.

"That was hot, Tetsuya." He stated bluntly before yanking Kuroko onto his lap. Kuroko nodded, surprise by how hard it was to catch his breath.

This wasn't his first French kiss. Hell, he wasn't really a virgin. Going through puberty with Aomine and Kise had guaranteed that much.

But this was Akashi. That made everything so different from the kisses he had shared with Kise or Aomine, or the few times that he and Aomine jerked each other off in a hotel room before a big game.
"Akashi-kun." Kuroko murmured, grasping on to Akashi's shoulders to keep himself steady. Akashi simply tilted his head, waiting for him to continue. Kuroko licked his lips, eyes fluttering shut as he tasted his boyfriend on his lips. He could still taste Akashi in his mouth, and it was even better than he had imagined.

"Don't do that, Tetsuya. I'm doing my best to respect you." Akashi's statement had his eyes flying open, locking with Akashi's. Kuroko leaned forward, pressing their mouths together again. He could feel Akashi smiling against his lips, and when he realized that Kuroko wouldn't initiate anything deeper, he took the initiative and slipped his tongue between Kuroko's lips once more. Kuroko focused on breathing through his nose as he curled their tongues together, moaning when Akashi swiped the roof of his mouth. Akashi's tongue led his in to his boyfriend's mouth, and Kuroko greedily began to map out every intricate detail of Akashi's mouth. From his warm tongue to his smooth teeth, Kuroko did his best to engrain them all in his mind.

"I'm not sorry, Akashi-kun." He admitted when they parted. Akashi's eyes flashed with intrigue at his defiant statement.

"Oh?" Akashi asked, pressing their forehead together. Kuroko blushed, looking down at the hand that was squeezing Akashi's shoulder.

"I…I like it. I like that you're still with me after we finish kissing." He admitted before moving to hide in the crook of Akashi's neck. Akashi's hand tightened in his hair and he felt his boyfriend take a deep breath.

"The things you do to me, Tetsuya." Akashi said, even if his voice sounded strain. Kuroko shifted to sit back and look at his boyfriend when he felt the issue.

Oh.

He himself had been affected by their kisses. He could feel his cock throbbing between his own legs.

It made sense that Akashi would be feeling the same. That did not mean that the hard-on pressing against his own was expected.

"I'm not sorry Akashi-kun." Kuroko repeated, and before he could talk himself out of it, he leaned forward to connect their mouths once more. Akashi returned his kiss with vigor, and Kuroko opened his mouth, moaning as Akashi took control of the kiss. As his boyfriend plundered in to his mouth, Kuroko did his best to open his mouth wider, eager to take everything that Akashi was willing to give.

When they broke apart to breath, Kuroko leaned forward against Akashi, his kiss-bruised lips resting against Akashi's cheek. Akashi's hand left his hair and wrapped around his waist, keeping him close. Kuroko's racing heart didn't help his lack of oxygen, and he clung to Akashi as the world swayed.

"Dizzy." He murmured softly. Akashi let out an amused huff of laughter and he shifted them so that he was leaning against one of the arms of the couch and one of the throw pillows, with Kuroko resting in his arms.

"We will need to work on your endurance." Akashi said, running a hand over Kuroko's back. Kuroko snuggled in close before looking up at Akashi and offering him a smile. It slipped off as he caught the sight of a small cut in his lip and reached up to touch it.

"I'm sorry about that, Akashi-kun." He frowned. Akashi shook his head, playfully nipping at the tip of his finger.
"It doesn't hurt, Tetsuya. It will heal by tomorrow morning." Akashi assured him. Kuroko nodded, settling back against his boyfriend to watch the television in front of them.

They watched the evening news, with Akashi feeding Kuroko behind the scenes information, and chatted quietly about some of the more outrageous things. Akashi grew bored during the weather and stock exchange information and began pressing wet kisses to Kuroko's ears and neck.

"Akashi-kun." Kuroko pouted when Akashi nipped behind his ear before sucking in what was sure to be a deep bruise.

"We should go and get dinner before I return you to your home, Tetsuya." Akashi pulled away from his mark. Kuroko reached back, pressing against the bruise to see how tender it was. When he didn't yelp in pain from the lightest touch, Kuroko decided that it couldn't be that bad and shrugged it off.

"What are we having tonight, Akashi-kun?" Kuroko asked as he sat up. Akashi followed suit and rose from the couch, offering Kuroko his hand.

"I want something Italian, I think." Akashi mused. The two fixed their disheveled clothing, with Akashi smirking with pride and Kuroko blushing with embarrassment. When he stepped in the bathroom to run a hand through his hair, his blue eyes widened at his appearance. He leaned forward in wonder, reaching out to touch his reflection.

His cheeks had a healthy pink tint to them, and his lips were kiss-bruised and swollen, giving them a red and plump appearance. His hair was everywhere, and the mark that Akashi had left on him wasn't as subtle as he had thought.

"It looks even better from this angle." Akashi commented from the doorway. Kuroko pouted at him as he covered the mark.

"Akashi-kun. Next time, above my hair line or below my collar, please." He requested. Akashi offered him a crooked grin as he approached, wrapping an arm around his waist.

"I will take that in to consideration, Tetsuya. I like it. It's a way to remind people to whom you belong when we are apart." Akashi leaned forward to press a tender kiss to the mark before meeting Kuroko's gaze once more.

"…can I mark Akashi-kun as well?" Kuroko blurted out. His face turned a deep red and he hid his face in his hands. Where had that come from? It wasn't that he didn't trust Akashi. He did. He knew that Akashi would always be his. But he lived so far away, and he didn't want the many admirers that Akashi had thinking that he was available.

"Of course you can, my darling. When you are ready." Akashi added sternly. Kuroko peeked through his fingers to take in Akashi's reaction to his statement. It seemed to be a mixture between pride and affection, and so Kuroko dropped his hands from his face and took a deep breath, calming his nervous gut. Akashi rewarded his actions with a quick kiss and took his hand.

Their dinner was a quiet one. They shared a small desert and walked off the pasta by traveling by a canal that Kuroko had never noticed before.

As he and Akashi walked hand in hand by the water, he spoke more than he had in the last week and a half. They talked about their favorite things and their pet peeves. Akashi loved fine fabrics and stiff parchment. Together they showed off his status and his power. He only signed his name in black, but stamped his seal with red ink. He hated formal business meetings where the numbers were the topic of discussion. He would rather look over them himself, privately. He also disliked those that stole
from him, or attempted to cheat him.

Kuroko took in these little facts and details, and with each new piece of information, his affection and admiration for Akashi grew. He liked knowing these little things that seemed meaningless to most people.

Akashi dropped him off at his house that night, walking him to his front door as he always did.

"I had a nice time tonight, Akashi-kun. Will you come to our practice tomorrow?" Kuroko asked, squeezing Akashi's hands in his. Akashi shook his head.

"Unfortunately I can't. I have a meeting that won't let out until tomorrow evening. I can spoil you afterwards, and the following day." He promised.

"Can we go to a movie? I haven't been in so long." Kuroko asked, hoping that Akashi would like that suggestion. When Akashi nodded his agreement, Kuroko beamed and his heart soared. "Then I shall check the times and text you about them." He said, excitement flowing through him. He leaned up and kissed Akashi, eagerly parting his boyfriend's lips.

As Akashi sucked his tongue in to his mouth, Kuroko forgot about where they were or that he should be embarrassed. All he cared about was Akashi's warm mouth on his. When they parted, he was panting lightly and offered Akashi a smile.

"Good night, Akashi-kun." He murmured. Akashi smirked, releasing his hands and taking a deliberate step back.

"Good night, my Tetsuya." The red-head said quietly before stepping away from the porch. Kuroko slipped inside of his house, the giddy smile on his face so very unfamiliar that it made his cheeks hurt. Chuckling, he raced upstairs and to his room, making sure that Nigou was inside before shutting the door.

"I had a wonderful night, Nigou!" He exclaimed. Nigou let out a happy bark, skipping around Kuroko's feet. Ruffling his fur, Kuroko began to get ready for bed.

"Akashi-kun." He panted against the red-head's cheek. Akashi shushed him, reminding him of their very public location. Kuroko bit back a moan as Akashi continued to pump his cock between them.

"Soon, Tetsuya." He promised and Kuroko could hear the smirk in his voice. It was getting too hot in the cramped space. His vision was starting to blur and he gasped for air, seeking relief.

It was stifling hot, Kuroko thought as he opened his eyes. He let out a quiet hiss as he pulled the blanket off of himself. As it pooled around his waist, Kuroko became aware of his throbbing erection.

Oh. Yes. He had just been dreaming of his wonderful boyfriend. A low whine escaped him as he reached down between his legs, grasping himself in a firm grip. His dick throbbed in his grasp, and the pre-come was already running down the sides of it.

"Akashi-kun!" Kuroko gasped quietly, closing his eyes as he imagined that it was the red-head touching him. His deft fingers would certainly feel better than Kuroko's own. Akashi would stroke him in one long, slow stroke before following it up with several quick and short ones. His graceful fingers would tease the head of his cock and his balls as his talented mouth would keep him otherwise distracted.
Moaning, Kuroko quickened his pace, imagining his boyfriend's smirking face in front of his own. He opened his mouth, wishing that Akashi was there to fill it, be it with his cock or his tongue, Kuroko didn't care.

As he grew close to his release, Kuroko moaned low in his throat and raised his hips off of the bed, the cool air sliding in beneath his body sending shivers of delight down his spine.

"Akashi-kun!" He gasped as he felt the first wave of orgasm take him. As he came in his own hand, his mouth fell open in a silent scream. His legs gave out, and Kuroko collapsed back on to the bed, panting from the exertion.

As his mind slowly came back to him, he blushed red with shame and embarrassment. Yes, it was normal to fantasize about one's boyfriend. Kuroko acknowledged that. That didn't stop him from feeling guilty about it, even if it was an overreaction.

He stood up from his bed, gathering the blanket that would need to be washed in the morning. After putting it in his clothes basket, Kuroko headed in to his bathroom to wash himself off.

He was sure that this would be a reoccurring theme. If Akashi’s deep kisses did this to him, he could only imagine what it would be like when the red-head began touching him.

Nigou came trotting in to the room as he exited the bathroom, and Kuroko was a bit relieved to know that his dog hadn't watched him masturbate to the thought of his boyfriend.

It would have been wrong.

After grabbing another blanket, Kuroko curled up under it. The night's chill had settled over him in the bathroom, and the warmth that his bed and blanket provided for him was a relief. Nigou curled up next to him and Kuroko let his eyes slide closed.

He fell asleep with Akashi's eyes lingering in his mind.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Yes, I do have Kuroko, Kise, and Aomine exploring their sexualities in Teiko together. That will be brought up time and time again, mostly in passing, so get used to that idea, please~ also, this was my first masturbation scene. One of the many firsts that this fic brought me. I hope the progress in their relationship was something you enjoyed!

Next chapter: Kagami and Aomine do their part as Kuroko's best friends and give him some heartfelt advice. Our babies get another first, and they spend more than just a night together. A preplanned one at that! Kuroko also goes to Rakuzan for one of their practices. The next chapter is pretty long(double the length of this one, which will eventually become the norm), so please look forward to it! See you next week, everyone.

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Hints of neglect

Notes this chapter: So. A couple things. I make Kuroko's family very distant and not really loving. They are definitely not close knit. I acknowledge it's not really that way!

Also, I will not be able to post a chapter on February 19th. HOWEVER! I am giving you guys two options:

1 – I post two chapters next week (February 12th)

2 – I post two chapters February 26th

My beta and I recommend option 2. I am taking votes, and if no one votes, we'll just go with option 1.

Hope you enjoy!

- Kida-Asumi

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Kuroko Tetsuya woke up on the Wednesday before Golden Week began, it was to a plethora to various text messages. Most were from Seirin's members asking about his plans. A few were from his old Teiko companions. He read them all, searching for his boyfriend's. Unsurprisingly, it had been the first one, and it put a smile on his face.

From: Akashi-kun

Subject: Golden Week

Good morning. I hope that you were asleep when I sent this message. You need it after the stressful recruitment week you had. My father has decided to leave my house to me this Golden Week. As happy as I am about this, I would be even happier if you could join me for this coming weekend. I have spoken with your coach, and she is not having practice.

Kuroko quickly sat up and responded, eager to solidify these plans as quickly as possible.

To: Akashi-kun

Subject: Re:Golden Week

Good morning, Akashi-kun. I was asleep when your message arrived. I would love to spend a weekend with you.

He was stretching when his phone began to vibrate. Seeing his boyfriend's name flash across the screen caused his grin to grow wide.

"Good morning, Tetsuya." Akashi's warm and affectionate voice sent a little trill down his spine and
Kuroko settled back against his pillows.

"Good morning, Akashi-kun."

"I apologize for calling so suddenly. I wanted to clarify a few details about this weekend before we get swept away in our lessons."

"Okay, Akashi-kun." He agreed, eyes looking over to the vase of flowers. He had refreshed the water two weeks ago, and felt a little guilty for tossing out the wilting flowers. Akashi had assured him that it was fine. It was just a part of the circle of life. Yet those flowers had represented the early weeks of their relationship just as much as the two jackets that they had permanently exchanged and it had caused disquiet in Kuroko that he couldn't quite let go of.

"...just changes of clothing. If you plan on bringing your laptop or cellphone, then bring their chargers as well. I have accommodations for Nigou set up. Text me a photo of his favorite brand of dog food and I shall see to it that he is fed properly. I will show up at 6 Friday night to collect you and speak with your parents if necessary." Akashi's explanation brought him back from his daydream

"I don't think my parents will need to speak with you, Akashi-kun." He said. Noting the time, he climbed from his bed and padded softly over to his dresser to grab his clothes for school.

"Oh?" Akashi's simple, sarcastic statement had Kuroko wincing. The last thing he wanted was to offend his boyfriend. He hadn't meant to imply anything negative.

"It's not that I am hiding our relationship from them, Akashi-kun. Please don't think that. My parents have never bothered to learn about my hobbies and interests, let alone my sexuality or relationships." Kuroko explained quickly. Akashi was quiet for a few minutes, and Kuroko hoped that Akashi wasn't upset.

"I think I will speak with them anyway, Tetsuya. I need to let them know that you are mine now, and that I will take over your wellbeing." Akashi was strangely monotone and Kuroko sighed, hanging his head. "I'm not upset with you, my darling. I am furious with your parents. How can they, the people who created such a wonderful person, not take an interest in you? That is unacceptable. However, I will remain polite and considerate, so warn them beforehand."

Kuroko nodded, trying his best to ignore the sinking feeling he suddenly had.

Those that irritated Akashi didn't do it again. He wasn't concerned about his parents, per se; he was worried that they would limit his time with Akashi if he offended them.

"Tetsuya. Stop thinking terrible things." Akashi's sharp command had his eyes snapping open and a small smile appeared on his lips.

"I'm not." He lied. From the unimpressed noise that Akashi made, he knew that his lie had been pointless.

"I have to go soon. I don't want to, but I must. If you continue feeling down, just let me know. I have remedies for that." Kuroko quirked a curious brow at that. He didn't doubt Akashi's words, just his way of executing them.

"Okay, I will." He promised. "Akashi-kun, have a nice day." He quickly blurted out, wanting to beat his boyfriend to it.

"I will, now that I've spoken with you. Have a nice day, Tetsuya, and I speak with you before bed." Akashi promised. After hanging up, Kuroko began to get ready for his day, deciding to push the
impending meeting of his boyfriend and his parents out of his thoughts.

Seirin's practice consisted of the freshman playing against the seniors, leaving Kuroko, Kagami, and the other 2nd years to their own devices. As Kagami placed bets with Kawahara and Fukuda, Kuroko opened up a message from Kise, just to have it be cut off by an incoming call from Momoi.

"Tetsu-kun!" The pink-haired female chirped as soon as he answered. "Dai-chan and I were wondering if you wanted to come with us next week!" If Kuroko hadn't spent Golden Week with the two for the past couple of years, he would have been confused by the sudden, unexpected, and unprecedented invitation.

"I can, Momoi-san, but I will be in Kyoto Friday through Monday. I am returning Tuesday morning." He explained.

"With Akashi-kun?" Momoi asked. She let out a surprised gasp, and before Kuroko could grow concerned, Aomine's voice came through his phone.

"Oi, Tetsu." He greeted.

"Hello, Aomine-kun."

"Satsuki said that you were spending four days in Kyoto with Akashi." Aomine stated.

"Yes, I am." He said. Aomine sighed on the other line, mumbling something that Kuroko couldn't quite catch.

"Put Bakagami on the phone." Aomine said. Kuroko frowned, but tapped an irritated Kagami on the shoulder. After taking the offered phone, Kagami greeted the other person. A vein pulsed on his forehead briefly.

"Shut up, Ahomine!" He barked into the phone. He simmered down as Aomine explained something, and whatever he was saying caused a realization to dawn on Kagami. "Oh. Okay. Meet us at Maji Burger at 5. I won't bring him, geeze! Don't bring her either." He added before hanging up. "Kuroko, we're going to Maji later to meet up with Ahomine." Kagami announced.

"Why?" Kuroko asked, curious. Kagami blushed but didn't answer, deliberately ignoring the question. Kuroko shook his head, finally replying to Kise.

He would find out soon enough.

They waited until Kagami had devoured his typical mountain of burgers to begin talking about whatever brought Kuroko and his two lights together. Aomine started it by sitting up with a sigh.

"Tetsu?" He asked, making sure that he had Kuroko's attention. "How far have you gone with Akashi?" Kuroko nearly choked on his vanilla milkshake, and he glared accusingly at Aomine. Taiga was bright red, but from the unsurprised look on his face, this is what the two had talked about.

"What does it matter, Aomine-kun?" Kuroko asked in return, doing his best to keep his expression neutral.

"You're going to be spending four days with the guy, Kuroko. You'll be away from home, alone with your boyfriend, who you've been with for nearly 3 months now. Surely he's going to want to do
stuff." Kagami hinted. Kuroko did his best to hide his blush.

"You think that Akashi-kun wants to have sex with me?" He asked. Aomine rolled his eyes as Kagami choked on his drink.

"Tetsu, Akashi has always wanted to have sex with you. I'm surprised he's taking things so slow. Hell, we never dated and I managed to get into your pants." Aomine pointed out. Kagami's eyes went wide and Kuroko nodded in agreement.

"We were exploring our tastes, Aomine-kun." Kuroko pointed out, mostly for Kagami's benefit.

"Yeah, and Akashi knows that. So, again, how far have you gone with him?" Aomine asked. Kuroko blushed, looking down at his drink.

"We've only made out a little." Kuroko admitted. Aomine let out a low whistle of surprise as Kagami's expression softened.

"That's understandable. You don't want to move too fast." Kagami agreed, dragging an unimpressed snort from Aomine.

"Oh please, you don't know Akashi, Bakagami. I'm really surprised that he hasn't claimed Tetsu's virgin ass yet. Between his god-complex and his possessive nature, how have you managed to remain sex-free?" Aomine asked. The blue-haired male squirmed uncomfortably under their gazes, and deliberately began to trace the lid of his cup.

"He always wants me to make the first move." He admitted. Aomine and Kagami shared a look, silently communicating about something.

"Okay, that's noble."

"I can see that."

"I don't want him to have to wait for me, though." Kuroko added. "How do I tell him that?"

"Eh, just be straightforward with it. 'Akashi-kun, please take me.'" Aomine mocked in a poor imitation of Kuroko. It had both the second light and the shadow blushing, and the two glared at the dark-skinned male.

"Don't say it like that, Kuroko!" Kagami quickly cut in. "Just tell him that you're unsure of what you want, and wouldn't mind exploring that a little with what he wants." Kuroko took that in as Aomine chuckled, sneering at Kagami.

"Is that what you told your *wife*, Bakagami?" He teased. The red-head blushed and spluttered and Kuroko kicked Aomine from under the table.

"Ahomine, Tatsuya and I aren't married! And he isn't a wife, he's a dude!" Kagami managed to get out. Aomine rolled his eyes and kicked Kuroko back.

"Matching rings, Kagami. Matching fucking rings that both of you have worn for a million years now. You're totally married. And he's totally the wife. He feeds you and does your laundry for you, Bakagami." He pointed out. Kuroko shook his head as they began to bicker, losing himself in his milkshake and thoughts.

He should have that conversation with Akashi. Kuroko realized this. It would do them both a lot of good, and is sure that by being the one to initiate it, Akashi will be proud and pleased.
And he honestly didn't know his limits when it came to his sexuality. Yes, he and Daiki had jerked one another off in middle school, but those had been mutual satisfaction on both of their parts, and they didn't really mean anything by it.

He was sure that it would be so much better with his boyfriend.

"Anyway, Kuroko, we brought you here to make sure that you have everything you need for this weekend." Kagami said, effectively ending his argument with Aomine, at least for now.

"Yeah, like lube and condoms and stuff. We also need to make sure you know how to use them." Aomine added. Kuroko blushed as they both picked up bags and dropped them in front of him.

"We didn't know what size Akashi was, so we just bought one of each kind."

"And we each contributed on the brands of lube based off of what we and our guys like."

"Now Tetsu, make sure that you warm the lube before using it. Don't put it in the microwave-"

"He knows that, Ahomine."

"Shut up Bakagami, and don't interrupt me. Tetsu, just warm it with your hands or his before applying it. Cold lube is really a cockblock."

As they both continued to try and help, Kuroko groaned quietly and did his best to disappear. He loved these guys; they were his best friends. But he really, really didn't want them or their sex lives mixing with his.

Eventually, Kagami and Aomine decided that he would be fine to go and they helped him pack everything in to his bag.

"Thank you." Kuroko said. He meant it too. Even if he didn't take any of their advice, at least he and Akashi wouldn't have to buy things upfront. Aomine wrapped an arm around his shoulders and Kagami gripped his arm.

"Anytime, Tetsu. Anytime." Aomine promises. They eventually went their separate ways, and Kuroko entered his home, so lost in his thoughts that he didn't notice his father standing there until he bumped in to him.

"Oh. I'm sorry father." Kuroko murmured. His father didn't respond, typing away on his tablet. Withholding a sigh, Kuroko went upstairs to his room to drop off his bag.

"Come on, Nigou." He insisted. The dog jumped off of his bed and followed him downstairs. His mother was making dinner and his grandmother was clipping coupons. "Hello mother, hello grandmother." Kuroko said.

"Tetsuya, your father and I will be gone for most of Golden Week, and your grandmother will be away on a resort." His mother informed him. Kuroko nodded, and as he was walking past her, she grabbed his wrists, squeezing them tightly. "Don't wreck the house while we are away." She ordered, even as the rest of her face shined with a smile. Kuroko nodded, tense long after her hand released his. He pulled out his wrist bands and slipped them on, relieved to have them protecting his wrists.

His mother wasn't a violent person. She had never hit him. However, she only remembered him when she needed something, and she would tightly grip his wrists until he got it for her. It had started when he was five and his father began to take longer trips. It got worse when he was eight and his
grandfather died.

At this point, he wasn't sure if he wished that his family would forget about him, or start acknowledging him.

Kuroko couldn't keep the smile off his face as he packed his bag. School had let out early, which meant that practice had started earlier. Himuro had shown up as he and Kagami were exiting the locker room, having finished their showers, and had winked at Kuroko before pulling Kagami in to a kiss. He waved goodbye to them before hurrying home.

Now, with less than fifteen minutes before his boyfriend appeared, Kuroko triple checked his list of things he needed to pack. Nigou was sitting at his feet, gnawing on a bone that Akashi had sent with the flowers.

He walked down his stairs to make sure that his family was all together. Shifting his bag to one shoulder, he sat down with his parents at their kitchen table. His mother was humming some sort of tune while doing the crossword and his father was typing away on his tablet, ignoring both of them.

"Akashi-kun will be here soon. He wishes to speak with both of you." He announced. His father let out an annoyed sigh as his mother shrugged.

"If he wishes so, okay. We don't need to speak with him, if that's what he's wondering. You can take care of yourself." She said simply. Kuroko nodded, and rose from his chair to let Nigou out back to potty before they made their trip to Kyoto.

Akashi arrived at his house at six on the dot. After setting his bag beside the door, Kuroko scooped up Nigou and opened it, smiling at his boyfriend.

"Hello, Tetsuya." Akashi said, leaning forward to press a kiss to his lips. Kuroko smiled against his lips before pulling back and taking his hand.

"Hello, Akashi-kun. Please come in." He said, stepping out of the doorway.

"Thank you, Tetsuya. Hello, Nigou." The red-head greeted the dog with a few pats on the head. Kuroko led him in to the kitchen, announcing him to his parents. His father completely ignored them and his mother offered them a brief wave before she continued her conversation with her mother. Akashi's hand settled at the base of his back and Kuroko subtly leaned in to it.

"Mother, Father, this is my boyfriend, Akashi-kun." Kuroko introduced.

"It's very nice to meet you both. I just wanted to assure you that your son will be perfectly safe in my care." Akashi assured them, offering them a confident smirk that usually had those around him stalling and staring, enraptured by the power and confidence that radiated from him.

Kuroko's parents didn't so much as blink. His father studiously ignored them and his mother nodded.

"You didn't have to speak to us, Akashi-san." She shrugged.

"Most parents appreciate hearing from the person that is removing their child from their sight." Akashi murmured with a small frown on his face. Most people didn't address him with such blatant disinterest.

"Well we're not most people." Kuroko's father mumbled.
"We know that Tetsuya will be fine. We rarely see him anyway." His mother added cheerfully. When Akashi's hand tightened at the back of his shirt, Kuroko wrapped an arm around his boyfriend's waist, hoping that the small action would appease Akashi.

"Tetsuya is home more often than he is not." Akashi declared. Kuroko's father got up and left the room and his mother shrugged.

"Well, I wouldn't notice. He's such a quiet, anti-social boy." She said before she too left the room.

Akashi was livid.

"Let's just go, Akashi-kun." Kuroko insisted, tightening his hold on his boyfriend so that he didn't do anything drastic. The red head nodded, and led Kuroko from the kitchen. He took his boyfriend's bag before leaving the house without another word. As soon as they slipped in to the car, Nigou curled up in his bed at Kuroko's feet. Akashi didn't speak, making Kuroko anxious.

The tense silence continued until they had left Tokyo. Akashi broke it with a quiet sigh and took Kuroko's hand in to his own.

"I love you, Tetsuya." He announced. Kuroko's gaze snapped to Akashi, his wide, blue eyes staring in to Akashi's red and gold pair.

"Akashi-kun." Kuroko murmured, surprised. Akashi offered him a small smirk, squeezing his hand.

"You don't have to return that phrase until you are ready. I understand. However, my Tetsuya, you are mine. You have been for years now. I didn't realize how bad your home life was, and I am so sorry. Say the word and you will have your own apartment in Tokyo." He promised. Kuroko leaned over and placed a shy kiss to Akashi's lips, shaking his head.

"It's gotten a lot better, Akashi-kun. Father no longer yells and hits Mother and I. Mother doesn't drink and order me around anymore. Them ignoring my existence isn't any different from anyone else." He muttered. He was pulled in to Akashi's embrace, and he wasn't surprised to feel how tense with fury the red-head was. Akashi didn't speak again for a while; he simply pressed kisses to the top of Kuroko's head as he tried to calm down. Kuroko didn't do anything to stop him. He simply cuddled closer and took in the comfort of his boyfriend.

His parents' behavior didn't bother him at this point. His parents' marriage had been one of convenience. They had never got along. Growing up, he had learned to hide when his father began to drink and yell. His mother would be hit and then drink herself in to tears. Little Kuroko would climb out from under his bed or out of his closet and find her. She would grasp his wrists tightly as she relayed orders – "Bring me my rum, Tetsuya. And a towel. And a knife." – It was why he didn't like anyone touching the bare skin of his wrists.

As he grew older, his parents calmed down their abusive habits. They still happened, just not as often. Or Kuroko had begun to leave the house during them. Either scenario was as legitimate as the other.

Akashi's upset was confusing to Kuroko. He wasn't being hurt anymore, and had never known an affectionate household. He wasn't being neglected by his standards. Yet Akashi was upset, and it didn't sit well with Kuroko.

"You will move in with me once you graduate, Tetsuya." Akashi ordered. Kuroko pressed kisses to his jaw, nodding. At least Akashi was going to let him stay with Seirin, and his agreement seemed to help his boyfriend relax.
They remained quiet for a while, occasionally exchanging kisses or cuddles. Finally, Kuroko decided to lighten the tense atmosphere.

"Aomine-kun and Kagami-kun gave me condoms and lube." He managed to say without stuttering, but his blush was bright across his cheeks. Akashi chuckled, pushing Kuroko back so that he could look at him.

"Oh?" Akashi asked. Kuroko nodded, looking away. "Why would they do that, Tetsuya?" The amused look in Akashi's eyes had his heart racing and he buried his face in the crook of Akashi's neck.

"Because I mentioned to them that I was spending the weekend with you. They asked about how far we had gone, and wanted me to be prepared for anything." He said. Akashi chuckled, shaking his head.

"What size of condoms did they give you?" He asked. Kuroko shook his head.

"They said they bought all of the sizes they could find because they didn't want to offend you." Kuroko murmured. Akashi's laughter at that rang throughout the car, and even brought a smile to Kuroko's face.

"Oh Daiki. I'll have to call him later and…thank him." Akashi said after he stopped his laughter. Kuroko pouted up at his boyfriend.

"Don't harass him too much, Akashi-kun. He was just trying to help." He stuck up for his ex-light. Akashi kissed his pouting mouth, teasingly nipping at his bottom lip.

"Oh Tetsuya. We aren't going to take a next step in our relationship until we are both ready. We will not be ready by this weekend, I promise you that." Akashi said as he pulled back. Kuroko's heart lurched at that and he nodded, a content grin spreading out over his face. Kagami's words returned to him and he interlaced his fingers with Akashi's.

"Akashi-kun…I'm not really sure what I want. This type of relationship is very new to me. Why don't you try something you want to do, and I will let you know how I react." Kuroko nuzzled beneath Akashi's ear pressing a gentle kiss there. Akashi cupped the back of his head, directing it towards his own mouth.

"I will take that in to consideration, Tetsuya." Akashi smiled. Kuroko's heart skipped a beat at the tender look in his eyes, and he closed his eyes, cuddling in closer to Akashi's warmth.

The new silence that fell between them was one that Kuroko much preferred, and he found himself dozing off for the rest of the trip.

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Kuroko caught himself walking in to the Akashi household ahead of its current master, and he paused, looking back at Akashi and feeling a little guilty. His boyfriend placed a hand on the small of his back and urged him forward.

"You can go ahead and begin unpacking your things, Tetsuya. I have made room for you. Nigou and I will take a short walk around the perimeter so that he can get used to it. I think I shall start dinner after that." Akashi mused.

"…I am staying in your room, Akashi-kun?" Kuroko asked in surprise. Akashi offered him a quiet smirk and nodded.
"Of course, Tetsuya. Where else would you sleep?" Akashi knelt down next to Nigou, clipping on his leash. Kuroko blushed, his fingers curling tightly around the strap of his duffle bag.

"Where is your room, Akashi-kun?" Kuroko asked instead. Akashi gave him the directions and then headed towards the back of the house. Kuroko took a moment to calm his racing pulse before following his boyfriend directions.

As he placed his clothing alongside Akashi's, Kuroko felt out of place. This wasn't his home, and he felt as if he were overstepping some form of invisible barrier. But if he didn't do as Akashi said, he would be offended, and Kuroko didn't want that either.

Akashi just wanted him to feel welcomed. Kuroko acknowledged this. The red-head wanted Kuroko to feel as if this was also his house. But Kuroko wasn't used to this. He wasn't used to being thought of first.

It was definitely going to take some getting used to.

Akashi found him as he was placing his toothbrush next to Akashi's. The red-head leaned against the entryway, offering Kuroko a smug, crooked smile.

"I noticed that you are all settled in, Tetsuya." Akashi's pleased expression and voice caused Kuroko's heart to skip a beat and his cheeks to heat. He reached for Akashi, seeking shelter to hide. Akashi tugged him in to a tender embrace, placing kisses to the top of his blue hair.

"Akashi-kun." Kuroko murmured, burying his face in the crook of Akashi's neck.

"What would you like for desert?" Akashi asked, winding his arms around Kuroko's waist. Kuroko's hands slid up to rest on Akashi's chest, and he pushed away from the taller male to look up at him.

"Vanilla milkshake." His immediate answer brought new chuckles from Akashi's lips and the red-head pressed a quick kiss to his mouth before releasing him.

"Then I shall treat you to one after we eat. Dinner will be finished within the next 30 minutes. Nigou is resting on the couch." Akashi explained, leading Kuroko from his bathroom. Kuroko laced their fingers together as they made their way downstairs.

Dinner was a quiet affair. Together, they shared small talk and washed the dishes. Afterwards, they walked Nigou to a nearby ice cream parlor, with Kuroko happily leaving with a vanilla shake and Akashi with a bowl of vanilla bean ice cream. As they strolled through the neighborhood, they conversed about the Golden Week decorations that were covering Kyoto and Tokyo. Both preferred the quiet presence of them in Kyoto versus the loud and obnoxious displays in Tokyo. Nigou marked the house before and the house after Akashi's, much to the red-head's amusement.

They settled down for the night with the two curling up on the couch. Akashi tugged Kuroko to his side as he turned on the news, and they shared a comfortable silence as the news anchors began to explain the celebrations that Kyoto was hosting. After the weather ended, Akashi pulled Kuroko up from the couch.

"I am going to shower before bed, Tetsuya. Why don't you let Nigou out and change?" Kuroko nodded, releasing Akashi's hand so that he could take Nigou outside.

He would be lying if he said that he wasn't nervous. He had never shared a bed with anyone before. Sleepovers at school consisted of everyone in their own futons on the floor. The few times that he had stayed at Aomine's or Kise's, or vice versa, he had slept in a guest room.
There was also the concern of sex. Akashi had said that they wouldn't move on in their relationship unless Kuroko was ready. He had promised they wouldn't sleep together this weekend. Yet he had encouraged Akashi to begin taking the first step in the progression of their relationship. And they would be curled up around one another intimately. Akashi would surround him in every sense of the word, for at least 6 hours. How would he himself react to that? Kuroko got lost in his thoughts, watching Nigou take care of his business.

Eventually, they wandered back inside. Kuroko gathered his pajamas and changed in the spare bathroom, nervously running his hands through his hair. He made a brief attempt at getting the stray strands to settle down before giving up with a frustrated sigh.

He wandered back in to Akashi's room to find the redhead pulling back the covers and telling Nigou about the dog bed that had been purchased for him at the foot of the bed. Both dog and man glanced up as Kuroko entered the room and smiled at him.

"Hello, Tetsuya. Shall we?" Akashi held up the blanket in his hand in invitation. Kuroko nodded, and obediently slid inside of the comforter. As Akashi's familiar scent assaulted his nostrils, Kuroko's heart began to race and a blush rose high in his cheeks.

"Akashi-kun." He murmured quietly, resting his head on the pillow that had been deemed his.

"Yes, Tetsuya?" Akashi's teasing tone had his cheeks turning dark with embarrassment, and the blue haired shadow burrowed in to the blankets. He felt Akashi's warm body slide in next to his, and half a heartbeat later, Akashi's arm slid around his waist, tugging him in to the comforting warmth of his body. "Look at me." Akashi ordered. Kuroko did his best, ignoring his hammering heart. He caught Akashi's tender gaze and his breath hitched.

Knowing that he was loved made this all the more intimate. He reached around Akashi and grasped on to his shirt, cuddling closer still, moved by some instinct he couldn't name. Akashi rewarded his bravery with a kiss to his forehead, and settled against his own pillow.

"Akashi-kun." Kuroko's lips brushed Akashi's as he spoke and the redhead slipped his leg between Kuroko's. The skin on skin contact caused Kuroko's eyes to widen and he curled in closer to Akashi's warmth, resisting the urge to shy away from his boyfriend's touch. Instead, he focused on settling in Akashi's arms. His boyfriend's shirt was soft and smelt of Akashi's familiar fabric softener, and it was comforting to Kuroko. Akashi's hand was drawing circles in to the small of his back, and it helped him relax. Eventually his heart slowed to a regular pace and his blush subsided. He tightened his arm around Akashi before leaning up at kissing his boyfriend.

Akashi hummed against his lips, and Kuroko eagerly parted his lips when Akashi's tongue ran across his bottom one. He sighed in to the kiss, wrapping his tongue around Akashi's. Akashi caught his gasp, pressing deeper in to Kuroko's mouth. Kuroko let out a moan when Akashi shifted beside him and gently pressed him against the mattress. His boyfriend's skillful tongue left his mouth and the red-head tugged Kuroko's bottom lip in to his mouth, nibbling along the tender flesh. Kuroko arched up in to him, wanting more but not knowing how to ask.

This kind of kissing did things to Kuroko that he hadn't really experienced before. Yes, he was aroused, but it seemed deeper than that. His clothed erection was pressed against Akashi's, and he enjoyed the friction, but there was something missing that he couldn't name. He felt as if he were burning, and his pulse raced at a dangerously high rate. He broke off their kiss as he pulled in much needed, ragged breaths. Akashi didn't stop, and instead he moved to Kuroko's jaw, nipping and sucking his way up to his ear.

"I am introducing you to Rakuzan tomorrow, Tetsuya. Let's leave them a reminder of who you
belong to." Akashi's dark murmur had a soft moan leaving Kuroko's throat and he gripped at Akashi's back, digging his fingers in when Akashi bit the spot right below his ear. He hissed in pain, but it was short lived as Akashi's tongue quickly soothed the stinging skin. He then began to suck on the skin, encouraging the bruise to a size he deemed perfect. He pulled back from Kuroko, giving them both room to catch their breaths. He offered Kuroko a smug grin, assessing Kuroko's rumpled state. Kuroko shifted under his gaze, a self-conscious blush settling over his cheeks.

"I think it looks lovely, Tetsuya." Akashi practically purred, leaning down to place an affectionate kiss to the mark, and then a chaste kiss to Kuroko's swollen lips.

Kuroko lifted up a hand to touch the mark, wincing at how tender it was. With a sigh of resignation, he turned back to look at his boyfriend, assessing the damage that he himself had done. His lips were as kiss bruised as Kuroko's, and a rare, exertion-caused pink hue covered his face. He could feel Akashi's heartbeat through his thin shirt, and it helped ease any lingering insecurities he had.

Kuroko thought that he looked beautiful like that.

He tugged Akashi back down to him, and gently pressed their lips together. Akashi's lips parted easily when he probed them, and Kuroko took his time in exploring Akashi's mouth, enjoying a second helping of his boyfriend.

He could probably waste a few more hours kissing his boyfriend, but knowing that Rakuzan had practice caused him to part after a few more dips in Akashi's mouth. He pulled back, licking his lips to claim any lasting tastes of Akashi. Akashi rested their foreheads together, watching Kuroko through his all-knowing gaze.

"Let's sleep now, Tetsuya." Akashi murmured before rolling off of him and on to his side of the bed. Kuroko nodded, and settled against his pillow.

"Good night, Akashi-kun." He said into the pillow.

"Good night, Tetsuya."

Kuroko's grip on Akashi's hand was tight as they walked in to the Rakuzan gym. The school was as intimidating as it's Student Council President and Captain of the Basketball Team's house.

"How do you find anything, Akashi-kun?" Kuroko asked.

"I memorized the map shortly after orientation." Akashi's simply replied as he tugged him around yet another corner. They paused in front of an office, and Akashi slipped out a key. "I left my spare jacket here after our meeting the other day. It can get chilly in our gym, so I am going to give this one to you." He explained as he entered the office. Kuroko looked around, noting the various signs on the bulletin boards. The desk was neatly organized, and had Akashi's name neatly typed on the name plate.

"Akashi-kun, you are the President of the Student Council here, right?" Kuroko asked as Akashi wrapped the jacket around his shoulders. He leaned up and pressed his lips against his boyfriend's in thanks.

"I am, Tetsuya. I have been told that I am the youngest that Rakuzan has ever had." Akashi explained.

"Akashi-kun accomplishes so many remarkable things." Kuroko said with an adoring smile on his lips.
"I simply set goals for myself and strive towards them with my all. The things I accomplish are often side conquests." Kuroko rolled his eyes at that arrogant response, wrapping his arms around Akashi's waist.

"Show off." He accused. Akashi placed a gentle kiss on his lips, resting his forehead against Kuroko's afterwards.

"To quote Ryouta, 'When you got it, flaunt it.'" Kuroko scoffed at that, leaning up to press his lips against Akashi's. They exchanged a couple chaster, affectionate kisses before they continued on to the gym. They arrived fifteen minutes early, much to Akashi's delight.

"This is the perfect amount of time to get everything set up. Tetsuya, I am going to change. While I am doing so, please go to our storage room and grab the cones and balls." Akashi handed Kuroko a key ring containing two keys.

"Okay, Akashi-kun." Kuroko agreed. They shared a parting kiss before Akashi walked off towards the locker room. Kuroko watched him leave before turning towards his task at hand.

The storage room was sitting in the back of the gym. One of Akashi's keys opened the door, and the wave of nostalgia that it brought to him caused the smile to fall from his face. It was set up exactly as Teiko's had been. The cones were neatly organized by color and size. The balls were neatly packed away in a push cart, locked securely with a padlock. An inventory log hung on the wall beside it, with Akashi's neat handwriting at the top, signing off that these rules were to be followed exactly as stated. Akashi's clipboard and whistle sat on a little table under the window, alongside a notebook that was no doubt tracking the various training regimens he had set up for the team. The colored vests that the team used for practice matches were all neatly hung alongside one of the walls. Extra supplies such as shoelaces and first aid kits and even an emergency sewing kit were on a shelf in the corner.

Shaking himself out of his thoughts, Kuroko began to gather the things Akashi had asked for while also grabbing the things that Kuroko knew he would use. He was about to slip the whistle around his neck when a large hand grabbed his shoulder and turned him around. Kuroko masked a wince at the harsh action, doing his best to keep his expression blank as a dark-skinned, taller male glared down at him.

Eikichi Nebuya, Kuroko vaguely recalled.

"Who the fuck are you?" He demanded.

"I'm Kuroko Tetsuya." Kuroko replied, not quite sure how much Akashi wanted him to reveal to his teammates. He knew that it would take Rakuzan a few times of meeting him before they remembered his existence. He had been prepared for this. It was only his third time coming in contact them, and it would be his first time interacting with them on a semi-personal level.

"What are you doing in here? In our school? How did you manage to get into our storage room?" Nebuya demanded, encroaching in on Kuroko enough that he stepped back, coming in contact with the cart he was about to push out. Nebuya's hand tightened on his shoulder, and he was sure that he would have bruises.

A familiar, slim hand wrenched Nebuya's hand away from his shoulder, and in a blur of movement, it had Nebuya cowering in pain, and his hand was at an odd angle behind his back.

"This is not how we treat our guests, Eikichi." Akashi's reprimand had Nebuya whimpering and Kuroko relaxing. Akashi's eyes were narrowed and filled with a dark fury that Kuroko hadn't seen in
a very long time. "Tetsuya is here with me, Eikichi. How else would have gotten in to this room, or
known what to grab? When I let go of you, you will apologize to him and take this cart out. I want
the cones set up in formation 5. The balls can be set under the north basket. Is that understood?"
Akashi asked, tightening his grip on Nebuya's wrist. The dark haired male nodded, gritting his teeth
against the pain. Akashi let him go with a shove, sending Nebuya stumbling to his knees. The man
rubbed at his wrists, bowing his head.

"I'm sorry, Kuroko-san." He mumbled. Kuroko caught Akashi's eyes before speaking.

"I accept your apology, Nebuya-san. Now go and do as you were told." Kuroko dismissed the male.
Nebuya kept his head down as he rose to his feet. Akashi gently grasped Kuroko's arm and led him
away from the cart, grabbing his clipboard from the top of it. Nebuya grabbed the cart and left the
room, leaving the two alone.

"Are you alright, Tetsuya?" Akashi's tone was gentle, even if the hard mask he had donned for
Nebuya hadn't fully relaxed. Kuroko nodded, reaching up to massage his sore shoulder. Akashi's
hand swatted his away, and he pulled away his shirt to examine it. He tsked in disdain at the sight of
the forming bruises, and leaned down to press his lips against them.

"He is very protective of this team, Akashi-kun." Kuroko stated. Akashi pulled away with a frown.

"As he should be. However, we were out in public with my team not too long ago. They should
have remembered that you are mine. He should have never laid his hands on you in malice. For that,
he will be punished." Akashi vowed. Kuroko gave up in his attempted to defend the Rakuzan player,
and instead grabbed Akashi's hands, squeezing them in his own.

"Yes, Akashi-kun. I have your whistle." He added. The dark fury in Akashi's eyes lightened a bit at
that, and a small smile tugged at the corners of his lips.

"Thank you, Tetsuya. Would you mind holding on to that and my clipboard? I am going to
participate in our warm up today, as I didn't run this morning." Kuroko blushed at that, catching on
to his boyfriend's line of thought.

They had woken up curled around one another. Akashi was running his fingers through his hair
when Kuroko had opened his eyes, and they had simply cuddled in bed for the first 20 minutes of
their day. Not only had Kuroko slept better than he had in a very long time, he also felt relaxed and
at ease as they went about getting ready.

He was really looking forward to doing it again tomorrow morning.

Akashi's soft chuckle brought him out of his thoughts. Akashi's lips pressed against his, his tongue
following soon after. Kuroko's parted eagerly, his tongue meeting Akashi's. His boyfriend's kiss was
hard and demanding, and Kuroko accepted it enthusiastically, winding their tongues together and
submitting willingly when Akashi sought for it.

His boyfriend needed something from this kiss, and Kuroko was more than willing to give it to him.

When they parted, Kuroko licked their lips clean of their shared salvia, loving the way they tasted
together. Akashi placed a kiss on his forehead before taking a deliberate step back.

"Better?" Kuroko asked breathlessly. Akashi nodded, offering him a dazzling smile that had
Kuroko's heart skipping a beat.

"Much, thank you. Well, my darling, Eikichi should be done within the next minute, and the others
will be arriving in the next two. Shall we?" Akashi asked, lacing their fingers together. Kuroko
nodded, taking Akashi's clipboard from his free hand.

As Akashi began to double check Nebuya's set up, Kuroko settled down beside Akashi's gym bag, pulling out his water bottle so that it was in easy access. The rest of the team filed in, sending out hellos to Akashi and Nebuya as they walked towards the locker room. None of them acknowledged Kuroko's presence, but Kuroko didn't take it to heart.

Once they were all back and dressed, Akashi signaled for Kuroko to join him. He did, slipping up to his boyfriend's side.

"Gather around, everyone." Akashi called. The chatter died instantly and they did as they were told. Most jumped in surprise when they noticed Kuroko standing beside Akashi, but didn't question it when the red-head wrapped an arm around his shoulders. "I have a guest with us today. This is my boyfriend, Kuroko Tetsuya. He will be helping me with my observations. I expect him to be treated with as much respect as you would show me." Akashi ordered. Kuroko held his head up high as he was scrutinized by Rakuzan, all of them attempting to figure out why he was here and where he had come from. Kuroko returned to his seat, greeting the manager, a third-year male by the name of Shouta Higuchi who was a bit skittish, but determined, and Akashi began their warm ups.

The two casually discussed various things, mostly centering on Kuroko's relationship with Akashi. Shouta had recognized him when he entered the gym, but hadn't been aware of their relationship. Kuroko had promised that they had only recently gone public with it, and Akashi was doing his best to let the proper circles know before the general public discovered it. Kuroko genuinely enjoyed their discussion, and he felt better knowing that someone like Shouta was assisting Akashi and the rest of Rakuzan from the sidelines.

As the practice went on, Kuroko and Shouta watched in awe. Akashi's mere presence was enough to control the room and bring it together. Whenever they would pause for a break, he would accept his water bottle and they would disperse to do the same. When it was over, he would simply enter the court and the rest of them fell in to place. No matter how many times he watched it, Kuroko couldn't help but agree that Akashi truly was like an Emperor.

He really enjoyed this side of his boyfriend as well. As he was being cornered by Nebuya earlier today, he hadn't been worried. Akashi had a sixth sense about needing to be at certain places at certain times, and so he hadn't felt endangered at all. And when Akashi completely stripped Nebuya of his dominating presence, making it bow to the red-head's own, Kuroko's heart had leapt in to his throat and a flash of pure, unadulterated want had pooled low in his belly.

Who knew that he had a power kink?

So watching Akashi rule this court was a great experience for Kuroko. Knowing that no harm would come to him was a great thing, but also knowing that Akashi could control whatever he wanted or needed to was even better. Nothing made him feel safer than knowing that he never had to worry about things for the rest of his life.

If they became an issue, Akashi would obliterate them or correct them at the snap of his fingers.

Practice came to an end nearly six hours after it began. Most of the team was on wobbly legs, and then all greedily snatched water bottled from the bucket at Shouta's feet, their ferocious attitude causing the timid man to let out an undignified squeak of surprise as he pulled up his feet.

"Are they always this way, Higuchi-kun?" Kuroko asked. Shouta nodded with a sigh.

"Yes. Akashi-san knows how to push them to their limits, Kuroko-kun. Has he always been this
Kuroko nodded, offering Akashi a towel for his sweat and then his water bottle. His boyfriend tossed the towel over his shoulder before sitting down next to him, pulling the clipboard in to his lap.

"Of course. Akashi-kun knows the limits of his team, and will push them to perfection. One of his mottos for us at Teiko was 'practice makes permanent.' If we gave our all in our practices, we would give our all on the court. It has always held true." Kuroko promised. Shouta nodded, relaxing a bit as most of the team had entered the locker rooms. The first string was all that was left, really.

"So you are the one that has made our Sei-chan so smitten, hm?" Mibuchi Reo teased.

"Yes." Kuroko said simply, eyes narrowing a bit at the nickname. Akashi's hand slid over to his thigh, reassuring him that it wasn't anything to worry about.

"Good! Because he often spends his weekends with you, we have been given some time off!" Hayama Kotarou exclaimed, bouncing in excitement. When Mibuchi chastised him by hitting him over the back of his head, Hayama grabbed the back of his head and began to whine.

"Don't count on that lasting." Kuroko and Akashi spoke together, sharing an amused grin afterwards.

"After Golden Week ends, I am sure that Akashi-kun will begin to set up rigorous training sessions for you, in preparation for the Inter-High." Kuroko explained. Akashi squeezed his thigh before releasing it and nodding.

"Tetsuya is correct. This practice has helped me understand what it is we need to work on, and how best to overcome those obstacles. Actually, Tetsuya, why don't you look over my notes and add your own input to it?" Akashi asked, offering Kuroko the clipboard. Kuroko slid it on to his lap with a nod, knuckling down on his work. Akashi squeezed his shoulder before rising from his spot and ushering his first string in to the showers.

"Akashi-san really trusts you, Kuroko-kun. He doesn't seem like the type to trust easily." Shouta commented as he began to pack up the supplies. Kuroko shook his head as he added his input in to Akashi's notes.

"He doesn't. Akashi-kun shouldn't put his trust in others. He will become a powerful man someday, and it could be problematic." Kuroko commented, crossing out an observation and putting it in better terms from his angle.

"He will become more powerful?!" Shouta asked in surprise, and a bit worried. Kuroko nodded, glancing up from his work.

"Yes. I think that the first string will be the only ones he'll let in before he stops trusting others again. The more people that you have in your inner circle, the harder it is to weed out the moles." He explained. Shouta nodded. As he launched in to a summary of the members of Rakuzan, Kuroko tuned him out and continued his task. He had finished it by the time the second and third strings began to pick up the court. One of them handed Shouta the key ring after the balls had been gathered, and the male immediately passed it off to Kuroko for safe keeping. Everything was picked up and wiped down by the time the first string exited. Akashi called them all together and explained the details of their next practice. They left afterwards, leaving just the first string, Kuroko, and Shouta once more.

"Finish this off, Akashi-kun." Kuroko insisted when the red-head approached him against. His boyfriend nodded, taking the water bottle and draining it of its contents. He passed it back to Kuroko, along with his change of clothes, and the two packed back up his bag.
"We're going out with my first string and manager tonight." Akashi explained as Kuroko rose to his feet, Akashi's bag on his shoulder. Around them, Mibuchi, Hayama, and Nebuya were helping Shouta carry away the snacks and drinks for the team.

"Okay, Akashi-kun." Kuroko agreed, reaching for Akashi's hand. As their fingers slid against one another, a smile broke out over Kuroko's face. It was so natural now, almost an instinct. He had never imagined that something like this could actually be, and it made him giddy for whatever advances in their relationship were to come.

"That smile tells me that something went right today." Akashi observed as they waited for the others. Kuroko nodded, tugging Akashi closer to him and lacing their other hands together.

"Not just today, Akashi-kun." He corrected before leaning up to press their lips together. Whether or not Akashi understood what he meant, Kuroko didn't care. He felt as if he could take on the world so long as Akashi was there, and to him, that was all he could ever want.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: The Himuro being called a wife thing is actually an inside joke amongst myself and my friends. When I first noticed Kagami's right, I was amused and teased that maybe he had a wife back in America. And lo and behold, Himuro came in with a matching ring. So he is the wife.

I also understand that Himuro lives in Akita and can't visit all the time. Refer to the note at the beginning of last chapter. Also, in my head, when Himuro and Kagami are together, Himuro spoils him because Himuro lives in a dorm and doesn't have to cook and clean as much as Kagami, who lives by himself.

In case you are curious or confused as to why Rakuzan doesn't remember Kuroko, it's because he hasn't really, truly spent any individual time with them. He has just been Akashi's tag-along. This is his first time trying to be with them. They will remember him from here on out.

Next chapter: Our babies finally solve their sexual frustrations :D
Post-golden week classes were always the worst. The teachers would spring tests on them as soon as they were back in, criticize them because no one retained what had been taught before the break, and would test them again that Friday.

Because of Akashi’s study session, Kuroko actually placed fairly high. By some miracle, so did Kagami. As they watched Riko and Hyuuga bitch out the rest of the team, the two were texting their respective boyfriends.

To: Akashi-kun

Subject: Re:Re:Free this weekend?

Kagami-kun also did well. Do you know how the rest of the generation did?

"Have you been attending extra lessons?" Kuroko tried to guess.

"Himuro has been helping me study." Kagami commented. Kuroko nodded, smiling a bit when Akashi quickly replied back. As punctual as usual, even if he was texting during a student council meeting.

From: Akashi-kun

Subject: Shopping trip

I am sure that Himuro is the reason for this, Tetsuya. This Friday, we are all going shopping together. It seems that all of the generation’s teammates have been having issues with their studies, but because of mine and Shintarou’s efforts, we are able to spend time together. Riko-san has agreed to let you in to my Saturday practice, so plan to spend the weekend with me once more, my darling.
"I am going to Kyoto this weekend, apparently." Kuroko commented.

"Ah, I'm going to Akita. Think that Kiyoshi-senpai is the reason?" Kagami asked. Kuroko nodded. Their gentle-hearted ex-teammate was the only one that could persuade Riko and Hyuuga to allow this instead of making them practice on their own.

"Oi, Kagami, Kuroko. You guys are good to go." Hyuuga called over to them. Both nodded and rose to their feet. They shouldered their bags and left the gym, discussing what they were going to do besides practice.

"I think I should take Himuro out. Like out, out. Maybe to a nice restaurant or some fancy premier." Kagami commented. Kuroko smirked a little, shaking his head.

"Such a romantic, Kagami-kun." He teased as they stepped into Maji Burger. Kagami blushed as red as his hair and punched Kuroko's shoulder.

"Shut up! Don't go acting like Akashi doesn't spoil you all the damned time." He grumbled, sliding in to the booth. Kuroko blushed in returned, tightening his grip on his cell phone.

"…does Himuro do these things for you?" He asked. It had been on his mind for a while now. Relationships were supposed to be about two equals, but as far as Kuroko could tell, Akashi was the only one giving back. When Kagami nodded, Kuroko's felt a little guilty. Seeing his fallen expression, Kagami quickly rushed to defend him.

"Hey, don't feel bad, Kuroko. I don't think that Akashi would let you do anything for him yet. He's probably still trying to sweep you off of your feet. Himuro used to spoil me all the time, and would throw a fit if I tried to reciprocate. It wasn't until recently that I began to take the lead in our relationship. When you are ready, you'll need to plan carefully. Akashi would probably appreciate a surprise from you, but it has to be just that – a surprise." Kagami explained. Kuroko nodded, and as the waitress took their orders, he let his mind wander.

What would he even do for Akashi? He didn't exactly have a lot of money to toss around like his boyfriend. Maybe he could make him a dinner? Surprise him with some type of fancy pen or tie? Or maybe, in the distant future, he could surprise him by showing up at lunchtime with homemade bento boxes. Shaking his head, Kuroko decided to push back these thoughts for a later date.

Practice with Rakuzan was hell. Kuroko had expected it, having been under Akashi's intense training regimens before, but it was still a surprise to him just how grueling they could be. His hands were shaking as he drank greedily from his water bottle.

"Drink slowly, Tetsuya." Akashi's warm hand rested at the base of his back, and he leaned in to it, closing his eyes as he slowed down his intake of the water.

"I almost forgot about how tough being under your command can be, Akashi-kun." Kuroko said as he wiped his mouth and passed Akashi the bottle. The red-head smiled around the rim, and chuckled once it was away from his lips.

"Complaining already, Tetsuya? We're not even halfway through." He teased him. Kuroko rolled his eyes, tugging Akashi in for a kiss.

"I'm well aware. I was just voicing my thoughts." Kuroko corrected. Akashi shook his head, passing Kuroko back the bottle of water as he turned to watch over the team.

The practice moved on past the basic warmup drills and play matches to things geared towards
Kuroko was used to fill the gap that Mayuzumi had left in the first string, and it was proven useful by how surprised Mibuchi and Hayama would be whenever he used his misdirection. Nebuya ended up catching Kuroko off guard, leading to Akashi's delight and Kuroko's annoyance.

The practice eventually ended, much to Kuroko's relief. Kuroko wandered over to Shouta, dropping down next to the male. He passed him his bottle of water, offering him an encouraging smile. Akashi was rallying the Rakuzan players in to the locker room. After the second and third strings were dismissed, he and the first string began to talk. Kuroko took a drink of his water before grabbing Akashi's and rising to his feet. He approached them, passing Akashi the bottle.

"Thank you, Tetsuya. As I was saying, Reo, you have got to work on your new pass." Akashi continued his lecture. Kuroko sipped on his water, silently observing his boyfriend interact with his teammates. Nebuya took all of the criticism with a disappointed frown on his face. Mibuchi was pouting, and occasionally kicking Hayama's shins when he would whine at Akashi. The red-head himself relayed all of his criticisms without flinching, with absolute orders and commands. The first string was dismissed and headed off to the showers shortly after. Akashi sighed softly, running a hand through his hair.

"Riko-san will be pleased by my aching muscles, Akashi-kun." Kuroko murmured, eyes trailing down to his boyfriend's abdomen as his shirt rode up as he stretched. Akashi smirked as he noticed his gaze and took off his shirt, enjoying the flush that crossed Kuroko's cheeks.

"Riko-san is not the only person pleased with me, my Tetsuya. Now come with me. We need to shower." He insisted, offering Kuroko his hand. The shadow accepted it, lacing their fingers together as they walked towards the locker rooms.

When they had changed earlier, Kuroko had been very surprised by the lavish and extravagant locker room that Rakuzan had. It was pristinely clean, the lockers were electronically locked, the shower stalls had individual heads and an area to sit, and had shampoo and soap dispensers, and a large stack of clean towels were stacked neatly next to the laundry shoot. Kuroko ignored the burning and curious gazes of the rest of the team as Akashi led him into a private stall in the back, and gently ushered him inside of it.

"Are we showering together, Akashi-kun?" Kuroko asked, managing to keep his voice steady in his hushed whispered. Akashi hummed a confirmation as he gently tugged at the bottom of Kuroko's shirt. Getting the hint, Kuroko dutifully lifted his arms, feeling his blush creep down his neck as Akashi's gaze fell upon his bare chest.

This wouldn't be the first time they had seen one another without their shirts on, let alone naked. This would be their first time since they began dating. But there was just something about this situation that made Kuroko more aware of their bare states.

"You're so beautiful, Tetsuya." Akashi's strong voice pulled Kuroko out of his embarrassed thoughts, and he shyly looked up to meet Akashi's gaze. His boyfriend's dichromatic eyes were dark with intense interest, and they seemed to bore in to Kuroko's inner thoughts. Pulling his gaze away from Akashi's, Kuroko focused on getting off the rest of his clothing. Akashi got the hint, and did the same.

Akashi turned on the water once they were stripped and their clothing was put aside, and stepped into the gently spray first. Kuroko did his best not to get lost in the mesmerizing, glistening lines of his boyfriend's attractive back, and instead focused on properly washing himself. Occasionally, Akashi would bump in to him and he would blush a bright red, and a quiet chuckle would escape his boyfriend.
Eventually, both were clean of the sweat that had covered them. Akashi switched off the water, and Kuroko grabbed their towels. They dried themselves off and wrapped the towels around their waists before then grabbing their clothing and exiting the stall. The first string was all in their showers, so they quickly dressed in their street clothes.

Kuroko was relieved when the next time he looked at his boyfriend, he was wearing clothing. He wasn't shy about his attraction to Akashi. He was proud of Akashi for many things, and his good looks were certainly one of them. He just…was embarrassed by his hormonal reactions.

Especially because Akashi didn't have the same ones.

Akashi wrapped an arm around his waist and pressed a kiss to his lips, effectively pulling him out of his thoughts. Akashi parted from his mouth with a smile, nuzzling his cheek.

"A clean Tetsuya is certainly going to be one of my favorite things to kiss." Akashi murmured softly, pressing kisses to his cheeks as he blushed. Kuroko curled in closer to Akashi, trying to hide from his own embarrassment. As he burrowed his close, he heard the other members of the first string joining them. He reluctantly pulled away from Akashi's protective hold and took his duffle bag, tossing it over his shoulder. Akashi did the same, and together they left the first string to get dressed so that Akashi could oversee the cleaning of the gym.

He found himself thoroughly distracted as his eyes landed on Akashi's ass once more. It was certainly a lovely thing to look at, clothed or otherwise. He really didn't consider himself an 'ass man,' as Aomine would refer to it. Kuroko found Akashi's most appealing feature to be his chest and shoulders. But his ass was pretty nice too. The legs that were below it were nicely filled in by lithe, strong muscles that contributed to Akashi's agility. The nice lines of Akashi's back complimented his ass as well. (Also the fact in a loose jersey, his ass can be well defined.)

Now that he thought about, the back of Akashi was just as nice to look at as the front.

"Akashi-san didn't go easy on you during this practice." Shouta's voice pulled Kuroko out of his thoughts, and he tore his gaze away from his boyfriend's ass to stare at the manager.

"I didn't expect him to. If he had, I would have returned to Tokyo tonight." Kuroko frowned. Shouta's eyes widened in surprise.

"But you're dating!" He protested.

"And I can keep up with whatever he is putting Rakuzan through. He did the same things in Teiko. I was always exhausted after those practices as well." Kuroko corrected. Shouta backed off, and simply nodded, pretending that he understood.

Kuroko returned his gaze to his boyfriend, getting lost in thought as he watched him direct and command Rakuzan. Kuroko didn't want Akashi to go easy on him because they were dating. That wasn't a fair thing to ask or suggest, and Kuroko didn't want special treatment. He was actually really proud of himself for being able to keep up on the practices.

He was sure that his boyfriend was as well. Eventually, everyone was dismissed. Akashi walked over to Kuroko, smiling down at him. Kuroko blinked up at him in response, wondering what they were going to do now.

"Let me take you out to dinner now, Tetsuya. This will be our last weekend together before we are swept away in our preliminaries." Akashi murmured. Kuroko nodded, rising to his feet.

"Shouta's notes mentioned that you have fewer rounds than I do." Kuroko commented nonchalantly
as they were walking out of the gym. Akashi nodded, taking Kuroko's hand.

"We do. My preliminaries will end the weekend that you finish your quarter finals. I plan to spend
the next weekend with you in Tokyo, if that is not too much trouble." Akashi said. Kuroko
appreciated the phrasing of the question; it made it seem like less of an order.

"So you will be coming to watch our semis and final?" Kuroko asked for clarification. Akashi
nodded a smirk on his lips.

"Of course, my darling. I want to watch you win." He said, winking at Kuroko. Kuroko grinned,
squeezing his hand as his heart soared.

"I would really like that, Akashi-kun. You can stay at my house, if you want. My parents are going
to be out of town. I was just going to have Kise-kun or Aomine-kun or Kagami-kun stay." He
explained. Akashi's hand tightened possessively around his own, and a frown appeared on his sharp
features.

"I will stay, Tetsuya. I would love to keep you and Nigou company this weekend. He and I will
enjoy watching your match from the sidelines." Akashi promised. Kuroko stepped closer to Akashi,
their shoulders bumping on the occasion, and felt as if he couldn't stop grinning.

Knowing that Akashi was willing to come and support a rival school, for him, and keep him
company on what was sure to be a lonely weekend, meant the world to him.

"Thank you, Akashi-kun. I will be sure to make the necessary preparations." He assured the red-
head. Akashi simply hummed his response as they exited Rakuzan High School.

Seirin won every one of their matches in the preliminary rounds. As Kuroko finished his last warm-
up lap, he had to admit that he was a little more than anxious to end this practice, and it had nothing
to do with the fact that tomorrow would be the end of the preliminaries. Seirin had, once again,
qualified for the Winter Cup, much to the team's delight. So had the rest of the Generation teams.
Rakuzan and Yosen had already won their preliminary tournaments, with Too, Seirin, and Shutoku
competing tomorrow, and Kajiou competing tonight.

He and Akashi planned to be there to support Kise. Most of Seirin, including Kagami and Himuro,
would be coming along as well.

But back to the problem at hand. The thing that Kuroko was anxious about was the fact that his
boyfriend would be arriving at any time. Himuro was already sitting on the bleachers, playing with
Nigou. Akashi couldn't be far behind.

He was doing a lay-up drill when Akashi arrived. He didn't see him so much as he sensed him. As
he landed on his feet, the tension in the room shifted to that of unease. Riko gasped and Nigou let out
a happy bark.

"Please, don't let my presence interrupt your practice. You have important matches tomorrow night." Akashi's pleasant voice commanded. Kuroko turned around, giving his boyfriend a wave, before returning to his practice. Akashi would not appreciate him breaking his pace because he appeared. Seirin seemed to practice even harder after Akashi's arrival. Akashi watched them all with his all-
seeing gaze as he and Himuro shared a pleasant conversation about how their final matches went.
Eventually, Seirin's practice came to a close.

"Let's wash up, Kuroko. Then we can all go out to eat." Kagami suggest, gripping on to his
shoulder. Kuroko shrugged, leading his current light in to the locker room.
"I don't mind, but we will need to ask Akashi-kun first. He is staying over this weekend." Kuroko explained.

"Eh? So he's coming to our match as well, Kuroko?" Koganei asked in. Kuroko nodded, stripping off his shirt and grabbing his towel.

"Yes, Koganei-kun."

"Well now we know. Kiyoshi is coming as well." Hyuuga informed them.

"Yay!" The other second years cheered. As Izuki asked about Kiyoshi's health, Kuroko stepped under the shower, relaxing as the water rinsed away the sweat. Tonight was certainly going to be an interesting night. His house didn't have much to offer, but he hoped that Akashi would overlook that.

When he stepped out of the changing room 20 minutes later, it was to a crowd surrounding Akashi and Himuro. He made his way through, greeting Akashi with a kiss. His boyfriend returned it, shifted Nigou to one arm, and wrapped his other around Kuroko's shoulders.

"Kagami just invited us out, Tetsuya. We are going." Akashi said. Kuroko nodded, leaning in to Akashi's side as Seirin began to disperse. Kagami took Himuro's hand and they led the way to Maji Burger.

The four enjoyed a quiet evening together, in which Akashi and Kuroko observed Kagami and Himuro's relationship.

It was very different from theirs. It might have been because of their past or their personalities, or a mixture of both, but the two seemed so much closer than Akashi and Kuroko were. They finished each other's thoughts, shared their food without awkwardly bumping into one another, they had inside jokes and silent conversations.

It was something that Kuroko wanted with Akashi.

They left Kagami and Himuro in the restaurant an hour later. Nigou happily led their way home, his tail wagging happily as he trotted in front of the young couple.

"You did wonderful in your practice today." Akashi murmured as Kuroko unlocked his house. The shadow ducked his head bashfully, a smile on his lips.

"Thank you, Akashi-kun. Tomorrow we face Midorima-kun. If we win, we will face Aomine-kun. I need to be at my best." Kuroko said, his blue eyes flashing with determination. Akashi nodded, closing the door behind him. They let Nigou out back, and then made their way upstairs to Kuroko's bedroom, where they dropped their things on to his desk. Akashi pulled Kuroko in to his arms afterwards, resting his chin on the top of Kuroko's head. Kuroko cuddled closer, relaxing as Akashi's arms tightened around him.

"It's been a tough couple of weekends, Tetsuya." Akashi murmured. Kuroko nodded, nuzzling at Akashi's throat before placing kisses along the base of it, doing his best to push back his blush. He shouldn't be the one embarrassed if he was the one doing the ravishing, right?

"I've missed you, Akashi-kun. I heard about your matches. I'm so proud of you and Rakuzan." Kuroko said against his neck. Akashi tightened his grip on Kuroko, placing a kiss to the top of his head. Kuroko looked up and Akashi pressed their lips together, quickly parting Kuroko's lips with his own. Kuroko's eyes slid shut, and he moaned softly around Akashi's tongue, submitting to his boyfriend's dominating nature. He wound his arms around Akashi's neck, carefully making his way back to his bed, thankful that his blankets were neatly folded at the end of his bed. Akashi gave his
bottom lip a nip before pushing him on to the mattress.

"The things that you do to me, Tetsuya." Akashi murmured, eyes blazing as they stared down at Kuroko's flushed face. Kuroko didn't respond verbally; instead, he reached up and pulled Akashi down on to his body, moaning as their groins brushed together, and he felt comforted by the weight of his boyfriend pressing him in to the mattress. (I feel that) He gripped on to the back of Akashi's shirt, arching up with a gasp when Akashi's hand slipped under his shirt. Kuroko's heart pounded in his ears as Akashi's talented fingers went to work discovering every little sensitive spot he had.

This was something familiar. After Akashi had realized that Kuroko would be open about being uncomfortable, he had done his best to push him to his limits, discovering what they were before Kuroko himself could think it over. He had touched places that Kuroko had never thought about, and some of the ones that he had.

*There is no reason to discriminate some parts over others. Yes, I have my favorites, but all of you is wonderful and an adventure, Tetsuya.* He had explained it one afternoon.

Kuroko had let him with a healthy blush on his cheeks.

"Akashi-kun." Kuroko moaned when Akashi's fingers began to trace one of his nipples. He pulled away from Akashi's searing kiss, tossing his head back and panting. Akashi's fingers poked and prodded, with a gentle touch that was persistent in making him come undone. He jerked beneath his boyfriend when he began to tug at the nipple, enticing it to an erect state.

"I'm going to take off your shirt, Tetsuya. I'll take off mine too." Akashi said as he pulled away. Kuroko nodded, watching Akashi remove his shirt. Having the muscles that he appreciated so close to him, in the privacy of his own home, was too much to resist and Kuroko reached forward, running a hand down the planes of Akashi's chest. His boyfriend's eyes fluttered shut, and he leaned into Kuroko's touch, encouraging his exploration.

"You're beautiful, Akashi-kun." Kuroko murmured a small grin on his face when his touch erected Akashi's nipples as well. Akashi's hand snatched his and put it above his head. An involuntary shiver ran down Kuroko's spine as his gaze met Akashi's. The lust darkening his dichromatic eyes was something unfamiliar, and had a dangerous edge to it. When Akashi looked at him like that, it sent his heart racing. He felt like Akashi was about to pounce on him, ravish him and eat him as if he were some type of prey, and Akashi was a fierce predator.

Kuroko liked that.

"Don't move." Akashi ordered. "Remove your shirt and then do not move from that spot, Tetsuya."

Kuroko did as he was told, his body hyper-aware of Akashi's intense stare. Once his chest was bare, Akashi leaned down to drape over his body once more. The new feeling of skin-to-skin contact had Kuroko's throat tightening, and when Akashi's nipples brushed against his chest as he shifted, Kuroko's hardening cock twitched. He reached about his head, gripping on to his pillow to keep his hands from fidgeting. Akashi nuzzled the side of his face, placing tender kisses along his cheek.

"Akashi-kun, I-" Kuroko started to say. He was cut off as Akashi kissed him again. Instead of the intensity that he was expecting, it was slow, something softer and tender. His heart jumped to his throat and his eyes slid shut, lips parting easily when Akashi's tongue slid in to his mouth, wrapping around his own. Kuroko shifted under Akashi, feeling content and protected. When Akashi shifted away, a whimpered protest escaped Kuroko before he could stop it.

"Shh, Tetsuya. Let me take care of you. Do you trust me?" Akashi asked when their lips parted.
Kuroko wrapped his arms around Akashi's neck, connecting their gazes. His fingers curled around Akashi's red strands, and he gave an affirming tug at them.

"Yes, Akashi-kun, I do. I do trust you." He promised, leaning up to nuzzle Akashi's nose and softly press their lips together. Akashi returned his tender kiss before pressing him into the pillows. He placed a few more soft kisses to Kuroko's mouth before moving over to his right cheek. He trailed his kisses over to his jaw and then up to his ear, where he nipped at the flesh. Kuroko sucked in a gasp at the sharp sting of pain, his eyes sliding shut with pleasure when Akashi began to suck and lick at the place where he bit, his tongue apologizing for his teeth's sharp actions.

He moved on down his neck, doing much the same. The marks that Akashi left under his ear were the worst, and Akashi did his best to keep it just beneath Kuroko's hairline. As he moved on to his collarbones, Kuroko could tell by the sting of the love bite that it wouldn't be leaving anytime soon.

Strangely enough, the idea made him smile.

"Akashi-kun." Kuroko moaned when Akashi's lips closed around his nipple. Akashi smirked, tugging the nub between his teeth. He pulled back, running his tongue over it before gently blowing, a smirk on his handsome face when Kuroko shuddered beneath him. He returned his mouth to the nipple, teeth enclosing on it a bit tighter than before. Kuroko arched into the feeling, seeking refuge in the heat of his boyfriend's mouth. Akashi sucked on that one as he reached up and began to entice the other. Once he deemed them sensitive enough, Akashi began to trail his kisses lower. Kuroko watched, unable to tear his eyes away as Akashi nuzzled, nipped, and sucked his way down his abdomen, the little red bites stinging in his wake.

Akashi had a way of making him feel beautiful. Kuroko wasn't usually a self-conscious person. He just felt that he was surrounded by people far more attractive than he was. And for the one that he admired the most to enjoy all of him meant a hell of a lot to Kuroko.

When he worshipped him like this, Kuroko could almost believe that Akashi really did love him.

And it wasn't that he didn't love him, Kuroko mused as Akashi began to nibble below his belly button. He knew, rationally, that Akashi loved him. That this wasn't a fling, and that it was actually more serious than most people thought. But sometimes, on some of his darker days, he questioned himself and his ability to keep Akashi happy and satisfied. And in times like these, he felt silly for doubting it.

When he reached the hem of his pants, Kuroko tensed. He could do this. This was Akashi. He trusted this man with...just about everything, really. This was the next step-

"Tetsuya, look at me." Akashi's soft voice pulled him out of his growing panic attack. Kuroko forced himself to open his eyes, and his throat tightened with the sight before him.

His boyfriend had mastered the art of a poker face long ago. Just because the Generation could read his moods did not mean that Akashi was an open book.

As he hovered over his crotch, Akashi was looking up at Kuroko with the most emotion he had seen on his boyfriend's handsome face. His mouth was turned down in a concerned frown that matched the look in his eyes. He was not actually touching Kuroko, and had put a few inches between them to give them space.

"Our next move is up to you, my darling." He promised. Kuroko nodded, doing his best to fight back his panic. Akashi wouldn't do anything until he gave the say-so. He wouldn't push his hand or guilt him in to it. This was his decision if he wanted to make this next step.
And god did he.

With a shaking hand, Kuroko reached out and cupped the back of Akashi’s head.

"Kiss me first?" He requested, blushing in mortification at how shaky his voice was. Akashi's gaze grew serious and determined and he nodded, and moved forward to press their lips together. Kuroko quickly entered Akashi’s mouth, attempting to distract himself from his nerves by taking his boyfriend’s breath away. Akashi must have sensed that, as he let Kuroko control the kiss, even as his hands began to undo his pants. Kuroko closed his eyes, sliding his tongue along Akashi's smooth teeth, gasping when his boyfriend's tongue flicked playfully against his own.

When Akashi's hand made its way in to his boxers, Kuroko froze once more. Akashi stilled in response. Forcing his way past his initial flight reaction, Kuroko moved his hips up, seeking Akashi's touch, making him crave it, even if it terrified him.

What if he wasn't what Akashi expected? Wanted? What if he wanted the favor returned? All of those doubts were swept away when Akashi's fingers brushed his cock for the first time. It was more of a shock than crashing pleasure, but that first spark had Kuroko's mouth breaking away from Akashi's so that he could moan, his head dropping back on to the pillow. Without giving him time to adjust, Akashi's slim fingers wrapped around his cock, gently tugging it free from his boxers.

"Lift your hips, Tetsuya." Akashi commanded, and Kuroko was sure that his boyfriend smirked when he obeyed. Akashi slid away his boxers as he began to stroke his cock. After a few initial strokes, Akashi found the angle that worked best and Kuroko relaxed onto the bed, his body flushing with arousal at long last.

"Akashi-kun." Kuroko moaned, blushing when he realized it, and covered his mouth with the back of his hand. Akashi let out a deep chuckle that sent a surge of arousal straight to Kuroko's dick.

"Don't cover your mouth, Tetsuya. I want to hear every sound I pull from you. And trust me I will find all of them." Akashi promised, leaning down to wrap his lips around one of Kuroko's nipples. Kuroko gasped, thrusting into Akashi's hand at the double simulation.

"Please do!" He gasped out, closing his eyes once more. Akashi's fingers shifted on his cock, and his thumb slid over the top of it, smearing the precome. The air cooled the liquid, and the contrast caused Kuroko to let out another moan, his mind rapidly unraveling as his boyfriend milked him for all that he was worth.

This was so much different than the hand jobs he had received in the past. It was more intimate and personal, and Kuroko wanted it so much more than he had the others. He had been nervous in the beginning, but now, as he thrusted his hips to match Akashi's strokes, he sure as hell wasn't any longer.

"You too, Akashi-kun." Kuroko demanded, reaching up and grasping on to his sheets as Akashi's hand began to increase its pace. Akashi leaned forward and kissed him, swallow his whine of disapproval when he let go of his cock.

"As you wish, Tetsuya." The red-head murmured in to his mouth before curling their tongues together once more. Akashi's hands brushed Kuroko's naked thighs as he reached down to undo his own pants, quickly and efficiently kicking them away. When Akashi's cock brushed his for the first time, Kuroko's eyes snapped open with the intent of looking down between them. However, he found himself melting in Akashi's gaze. It was full of warm affection and a little bit of concern, and great deal of lust. It caused the pool of arousal in Kuroko's gut to tighten, and he placed a tender kiss to Akashi's lips before pulling away to look down between them for the first time. His cheeks heated
when he did.

Akashi was…very gifted.

"Akashi-kun." He breathed, taking in his boyfriend's glistening dick.

And to think, he had done that to him.

With that in mind, Kuroko gathered as much courage as he could and made a decision. Ignoring his suddenly pounding heart and Akashi's burning, curious gaze, Kuroko reached down and slid their cocks together in his grasp. Akashi's dick twitched alongside his own, and he shivered with delight.

"It's so warm." Kuroko commented. Akashi's lips pressed against his forehead before his boyfriend's met his own.

"I'm going to guide us." Akashi stated. Kuroko nodded, and he blushed when Akashi's hand covered his. This private moment was one that would help him stay awake at night for weeks to come, he was sure.

It was about the intimacy, Kuroko would later reflect. Seeing the proof that they shared a mutual trust and attraction between them, in the flesh for the first time, in the most intimate way possible, meant the world to him. He nodded, nuzzling Akashi's nose, smiling when their mingling breath added an extra amount of warmth between them. Akashi pressed another kiss to his lips as he began to guide their hands in a steady pace. Kuroko's moans resumed, accompanied by quiet grunts from Akashi, with the occasional pleased sigh tossed in there. Kuroko loved all of them, and he placed his kisses along Akashi's cheek so that he could hear them.

As they grew closer to their climax, Akashi's hand did all the work, as Kuroko's went along for the ride. His gasps grew erratic, and as he began to reach his peak, he called for Akashi and was rewarded with a deep kiss. Between the tongue in his mouth and the movements on his dick, it didn't take long for Kuroko to come. He spilled his seed between them, Akashi's name on his lips. A few more strokes and Akashi joined him, returning the favor. Kuroko kissed him through it, slow and tender and as deep as he dared. Akashi pushed them back against Kuroko's pillows, his come covered hand gripping on to his hip as the clean one reached up to thread through Kuroko's hair.

Kuroko's hand released their dicks and he wrapped his arms around Akashi's waist, leisurely winding their tongues together as Akashi dominated his mouth. When they pulled apart, a light blush of residual embarrassment dusted Kuroko's cheeks. Akashi offered him a genuine smile, and he kissed him chastely before pulling away. (Ok, done laughing)

"Let me get us something to clean us up." Akashi insisted. Kuroko nodded, sitting up as well.

"My wash cloths are in a basket beside my sink. Do you want me to grab a pair of your boxers, Akashi-kun?" Kuroko asked, eyes landing on his boyfriend's glorious ass as he walked away.

"Please, Tetsuya." Akashi said, and when Kuroko looked up to meet his eyes, he winked. Kuroko blushed, looking away and rummaging in his drawers for his own clean pair of boxers. Akashi returned as Kuroko was pulling out his boxers. He smacked his ass, causing Kuroko to let out a surprised yelp. A soft cackle let Akashi, and Kuroko turned to him with a pout.

"Akashi-kun, that stings." He said. Akashi shook his head, taking the boxers from him and pressing a washcloth in to his hands instead.

"I have minimal regrets, my Tetsuya. I'm already clean. I'll slip these on and change your sheets. Where are your spares?" Akashi asked. Kuroko told him where they were as he wiped himself
down. A bark from downstairs reminded him of Nigou, and he quickly finished up and slipped on his boxers.

"I am going to let Nigou inside." He called over his shoulder as he exited the room. He let the dog inside, who barked happily in greeting before trotting over to his food bowl. Kuroko smiled at his companion before shutting and locking the back door. He turned towards the kitchen once more, jumping when Akashi was suddenly in front of him.

"You are too quiet, Akashi-kun." Kuroko chided, even as he leaned in to Akashi's warm when his arms slid around his hips.

"And you are too thin. Are you skipping meals again, Tetsuya?" Akashi asked a stern glare on his face. Kuroko avoided his gaze, ducking his head in to the crook of his neck.

"…not intentionally. I will try and be better about eating, Akashi-kun. Will you make me breakfast tomorrow morning?" Kuroko asked, hoping that a request would distract his boyfriend. Akashi released him and headed for his cupboards instead, so it either worked or Akashi was letting the subject drop for now.

The two didn't remain in the kitchen much longer after that. They decided on what they would have the next morning and grabbed some snacks before making their way to the living room. Akashi turned on the news and the two cuddled up on Kuroko's couch under one of the blankets, with Nigou on Akashi's lap, and discussed some of the more interesting stories. As Kuroko cuddled in closer as the weather started, a thought occurred to him. He looked up at Akashi, nuzzling his chin to get his attention.

"Yes, Tetsuya?" Akashi asked. Kuroko traced circles on Akashi's hip as he gathered his thoughts.

"Ano…I really liked what we did earlier, Akashi-kun." He said, meeting Akashi's gaze. The redhead's lips quirked with amusement, and he pressed a quick kiss to Kuroko's lips.

"So did I, Tetsuya, so did I. It will happen from now on, as often as I can get away with it." He admitted. Kuroko blushed at that promise, and nodded, cuddling in closer to his warmth.

"Please do." He said, and the two fell silent once more, watching the forecast for the weekend.

When Seirin, Akashi, Himuro, and Nigou arrived at the stadium, they quickly were surrounded by photographers. Akashi and Kagami were the only two unaffected, and the rest were a mixture of confused and uncomfortable.

"Kurokocchi!" Kise's voice called out from somewhere nearby the entrance of the building. The flashes gave a brief pause as their wielders discussed whether it was actually Kise, and in that moment, the blonde appeared. He pulled Kuroko in to a tight embrace, babbling on about his winning toss last night.

"Ryouta, lets head inside so that we can meet the others." Akashi's arm snaked around Kuroko's waist, tugging him out of Kise's arms.

"Agreed, Ryou. Let's go." Aomine appeared next, grabbing Kise's elbow. He nodded a greeting to Akashi and Kuroko, and then led the group away from the cameras.

Inside the building was currently closed off to the public, and the excited sounds of the crowd outside was muffled. Akashi stepped away from Seirin, and as if he were a homing beacon, the rest of the Generation surrounded him.
"Tetsu-kun!" Momoi chirped as she and Murasakibara joined them. Midorima was close behind them.

"Best of luck today, everyone. Ryouta, Atsushi, Nigou, and I will be watching you from the stands. Shintarou, Daiki, and Tetsuya, I expect you to do your best." Akashi ordered. The three nodded, eyes flashing with determination.

"Fine."

"The only one who can beat me is me."

"Yes, Akashi-kun."

Satisfied, Akashi told the others about where their seats were. As they left, Akashi took Kuroko's hands in to his own.

"Are you nervous?" Akashi asked. Kuroko shrugged, looking down at their hands.

"Pre-match jitters. I'm not worried about whether we can win or lose. We will win." He declared. When he looked up, Akashi's eyes were shining with pride, and a smug smirk was on his face.

"Oi, Kuroko, we're heading to the locker room now." Kagami's voice sounded from the other side of the hallway. Kuroko nodded, releasing Akashi's hands. Akashi pressed their lips together briefly before scooping up Nigou and helping him in to his carrying bag.

"For luck, my love. Find me after the match. I will join you in the locker room." Akashi promised.

"Thanks. I'll see you later, Akashi-kun." Kuroko promised. He patted Nigou's head, and then walked away, waving at Himuro as he passed him. As he joined Kagami's side, he set his mind on the upcoming match.

As the final buzzer sounded, Kuroko watched with baited breath as his ball sank through the net. Instantly, the sound of cheering fans filled his ears, and Kagami's arm was around his neck, the male letting out a triumphant war cry. Kuroko grinned widely, thrusting his fist in the air. Around him, the rest of Seirin was gathering, congratulating one another. In the distance, they could faintly hear Aomine's buzzer going off as well, signaling that on the other court, his team had won.

Seirin gathered in front of Shutoku, and everyone thanked one another, shaking hands.

"Good game, Kagami, Kuroko." Midorima said.

"Shin-chan is right! It was a really great match! We'll return the favor at the Interhigh!" Takao declared. Kagami and Kuroko shared a look, promising one another that this wouldn't happen on their watch. As the teams dispersed, the crowd and the media began to enter the court. Typically, Kuroko would hide behind Kagami and make his way to the locker room. However, a few American fans swarmed Kagami, putting a wall between them. Shrugging it off, Kuroko turned away from Kagami and began to make his way towards the locker room. He paused, remembering Akashi, and tried to look for him. Spotting red, he tried to wave and call for him.

"Akashi-kun!" He called. The red-head had a hand on the back of Kise's neck, keeping him in place, with Himuro and Murasakibara hovering behind. A group of tall people blocked his path suddenly. With a frustrated frown, Kuroko moved around them, and his heart dropped with dread.

They were no longer there.
"Akashi-kun!" He tried again. He moved a few feet forward, only to get pushed back. "Akashi-kun!" He tried once more, hoping that the reporters wouldn't get closer to him and hear him trying to find his boyfriend.

After a few more minutes of staying in the same five feet of space, Kuroko began to panic. He no longer spotted any of Shutoku or Seirin, and Murasakibara was nowhere to be spotted amongst the other people. It would make sense if Akashi had headed towards the locker rooms.

"Akashi-kun!" He tried once more, heart racing with panic as he tried to make his way to the locker room. He got pushed out of the way, and he closed his eyes, taking a deep breath. Maybe his first name would work? It would at least draw less attention to himself from the reporters beside him.

"Seijuurou-kun!" He tried instead.

Apparently it did.

"I'm here, Tetsuya. Atsushi, clear us a path. Kise, do not leave Himuro's side." Akashi ordered. The relief that crashed over Kuroko must have been obvious because Akashi's expression softened. "You're alright now, my love. Let's get to Seirin." He insisted, wrapping a protective arm around Kuroko's waist.

"I'm sorry I called you by your first name just now." Kuroko murmured, his cheeks heating with embarrassment. Akashi's body shook with laughter, and he smirked.

"Never apologize for that, my love. In fact, you should do it more often." He insisted. Kuroko shook his head, eyes wide with horror.

"But Akashi-kun is Akashi-kun. At least for now." He added in a hushed whispered. Pleased, Akashi tightened his grip on Kuroko. They managed make their way to the locker room swiftly, with Murasakibara branching off to the nearby vending machine. Kise skipped down the hall to Aomine's locker room.

"Himuro, I was beginning to worry." Kagami said first as they entered the room. Kuroko guessed that it was in English because he could only understand Himuro's name. Akashi arm left his waist, and Kuroko began to change.

"Kuroko, you're late!" Riko chided.

"With that crowd, it's no wonder." Kiyoshi commented, smiling a bit when Himuro dropped a kiss on to Kagami's forehead, praising him in English for their win.

"We had to use Atsushi's height. Riko-san, do you have a spare water bottle? Nigou could use a drink of water." Akashi ordered, helping the dog out of the bag. Riko gave him one immediately, and Akashi pulled out Nigou's bowl.

"Alright guys, let's get started." Hyuuga said as he clapped his hands. With that, Seirin focused on their Captain's post-match speech.

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It was a common occurrence for Kuroko to wake in the middle of the night. When he was younger, it was because his parents were fighting. Now, it was years of that experience having conditioned him.

He awoke at 2:30 on the dot, pleasantly warm and comfortable. Akashi was pressed against his back, with a protective arm around his abdomen. His soft breathing fanned the back of Kuroko's neck and
he rolled over to face the hopefully sleeping red-head. As he moved, he noted that he had been sleeping on Akashi's arm, and winced, making a note to apologize in the morning.

As he settled back in against Akashi's warmth, he tossed an arm over Akashi as well. He nuzzled in to his chest, a content sigh escaping him. He had just closed his eyes when Akashi's hand flattened against his back, pulling him in even closer.

"Are you alright?" Kuroko jumped at the unexpected question, and his eyes flew open, looking up to meet Akashi's concerned ones. He nodded, pressing a kiss to Akashi's lips.

"I usually wake up around this time of night. I have for years." He promised. Akashi nodded.

"Your parents." He stated. Kuroko nodded, resting his head back on Akashi's arm. They were silent for a few minutes before Kuroko thought of a random question.

"Akashi-kun?" He asked quietly.

"Yes, Tetsuya?" He asked.

"Why is this eye a different color than the other? At times, it appears bright golden color. At others, it is a lighter version of your other." He asked, reaching up to gently press his finger under the eye he was referring to.

Akashi let out a soft yawn and rolled over and on to his back. Kuroko moved so that he was leaning over him, staring at the eye in question as Akashi gathered his explanation.

"The Akashi family, many generations ago, was involved in a civil war in Northern Japan. At the time, the head of the family was pregnant with the next heir. The stress of it put a strain on both of them, but she had to remain strong. It is rumored that the strain caused a mutation in the eye color of the family to become a dominant trait, because the child that was born had the same issue, and dealt with the same war. His wife was pregnant during the tail end of the war. The child was also born with these eyes.

For the next couple of generations, as we migrated from the North to the central part of the country, in times of stress, the 'Emperor's Eye' would awaken in the head of the family, or any heirs. It is said to cause episodes of heightened awareness, and temporary insanity.

We began to manage it better, and with the new technological advantages, it was dormant for years. My mother explained to me when I was very young that this was a gift, not a deformity, as my father would call it. I agree with her. I am better now that I have learned to control it, and it seems to change depending on my moods, just as one with Hazel eyes." He explained. Kuroko mulled over this information, and in his absentminded state, he traced the lines of Akashi's face.

"Thank you for explaining this to me, Akashi-kun. I'm glad that you have this gift. It makes you even more powerful because of it." He stated without thinking. When Akashi chuckled in amusement, he retraced his words and then blushed bright red, hiding in Akashi's side. His boyfriend rolled over, giving him a better place to hide his burning face.

"You have a bit of a power kink then, my darling." Akashi teased. Kuroko nodded, not really seeing the point in hiding it.

"I suppose I do. I really enjoy watching you take complete command of a group of people or situation, and making things happen exactly as you want them to." He murmured in to Akashi's chest, refusing to look up at him. Akashi's hand cupped the back of his head, keeping him against his chest.
"This was a good thing to discover. When I am ruling something, I will try and have you nearby then, Tetsuya." He teased. Kuroko simply shook his head, embarrassment coloring his cheeks as Akashi let out a soft chuckle.

As they drifted off to sleep, Kuroko was just thankful that this information came out in the privacy of his room.

Kuroko sat in one of those 'if you can eat 50+ steaks, all of your food will be free' places with Seirin, Akashi, Murasakibara, Himuro, and Nigou the next day. He was pointedly not watching Kagami and Murasakibara eat as Akashi was pointedly reminding him to eat every last crumb on his own plate. Himuro was eating his own meal next to Kuroko, smiling fondly every time Kagami picked up a new plate.

After everyone but the two eating monsters were finished, Akashi called everyone's attention to him.

"I have a word of advice, Seirin." He declared. Kuroko and Seirin turned to Akashi with surprised eyes. "Daiki is a dear and beloved friend of mine, and the next time you have a match with him, I will do this with Touou instead. However, I am here with Tetsuya. Beware of Daiki. He is more powerful than ever, as he is happier than he has been in a very long time. When we went shopping with him on Friday, Tetsuya and I noticed just how happy he has become." Akashi said, glancing at his boyfriend. Kuroko nodded, catching on to his train of thought.

"Nothing is more dangerous on the court than an off the court happy Aomine-kun. Teiko was at its peak because of Aomine-kun being happy." Kuroko confirmed.

"We should remain on our toes, and play the defense?" Riko suggested. Akashi nodded, an impressed smirk tugging at the corner of his lips.

"Yes, exactly. But in the last quarter, at the final minute, push for as much offense as possible. That is how you will win this match." He declared. Kagami swallowed his last bite of steak, and grinned at Kuroko.

"We'll win anyway, right Kuroko?" He asked, offering Kuroko his fist. Kuroko nodded, bumping his first in return.

"Yes, Kagami-kun."

With 0.1 second on the clock, Kagami managed to jump high enough to knock the ball out of Aomine's hand, stopping him from scoring a match deciding point. The two landed on the court as the bell rang, signaling the end of the match. The fans immediately began to cheer, and the media's cameras and announcers began to do their celebrations or recoveries, depending on what team they were supporting. Kuroko approached Aomine, offering him his hand and a smile on his face.

"What a good match, Aomine-kun." He said. Aomine let out a resigned sigh, accepting his hand.

"It was, wasn't it, Tetsu? You should just transfer to Touou." He teased. Kuroko shook his head, stepping back from Aomine to start lining up with Seirin.

After their lineup, Kuroko quickly approached the bench. Akashi had decided to be on the court with Riko, ready to keep Kuroko grounded if he became upset. It hadn't been necessary, but Kuroko appreciated the thought.

"What a great job, Tetsuya. I am so proud of you." The red-head declared, rising from the bench. He
pulled Kuroko in close, regardless of his sweaty state, and pressed a kiss to his lips. Kuroko's eyes slid shut and he returned the kiss, wrapping his arms around his neck. They were interrupted by a reporter taking a picture of them.

"Want an interview?" The guy offered. The two shared a glance, and when Akashi nodded, Kuroko shrugged and dropped his arms from Akashi's neck, moving to stand by his side instead.

After introducing them, the reporter began his questions.

"We were not aware that the two of you were together. I think that your respective fans will have a lot to say about this." The reporter stated. Akashi nodded his agreement.

"I am sure that they will. I want to disband a few rumors, and when you send a copy of this to my PR representative, we will post this for the public. First of all, Tetsuya is not a phase. He is not a fling. I love this man with everything that I am, and if anyone has a problem with him, then they should consider themselves my enemy. Disrespect to this man will mean disrespecting the Akashi family." He declared. "Next, neither of our performances will suffer from this. Tetsuya recently participated in my practice, and I managed to horrify my manager with how hard I pushed him. If I were to practice with Seirin, I would do the same. Our relationship and our professional rivalries are two separate entities that will not affect the other." Kuroko nodded, cutting in gently.

"Akashi-kun is correct. On the court, my biggest problem will be that he is my old Captain. I run the risk of falling into line with that if anything. I don't think of him as my boyfriend when we are in a match. He is a rival."

"Tetsuya will not be joining me at Rakuzan. He will remain with Seirin, and neither of our academics will falter because of our relationship. We are simply two young men who met with a common interest and have now formed a relationship. Tetsuya is my best friend and confidant, and I couldn't be happier with the situation." Akashi said with a smile. It brought one to Kuroko's face as well, and he turned towards the reporter.

"That makes two of us, Akashi-kun. We ask that everyone be happy for us as well." He finished. The reporter nodded, and then began to gear his questions about the match and the preliminaries in general. As he answered his questions with ease, Kuroko didn't even stop to think that he had referred to them as we until Akashi brought it up at dinner that night.

"I did?" He asked, surprised. Akashi nodded, setting down his fork and using his napkin to dab at his mouth.

"You did. To know that it was a subconscious action makes it even better. Thank you for being honest, my love." Akashi teased. Kuroko blushed, pointedly staring down at his plate.

"Hush, Akashi-kun." He tried to curtail his boyfriend's smug amusement. They finished their main entrees before either spoke again.

"Tetsuya? You are awfully quiet." Akashi commented. Kuroko's hand sought his, gripping it tightly.

"I am feeling a bit anxious, Akashi-kun. I feel like something bad is going to happen when you leave tonight." He admitted. Akashi's other hand cupped his, and he shook his head.

"Nothing we can't handle, my love. Everything will be just fine. After tonight, we will be together again next weekend, when you join me in Kyoto." Akashi promised. Kuroko nodded, despite the sinking feeling in his gut.

As he kissed Akashi goodnight and goodbye on his front doorstep, the nagging feeling that
something terrible was going to happen grew.

Watching his boyfriend's car drive away, Kuroko hoped that he was just being paranoid.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I hope you liked the bullshit reason I made up for Akashi's heterochromatic eye color! I was very proud of myself. Also, the history of the Akashi family will continue to be revealed as we dive deeper and deeper into this fic ^_^

Next chapter: Another first our favorite OTP~
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Emotional angst, smut, shower sex, blowjobs, handjobs, reunion sex, cum guzzling

Notes this chapter: So I took a few creative liberties with study abroad programs and how jank the phones are in Japan/America. Just roll with it. I really hope everyone enjoys this double update :)

We went with option 1! That's why this is a day late, sorry about that everyone! I'll see you again on the 26th~

Hope you enjoy!

- Kida-Asumi

As June melted in to July, Kuroko faced a problem that he hadn't expected.

Loneliness.

It wasn't that he was being ignored. He had gone out to eat with either Seirin or Aomine, Kise, or Momoi during the first two weeks of July. He had attended practice, and as of next week, he would be on summer break.

However, his boyfriend had disappeared.

It wasn't that Akashi was missing or ignoring him. His father had sprung a study abroad opportunity on him in the middle of June, and in the 48 hours before his flight had left, he had spent 36 of them with Kuroko. He had called Kuroko when he had landed in America, and when he had become settled down in his dorm room. He had tried to send him text messages, but they kept failing, as was revealed in a Skype session. During the session, Akashi had explained that he would be doing his best to communicate.

It had been nearly 18 days since their last email. Kuroko had done his best to only call him once a day, and only send two text messages and two emails a day. He didn't want to come off as clingy (though a part of him had to admit that Akashi would be pleased by it). He didn't want to come off as weak or codependent. He certainly didn't want anyone thinking that his boyfriend was the only thing that could keep him occupied.

As of next week, all of his close friends would be leaving for an extended period of time. Shutoku was going away to a training camp. Aomine and Momoi would be going on a business trip to Australia with their parents. Kise would be flying to NYC for a modeling gig, and afterwards, Momoi and Aomine would be joining him there for a 'school project.' Kagami and Himuro were spending the break in America, training under Alex and with one another. Akashi wouldn't be returning to Japan until the first week of August.
What in the world was he going to do?

Perhaps he was acting spoiled. He had been alone by himself before. He had just grown used to not being alone.

And so, with that in mind, he sent another email to Akashi.

Of all of the people to notice his state, Kuroko would not have expected it to be Himuro. He, Kagami, Himuro, Aomine, Momoi, Kise, Midorima, and Takao were eating a Maji Burger when he was confronted with his friend's concerns.

"What's wrong, Kuroko-san? You are very quiet today." Himuro spoke up from beside his boyfriend, unwrapping the next burger for him. A squelching sound was heard as Aomine and Kise detached themselves from one another, Kise a bright shade of pink, and they joined the rest of the table at staring at Kuroko with concern.

"Are you feeling okay, Tetsu?"

"Oi, Kuroko, if you're not feeling well, just tell us and we can take you home."

"Tetsu-kun! Is the heat getting to you?"

"Kuroko, I have various medicines on me. Tell me your symptoms and I can tell you what you need to take."

Kuroko smiled a little at their enthusiasm, and he shook his head, pushing away his shake.

"I'm not ill, everyone. I just...haven't heard from Akashi in nearly 3 weeks." He explained. A mixture of shock and horror followed his announce, as he had expected. The only one unsurprised was Midorima. With a resigned frown on his face, he sat back up in his seat.

"Shin-chan?" Takao asked, and Kuroko's gaze focused on the green-haired male.

"...I was wondering about that. I also have not heard from him. Usually, he asks me for monthly reports. Momoi, have you heard from him?" Midorima asked. Momoi shook her head, looking down at the table.

"No, I haven't. He also has me send him reports as well. When we last spoke, it was before he left Japan."

Disturbed, Kuroko sat up. Where in the hell was he that he couldn't contact any of them? Was he in trouble? Was he hurt or sick? Was he-

"Sometimes, when we switch between Japan and America, we lose contact with one another." Kagami admitted.

"My phone service will fail to switch to international, or my internet connection will be shitty and I can't send emails." Himuro agreed, catching on to Kagami's train of thought.

"I wouldn't be concerned until he doesn't call you at the airport, Kuroko." Kagami said.

"So this isn't abnormal?" Kuroko asked, trying to feel hopeful. The two nodded.

"No, it's not. Do any of you know if this is Akashi's first trip abroad?" Himuro asked, passing Kagami his last burger.
"It's his first trip alone." Aomine of all people answered. Himuro nodded as if that explained everything, and he sent Kuroko a reassuring smile.

"Then you have nothing to worry about. Everything is different in America. Emails are sent differently, so are text messages and phone calls. He might be pressing a button wrong and not realizing it." Himuro assured him.

"He'll contact you first, Tetsu, so don't worry about that. You just need to contact all of us with the update." Aomine chuckled. Kuroko nodded, feeling a bit better now that he had some semblance of an explanation. Knowing his boyfriend, he would be figuring it out soon, and he would be contacted within the next week.

If not, he only had one more week before Akashi was back on Japanese shores.

He could wait.

Being alone wasn't something that Kuroko had become accustomed to. With everyone that had been with him for 3 years away and overseas, he hadn't really left his room for the last week. 4 days from now he was supposed to be reuniting with his boyfriend. 4 days from now, he was hopefully getting answers.

That was 96 hours away. Until then, he pulled his knees to his chest and flipped through his old text messages with Akashi. Some of them brought a smile to his face against his will. Others made his heart clench painfully with loneliness.

And then he flipped through the pictures and his throat tightened.

Who would have thought that just a month ago he was kissing his boyfriend breathless under a star filled sky?

Now…well now, he hadn't really been eating, had been avoiding his parents, and only really moved to let Nigou out and back in again.

He felt abandoned. All of his friends were away, having the time of their lives. Most of them were together. The man that he should be spending time with was, maybe, half a world away, not responding to him over anything.

Why wasn't Akashi responding? Was he really giving his all to try and communicate with Kuroko? Had he contacted any of the others?

He knew that some of these were irrational, but still, a part of him had to wonder.

He didn't like this feeling of loneliness. It was crippling and made him feel so fucking useless. Was his entire being centered on one person?

But…Akashi Seijuuro wasn't just any person. He was Akashi-kun. He was smart and sarcastic and so sassy that it had surprised laughter bubbling from his throat at any given moment in time. He was also sweet and caring and very protective of those he considered close to him. He pampered Kuroko and made him feel wanted and loved. He was a stern coach and teacher, and a fearless leader.

He was a just and fair man. He would be a great leader and businessman as his reputation grew.

He also loved Kuroko with all that he was, and that meant a hell of a lot to Kuroko because, well…
Maybe he, Kuroko Tetsuya, loved him back just as much.

Blushing, Kuroko rolled onto his stomach to bury his face in his pillow.

He had made this little revelation a few days ago. He wasn't sure how he felt about it, and if it had been real, so he had called Kagami.

"How do I know what love is, Kagami-kun?" He had asked. His blunt request had Kagami spluttering, and an amused Himuro patting him on the back as he choked. After he had caught his breath, Kuroko has listened to him excuse himself and he left Alex and Himuro to their lunch.

"Why in the hell are you asking me something like that?" Kagami had asked.

"You and Himuro-san have been in a relationship far longer than any of us. You have a deep history, and have probably loved him for years. How did you learn of this, Kagami-kun?" He had asked. Kagami had let out a long sigh.

"Honestly, Kuroko, I'm not sure when I started loving Tatsuya. All I know is that I went to bed one night, the both of us crashed on the pull-out coach in my parents' house, and when I woke up, the sun was shining just right and I thought to myself 'damn, Tatsuya is fucking gorgeous.'" Kagami sheepishly admitted. Kuroko had frowned, sitting back in his desk chair.

"That is called sexual attraction, Kagami-kun." He protested. Kagami snorted.

"I didn't just have a boner because of it, Kuroko. Tatsuya became my everything after that revelation. He was the reason I laughed and smiled. When he was upset, I grew upset. When he would surprise me by showing up on my doorstep, my heart would burst. And when we would sit and drink after a good game, that special smile he gave to me...back then, I had hoped it was just for me. Tatsuya has been everything for so long that I'm not sure when the flip was switched. All I know is that it was, and I can't imagine doing anything without him anymore." Kagami summarized.

Even though he had teased Kagami for being a sap, he had genuinely appreciated his honesty.

And it had made him think.

Just how much did Akashi mean to him? What would his life be like without Akashi in it?

He hadn't liked the answers to that second question.

With a sigh, he rolled over and curled up on his side. A small vibration behind him had his heart stopping briefly.

It was probably Kise or Momoi calling him. He rolled back over, reaching for his phone.

Incoming call: Himuro Tatsuya

With a frown, Kuroko his the 'accept' button and answered.

"Hello Himuro-san. Or is it Kagami-kun?" Kuroko asked, confused as to why Himuro would be contacting him. His speculations were quickly put to rest.

"Tetsuya." Kuroko sucked in a surprised gasp, his throat tightening. He closed his eyes as tears of relief sprang in them, and he shook his head, pressing the heel of his free hand to his eyes.

"A-Akashi-kun?" He asked in a shaking voice, trying not to get his hopes up.
"Yes, Tetsuya, it is I. I met up with Himuro-san and Taiga on accident, and they helped me get my phone situation worked out. Taiga is off getting my plan fixed now, and insisted that I call you immediately." Akashi explained, the frustration in his voice very apparent. Kuroko laid back against his pillows, grabbing one and curling around it. Nigou let out a distressed whimper and jumped on to the bed, curling up around his master as Kuroko began to shake with sobs. "Tetsuya. Take a deep breath. I'm here now, my darling. Can you hold on for a few minutes so that I can give us a private line?"

"Yes, Akashi-kun." Kuroko managed to agree. Akashi praised him for his efforts, and continued to tell him ask him simple yes and no questions for the next fifteen minutes. Occasionally, Himuro would chime in, or Kagami would need him for something.

"My emails have been tampered with? Who in the hell would do something like that?" Kuroko felt mollified over the outrage in Akashi's voiced; so he hadn't been receiving the emails. "Taiga, inform them that I have my own investigation team that will research this as well." Eventually, his phone situation got worked out and Akashi called him from his personal cell phone. Kuroko accepted the incoming call, and was relieved to hear Akashi saying his goodbyes to Himuro and Kagami.

"We are alone now, my Tetsuya. In fact, you have the rest of my afternoon and evening. I am so sorry that we have had no contact." Akashi apologized, and the raw upset and fury in his voice had Kuroko choking back a sob.

He knew that it wasn't Akashi's fault. He accepted this, and he felt terrible for not giving a fuck. He was still hurt.

"Akashi-kun." He breathed, attempting to get a hold of himself.

"I can hear how upset you are. I will stay on the line until you are ready to talk. Can I do anything to help?" Akashi asked. Kuroko sucked in a gasp, shaking his head.

"Not anything reasonable." Kuroko mumbled before wincing. Akashi wouldn't appreciate that comment.

"Tetsuya. My love, speak your mind. Don't ever feel afraid to speak your mind, even if it make me furious or upset. I would rather it be out in the open than something that continues to come up time and time again because it was never settled to begin with." Akashi said. The patience in his voice caused Kuroko to cautiously open his eyes, gripping his pillow tight.

"I want you to come back to me. Will you?" He asked, heart racing at how blunt it came out. Akashi must have been caught by surprise because it took him a moment to respond.

"Of course I will, Tetsuya. I have missed you greatly in my time away. To have been cut off from you, from everyone, has been hell."

"Has it really, Akashi-kun? You have been gone for nearly a month now, and I haven't heard back from you since you got off the plane. I've been sick with worry, and now I'm alone and sick with worry. I've missed you and yearned for you and tried my best not to be pushy or clingy. I haven't had any idea what to think, and it took Kagami-kun and Himuro-san finding you before I even heard your voice again." Kuroko snapped, even as he felt terrible about it and curled in closer to his pillow.

"No. Don't say these things. I don't mean them.

"Tetsuya, I-" Akashi's bewildered voice tried to cut in.

"Don't, Akashi-kun. I'm so pissed off right now that I can't even see straight. You have always been
my greatest support. My lifeline. You have been my everything for so long now that suddenly losing contact with you has resulted in me being a mess. I can't think or sleep. I've been curled up in my room for at least the last week. You have me in pieces and I'm not even here." Kuroko sobbed.

*Stop these words. They are not coming out the way I mean them. Please stop, they will hurt Akashi-kun.*

"Oh Tetsuya-

"Don't, Akashi-kun. Please, just don't. I love you, and-" He froze, eyes widening with surprise.

He hadn't expected that outburst.

"Do you mean that, Tetsuya?" At Akashi's quiet question, Kuroko fell silent as well.

Did he mean that? Did he really love Akashi-kun?

…did he really need an answer to that? Why else would he have fallen to pieces at the lost contact?

Akashi had awakened so many new emotions in him that he was beginning to lose count. So many new memories had been made with the two of them over the last five months that he had ever had with his 'family' or any of his other friends. Akashi made his heart race at the sound of his laughter, or skip beats when his dichromatic eyes met his own. A simple smile could help him relax or turn him on. He treated him with respect and warmth and loved him so much that Kuroko felt so special and wanted. He was a leader that demanded respect from those around him. He was a fair but stern leader at that, treating his subordinates fairly but punishing them if need be. He spoiled those closest to them, and was fiercely protective of them to boot. He was a very selfless person when it boiled down to it.

What wasn't there to love?

"Yeah, I do. I love you, Akashi-kun." He murmured, a smile breaking out over his tear-stained face. On the line, Akashi was moving.

"I love you too, my Tetsuya. I need to let you go now. Don't make plans for late tonight." Akashi said. Kuroko frowned.

"Akashi-kun, what are you talking about?" He asked, confused.

"Place your blind trust in me one more time, my love. I love you and need to go now, but you will… hear from me around midnight at the latest." Akashi murmured. Kuroko nodded, a deep frown on his face.

"Okay then. I will be waiting, Akashi-kun." He said. Akashi said his goodbyes and then hung up.

Kuroko was confused, but decided to take a nap. Maybe sleep would put him in a better mood.

Kuroko got a text message from Akashi's driver requesting his presence at 11:30. Frowning, Kuroko had pulled on a pair of jeans, grabbed his cell phone, and got in to the backseat of the car.

When they pulled off the exit for Tokyo International, Kuroko did his best not to get his hopes up. Going to the airport could have been for many reasons.

But when the driver gave him a copy of a plane ticket, Kuroko heart began to race and he ran through the airport, quickly finding his way to the gate. He all but bounced impatiently as he waited
for the plane to release its passengers, keeping his eyes out for his boyfriend's red hair.

And, suddenly, he was there.

Kuroko wouldn't be able to remember who moved first. All he knew was that the moment that Akashi's eyes met his, his had filled with relieved tears and the next thing he knew, he was in his arms.

"Aka-" Kuroko's sob was cut off by Akashi's mouth on his, taking his breath away. Kuroko's eyes slid shut as Akashi cupped his face and parted his lips, delving inside. He grasped onto Akashi's shoulders, toes curling as Akashi's tongue wrapped around his own just so, and he moaned softly when they parted. Akashi wiped away his tears, offering him a wide smile.

"Tetsuya." He said his name with such elation that Kuroko's eyes filled with tears again and he threw himself at Akashi, wrapping his arms around his waist.

"Don't leave again. Say that you are here for good." Kuroko murmured against Akashi's neck. Akashi's arms cradled him gently as he pressed kisses to the top of his head.

"I'm yours for the next week, my love. Whatever you want to do, or wherever you want to go is fine by me. I'm so sorry about everything that happened. Let's get out of the airport and I'll explain."
Akashi said. Kuroko nodded, pulling back to press their lips together once more.

"I love you, Akashi-kun." He murmured sincerely, a small grin on his face as his eyes sparkled with happiness as he was finally able to say those words out loud and to his boyfriend's face. Akashi kissed him back, a low growl in his throat.

"I love you too, Tetsuya. Now we must go and claim my luggage. Think about what you want to do as we do that, okay?" Akashi asked. Kuroko nodded, stepping back and twining their fingers together.

Quite frankly, he didn't care. They were together again, and that was all that mattered.

Who knew that sharing a shower with someone after having been intimate could be so...appealing? Kuroko certainly hadn't thought about it that way. They had returned to his home, with Akashi insisting on a shower. With a racing heart, Kuroko had stepped in after him and pulled him in to a searing kiss.

Akashi's control had snapped after that.

As Akashi took his breath away, their hips were grinding together, cocks rubbing together, the water serving as their lube. His back was pressed against the cool wall of the shower, and the temperature difference between that and the hot water was an intoxicating form of simulation.

"Akashi-kun." Kuroko moaned as Akashi moved down to his neck, his teeth scraping and nipping at Kuroko's slick skin. Akashi changed the angle of his thrusts, which had Kuroko's eyes rolling as, and bit down at the base of his throat. Kuroko let out a loud gasp at the sharp pain, despite the feeling of Akashi's sharp teeth sinking in to his flesh turning him on.

"Mine." Akashi's quiet declaration managed to ring throughout the bathroom, regardless of the pounding hot water at their backs. Kuroko tilted his head back, offering more of himself to the redhead. Akashi's mouth continued its exploration, a pleased hum escaping him because of Kuroko's submission.
"Yes, Seijuuro-kun. Yours." Kuroko agreed, enjoying the shiver that ran down Akashi's back at the sound of his given name.

"Tetsuya, you're so beautiful." Akashi's words had his toes curling just as much as the squeeze of his hand on Kuroko's cock.

"Sei-" Kuroko's moan was interrupted as Akashi's mouth found his again. He pulled Kuroko's lower lip in to his mouth, nipping at the tender flesh. He suckled away the pain before sliding his tongue in to Kuroko's mouth. Kuroko's reached for his, the two playfully battling for dominance before Kuroko's willingly submitted. As they tastes mingled, the shadow felt himself giving way to lust.

Akashi's hand, impossibly smooth and slick, was grasping and tugging at his cock in the most intimate of ways. His mouth was doing its damnedest to keep him thoroughly distracted; it did such a good job that Kuroko didn't notice that the shower had shut off until Akashi was sitting him on the edge of his tub. He blinked open his eyes, the world distorted brightly after being beneath Akashi for so long. As he took in his boyfriend, Kuroko's breath hitched.

Akashi wet was so much better than Akashi dry, he decided. The rivets of water that streamed down his neck from his hairline drew his attention to the curves there, and the droplets that splattered his chest began to trickle down the plains of his chest, curling around the muscles. The streams were racing to his feet, sliding around his erect cock before dripping to the floor of the tub.

It was a nice view, he had to admit.

He reached out to touch at Akashi's chest, quivering with want as the muscles jumped beneath his fingertips.

"Let me, Seijuuro-kun." Kuroko insisted; on what, he wasn't even sure himself. Akashi nodded, releasing his grip on him and simply standing there, eyes boring down on Kuroko. Ignoring that, Kuroko moved forward, grasping Akashi's hips. He pressed a kiss just above his belly button, nuzzling in to the smooth skin before parting his lips and lapping at it. He moved down to his pelvic bones before he nipped at one of them, pleased when Akashi's hips snapped forward at the action. He sucked on the sweet skin, hoping that it was bruising beneath his lips even as one of his hands rose to grasp Akashi. His cock twitched in his grasp, and Akashi's fingers grasped his hair.

"Tetsuya." Akashi breathed out. Kuroko looked up from under his lashes to meet Akashi's eyes, and it was his own face that flushed as he took in Akashi's flustered and horny expression.

"Seijuuro-kun." He let out a moan, his own cock throbbing. Akashi reached down at wrapped his hand around Kuroko's.

"Tighten your hand like this." Akashi instructed. Kuroko did as he was told, moving his hand in time with Akashi's. When a satisfied growl left Akashi's throat, Kuroko realized he was doing something right and continued his oral exploration of Akashi's lower body. Akashi's grip on his hair was tight, but it allowed him to move freely, and so he kept up his licks and nips as his mouth continued to travel south. His tongue found every sensitive dip and hard line of Akashi's hips. Occasionally, Kuroko would pull back his lips and nip at a patch of flesh, tugging it into his mouth so that he could suck his mark in to his boyfriend. When his hand brushed his own cheek, he paused and looked up to meet Akashi's gaze once more. Seeing him with his eyes closed in pleasure, cheeks pink with arousal, gave Kuroko all of the courage he needed to move on to what he had planned. Removing his mouth from Akashi's body, he licked his lips and stillled his hand. Akashi's eyes snapped open, locking on to Kuroko's. Kuroko shivered under the intense and hungry gaze, his own member giving a throb of arousal.
"Tetsu-" Not giving Akashi a chance to protest, Kuroko pressed his lips against the base of Akashi's cock. "Tetsuya." Akashi's throaty moan sent another surge of arousal through his own body, but Kuroko kept on with his task at hand, ignoring his leaking member. He lapped at the underside of Akashi's cock, the taste of his sweat and pre-come; a new but not unpleasant taste. He made his way up to the tip, where he wrapped his lips around the head and lapped curiously at the tip. The beads of pre-come there trickled down his tongue eagerly, and Kuroko greedily swallowed every last drop. Akashi's hand jerked his head away from the tip a few seconds later. Kuroko watched Akashi visibly shudder and the dick in his hand twitched.

"Tetsuya. The things you do to me." Akashi managed to pant out, and when he opened his eyes, they were bright with lust and want. Kuroko moaned at the gaze, squeezing Akashi's cock and resuming his pace from beforehand.

"I'm not sorry, Akashi-kun." Kuroko simply replied before leaning up to suck on Akashi's nipple. He tugged it with his teeth, drawing a sharp gasp from his boyfriend. His other hand began to press and trace Akashi's twitching abdomen. His hand kept up his pace on Akashi's cock, with his thumb occasionally massaging the tip. The pre-come that came from it was traced down his cock, and Kuroko used it to help lube up the shaft. Kuroko shifted his mouth from Akashi's nipple to the other. Along the way, he pressed the flat of his tongue against the underside of Akashi's pecs, firmly rubbing at them before moving up towards the other, neglected nipple, which seemed to melt in to the heat of his mouth.

Between his hand and his mouth, Akashi quickly reached his edge and he yanked Kuroko up to smash their lips together, their teeth-clanking painfully. Kuroko gasped at the sudden action, and Akashi wasted no time in sliding his tongue in to Kuroko's mouth, taking complete and utter control of it.

As Akashi came in his hand, Kuroko kept his grip and pace steady and sure, making sure to milk his boyfriend for all that he was worth, shivering with dirty delight as Akashi's come covered his chest and lap. That would leave an undeniable claim on the most primal of levels, and Kuroko couldn't wait to lick his hand clean. His cock twitched at the sensation, and he moaned in to his kiss.

Akashi kiss slowed down to something tender and grateful. It had Kuroko's toes curling, and when they parted, Akashi smiled at Kuroko, the expression so sated that Kuroko reached up and grabbed Akashi's hand, pressing it against his neglected, straining and leaking cock.

"Please, Seijuuro-kun." Kuroko begged, blushing a bit in embarrassment at his pleading. Akashi pressed another kiss to his lips before scooping him up and stepping out of the tub. He sat him on Kuroko's bathroom sink, and simply stared down at him. It had Kuroko's body flushing, and he shifted under that gaze.

"Anything for you, my Tetsuya. Grip on to the counter or my shoulders." He commanded before leaning down to lap at the come on Kuroko's chest. The shadow nodded, gripping on to Akashi's shoulders. He moaned at the sight of Akashi cleaning up his own mess, and his fingers dug so deeply in to Akashi's shoulders that he was sure that he would have bruises. He didn't pause on the trail down Kuroko's chest. He cleaned up the mess he had made quickly and efficiently, swallowing the come without a second thought.

Kuroko found it hot as hell, and couldn't wait to kiss him again.

And then Akashi reached his lap.

He started by cleaning up the remaining mess. Kuroko's eyes were glued to the movements of his warm tongue lapping up the pearly white pool in the dip of Kuroko's thighs. A moan left the blue-
haired male whenever Akashi's tongue would brush his cock, and from the smirk on Akashi's face, he was mostly certain that it was no accident. Once he was clean, Akashi leaned up and pressed a brief, open mouthed kiss to Kuroko's mouth before returning to his thighs. Akashi began to nip his way up the inside of Kuroko's thighs, leaving red marks blossoming in his wake.

"My Tetsuya tastes even better when you are covered in me." Akashi commented as he reached Kuroko's dick. The blue-haired male blushed, tightening his grip on his shoulders as Akashi looked at his cock. He pressed a tender kiss to the tip before taking his kisses along the side. Kuroko's eyes fluttered shut at the feeling of his soft lips on the most sensitive part of his body, and he did his best to concentrate on that feeling. When he reached the base, he opened his mouth and began to lap at the throbbing flesh. He wrapped his lips around the side of it, and with the swipes of his tongue, Kuroko began to feel his control slipping.

"Seijuuro-kun!" He moaned, tossing his head back as the arousal pooled low in his gut began to churn, reminding itself that it was so close to the edge. Akashi reached the tip of Kuroko's cock again, but instead of going down the other side, he wrapped his lips around the head and hollowed his cheeks as he sucked, his tongue encouraging the beads of pre-come that resulted. Kuroko let out a gurgled moan, his vision dancing with white spots.

Akashi began to take him in to his mouth, inch by inch, and Kuroko had to force himself from thrusting in to that glorious, sweltering heat. He took him in as far as he could before he shifted, pressing Kuroko's thighs against the counter, and then gently moved back up – with his teeth grazing the underside of Kuroko's cock. Kuroko's moan was loud and echoed around the bathroom, making him glad that his parents were not home that night. When Akashi reached the tip, he slid his tongue in to the slit, taking the pre-come offered there before thrusting his mouth back down on to Kuroko's cock. He did this a few more times, and with each rendition, Kuroko felt himself approaching his climax.

"Seijuuro-kun." Kuroko warned when he felt his climax begin to build. Instead of pulling back, Akashi instead took Kuroko in until his nose was buried in Kuroko's blue curls – and he sucked. With a strangled and surprised moan, Kuroko let go, spilling his come down the back of Akashi's throat. His boyfriend greedily took in every drop, staying there as he swallowed Kuroko's load. He only pulled off when Kuroko weakly tugged at his shoulders. He released his cock with a soft 'pop' and smirked up at Kuroko's sated expression. He leaned up, pressing their lips together.

Their mouths met again as Kuroko tried to pour his love and gratitude in the kiss. The taste of himself and Akashi was something that Kuroko could definitely get on bored with, and he lazily scoured every inch of his mouth to find every bit of it. They eventually parted, with Kuroko cuddling in close to Akashi. His boyfriend scooped him up, pressing a tender kiss to his forehead. Kuroko's arms settled in his own lap, and he rested his head on Akashi's shoulder, simply staring at his boyfriend. Akashi pressed another kiss to his lips before setting Kuroko on his feet. Kuroko took a few tentative steps, pleased that his wobbly legs were stable.

"We're mostly dry, my love. I'm going to tidy up in here. Why don't you get out pajamas ready?" Akashi suggested. Kuroko nodded, smiling up at Akashi.

"Okay, Akashi-kun."

The darkness that surrounded them was filled by quiet conversation. As Kuroko rested on top of Akashi, he couldn't help but marvel and reflect on how far they had come. They were only separated by the boxers they wore. Both were sated and content. The hurting that had been happening over the last month wasn't gone, but it was beginning to heal. As he leaned down to press a tender kiss to Akashi's sweet mouth, his boyfriend's arms tightened around his waist.
After their shower, the two had unpacked Akashi’s things and arranged them for their stay during this next week. His phone, tablet, and computers were charging, and his laundry was in the dryer, and he had used Kuroko’s phone and computer to take care of some last minute things. In the morning, his driver would be bringing him more clothing and his maid would be coming to take an assessment of the supplies that Akashi needed versus what Kuroko had. She would then go and do the shopping and bring it all back.

Kuroko had also received a phone call from his parents explaining to him that an urgent meeting had come up and they would be gone for the next month. His grandmother was with them, so it would just be the two.

Kuroko was more than a little excited about that. For now, he was curled up on Akashi’s chest, quietly conversing with his boyfriend about their recent communication challenges.

"So your emails were being filtered?" Kuroko asked, watching his fingers trace over Akashi’s chest. Akashi nodded, looking up at the ceiling.

"Yes. That is the only logical explanation I can come up with. You clearly emailed the address that I gave you. So did Shintaro. Taiga and Tatsuya looked over my settings, and couldn't find any reason for why I wasn't receiving any emails from Japan. I have my speculations on who did it. I will make this right, my love." Akashi promised. Kuroko nodded, finger tracing over a small scar on Akashi’s shoulder.

"I know you will, Akashi-kun. I have faith that you will punish those that have wronged us." He promised, looking up and offering Akashi a small smile. Akashi returned it, and his thumbs began to rub in to Kuroko's back.

"As for my phone calls...the phone company said that international calls had been turned off and blocked." Akashi grumbled. Kuroko chuckled at the rare pout on his face, and he leaned down to playfully tug on his lower lip, sucking on it gently before releasing it.

"I'm sorry I blew up at you, Akashi-kun. You weren't to blame, or at fault. I acknowledged that, but it didn't stop my rant. I'm sorry." Kuroko said, closing his eyes as his throat tightened with his upset over his attitude. "I was so afraid that you were hurt or sick." He admitted.

"You weren't worried that I was leaving you?" Akashi asked. Kuroko glanced up at him, unsurprised by his poker face. Kuroko shook his head, locking his eyes with Akashi’s.

"No. I know that you love me, Akashi-kun. I know that you wouldn't be away from me if you can avoid it. It would take a hell of a lot more than you being incapacitated before you stopped trying to get us back together. After all, Akashi-kun." Kuroko laced their fingers together, squeezing gently, "we are stronger together than we are apart." He explained, a small smile on his face. Akashi smiled, a pleased hum, almost a purr, if Kuroko had to describe it, left him. He rubbed over the small of Kuroko’s back, his golden eye flashing with calculations, as he pondered that phrase.

Kuroko let him, simply watching him think. The shadow honestly agreed with that statement. They had been together for over five months now. In that time, Kuroko was doing better on and off the court. He was happier than he had been in years, and felt that his past and his present had united and became his future. Akashi was a huge part of that. He was so supportive and perceptive to his needs, and Kuroko only hoped that he would be able to give back as much as he was receiving.

"I couldn't have said that better myself, Tetsuya. It pleases me that you think that as well. We certainly present a united front." Kuroko watched as a wide, prideful smirk spread across Akashi's face. He nodded, squeezing Akashi’s hand.
"I love you, Akashi-kun. No matter what happens over the next year, I know that you will be there at my side. I want you to know that I will be more than happy to do the same." Kuroko promised. Akashi nodded. He leaned up and captured Kuroko's lips in a quick, searing kiss that had the shadow's toes curling. When they parted, Akashi smirked and flipped them over, extracting a surprised gasp from his boyfriend. The point guard kissed Kuroko again as he settled on top of him, parting as soon as he was comfortable.

Kuroko snuggled into his mattress and pillow before wrapping his arms around Akashi's lower back, squeezing him tightly so that there was no space between their bodies. Akashi pressed their foreheads together, and as he began to search Kuroko's eyes, the blue haired male did his best not to look away. Finally, Akashi moved to settle in the crook of Kuroko's neck, a content sigh leaving him.

"I think that Rakuzan shall have a retreat in Tokyo this week. Tomorrow morning, after I have cooked you family breakfast, I shall call them and the other captains for practice matches." Akashi explained. Kuroko grinned, leaning in to Akashi's touch as he nuzzled just beneath his ear.

"Akashi-kun, I think that is a wonderful idea. Are you paying for everything?" He asked. Akashi gave a hum of confirmation as he pressed soft kisses to the side of Kuroko's neck. "Akashi-kun…is everything alright?" He asked. His boyfriend wasn't usually this affectionate. When he was, it was pre- or post-coital. The red-head nodded, releasing a small yawn in to his shoulder.

"Yes, Tetsuya. If you are wondering about my abnormal endearment attitude, it's nothing to worry about. I have simply missed you, my love. That and I…"

"You what?" Kuroko asked, pulling away slight so that he could look at him. Akashi's eyes were full of mirth and he grinned – a rare sight even on the best of days. Grinning wasn't something that his cocky and self-assured boyfriend did.

"I need to make sure that every part of my Tetsuya is worshipped by me before I leave your side again. We have been apart for far too long. It is why I am leaving you a set of my gym clothes. I enjoy my scent on you, Tetsuya." Akashi murmured before sucking on a patch of Kuroko's skin. At that low, dark, and primal sound, Kuroko flushed, ignoring the inklings of arousal that shot through his body. He frowned, lightly smacking at Akashi's bare skin. His boyfriend chuckled again, and he glared at him.

"Akashi-kun. I don't think that I can go again tonight. Stop being so provocative." He chided. When Akashi's teeth bit in to his neck, an unwilling moan escaped him, and Kuroko jerked away from his boyfriend's hot, inviting mouth. "Akashi-kun." He grunted out. "I will roll away." At Kuroko's threat, Akashi backed off. He sighed dramatically, moving off of Kuroko. The move was so uncharacteristic of his calm and composed boyfriend that Kuroko burst in to laughter. Akashi's soon joined in, their laughter drawing a confused Nigou into the room. Soon it died down, settling in to something comforting and familiar as the two lay side-by-side, attempting to catch their breaths.

"I love you so much, Seijuuro-kun." Kuroko breathed out, a dazzling smile on his face. Akashi pressed a tender kiss to his lips, a smile on his own.

"I love you more, Tetsuya." He promised. Kuroko snorted, grasping on to Akashi as he rolled closer.

"I'll let you think that for now, Akashi-kun." He grumbled. Akashi rolled over and wrapped an arm around his waist, tugging Kuroko in close. Kuroko slipped his leg between Akashi's, pleased by the warmth. As they snuggled in close for the night, both boys became lost in their thoughts, and quickly drifted off to their dreams.
When Kuroko was asked 20 years later what his hardest basketball practice had been, he would say that it was this one.

A practice match between Rakuzan and Seirin, coached by Riko and Akashi, both of whom were watching him like hawks. If he began to slack, one or both of them would snap at him to keep pushing. By the end of it, he was a panting mess, and felt dangerously over heated.

But god did it feel great. He had improved greatly, and from the proud grin on Riko's face and the smug smirk on Akashi's, they agreed. He had definitely shown for once, without either of his lights with him.

That and he had managed to snag the ball away from Akashi. That had been pretty exhilarating too. His boyfriend had been surprised, and Kuroko had loved it. From the gleeful shouts of his teammates and the snickers of Rakuzan, so had the rest of the court.

"Let's shower!" Koganei exclaimed from somewhere behind him. As he herded the first years in to the locker room, Kuroko wiped the sweat from his forehead and approached his boyfriend on wobbly legs. Reo joined Koganei's calls and set about gathering Rakuzan. A call from Akashi had them following Reo in an insistent. Akashi was standing next to Riko, Hyuuga, and Shouta. Shouta beamed and waved when he appeared, and the other three spared him glances. Kuroko took his water bottle from Shouta and listened as the three discussed what was good and what was bad. They finished quickly and Akashi and Hyuuga led the way to the locker room.

"Tetsu-chan!" Reo cried out happily as soon as Kuroko and Akashi entered the room before pulling Kuroko in to his arms. Seirin fell silent and Kuroko stiffened in Reo's grasp. "You did such a great job today! You even managed to get one over Sei-chan! I'm so proud of you!" Reo cooed into the top of Kuroko's head. Kuroko gently pushed at Reo, hoping to escape. He searched for his boyfriend, silently pleading that Akashi free him from the 'Momma bear' of Rakuzan High School.

"Oi, Reo-nee, I did my best too!" Hayama insisted, much to Kuroko's relief. Reo let go of Kuroko to turn and hit Hayama, giving Kuroko his chance to escape. He did, and he quickly scrambled over to Akashi, reaching for his boyfriend. Akashi winked at him, amused by the entire thing, apparently. Kuroko frowned, pinching his side in a silent rebuke before opening his locker to gather their things. Akashi quickly grabbed his own from the mixture and headed over to claim a showerhead for the two of them to share. Kuroko focused on gathering his own as Seirin began to react to Rakuzan's antics.

"Kuroko, you've gotten awfully close with Rakuzan!" Izuki called out from his locker. Kuroko shrugged, removing his shirt.

"I have been spending a lot of time with them. I suppose it was only a matter of time." He explained to the eagle-eyed player. Mitobe frowned, murmuring something softly to Koganei. The cat-like male's eyes widened and he frowned as well.

"We will take Kuroko permanently if you want, Seirin." Nebuya commented, much to Kuroko's surprise. When a few of the other players agreed, Kuroko hid a grin and gathered his things for the shower.

"Enough chatter. With two teams in here, it will take twice as long for our stench to dissipate, so shower quickly." Hyuuga ordered.

To most people, a silly thing such as other teams enjoying your presence would be no big deal. But to the phantom sixth man, who was occasionally forgotten in his own school, and his own house, to be wanted by people that lived in an entirely different prefecture, meant a lot. He could feel
Rakuzan's eyes on him as he went to join their captain. What used to be uncomfortable and unwanted attention had now evolved in to something that he expected and took twisted pleasure in. (I'm pleased for him.)

As he stepped under the warm spray next to Akashi, as he turned to accept the soap that Akashi had brought for this purpose, he chuckled. When Akashi raised a questioning brow, Kuroko simply shook his head.

"It's nothing, Akashi-kun." He promised, smiling sincerely at his boyfriend. Akashi studied him for a moment before he must have agreed, because he shrugged and returned to his own shower. The gazes of Rakuzan followed the two out of their shower and did not leave them until Akashi gathered Rakuzan together to address them, and Kuroko went to join Seirin for his own debrief.

"Kuroko is coming with us, right?" Hayama was asking Akashi after the briefing was over, and Kuroko joined Rakuzan's first string. Akashi smirked and rested his hand on Kuroko's lower back, drawing him in closer.

"Of course he is, Hayama. Our Emperor cannot be seen without his male consort. Or do you prefer Empress, Tetsu-chan?" Reo asked.

"I'll get back to you, Reo-kun." Kuroko replied, not sure if he should be flattered or insulted.

"I must agree with them, despite our apparent titles. Our public appearances together will certainly make us the talk of the town, and we are rarely out without one another." Akashi commented.

"That is a fair point, Akashi-kun." Kuroko agreed.

"Let's get some grub. All of this practicing has made me feel starved!" Nebuya began to bitch as their exited Seirin. Nigou was happily prancing in front of them, tail wagging proudly. The new tag that Akashi had had custom made dangled from his collar, now listing him as being under Akashi's pet insurance.

As he walked around downtown Tokyo with Rakuzan, Kuroko listened to the banter around him and was struck by the familiar feeling of a routine. The first string bantered and bickered as they always had, despite their setting. Reo still insulted Hayama, cooed over him and Akashi, and criticized Nebuya. Hayama whined loudly about the lights and the heat, and insisted on going to all of the arcades. Nebuya picked their restaurant, managing to eat their way in for free. And his boyfriend controlled the conversations, directing them and ending the pointless ones.

The best part was that they included Kuroko just as much as Seirin did. His opinion mattered to them, and they actively sought it out. Kuroko was beginning to pick up on their eating habits, and had ordered their shared appetizer without a second thought, much to Rakuzan's amusement.

He was touched when Nigou was fed the table scraps by all of them, with Hayama seeming to be his favorite. He had blushed when Akashi fed him a bit of his steak, and Reo snapped a photo of it. He had shared their disgust at Nebuya's eating habits, and picked up on the way that Reo watched Nebuya carefully.

When the management asked him how his meal was after asking Akashi, Kuroko was oddly touched. Reo had then laughed about afterwards, explaining that the world was beginning to accept Kuroko as one of the Akashi's.

Akashi had really appreciated that comment, if the smirk on his face was anything to go by.

Later that night as he snuggled against his sleeping boyfriend, he realized just how much Rakuzan
was starting to mean to him. They respected him, wanted him, and treated him like one of their own. That mattered a whole hell of a lot to him. As he pressed a gentle kiss to the underside of Akashi’s jaw, he smiled up at his boyfriend. His future kept looking better and better.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Our babies first fight(ish) T-T. I hope you enjoyed the suffering?

Next chapter: This will be released on the 26th! We are now moving away from the cute, cuddly, first relationship act of the story. Next will be the act that is focused on Kuroko! See you in two weeks everyone(unless you come to Anime Crossroads in Indianapolis. Find me at the Sports Anime, Yaoi Jeopardy, or Meet My Boyfriend panels!

- Kida-Asumi
The last month of summer is usually the season of change. It's the changing of the fashions, the weather, and the colors of the worlds. Away with shorts and sunscreen and in come the hot cocoas and sweaters. Change was imminent, and could not be avoided.

The transition into the fall of Kuroko's 2nd year of high school was no different.

It started on the day that school resumed for its second semester.

A shrill sound jolted Kuroko from his dream. He sluggishly reached over and turned off his alarm. With a quiet sigh, he buried his face back in to his pillow, desperately wanting to return to his dreams. He cracked open an eye as he felt his dog wiggle at his feet. A minute later, Nigou let out a happy bark and jumped on to his chest, giving him happy kisses. A soft smile settled on Kuroko's face and he affectionately ruffled Nigou's fur.

"Good morning, Nigou." He said around a yawn. Kuroko sat up and stretched, rolling the stiffness of sleep from his shoulders. He then stood up and entered his bathroom to take care of his morning business. Upon his return to the room, he slipped on his house slippers, grabbed his cell phone, and headed down the stairs to let Nigou outside.

His grandmother and father were watching TV as his mother worked on getting breakfast made. All three ignored him as he and Nigou exited the house. Kuroko shivered a bit at the cool breeze that blew by him. As Nigou took care of himself, Kuroko checked his cell phone. As usual, he had several messages.

From: Akashi-kun

Subject: First day

Good morning, Tetsuya. Good luck on your first day back to school. I'm not sure what time I will be available tonight, but I do wish to hear about your day. Message me when you are free and I will be sure to do the same.

From: Kise-kun

Subject: After school movie!

Kurokocchi! Will you come with me to see the latest Pilot Chronicles movie with me? Pleeeeeeease? Daikicchi refuses and I don't want to go alone T-T
From: Kagami-kun
Subject: Stuff

Oi, Kuroko. I'm going to meet up with you this morning so we can find the classroom. After practice, let's grab a burger.

From: Riko-san
Subject: First Practice

Practice is 30 minutes after the final bell today! Don't be late!

Kuroko smiled down at all of them fondly. The familiarity of it at this point was a comfort to him. Each one of those messages had a special place in his heart. He sent out his corresponding responses before wandering back inside of the house with Nigou.

He was brushing his teeth when Akashi responded next.

From: Akashi-kun
Subject: Re:Re: First day

Thank you, Tetsuya. I shall try my best. On your way to school, make sure to check your mailbox. I had a messenger leave you a present. I love you as well, my Tetsuya, and will speak with you later.

Kuroko chuckled quietly at the way that Akashi managed to get in the last word. How typical. Shaking his head, he exited his bathroom to get dressed and gather his things for his day.

The first week of school passed by without any sort of major life battle. Every day Kuroko would wake up and go about his morning routine. He would then head to school, keep Kagami awake for their shared classes, and the two would share lunch together with a handful of members from Seirin. His afternoons would consist of him finishing his lessons, practicing for the Interhigh that coming weekend, and then spending the rest of his evening with Kagami, Aomine, or Kise, and texting Akashi.

The Interhigh itself made Kuroko nervous. He was sure that it would end up being Rakuzan and Seirin in the finals. After having trained with both teams, he felt justified in saying that both were evenly matched. Yet there were so many unknowns. How would Akashi react to them winning? How would he himself react to losing? Would their teammates blame this relationship on the outcome? Would the media? All of these factors combined with the typical pre-match jitters were giving him a bleak outlook on the weekend.

This would be the first weekend that Akashi would be in town and not with him.

"It's best that we keep our distance for things like this, Tetsuya. We need to keep up a level of professionalism. I have asked Daiki and Ryouta to do the same. I am sure that Taiga and Himuro-san will be doing this as well." Akashi had explained over the phone a few nights before. Kuroko agreed with him, even if every fiber of his being was screaming against it. It was probably best that they didn't curl up in one another's arms every night just to wake up and go their separate ways. It would make the separation even worse. Kuroko acknowledged and understood that.

But Kuroko was very disappointed by it. Akashi must have sensed that because every morning Kuroko was sent a new flower and a ticket for a vanilla milkshake. It helped ease the ache out of him
and he would send Akashi a grateful text message after he found them.

Yet that only went so far, which is how he found himself moping in Maji Burger with Kagami on the first day of the inter-high.

"What's wrong, Kuroko?" Kagami asked. Kuroko looked up to meet his friend's red, concerned eyes before looking away.

"It's nothing, Kagami-kun." He sighed. Kagami frowned and put down his burger.

"Like hell it's nothing. Did you and Akashi have a fight?" He asked. When Kuroko winced, Kagami's expression smoothed in to one of understanding and he sighed, shaking his head. "I'm sure it's going to be okay, Kuroko. It's probably just the stress of the inter-high-"

"Akashi-kun isn't the problem." Kuroko interrupted. Seeing Kagami's confused expression, Kuroko sighed and shook his head. "Akashi-kun is in Tokyo and doesn't want us seeing one another. I'm being a bit of a brat about it." He admitted. Kagami was silent for a minute, and Kuroko fidgeted under his gaze.

"Oh. Cause you guys might be facing each other on the court?" Kagami asked. Kuroko nodded, looking down at the straw of his milkshake. "So that explains the flowers and milkshakes this week. I thought it was a little weird. You don't like having him so close but not being able to see him, huh?" Kagami guessed again. Kuroko nodded, fidgeting a bit in his seat at the way this conversation was going.

"Akashi-kun has always spent some kind of time with me when he is in Tokyo, or I am in Kyoto. It has never been an issue. He also had spent a good portion of our summer break with me. Asking me to keep away so that we can focus on our matches without distractions shouldn't be a problem. It's the professional thing to do, and it also helps to eliminate talk about distractions. Aomine-kun and Kise-kun are doing the same. Yet...I wish that it didn't have to be like this. Why couldn't we have been together on the days that we weren't facing one another?" Kuroko took a sip of his shake as he finished his rant. Kagami was quiet for a few moments before he sat up in his chair.

"I think that in this point in your relationship, this is a good thing. You have never faced what it could be like to lose to the person you love the most doing the thing you love the most. It was definitely the biggest obstacle that Tatsuya and I faced, and it nearly tore us apart. With you being as stubborn as you are, and with Akashi being as prideful as he is, being together at night as lovers and together during the day as rivals might seriously hurt your relationship. At least at this moment in time." Kagami pointed out.

He had a point, Kuroko mused as he processed what Kagami said. The transition between personal time and game time might have been an issue. Even now Kuroko wanted to win against Rakuzan not because of the competition but because it meant that he could finally have Akashi all to himself again.

What if this happened and Akashi needed space to think about it? To come to terms with losing again? It wouldn't destroy their relationship, but it sure as hell could make it strained. With a sigh, Kuroko nodded.

"I see your point, Kagami-kun. Thank you." He said softly. Kagami shrugged, swallowing the burger he had in his hand.

"Tatsuya, Alex, and Murasakibara are rooming with me currently, and I still want to beat Yosen's ass if the opportunity arises. I know that they feel the same way. So don't think that this is a permanent
solution. Hell, depending on how this goes, you and Akashi could be together for the Winter Cup.” Kagami pointed out. Kuroko nodded, and as he finished his shake, he felt a bit lighter.

That wasn't a bad way to look at it. Let this be the test run for everything else. So long as they remembered that they love each other that is all that matters.

On the second day of the Interhigh, all six of the generation were called together for an interview. Kuroko had been thrilled and was more than happy to walk to the conference room. Midorima and Akashi were already there, debating the threat of a few of the other teams. Both looked up as Kuroko entered the room. Ignoring Midorima completely, Kuroko walked over to Akashi, a small grin slipping on to his face without notice. Akashi smirked in response, pulling him into his arms so that he could kiss him. Kuroko's arms slid around his neck, eyes closing as Akashi's hand cupped the back of his head, titling him a bit for a better angle. When they parted, Kuroko felt warm from his head to his toes and he shared a tender smile with Akashi.

"Ugh, you two are disgustingly affectionate." Midorima was grumbling next to them. Kuroko rolled his eyes as Akashi glared at Midorima, reaching for his scissors. They were interrupted by Murasakibara entering the room, a candy bar in his mouth.

"Mine-chin and Se-chin aren't here yet." He pouted.

"I'm sure they are going to be late." Midorima sighed, moving over a bit to put Murasakibara between Akashi and himself. He relaxed as soon as it happened. Akashi's stern glare didn't let up, much to Kuroko's amusement. He settled against Akashi's side, threading their hands together as he offered him another smile.

The two arrived seconds before the interviewer showed up. Both were reprimanded by Midorima and Akashi and sheepishly sat down at opposite ends of the group. Aomine sat down next to Kuroko, who was biting back a laugh. Aomine rolled his eyes and shook his head.

"Shut up, Tetsu." He groaned.

"Be polite, Daiki. We're about to go on record." Akashi chided. Kuroko smirked at Aomine, who groaned and sat up a bit straighter before Akashi got on him for that as well.

The interview went really well and soon the generation departed to return to their separate teams. Akashi insisted on walking Kuroko back, much to the blue-haired male's delight. Their hands remained locked, and Kuroko couldn't lose his silly grin.

"Thank you, Akashi-kun." He said softly as they stopped in front of his locker room. Akashi wrapped his other arm around Kuroko's waist, pulling him in closer.

"You are welcome, my Tetsuya. It's been rather difficult being so close to you, yet being unable to see you." The red-head admitted softly as he drew their faces closer together. Kuroko leaned forward and pressed their lips together, humming a bit as Akashi's lips parted willingly. It had been far too long since they last kissed like this. Akashi allowed Kuroko's tongue a few strokes before he pulled back, licking away the saliva from his lips. Kuroko repeated the action without thought and he blushed bright because of it. A dark chuckle left Akashi and he deliberately took a step back.

"Next weekend, my love, you're coming to Kyoto for an evening." He promised. Kuroko nodded, heart racing at what the promise could mean.

"It's a date, Akashi-kun." He agreed. Akashi gave him a parting kiss before he turned and left him.
Rakuzan won this year's inter-high. It had been a close match, but in the end, Akashi took back his crown from the Winter Cup.

Seirin didn't take the loss as hard as they could have. Their ace light and shadow didn't either. It was a good game without any form of emotional heart ache or past feelings. On top of that, they could always win the Winter Cup again.

Kuroko was so relieved. Akashi had kissed him under the flashes of the camera, a proud smirk on his face. As he squeezed his hands, Kuroko couldn't help but feel that he had won too. They had separated with Akashi promising to call as soon as he returned to Kyoto. With that promise in mind, Kuroko and Seirin had retreated to their locker room.

"Good game, guys." Riko started off her post-game speech. Kuroko sat next to Kagami as he listened to the criticisms and praise. Eventually all of them went to change.

As Kuroko exited his locker room with Kagami, the two were stopped by scouts from Kanagawa University. Kuroko's blue eyes narrowed at them, wondering if they were looking for Hyuga or Izuki.

"Kuroko Tetsuya and Kagami Taiga?" One of them asked. Kuroko nodded, sharing a surprised glance with Kagami. These men looked official. Had something happened?

"Yes, that is us. How may we help you?" He asked, trying to still his anxious heart.

"We're scouts from Kanagawa University. With the Generation of Miracles now being halfway through high school, the universities want to get a jump on recruiting you guys. Here, take these packages on our behalf. This is just the beginning of what awaits you in our basketball program. Please, take this home and think it over." The second one said as the first one gave out packets.

Both accepted them and thanked the scouts.

As soon as they were out of ear shot, Kagami turned with a huge grin to Kuroko and pulled him in to a tight hug.

"We might go pro, baby! You and me, the ultimate light and shadow!" Kagami beamed. Kuroko nodded meekly, still very much in shock over being approached by scouts. Out of all of the talented basketball players he knew, he hadn't expected to be approached. Surely there had to be some mistake.

Yet the name on the welcome packet was undeniably his own.

"And we have to be a paired unit, Kuroko. Where I go, you go, and vice versa. If they want the dream team, they have to have both halves." Kagami was still rambling.

He wasn't even sure if he wanted to play basketball for the rest of his life. It didn't seem like something that he would be content doing as a job. He enjoyed it and saw it as a means of spending time with his friends. The basketball that he played was of the extra-curricular variety, not of the professional.

"Right, Kuroko?" Kagami asked, and at the sudden serious tone to his voice, Kuroko forced himself out of his conflicting thoughts. Offering one of his best friends a smile, he nodded.

"Right, Kagami-kun." He agreed.

Maybe he was just getting nervous about being approached. A lot can change in a year and a half.
Maybe by then he would have picked out a college and a life plan. Maybe basketball was a part of that. It wasn't like he had to choose now. Besides, he would need to discuss it with his advisors and his parents and Akashi-kun.

"I can't wait to tell Akashi-kun about this." Kuroko said suddenly, a wide grin on his face as he imagined how proud his boyfriend would be. Kagami grinned back, slapping him on the back.

"That's the spirit, Kuroko! I wonder if the others were approached as well." The light mused as they exited the building. Kuroko shrugged.

"We shall find out soon enough." He said. Kagami agreed and as he called for a cab, Kuroko stared down at the packet in his hands.

This might prove to be a new start for all of them once again.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Now would be a good time to mention that this story is broken in to three parts: Cute, cuddly, love time; Kuroko's plot; Akashi's plot. Kuroko's plot officially began this chapter, and will continue for the next 7(I think?). It should take us through the rest of their second year!

Next week's update is another double chapter. I will be at Anime Milwaukee on the 11th, and then at ShutoCon on the 18th. More about that next chapter! Again, sorry it was short! The next one is roughly 8k, I think :D

- Kida Asumi
Any day spent with his boyfriend was a day well spent in Kuroko Tetsuya's opinion. Currently, the two were cuddled under Akashi's thick comforter, the temperature beneath the sheets almost too hot in Kuroko's opinion. But Akashi shifted and his arm tightened around his waist and any complaints that Kuroko might have had disappeared as quickly as they came. He snuggled in closer, his eyes sliding shut as he nuzzled Akashi's throat. Akashi let out a soft sigh above him, signaling his conscious state and Kuroko pressed a tender kiss to his pulse.

"Have you been awake long, Tetsuya?" Kuroko smiled, loving the way that his throat moved with his words. He shook his head, curling his fingers into the soft material of Akashi's shirt.

"Not really. Maybe 10 minutes. Akashi-kun is too aware of his surroundings. I will never be able to surprise you with breakfast in bed." Kuroko pulled away just enough to pout up at his boyfriend.

Akashi's eyes flashed with mirth and a soft chuckle shook his body.

"Maybe for special occasions, that would be a nice treat. However, not this morning. I have a different activity in mind." Akashi smirked, rolling them over so that Kuroko was pressed into the middle of the bed. The blush in his cheeks darkened as his blue eyes began to cloud with arousal. As his boyfriend leaned down to start licking a path down his chest, Kuroko closed his eyes and let him do as he pleased.

Nearly two weeks had passed since Rakuzan's win. The Generation and some of the more prominent players of this time had been getting recruitment invitations and offers left and right. When Akashi and Kuroko had gone out that Monday night (Rakuzan allowed the school to close in celebration), they had been bombarded with the media. Two of the best interviews were allowed to be published, much to Akashi's delight.

Akashi himself had been in a remarkably great mood. This win was apparently some type of milestone for him, and it had exceeded his expectations. The rest of the Generation were currently in his house, holed away in various rooms, and the group had spent a nice weekend together. Akashi had spoilt them all, rewarding them for doing their best at this year's Inter-high. He had doted on Kuroko, buying him a new set of shoes and wrist bands, several new outfits, and a nice tie. Nigou had received imported, top of the line dog bones from some country that Kuroko didn't recognize the language or the currency.
He had also been kissed more times than he could count, often parting from his boyfriend's mouth with a wide grin and a flustered face. Akashi's good mood remained even when Midorima or Aomine would make snide remarks, or Momoi and Kise would tease them.

Hell, he had gotten off at least 5 times this weekend and it appeared that Akashi was going for half a dozen.

This weekend had been full of new memories and a reconnecting of the Generation. His boyfriend had been the noble Emperor he truly was, and as he took Kuroko into his mouth, the blue haired teen wondered what could come next for them.

"A training camp?" Kuroko asked after swallowing his bite of rice. Kise nodded, eyes brimming with excitement.

"Yeah! Just us and the Tokyo schools. Yosen has a training camp somewhere else and Rakuzan didn't want to pay for it, right Akashicchi?" Kise asked. The red head nodded, wiping his mouth before replying.

"Yes, Ryouta. We are also examining a new training regimen I created that I'm not quite ready to share yet." He said. The people at the table shuddered at the sadistic smirk that stretched across Akashi's face.

"Akashi-kun." Kuroko chided, slipping a hand on to his thigh under the table. "Wait until after breakfast." Akashi's hand covered his, giving it a squeeze as he nodded, expression falling to its usual mask of nonchalance.

"This is going to be a pain in the ass." Aomine grumbled.

"At least we get to go to the hot springs again!" Momoi pointed out. Midorima sighed, shaking his head.

"I have to agree with Aomine on this one. Organizing the event was a nightmare." He said, shifting his lucky item around before reaching for his tea.

"Anyway, I think it's going to be a lot of fun! We all should team up and show everyone what the generation is made of!" Kise chirped. As Aomine and Midorima protested the idea, Kuroko pondered it.

It could be a lot of fun to play with these guys again.

"I would like that, Kise-kun." He said softly. Usually the argument that was taking place would have taken precedence over Kuroko's quiet input. However, the generation had always acknowledged him and this time was no different. All of them settled down and returned to their breakfast, and when no protests were heard later, Kuroko bit back a smile.

It was nice to have everyone on good terms once more. He had missed this.

After a fantastic weekend away with his boyfriend and the generation, Kuroko returned to his usual weekly routine more determined than ever to kick ass and keep things in order. He paid attention in all of his classes, and only texted his boyfriend during his breaks. By the time that practice rolled around, he was confident that his life was just getting better.

That came to a screeching halt when he walked in to the gym to find the rest of Seirin sitting in a
circle around Riko and Hyuuga. Behind them was a chalkboard, and in big letters a single word had been written.

SCOUTS

With a sinking stomach, Kuroko reluctantly sat down next to Koganei. Kagami sat next to him and after a few more minutes of waiting, Riko began their meeting.

"As you all know, we were approached by scouts at the end of the inter-high. This is huge news, and I have begun to schedule scouts to come and sit in on our practices starting after our training camp next week. So, that being said, I expect each and every one of you to be on your best behavior for the next few months. All of you are so talented and your dreams are too big to be wasted by being lazy or goofing off. I will take you guys to the pros, but I will need your cooperation. Are you with me?" Riko asked. As Seirin cheered around him, Kuroko withheld a sigh. He always was on his best behavior. This lecture was pointless for him.

Kagami took his hand and helped him up so that they could begin their warm-up jog. After their laps, they fell in to the rest of their drills. As Kuroko panted and sweated and gave his all in their warm-up, he couldn't shake the sinking feeling that Riko's lecture had given him. He wasn't sure why it had sat wrong with him, and he did his best to put it in the back of his mind.

The first time the pressure got to Seirin happened just two days later. It was on that Thursday. Kuroko had been helping a few of the new first years learn to pass swiftly when suddenly Riko's alarmed voice rang throughout the gym. With concerned frown, Kuroko turned to find Hyuuga kneeling over Izuki, his fist raised above his head. Kagami ran towards the two, pulling Hyuuga off of their teammate. As the confused first years gathered around him, asking questions, Kuroko masked his sudden terror.

The glares on Izuki's face and the deep frown on Hyuuga's were bringing up too many negative memories, too fast. Riko cancelled practice a few minutes later. Without needing to be told twice, Kuroko grabbed his duffle and Nigou and all but ran out of the gym.

This couldn't be happening again. Flashbacks of Kise and Aomine fighting danced in his head, and he felt a bit queasy. He stopped in a nearby alleyway, resting against the wall as he struggled to catch his breath. Nigou let out a concerned whine at his feet, pawing at his ankles. Kuroko sank to his knees, grasping at his chest as his world began to spin. Arguments from the end of Teiko continued to haunt him, and he let out an unintentional whimper.

"Why can't everyone just get along?" He whispered as he felt a tear stream down his cheek.

This had been his safe place. Seirin hadn't been about winning like Teiko had. This team was full of life and hope. It had deep friendships and hadn't been ripped apart by the fierce competition facing it. It had brought them together.

"Tetsu?" A concerned voice called out to him.

"Don't worry, Kagamin, we found him!" A female voice said loudly. Looking up, Kuroko found Aomine reaching for him.

"Call Akashi, Satsuki." Aomine sighed, helping Kuroko to his feet. His nose wrinkled with distaste at the grime on Kuroko's knees and shoes.

"Hello Akashi-san!" Momoi said, winking at Kuroko as he pulled a wipe out of her purse. "Yes, we found him. No, he was only a few blocks away. Sure, here he is." Momoi passed him the wipe and
phone. After cleaning off one hand, he took the phone and began to clean the other.

"Please no more yelling." He managed to say, even if it took all of his energy to keep his voice steady. Aomine's arm came up to support him as he swayed.

"...I will inform your school that you will be with me tomorrow." Akashi's voice said softly. "I am on my way to collect you now. Daiki and Satsuki will take you to your home to pack for the training camp, and then they will either remain with you or take you back to one of their homes." He declared. Kuroko's eyes closed with relief, and he nodded.

Missing school and practice wasn't good for him. Running away from all of this sudden strife wasn't going to help things in the long run.

But knowing that Akashi would go out of his way to remove him from this turbulent situation made him feel a little better.

"Thank you, Seijuuro-kun." He whispered, turning in to lean against Aomine as he felt his knees begin to buckle once more.

"You are welcome, Tetsuya. Please inform Satsuki and Daiki of the situation. I will be there within the next four or five hours." Kuroko nodded, keeping a hold of the phone for a few seconds after the dial tone began.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Aomine-kun, Momoi-san." Kuroko sighed as he passed Momoi her phone. She shook her head, a concern frown on her face.

"Tch, this is Seirin's fault for fucking up, Tetsu. Don't worry about it. Are you going to Kyoto?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, using Aomine's arm to stand up. Nigou paced around his feet, on alert incase his master began to sway again.

"Yes. I assume that Akashi-kun will deliver me to the training camp personally." He shrugged. Aomine nodded, and both fell silent as Momoi waved down a cab. The three of them and Nigou soon boarded one, and Momoi's chatter kept Kuroko distracted from his dangerous thoughts. Of course his parents weren't home when they arrived. As he wrote them a note, Aomine took Nigou outside. He and Momoi packed a bag for the training camp and an overnight bag for Akashi's.

"No lube, Tetsu-kun?" Momoi teased when he only put in condoms. Even those were just a formality, as he doubted that he would be in the mood to do anything with them.

"Akashi-kun and I don't use lube, Momoi-san." He responded without thinking. As soon as the words registered in his head, he winced. That had been a bad idea.

"EH?!" Momoi gasped loudly. Aomine and Nigou came in to the room seconds later, alarmed by the tone of Momoi's voice. Kuroko blushed, ignoring the three sets of curious eyes as he gathered up his toiletries.

"Tetsu-kun and Akashi-san don't use lube, Dai-chan!" Momoi was explaining when he returned. Aomine blushed, glaring at his childhood friend.

"Satsuki, that's none of our business!" He grumbled, awkwardly avoiding looking at Kuroko. The shadow appreciated that, and continued with his packing.

He didn't need that conversation again.

"Eh? But Dai-chan, you send me out all the time to buy lube for you and Ki-"
"Gah! Satsuki, stop it! I'll explain later so long as you just stop now."

Kuroko really didn't want to think about that, and he did his best to tune them out as he zipped up his duffle bag.

Eventually, Akashi arrived. He let himself in, and the trio on Kuroko's couch rose to their feet in greeting.

"Thank you for watching over him, Daiki, Satsuki." Akashi murmured, even as his worried dichromatic eyes looked over Kuroko, narrowing a bit at the red around his eyes and the scratches on his knees.

"Anytime! Bye Tetsu-kun, see you tomorrow evening." Momoi waved. Aomine nodded, squeezing Kuroko's shoulder as he left as well. As the sound of the door clicking shut echoed around the house, Akashi pulled Kuroko in to his arms.

"Oh Tetsuya. I was so worried when I received a text message explaining that you had disappeared. I had no idea how or why or what had happened." He murmured against Kuroko's shoulder. The blue haired male tightened his grip on Akashi, burrowing in closer to his protective hold. Here, he could finally talk about what happened with someone that wouldn't judge him. And so he did.

"We were having a normal practice. Suddenly, there was tension in the air and Riko let out an alarmed shout. I turned from the first years to find Hyuuga-senpai and Izuki-senpai fighting." He explained. When Akashi tightened his hold, Kuroko became aware that he was shaking. "It's hitting too close to the end of our Teiko days. The pressure of going pro is tearing Seirin apart, Akashi-kun." He whispered. Akashi simply shook his head and reached behind Kuroko for his bag. He called for Nigou and once the dog was at their side, he released Kuroko and took his hand instead.

"We'll have a nice dinner with my student council, and then tomorrow morning you can sit in on our practice. I will escort you around Rakuzan for all of my classes, and then I will bring you back to Tokyo personally. You need a break from this city, my darling." Akashi murmured, tugging Kuroko out of his house.

"I spent last weekend in Kyoto, Akashi-kun." Kuroko pointed out half-heartedly, even if a pleased grin stretched across his face. Akashi simply smirked and held open his door for him.

"One more night won't hurt." Akashi shrugged once he was seated. Kuroko let out a quiet chuckle, reaching for his boyfriend's hand.

"Thank you, Akashi-kun. I don't know what I would do without you." He said, blue eyes sincere as they met Akashi's. His boyfriend squeezed his hand.

"You will never know, Tetsuya. Now, where would you like to eat? I shall summon my student council to wherever in Kyoto you desire to eat." He said. As he gave his answer, Kuroko relaxed in his seat.

Akashi was a very generous boyfriend. To simply whisk him away from Tokyo at the drop of a hat was going to make him spoiled, and he acknowledged that. Yet Kuroko wasn't strong enough to stop him yet.

Maybe once things settled down at Seirin he could break this protective habit. For now, however, he inquired about Akashi's day, and settled in for the long ride back to Kyoto.

The Winter Cup training camp of the Tokyo schools was an interesting weekend for Kuroko. His team was shaky for the first day, still rattled from Hyuuga and Izuki's fight. The few that had noticed
Kuroko's disappearance were concerned about it. Those that didn't surely noticed when the Generation had flocked to his side when he arrived, inquiring about his state of being.

"I'm okay, guys." Kuroko smiled, sharing an amused 'I-told-you-so' glance with his boyfriend.

"Are you sure, Kuroko? I would feel better if I examined that cut." Midorima frowned.

"Do you not trust my bandaging work, Shintaro?" Akashi asked, his cold smile and very friendly voice activating danger warnings in everyone in the room. All paused their conversations to look to the two Captains. After a silent stare down, Midorima backed up, a barely-there pout on his face.

"Of course not, Akashi. If it acts up due to training, please come and see me Kuroko." Midorima said before taking a step back. Kise immediately filled that spot and then some, squeezing his way in-between Akashi and Kuroko to pull the smaller male into his arms.

"I was so worried when I got Akashicchi's urgent text message! When he said that you were to be found immediately, I thought you got kidnapped! Don't scare us like that, Kurokocchi!" Kise chided as he smothered Kuroko. The blue haired male shoved Kise away at the same time that Akashi yanked him back by his collar. If Aomine hadn't been hovering nearby, Kise would have fallen to the floor. Instead, he stumbled back into his boyfriend, shooting him a sheepish smile.

Akashi, Kuroko, and Aomine all gave him unimpressed frowns.

"Personal space, Ryouta." Akashi murmured, even as his golden eye flashed murderously.

"Kise-kun, I apologize for worrying you. I just needed to think." He promised, shooting Akashi a warning look to behave. Kise pouted, but nodded.

"If you say so, Kurokocchi." He said.

After stepping outside to wish Akashi a private and personal goodbye, Kuroko had found Seirin and began to follow them to their sleeping quarters. Kagami hovered for the first few hours before Kuroko kindly assured him that he was fine now.

"I'm fine now, Kagami-kun" Kagami flushed, sheepishly rubbing the back of his head.

"If you say so, Kuroko. Just next time, warn a guy, okay?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, a small smirk appearing on his face.

"And next time, don't text Akashi-kun first. He started an unnecessary manhunt for me because I became overwhelmed. Call me or Aomine-kun first. If those fail for more than three hours, then contact Akashi-kun." He said, smirk growing into an amused grin when Kagami let out a flustered gasp and began to babble about how he was so damned ungrateful.

"...and I even had to contact that freaky guy because of it." He was still mumbling when they walked in to the gymnasium. Shaking his head, Kuroko grabbed a nearby basketball and looked for their coach.

Most of the hot spring trips that Kuroko had been on were memorable for one reason or another. Teiko's had been about bonding time, or basking in a win, or for a few nights, experimentation. So far, Seirin's had been much the same. For the couple that he and Akashi had been on alone, it had been about intimacy.

This one, Kuroko realized, was about gossip and 'guy talk.'
He wasn't sure how he ended up in the same area with just Shutoku's Takao and Kaijo's Kise. He wasn't sure how they had ended up talking about their boyfriends.

Hell, he wasn't sure why he was staying. He certainly didn't need to know about Midorima's body, or how Kise messed around with Aomine's.

"I love that too! Must be a Generation of Miracle's thing, then, cause Himurocchi said that Kagamicchi has never done anything like that." Kise was saying to Takao once Kuroko managed to gather his thoughts.

"Kuroko, does Akashi do it too?" Takao asked.

"I really don't think that Akashi-kun would want me talking about this." He tried to protest. When he rose from his spot to leave, Kise stopped him.

"Kurokocchi. Is it true that you and Akashi haven't had sex yet?" At the serious tone in his voice, Kuroko froze. Takao let out a loud gasp, obviously surprised by this.

"Seriously? Shin-chan jumped my bones shortly after we started dating, and from what you've said, Ryo-chan, Aomine did the same. What is Akashi-san waiting for?" He asked. With a sigh, Kuroko sat back down. This obviously was something that needed to be settled now, as opposed to these two bringing it up all weekend.

"...I think he's waiting on some sign from me." Kuroko admitted, even as he braced himself for this suddenly, all too personal conversation. Both hyper males froze any comebacks they had prepared, and shared a look.

"You're lucky." They said in unison. Kuroko frowned. Of all the things they could have said, he hadn't been expecting that.

"I know that." He said, confused as to where this could be going.

"At least he's putting you before himself." Kise grumbled. Takao nodded, leaning back against the wall of the bath.

"I love Shin-chan, but he's so damned self-centered!" He sighed. Kuroko looked between the two before shaking his head.

"I want Akashi-kun to be more selfish with me. He always puts me first. He spoils me and while that may seem like the perfect scenario for the two of you, I want to be able to spoil him in return. I want him to try new things without asking me first. I want to have sex with him without have to talk about it first." Kuroko explained, ignoring the blush on his cheeks. Takao and Kise shared surprised looks.

"Have you told him this, Kurokocchi?" Kise asked. Kuroko shook his head, looking down at the water.

"No. I'm not sure how to say it without coming off as ungrateful." He explained.

"You could always ask him what he wants. Or why he isn't taking charge like he usually does. He'll either feel guilty and act, or he'll get pissed and act. Either way, you get laid." Takao shrugged.

That was true. Provoking Akashi usually worked. But he didn't want it to be a fight. He wanted the first time that they made love to be special and intimate, not the result of his goading.

"Kurokocchi, can I give you some advice?" Kise asked. Kuroko hesitantly nodded. He really didn't
like this serious Kise. "Have you touched yourself in the ass yet?" Kuroko blushed.

"Oh! What a great idea, Ryo-chan!" Takao chirped, offering Kuroko an encouraging smile. Perhaps against his better judgement, Kuroko shook his head.

"No…not yet. I hadn't planned on it." Takao groaned as Kise shook his head, sympathetically patting Kuroko's shoulder.

"Oh Kurokocchi, you really should." He sighed. Kuroko frowned, annoyed at his attitude towards the situation.

"Why, Kise-kun?" He asked instead.

"What if you don't like it? Having something up your ass is a very different experience than anything else. You definitely want to figure out a way to mask any painful expressions from Akashicchi. From what I can tell, he will freak out and stop having sex with you the moment you are in pain. At least if it hurts at first, you will be able to assure him that you know it will come to pass." Kise explained, nodding his head in agreement with himself.

"Ryo-chan is correct! The first time Shin-chan and I messed around, he stuck in his first finger at such an odd angle that I ended up crying out in pain! He freaked and immediately stopped. It took me a couple of days before I could convince him to try again. Definitely figure it out in private before showing him." Takao said, nodding in agreement with himself.

"And with Akashicchi being as prideful as he is, he will expect everything to go perfectly the first time. At the first shakeup I'm sure that he will cut it all off. So make sure you kinda know what to expect so that you can comfort Akashicchi." Kise said. Kuroko sank in to the water, allowing Kise and Takao to continue their ramblings away from his ears.

That was a good point as well. Akashi had already halted any advances in their relationship the moment that Kuroko had become still from the surprise. He had taken it as a sign that it was too much, as opposed to Kuroko just needing a moment to adjust. Maybe touching himself first wasn't a terrible idea.

"It won't kill the mood when I have to admit that I touched myself first?" He asked, the sudden question halting any debate the two were having. Takao shrugged as Kise giggled.

"No way! I think Akashicchi will be flattered that you went out of your way to get ready for him." Kise chirped.

"Or he won't bother inquiring about it. He might just assume that you have been masturbating like that." Takao pointed out. Kuroko sank back under the water as his cheeks grew heated once more.

Despite how embarrassing this situation had been, Kuroko had to appreciate the tips and advice that he was receiving. After all, these two viewed sex from a very different angle than Kagami and Aomine had. It was a bit refreshing, and their advice wasn't as outlandish as he might have expected. As he began to wash his back, he listened to the various things they had tried, and what had worked and what hadn't. If there was one thing he could take away from this hot springs trip, it was the advice he had needed to try to take the next step in his relationship with Akashi.

As he was climbing in to his futon, he grabbed his cell phone and sent a text message to Akashi.

To: Akashi-kun

Subject: Away
Akashi-kun. Our six month anniversary is coming up soon. Instead of you coming to Tokyo, or me going to Kyoto, perhaps we could go somewhere else for a weekend? Our fall breaks line up nicely. Could we take that first weekend to ourselves? I apologize if this is too forward, Akashi-kun. It was just a thought I had.

Nigou came padding over to his side, crawling under his comforter.

"I let him back in." Kagami explained as he dropped on to the futon beside him. Kuroko thanked him, anxiously running his fingers through Nigou's fur as he waited for Akashi to reply. He felt Kagami's frown on him, and with a sigh, he decided to save any further questions and just explain it now.

"I just suggested that Akashi-kun and I go away for a weekend to celebrate our six month anniversary. He has yet to respond." He explained.

As if on que, Akashi's respond came.

From: Akashi-kun

Subject: Re:Away

Tetsuya, that sounds like a wonderful idea. I will research a few options for us. In the meantime, please think about anywhere you would like to go. For this trip we will limit it to just Japan. For our one year, we can go international. I will figure something out for that. But with the Winter Cup rapidly approaching, unfortunately, we both cannot afford to be gone for that long.

How was your first day of training camp, Tetsuya?

"From the grin, I'm going to guess he agreed?" Kagami's voice broke Kuroko out of his thoughts. The shadow nodded, rolling over so that he could curl up around Nigou and respond.

For Akashi to agree was enough for him now. He hadn't wanted to go anywhere grand. He just wanted to go spend some quality alone time with his boyfriend. For Akashi to not only agree but be just as eager meant a lot to him.

He also felt a bit silly for not expecting this.

And so, as the rest of Seirin filtered in to the room, Kuroko stayed on his futon and eagerly texted away to his boyfriend, his heart racing with excitement as more things became finalized.

When they finally part for the night, he couldn't help but be very excited for next month. It was certainly going to be a big change for them. He just hoped that he could drop enough hints that Akashi would realize what he wanted out of the weekend.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Alrighty. How is everyone holding up? This chapter was hard for me to write because it KILLS ME that Kuroko has to go through Teiko all over again. It's worse though because this is Seirin. His safe space that isn't safe anymore. I love Seirin, do not get me wrong. But for the plot of this fic to happen naturally, this has to happen. I will explain when the time comes, and I hope you guys understand.
So anywho, next chapter we get TWO sex scenes :D I really, really hope you guys enjoy them!

- Kida Asumi
October started much worse than September had. After having his early morning call with Akashi, Kuroko had showered and let Nigou outside. After gathering his things and getting ready for the day, he wished Akashi a good day at school and headed downstairs. He was letting Nigou back inside when it happened.

Kuroko had entered the kitchen to find his father sitting at the kitchen table. In front of him lay one of the recruitment packets that Kuroko had been trying to intercept. They had started getting mailed to his house sometime last week. He thought he had been doing a good job keeping them hidden from his pants.

He must have miscalculated somewhere along the line.

"Tetsuya." His father spoke to him for the first time in months. "Sit down. We must discuss this interesting packet we received in the mail." He said, gesturing to the seat across from him. His mother was hovering behind his father and his grandmother hobbled her way over to the table.

Watching them all look at him expectantly, Kuroko's gut twisted unpleasantly. He got enough of this at school. If it was going to start being an issue at home, he might seriously take Akashi up on his offer to buy him his own apartment in Tokyo.

With shaking hands, Kuroko pulled out the chair. He sat down, feeling a little relieved that he was no longer on his wobbly legs.

"We had no idea that your little basketball hobby would get you free rides to top tier colleges. If you accept these, do you understand how this will affect our family's reputation?" His mother began.

"To honor your family, you must get in, Tetsuya." His grandmother chimed.

"This will also help you learn to be self-sustainable, as you will have to rely on your skills to keep your basic life needs in college. Of course, we could pay for your meal cards, but your free ride will pay for your room and board, books, and tuition." His father explained.

"We will also start coming to your games to make sure the scouts can actually find you, as you have
As they continued to speak, Kuroko tuned them out, attempting to stop his growing panic attack. Peer pressure at school had been bad enough. Every missed pass or shot had gotten him yelled at and extra drills. Kagami had been the only calm one in all of this, constantly reminding everyone that the scouts weren't present at every practice, so it was okay to make mistakes and just have fun playing basketball like they always had.

Usually, his voice of reason would bring the third years to their senses, and they would back off. At least for the rest of that day. Kuroko could breathe easier after that, and he enjoyed the practice from then on.

But if his parents were going to suddenly be a permanent presence in his life, he wasn't sure he would ever be able to relax. Why do they suddenly care? They had never before, and now that he might have a hint at being good enough at something that could start benefiting him, they want in on it to?

What the hell?

"What if I don't want to play basketball in college?" He asked suddenly, cutting off one of his parents. The stony silence that filled the room became suffocating, very quickly, and Kuroko regretted speaking.

"I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that, son." His father said, a stern glare in his black eyes. Kuroko paled and nodded, hands beginning to shake under the table. They continued speaking, even as Kuroko began to feel nauseated from all of this finalized talk of his future. At one point, his grandmother and father began to fight over which college he should go to. He shrank back in to his seat, hoping that they would continue to ignore him.

His parents thankfully released him from their lecture shortly after that. As he and Nigou walked towards the corner where they would be meeting Kagami and the bus, he pulled out his cell phone. Checking the time, he was relieved to note that Akashi would be in the process of packing his lunch. He pressed the call button, heart still rapidly beating as it rang two times. A sigh of relief left him when Akashi finally answered.

"Tetsuya? I thought we were finished talking for the morning. Is everything alright?" Akashi asked.

The concern in his voice brought a lump to Kuroko's throat, and he swallowed around it, trying to gather the courage to speak.

"No. They have started sending the recruitment offers to my house. My parents found out about it." He whispered, throat becoming constricted as he began to shake once more. The anxiety he had been ignoring back in the kitchen was beginning to catch up to him, and it became too much. He swayed dangerously on his feet, vision becoming clouded.

"Tetsuya. Take a deep breath, my love. You are away from them now, correct?" Akashi asked. Kuroko nodded, wiping away his tears when they escaped against his will. Of course he would end up breaking down now. Why hadn't he waited until after school to call Akashi? Why wasn't he strong enough to wait it out?

"Yes." He managed to answer, wincing at how painful the lump in his throat had become.

"That's a good start. Where are you now? Are you alone?" Akashi asked. Kuroko nodded, glaring at his phone when he realized Akashi couldn't see that.
"I'm waiting on Kagami-kun in front of the bus stop. Seijuuro-kun, I can't afford to skip school again. I'm sorry I called you. I didn't mean to put this on you so early in the morning." He blurted out, his pounding heart roaring in his ears as his fingertips grew cold from the loss of blood.

"Nonsense, Tetsuya. You are not putting anything on me. You can call me whenever you want. If I am in a meeting of some sorts, or in class, you are more than welcome to simply sit and listen in, and I can text you when I can. Never apologize for calling me. If you wish to remain in Tokyo, that's fine. Tonight, however, I am going to insist that you and Nigou not stay at your home. If you would like to make an alternate, then please do so and text me about this arrangement. If you need a hotel room, I'll get you one." He promised. Kuroko nodded, feeling guilty at how relieved he felt about not having to go home tonight if he didn't want to.

"I'm sorry if I'm coming off as ungrateful, Seijuuro-kun." He sighed, waving at Kagami as he approached.

"You didn't, Tetsuya. Now head to school with Kagami-kun and figure out where you are going to be tonight." Akashi insisted.

"Thank you. I love you." Kuroko said, rolling his eyes as Kagami wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. As if he wasn't worse with Himuro.

"And I love you. Have a better day, my love, and if you need anything, text me. I will take care of it." Akashi promised. He waited a few seconds and then hung up the phone. Kuroko slipped his phone into his pocket and offered Kagami a wry smile.

"Sorry about that, Kagami-kun. My parents have begun receiving the offers, and I was cornered and lectured this morning. It spooked me, so I called Akashi-kun. Could I stay at your house tonight?" He asked. Kagami nodded, expression softening in to one of understanding.

"Yeah. Alex is staying over too, though, so going to Ahomine or Kise might be a better alternative." He shrugged. Kuroko nodded. That was true. Alex was too forward for his tastes. So with that in mind, he pulled up a message with Aomine and Kise.

To: Aomine-kun; Kise-kun

Subject: Tonight

Sorry to inconvenience you, but is there any way I can spend the night with one of you tonight? A situation happened at home this morning, and I really do not want Akashi-kun to get me a hotel room. Nigou is with me as well.

"Are you feeling okay?" Kagami asked as they sat down on the bus. Kuroko nodded, slipping his phone in to his pocket before scooping up Nigou. He pressed his icy fingertips in to the dog's fur, shivering at the temperature contrast.

"My blood pressure is very low, and I have yet to eat today. Could we stop at the convenience store by school, Kagami-kun?" He asked. Kagami nodded, a concerned frown still on his face.

"Yeah, no problem. Don't stress about the scouts, Kuroko. We have nothing to worry about. We will definitely got it."

Kuroko shrugged, stomach dropping as he realized Kagami didn't understand. He wanted to go pro and he wanted to take Kuroko with him. He didn't understand that Kuroko didn't want to go pro. However, today was not the day to break it to his best friend. After the incident this morning, Kuroko hoped that practice was peaceful. He couldn't take much more today. His phone vibrated in
his pocket.

From: Aomine-kun

Subject: Re: Tonight

You can crash at my place, Tetsu. Dad is home, but has to be up early, so he'll be in bed before we get back tonight. We'll eat with Satsuki's parents. I'll text Akashi about it too. Tell Bakagami we'll have a practice match after school and practice, then we can go back to my place.

Kuroko relaxed in to his seat as he read the message. He was glad that it was Aomine and not Kise. The blond would ask invasive questions he didn't really want to answer. At least with Aomine, they would sit around and watch old NBA reruns.

"Aomine-kun will keep me tonight. He wants a practice match after our practice lets out." Kuroko murmured to Kagami. He then focused on replying to his text messages.

To: Aomine-kun

Subject: Re:Re: Tonight

Thank you, Aomine-kun. I will need to borrow your laundry machine after school as well, as I do not plan on going home tomorrow morning to change. I am sorry for all of this trouble.

To: Kise-kun, Akashi-kun

Subject: Plans for tonight

Kise-kun and Akashi-kun, I am staying with Aomine-kun tonight. Please do not worry about me, as I am safe with him.

"Here's our stop, Kuroko." Kagami said as the bus rolled to a stop. Kuroko nodded, and together they stood up. They had just entered the store when Kuroko's phone vibrated again.

From: Akashi-kun

Subject: Re:Plans for tonight

Thank you for letting me know, my darling. I will rest easier knowing that you are with Daiki. Call me when your classes let out, and then again when you are at Daiki's home. I love you, Tetsuya. I will speak with you later.

From: Kise-kun

Subject: Re:Plans for tonight

^O.O^ Kurokocchi! I hope everything is okay! If you don't want to stay with Daikicchi, my home is open to you!

Kuroko smiled at the messages before replying to them in turn.

"How about this?" Kagami asked, holding up one of his favorite bento boxes. Kuroko nodded, reaching for the box.

"Thank you, Kagami-kun. Let's buy this and head to school."
This day marked the start of Kuroko's dislike of educators. His homeroom teacher approached him after class, much to his surprise. Wondering if he had a drop in his grade, he gave his full attention to his teacher.

"Sensei?" Kuroko asked, fastening his bag.

"Kuroko-san. I have been asked by our principal to give you this informational pack on scholarships. Your grade have been up this year, so I don't feel that I should recommend you keep up on your studies for next year. Most talented athletes get full rides to college…" Kuroko tuned out his teacher as he realized where this discussion was going. For the past few days, this is how all of his teachers had been treating him. They wanted nothing more than to be the teacher that helped the phantom sixth man go pro.

Eventually, his teacher let him go. As he was exiting the classroom, he sighed and headed to his next class.

Practice wasn't much better. Riko began the session by sitting them all down in front of her drawing board.

"And next week the first set of recruiters coming to visit. Everyone, please try and make sure that you are well rested and ready to show off. This could be a life changing practice session." Riko advised. Biting back a sigh, Kuroko rose to his feet and followed Kagami to their locker room.

Practice had been one of the worst. His performance was shaken by the incident this morning, and his passes were subpar. When he accidentally passed the ball to their opposing team, Hyuuga blew the whistle and called him over to the side.

"What is wrong with you today? You need to get it together Kuroko, or you won't have a future." Hyuuga snapped. Kuroko masked his hurt reaction, and simply nodded.

Why did basketball have to be his future? He didn't want to be doing this for the rest of his life.

"Yo, Hyuuga, he had a rough morning at home. Cut him some slack." Kagami's voice was like a godsend, and Kuroko looked towards one of his best friends, relief flooding him. Hyuuga simply waved them both off, and practice resumed as normal. As he and Kagami began their usual teamwork once again, Kuroko did his best to tune out the murmurs from his fellow second years.

He couldn't wait for this practice to be over.

After what seemed like forever, Kuroko found himself sitting on Aomine's couch, eating carry-out as they watched a basketball match. Neither of them could understand the Russian being spoken, but they could follow the flow of the game easily. As they watched, they were each texting their respective boyfriends.

From: Akashi-kun

Subject: Re:Re: This weekend

No, I don't think you need to bring your basketball gear. I think we could both use a break from it. Don't you agree, Tetsuya?

To: Akashi-kun

Subject: Re:Re:Re: This weekend
"I agree completely, Akashi-kun."

"Yo, Tetsu." Kuroko looked up to meet his frowning best friend's gaze. "You been sleeping okay?" He asked. Kuroko shrugged, feeling embarrassed that his lack of sleep was becoming apparent. He needed to get that taken care of before this weekend, or his boyfriend would insist on them sleep this weekend.

Kuroko had bigger plans than that.

"Not really, Aomine-kun." He admitted. After a moment of deliberation, he decided to try and explain why. "Aomine-kun, do you mind if I talk to you about it?" He asked. Aomine turned off the TV before nodding.

"Let's get ready for bed. Then we'll talk." He said as he stood up. He offered Kuroko his hand, helping him stand up. After cleaning up the living room, Kuroko grabbed his toiletries and headed for Aomine's shower. The light went to check up on his father. After he was done, he grabbed one of Aomine's towels and wrapped it around himself.

"That was fast, Tetsu." He said as he entered the bathroom.

"I didn't want to take all of the hot water." He shrugged, smiling at a text message Akashi had sent him.

"I left your bag on my bed." Aomine said as he turned on the water. Kuroko nodded, looking away as he began to strip. He walked out of the bathroom and sat down on the bed, responding to his boyfriend.

To: Akashi-kun

Subject: Tomorrow

No, I do plan to go home. I have to. It's better for Nigou. I still need to pack for this weekend too. I need to head to bed now, Akashi-kun. I love you.

Satisfied with that message, he dried himself off before slipping on a pair of his boxers and a t-shirt. Nigou came bounding into the room, happily rubbing himself against Kuroko's ankles. A vibration signaled Akashi's reply.

From: Akashi-kun

Subject: Re:Tomorrow

If you need anything, Tetsuya, let me know. I will be there if you need me too. I love you, my Tetsuya, I will call you tomorrow morning.

"Geez, he isn't in bed yet? Ryouta passed out when you were in the shower." Aomine grumbled as he exited his bathroom. Kuroko tossed him a pair of his boxers before climbing under his comforter.

"Akashi-kun is usually asleep after me, and is awake before me." He explained.

"Still. Hey Nigou." Aomine said, holding up the blanket for the dog as well. Nigou settled on the other side of Kuroko, this new setting making him a little anxious. They turned off the light before Kuroko cuddled closer. He relaxed as if on instinct, most of his nights in middle school having been spent just like this. "What's going on, Tetsu. Is it Akashi or Kagami?" Aomine asked softly. Kuroko shook his head, looking up at his best friend.
"Not Akashi. He's been nothing but perfect. Kagami is annoying because he doesn't know how I feel. I just...Seirin is starting to feel like Teiko." He admitted. Aomine met his gaze, a concerned frown on his face. "I just want to have fun with this sport. I want to play with my friends and do our best and win because of that. At school everyone is talking about how we are going to be able to go pro. My teachers are trying to get me to perfect my grades. Riko-san and Hyuuga-senpai are trying to push me to be the best at basketball. I don't care about any of that, Aomine-kun." Kuroko sighed.

"You never have. Even back at Teiko, all you wanted to do was have fun with all of us." He said.

"I don't know how to tell Kagami-kun that. I don't know how to break his heart. He wants us to be the number one team in Japan. We could easily do it, too, but I don't want to. I don't want to come home every night, the weight of the team on my shoulders. I don't want to spend weeks away from my family, practicing in training camps."

"What do you want to do, Tetsu?" Aomine asked. Kuroko went quiet as he thought about it. Eventually, he curled closer as he began to speak.

"I want to do something with kids. Even if I were to coach basketball, I would focus on them having fun as opposed to winning. I want to come home to Akashi-kun every night, and wake up next to him every morning. If I go pro, that won't be possible. Basketball is not my future, Aomine-kun." He said. Aomine pulled him close, rubbing at his back.

"Then don't worry about what they say. Fuck them. Just focus on what you want out of life, Tetsu. If things get to be too much again, text me and I can come and save you." He said, smiling down at him. Seeing the rare expression, Kuroko smiled back and snuggled closer.

"Thank you, Aomine-kun."

Going home was rough. Despite Akashi's attempt at making it better by sending him flowers at the end of practice, Kuroko's heart was still heavy as he stepped in to his house. He reluctantly made his way to the backyard to let Nigou out, feeling a little relieved when he noticed a note on the refrigerator.

_Tetsuya. We are going to be gone for the next week. An emergency popped up. Your grandmother is with us to help settle things quickly. Do you best at your practices. The future of this family depends on it._

He crinkled the note in his hand, gut twisting unpleasantly as the memories of the last week assaulted him. Taking a steadying breath, he fished out his phone and called Akashi.

_Tetsuya."_ Akashi answered on the second ring.

"Good afternoon, Akashi-kun. Are you free?" He asked, sinking down in to his kitchen chair.

"For now, yes. I have a meeting at 8 with an academic advisor to discuss some options that my father requested." Kuroko smiled a little as he imagined the scowl that must have been present on his face.

Their conversation continued on for the next hour. As they spoke, Kuroko kept battling his anxiety, as notes were scattered throughout the house. He managed to get them all tossed out by the time that Akashi had to go. After saying their goodbyes, Kuroko climbed in to his bed and curled up under his blankets. He laid there for hours before he finally managed to find relief in sleep.
Kuroko was practically bouncing on his feet as he and Nigou waited for Akashi’s train to come in. They were heading up north to some mysterious location, and Kuroko couldn't be more excited. He needed this weekend away. When the train arrived, he and Nigou stepped on, quickly making their way to the area Akashi had said he was in. When they arrived, he opened the door to find his boyfriend sitting by the window, a book on Shogi in his hand. He glanced up, a small smirk appearing on his face as he watched Kuroko walk in and shut the door.

"How was the trip?" Kuroko asked as he leaned down to kiss him. A little moan escaped him when Akashi deepened the kiss. He dropped his bag as Akashi put down his book and helped him on to his lap. Kuroko wound his arms around his neck, tilting his head down so that Akashi’s tongue could reach better angles. When they parted, he was trying to catch his breath as his skin flushed.

"Hello, Tetsuya." Akashi greeted him, pressing their lips together in a chaste kiss before helping him settle down next to him. Kuroko blushed, snuggling in closer to Akashi’s side when his arm wrapped around his shoulders.

"Hello, Akashi-kun. How was your trip?" He asked again. Akashi picked up his book once more before answering.

"Long. I was very impatient. I've missed you, Tetsuya. Do you want to tell me about your week?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, playing with the hem of his shirt as he began his tale.

"Which is why I'm so happy about this weekend, Akashi-kun. I needed to get away from everything." He said. Akashi kissed his forehead, and Kuroko smiled a little as he noticed how annoyed his boyfriend was by his treatment.

"If they keep up this behavior, they will lose you. Didn't they learn anything when you told them about Teiko?" He asked, scowling. Kuroko chuckled, kissing him briefly before reaching in to his own bag to grab a book.

When they stepped off of the train, Kuroko squeezed Akashi's hand as he felt himself bubbling with excitement. This was their first vacation together. It would just be the two of them for the next 72 hours. He had no idea what Akashi had planned, and he didn't really care. He was just grateful that this was possible.

"Where are we going, Akashi-kun?" He asked as Akashi signaled his driver.

"Shinning's Cabin of Serenity." He said, holding open the door for Kuroko as the driver took their bags. Kuroko’s eyes widened.

The Shinning Company was one of the biggest entertainment and hospitality driven companies in the business. It was the number one in Japan for at least the last 10 years. This particular location was known for its extravagant and luxurious hotel rooms and hot springs, and its top rated restaurant and dance floor.

This hadn't been cheap, that was for certain.

"Oh Akashi-kun. How did you manage to get us in?" He asked, lacing their fingers together.

"My father and Saotome Shinning met in high school. They have helped one another out in times of need ever since. Shinning himself finds me to be 'a beautiful and talented young man that will make this world an even brighter place.'" Akashi quoted.

"So you just called him and asked?" Kuroko asked, smiling at Nigou when the dog jumped on to his
"No. I texted him, asking for a great place to take you. After explaining what I needed, he sent me train tickets and receipts for a hotel room here." Akashi smirked. Kuroko squeezed his hand, offering him a grateful smile.

Having a boyfriend with connections was nice.

"So what are we going to be doing here?" Kuroko asked.

"Tonight, we are going to relax and sleep. Tomorrow, I plan to properly woo you, Kuroko Tetsuya. Be sure to brace yourself." Akashi said. Kuroko blushed, heart racing with ideas.

"I plan on doing this to you in return, Akashi-kun. Please also be prepared." He murmured. Akashi's burning gaze turned towards his, and he met it head on. He leaned over and kissed him, keeping it chaste because of the driver.

When they arrived, they were given a fruit basket and personally escorted to their room. Nigou was given a shiny new chew toy and some of the best dog biscuits money could buy. Kuroko was in awe at the complimentary items, and followed Akashi's lead on keeping his gratitude to a minimum.

"Will you order us dinner, Tetsuya? Get a steak for Nigou." He said as he opened up his suitcase to pull out clean pajamas.

"I can unpack as well, Akashi-kun." He suggested, stepping forward to wrap his arms around Akashi's waist. Akashi kissed him softly, returning his embrace.

"If you won't mind, Tetsuya. I'd appreciate that. I need to shower. Public means of transportation are always one of the grossest things to me." Akashi said, nose wrinkling in disgust. Kuroko chuckled, kissing him again before pulling back.

"After we eat, I shall shower as well." He promised. Akashi nodded before pulling away from him and slipping in to the bathroom. After hearing the shower start, Kuroko picked up the menu and ordered for the both of them, getting the steak for free because the chef looked up their room information, and tossed it in for free. After that, Kuroko took their bags into the bedroom and began to unpack them. He wasn't surprised by the condoms in Akashi's bag as well, but the lube caught him off guard. Apparently great minds really did think alike.

He dedicated the drawer on what would be Akashi's side of the bed as the keeper of their condoms and lube and dumped them all in there. He next pulled out their outfits for Saturday and Sunday, hanging them up in the closet. All of their books he put in the living room area, and he set up Akashi's shogi board by the table by the window. He was putting out a bowl of water for Nigou when Akashi exited the bathroom.

"I got your favorite." Kuroko explained, taking over the act of drying Akashi's hair. His boyfriend leaned in to his touch, gripping his hips as he enjoyed the attention.

"I'm glad you remembered, Tetsuya. That means a lot to me." He murmured, moving the towel out of his face so that he could meet Kuroko's warm gaze. Kuroko smiled, pressing a quick kiss to his lips as a knock on the door sounded. As Akashi finished drying his hair, Kuroko grabbed their food and set it up. They sat down to eat dinner together, smiling at one another as they dug in.

This really wasn't any different than Kyoto, Kuroko mused. Maybe he was being nervous over nothing.
After dinner, they put their dishes outside before Kuroko went to shower. After that was done, he joined Akashi on the couch and they watched the news for a while before deciding to go to bed. After all, they had both had intense practices before they met up. Hands linked, they made their way to their bedroom.

"Thank you for this trip, Akashi-kun." Kuroko murmured as they curled up together under the blanket. Akashi wrapped his arms around his waist, pressing their lips together. Taking that as his answer, Kuroko kissed back, smiling in to it. The kiss didn't remain chaste for long, and soon Kuroko was moaning, his leg sliding between Akashi's.

"Tetsuya," Akashi murmured when they parted to breath. Kuroko moaned in response, rutting in to Akashi's leg. "Roll on to your back." He ordered. Kuroko did as he was told, detangling himself from his boyfriend. Akashi followed him, and he reconnected their lips in a searing kiss. As he licked his way into Kuroko's mouth, his hand wandered down to their hips. He made quick work of their boxers as Kuroko took over the kiss, wrapping his arms around Akashi's neck to keep them connected.

The shadow bit in to his bottom lip, tugging it between his teeth. He released it with a gasp when Akashi grasped their cocks in one hand, giving them a rough jerk.

"Where did you put the lube?" He asked. Kuroko reached over towards the little table that held it before pulling out the drawer and grabbing it. He quickly passed it to his boyfriend, helping him uncap it before squirting it in to his free hand. Both hissed with displeasure at the cool sensation of the lube on their cocks. Soon enough, the friction heated it to a tolerable temperature. Tossing the lube back into its drawer, Kuroko reached up and captured Akashi's lips in a kiss. He moaned loudly in to the kiss, doing his best to meet Akashi's tongue as his boyfriend's hand kept working him towards an orgasm.

"Don't drag it out, Seijuuro-kun." He moaned when he parted from his lips to get some air. Akashi moved down to begin marking his neck, humming his agreement before biting the flesh at the base of Kuroko's neck. Kuroko gasped as the sharp pain contrasted with the pleasure his cock was receiving. His eyes fluttered shut, even rolling a little when Akashi changed the angle of his hand and began to suck the mark in to his skin.

"Close?" Akashi asked, lips brushing against his skin. Kuroko nodded, arching up as his orgasm approached. It only took a few more strokes of his hand, and then both were coming. Kuroko came first, and as he spilled his seed between them, he reached down and took over the jerking of Akashi's cock, helping to bring him over the edge. He tugged Akashi down on top of him, connecting their lips in a slow, open kiss. It was a simple gliding of tongues, expressing their gratitude in the kiss.

Kuroko pulled away from the kiss first, heart still racing from his orgasm. Akashi continued to pepper little butterfly kisses across his face, content little sighs flowing from him.

"I must admit, I needed that, Seijuuro-kun." Kuroko said, blushing a little even as a sheepish grin crossed his face. Akashi kissed his lips once more before pulling away to grab them wet towels to clean themselves.

"I couldn't agree more, Tetsuya. I needed that as well. Will you find our boxers and make sure the lube is capped?" He asked before disappearing in to the bathroom. Kuroko nodded, sitting up to do just that.

When Akashi returned, Kuroko swapped him a towel for his boxers. It didn't take the two of them very long to finish cleaning up, and once that was done, Akashi joined Kuroko in bed once more.
"I've missed you, Seijuuro-kun." Kuroko murmured as he cuddled in to Akashi's embrace. Akashi placed a kiss to the top of his head, eyes sliding shut as he relaxed for the first time all week.

"I've missed you as well, Tetsuya. I regret not being able to be with you through the last week." He sighed. Kuroko pressed a kiss to the center of his chest before looking up and shaking his head.

"Don't, Seijuuro-kun. There was nothing you could have done that you didn't do. I'm so glad that I have you in my life. It really got me through the last week." He murmured sincerely. Akashi's expression softened and he leaned down to kiss him.

"I will always be here for you, Tetsuya. I love you." He promised against his mouth. Kuroko returned the murmured affection before separating their mouths and settling back down.

"Good night, Seijuuro-kun." Kuroko murmured around a yawn.

"Good night, Tetsuya."

Kuroko got to sleep in that Saturday morning. When he cracked open his eyes, sought out his boyfriend. He reached for him, smiling a little when Akashi shifted closer to him. He cuddled close, eyes sliding shut when Akashi ran his fingers through his hair.

"Good morning, Tetsuya. Did you sleep well?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, sitting up to press his lips against Akashi's before settling down against his side, tucking his head in the crook of his neck. Akashi's arms wrapped around him, pressing a kiss to his forehead.

"I slept better than I have all week. This trip was a great idea." Kuroko murmured around a yawn. Akashi chuckled at the action before gently pushing him back.

"Do you want to shower before we go to breakfast, or when we return tonight?" The red-head asked. Kuroko watched his boyfriend stretch, getting distracted from the question as he watched Akashi's muscles stretch. "Tetsuya?" Akashi called. Kuroko blushed, looking up to meet his boyfriend's amused gaze. "Shower now or later?"

"Later. Let's get dressed and begin our day." Kuroko said, rising from the bed to begin his day before he did something with his boyfriend's half-naked state.

As they got ready, they let Nigou outside so that he could refresh himself as well. After dressing, brushing their hair and teeth, the two grabbed Nigou's leash and left their room.

"What is for breakfast?" Kuroko asked as he grabbed Akashi's hand. His boyfriend shrugged as he pressed the button for the elevator.

"I'm not sure. Shinning said that all of the meals are going to be the chef's choice. I made sure to give him a list of our favorite things." He explained as they stepped inside.

"I've never had a mystery breakfast before, Akashi-kun." The shadow commented as Akashi pressed the second flood button.

"They can be quite interesting. My experiences with them have been limited to just Shinning's locations. He knows what I like and do not like, and his chefs have always been well-informed." Akashi said, squeezing Kuroko's hand as they stepped in to a large, open dining area. Kuroko's eyes widened as he took in the space. There were all kinds of tables and chairs in various formations around the room. An open kitchen was in the far left corner.
"Akashi-sama." What appeared to be the manager of the establishment greeted them. "We have the table for you and your guest ready. Your canine companion has a spot nearby as well." The man said. Akashi dipped his head in thanks as he released Kuroko's hand to place a hand at the small of his back, guiding him after the manager. They walked over to a balcony that overlooked the bay area. The heat from the hot springs below helped keep them warm against the chilly October wind.

"Thank you. Is Chef Matsumoto available?" He asked. The manager nodded, handing them drink menus. Kuroko smiled as Nigou jumped on to the little bed they had prepared for him, chewing on the bone that was in front of it. An empty food dish sat next to a bowl of water.

"He is. I will send him to you as I prepare your drinks. Is there any that you have in mind?"

"I will take an unsweetened iced tea, with a side of sugar cubes. Tetsuya?" Akashi asked as he held out Kuroko's chair for him.

"Just water, please. Thank you, Akashi-kun." Kuroko added to his boyfriend, blushing as he shyly kissed his cheek. Akashi offered him a warm smirk before he took his own seat.

"Can we walk around town next?" Kuroko asked as he reached for Akashi's hand.

"Yes, I think that would be nice. Shall we wander or go with a destination in mind?" When Kuroko opened his mouth to respond, their chef appeared.

"Akashi-sama! Welcome to Shinning's Cabin of Serenity! How have you been?" A large, beefy man asked, offering Akashi his hand. Kuroko took back his hand, studying the man before them. He seemed to be a good fellow that loved his job. And apparently his spouse, if the wedding ring on his finger was any indication.

"I have been well, thank you for asking. And you, Matsumoto-san?" He asked.

"Never better! Who is this lovely young man?" Kuroko blushed at the unexpected attention, nervously playing with the hem of his shirt.

"This is my beloved, Kuroko Tetsuya. We were friends in middle school, and began dating last February." Akashi explained. When the red-head sent him a warm smile, Kuroko's heart skipped a beat and his embarrassed blush darkened with warm affection for his boyfriend.

"Welcome to my humble abode, Kuroko-sama. Now I'm preparing some very special items for the both of you. Let me go check on them. Be hungry when I get back, Akashi-sama!" Matsumoto waved as he walked off.

"You look lovely with flushed cheeks, my Tetsuya." Akashi crooned as soon as the chef was out of earshot. Kuroko pouted, trying his best to push back a new blush as he took Akashi's hand again.

"Do you really enjoy teasing me this much, Akashi-kun?"

"Why yes I do, Tetsuya. It's one of my favorite hobbies." He promised. Kuroko rolled his eyes, but couldn't keep the amused grin off of his face.

Soon their waiter returned with their drinks. As they were discussing one of the nearby parks, the chef returned and passed them their food.

"Akashi-sama, Kuroko-sama. I am giving you some of my best dishes. Tomato and cheddar breakfast bakes, ricotta pancakes, and vanilla buns. I also prepared a plate of boneless chicken for the puppy." He said as he sat down the dishes. Kuroko took in the new dishes with interest. He was sure
that the vanilla was for his sake, and he'd have to thank his boyfriend properly later.

"Don't stray too far, Nigou." Akashi ordered as they entered the park. Kuroko entwined their fingers, glancing up to share a content smile with his boyfriend.

"Thank you for breakfast, Akashi-kun. It was really nice." He said. Akashi paused and tugged him in to his arms. He kissed him, gently parting his lips. Kuroko let out a content sigh through his nose, opening his mouth to Akashi. He wound his tongue around Akashi's fingers curling in to the material of his shirt as he tried to express his gratitude. When they parted, Kuroko buried himself in to his arms for a moment, trying to catch his breath.

"You are most welcome, Tetsuya." Akashi said. They parted and continued on their way through their park. Akashi's eyes lit up when he spotted a shogi park, where a tournament appeared to be setting up. Kuroko gave him a kiss on the cheek before pushing him forward.

"Go on, go on. Have fun." He insisted, an indulgent smile on his face. Akashi turned and kissed him again before going to join. Kuroko followed after, enjoying the way that his boyfriend was giving in to his childish side.

It goes without saying that Akashi won. All of his opponents had been impressed by it, and had encouraged Akashi to try and come again soon. His boyfriend had promised to try his best.

"That was wonderful. I haven't felt this exhilarated in a long time, Tetsuya." Akashi said as they left the park. Kuroko smiled, squeezing his hand.

"That's good, Akashi-kun. When we come back, we'll come here as well. Shall we get lunch?" He suggested. Akashi nodded, and they headed towards a noodle shop they had passed.

After dinner that night, Kuroko and Akashi took baths in the hot springs. Kuroko did his best to thoroughly clean himself, and to try and calm his racing heart.

He had no doubt that Akashi would be happy about this, and eagerly go along.

He just wasn't sure how their relationship would change after this. There were horror stories that after sex, everything changed. What if he became too clingy? What if Akashi's more controlling nature became present in their relationship? What if it wasn't what he or Akashi expected? Would it ruin their weekend?

"Are you alright, Tetsuya? You have been very quiet." A warm hand settled over the nape of his neck. Kuroko jumped, almost forgetting that he wasn't alone.

"I'm alright, Akashi-kun. Just thinking." He turned to his boyfriend, offering him a reassuring smile. Akashi simply pulled him closer, settling him on to his lap.

"What books have you been reading lately, Tetsuya?" Kuroko smiled at the attempt to distract him, and he cuddled against Akashi as he began to list them. By the time he got through the fifteenth one, Akashi was nuzzling the side of his face, his body shaking with chuckles.

"Akashi-kun, what is so funny?" He asked, a little annoyed that his rant was interrupted. Akashi shook his head, kissing his cheek before settling his chin on Kuroko's shoulder.

"I just know the perfect Christmas gift to get you now, my Tetsuya." He shrugged. Kuroko's annoyed glare softened and he kissed Akashi's forehead.
"What do you want for Christmas, Akashi-kun? And 'me' is not an answer. If I can get away with it, I'd like to spend Christmas with you, so I'll already be a guarantee." He said. Akashi sighed, having to rethink his wants. Finally, he shrugged.

"I would love a new set of shogi pieces. My father hasn't bought me a new set in years, and I haven't had a chance to go out and by my own. I feel like I haven't been able to do anything I want recently." Akashi murmured, expression becoming troubled. Kuroko frowned, moving around so that they were sitting chest-to-chest.

"What do you want to do, Akashi-kun? The next time we are free together, name an activity and we can go do it." He said earnestly. Akashi smiled, pressing their foreheads together.

"Have you ever gone horseback riding, Tetsuya?" He asked. Kuroko shook his head, resting his head in the crook of Akashi's neck.

"No, but I have always wanted to learn." He said.

"I own a horse. She is one of the most beautiful creatures I have ever stumbled across. Yukimaru is a gentle horse, and I haven't been able to see her for a few months. Perhaps the next time we are in Kyoto, we can go and visit her? I can teach you how to ride, if you'd like." Akashi suggested.

Kuroko nodded, smiling at the offer.

"I'd like that, Akashi-kun. I really would."

The entire elevator ride back to their room had Kuroko's gut twisted with nerves. His boyfriend didn't comment on his behavior, and Kuroko appreciated it. They entered the room together before Akashi opened the back door to let Nigou go out. Kuroko took a deep breath, focusing on getting himself together before he walked forward and initiated the plan.

"Akashi-kun." He murmured in to his boyfriend's ear, placing a kiss to his cheek as his arms wound around his waist. Akashi turned in his embrace, cupping his face as he pulled him in to a searing kiss that had his knees wobbling. Kuroko moaned in Akashi's mouth, eyes sliding closed as Akashi sucked his tongue in to his mouth. As Akashi continued to kiss him, Kuroko's hands began to undo his shirt. Kuroko broke the kiss to drag his kisses lower. He kissed his way down Akashi's abs. He dropped to his knees, nipping at the underside of one before sucking his mark in to the pale skin. The new training regimen was doing wonders to his boyfriend's body, and he wanted to make sure that his boyfriend knew that he approved. He pulled back to admire the mark, smirking a little at the way that his boyfriend's muscles were tight with arousal.

He left the nipples to kiss his way down Akashi's abs. He dropped to his knees, nipping at the underside of one before sucking his mark in to the pale skin. The new training regimen was doing wonders to his boyfriend's body, and he wanted to make sure that his boyfriend knew that he approved. He pulled back to admire the mark, smirking a little at the way that his boyfriend's muscles were tight with arousal.

"Tetsuya." Akashi murmured before tugging his hair back so that he could capture his lips once more. Kuroko moaned, hands tightening around Akashi's hips as his boyfriend did his best to wreck his mouth, eyes closing when Akashi tugged his bottom lip in his mouth. He nibbled on it briefly before soothing it with a gentle caress of his tongue before moving back on to Kuroko's mouth.
Undeterred by Akashi's kiss, Kuroko made quick work of his belt. He unbuttoned his pants, yanking them and his boxers down in one go. When Akashi's cock sprang forward, he caught it, breaking their kiss. Their eyes locked, with Kuroko asking a silent permission. Akashi nodded, his eyes dark with lust. It sent a jolt of arousal down Kuroko's spine at the promises that those eyes held.

Kuroko moved to the tip of Akashi's dick, pressing a kiss there before moving his way down the left side. He wrapped his lips around the base, moaning when his tongue rubbed circles in to the heated flesh. Akashi jerked above him, and he heard him brace himself on the glass door behind them. Proud that he was the one giving Akashi this reaction, Kuroko moved his mouth over to Akashi's thighs, tugging patches of skin between his teeth as he nipped his way down one, then back up the other. When he returned to Akashi's erection, he pulled back to admire his handiwork. Akashi's cock had a generous bead of presumption gathered at the tip, and his thighs had bright red patches where Kuroko had nipped at them. Moaning a little at the arousing sight, Kuroko opened his mouth and sucked Akashi down.

"Fuck, Tetsuya." Akashi groaned, one of his hands reaching down to brace himself on Kuroko's shoulders. Kuroko looked up and his boyfriend and smiled around his cock before dipping the tip of his tongue in to the slit, gathering the come from it. He spread it around the head before pulling back. He wiped his mouth with the palm of his hand before using that hand to slick up Akashi's shaft.

"Do you need to sit down, Seijuuro-kun?" Kuroko asked, biting back a proud grin when his boyfriend's dick throbbed in his hand at the use of his given name.

"I'm fine, Tetsuya." He boyfriend managed to say, even as his eyes began to roll a little as Kuroko's hand began to give his cock the friction it desperately needed. He moaned, fingers digging into Kuroko's shoulder as his hips began to rock forward. Kuroko's other hand wrapped around Akashi's lower back, keeping him close and steady.

"Hn." Akashi grunted out when Kuroko wrapped his lips around the head of his cock. He slowly took him in an inch before pulling back to the head and then going back down. He repeated this process until he had as much of his boyfriend as possible. He grasped Akashi's hips to keep his steady before opening his mouth a little and began to bob his head. A quick glance up revealed that Akashi's eyes were glued to the site of his cock entering Kuroko's warm mouth. Occasionally he would lick the excess saliva and come from his lips before taking Akashi back in to his mouth, and he was rewarded by more pre-come.

Akashi did his best not to thrust in to his mouth, which Kuroko appreciated. He wasn't quite used to blow jobs enough to try and take that one on. He could tell Akashi was close when his breath began to grow rapid.

"Tetsuya." He managed to groan out, his hips begin to pick up their pace. Kuroko gripped on to them to keep them steady before hollowing his cheeks and swallowing around Akashi's cock. Both moaned at the sensation. Kuroko freed one of his hands and began to pick up his pace, using the other hand to pump and rub at parts of the erection that his mouth couldn't take.

A few bobs of his head and twisting of his hand saw Akashi spilling down the back of Kuroko's throat. Kuroko did his best to swallow all of it, but it still spilled over the edge of his mouth and dripped down his chin. Akashi's fingers tenderly wiped away the mess as Kuroko swallowed his load. Kuroko look up and met Akashi's eyes, blushing at the tender expression being sent his way. Akashi leaned down and kissed him slowly, tasting himself on Kuroko's lips. Kuroko moaned in to the kiss, hands still gripping on to Akashi's hips.

"Shall we move this to our bed? I will return the favor. Go and get yourself situated and I will let Nigou in." Akashi said, their foreheads pressed together. Kuroko nodded. Akashi helped him up and
their shared another kiss before Kuroko gathered Akashi's clothing and went into their room.

As he eyed the bed, his heart began to race with anxiety once again. He smacked his cheeks, focusing on that sting as he got himself comfortable. Akashi entered and closed the door, smirking at the sight before him. Kuroko blushed at the smirk, doing his best to meet Akashi's gaze despite his embarrassment.

"That was exactly what I needed, Tetsuya. Thank you. How would you like me to return the favor?" He asked as he climbed on to the bed. Kuroko reached for him, pulling him in to a kiss. Akashi went willingly, and he parted his lips for his boyfriend. When they broke apart, Kuroko looked away, too embarrassed to meet Akashi's gaze. "Tetsuya?" At Akashi's concerned voice, Kuroko forced himself to meet his gaze.

"Seijuuro… will you make love to me?" He asked, heart racing at how stupid the words sounded. He boyfriend wouldn't care about the corny line, but Kuroko couldn't help but wish that he had rehearsed this speech a little better.

"Are you sure, Tetsuya?" Akashi asked. Kuroko nodded, looking away again.

"Yes, Seijuuro-kun. I want you." He said, doing his best to meet Akashi's gaze again. Akashi rewarded him with a soft kiss, settling on top of him. He took one of his hands, pressing it against his chest. Kuroko's eyes widened when he felt Akashi's racing heart.

"I assure you that I am just as nervous as you are, Tetsuya. Let's figure this out together, one step at a time. How does that sound?" Akashi asked. Kuroko nodded, smiling a little now that he realized just how silly he had been.

After all, they were going to be each other's firsts. Of course Akashi would be nervous. His boyfriend may come off as a fearless emperor, but as the person who knew him best, Kuroko knew this was not the case. He was just being silly.

So as Akashi pulled him to a kiss, Kuroko slid his arms around his neck, pulling him closer. This was the man that he loved. Akashi would get them through this next step in their relationship.

"Do you want me to get you off first?" Akashi asked when they parted. Kuroko shook his head.

"No. I'll probably come off of your fingers, and then again later." He admitted, blushing a little at the embarrassing admission. Akashi pressed a kiss to his cheek before unbuttoning his shirt. He licked his way into Kuroko's mouth as he tugged at Kuroko's nipples. The blue haired male moaned, arching in to Akashi. Akashi broke their kiss to move his mouth south. He settled at the base of Kuroko's throat, pressing a tender kiss there before moving down to nip at the center of his chest. Kuroko jerked at the sharp action, hands tightening in Akashi's red locks. Akashi sucked his mark into Kuroko there before moving to press the flat of his tongue down on Kuroko's erect nipple. He rubbed over it before circling it with the tip of his tongue and then tugging it between his teeth.

Kuroko moaned again, spreading his legs a little so that Akashi could settle himself in a move comfortable position. He blushed when he realized that Akashi was half-hard again, and he rocked up in to him. Akashi chuckled against his chest, and the cool breath met Kuroko's erect nipple, causing an involuntary shiver to run down his spine.

Akashi began to kiss down his abdomen, leaving marks in his wake. Kuroko watched them blossom in Akashi's wake, suddenly very thankful he wasn't a swimmer. Akashi made quick work of his pants, and soon Kuroko was just as naked as Akashi was. Akashi braced himself up on his forearms, pressing tender kisses to Kuroko's navel. He grasped Kuroko's thighs, drawing a surprised gasp from
his boyfriend before placing his legs over his shoulders.

"Hand me the lube, darling." Akashi said. Kuroko nodded, even as his body jerked in surprise at the cool breath brushing against his heated cock. Akashi remedied that by stroking Kuroko's neglected member slowly, just to keep it warm. With shaking hands, Kuroko passed it to his boyfriend before propping himself up on his elbows to watch.

Embarrassing as it may be, he didn't want to miss a moment of this.

Akashi took his cock into his mouth first, lavishing the tip with his tongue before licking the underside of his cock. When he reached the base, he pressed a kiss to the apex between his cock and his sack and brought his mouth back up, sucking on the side of Kuroko's erection the entire way.

"Sei-" He moaned, hips lifting off of the bed as he sought out Akashi's warm mouth. Akashi allowed it as he uncapped the lube and spread it over his fingers. He did his best to warm it before sliding his fingers between Kuroko's cheeks, seeking his entrance.

Kuroko shivered at the invasive feeling. He trusted Akashi with his life. Yet his body obviously wasn't on board with his plan. Akashi's finger traced the entrance to Kuroko's body slowly, occasionally pressing at the outer ring experimentally. All the while, he continued to work Kuroko's cock, his lips wrapped tightly around the shaft as he sucked and stroked.

"Are you okay?" Akashi pulled back to ask. Kuroko nodded, heart leaping in to his throat at the concerned expression on his boyfriend's face.

"Yes. It's just a little embarrassing. I'll be fine, Seijuuro-kun." He promised, doing his best to offer him a reassuring smile. It must have worked because Akashi went back to his tasks. When he pressed in the first finger, Kuroko's face scrunched up in discomfort. He quickly masked it, just in time as Akashi was just looking up as his face cleared. Kuroko was very thankful for Kise and Takao's advice. He didn't want Akashi to be disheartened.

"A little more to the right, Seijuuro-kun." He instructed, relief clouding his face as Akashi's finger managed to slide in comfortably. He had been prodding at his walls, trying to find the best spot. Now he could move his finger with only the resistance of Kuroko's walls as his opponent, as opposed to his rings of muscle too.

"Better?" Akashi released his cock to ask. Kuroko let out a pleased hum in response, feeling himself loosen up for his boyfriend. "Have you been doing this by yourself, Tetsuya?" Kuroko froze at the question. Offering his boyfriend an embarrassed smile, he nodded.

"Yes, Seijuuro-kun. I wanted to be ready for you." He explained. Suddenly Akashi was kissing him. Kuroko eyes closed as he moaned in to his mouth, eyes rolling a little when Akashi began to pump the finger in his ass in and out. "Seijuuro." He moaned in to his mouth. "I thought of you doing this. I thought only of you as I opened myself up, wondering what it would be like to have your cock instead." He said when they parted from their kiss. Akashi moaned in response, burying his face in the crook of Kuroko's neck as he worked to get his waves of lust under control. Kuroko rubbed a soothing hand along his back, smug that he had brought out this side of his boyfriend.

"You are perfect, Tetsuya. Absolutely perfect." He managed to say, placing another searing kiss to his lips before returning to his cock. Kuroko jumped in surprise when Akashi sucked him down without hesitation, tossing his head back as he thrusted up in to his warm mouth. As that thoroughly distracted him, Akashi pulled back his hand and applied more lube. He warmed it before pressing two fingers into Kuroko. Kuroko let out a grunt of pain, settling his hips back on the bed. Akashi searched for the best angle, eyes attached to Kuroko's face. As soon as he found it, Kuroko's
expression relaxed and he nodded.

"Go on ahead. I'm alright." He promised. Akashi pressed a kiss to his mouth before resuming his previous ministrations. As he pumped his fingers in and out, Kuroko was relieved to feel the tell-tale burn that indicated Akashi was doing everything right. He moaned a little when Akashi began to scissor inside of him, stretching him wider.

"Is this okay?" Akashi asked before wrap his lips around the side of his cock. Kuroko nodded, arousal coloring his face as he focused on the feeling of Akashi's fingers. They moved in his ass like they did in everything else. They moved with a purpose, with self-assurance, with precision and accuracy. When he added a third finger, Kuroko clenched down on them, moaning loudly when Akashi brushed his prostate.

"There, Seijuuro-kun." Kuroko ordered with urgency, eyes fluttering shut when Akashi began to assault that spot. He would stretch his fingers wide, circle them, then close them and thrust. A few renditions of that had Kuroko arching off of the bed, incoherent gibberish spilling from his lips. Akashi took the head of his cock in to his mouth, working on bring out Kuroko's first orgasm. It worked, and soon he was reward with his boyfriend's come. He swallowed it all, waiting until the last spurt before pulling off of his cock. His fingers remained inside, and he smirked as he watched his boyfriend come down from his orgasm. Kuroko sat up and pressed their lips together, moaning at the taste of himself on Akashi's lips.

Could there be a better claim?

"I love you, Seijuuro. Make me yours." Kuroko murmured against his mouth.

"I love you as well, Tetsuya. Hand me the condoms and I shall." He said. Kuroko reached for one of the packs, quickly passing it to his boyfriend. Akashi rolled it on to his cock, shuddering a little as he touched himself.

"Do you want it like this?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, though he slid one of his legs off of Akashi's shoulder.

"Yes. I want to be able to kiss you." He said. Akashi nodded, dropping a kiss to his lips before spreading Kuroko wide. He placed the tip of his cock to his entrance, and then met Kuroko's gaze.

"Are you absolutely certain about this, Tetsuya?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, rubbing at the head of Akashi's dick.

"Yes, Seijuuro. Make love to me." He said. Akashi nodded, and then placed one of Kuroko's arms around his neck. He took one of his hands, twining their fingers together before he slowly began to enter his boyfriend. Kuroko winced at the sharp pain, wondering briefly if the preparation had been all for naught. Akashi pressed kisses to his face, squeezing his head as he tried to distract him from the pain. Kuroko reached down and began to stroke himself, and that helped a little. As his had generated the friction his cock needed to become erect again, he distracted himself from the pain by kissing his boyfriend. Eventually, Akashi was fully sheathed inside of him. Kuroko squeezed his hand tightly, offering him a painsmile.

"Give me a second to adjust." He requested. Akashi placed a tender kiss to his forehead, squeezing his hand. When he began to feel himself loosen up, he relaxed in to the sheets. Akashi noted his state and squeezed his hand once more.
"Are you alright?" He asked, concerned. Kuroko nodded, and tentatively moved his hips forward. He moaned as he felt Akashi sliding along his inner walls and he clenched on to him, trying to keep the sensation. When that didn't work, he pulled back a little and moved forward again, thrusting himself on to Akashi's dick. Akashi rocked up into him, and they shared a tender smile.

"Seijuuro-kun." He moaned, tugging his boyfriend on to his mouth. They kissed, Kuroko eagerly parting his lips as Akashi's tongue captured his. As they rocked together, Kuroko dug his fingers in to Akashi's back, holding on to keep himself grounded. He released Akashi's hand so that he boyfriend could have better leverage and began to stroke himself, moaning loudly at the wave of arousal that crashed in to him at the action.

"Tetsuya." Akashi moaned in to his mouth, his thrusts becoming frantic. Kuroko dragged his hand down Akashi's back, grabbing at his ass to keep him close as he clench around his boyfriend's cock. The new angle sent Akashi in to Kuroko's prostate and he let out a loud gasp, encouraging Akashi to keep the pace right there. He did, and it didn't take Kuroko too much longer before he was coming, coating their stomachs and his hand. As the clenching muscles of Kuroko's orgasm assaulted his cock, it didn't take long for Akashi to go over the edge as well, his boyfriend's name on his lips as he came.

As he filled the condom, he collapsed on top of Kuroko. The blue haired male gently pushed Akashi back so that he could move his leg. He wrapped them both around Akashi's waist, tugging his face up so that they could kiss.

"That was amazing." Kuroko murmured into Akashi's hair, nuzzling the side of his face tenderly.

"We were amazing, my love." Akashi agreed, sitting up a little to smile down at Kuroko. Kuroko reached up and cupped his face, smiling back.

"I love you, Seijuuro." He said tenderly. Akashi dropped a kiss to his nose before pulling away.

"I love you as well. Shall we shower?" he asked, offering Kuroko his hand. Kuroko took it. As he went to stand up, he stumbled against Akashi.


"My legs are not cooperating. I might need your assistance, Akashi-kun." He said. Akashi frowned, wrapping an arm around his waist.

"Are you in pain?" He asked. Kuroko shook his head, leaning against him as they entered the bathroom.

"No. I think that it was just the new angle. My legs will adjust, I'm sure." Kuroko shrugged. Akashi didn't comment his thoughts on it, and instead took off the condom as Kuroko started the shower. As he was pulled into Akashi's arms, Kuroko grinned and cuddled close.

This was officially one of the best weekends on his life.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: So here we are, 10k later O.O This was my second time writing a 'first time' sex scene and I don't think I did too bad of a job! The first I wrote was for Teen Wolf.
(Perfectly Imperfect), and I have to say that this one was much better! I hope everyone is just as flustered as I was.

So our babies have had their first vacation. When they get back from it, the drama begins again and really doesn't stop until Akashi's 17th birthday (I think).

Also, best friends Aomine and Kuroko is definitely one of my favorite things~

So, everyone, next chapter (which will be released March 25th, and will be another double update): We get a MiraGen family dinner! And more drama for Kuroko :( But more sex? Also, Takao earns his role as Midorima's chosen partner :) And a cute surprise sleepover between Rakuzan and the MiraGen :D That's all in just one chapter! So everyone, look forward to the update on the 25th!

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Sex, panic attacks, depression

Notes this chapter: Don't forget that today is a DOUBLE UPDATE! Make sure you read this chapter before going to the next :) I had so much fun at my cons, and I am happy to report that I succeeded in spreading the way of sports anime! However, I am now terribly sick :( Anyway, you all will be pleased to know that I'm not going anywhere until Anime Central in May, so our regular, one chapter updates will resume starting next week(April 1st).

I loved this chapter a lot. It had two generation bonding scenes, a sex scene, and some half-assed basketball. It's also when Takao becomes a BAMF. Hope you all enjoy :D

Kida-Asumi

As November brought about a constant need for long sleeves and jackets, the Winter Cup training sessions began to increase. Kuroko was either in school, sleeping, or training for nearly three weeks. After having just became sexually active, he was more than a little frustrated, to say the least. It had been two weeks since he actually got to spend time with his boyfriend in person. He hadn't even really spoken with any of his Generation friends.

He needed a break.

It came to him the second week of November, the day that the preliminaries were set to start. He had just returned home to a thankfully empty house when Akashi messaged him.

From: Seijuurou-kun

Subject: Dinner

I am sending this to all of you. I will be in town with my father this Friday night for the drawing of numbers for the preliminaries. I want all of us to get dinner that night. We need to come together to remind ourselves that our bond is still present.

A separate message had been sent to him.

From: Seijuurou-kun

Subject: Visit

Tetsuya, please plan on staying with me that night. My father and I have separate hotel rooms, as we have different schedules and he did not want me to disturb him. I will take you to breakfast Saturday morning and then return you to Seirin's gym before I am heading to Kyoto for our first match that evening.

Kuroko relaxed a little at the message. Maybe some of his frustration could be curbed by their night
together. He really needed to get away from Seirin's intense atmosphere. Their expectations were becoming too great. He dropped his stuff on to his bed before walking in to his bathroom to take a long bath. As the water filled the tub, he called Akashi.

"Good evening, Tetsuya." Kuroko smiled at the formal greeting, leaning against his sink.

"Good evening, Akashi-kun. How was your practice?"

"Excellent. I am very pleased with the progress our newcomers are making. With most of my starting line leaving after the Winter Cup, I had to really train their replacements for this tournament. How was yours? Were your parents there again?"

"No, thankfully. They will be at every match this weekend. I am going to have to text Kagami-kun and ask if I can use him as a cover for our night. I'm really glad you asked me, Akashi-kun. I need it." He said, longing tightening his throat.

"Tetsuya, my love." Akashi sighed in sympathy on the other line.

"I will do my best to pamper you properly so that you are relaxed for your preliminary games. Are you still having anxiety attacks?"

Kuroko winced at the reminder of those annoying new occurrences. Whenever he spotted a camera, or was asked to sign something, he had begun to tense and have an inner panic attack. Usually he could talk himself out of it, but on a few occasions, he had had to take his boyfriend up on his offer to call him. He had listened to several of the Rakuzan student council meetings, and an awkward tutoring session over the last few weeks. Hearing his boyfriend give absolute answers and commands, and be his confident self usually helped him relax, and brought him a great deal of amusement and pride.

"They are getting better. I've only had two over the last three days. You know about the one on Friday, and I had one yesterday because Riko and Hyuuga were talking to my parents about one of the offers I received."

"How was today?" Akashi asked as Kuroko stripped.

"I'm putting you on speaker phone. It was fine. Most of the tension came from Hyuga and Koganei, actually. He kept defending some of Mitobe's actions, and it pissed Hyuga off." Kuroko explained, a please sigh leaving him as he slipped in to the hot water.

"In fighting will get Seirin nowhere. Hopefully they will get it together by this Saturday. Is that water I hear, Tetsuya?" Kuroko smiled as he leaned back against the wall.

"Yes. I needed a bath." He said simply. Akashi let out a thoughtful hum from the phone.

"Would you like me to help you unwind?" He asked. Kuroko grew red at the suggestion, even if his body responded to Akashi's voice.

"Sure." He agreed, feeling a little awkward at the concept.

Two more days, Kuroko reminded himself. Two more days, and he would be free from Seirin High School, at least for the night.

Today had been a bad day. His father had driven him to school, informing him of the latest negations with the colleges. When he had first arrived at school, Kagami had been texting one of their teammates about doing an interview, and maybe touring a local campus soon. The continued reminder of his fated future had put Kuroko in a depressed state, and he listened silently as Kagami
offered him options and options. He had agreed to a few, hoping it would make his best friend happy. It did, and the red head had begun to nitpick at the details, much to his chagrin.

With Kagami yammering on about that throughout the day, Kuroko did his best to focus on his studies. It worked, and he was able to tune out his best friend for the most part. During lunch, he had texted Kise and Momoi as a way to distract himself. Kagami and the other second years had been making plans for visits next week, and he really didn't want to offer his opinions on it.

He didn't want to bring down their hopeful dreams.

At practice, Kagami explained their plans to Riko and Hyuuga.

"So I was hoping that we could schedule a few of the practices around these visits." Kagami explained. Riko grinned at the idea, clasping his shoulder.

"That we can certainly do! I could start designating certain days to visits like this, if the colleges are willing to negotiate with us. Everyone, please give Hyuga or I the names of universities you are interested in, and we will compile lists and visits to them." She called out to the gym.

"Go and get ready for practice first, everyone. As you get back, just write down the names on Riko's clipboard. Because you are all now so distracted, we'll focus on conditioning today. Try and beat your goals!" Hyuga called after the team as they made their way in to the locker room. Kuroko did his best to stay in the middle of the crowd, using his misdirection abilities to slip away from Kagami.

He didn't want to be pulled into that brainstorming session either.

"Oi, Kuroko, duck!" Koganei's voice cried out. Kuroko did as he was told, instantly ducking down just as a towel flew over his head and landed on Mitobe. "Thanks!" Koganei said, grinning. Kuroko nodded, opening up his locker. His eyes landed on his picture of the generation, taken last February, and his resolve for practice was renewed.

He loved basketball. It was what had brought him so much happiness and many friendships. It was where he had met his boyfriend. Reaching into his locker, he touched the picture, closing his eyes.

*For them, I will get through this. So we can continue to play together.* He thought to himself. It was a mantra he kept up throughout the rest of practice. He did really well on most of his drills that day. It lifted his spirits, and reminded him that basketball wasn't the enemy. His teammates weren't the enemy. It was his indecisive nature and unclear future that was against him.

As he ran laps around the gym for the cool down, Kuroko made a vow to focus on today and not tomorrow. Whatever was to come would come, and there was nothing he could do about it.

"So where were you thinking about going, Kuroko?" Kagami asked him in the showers. Instead of tensing up or becoming anxious, Kuroko took a deep breath and titled his face in to the warm water.

*Just answer Kagami-kun. Be honest. Don't snap.*

"There is a program for nursery education at Tokyo University that I am considering." He said as he ran his hands through his hair, helping the water clear the sweat and grim from practice.

"Oh? I'm thinking about going there as well. Their athletics department is top of the line. Tatsuya is thinking about going back to LA. I'm trying to convince him to stay here." Kagami said before turning off his shower. Kuroko frowned, turning off his as well.

"Why? Do you have to go to college together?" Kuroko asked.
"It's not that. I would like us to at least be in the same country. It's hard enough that I'm in Tokyo and he's in Akita. It would be so much worse if he's across the Pacific." Kagami explained as he pulled out his clothes. "Where is Akashi planning on going?" He asked as soon as he head was in his shirt. Kuroko froze, barely keeping his grip on the towel around his waist at that question.

They hadn't talked about life after high school. Their relationship still had so many milestones to reach that Kuroko hadn't thought to explore what lay beyond the next year.

"I'm not sure. We really don't talk about the future." He admitted. Kagami placed a hand on his shoulder, waiting until Kuroko looked up at him.

"Ask him. And the other guys too. I want to know where our competition is going to be." He said with a grin. Kuroko nodded, even as his heart sank.

He hadn't considered the generation's futures. Maybe this would be a good topic to bring up during their dinner this Friday.

"We're all having dinner together this Friday, before the prelims. Akashi-kun's father has business in Tokyo, and Akashi is tagging along. Akashi-kun felt that this would be a good time to have a pre-Winter Cup get together. To remember that we're all friends." Kuroko explained as they were exiting the locker room.

"Tatsuya and Murasakibara are going to start staying at my place during the Winter Cup, as well as Alex. They didn't want to room with any of their guys." Kagami explained. Kuroko opened his mouth to ask about what would happen if their faced each other, only to be cut off by a grinning Riko grabbing his arm.

"Sorry to interrupt, but I just wanted to congratulate you, Kuroko-kun." She said. Kuroko gave her a confused glance when she pulled out a clipboard. She flipped through a few pages before turning it around.

It was his charts.

"You beat all of your personal goals this training session! Keep up the hard work, and you will be scouted in no time!" She encouraged. Kagami wrapped an arm around his neck, congratulating him as well. Kuroko offered them a smile, even as disappoint and relief coursed through him. He was relieved that she wasn't going to tell him something like a scout had put in an offer and his parents accepted. But he was disappointed that this still remained her goal. Why couldn't she be proud that he was making progress, and leave it at that?

"Midorimacchi, please pass the salt!"

"Aka-chin, what is for dessert?"

"Damn it, Satsuki, I wanted that potato."

"Snooze you lose, Dai-chan! Ki-chan, pass me the salt next!"

Kuroko hid a smile behind his silverware as he watched the generation bicker. All the chatter and whining was so familiar and accurate; it made sense. It was definitely the best part of his week, and he was grateful that Akashi had insisted on it.

He needed to surround himself with familiarity if he wanted to get through the winter cup sane.
"You may have whatever you wish, Atsushi. This is my treat." Akashi said from beside him. Kuroko glanced over and caught his eye. His cheeked heated up when Akashi sent him a subtle wink, resting his hand on his knee beneath the table.

"How has everyone been this week?" Kuroko asked after he had finished off his main dish. Aomine and Murasakibara were going for seconds as the rest of them waited for their stomachs to settle. Momoi answered first, offering Kuroko a wide grin. "Satowaka-kun asked me out!" She chirped. Aomine glared at her from the corner of his eye, but didn't comment. "We have a date set for next Tuesday."

"Is he the tall one with the freckles?" Kise asked. When Momoi nodded, they shared a grin and he high fived her.

"Children," Midorima grumbled as he fiddled with his lucky item. It was a rather atrocious charm bracelet.

"Muro-chin and I got official permission to stay with Kaga-chin during the Winter Cup. Kaga-chin has lots of room for snacks, and he makes Muro-chin smile more. Kuro-chin, you should stay over one night too." Murasakibara said before he resumed eating.

"I will try, Mursakibara-kun." He promised.

"I was voted the head of our Spring Sports Festival committee once again." Akashi announced, a pleased smirk on his face. Kuroko laced their fingers together, offering him a smile of congratulations as the table verbalized it.

"I was as well." Midorima said.

"Me too!" Kise and Momoi chimed together before breaking in to giggles.

"Well now we all have to go to each other's festivals." Kuroko said.

"I agree, Tetsuya. It will be fun to see what you guys do for your festivals. Hopefully they all fall on different dates." Akashi mused. Kuroko and the rest of the generation knew that didn't have to worry about that. Between Akashi and Midorima, it was now set in stone.

"Oh, Dai-chan attended every practice this week!" Momoi piped up. Kise leaned over and kissed his boyfriend's cheek as a reward as Akashi and Midorima shared surprised looks.

"How unusual, Daiki." Akashi stated.

"I agree. Why, Mine-chin?" Murasakibara asked. Aomine shifted in his seat, refusing to look at any of them.

"Well…I want to play basketball for the rest of my life. I shouldn't slack on my future, right?" He shrugged before taking a drink of his soda. As Momoi and Kise cooed his praises, Kuroko's eyes widened with surprise.

Of all of the people he expected to start taking their future seriously, it hadn't been Aomine.

"I won't have time for basketball in college. I will be studying some form of science, and it will take up a lot of my time." Midorima shrugged.

"I agree with Shintaro. I will be taking a lot of accelerated business classes that will consume most of
my free time. I apologize in advance, Tetsuya." Akashi said, offering his boyfriend and apologetic smile. Kuroko shook his head, squeezing his hand.

"We'll be fine, Akashi-kun. I will do my best to support you." He promised, blue eyes sincere as they met Akashi's. Akashi squeezed his hand in return before letting go to reach for his tea.

"I want to go into design." Kise mused, his expression becoming thoughtful and contemplative as he daydreamed about his future. No one was surprised by this.

"I want to cook. Muro-chin has been helping me look into culinary schools."

Or that.

"I want to look into law programs! As soon as Dai-chan settles on a college, I will start thinking about what kind of program I want to take part in." Momoi said.

"I will have letters of recommendations written up when you need internships, Satsuki. I happen to know many of the firms around Japan." Akashi said before taking another drink of his tea.

"So are you guys going to play in college?" Aomine asked, straightening up in his seat as he decided to enter the conversation. Murasakibara shrugged as Kise nodded, a wide grin on his face.

"Yeah! Not sure it will go past that, but as long as my knee is still okay, I will continue to play!"

Kise said happily.

"I dunno. Maybe if Muro-chin does." Murasakibara sighed.

"What about you, Kurokocchi?" Kise asked. The table turned to him, curious looks on their faces. Kuroko froze, tensing up as they all looked at him.

"I will always play basketball. We have streetball matches all the time." He tried to say, hoping it would satisfy them. Kise narrowed his eyes, a small pout appearing on his handsome face.

"But what about college ball?" Aomine asked before the blond could. "What about after high school? If Bakagami decides to go to America, we could form a partnership again." He said, looking a little surprised at his own admission. Momoi beamed as Kise nodded enthusiastically.

"Yeah! If that happens, I will go to your school, Daikicchi! Then we can all be together again!" He exclaimed.

Kuroko tuned them out, trying to stop his growing panic attack. His mind was whirling with possibilities. Were his friends going to shove him in to this box as well? Was his only purpose in life to be some famous basketball star? He didn't want it, and he didn't want people that wanted that for him.

He couldn't take their expectations any more.

"So will you play at the next level, Kurokocchi? You never answered." Kise continued to pester.

"I don't know, Kise-kun. I have no idea what I want to do, or where I want to do it. Just drop it." He snapped at the blond. Kise's eyes widened as the table fell silent around them. Kuroko's anxiety was reaching its peak inside of him, and it was beginning to take over. The sport that he loved was causing him to lose everything important to him. He had thought he was safe here. He had thought that-
"Tetsuya." Akashi's voice brought him back to reality, and his hand gently wrapped around his fist. Kuroko flinched, even as his mind wondered when he had formed the fist. Akashi's fingers gently uncurled his fingers, a soft huff of disapproval leaving him as he traced the indentations Kuroko's fingernails had made. Kuroko laced their fingers together as the guilt began to overwhelm him.

Kise and the others didn't realize what was happening at school. Aomine and Akashi got the general gist of it, but they still weren't there with him every single day.

They hadn't been since he walked out on them two years ago.

"I'm sorry, Kuroko-chan." Kise murmured, his golden eyes upset as he watched Kuroko's face flush with shame. Aomine squeezed his knee, letting him know to leave it at that. Kuroko shook his head, meeting Kise's gaze once more.

"I'm the one that is sorry, Kise-kun. I didn't mean to snap. Seirin and my parents are pressuring me to decide everything right now. I can't leave my bedroom or enter my school without someone talking about it. I didn't mean to let it get the better of me here as well." He explained, hoping that explanation would do. He was sure that Akashi would inquire about it tonight, and Aomine would do it later in the week. Momoi would probably research it and give more detailed reports to Midorima and Akashi as a follow up as well.

Which meant he would be having a practice match with Touou soon. With a sigh, he forced the thoughts out of his mind.

"If we could leave me out of any discussions about basketball being my future, I would appreciate it. I'm sorry, but I can't rationally think about it at this moment." He said.

"We understand, Tetsu-kun. We can change the topic. Let's talk about…" As Momoi picked a topic, Kuroko became lost in his thoughts once again. He could feel Akashi's eyes on him, and he was sure that Aomine and Midorima's were as well. As the tense atmosphere dissipated, Kuroko focused on Momoi and Kise's ramblings and tried to participate, hoping to let his blow up pass them.

An involuntary shiver ran down Kuroko's spine as Akashi's fingers traced patterns in to his bare back. They had left the generation just two hours ago. It hadn't taken long for Akashi to claim him as soon as they had entered the hotel room. As they relaxed in to each other for post-coital cuddling, Kuroko allowed himself to relax for the first time in weeks. He nuzzled under Akashi's chin before placing a kiss to the love bite he had left on his shoulder. He pressed a kiss to his jawline before hovering over his face. Akashi was so lost in his thoughts that he didn't notice. Shaking his head, Kuroko pressed a kiss to his lips, hoping to bring him back. It worked as Akashi kissed him back and shifted his arms around him. When they parted, Akashi's fingers began to tap thoughtfully at the base of his back.

"Are you alright, Akashi-kun?" He asked as he rested his hands on Akashi's chest before placing his chin there as well. Akashi nodded, sitting up a little so that he could look at him.

"I'm fine, Tetsuya. I am a little preoccupied with my thoughts, is all. Mostly my thoughts of you." He added as he cupped his face. Kuroko kissed the palm of his hand before leaning in to it.

"Good things of course?" Kuroko asked. Akashi chuckled, tugging him in for another kiss.

"Of course." He promised when they parted. He let out a soft sigh when Kuroko continued to watch him, expecting an elaboration. "I am just concerned for your wellbeing is all. I'm trying not to whisk you away from Seirin. You wouldn't appreciate it." Akashi said, sending a reproachful glare to his
boyfriend. Kuroko smiled a little, nodding.

"You are right. Thank you for respecting my independence, Akashi-kun. As grateful as I am for all that you do, I do need to try and deal with this drama on my own. Please don't stop supporting me. I'm sorry for inconveniencing you." He said, his smile growing a little bitter. Akashi shook his head, pressing their lips together once more.

"You are not, Tetsuya. I will be here however you need me to. But, if Shintaro or I feel that this is becoming unhealthy for you, be warned that I will intervene. You can be upset with me afterwards. That is a fight I will gladly have with you. Your health, your wellbeing, are my main priorities, my Tetsuya. I will not lose you." He swore. Kuroko's heart skipped a beat at the fierce tone to his voice, and he nodded.

"I love you." Kuroko murmured, pressing their foreheads together. Akashi's eyes met his. Kuroko's breath caught in his throat at the intensity of his gaze. Akashi's lips met his softly. Kuroko's eyes closed as he leaned in to the kiss, a soft gasp leaving him when Akashi nipped at his bottom lip. He tenderly swiped his tongue along it before attaching their mouths together again. Kuroko parted his lips, inviting Akashi in with a flick of his tongue. He gasped in surprise when Akashi rolled them over, moaning a little as Akashi's erection bumped against his own.

"Again, Seijuurou-kun?" Kuroko asked breathlessly when they parted. Akashi nodded, slowly rubbing his hips against Kuroko's as he contemplated how to go about this round. Finally, he nodded to himself. He pulled back, rising himself up and on to his knees.

"Can we try something new, Tetsuya?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, eyes trailing down his boyfriend's chest. He reached out, running an appreciative hand down his abs as the other rubbed against his nipple.

"Sure, Seijuurou. What do you have in mind?" He asked, cheeks flushing when his boyfriend leaned down to kiss his way down his own chest.

"Roll over." Akashi murmured just above his naval. Intrigued by where this could be going, Kuroko did so. A shiver ran down his spine as Akashi's warm mouth kissed a trail up his back.

"I thought you weren't going to take me this weekend." Kuroko asked out of curiosity, tilting his head to the side as Akashi sucked a hickey behind his ear.

"I'm not. I do not want out relationship to hinder your performance during the matches this weekend. I refuse to let it become a weapon for others to use. However, there are alternatives." Kuroko moaned at the sly whisper in his ear. His boyfriend was being oddly vague, and he couldn't help but be a little turned on by the mystery of the situation. He trusted the man on top of him with his everything, and couldn't wait to find out what he had in mind.

"Seijuurou." Kuroko murmured as he turned his head, parting his lips as he sought out his boyfriend's mouth. Akashi rewarded his eagerness with a kiss, sliding their tongues together as he reached out of the lube that was on the bedside table. Kuroko broke the kiss as he watched Akashi slick up his fingers. Akashi kissed his shoulder before returning to Kuroko's ass. Kuroko arched up into his touch as Akashi's fingers slid down between his cheeks. He squirmed at the unfamiliar feeling, his entrance contracting every time that Seijuurou teasingly passed over it. "Don't tease me." He pouted, even as he gripped on to the pillows tightly. Seijuurou placed an apologetic kiss to the base of his back before reaching under him and grasping his cock in his hand.

"Soon the Winter Cup will be behind us. Be sure to be free afterwards, Tetsuya." Akashi commented as he continued to pour lube between Kuroko's cheeks. Kuroko nodded, panting in to the pillows
beneath him as Akashi's talented fingers worked his cock. His gut continued to tighten with the promise of an impending orgasm, and he moaned loudly as Akashi's fingers teased the head.

"Sei-" He cut himself off as his vision wavered, his impending orgasm growing closer still. Akashi let go of him, causing a whine to leave him.

"Roll back over, Tetsuya." He ordered. With Akashi's help, the shadow managed. Akashi pulled his ass on to his lap, hooking his ankles over his shoulder. Kuroko reached down between them to jerk both of their cocks, tossing his head back as he moaned. Akashi tugged his hand away a few minutes later, kissing the tips of his fingers before letting go.

When Akashi parted his cheeks, Kuroko sat up a little to try and figure out where this was going. When he opened his mouth to question it, he felt the length of Akashi's cock slide in between them. Akashi let out a soft moan of his own as his cock was surrounded by Kuroko's warm ass. Kuroko's entrance twitched at the feeling, wanting the cock inside of it, not out.

"Wha-" Kuroko cut off his question when Akashi began to thrust between his cheeks. He moaned, reaching down to jerk his own down. Apparently this was Akashi's alternative. As odd as it was, this position wasn't a bad thing, Kuroko decided when Akashi began to kiss his way down his thighs. His hands were secure on Kuroko's hips as he thrusted up between his cheeks, trying to reach the orgasm that he needed.

"Seijuurou." Kuroko moaned as he tried to thrust his ass against his boyfriend's, wanting the friction now more than ever. Akashi's hand joined his own as they jerked his cock, and Kuroko let out a guttural moan, feeling himself reaching the edge. Suddenly he was lifted up and Seijuurou's mouth engulfed his cock. Kuroko moaned, gripping on to the sheets of the bed tightly as he attempted to support himself as much as he could, even as his boyfriend continued to swallow him whole. Kuroko reached up, sliding one of his fingers into Seijuurou's mouth, rubbing against the underside of his cock. He groaned when he noticed the precome and saliva dripping from Seijuurou's mouth, spilling down his cock and on to Seijuurou's thighs, it was filthy and such a raw claim that Kuroko couldn't help but moan, his cock throbbing with arousal. Akashi moaned in response, and Kuroko moaned loudly at the vibrations.

A few more sucks and thrusts and Kuroko was gone, flying over the edge as his orgasm painted his vision white. Akashi swallowed down what he could, and wiped the rest on the sheets. As Kuroko worked himself out of his orgasmic haze, he was vaguely aware of Akashi resting his body back on the sheets. He moaned a little when Akashi rolled his body so that his knees were pressed to his chest.

"Hold these." Akashi insisted, helping Kuroko secure the backs of his knees. Kuroko did so, snuggling back in to the sheets as Akashi continued to situate him as he wanted him. Kuroko allowed it, still curious as to where this could go. When Akashi parted his cheeks, Kuroko understood.

"Let go, Seijuurou-kun." He soothed, reaching between his legs to help guide Akashi's dick between his cheeks. Once it was settled, Kuroko let go and instead focus on the shallow thrusts that Akashi started. His eyes fluttered shut at the odd sensation. He was sure that his lower back would be upset after this, and would have to take care of stretching properly before his matches. But as he cracked open an eye to watch his boyfriend get off, it was worth it.

Akashi's eyes were shut and his head was titled down. His cheeks were dusted with pink, a combination of exertion and arousal. The slap of his hips against Kuroko's ass resounded throughout the hotel room, occasionally accompanied by a sigh or soft moan from Seijuurou. When Seijuurou started to get close, Kuroko reached around and pressed a hand to Seijuurou's ass, keeping him close.
To accomplish this, he had to arch his chest, the angle odd and a little uncomfortable.

"God, Tetsuya." But that groan made it worth it.

"Come for me, Seijuurou-kun." Kuroko murmured, locking eyes with his boyfriend as he continued to roll his hips against his ass. Akashi's grip on his hips tightened to the point that Kuroko hid a wince, almost 100% certain that he would have bruises after this. He didn't mind, and he continued to murmur words of his encouragement, intrigued to know what kind of face an orgasming Akashi would make.

He was rewarded a few minutes later as Akashi's come covered his chest and the backs of his thighs. His mouth fell open in a silent moan as his hands twitched against Kuroko's hips. Kuroko talked him through it, his heart clenching as he remembered that he was the one that was causing Akashi Seijuurou to lose control. After he finished, he stepped off of the bed, a small smirk on his face as he looked over the mess he had made of his boyfriend. Akashi reached over, scooping Kuroko up in his arms. Kuroko wrapped his arms around his neck, blushing a little as he felt Akashi's come coat his boyfriend's arms on the back of his thighs.

"Are you alright, Tetsuya?" Akashi asked as they walked to the bathroom. Kuroko nodded. Akashi put him down, keeping a supporting hand on his back in case he swayed.

"Yes. My back is holding up better than I thought it might. That was interesting, Akashi-kun." He commented as Akashi began their bath.

"You didn't dislike it?" Akashi asked, his tone giving away his uncertainty. Kuroko shook his head, walking back in to the room to remove the top sheet that was now soiled. He folded it and brought it back in to the bathroom before answering his boyfriend.

"No, I didn't. I got to watch you lose control for once. I regret that you weren't able to enter me, but that's about it. When we can go all the way, we should try it again." He said, wrapping his arms around Akashi's waist. As Akashi returned his embrace, Kuroko tried to ignore the come that was slowly sliding down his sides. It was cooling rapidly, and he didn't like how slick it was. It was a little disgusting, and he couldn't wait to get it off of him.

"I have always dreamed of doing that with you, Tetsuya." Akashi admitted quietly. Kuroko pressed a quick kiss to his chest before reaching over to turn off the water.

"I'm new at this too, Akashi-kun. Please tell me the things you want in our relationship, and I will tell you how I feel about it in return. I will be sure to do the same when I can figure out how to put it in to words." He promised. Akashi nodded, stepping in to the water first before helping Kuroko in. Kuroko settled against his chest, wiping the come from his body.

"Please do, Tetsuya."

The Winter Cup of 2010 started off great for the teams that hosted the generation of miracles. All of them managed to make it to the preliminaries without issues. As Kuroko responded to happy messages from Kise and Momoi, Kuroko tried to ignore his bickering senpai. He looked up to find Kagami laughing with their fellow second years, and tried focus in on their conversation.

"That movie was amazing!" Sanada was agreeing.

"I can't wait for the sequel! Only two more months, guys." Karoka said. Kagami nodded, slinging an arm around Kuroko's shoulders.
"We should all go together." He insisted, smiling down at Kuroko. Kuroko smiled back, even as his heart sank as he realized he didn't want to go with these guys. Kagami wouldn't be too bad, but he didn't hang out with most of Seirin anymore. Now all he did was hang out with the generation on the weekends.

This disconnect was a long time coming, but it still hurt Kuroko to realize. When did he lose his friends? A few messages later showed that his uncertainty was blending into his text messages.

From: Kise-kun

Subject: Re:Re:Re:Re:Re Dominating the basketball world!

Are you alright, Kurokocchi? You seem a little down.

With a sigh, Kuroko forced himself to perk up and get better at hiding his feelings. He didn't want to bring the generation down as well.

The Generation teams all made it past the first three rounds of the Winter Cup as well. They all had an interview after opening ceremonies, and then Taiga insisted on one with just he and Kuroko. The shadow did his best to keep his answers neutral, even if the notes that the reporters were writing made him anxious. After every match, it seemed like there were more and more interview opportunities that Taiga accepted. Kuroko did his best to appear cheerful in them, but Kagami caught on.

"Do you not like all the attention? Kuroko, this is for our future." Kagami insisted over dinner after one of them. Himuro was sitting beside the red head, stealing the fries from his plate with a sly smile on his lips. Murasakibara sat next to Kuroko, observing the conversation with a slight frown on his face, but he remained quiet. Kuroko shrank in on himself, nodding.

"I will try to do my best, Kagami-kun. I think that I am just too tired after the matches to really focus on the questions." He tried. Kagami's expression softened and he finished off his sixth burger before responding.

"That makes sense. I'll start setting them up before the matches!" He exclaimed, clearly pleased with this solution. As Himuro chuckled at his enthusiasm, Kuroko bit back a sigh.

To think that at one point, Kagami had been able to read him. They used to be so very close. Now, Kagami couldn't see that he was single-handedly breaking apart their friendship.

It broke Kuroko's heart.

He didn't touch his milkshake for the rest of the night, and chose not to respond to any of the generation. They would see through him in an instant. When they parted, Murasakibara and Kuroko hung back so that Himuro and Kagami could have a semi-private goodbye.

"Ne, Kuro-chin." Murasakibara murmured quietly around the pocky in his mouth.

"Yes, Murasakibara-kun?" Kuroko asked. Murasakibara ruffled his hand even as his glare at Kagami hardened.

"I'll crush him for you, Kuro-chin. Kuro-chin shouldn't be made to do interviews." He said. Kuroko felt a little bit of the weight in his heart be lifted at the protective tone that the purple giant was using.

"Thank you, Murasakibara-kun." He said. Himuro called for Murasakibara, his cheeks pink and a little breathless from the kiss he had just given Kagami. The red head returned to Kuroko's side, his
face as red as his hair. Murasakibara slipped Kuroko a vanilla chocolate bar before ruffling his hair and returning to Himuro's side. Kuroko smiled a little, clinging on to the candy.

Even though his life was going through a rough time, he still had friends close at hand.

The quarter finals hosted all of the generation teams, to no one's surprise. Seirin and Kaijou, Rakuzan, Shutoku and Touou, and Yosen. Those were the four matches.

"Kurokocchi, best of luck!" Kise said as he hugged Kuroko tight. Kuroko returned it, a little worried about how Kise would react when he lost. He didn't want to lose him too. He was the last one to let go, and from the pout on Kise's face, he hadn't missed that fact.

Regardless of the outcome, he was certain that Kise would be paying him a visit that night.

As he stepped on to the court, Kuroko could feel all of the eyes on him. Some were friendly, like Midorima's, Momoi's, Aomine's, and Murasakibara's. Some were curious, such as the reporters and scouts. Others were full of expectations, like his parents.

With a deep breath, Kuroko stepped up to the lineup.

After the match, Kuroko made his way to Kise's side. He offered him his hand, worried about his knee. Kise accepted it, even as he refused to look at him.

"Kise-"

"I'm okay, Kurokochi. I'll meet up with you later." He said before dropping his hand and making his way to the lineup. Most of the senpai were in tears, and it wasn't long before Kise joined them. Kuroko felt his heart break as he reluctantly took his place next to Kagami, who was brimming with excitement. Kise and the others went to their locker room as Kuroko and Seirin began to head to the stands. Rakuzan was stepping onto the court. Akashi squeezed his hand, his eyes narrowed as he took in his upset. Reo and Hayama hugged Kuroko close before leading the rest of the team.

"Kuroko-kun, are you staying for the rest of the matches?" Higuchi asked as he trailed behind Nebuya. Kuroko nodded, forcing a smile for the manager. "Good! Save us seats and we'll join you guys after this, right Akashi-sama?" He asked. Akashi nodded, leaning over to press a tender kiss to Kuroko's forehead.

"Let me take care of this match, and then I shall take care of you, my love. Can you hold it together until then?" He murmured softly against his forehead. Kuroko nodded, squeezing his hand.

"Yes. Please end it as swiftly as you can, Akashi-kun." He said, trying not to let his emotions break free. Akashi nodded, letting go of his hand as he stepped back beside Higuchi.

"We will end this game without time outs on our end." He announced. Higuchi nodded, taking a note of it. Their coach walked past them, a small smirk on his face at Akashi's bold declaration.

"I like this idea, Akashi." He said. Akashi nodded, and after offering his boyfriend one more smile, Akashi followed after Higuchi and his coach. Kuroko turned to grab Hyuga's arm.

"Rakuzan wants to watch the rest of the matches with us." He explained. Hyuga nodded, slinging his arm around his shoulders.

"We figured as much. Kiyoshi managed to get out a section for all of the generation's teams in case
"This was the case." He explained, eyes lightening up as they approached their ex-teammate. Kiyoshi seemed to be doing well, much to Kuroko's relief. The separation hadn't been easy on Hyuga.

"Tetsuya." Kuroko froze at the sound of his father's voice. He turned to walk in to a hug from his mother.

"You performed wonderfully darling!" She cooed, smiling at the cameras as they began to take pictures.

"We just got an emergency call from our agency. We will be gone for the rest of the weekend. Invite your team over. It will build bonds." His father insisted. His mother nodded.

"We left food money for you in your room. Be sure to brush your hair before any interviews." She said. Kuroko nodded.

"We will look forward to watching them." He added. Kuroko gulped and nodded. He was shaking by the time he returned to his spot next to Kagami. Kagami frowned, and wrapped a protective arm around his shoulders.

"Ignore them now and focus on your pretty boy." He tried to cheer him up. Kuroko took his advice, and focused on Rakuzan's match.

He was never able to give the match his full attention. His parents' fake smiles and high expectations continued to give his gut anxious twists. Kise's heartbroken face continued to haunt him.

He was worried that his sanity wouldn't survive this Winter Cup. Yosen had joined them for that match, with Himuro squeezing in between him and Kagami. After Rakuzan wiped the floor with their match, Yosen rose to their feet to go and begin their warm up and change. Himuro and Kagami shared a good luck kiss before he left. Kuroko impatiently waited for Rakuzan to join them. The happy atmosphere around him was making him anxious, knowing Kise was in pain elsewhere.

"We brought snacks for everyone. Thank you for saving us seats." Higuchi said as Rakuzan joined them.

"Congratulations on your win, Akashi-san." Hyuga said as he rose to his feet, shaking Akashi's hand as Reo, Higuchi, Riko, and Kiyoshi began to pass out snacks.

"Congratulations on yours as well, Hyuga-san." Akashi said politely before accepting two bottles of water and the lunches he had prepared for Kuroko and himself. He sat down next to him, a small frown on his face as he noticed how pale his boyfriend was, and his shaking hands.

"Did you eat after our breakfast this morning?" Akashi asked softly, passing him the bottle of water. Kuroko shook his head, trying to open the bottle of water, but his hands were shaking too hard. Akashi opened his own before swapping it with him.

"I couldn't. Akashi-kun, Kise-kun was- " He was cut off as he watched Touou exit their locker room. The blond in question was standing by the end of it, kissing Aomine good luck. Momoi caught sight of them and waved before joining their team on the bench.

"He looks fine, Tetsuya. A little upset is understandable. He's certainly not upset with you, just himself. Eat your meal, my darling. You need your strength." He said before taking a drink of his own bottle of water. Kuroko nodded, taking a drink of his water before screwing on the lid and opening the lunch. He smiled a little as he noticed a combination of his and Akashi's favorite foods.
"Thank you, Akashi-kun." He said as he bit into a rice ball. Akashi finished his bite of food before turning to press an affectionate kiss to his cheek.

"Any time, Tetsuya. I noticed your parents leaving." He commented as Shutoku appeared on the court. Kuroko nodded, relaxing a little more as Higuchi sat down next to him, and the rest of Rakuzan sat behind him. He was firmly isolated from Seirin at the moment.

"They are leaving for the weekend, as I figured they would. They insisted that I have my team crash at our house this weekend. I wouldn't mind if the first string of Rakuzan came over with any of the generation that feels like coming over. If not, maybe just you?" Kuroko suggested, feeling a little shy at the prospect of having so many people over to his house. It wasn't fancy like Akashi's, but it had a lot of crash space.

"I would love to spend the night with you, Tetsuya. I am in town for the weekend anyway, as my father is here. I do need to escort Rakuzan to the train station tomorrow morning, but I am all yours Saturday." He said, pressing his shoulder against Kuroko's.

"Excuse me for interrupting, but I would love to stay at your house as well, Kuroko-kun." Higuchi spoke up.

"I want to stay!" Hayama whined behind them.

"Well that means we have to stay as well." Reo grumbled, leaning against Nebuya.

"You got grub at your place, Kuroko?" The male asked before swallowing down more food. Kuroko shook his head, scooting a little closer to Akashi.

"No, but my parents left me money to buy some." He promised. Nebuya grinned and agreed to come as well.

They watched the Shutoku and Touou match in mostly silence. Akashi packed up their lunch boxed before wrapping a possessive arm around Kuroko's back, keeping him close. After Shutoku's win, the two teams discussed the highlights of the match. From the top of the bleachers, Kuroko watched Aomine and Touou return to their locker room. His ex-light didn't appear to be in a bad mood, and he was hopeful that meant good things about Kise as well. As Yosen began to enter the court, Shutoku joined them as well.

"Congratulations on your win, Shintaro." Akashi murmured as Higuchi vacated his seat to pass out the rest of the food to Shutoku. Midorima sat down next to him, still wiping the sweat from his neck.

"You too Akashi, Kuroko." He said. Takao plopped down next to Midorima, humming some tune to himself as he accepted his food and dug in.

"Midorima-kun." Kuroko said quietly to the green haired male.

"Kuroko?" Midorima replied after swallowing his food.

"I am having Rakuzan's first string over tonight. I was hoping that you and Takao-kun would join us." He said. Midorima shrugged.

"Oha Asa suggested that socialization this weekend would bear great luck for next. Takao is with me tonight anyway, so sure. Will the other guys be there?" Midorima asked, wincing a little when Takao finished his food and wrapped his arms around Midorima's waist tightly.

"I haven't asked Aomine-kun or Murasakibara-kun yet. Kise-kun…" Kuroko trailed off, looking
down at his hands as Kise's heartbroken face flashed through his mind.

"Ryouta is fine, Tetsuya." Akashi reminded him, his hand squeezing his side. Midorima nodded, catching on to the problem.

"He just needed some time to compose himself. Aomnie and Momoi are taking care of that now." Midorima assured him.

"Ryo-chan is better now, Kuroko. He started texting me on the way up. He and Aomine-san will join us in the second half. They are getting food." Takao spoke up, shoving his phone in Kuroko's face as proof. Even as he pulled back from the bright screen, Kuroko felt a wave of relief crash down on him. He was glad that things with Kise weren't tense again. He couldn't take anymore drama.

Seirin's good mood held until the second quarter. Kuroko couldn't remember who started whining first. He just knew that he was distracted from the match by Koganei suddenly whining as Izuki insulted him. Hyuga hit them both, and then they all broke out in to fighting. Riko and Kiyoshi's cries weren't enough to stop them. Kuroko wanted to disappear from this spot, terribly embarrassed by his teammates. Shutoku and Rakuzan watched on curiously. Akashi squeezed his side again as Kuroko deflated. Midorima and Akashi shared a look over his head, and just as Midorima began to speak up to try and stop the fighting, Takao beat him to it.

"Wow, I didn't know that there was such a thing as sore winners. Thank you for showing me this concept, Seirin." Takao grinned. Kuroko's eyes widened as silence fell between the two teams.

"This is none of your business, Takao." Hyuga grumbled eventually. He turned to continue his argument when Takao spoke again.

"Actually, Hyuga, you're airing your dirty laundry in a public place. And killing the reputation for your team. You're making some people uncomfortable and other's irritated because you are distracting them from the Yosen match. So please, get over yourselves and behave." He snapped, a rare serious frown on his face. The three teams were stunned in to complete silence for a few minutes before relaxing and resuming their watching of the match.

Kuroko stifled amused chuckles into Akashi's shoulder. He was really glad he had suggested sitting the other teams with them. Now he wouldn't have to face Seirin's in-fighting alone. When he met Takao's gaze, the black haired male winked at him before settling his head on Midorima's shoulder once more.

"Kazunari is an interesting man." Akashi murmured softly into Kuroko's ear, amusement and intrigue in his voice. Kuroko nodded. Akashi pulled back, reaching over to tap Midorima on the shoulder. When the green haired male turned to him, Akashi's eyes slid to Takao's form.

"You chose well, Shintaro. Kazunari is a wonderful addition to our group." He said softly. Midorima's expression grew blank, masking his feelings for this statement. But if the way that he was gripping on to Takao's hand was any indication, Kuroko could guess that he was relieved.

Takao Kazunari was the first outsider to face and pass the Generation of Miracle's boyfriend test.

True to their word, Kise, Aomine, and Momoi joined them during the third quarter. Kise hugged Kuroko and Akashi tightly, pressing his lips against Kuroko's ear to apologize for worrying him.

"I'm never mad at Kurokocchi." He promised before pulling back. He sat down in front of them, snuggling against Aomine as he and Momoi continued their chat about the game in front of them. Kuroko smiled, sitting up a bit to participate in their analysis. Akashi and Midorima shared their
observations with Momoi, and the group was unsurprised when Yosen won.

"Ne, a sleepover at Kuro-chin's house? Sounds like fun." Murasakibara had said when they met up outside.

"Kyaa! Our first sleepover since Teiko's training camps!" Momoi squealed, jumping on to Aomine's back.

"Gah, Satsuki." Aomine grumbled. Kuroko chuckled, lacing his fingers with Akashi as he gave out his contact information to his leader of the second string and the coach. Midorima was seeing off Shutoku. Once that was taken care of, the group headed towards Kuroko's house.

Kuroko couldn't remember laughing this hard in a very long time. He was sitting between Akashi's legs as Aomine and Nebuya had an eating contest on his living room floor. Kise and Reo were cheering them on as Takao took bets from the rest. Murasakibara was munching on sweets next to the two, looking sad that he couldn't participate.

Akashi had his arms around Kuroko's waist, keeping him close as he observed the room. Kuroko tilted his head back to look up at his boyfriend, a genuine smile on his lips as he watched Akashi think.

"Akashi-kun." He murmured softly, seeking his undivided attention. Akashi must have sensed that because he looked down at him, his lips twitching in to a small smile before they were pressed against his own. A flash lit up their vision before Momoi let out a sad sigh.

"I was hoping to be sneaky." She pouted at them when they parted and looked at her. Kuroko smiled, reaching for the phone to see the picture. "You guys looked so happy that I wanted to catch this moment forever." She explained. Kuroko's expression softened at the image. The happiness in his smile and the affection in Akashi's was apparent, and both seemed to be glowing as they leaned in for a kiss.

"I want this picture, Tetsuya." Akashi murmured in to his ear. Kuroko nodded, sending it to himself and his boyfriend. Akashi pulled his phone out of his pocket, making it his lock screen before putting away his phone and settling down behind Kuroko again. Smiling a little, Kuroko cuddled back in to his embrace and watched his friends have a good time.

They played video games and board games well in to the night. They drank sodas and waters and ate terrible junk foods and sweets.

When Kuroko woke up that morning, it was to Akashi's warmth against his back. They had made it to his bed somehow. The last thing he remembered was beating them all at a round of poker, and then sticking in a movie. Kuroko cuddled into his pillow and boyfriend, yawning quietly. Akashi's hand rubbed at his back before he pressed a kiss to his forehead.

"Be careful getting up. Daiki and Ryouta are asleep in front of us." He murmured. Kuroko rolled over to see, and when he spotted them, he reached for his phone. Aomine was splayed out on his back, mouth open as he drooled all over his borrowed pillow. His body was half covered by a blanket, half covered by Kise. The model, on the other hand, was curled against Aomine's side, his hand curled in to the material of Aomine's tank top as he buried his face against the warm body next to him. Kuroko took the photo before rolling over and on to his back to post it, and a few others, on Facebook. Akashi stopped him from posting, and instead pulled up his camera and had them take a morning selfie before allowing Kuroko to continue. Kuroko rolled his eyes despite the amused smile on his lips as Akashi climbed from the bed to start their morning shower. As he waited for Facebook
to post it, he abandoned his phone and went to join him.

Despite the drama that was yesterday, this morning seemed to be turning out just fine, Kuroko mused as he stepped under the warm spray and Akashi’s mouth met his.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: 9k later and here we are~ I really, really loved this chapter, as stated in the note before this. A couple things. Kuroko's depression was hard for me to write because it's based off of a real life personal experience. I'm sure I will get criticized for it, and that's okay. However, I'm conveying what he feels, not what he SHOULD feel. Get used to it, kids.

I adored the Generation family dinner and slumber party! They pleased me! And Takao putting Seirin in their place is priceless! But enough from me, the next chapter is up too!

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

THERE IS A CHAPTER BEFORE THIS! READ IT FIRST!

Warnings: Sex! Birthday sex, in fact~ Also, panic attacks :( 

Notes this chapter: Hey everyone! Make sure you read the chapter before this! So this chapter isn't quite as long as the last one, but it's still full of fun times. We're still dealing with the Winter Cup too. We also get a look at Rakuzan! And our Kuroko is so very sneaky. Enjoy!

Kida-Asumi

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Life wasn't always easy. It also wasn't fair. Kuroko Tetsuya knew this first hand.

But sometimes, life was kind. Today was a good example of that. As he stood just inside of his front door, kissing his boyfriend goodbye and thank you for the wonderful weekend, he had a small smile on his face. The future looked much more optimistic after this weekend. Most of the Winter Cup was now behind them. In just a few months, he could finally admit that basketball wasn't his future, and no one would be upset by it. He could go about a normal, healthy senior year at Seirin High School. He could support Kagami and Aomine's needs to go pro without having to go pro himself.

"Have a nice week, Tetsuya. I will call you when I arrive home." Akashi promised when they parted. Kuroko nodded, a soft smile on his face as he squeezed Akashi's hand.

"You have a nice week as well, Akashi-kun. I will look forward to your call." He said. Akashi kissed him once more before letting go of his hand and heading out of the house. Kuroko watched as Akashi entered the black car waiting for him, and stayed by the door until the car was out of sight. A bark stole his attention, and he smiled down at Nigou.

"We're going to get through this, Nigou. I can feel it." He said, chuckling when the dog began to lick his face enthusiastically.

He could float through the rest of this semester. Wade through the turbulent conflicts that Seirin was having, that existed within himself. The waves of drama that seemed to be holding him back before were calm down. Or maybe he was strong enough to continue going forward.

Maybe he had finally learned to swim.

Regardless, this was a nice, new normal.

The weather was terrible the second weekend in December. Riko and Hyuga were very irritated by it. They had planned an emergency training camp for Seirin, with the final rounds of the Winter Cup just days away, but the weather wasn't having any of that.

"It's too bad about the camp." Kuroko said to Kagami as they walked to school the following
Wednesday. He genuinely meant it too. He had been looking forward to hanging out with Seirin. Kagami nodded, an annoyed pout on his face.

"I thought it sounded like a lot of fun." He agreed.

"Well now we can focus on winning the Winter Cup again. I'm sure that we will go against Akashi-kun." Kuroko mused. Kagami beamed, clenching his hand in to a fist in excitement.

"We can take back that damned crown from him once and for all. I can't wait to wipe that smug smirk off of your boyfriend's face, Kuroko." Kagami grinned. Kuroko rolled his eyes as he was in the middle of texting said boyfriend.

"That is not a good move for your health, Kagami-kun." Kuroko murmured as he read Akashi's latest message. He blushed bright red, texted a hasty good bye, and put his phone in his pocket. He glanced over at Kagami, hoping he hadn't noticed. When he roared with laughter moments later, Kuroko swore and tried to ignore the red head.

The day had started off great. As soon as they had entered the school, Kuroko realized that his good day wouldn't last. Kagami had continued to tease him about Akashi's suggestive text message as they switched out their shoes. He was opening his mouth to remind him of some of the things Himuro had texted him when they were suddenly surrounded by several of their classmates. Kuroko and Kagami shared a frown, as neither of them appreciated being caged and cornered.

"Is it true that you chose Kyodai University?" 

"Or that you have a four year contract with Hakuo?"

"I heard that it was Shukadaai!"

Kuroko tensed at the names of the more persistent universities. His parents had been handling many of the negotiations with the recruiters, thankfully. Kagami and Riko had been handling the rest. But he had heard those three mentioned enough to recognize them.

"Calm down, everyone. Kuroko and I haven't agreed to anything yet." Kagami said, a pleased grin on his face. Kuroko closed his eyes, hoping that this conversation wouldn't last. He didn't want to be a part of it.

"Make a decision soon!"

"Keep us in the loop!"

"Please do your best."

"Don't screw up!"

Kuroko flinched at the last one, reaching into his pocket to grip on to his phone tightly, hoping for strength. Thankfully, the crowd died down soon. Kagami was rambling on about their options again, as Kuroko did his best to shake off his mood. As he sat down for his first period class, he was hoping that the incident would be the only one.

It was not. They were crowded at least three times throughout the day. During the break for practice, they were cornered by their friends.
"So come on, Kagami, be honest? Where do you want you guys to go?" Koganei asked. Mitobe shot Kuroko a small frown. Sensing it, Koganei smiled and playfully punched his shoulder.

"Silly Mitobe, of course Kuroko wants to go with Kagami to college! They are inseparable just like you and me." He chuckled. When Kagami and Mitobe glared, he back pedaled, shaking his head. "Well, maybe not exactly like us." He said, a sheepish grin on his face.

"Well, Kuroko, where do you want to go?" Kagami asked. Kuroko carefully hid his expression, ignoring the unpleasant wave of nausea that was assaulting him. It was probably linked to a combination of the stress he was facing and the strain practice had put on his body.

"Anywhere in Tokyo is fine. I want to take childcare classes." He forced himself to say truthfully. "Excuse me." He said, holding up his water bottle as an excuse. Kagami waved him off before turning back to Koganei, a pleased smirk on his face at finally getting an answer.

As he all but ran into the locker room, Kuroko began to feel very lightheaded. Between the ice cold tips of his fingers and his shaking hands, it took him a few tries to get his locker open. Once the lock dropped, he wrenched it open, blindly searching for his phone as dark spots danced in his eyes. Finally, he found it. He took a deep breath as he closed his locker. He exited the locker room, intending to go back to practice after texting his boyfriend for strength. When he heard his name coming from the coach's office, he frowned and headed towards there. Kagami, Riko, and Hyuga were talking with their advisor.

"So please get us as many Tokyo scouts as we can. See, Kagami? I told you that Kuroko just needed some time to get used to the idea." Hyuga chuckled. Kagami nodded, and Kuroko could hear the relief in his voice.

"I'm glad. I was starting to think that he didn't want to play basketball competitively. I guess I was just being paranoid." Kuroko's heart stopped at those words.

No. Please, Kagami-kun, try and read me better.

It's not what I want.

Don-

"I will call his parents about this as well. I'm sure they will be relieved. Well, please do your best. Let's go back to practice." Riko insisted. Kuroko bolted, his breath growing ragged as his heart raced with adrenaline. His flight instinct was making his ears ring as he ran out of the gym. The guys in the gym had noted his pale face and assumed that he was going to be sick. One of the freshmen was saying that he would tell the coach. Letting that excuse stick, Kuroko ran to a nearby closet. He shut himself in as the tears fell down his cheeks. With shaking fingers, he called his boyfriend. It took half a ring.

"Tetsuya?" Akashi's concerned voice rang in his ear.

"They are making plans for me to go to Tokyo University without my consent." He blurted out. "Kagami-kun was so close to realizing." He sobbed, burying his face in his arms.

"Shh, Tetsuya. It's going to be alright. I am on my way to a meeting with my student council. You are more than welcome to listen in. In just a short half an hour I will be all yours again. Is that okay?" Kuroko nodded at the question, relieved that his boyfriend wasn't asking questions. He didn't have the answers to his own questions, let alone Akashi's.

"I love you, Seijuurou." He managed to say. The sigh Akashi let out spoke of his veiled fury at
Seirin and his overwhelming concern for Kuroko.

"And I love you, Tetsuya. Stay strong, my love. I will be right here. If need be, I can come and be with you tonight." He offered. Kuroko shook his head, not wanting the money spent unnecessarily even as his heart ached at the offer.

"No. I'll go to Kise-kun's. Please don't spend money for unnecessary reasons." He said, his throat finally easing up the painful restriction it had on it.

"We will have that argument at a later time. Ryouta is a good choice for this. He will be affectionate and concerned, but make up reasons without you having to explain. I am about to enter my office, Tetsuya. Stay on the line." Akashi ordered. Kuroko nodded, cradling the phone to his ear. His boyfriend greeted each member of his student council by their given names as well.

They were discussing the upcoming Winter Cup. The semi-finals were that weekend, and Akashi was helping them get together enough transportation if Rakuzan went to the finals.

"I suggest we use upcoming pre-exams this Friday. For students that do very well, they will be given a free admission ticket to final and a train ticket to the semi-finals. If they do well next week, they will received a meal ticket and a train ticket to the finals." Akashi declared. Kuroko rolled his eyes as they all attempted to fall over themselves to agree with his boyfriend, even as an amused smile graced his lips for the first time that week.

"That's a great suggestion, Akashi-sama! My father is the CEO of the train company, and can surely donate to this cause." A smug feminine voice spoke up amongst the others.

"Excellent. Thank you for that generous offer, Ayame. Naoto, take notes on this and present it to the funding committee tomorrow afternoon. Report to me after they have accepted our proposal. I will be in my gym." Kuroko leaned back against the wall, taking another deep breath. His heart rate was finally slowing down to its normal tempo. As Akashi took control of his council, Kuroko felt that a little part of the world was right again.

"Will we offer to pay for 30% of all of the tickets like last year, Akashi-sama?" A hesitant male voice spoke next. Kuroko attributed this one to be Naoto. He must have been their treasurer.

"Of course. It's only polite. Tamaki, contact the stadium to ask for donations as well. Let them know that the first string or the Generation of Miracles would be willing to present themselves in support of the stadium." Kuroko pouted at that. More attention is exactly what he did not want. With a resigned sigh, he pulled his phone away to text Kise, requesting that he pick him up and keep him for the night.

"How many should I ask for, or-"

"Do what we did last time, stupid Tamaki. We will give vouchers to our students, and the ticket booths will let them in for free." A deep, disgruntled male voice spoke next.

Kise responded just as enthusiastically as he expected. He ignored the follow up message that no doubt was filled with all kinds of planned festivities. Honestly, Kuroko just wanted a warm body to cuddle with. As his first and second choices were out of reach, with Aomine and Touou still away for their training camp, the blond would do.

True to his word, Akashi wrapped up the meeting at a half hour on the dot. As soon as the last member had left his office, Akashi returned to him.

"Tetsuya." He greeted. Kuroko smiled a little.
"You didn't think I had hung up?" He asked.

"The phone call was still on-going, my love." Akashi paused, as if weighing his next words carefully. "What are your plans for the Winter Cup, Tetsuya?" Akashi asked. When he didn't elaborate, Kuroko took a guess.

"You mean where will I be staying leading up to them?" He asked. Akashi gave an affirmative hum as the sound of rustling papers indicated that he was packing up for the day. "The semi-finals are on the 18th. We will be finish them, and the Riko is giving us practice on the 19th. She wants us to rest the 20th if we go to the finals, which are on the 21st. We will all meet up at the stadium at 3pm that day." Kuroko paused to think about any plans he had made promises of. "I left my schedule open aside from all that. Your birthday is the 20th, Akashi-kun. I wanted to make sure we could celebrate it together." He said as soon as he realized why.

"Excellent. Our schedules are nearly identical then. Rakuzan and I will travel back to Kyoto the evening of the 19th. If you could get Riko to release you a little early, I will take you back with us. If not, I can buy you a separate ticket. I'm sure that we will be ambushed by a surprise party as soon as we are back. On my birthday, however, I am free as well. I wanted nothing more than to spend it with you and our friends. Ryouta and Satsuki have already planned a lunch celebration at one of the finer diners in Kyoto. The morning and evening will be all yours, Tetsuya." Akashi explained. Kuroko blushed at the warmth in his voice. As he remembered the plans he had been making for that day, he idly wondered if Kise would go shopping with him tonight or tomorrow. He then nearly slapped himself for thinking that.

This was Kise Ryouta. Of course he would want to go shopping with him.

"What was that groan I heard just now? Are you alright?" Akashi asked. Kuroko blushed bright red as he realized he had groaned aloud without meaning too.

"I have to go shopping with Kise-kun and Momoi-san." He said, hoping that Akashi would take it as innocent. From the dark edge to the chuck he let out, Kuroko hadn't been lucky.

"You don't have to do that, my love." He said. Kuroko frowned, opening the door to the closet as he headed towards the gym. Practice was probably over now.

"Yes I do. You only turn 17 once, Seijuurou. I want to make sure that you remember it." He said. Akashi let out a hum of agreement.

"Are you feeling any better?" The red-head asked. Kuroko nodded.

"Yes. Thank you for answering. And allowing me in to your meeting. I apologize for any inconvenience it caused you." Kuroko said, bowing slightly out of habit as he made his way in to the locker room. Akashi snorted softly on the end of the other line, obviously annoyed by that comment.

"Tetsuya." He said, his tone a warning not to act this way. Kuroko smiled a little, shaking his head.

"I love you?" He offered. A sigh left his boyfriend.

"And I you. I'm going to head home now, my darling. Call me before bed so that we can properly say goodnight." He said. Kuroko nodded, smiling a little when the dial tone rang in his ear. Closing his phone, Kuroko focused on gathering his things.

On the morning of the semi-finals, Kuroko left his bedroom to find his parents packing up as if to get ready to leave.
"Are you going somewhere?" Kuroko asked, hoping that the answer was yes. He didn't really want them to stick around for the semi-finals and finals, on the off chance that they made him stay away from Akashi.

"After your semi-final game. We will be flying south for a few days, and then returning before your final match."

"I will be in Kyoto on the 20th. Akashi-kun's birthday is then." Kuroko explained, hoping they didn't want to have him home that night. Both of his parents shrugged.

"As long as you make it to the final match, we don't really care." His mother said.

"Make sure that your performance doesn't slip in the final. We will punish you if it does." His father added. Kuroko swallowed around the lump in his throat, nodding.

"Of course." He agreed quietly.

"Also, son, we are picking your final school in January. You and Kagami-kun need to try and settle on one soon. If you do not have one picked by your birthday, we will have to choose for you." He mother said.

"Your future is too important for this family. We will not allow your indecisiveness to screw this up for the Kuroko family." His father declared. With that, his parents resumed their packing. Kuroko didn't stand around, waiting for them to speak again. He quickly retreated downstairs, escaping in to the backyard with Nigou on his heels.

Most days at home were like this now. His parents were constant shadows, encouraging him to do his best on the court with threats and expectations. He still strived to do his best on the court, but it was half-out of desperation to do everything perfectly so that his home life did not get worse.

He really needed this coming weekend with Akashi. With a sigh, Kuroko sat down and watched Nigou run around his backyard.

The semi-finals were exactly as Kuroko had predicted they would. Seirin won their match against Shutoku with a 10 point gap. Rakuzan and Yosen had a measly 5 point, which Akashi had attributed to their first years, as it had been their first match with their lineup for next year. Only once Akashi had joined them in the fourth quarter did they manage to get the hang of things. Kuroko had watched on in amusement as his boyfriend led the little first years to victory. They had crowded around him apologizing afterwards, looking both the parts of ashamed and relieved. Akashi had simply patted their heads and shoulders and encouraged them to do what they did in the second half next time, and they would be fine.

He and Akashi had met up afterwards, where Rakuzan and Seirin had a friendly dinner. They had reluctantly parted, as Akashi had to return to keep an eye on Rakuzan and Kuroko needed to make sure that he had everything for tomorrow night.

"Soon, Tetsuya." Akashi had promised as he kissed him goodnight. Kuroko nodded, squeezing his hands tightly as he leaned up to press their lips together.

"Have a good night, Akashi-kun. I love you." He whispered.

"I love you too. I will see you tomorrow evening." He promised as they parted. Kuroko nodded, offering his boyfriend one last smile before he turned to follow Seirin away.
Akashi had been right about the party on the 19th. What he hadn't predicted was how wiped they would be as they returned to the Akashi household. Kuroko yawned as Akashi held open the door for him and Nigou.

"What a long day." Akashi said softly as they made their way to his bedroom. Kuroko nodded, rubbing at his eyes sleepily. As Kuroko dropped on to the bed, Akashi left the room to let Nigou outside. Kuroko must have dozed off because he jumped when Akashi returned, running a hand over his back.

"Come on, Tetsuya. Sleeping in your jeans would be uncomfortable." Akashi pointed out. Reluctantly, Kuroko sat up. He took Akashi's hand, allowing the red-head to pull him up. Smiling a little, Kuroko leaned forward to press his lips against Akashi's.

"It's after midnight." He murmured, wrapping his arms around his waist.

"It is." Akashi agreed, pretending he didn't understand where Kuroko was going with this.

"My birthday boy is 17. Happy birthday, Seijuurou." He said before pressing another kiss to his lips. Akashi smiled against his kiss before he reached between them and undoing Kuroko's pants.

"I look forward to tomorrow morning, Tetsuya. Will you spoil me?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, tilting his head a bit to better the angle of the kiss.

"Absolutely rotten, Seijuurou. But just bed for tonight?" He asked as his pants pooled around his ankles. Akashi nodded.

"Yes. We need our energy for tomorrow." He teased. Kuroko blushed, even as he stepped out of his pants and reached for Akashi's. The red-head placed another kiss to Kuroko's lips before releasing him and grabbing their clothing. Kuroko climbed into the bed, smiling as he settled in to the familiar sheets. When the lights went off and Akashi joined him minutes later, his smile grew and he reached for his boyfriend. Akashi pulled him close, curling their legs together. As they drifted off to sleep, Kuroko felt himself relax for the first time that week.

Kuroko blinked awake the next morning to the distant chirping of bird. From the lack of light on the other side of the curtains, it must have been very early. Biting back a yawn, he looked up at his boyfriend. Akashi was on his side, one arm under his pillow, and other around Kuroko's waist. His face was relaxed and peaceful, and for once, free of the various masks he had to put on throughout his typical day. Grinning at the rare sight, Kuroko carefully climbed from the bed. When Akashi shifted behind him, he tensed. His boyfriend had simply rolled over and on to his stomach, burying his face in his pillow. A tender smile crossed Kuroko's face at that, and he resisted the urge to kiss the top of his head.

He grabbed his bag and Nigou before silently exiting the bedroom. As he let Nigou out, unpacked in his bag. His heart warmed as he placed his new toothbrush next to Akashi's. It was one of the many purchases he had made during his trip with Kise and Momoi. He pulled out a bottle of lube and prepared himself, ignoring the surges of arousal that were sent to his groin by his own ministrations. It had been entirely too long since he was last taken, and he was going to remedy that this morning. Once he was satisfied that he was stretched enough, he washed his hands and turned towards his bag. Setting aside his clothing for the day, Kuroko turned off the light and opened the door. The sun was beginning to rise, and the room had a blue tinge to it. Knowing that soon Akashi's internal clock would awaken him, he quickly let Nigou back inside and gave him food and water.

"Stay out here, Nigou." He instructed quietly before making his way back to the bedroom.
He turned off Akashi's alarm clock before it could wake his boyfriend before stripping off his clothing. He took a moment to mentally prepare himself before climbing back into bed. As he slid beneath the sheets, he kept his eyes locked on his boyfriend's face. At some point while he had been making his careful preparations, Akashi had rolled over and onto his back.

That just made it that much easier. Taking another deep breath, Kuroko crawled over so that he was hovering over Akashi. Bracing himself with one hand, he let the other begin exploring the red-head's body. His fingers were gentle as they traced over the plains of Akashi's chest. It didn't take long for his ministrations to awaken Akashi. When he wrapped his fingers around his half-hard dick, Akashi cracked open an eye.

"Tetsuya?" He asked, voice deep with sleep. A shiver ran down Kuroko spine at the sound, not at all used to a half-awake Akashi.

"Shh. Just rest." He said instead before pressing their lips together. His boyfriend seemed to allow that suggestion before he did, languidly deepening the kiss. Kuroko let out a moan through his nose as Akashi's tongue rubbed against his, slow and deep and sensual. Pushing back his own pleasure, Kuroko pulled away from Akashi's sleepy kiss. Offering him a parting peck, he moved his kisses down Akashi's jaw before moving up to his ear. He nipped at the lobe before sucking it in to his mouth, a pleased grin appearing when Akashi's cock throbbed in his hand at the action. He released his ear to leave a hickey behind it, enjoying the pleased hiss that Akashi released as he nipped at the skin.

"Tetsuya." Akashi murmured as he reached down to grab at Kuroko's straining erection. Kuroko pulled away, releasing Akashi's erection before grasping at his wrist.

"Not yet, Seijuurou-kun. You get to go first." He said. Akashi frowned a little before nodding.

"I'll behave." He promised, moving his hands to Kuroko's waist. Satisfied that he would listen to him, he grasped his cock again. Kuroko kissed his way down his neck, resisting the urge to suck a mark on to his pulse when his lips brushed past it. He continued to kiss his way down his chest, pausing as he reached his nipples. Kuroko's hand released Akashi's erection once against to part his legs. After settling his hips between them, Kuroko took one of his hardening nipples in his mouth. He sucked once before releasing it to circle it with his tongue. A quiet moan left Akashi at the action, and his hips rocked against Kuroko's stomach, seeking relief. Kuroko shivered as Akashi's pre-come smeared across his hot skin, and he tugged the nipple with his teeth, enjoying the moan Akashi rewarded him with. He released that nipple to move over to the other, erecting it as well.

Kuroko eventually dragged his mouth lower, nipping and licking his way down Akashi's abdomen. It flexed and twitched beneath his lips, and Akashi's breathing picked up as he reached his naval.

When he reached the base of his erection, Kuroko rested his arms on either side of Akashi's hips, holding them down. His boyfriend's slim fingers slid to his hair, and Kuroko looked up to meet his gaze. His boyfriend's eyes still had that adorable sleepy look to them, even if his pupils were blown wide with arousal. Not breaking the gaze, Kuroko bent down and lapped at the head of Akashi's cock. His moaned as the pre-come coated his tongue, the taste adding to his own arousal. He circled around the head once before taking it in his mouth. He closed his eyes, focusing on taking in as much of his boyfriend as he was comfortable with, slowly. He took him in inch by glorious inch, loving the weight of his boyfriend on his tongue. When Akashi's hand tightened on his hair, Kuroko moaned around the length in his mouth. Akashi moaned in response, his hips twitching beneath Kuroko's arms.

Blowjobs weren't the most graceful things, Kuroko had learned. They made his jaw ache and his saliva glands were in overdrive. But they were totally worth it. Nothing made Akashi lose himself
quite as much as Kuroko sucking on his cock. He paused once he got to the base of Akashi's cock, his eyes rolling a little as his boyfriend's scent and taste overwhelmed him. Between the cock in his mouth and the pubes surrounding his nose, Kuroko was more aroused than he had been in a long time. Concentrating, he carefully removed his lower lip from over his teeth. Akashi's breath hitched as his bottom row of teeth grazed the underside of his cock.

"Tetsuya!" Akashi gasped as he came back up to Akashi's head. Kuroko met his gaze once again, shivering a little at the pure, open want on his face. Kuroko began to set a pace on Akashi's cock, wanting his first orgasm all to himself. His tongue and teeth did most of the work as his mouth provided Akashi the velvety warm his desired most. It didn't take long for Akashi's hands to tighten in his hair as a warning. Kuroko braced himself, before giving one last suck. Akashi spilled down his throat with that silent encouragement, a loud groan spilling from him.

Kuroko swallowed as much of his boyfriend as he could, spitting the rest into his hand. Akashi was still watching him, looking considerably more awake after his orgasm.

"Good morning, Seijuurou-kun." Kuroko said, a sly smile on his face as he began to stroke Akashi again. His boyfriend's body was on board with this idea, and the dick in his hand began to grow hard once again.

"Good morning to you, Tetsuya. Come here so that I can give you a proper thank you." Akashi purred. Despite the pool of arousal that caused in Kuroko's gut, he shook his head.

"Not yet, Seijuurou. I'm not done with you down here yet." He said. Akashi's eyes went wide with surprise.

"Oh?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, pressing a kiss to his stomach as his hand continued to work Akashi's cock.

"I spoke with a few of our friends about this morning. I wanted their suggestions and tips. It's been so long since you were last inside of me, Seijuurou. I need this as much as you do. If we do this in the morning, I will be fine by tomorrow night." He explained as he released Akashi's erection to move up on Akashi's body. He placed his legs on either side of Akashi's hips, waiting on his boyfriend's answer. Akashi frowned, reaching out to grab on of Kuroko's hands.

"You don't have to do this for me, Tetsuya. It's too much of a risk. We have the finals of the Winter Cup tomorrow night." He protested. Kuroko shook his head, reaching down to press their lips together.

"I'll be fine. Trust me, Seijuurou-kun." He pleaded against his mouth. Akashi didn't respond for a moment, so Kuroko pulled back to let him think. With a reluctant sigh, Akashi offered him a smile.

"How can I say no to that request?" He simply said. Kuroko grinned wide, body quivering with anticipation of being filled with his boyfriend after all these weeks. "However, as it is my birthday, I want to choose how this is done." He added. Kuroko nodded, content with that request.

"Of course, Seijuurou. Whom am I to deny the birthday boy?" He asked. Akashi smirked, sitting up.

"Come here, Tetsuya." He said, grasping Kuroko's slim hips and yanking them closer. Kuroko gasped at the rough action, a sly grin spreading across his lips at the unusual action. Akashi typically took things on the gentler side of things.

Apparently he wasn't caring about that today.

"Eager, Seijuurou-kun?" Kuroko teased as Akashi began to suck his mark on to his chest and his
hands slid to cup his ass.

"You have no idea, Tetsuya. I've been trying so hard to keep myself from taking you against whatever surface I can find." He said, voice deep with arousal. Kuroko flushed at his remarks, his own arousal growing.

"Take me now, Seijuurou. Remind me of whom I belong to. Let me remind you of the same." He said, pressing his lips to Akashi's forehead. A growl left his boyfriend and before Kuroko could register the noise, he was on his back with Akashi's lips upon his, hot and demanding.

"Sei- "He managed to get out before Akashi's finger slipped its way into his entrance. He moaned loudly, tossing his head back as he clenched around the digit. "I prepared myself in the bathroom earlier. Just take me." He begged, pressing his hands against Akashi's back to keep him close.

"I want to watch you the next time you do that, Tetsuya." Akashi ordered in to his ear before he nipped at the flushed skin. Kuroko's eyes fluttered closed as Akashi's dick pressed against his entrance. He reached down, helping Akashi spread him so that way he could become as sheathed as possible, as quickly as possible.

"God!" Kuroko gasped out as Akashi's length slid in to him. The hot rod was stretching slowly, pressing in with almost too much care. "Hurry, Seijuurou-kun." Kuroko gasped in to the red-head's ear, fingers digging in to the skin on his back as his boyfriend continued to take his time.

"Shh, Tetsuya. We're going slowly so that you cannot be harmed. I promise to take you hard tomorrow evening. Maybe even in the locker rooms afterwards?" He suggested before leaning down to suck a mark in to his neck. Kuroko tilted his head back to give him more access, eyes rolling a little as the head of Seijuurou's cock pressed up against his prostate.

"Touch me, Sei." He begged, body quivering with anticipation as his cock leaked between their stomachs. The captain filled his request, grasping his swollen length with one hand and beginning to pump it just the way Kuroko preferred.

"I don't think I can stretch this out for too long, Tetsuya. After such a wonderful wake up call, my body is a bit too aware and eager for yours." He said, burying his face in Kuroko's shoulder as he slowly thrusted in to the blue-haired male's body.

"Me too, Seijuurou. Me too." Kuroko murmured before pressing his mouth against his boyfriend's. Between the friction of Seijuurou's hand and his talented tongue, Kuroko was soon releasing between them. Seijuurou followed soon after, Kuroko's ass pressing around him just right.

Their kiss became tenderer as they fell in to the afterglow. Just simply pressing of lips and sliding of tongues as their bodies cooled. Kuroko smiled when they separated, and he curled up in his boyfriend's arms, very satisfied.

"Happy birthday, Seijuurou-kun." He murmured warmly, eyes closing when his boyfriend's free hand began to gently run through his hair.

"Thank you, my Tetsuya. Shall we shower?" He suggested. Kuroko nodded, untangling himself from his boyfriend before climbing from the bed and offering the red-head his hand.

Kuroko rolled his eyes as Momoi and Aomine bickered at the end of the table, with Kise occasionally chiming in to egg them on. They were fighting over Aomine's latest pair of shoes that cost him triple digits.
"Aka-chin, how did you like the cake?" Murasakibara was asking Akashi beside him.

"It was wonderful, Atsushi. Thank you. You should make another for Tetsuya's birthday, but with more vanilla. Don't you agree?" Akashi asked him. Kuroko turned to meet his gaze and nodded.

"Yes. Please bake me a cake as well, Murasakibara-kun." He said.

The generation and Takao were currently at one of the Akashi owned restaurants in a mall near Akashi's house. Akashi's personal drivers were parked nearby, ready to receive the presents that their young master was gifted. This let the generation wander the area before and after the meal without all of the bags they had to carry.

Kuroko had to applaud Momoi and Kise's plan.

However, his was still going to be the best. Nodding at a nearby waiter, Kuroko rose from his chair.

"Everyone, please finish up your meals. I have a surprise for all of us." He explained, keeping his face as blank as possible as 7 sets of eyes snapped towards him. They were mixed with shock and surprise, and no small amount of curiosity.

"Tetsuya?" Akashi asked as he sat back down. The waiters began to pick up their plates, sitting down aptly-colored bags instead.

"You will see, Akashi-kun." He said with a patient smile, grasping his boyfriend's hand.

"What is it, Kuroko?" Midorima asked.

"Shhh, Shin-chan. Let it be a mystery. It will be more fun that way, right Ki-chan?" Takao asked the blond. Kise nodded, a wide grin on his face as he and Momoi smacked Aomine's hand from reaching into the bag.

"Agreed, Takaocchi!" He said.

Soon, they were settling in to the various Akashi vehicles. For once, Kuroko insisted on separating the couples. Midorima had frowned at the suggestion while Aomine had shrugged and Kise and Takao giggled with excitement.

"Are you sure, Tetsuya?" Akashi asked, taking his boyfriend's hands. Kuroko nodded before leaning up to press a tender kiss to Akashi's lips.

"Yes, Akashi-kun. It's a short drive, and this way you can have some peace and quiet once Kise and Takao figure out where we are going." He promised. Akashi's expression softened at the thought Kuroko had put into this and he nodded.

"Thank you, my love. I shall see you soon." Akashi promised. Kuroko kissed him again before pulling away to climb in to the backseat of his car. He was pressed between Momoi and Takao, and Kise took the front seat.

"So, did it work?" Takao asked as soon as they were driving. Kuroko nodded, cursing inwardly when his cheeks grew as pink as Momoi's hair. Takao beamed as Kise cheered and Momoi wrapped her arms around Kuroko.

"Yes it did. Thank goodness. I was becoming very impatient and unsatisfied. Thank you for that advice, Takao-kun." Kuroko said.
"So you got him to take you?" Kise guessed. "Good job! How are you feeling?" He asked. Kuroko shrugged.

"I feel fine. He insisted we take it slow, and we did. I feel pleasantly stretched." He admitted before averting his eyes. "He also promised to make it up to me after the winter cup." He added.

"How is sex with Akashi-san?" Momoi asked, dropping her head on to his shoulder. Kuroko's cheeks grew darker as flashbacks of this morning flashed through his mind.

"Incredible. Raw. He claims me as his own with every move he makes, and offers himself in return. He's gentle and careful about it, but isn't afraid to be a little rough." He admitted. He didn't usually explain things like this, as he felt that it wasn't anyone's business but his own on how his sex life was, but for whatever reason, he couldn't help himself. He trusted these three people, and their opinions. They had helped him spoil the love of his life today, and thus they deserved a little reward. Kuroko let out a quiet snort at that thought.

"What is it, Kurokocchi?" Kise asked. Kuroko shook his head, leaning his head back to stare at the ceiling of the car.

"I just had a thought that was very similar to some of Akashi-kun's. I think he's rubbing off on me." He said. When Takao and Kise snickered at his word choice, he turned red again and didn't say another word for the rest of the car ride.

They had spent the day at Kyoto's most famous hot springs resort. Everyone had had a great time, and at one point it had turned into a reminiscing session. Akashi had been thrilled at this gift from his boyfriend, and had been sure to show his gratefulness as soon as they were alone in the house.

Two blowjobs and a mutual hand job later, Kuroko felt thoroughly sated. It made up for all these weeks of focusing on training for the Winter Cup. He couldn't wait for tomorrow night.

"Thank you for today, Tetsuya. It was really wonderful." Akashi murmured as he watched Kuroko pack up his things.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, Akashi-kun. It was my goal. Will you put these back in my drawer? I didn't mean to pack them." Kuroko explained, passing Akashi a pair of pajamas. Akashi accepted them, thinking that they might have been his own. He was about to insist that Kuroko just taken them when he realized something odd.

"These are yours, Tetsuya." Akashi pointed out. Kuroko nodded, tucking in everything in to the suitcase before zipping it closed.

"These are yours, Tetsuya." Akashi pointed out. Kuroko nodded, tucking in everything in to the suitcase before zipping it closed.

"I know. Half of these I brought with me, I intend to leave here. Is that alright?" Kuroko asked, the uncertainty in his voice breaking Akashi's heart.

"Of course it is, my Tetsuya. You and your belongings are welcome here for as long as you wish. I'm just surprised by it. If you wished to have your own wardrobe here, I would have bought you one while we were out today." He explained. Kuroko stood up and shook his head.

"That's not the point, Akashi-kun. My goal isn't to have a set of things for me at your house. My goal is to have my things at your house. Things that were already mine mixed in with yours. It might seem silly, but this way it's less of a hassle if I need you to save me from my stressful world." He explained before zipping up his duffle bag. Akashi's expression softened, and he pulled Kuroko in to a tight hug.
"Thank you for everything, Tetsuya. I don't know what I would do without you." He murmured in to his hair. Kuroko snuggled in to it, a content sigh leaving his lips.

"I feel the same way, Akashi-kun. I guess we will just always be together, huh?" He asked, a smile on his lips. Akashi chuckled, kissing him softly.

"Let's head to bed now. We need to be up very early tomorrow." Akashi pointed out. Kuroko nodded, and the two rose to their feet.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: 7k later and here we are! I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! The next one is even better!

So, everyone, next chapter (which will be released April 1st): Ogiwara returns! Tensions amongst Seirin and in the Kuroko household grows. Enter Akashi Masaomi. More panic attacks. Drama escalates at the Winter Cup. There is a party that goes a little crazy and leads to "one of the best sex scenes in this fic", according to my beta. See you all April 1st!

- Kida Asumi
As Kuroko watched the green scenery roll by, he listened to the first string of Rakuzan's quiet bickering. His boyfriend was sitting beside him, keeping an eye on the first years in the row across from them. Reo and Hayama were debating on who would win between Shutoku and Yosen, as Nebuya slept between them.

He had enjoyed his little retreat in Kyoto. He had successfully celebrated Akashi's birthday as his boyfriend, and managed to get in some time with all of his friends from the other schools. He wasn't sure if he was returning to Kyoto tonight, or remaining in Tokyo, but he was sure that he would be spending the night with his boyfriend.

They both needed it.

All too soon, the train arrived at its destination. Kuroko and Akashi led Rakuzan off of the train, and patiently waited as the rest of the team made their way off as well. The various Akashi drivers were grouping people into cars and leaving as they made their way to the hotel. Kuroko would be with Rakuzan until they arrived at the stadium. As he slid his hand in to his boyfriend's, he vaguely wondered about how Seirin was doing this morning. Were they bickering? Were they getting along? Were they together?

He wasn't sure how tonight would go, but he was sure that it would be stressful and full of challenges. As he squeezed Akashi's hand, he put it out of his mind for now and focused on helping his boyfriend watch over Rakuzan.

Kuroko smiled as he listened to Kagami grumble about Yosen's loss against Shutoku.

"I mean, really, they should have won." He was saying under his breath. Kuroko found it rather endearing that he was so protective of Himuro.

"Are you ready for our own match, Kagami-kun?" Kuroko asked as he pulled on his jersey. Kagami turned to him with an energetic grin.

"Of course I am! We need to get back at your boyfriend after the Inter-high." He said.
nodded, feeling excited about the match. He was ready to give it his all, and win with this team that he loved.

Seirin appeared to be back to their old selves. Everyone had been cheerful today, and more determined than ever to win with their own strength. Kuroko had to admit that part of that was probably due to Kiyoshi and Tora's presences, but he wasn't complaining.

Maybe all these months were just a mixture of the pressure for the third years, and the constant eyes of the media on them. Maybe they were finally out of that nightmare.

"Kuroko, Kagami, you're next interview is here." Riko called into the locker room. Kagami and Kuroko shared an exasperated look at that. It would be Kuroko's sixth today, and Kagami's third. Kuroko's had started at the train station with Akashi. When they had arrived at the stadium, he and the Generation had had two interviews. He had had a solo interview as he made his way from Rakuzan's locker room. He and Seirin had had one as well. Kagami had had one with Tatsuya and Murasakibara, and then a solo one as well.

"How many times do we need to answer the same damn questions?" Kagami grumbled as they made their way there. Kuroko shook his head, adjusting his wrist bands.

"Apparently as many times as they want. I think we should just type up our answers and give it to them that way." Kuroko scowled. Kagami grinned at that thought, and smacked Kuroko's back.

"That's a great idea!" He cheered. When Kuroko awkwardly stumbled in to the person in front of him, the red head winced. "Sorry, Kuroko. Tatsuya was complaining about how my strength training has been going a little too well." He explained.

"I'm sorry." Kuroko said to the person he had bumped in to. The person turned and grinned.

"Kuroko!" He exclaimed before pulling him in to a hug. Kuroko stiffened, surprised by the action. When the male pulled away to grin at him, his eyes widened and a grin slipped across his own face.

"Ogiwara-kun. How are you?" He asked as he shook his hand. Ogiwara shrugged as his eyes scanned Kuroko, presumably for injury. His eyes narrowed at something before his expression smoothed out into its usual carefree and open one.

"I'm doing great! We came as soon as we heard that you made the finals again. I'm really excited to see how much better you guys have gotten since then." He grinned.

"Thank you for coming to see us, Ogiwara-kun. We should exchange numbers and have lunch sometime soon." He suggested. Ogiwara chuckled, nodding.

"Definitely! Though I'm going to be at Seirin next week. Our coaches set up a practice match." He explained. Kuroko's eyes widened as a pleased smile crossed his face.

"That's good- " He was cut off by Momoi calling his name.

"Tetsu-kun!" She cried. Kuroko, Kagami, and Ogiwara turned to watch Aomine, Kise, and Momoi approaching. "We just left Akashi-kun! He sends his love and luck." She giggled before wrapping her arms around his waist. "Ogiwara-kun?" She questioned as she realized she had interrupted a conversation.

"Aho." Kagami greeted Aomine, offering him his fist.

"Baka." Aomine returned the greeting, bumping their fists together.
"We turned away the nosy reporter, Kurokocchi, Kagamicchi. Who is this?" Kise asked.

"I'm sorry, everyone, I forgot to introduce you. This is Ogiwara-kun. We played together in elementary school. Ogiwara-kun, this is Momoi-san, Kise-kun, and Aomine-kun. We played together in middle school. This is Kagami-kun. He's my current light." Kuroko explained.

"Light? Is that like a boyfriend? I wondered about the hickey on your shoulder." Ogiwara said, reaching out to tap on the mark. Kuroko blushed dark as the rest of his friends roared with laughter around him.

"My, aren't all of you loud?" A new voice asked. They turned to see Himuro approaching. "Akashi-san got all of us great seats in the VIP lounge, guys. I came to tell you, and wish Taiga luck. Who are you?" The dark haired male asked as he wrapped an arm around his boyfriend.

"This is Ogiwara-kun. We used to go to school together." Kuroko said to the newcomer. "No, Kagami-kun isn't my boyfriend. Akashi-kun and I have been dating since last February. He can be a little...protective." Kuroko blushed, covering the mark on his shoulder. He'd have to reprimand Akashi afterwards.

"Akashi would kill Kagami if you two were dating, Tetsu." Aomine chuckled.

"Forget Akashi-san. I would kill him." Himuro said with a frown, glaring up at his boyfriend.

"Why am I to blame here? Kuroko could have just as easily asked me out!" Kagami grumbled.

"Unlikely." The group chimed together. Ogiwara's amused chuckles had the group returning their attentions to him.

"I'm surprised, Kuroko. You never seemed like the type to date in high school." Ogiwara shrugged.

"Do you not follow the basketball magazines?" Kise asked in surprise. Ogiwara shook his head.

"Not really, they aren't my thing. I like basketball, but I don't make it my life. It's a good after school hobby." He explained. "Why?"

"Akashi-kun and Tetsu-kun's relationship has been under scrutiny from scouts and other schools since they went public, like Dai-chan and Ki-chan's!" Momoi explained.

"Ours is because of Ryo's modeling gig, Satsuki." Aomine corrected as Kise nodded his agreement.

"Thank god we grew up together. Ours is coming off as a classic love story." Himuro grinned at Kagami.

"Huh. Maybe I'll read a few of them. I'm going to go find my seat now, Kuroko. Here, put your number in my phone and let's meet up for lunch." Ogiwara said, offering Kuroko his phone. Kuroko nodded, accepting it.

"Sure, that sounds nice." He said. After putting in his number, he handed it off to Ogiwara. The brunet waved before walking off.

"We're going to go too. Good luck, Taiga." Himuro said in English before pressing a tender kiss to his boyfriend's lips.

"Good luck, Kurokocchi!" Kise exclaimed before pulling him in to a hug.

"Kick Akashi's ass, Tetsu." Aomine said, bumping fists with Kuroko as well. As they watched them
all leave, Kuroko and Kagami shared a grin.

"Well, at least we got out of that interview. Let's head back to the locker room," Kagami suggested. Kuroko nodded, and they did.

They had a short briefing with Riko before everyone stood up and headed towards the court. They each waited for their names to be called before stepping out and heading towards their bench. Kuroko and Kagami were last, and when they stepped out together, the crowd went wild.

"Kuroko Tetsuya and Kagami Taiga, the second year duo that is stronger than ever! From interviews to scouts to double dates, these two best friends are an inspiration to all of us! Let's see what kind of team work they can pull off in today's match!" The announcer called out. Kuroko smiled towards the VIP booth that he knew held the Generation, Takao, and Himuro, and scanned the crowd for other familiar faces. He waved towards Ogiwara when he found him, and purposely ignored his parents.

When he sat down on his bench, he scanned the other side of the stadium, looking for familiar faces from Rakuzan. What surprised him was Akashi's father.

Of the six years that he had known Akashi, he had met his father once. It had been shortly after Akashi had been made captain in middle school, and their encounter had been Kuroko leaving the gym, and Akashi Masaomi entering it. He was a quiet and strict man that was too hard on his son and had too many high expectations for him.

Kuroko didn't care for him.

He was sure that his boyfriend was unsettled by his appearance.

Rakuzan entered next. Much like Kuroko and Kagami had been, Akashi was announced last.

"The youngest Captain that Rakuzan has ever had, and the famed Captain of Teiko Middle School's Generation of Miracles, Akashi Seijuurou! Somehow this talented young man has managed to run a great basketball team, a critically acclaimed student council, and be the number one student in not only Rakuzan High, but on the last set of national exams, he ranked in the top 10 in the country! The Akashi Corporation heir seems to have all the time in the world, and it making the most of it. Surely his family is proud of him."

Kuroko smiled a little as his boyfriend put on his public smile, and joined his team, making a show of pausing to help a freshman straighten his jersey. He looked across the way and winked when he noticed Kuroko's gaze on him. Kuroko blushed and shyly returned his smile.

All too soon Seirin was standing up to begin their warm up. As Kuroko was passed the ball, he couldn't help but be enthusiastic about this match.

Rakuzan won by 10 points. The failure weighed heavy on the Seirin third years shoulders, and Kagami and Kuroko hung back on the court with Rakuzan as the third years left the court in tears.

The failure could be blamed on the third years alone. Kuroko and Kagami's teamwork had been flawless, and they had did their best the entire match. A silent look between them showed that they had no regrets about the match.

"Go ahead and go with Rakuzan, Kuroko. I'll grab your stuff." Kagami insisted, looking over at the still bubbling Rakuzan team.

"But Kagami-kun- "Kuroko tried to protest. Kagami shook his head.
"Things will be ugly in our locker room. You don't wait to see that. So go and shower with Akashi, and we can all meet up at my place later for dinner. This match was pretty awesome, and I'm feeling pretty good." He said with a grin. Kuroko grinned back, and after bumping their fists, Kuroko turned to join the mess of jumping, crying, and hugging Rakuzan bodies.

"Akashi-kun." Kuroko murmured as he squeezed between a set of girls fawning over his boyfriend. Akashi turned away from Higuchi and smirked proudly at the sight of his boyfriend.

"Tetsuya." He greeted in return, reaching out to grab his hand. Kuroko was tugged to his side, and they shared a tender smile.

"I'm going to stay with you guys. We'll meet up with Kagami-kun to get my stuff later. Kagami-kun didn't want Seirin to ruin my good mood." He explained softly in to his ear. Akashi nodded, eyes hardening at the thought of Seirin acting up. Regardless, he was grateful that his boyfriend was at his side as he was still high on adrenaline from their win.

"Everyone, we need to go and shower now. We can continue this celebration at Tokyo Heights. I rented out the place for our victory celebration. Higuchi and the other managers have the location." He called out. All of Rakuzan cheered and began to disperse.

"Kuroko!" Hayama beamed as he noticed the shadow. Kuroko nodded, waving to the blond.

"Hello, Hayama-kun." He said.

"You can borrow a set of my clothing, Tetsuya. Let's go and shower." He insisted, tugging at his boyfriend's hand as he began to head to their locker room.

"And your soap and shampoo." Kuroko added. Akashi nodded, mask of indifference slipping over his face as he entered the room. They gathered their toiletries and towels. Kuroko followed him to the showers as the rest of Rakuzan began to spill past them, trying to get as clean as possible for the fun night ahead of them.

"I can't believe you rented out a nightclub, Akashi-kun." Kuroko stated as he stripped out of his clothing, placing it beside the towels.

"I wanted to celebrate in the safest way for my school as possible. My father's personal security is here to help us with that." He explained as he turned on the water. Kuroko stepped under the spray first, tilting his head back. He sighed softly at the feeling of his sweat running down his back. His boyfriend's warm body was just a few inches apart from his, and he could hear Akashi sighing with relief as well.

They were careful to keep their hands to themselves as they showered, not wanting to feed any of the imaginations in the room by cleaning each other. Soon they felt free of the sweat from the match, and Akashi turned off the water.

"Shall we get dressed, Akashi-kun?" He asked as Akashi wrapped a towel around his waist. The red head pressed a quick kiss to his lips before nodding and taking his own towel.

"Yes. I need to speak with my father before we leave the stadium." He added as they made their way through the rest of the team.

"Should I try and find the rest of our friends, or follow you?" Kuroko asked as he slipped on a pair of jeans. His boyfriend already had his on, but was busy drying his hair.

"I actually believe that your parents will be waiting for you as well, Tetsuya. After all, they are
suddenly very interested in your basketball." He teased. Tetsuya scowled. Soon his parents wouldn't matter anymore. He would be able to play basketball as a hobby, not a life choice, and it wouldn't matter what they wanted.

After all, they surely just wanted him happy.

"I could say the same about your father, Akashi-kun. Shall we?" He asked as he slipped on his shirt. His boyfriend nodded, stepping in to his shoes. He packed up their duffle bag as Kuroko slipped on his own shoes. They left the locker room holding hands, the duffle bag slung over Akashi's shoulder.

Sure enough, both of their families were waiting for them at the exit of the hallway. Giving one another's hands a squeeze for good luck, they reluctantly approached their families.

His parents were very irritated by the third years.

"How dare they screw this up for you Tetsuya." His mother seethed, reaching out and squeezing his shoulders. He bit back a wince, and could imagine the deep frown Akashi would have on his face if he got bruises.

"I'm sure the scouts will recognize your talents, Tetsuya. I'm sure that they will understand that Seirin's third years are the reason you lost this match."

"Keep your chin up, boy, and don't follow their lead. We have insured that scouts will be at all of your practices for the next month at least." His grandmother promised. Kuroko nodded, trying to stop the anxiety from overwhelming him.

These people never quit. All they wanted was for him to go pro. So they could pretend that they had had a happy family, and took all the credit for his hard work. Kuroko wasn't sure if he was angry or sad at them, but regardless, he was terrified that they were going to make him do extra practices.

"We did the best we could." He tried to say, heart throbbing painfully as he realized he was just adding fuel to their fire.

"Oh sweetheart, you did the best you could. You and Kagami-kun. He's the best thing that has ever happen to you." His mother cooed, cupping his face. Kuroko did his best not to flinch away from her touch, fearing what would happen.

"Invite him over for dinner after your next practice, son. We want to thank him, and see what he wants for his future. Wouldn't that be great?" His father asked, a smile on his face for the first time in over 15 years. Kuroko's heart broke at that.

His father's happiness was caused by his misery. How messed up was that?

"Invite his family over as well. I'm sure they are having a say in this." His grandmother added.

"What a great idea!" His mother chirped, a happy grin on her face.

"I will talk to them about it." He said as if on autopilot. His heart was racing anxiously as his mind screamed for him to try and get to his boyfriend. He was doing his best not to look over at his discussion with his father, as it was private. He could be strong for this conversation.

"We are leaving for a few days, Tetsuya. Be sure to keep up your personal drills. We left you money at home for food. We even left a little extra so that you could have Kagami-kun over if you wished." His father explained.
"We're so proud of you, Tetsuya. See you in a few days!" His mother said before pressing a kiss to his cheek. Kuroko froze, his mind panicking at her being so close after so many years of ignorance and nonchalance.

These people weren't his parents. They were too animated. Too full of life. They liked him. They were nice to him and were giving him a bigger allowance. They had hopes for his future, and were showing an interest in it.

They were going to kill him when he told them about his dreams.

As he watched them walk away, his panic grew. He didn't realize he was shaking until he felt a hand on his arm. He jumped, a gasp escaping him as a tear rolled down his cheek. The silence surrounding him was growing louder, and his vision was beginning to waiver.

Suddenly all he could see was grey. Something warm was pressed against him, and it was rubbing at his back.

Akashi-kun, some rational part of his mind supplied.

He reached out and wrapped his arms around him tightly, beginning to shiver as the cold grew around him.

"It's alright, my love. Our parents have left. Can you take a deep breath for me?" His ever patient boyfriend asked quietly in to his ear. The sound was muffled, but somehow Kuroko had managed to make it out. He gave a quick nod before dragging in a shaking breath. "Good job, sweetheart. Now let it out slowly." He instructed, his voice calm and strong. Kuroko did as he was told, listening to one of the only people that actually cared about him. "Very good. I'm right here now, Tetsuya. You're with me now. No one is going to hurt you or make you do anything you don't want to do." His boyfriend promised. Kuroko nodded, clinging to his shirt.

"I'm sorry." He murmured in to Akashi's shoulder, the guilt at keeping his boyfriend from his victory party crushing down on him. It caused the tears that had gathered in his eyes to pour down his face. Why couldn't he do anything right?

"None of that, Tetsuya. Don't apologize to me. You haven't done anything. Let's focus on getting your panic attack under control before we do anything else. Continue focusing on me. What can you feel that is real?" Akashi asked, tightening his hold on his boyfriend.

"You." Kuroko murmured, burying himself further in to his boyfriend. "Your arms around me. Your heartbeat under my hand. You're real." He said aloud. As he did so, the ringing silence began to fade out, being replaced by the muffled sound of chatter and movement from afar.

"Excellent. What else?" Akashi asked, nuzzling at the side of his face. Kuroko turned and pressed a tentative kiss to his lips. Akashi rewarded him by pressing his lips back, a please hum reverberating through his chest. Kuroko smiled a little, shyly breaking off the kiss.

"We're in the stadium still." He said. The shadow reluctantly peeked over Akashi's shoulder, frowning when he noticed they were in an office. "When did we get here?" He asked, the confusion helping take his mind off of his inner distress.

"I was finishing my conversation with my father when I noticed your conversation wasn't going well. I quickly picked the lock on the office across from the locker room. As soon as you started to shake, I moved us in here and locked the door so that you could have a moment of peace." Akashi explained. Kuroko looked up at his boyfriend with a confused expression, torn between being
amused by his boyfriend's actions, and upset that he went out of his way to break rules for him.

"You can pick locks?" He asked instead. Akashi offered him an amused smirk, nodding.

"Growing up, whenever I did really well on a lesson from a tutor, I was allowed to pick a weekend study topic of my choice. Aside from horseback riding and shogi, I chose things like lock picking and coding for about three years. I was really into spy movies, as was my mother." He explained. Kuroko nodded as his mind tucked away that information.

He could honestly say he hadn't seen that coming.

"What else did you do?" He asked, cuddling back in to his boyfriend. Akashi tucked him under his chin, leaning them back against the desk behind them.

"I am fluent in three other languages: English, Chinese, and French. I can understand the basics of architecture, and can figure out any board game. I am also quite the talented calligraphy student." He said, his smirk wide and proud. Kuroko rolled his eyes a bit at the bragging, but snuggled in closer as he worked this new information in to his mind.

His boyfriend was pretty amazing.

"Thank you, Seijuurou-kun. For stealing me away from my world." He said. Akashi pressed a tender kiss to the top of his head.

"No need to thank me, Tetsuya. I would do anything for you. Now shall we go and join our friends? We all need a night full of dancing and underage shenanigans." He teased.

"I don't want to drink." Kuroko protested, looking up at his boyfriend with a pout. Akashi wiped away the tears on his face as he shrugged.

"We won't, Tetsuya. We have more class than that. However, I cannot say the same for our friends. Shall we go and watch them make fools of themselves?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, leaning forward to press his lips against his boyfriend's once more.

"Yeah. But we can do that from the dance floor. I want to go dancing with you, Akashi-kun." He said, smiling wide at the idea. It wouldn't be a formal dance as he would prefer, but being pressed against his boyfriend intimately in public was sending a thrill down his spine at just the thought. His boyfriend nodded, gently pushing him away so that he could stand up straight.

"Then let's go, Tetsuya. A long night awaits us." Akashi smirked. Heart racing with adrenaline at just the thought, Kuroko slipped his hand in to the red-head's and nodded.

"Yes, Akashi-kun."

Kuroko had been in a nightclub only twice before. The first had been the day of Aomine's 15th birthday party. Kise and Teiko had thrown a surprise party for him and somehow Kuroko had been dragged along. The second time had been shortly after Kise's 16th birthday where the blonde's agency had bought out the place and practically everyone he knew had been invited.

Tonight was drastically different from both of those times. For once, he had a boyfriend, which was a nice distraction from the chaos of everyone else. Second, everyone that had been at both parties were on significantly better terms, and their banter was a good reflection of that.
The Generation of Miracles, Kagami, Himuro, and Takao sat at a VIP booth that Akashi had no doubt reserved for this. Murasakibara had taken over the kitchen and had been making great appetizers for them. Himuro, surprisingly enough, had a knack for mixing drinks and had been passing them around the table. Despite his earlier statement, Akashi was on his second glass of wine, and Kuroko was sipping on a fizz-free drink. However, the rest of their friends were on their fourth or fifth rounds and were starting to show it. As Kuroko leaned against his boyfriend to watch them, his drink cradled close, Akashi's arm tightened around him and he took another sip of his wine.

"Daikicchi, let's go dance!" Kise was whining to the ace of Touou, despite the fact that he had just been on his lap moments before.

"Yes, Dai-chan, let's go dance! I see some pretty cute Rakuzan boys out there who keep sending me drinks with invitations to dance with them." Momoi let out a high pitched giggle, eyeing one of them from afar.

"Oi, Aho, move out with them before Kise starts humping you against the table again." Kagami ordered before turning to thank his boyfriend for the latest drink. Himuro smirked and pressed their lips together, his lips moving in a whisper against Kagami's. From the hand that was snaking down his chest to the flush coming over Kagami's cheeks, it wasn't hard to figure out what he said.

"Takaocchi and Midorimacchi are already out there!" Kise pouted, slipping his hand under Aomine's shirt.

"Yeah! And they are having so much fun!" Momoi squealed in excitement. Wincing, Aomine stood up from and table and frowned at both of them.

"Let's go. Satsuki, stay where I can see you." He ordered. The other two began to chatter with excitement and each kissed his cheek before dragging him away. They slipped in to the crowd, disappearing from their table's line of sight.

"Good. Now Minechin can't eat all of my sweets. Kurochin, I made you a vanilla cupcake. Special for you cause you didn't devour my onion rings." Murasakibara murmured. Kuroko smiled, sitting down his drink before leaning forward to take the offered sweet.

"Thank you, Murasakibara-kun." He said. He moaned softly at the sweet taste, enjoying the flavors on his tongue. "This is so good." He said after swallowing. He leaned in to take another bite but was stopped by his boyfriend moving in closer.

"Can I try, Tetsuya?" Akashi asked. The dark gleam in his eyes sent a shiver down Kuroko's spine and he nodded, offering the cupcake to Akashi.

"Yes, Akashi-kun." He said. He had offered the unbiten side, but Akashi made a point of locking eyes with him. He turned the cupcake around and bit the exact area that Kuroko had. Kuroko blushed at the slow smirk that began to cross his face, and he took another bite as a surge of arousal twisted in his gut. Suddenly it was too warm in the club, and as he tried to avoid his boyfriend's gaze, he instead began to focus on every other little detail about him.

"Let's go dancing, Tetsuya." Akashi ordered. Kuroko nodded, setting down the cupcake. They climbed from the booth together, hands locked the entire way to the dance floor then squeezed in between the nameless faces of Rakuzan, with Kuroko turning to face his boyfriend. He was wearing one of Kuroko's favorite expressions, and his hands gripped his hips tightly, pressing them together and slowly beginning to sway them to the music.

"Did you like the sweet, Akashi-kun?" Kuroko asked as he wound his arms around his neck,
allowing himself to get lost in the feeling of his boyfriend's groin slowing grinding against his own.

"It reminded me of another sweet that I enjoy very much, my Tetsuya." Akashi purred leaning in to press his face against the side of Kuroko's. As the heat of his boyfriend became so much more, a soft gasp left Kuroko and he began to grind a little faster against his boyfriend, enjoying the friction their jeans were causing.

"Oh?" Kuroko asked, playing coy as his boyfriend's cool nose trailed down his neck.

"Mh-hm. It's a sweet that is mine and mine alone. Wouldn't you agree, Tetsuya?" He asked at the base of his throat. Kuroko's mouth fell open in a gasp when his boyfriend began to lap the flushed skin there.

"Akashi-kun, we're in public." He tried to protest, even as his hips continued to thrust against Akashi's. His hands found their way to Akashi's hair and gripped tightly, pressing his face into his skin, craving more than just his warm, wet tongue.

"Wouldn't you agree, Tetsuya?" Akashi asked as he came back up and grazed his ear with his teeth. Another wave of arousal had Kuroko's toes curling and he yanked Akashi's head back to meet his gaze. His breath hitched at the lust-blown pupils and predatory gleam in them.

Tonight was their night. It was their reunion. They could do whatever they wanted without the pressures of the outside world.

For the first time in two months, they were free.

"Absolutely." He said before smashing his lips against his boyfriend's. The sting of lips being smashed against teeth was quickly washed away as he opened his mouth and his boyfriend's tongue met his. Their erections were beginning to strain against their jeans, and their thrusting was getting faster as the bass began to pick up.

"Akashi-kun," Kuroko moaned when they parted briefly before air before tugging his boyfriend back in for another breathless kiss. His boyfriend let out a quiet grunt when Kuroko twisted his hair just right, and in response he made sure to curl their tongues together as a thank you. Kuroko moaned in their kiss, breaking the kiss to pant as his body gave way to the rhythm of the music and his boyfriend's wants.

"I can't wait to get you to myself, Tetsuya. Last night was a wonderful gift, but we were still limited to being gentle. Tonight I make no promises. My control is slipping, and fast." Akashi murmured as they bounced to the music, no space between their hips.

"Take me away from all this, Akashi-kun. I need you." He begged, his clothed erection throbbing with want at just the idea of his boyfriend taking him without a care in the world.

"I want to, Tetsuya. I want to be alone and inside of you." Akashi said softly in his ear.

"Then don't hesitate. Our friends will understand. You're the star of this party, Emperor of Rakuzan." Kuroko shot back, reaching down to grab a handful of his boyfriend's firm ass and bring them impossibly closer. Akashi let out a soft curse, falling silent as he rocked their bodies together.

"We're leaving, Tetsuya." He ordered after another minute. Kuroko couldn't agree more, and they quickly made their way out.

Somehow between a bunch of stolen kisses and touches the two made it outside of the club after saying a brief goodbye to Mursakibara and to explain that they were leaving. Himuro and Kagami
had taking over the VIP booth and were present for the conversation, but otherwise preoccupied. The purple haired giant had waved them off and began to eat the rest of Kuroko's cupcake.

The car ride was impossibly long to Kuroko. As soon as they were seated and strapped in, Kuroko had sought Akashi's hot mouth, melting into his kisses and wanting that mouth on other places.

Eventually they arrived at their hotel. They both stumbled out of the car and all but ran to the room. They were respectful and wore blank masks as they walked across the hotel lobby to the elevator as they were not sure who might be watching them.

The ride up to their floor was also impossibly long as there was a sleepy family of four with them. To prevent an incident, the two stayed in opposite corners until they got to their floor.

"Which room?" Kuroko asked as soon as they were off. "1050." Akashi murmured as they grasped hands and ran towards the room. As soon as they found the door, Kuroko grabbed Akashi and pressed them together, his hips seeking friction as his mouth sought his boyfriend's. His back landed against the door as Akashi distracted him with his tongue. Somehow his boyfriend got the door open and Kuroko fell back with a gasp, the thrill only adding to his arousal.

"Akashi-kun." He moaned, wrapping a leg around his boyfriend's waist as the door began to close behind them.

"Arms around my neck." Akashi ordered before grabbing Kuroko's ass and lifting him off the ground. Kuroko gasped, doing as he was told before leaning down to trace the shell of Akashi's ear with his tongue.

Kuroko didn't noticed anything about the hotel room, and his mind barely registered his boyfriend kicking a door shut behind them as he carried him to the bed. His groin had taken notice and had throbbed at the unusual action from his prim and proper boyfriend.

"Akashi-kun!" Kuroko moaned as he was dropped on to the center of the bed. He had a second to register that before his boyfriend was on top of him, hot and ready.

"Tetsuya." Akashi returned his moan, taking off his shirt. Kuroko got the hint, taking off his own before reaching out to grab at his boyfriend's.

"No." Akashi ordered before leaning down to take one of Kuroko's erect nipples in his mouth. "Akashi-kun." Kuroko mewed, arching up when Akashi tugging the hardened bud up with his teeth. His boyfriend's hands were undoing his belt as his mouth worked on his chest.

"I need this night, Tetsuya. I need you." He murmured as he sucked a hickey under Kuroko's left nipple.

"I need you too, Seijuurou-kun." Kuroko moaned, gasping shortly after when his boyfriend's hand found his erection and the other slipped his leg out of one of his pant legs.

"Reach under the pillow and grab the lube and a condom. I don't want you completely full of me just yet." Akashi said as he tossed Kuroko's jeans behind him. Kuroko did as he was told, vision going white briefly when Akashi's mouth wrapped around the tip of his cock and sucked.

When Akashi reached for his pants, Kuroko sat up and connected their mouths once more, smearing lube on to Akashi's hands instead as his other hand popped the button on Akashi's jeans.
"Kiss me." He ordered, eyes rolling when Akashi immediately shoved in two fingers. His boyfriend didn't respond, working on thoroughly preparing him and keeping his mouth occupied at the same time.

Kuroko shoved Akashi's pants down his knees before breaking open the condom pack and rolling it on. His boyfriend inserted a third finger, quickly stretching him as wide as he could.

"You're still loose from yesterday." Akashi murmured against his mouth, pulling out his fingers. Kuroko mewled in response, arching up towards his boyfriend's body. Akashi was back, quickly sliding himself in.

"Seijuurou!" Kuroko moaned, digging his fingers into Akashi's back as he began to thrust with a wild fervor. He quickly located Kuroko's prostate and worked on assaulting it. Kuroko moaned helplessly under him, hips thrusting down on Akashi's cock. When Akashi touched his dick, he was spilling between them with his first orgasm of the night.

Akashi didn't let up on his prostate and continued to thrust into him, continuing stroking Kuroko's cock. When he leaned down and began to attack his throat with sucks and nips, Kuroko arched his neck back, mind still blown from his orgasm and full of new arousal.

"Tetsuya." Akashi murmured against his skin, his breath a cool contrast to the heat of their bodies. Kuroko wrapped a leg around Akashi's waist, moaning loudly when his cock rubbed against Akashi's toned stomach.

"Seijuurou-kun." Kuroko moaned, breath hitching, as he lost himself in a building orgasm once again.

"You're so sexy, Tetsuya. I can't get enough of you. I think of this when I'm getting off in the middle of the night." The red-head murmured in his ear, shivering with arousal when he heard his words being spoken aloud after so long of doing this.

"Me too, Seijuurou-kun. I can sometimes use my fingers in place of your cock when I touch myself too. God, I could get off on just watching you stretch." Kuroko admitted, his arousal taking over his verbal commands.

"Mine." Akashi declared as he leaned back and yanked Kuroko's other leg over his shoulder. Kuroko moaned at the way the stretching affected him and nodded.

"All yours. I'm the Empress of Rakuzan." He cried out, thinking of Reo's words so long ago.

"Yes." Akashi moaned, his pace picking up once again. The bed shook under their vigorous actions, but neither paid it any mind, so wrapped up in one another.

"Seijuurou-kun." Kuroko panted out as he felt his orgasm getting close.

"Me too, Tetsuya." Akashi promised, his hands grasping on to Kuroko's hips.

"Make me come, Seijuurou-kun!" Kuroko begged, arching up towards his boyfriend. Akashi slid back so that he sitting on his ass and began to slam Kuroko's entrance onto his weeping length.

"Come for me again, Tetsuya. Only for me." He ordered. It was all it took and Kuroko was spilling over them both, shouting his boyfriend's name. The sight of Tetsuya's second and much stronger orgasm brought his boyfriend over the edge, and Akashi spilled into the condom before collapsing on to his boyfriend.
Kuroko’s vision went dark as his body forced him into a recovery period.

When Kuroko woke up the next morning, it was to his boyfriend watching over him. Kuroko offered him a warm smile, which was quickly returned.

"Good morning." The shadow murmured. Akashi leaned down and kissed him slowly, barely sliding their tongues together before pulling back.

"Good morning, Tetsuya. I'm going to order us breakfast. Will you start us a pot of coffee and begin to boil water for tea?" Akashi asked. Kuroko nodded.

"Why both?" He asked as he sat up. He winced at the pain that shot up from his lower back, and lifted up the blanket to examine the evidence of last night. He blushed as he noticed that his thighs, particularly his inner thighs, were covered in all kinds of little love bites. His hips had little yellow bruises around them where his boyfriend had gripped him, and he had one hell of a hickey on his chest.

"I got a little carried away last night." Akashi admitted, though he didn't look the least bit apologetic. Kuroko shrugged, looking over at his boyfriend to see what he had done. He was a little proud of the hickey he had put on the side of his neck, and a smug smirk crossed his face.

"We needed it. Do we have any pain medication? I would like to be able to walk today." He said. Akashi nodded, leaning over to press an apologetic kiss to his lips.

"No need to be sorry, Seijuurou-kun. I was just as aggressive as you are. I'm sure your back is full of my scratches, and I'm sure your waist is just as marked up. We belong to each other, and wanted the world to remember that." He said before forcing himself out of the bed. He stumbled at first before walking over to the dresser where their duffle bag was sitting. Akashi joined him, helping him rummage through the bag for their pain medication. Once they found it, the red-head went to get him a glass of water as Kuroko read the instructions.

"Thank you." Kuroko said as he knocked back the pills and then took a drink of water. Akashi pulled him in to an embrace, tenderly rubbing the ache away from his lower back.

"You're welcome, Tetsuya. Let's put on our bathrobes before we leave this room." Akashi said. Kuroko frowned.

"Are we in a suite?" He asked, just now noticing that they were in a separate bedroom. Akashi nodded.

"Yes. I got it for the Generation. It's actually two separate suites with two rooms a piece. They are connected by a door. We are in a room with Daiki and Ryouta. Atsushi, Shintaro, Kazunari, and Satsuki are in the other room." He explained as he slipped on his robe. Kuroko nodded, amazed by such a set up.

"Thank you, Akashi-kun. Shall we see what the damage from all the drinking from last night has done to our friends?" He asked. His boyfriend nodded, lacing his fingers with Kuroko's before they exited the room.

Surprisingly enough, the only person awake on their side of the room was a freshly showered Ryouta who had already made coffee. He was sipping on it and reading through one of the
magazines they had been provided. His robe revealed a considerable hickey of his own, and he smiled when they approached.

"Kurokocchi, Akashicchi. I filled the kettle with water, but didn't start it to boil yet. Here is the menu for breakfast. Dakicchi is still asleep, and I don't think anyone is awake next door yet. Maybe Midorimacchi." Kise shrugged before returning to his magazine. Kuroko went to the stove as Akashi took the menu. Once their tasks were finished, Akashi opened the door between their rooms and confirmed Kise's assumption. An exhausted looking Midorima followed him back in to the room and joined the four of them at the island in the kitchen.

"What time did all of you return last night?" Akashi asked as his ankle slipped around Kuroko's under the island. Kuroko hid a smile and read the magazine with Kise.

"Daikicchi, Satsucchi and I got back around 3? I think? He dragged her out because he didn't trust the people leering after her." Kise said with a fond smile.

"Takao and I left shortly after you did. Murasakibara joined us at about 2 and went straight to bed. We were still awake when Momoi came storming in, pissed beyond belief at Aomine." Midorima explained.

"Dai-chan was being unreasonable." Momoi grumbled as she walked in to the room, freshly showered as well. "Also, Mukkun does not snore! Unlike Dai-chan." She added, settling herself on to Kise's lap. Kise wrapped his arms around her waist, giving her a sympathetic squeeze.

"He's just protective of you, Satsucchi. He loves you and doesn't want you hurt." Kise defended his boyfriend. She made a disgruntled snort and cuddled in to him but didn't speak again until Takao joined them later. Midorima and Takao brought over the chairs from the other room to shove them around the island. It was going to be a bit of a tight fit once food arrived, but they would make do.

Eventually Aomine and Murasakibara crawled out of their beds and joined everyone else, just in time for food to arrive, as Kise had had the foresight to order for Aomine and Akashi had ordered for Murasakibara.

Their breakfast was a rare peaceful one. It didn't happen very often, and Kuroko was grateful for the silence, even if it was just an indication that most of the loud members of the group were hungover. As he spent times with his friends, he realized that their second Winter Cup of high school seemed to have brought them even closer than the one before. He couldn't wait to see what next year's would bring.

Of course the peace didn't last. All too soon basketball club duties came calling. Akashi spent four days in Tokyo, most of which he spent thoroughly loving his boyfriend. When they parted, it had been with a mutual satisfaction. Both were sated and happy and eager to meet up again the following weekend for New Years. With those plans to be determined at a later date, they shared a kiss before Akashi stepped in to the car that held his father.

"We had better make sure our uniform is clean, Nigou. We have a practice match with Ogiwara-kun soon." Kuroko said to his faithful companion. Nigou barked happily in response, his tail wagging enthusiastically behind him. With a fond smile, Kuroko and Nigou entered his house.

Chapter End Notes
A/N: So what did you think? Did you love it? Hate it? My beta was so pleased by this sex scene. Also, I want to note that they had more sex later. My sex muse died, so I wasn't able to write another scene.

So next chapter (updated on April 8th): Another part of Seirin begins to fall apart. Major climax of the fic #1. Also, for the first time: Akashi's point of view!

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Panic attack, anxiety attack, mental breakdown

Notes this chapter: So everyone. I apologize that this was a day late. I lost a close mentor of mine recently and I was busy with the funeral yesterday. Fear not, I will definitely be sure to post on time next week! (April 15th) This is part one of the finale for Kuroko's portion of this story. Originally they were going to be one chapter, but I decided to split it off. I will explain why in the note afterwards.

One special thing we have this chapter is Akashi's point of view! I have him call everyone by their first names, so if that's a little confusing for you I would have the wikia open for reference. I acknowledge that when Bokushi and Oreshi swapped, he went back to their last names, but again, I'm ignoring that. Personal preference really.
Anyway, have fun!
Kida-Asumi

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Seirin had not one but two practice matches with Ogiwara's team. The third years were still in a funk, but seemed to be quickly coming out of it with approaching finals and entrance exams. Riko had even given coaching over to her father so that she could focus on her studies.

Kuroko had thought that things would get easier when this inevitably happened.

He quickly learned that this was actually the exact opposite.

Nervous by the failure of the third years to wow their scouts, Kuroko's fellow second years began to crack under the pressure. Every missed pass felt like a failure. Every failed basket was like a nail in their coffins.

And their biggest issue was their Ace duo. Kuroko was continuing to do his best in his practices. On the random days he was in Kyoto for their practice, Akashi's records indicated that he was at his peak. Yet when he was at Seirin, something seemed off.

The team didn't believe that it was Kagami himself

The light was having a bad week. He took the loss against Rakuzan harder than he had appeared to Kuroko after the match. Whenever Kuroko would mention his boyfriend or Rakuzan, Taiga would snap at him and an awkward silence would follow throughout the rest of the day.

Kuroko hated it.

"And I'm just now sure what to do about it, Akashi-kun. I thought we did our best during the match. Our team was the issue. We can't control that." Kuroko vented.

"You are correct, Tetsuya. Seirin's loss against us was not due to the two of you. You were our biggest challenge. No, the issue lied with the third years themselves. Don't beat yourself up about it, and don't let Taiga allow you to think otherwise. Has he spoken with Daiki or Himuro-san?" Akashi
asked. Kuroko nodded, a frown on his face.

"Yeah, both of them. He pissed Aomine-kun off so bad that he almost punched him in the face. Somehow Momoi-san and I were able to stop that fight, but just barely. I don't know what to do with him, Akashi-kun. I want to smack him out of this somehow." Kuroko grumbled, dropping on to his bed.

"I will think about this at school today, my love. After all, your future of basketball is at stake here." Akashi teased, quoting one of the students at Seirin from a few weeks ago. Kuroko laughed, pleased that his boyfriend understood how silly this was all starting to be.

"You get me, Seijuurou-kun." He said, rolling over and one to his stomach.

"But of course I do, Tetsuya. After all, we are forever destined to be eternal rivals on the court." He said. Kuroko rolled his eyes, even as he grinned wider.

"Thank you for giving me strength to get through this day, Akashi-kun. I love you, and shall speak with you later." He said, noting the time. Akashi let out a hum of agreement.

"I will continue to think about Taiga as promised. You are most welcome, my Tetsuya, and I will be looking forward to our call tonight. I love you, too." Akashi said. Grinning, Kuroko listened to Akashi hang up before climbing from his bed to start packing for the day.

He always felt better after talking to the red-head. He was sure that Akashi would find the perfect solution for his Kagami problem. With that in mind, Kuroko began to get ready for his day.

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Wednesdays had become his favorite days. The last two had been either sex with his boyfriend or a practice match with his childhood best friend.

Today that trend continued with the latter. Their second match with Ogiwara's team would be that afternoon, and Kuroko couldn't wait. Even Kagami's sour mood couldn't damper Kuroko's.

"Are you sure you don't want to talk about your fight, Kagami-kun? Maybe Himuro-kun just misunderstood something." Kuroko tried to comfort his depressed best friend. He had appeared at this bus stop the epitome of depression. He looked like he hadn't slept in weeks, and his shoulders were drooped with the weight of something heavy.

"Can it, Kuroko. I don't want to deal with you right now. Just leave me alone." Kagami snapped for the third time that day. Kuroko pushed back the flash of anger that surged through him and simply decided to ignore his grumpy friend. After all, he had something to look forward in practice today.

Kagami's bad mood continued throughout the day. He primarily was shitty with Kuroko, but occasionally snapped at other people too. By the time they got on the court, Kuroko's nerves were shot and he was ready to be done with the day.

His mood considerably lifted when he saw the court set up for a practice game. Leaving Kagami's side, he quickly entered their changing room. The first years perked up at seeing how enthusiastic Kuroko was about practice again. He wasn't usually this happy about it. They were confused when Kagami trailed in after him, the total opposite.

What in the world had happened between those two?

Kuroko didn't care what anyone else was thinking. He got to see his friend for the third time in two weeks, and that's all he cared about. Smiling wide, Kuroko entered the court.
"Kuroko!" Ogiwara called, waving towards his friend. Kuroko approached him, offering him a genuine smile.

"Hello, Ogiwara-kun. I hope this last week has treated you well." He said. Ogiwara nodded, grinning wide.

"Yeah! We're fired up for the rematch, right guys?" He asked his team. They cheered in agreement, all smiles and support.

"We won't let you win!" Someone from Seirin called out. The rest of the team echoed it, much to Kuroko's amusement. A whistle was blown, and after promising to talk afterwards, Kuroko and Ogiwara went to their respective sides of the court.

After the match ended, with Ogiwara's team losing again, Kuroko and Ogiwara took their water breaks together. Nigou barked happily at seeing Ogiwara again, his tail wagging happily beneath him.

"Good boy, Nigou." Kuroko smiled at his dog, handing him a bowl of food and a bowl of water before filling up his and Ogiwara's water bottles.

"Thanks, Kuroko. You played a good game today." Ogiwara grinned. Kuroko nodded, gulping down his drink of water.

"You did too, Ogiwara-kun." He said. When Kuroko noticed the concerned look on his friend's face, he felt his stomach drop.

So much for his great day.

"I don't mean to pry, Kuroko…" Ogiwara began. Kuroko braced himself and nodded. "It's just…this isn't the Seirin you joined at the beginning of high school, Kuroko." He said. Kuroko nodded, looking down at his hands.

"I know. Trust me, Ogiwara-kun, I am well aware of Seirin's flaws. They are all gung-ho about Kagami-kun and I going pro. They are losing sight of what makes them great; their passion. I love this sport, Ogiwara-kun, but I have no intentions of playing this professionally, or even in college." He admitted to someone outside of the generation for the first time. Instead of being surprised, Ogiwara grinned and clasped his shoulder.

"Good for you, Kuroko. Stick to that belief. Let this sport be whatever it is to you. Let your basketball be yours." He said. Kuroko grinned back.

"Thank you, Ogiwara-kun." He said, heart lifting with glee. This is exactly what he was hoping someone would say. Of course the man that inspired him to keep playing basketball is the one that encourages him to follow his dreams. It was only natural.

Maybe Kagami would react the same way. With that in mind, Kuroko decided to tell him on their way home. Surely he would understand. Both Aomine and Ogiwara had. Why would Kagami be any different?

His good mood continued all the way through the practice. When he and Kagami began to walk away from the school, Kuroko decided to try and get this conversation started. He tried a few times before he finally managed to get a control on his nerves and shoved down his anxiety. He had opened his mouth to explain when Kagami beat him to it.
"Why haven't you picked out a school for us yet, Kuroko?" Kagami asked quietly. Kuroko's mouth snapped shut with a frown, and he hesitated to answer.

He didn't want another fight, but maybe this was a sign. The opener he needed.

"Because, Kagami-kun, I don't know where I want to go yet. I picked out a major. I want to go in to childcare." Kuroko explained. Kagami shrugged.

"I know that. You've said that before. But why haven't you picked out a basketball team yet? We have people lining out the door for us." He said. Kuroko shook his head, pausing his steps. Kagami followed suit.

"I don't want to play college basketball, Kagami-kun."

Silence fell between them for a few minutes. Nigou wisely decided to stay silent, obediently sitting at his master's feet.

"This is why you haven't picked a school." The edge to Kagami's voice sent a shiver down Kuroko's spine. Ignoring the warning bells in his head, Kuroko nodded.

"Yes. I-"

"So you've been leading everyone on for months, huh? You have had us all believing that we're going to be the ace duo Japan needed, when all along you weren't even going to fucking commit!" Kagami shouted. Kuroko flinched, but felt his own flames of rage growing.

"I tried to tell you-"

"No you didn't! I would have noticed that my supposed best friend didn't want me to be successful." Kagami growled, turning to glare at Kuroko. Kuroko glared back, hands balling up in to fists.

"Well apparently you didn't. I tried to tell you and Seirin and my parents. None of you were listening. The generation of Miracles and Ogiwara-kun and Takao-kun are the only ones listening to my wants and needs." Kuroko said calmly. Kagami snorted.

"Please. Your boyfriend probably made them all listen. No way Aho would just let you walk away from all this." Kagami said, shaking his head. Kuroko glared, shaking his head.

"Aomine-kun was one of the first to know! He understands why as well, Kagami-kun. Seirin is not the team it used to be. If this is the pressure of being good in high school, I didn't want anything to do with it in college." Kuroko said.

"Bullshit! What pressure? People fawning over you and wanting the best for you? Looking out for you? Are you so ungrateful that this isn't something you want for yourself?" Kagami asked.

"People have been pressuring me for interviews and answers I don't know. My parents are rearranging me future for me. Every dropped ball has been a warrant for punishment! I don't want it to be worse in college. My dream would become jeopardized." Kuroko shot back.

"No way. You would have been just fine. We would have gotten through it like we always do, me supporting you and vice versa. Seirin members have one another's backs." Kagami said, a proud grin on his face. Kuroko frowned.

"No, they don't. This team fell apart this year. It's not the team I signed up with. I'm sorry, Kagami-kun, but Seirin hasn't been a great team in a very long time. They are all starting to abandon one
another. I couldn't handle losing people again, so I took a step back selfishly."

"Damn right it was selfish! You are the reason we began to suck! I should have known. They weren't going to abandon you, you abandoned us! Just like you did the Generation in middle school. Just like you did with Ogiwara in elementary school. You have serious commitment issues, Kuroko." Kagami snapped. Kuroko's eyes widened, and he took a step back as if he had been struck.

"Seirin is not Teiko and Teiko is not Seirin. Teiko abandoned me when they became solo members that happened to shoot for the same basket. They shoved me out the door. Seirin welcomed me with open arms, but began to reject me when I wouldn't fit their model." Kuroko seethed, beginning to shake.

"No way! We are still a great team! The third years are gone, so it's up to us to lead! Yet you're talking about throwing away everything! Again! You wanna talk about abandonment? I was raised by a woman that isn't even blood related to me. I was dumped in Japan days after my best friend broke up with me! Now you're leaving me too. Fuck you, Kuroko, for trying to be the victim in all this. And for the record? At least you have parents." He said. Kuroko gasped.

"My parents? Who are picking my school for me in five days? Who didn't even really meet my boyfriend when he was trying to be polite? Who are the most neglect-" Kuroko stopped, his mouth working silently as his mind quit functioning.

How in the hell did it come to this?

Sensing Kuroko's pause, Kagami continued to scream at him.

How did he manage to lose yet another person in his life because he was trying to do what was best for him?

"And yeah you're a selfish son a bitch, Kuroko. No wonder Rakuzan wants you! Their all self-centered pricks too!" Kagami roared before cursing in English. Kuroko clutched at his chest and head as the world began to spin.

Kagami had been the light he needed. He had gone farther than anyone in the generation had before.

He was the true light to his true shadow.

"Kagami-kun- "He tried to stop and apologize, but the red-head wasn't having any of that.

"And another thing, I think the rumors were right! You totally screwed us at the Winter Cup because you were screwing the captain of the opposing team. Hell, it was probably his fucking idea." Kagami snarled. Kuroko snapped out of his trance and was moving before he realized it. He didn't realize he had smack Kagami until his hand began to sting.

"Don't you ever say that my relationship is the reason this team fell apart. Fuck you for even suggesting that, Kagami-kun. Akashi-kun is the best decision I have ever made in my life, and I don't give a damn what anyone says about that. I'm sorry you had a fight with Himuro-san, but don't try to kill my relationship like you killed yours." Kuroko said, his calm voice laced with fury and anguish. Kagami's eyes widened and he cursed in English again before storming off.

Kuroko closed his eyes and took a deep breath. A concerned whine at his feet reminded him of Nigou.

Focus on getting Nigou home. You can't let him down too.
With shaking hands, Kuroko picked up the pup and hurried home. He barely managed to keep it together until he got in his front door. After letting Nigou out back and making sure he had food and water, Kuroko turned and dropped his school bag on to the kitchen table. Kagami's words continued to bite in to him and a couple sobs escaped him as he desperately searched for his phone with shaking hands. He didn't bother to check the time before pressing the first speed dial.

For the first time in the history of their friendship, Akashi was delayed for picking up the phone. As each ring went by, Kuroko sank on to the table, body shaking with sobs he refused to let out. Finally on the third ring, Akashi answered.

"So sorry, my love, I was showering. Is everything alright?" Akashi's concerned voice had a sob breaking free.

"Sorry for calling." He managed to get out without sounding as hysterical as he felt. "I just…" He trailed off, unsure what he wanted from this call.


Confirmation that you are doing the right thing with your life. His mind helpfully supplied. Nodding, he took a deep breath before answering.

"Can you answer one question for me?" Kuroko asked.

"Of course, Tetsuya." Akashi said simply, the suspicion in his voice a little soothing to Kuroko's distressed mind.

"Akashi-kun…what can you see us doing after we graduate?" Kuroko asked, anxiety almost paused as he waited for his boyfriend's absolute and correct answer. His boyfriend took a moment to think before he answered with a little chuckle.

"Well, as we discussed this morning, Tetsuya, you will still be attempting to beat me on the court." Kuroko's eyes widened in horror, and he slipped off of the table and on to the floor, mouth open as he began to hyperventilate. He had almost forgot about his boyfriend when he heard him say "Of course I" and he quickly hung up the phone, unable to hear about his doomed future.

"What am I going to do?" He sobbed into his knees as he curled in on himself. Uncontrollable whines of anguish left him, rocking through his body harder than they ever had before.

He was well and truly alone in this world.

Akashi Seijuurou had had a pretty good day. He had woken up from a wonderful dream about his boyfriend just to get on a call with him. After hanging up and taking care of his bathroom ritual, he had gone to school for a successful day.

He got the extended budget for both his student council and his basketball club. He managed to convince the school board that new boards in the classrooms were a great investment. He had received extra credit points on all of the tests he had taken last week, in addition to getting perfect scores on all of them.

At practice, Rakuzan's old starting lineup had worked on drills with their new members. He had made all kinds of notes on ways to improve, and mentally made a note on which schools to have practice games with to perfect these skills.
In the middle of his shower after practice, Reo had informed him that Tetsuya was calling. He had finished up quickly before taking the phone in the nude, grabbing a towel as an afterthought.

He had expected his boyfriend to be upset. He usually only called when he knew he was busy if there was something wrong.

He hadn't expected him to be as upset as he was. In the middle of reassuring him with a humor reminiscent of their perfect morning phone call, the phone call ended.

Seijuurou wasn't sure if he should be concerned or pissed off. After a brief deliberation, he decided that he should just be concerned. After all, getting angry at Tetsuya wasn't going to help anything. He needed to keep a level head if he was going to be of any help to his boyfriend.

"What wrong, Sei-chan?" Reo asked, his face crumbled in concern. Seijuurou shook his head.

"My call with Tetsuya ended abruptly. He seemed unusually distressed. Perhaps I should go to Tokyo tonight to-"

"Sei-chan, don't." Reo cut him off, a stern look on his face. "You said he was upset, right? Maybe he was looking for something in your answer. Maybe you just pissed him off instead." He suggested. Seijuurou took a moment to ponder that. It wasn't out of the realm of possibility. His Tetsuya had been very distressed, and the pressure from everyone about picking a professional avenue of basketball had been very trying on his emotional state. Reo's advice had merit.

"So I shall go tomorrow morning-"

"No, Sei-chan. Go the day after tomorrow. Give him space to breath. He will contact you if it's a you problem. More than likely he was searching for an answer he himself needs to find." Reo said sagely. Seijuurou frowned, unconvinced of that. However, Reo certainly had more experience with these things. With a sigh, he nodded.

"Very well. I will leave Friday morning. That gives him all of Thursday to cool off. Do you think that is unreasonable as well?" He asked. Reo shook his head, a proud grin on his face.

"No! I think that's perfectly reasonable. Besides, he may contact you first." He suggested with a wink. Seijuurou nodded, wrapping the towel around his waist.

"Gather the first string, Reo. We are catching dinner." He ordered. Reo skipped off to do as he was told, leaving Seijuurou with his doubts.

He certainly hoped that Reo was right.

He didn't hear from Tetsuya Wednesday or Thursday. Even an angry Tetsuya was a vocal one. A passive aggressive post it notes kind of aggressive, as Ryouta had put it once.

His silence was very unusual, and it had Seijuurou worried. So first thing Friday morning he called in sick to school and took the first train to Tokyo.

The ride to Tetsuya's house was unbearable. It was a little early, so he hoped that he wasn't waking him up. His useless excuse of parents were gone for the next two weeks, much to their relief, so at least he didn't have to risk that.

"Wait here." Seijuurou ordered his driver when they arrived. He climbed from the car, pulling out the key he had brought with him. He shivered a little against the cold January air, quickly putting the key
in the door. Tetsuya had had him one made several years ago when they were in middle school and he had fallen ill over a holiday. All of the generation had then exchanged keys. While Ryouta's was now useless, as was his own, the others were not. When he stepped in to the house, the first thing he noted was the faint whines of Nigou from out back. A deep frown settled on to Seijuurou's face at that. It was highly unusual for Nigou to whine to get back in. He quickly made his way in to the kitchen. What he saw made his heart freeze.

Nigou's fur looked frozen stiff. The poor pup was shivering, and his eyes lit up when he spotted Seijuurou. Concern for his boyfriend growing, Seijuurou opened the door and picked up the puppy, wincing when a ripping sound came from his paws. A quick examination of them reveal that they had frozen over and he had just ripped parts of the ice off of them.

"Shh, Nigou. I'm here now. I'm going to take you to my car and bundle you up in a spare jacket. When I get back to Kyoto, I will send you to a hospital." Seijuurou promised. He quickly made his way out of the house and back to the car. After bundling Nigou up, he tucked him in to a spare bag he had and instructed the driver to turn on the heated passenger seat.

"He is frostbitten and probably much worse. I'm going back in to investigate. Be prepared for anything." He ordered, face grim. Squaring his shoulders, Seijuurou turned back towards the house to find his boyfriend.

He realized he had left the back door open and went to close it first. He felt a flash of annoyance for himself with that move. What if he had let someone escape? How foolish. Sighing, he closed the door. He turned to head towards Tetsuya's room when he noticed his school bag scattered on the table. Frowning, he went to investigate. He boyfriend wasn't a complete neat freak, but he did like his things tidy. He was reaching for the bag when he noticed a lump on the floor. Eyes wide, Seijuurou quickly rounded the table to find his boyfriend curled up in a fetal position on the freezing tile of the kitchen.

"Tetsuya?"

Chapter End Notes

A/N: So. I cried the entire time I wrote this chapter and the next. Kagami is NOT the main antagonist of this story. However, for me to reach the goal of this fic, he had to break Kuroko's heart. Also, I took a few liberties with his upbringing, so sorry if that annoys you. Nigou is OKAY. I am not going to kill him, and Akashi was overreacting to his condition because he was panicking. It's not as scary as he made it sound. Anyway, I will see you all on the 15th! Next chapter we get: Akashi takes control of the situation. Kuroko wakes up.

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

-mental breakdown, panic attack, anxiety attack, depression

Hey everyone! So this chapter is really fast paced. It immediately follows the previous chapter. A couple things- any numbers present in this story are the time at which I was writing this story. So if it say 230 somewhere, that means that it was 2-30am when I was writing it. Fun fact! Also, I am not a doctor nor have I ever received medical training of any kind. So what Akashi and Midorima use to care for Kuroko is complete BS and is what I would try. Anyway, read on-Kida-Asumi

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Last time on Back to the Start:

He realized he had left the back door open and went to close it first. He felt a flash of annoyance for himself with that move. What if he had let someone escape? How foolish. Sighing, he closed the door. He turned to head towards Tetsuya's room when he noticed his school bag scattered on the table. Frowning, he went to investigate. He boyfriend wasn't a complete neat freak, but he did like his things tidy. He was reaching for the bag when he noticed a lump on the floor. Eyes wide, Seijuurou quickly rounded the table to find his boyfriend curled up in a fetal position on the freezing tile of the kitchen.

"Tetsuya?"

"Tetsuya." Akashi breathed out, dropping to his knees to grab his boyfriend. His skin was icy to the touch, and he looked very pale. Forcing himself to concentrate, Seijuurou checked for a pulse. He felt relief when it throbbed under his fingertips. "Come on, Tetsuya, open your eyes for me." He pleaded, gently shaking him. He remained unresponsive. Not wasting any time, Seijuurou scooped him in to his arms and stood up. Tetsuya didn't even curl against him as he usually did when Seijuurou would carry him to bed. The lack of a normal response only caused his concern for his boyfriend to grow. Pushing the growing panic he was feeling back until he had them on a train to Kyoto, he quickly left the house. In his haste he didn't bother with the completely locking up the house; he only locked the door knob on his way out.

"I will need your assistance getting us on to the train." Seijuurou ordered as he set Tetsuya in the seat next to him. He draped a spare jacket over him as well before buckling him in. He quickly closed the door and climbed in on his side. The driver took off as soon as he was strapped in, and if he happened to be going faster than he usually allowed, Seijuurou didn't say anything.

Getting onto the train had been more trouble than it was necessary. As an Akashi, no one questioned him. But no one left him alone either. They all hovered just out of reach and it annoyed him greatly. The driver carried Nigou as he carried Tetsuya. After getting them settled, with Nigou on a seat beside him and Tetsuya on his lap, the driver left them.

Quickly, Seijuurou called Reo.

"I found Tetsuya. He is in terrible shape, but Nigou is worse. I need you to listen to me carefully.
Contact the major Kyoto Animal Hospital and tell them that an Akashi animal was left out overnight in a Tokyo ice storm. He appears fine, as in his limbs are all fine, but I demand that any other issues be discovered and rectified. Money is of no consequence. In addition to that, I need you, Koutaro and Eikichi at the station when we arrive. We are train 222. I need assistance getting them off of the train." He ordered.

"Right away, Sei-chan." Reo said, for once not asking questions. Satisfied, SeiJuurou hung up the phone and sent out a mass text message to the Generation.

To: Generation of Miracles

We have an emergency situation. I arrived in Tokyo today to a half-frozen Nigou and an unresponsive Tetsuya. I am on my way to Kyoto with them now. I need all of you here on the very next train. Rakuzan is not cut out to handle our affairs. Shintarou, I am going to call you. Everyone else, get ready and get to Tokyo Station immediately.

Satisfied with that, he immediately called Shintarou.

"What in the hell, Akashi?" Shintarou demanded.

"That is what I would like to know. I suspect Taiga or Ogiwara is at fault. Bring whatever medical things you need that you can transport. Text me any others and I will send Reo buy them as Koutaro drops Nigou off at a hospital. Tetsuya is going home with me in case this wasn't just a psychological break down. If an attempt on his life was made, he will be safe in my estate." SeiJuurou said. His grip on Tetsuya tightened as his mask finally began to slip. Shintarou must have sensed that because he released a sigh.

"What are his symptoms? And are his feet at least covered?"

"He is dressed, wearing shoes, and a spare jacket of mine with the hood up to help get him warm. It's working, and the color is finally returning to his cheeks. His heart rate is normal as far as I can tell. He just isn't responding to anything I did to try and wake him." SeiJuurou said, closing his eyes as trickles of panic tried to work their way back in.

"This is good. He is responding to the most basic treatment we could give him. I'll bring supplement drips of all different kinds, and a few different test kits. When you get him home, put him in your bed, on your side immediately. When he awakens, he will be confused. Hopefully your scent will delay any additional panic attacks." Shintarou explained. SeiJuurou nodded, pressing a tender kiss to Tetsuya's forehead.

"I plan to be at his side throughout this whole mess. All of you will be as well. My phone is buzzing with reply messages now, Shintarou. I will see you soon." He said before hanging up. With a sigh, he shifted Tetsuya so that he could type with both hands.

From: Aomine Daiki

Holy shit, Satsuki and I are on our way. I'm going to kill the bastard that did this to him.

From: Kise Ryouta

Noooooooooooooooooo! Not Kurokocchi! I am cancelling all of my appointments for the weekend, Akashicchi, and heading that way now.

From: Momoi Satsuki
Tetsu-kun! Dai-chan and I are on our way. I'm asking everyone he might have been in contact with in the last week what might have happened.

From: Murasakibara Atsushi

Poor Kuro-chin. I am packing yummy treats for him. Muro-chin and Kaga-chin are worried too. Kaga-chin says it's probably his fault. He had a fight with Kuro-chin on Wednesday.

Seijuurou's vision flashed red at the last text message, and his gold eye began to gleam.

To: Generation of Miracles

Atsushi just informed me that this might have been caused by a fight that Kagami Taiga and Tetsuya had had on Wednesday day. Cancel all communications with him and Himuro Tatsuya until this situation is settled. Atsushi, let them know that if they follow you, I will kill them myself.

Shaking with rage, Seijuurou pushed it back and cradled Tetsuya closer.

"I will kill him for this, my love." He promised into his blue locks, closing his eyes and forcing his mind to go blank.

They couldn't get to Kyoto fast enough.

Getting off of the train was a much bigger hassle than getting on. He passed Nigou to Koutaro first, ordering him to get on with his job immediately. He passed off a list of medical supplies to Reo next, and gave him the same instructions as Koutaro. As he and Tetsuya were stepping off, he had Eikichi take temporary hold of his boyfriend.

"You are coming with me, Eikichi." He said. It was a tense car ride to the Akashi Estate. Once there, Seijuurou entered the house and began preparing various things as Eikichi took Tetsuya to their bedroom. By the time they had him settled, he got in various reports from the other two Rakuzan members stating that they completed their tasks.

Soon they returned and helped Akashi begin organizing the medical supplies Reo bought as Koutaro gave a run down on Nigou's condition. Apparently initial scans revealed no long term damage.

Seijuurou was very relieved to hear that.

Not long after that, the Generation appeared as well. They entered the house in their typical fashion - a flurry of colors and loud noises.

"Silence." Seijuurou ordered. Immediately they all complied. "Rakuzan, you are dismissed. Shintarou and Atsushi, go and look over Tetsuya. I will join you shortly." He ordered. Again, instant compliance followed. Reo, Koutaro, and Eikichi made their exit as Shintarou and Atsushi began to go to the bedroom. "Sit, you three." He ordered the remaining people in the room. With a sigh, he shook his head.

"This will be a hard wait for you. I understand you wish to see Tetsuya. You will, and soon. He needs all of us to get through this. However, we must let Shintarou examine him and make him better. So I order that you stay down here. Daiki, you have permission to respond to Kagami with monotone answers. Give no information away. Ryouta, I need you to begin a list of all of the things I probably forgot at Tetsuya's house that he needs for his stay here, with me. Satsuki, I need you to continue looking into those contacts." He said. All three nodded, even as Ryouta and Satsuki wiped at their faces. Expression softening, he walking over and patted Ryouta and Satsuki's heads, and
squeezed Daiki's shoulder. "If my personal cell phone rings, answer it. I want immediate updates on Nigou." He said. He passed it to Ryouta before heading back to his bed room.

"He's stable, Akashi." Shintarou reported as he pricked a Tetsuya's finger before taking the blood samples.

"Any results yet?" Seijuurou asked as he walked over the other side of the bed. He climbed up, curling around his boyfriend as close as he dared.

"You can take his other hand, and no, not yet. The first that will come back will be his blood sugar test. I am going to do this blood pressure now. I need to do a rape kit as well." He said. Seijuurou's golden eye flashed menacingly at that.

"Someone wouldn't dare." He growled. Shintarou shrugged.

"Takao insisted I bring it just in case. It's better to be safe than sorry, especially in unknown cases such as these." He explained. Seijuurou nodded, grasping Tetsuya's free hand. As Shintarou took his blood pressure and made a note of it, Seijuurou's expression softened.

"Kazunari is welcome here as well, Shintarou. You could have brought him with you. However, I am glad he remained in Tokyo. Once Ryouta finishes his list of items Tetsuya has at his house that he needs at mine, I will have it sent to Kazunari and have him retrieve them." He explained. Shintarou colored pink but nodded his acceptance.

"Very well, Akashi." He said. He silently passed Seijuurou the rape kit, and had Atsushi roll him over. Shintarou walked him through it. After it was done, Atsushi put Tetsuya back down and was dismissed to make tea. Shintarou sat down and waited for the tests to come back.

"Well, the rape kit is negative. However, his blood sugar was really low. If I take a blood sample, can we send someone to get it to a lab?" He asked. Seijuurou nodded, not looking away from his sleeping boyfriend. "Very well. I'm going to start him on a nutritional IV drip as well to help supplement him until he awakens." Shintarou said. He exited the bedroom to grab his supplies, leaving the two alone again.

Seijuurou's heart clenched as his mind assaulted him with possibilities once again.

"Whoever did this to you will be punished, Tetsuya. I swear it." He murmured, tenderly pressing their lips together.

He leaned back and waited once again.

When Kuroko came to awareness, he realize he was not on his kitchen floor. Frowning, he sat up, trying to figure out his location. He was distracted by a tugging sensation from his arm. A quick glance revealed an IV drip. Eyes wide with surprise, he began to look around the room again, only to have his searching gaze meet his boyfriend's stoic one.

"Akashi-kun." Kuroko tried to say, but he his voice cracked about halfway through it caused by a painful stab from his throat. It felt as if he hadn't spoken in a while.

"Shintarou, begin the new examination. Atsushi, please go and start a pot of herbal tea. As you pass the living room, inform the others and get them up here. I will get you some water, Tetsuya." Akashi said, grabbing an empty glass from the table beside him. Kuroko was alarmed by the number of medicines and test kits littering Akashi's empty side table.
"Akashi-kun." He said, confused as to what in the hell had happened. His boyfriend didn't say anything as he went to get the water. He returned very quickly, passing him the glass. Kuroko reached for it, horrified as he noticed how badly his hands were shaking.

"Here, let me help." Akashi said. The lack of emotion in his voice was beginning to cause Kuroko to feel even more anxious. Why was his boyfriend wearing a mask? What in the hell was going on. Akashi cupped his hands as he brought the glass to his lips. The cool liquid soothed his parched throat. After drinking nearly the entire glass, he stopped and allowed his boyfriend to take it.

"Akashi-kun?" He asked, letting his panic seep in to his voice. His boyfriend didn't give a reaction to it. Instead he returned to the chair at his bedside and took his hand, mask still firmly in place. The door opened to the bedroom, and to his relief the rest of the Generation poured in. Kuroko's sense of dread grew as he noticed the tear stains on Momoi and Kise's faces. Aomine looked like he would rage at any given moment. The only three that were the same were Takao, Midorima, and Murasakibara, who kept their usual personalities, even if their worry was obvious.

"Hello, Kuroko! How are you feeling?" Takao asked as Midorima began to take his blood pressure.

"Alarmed." He blurted out. Momoi sat down beside him, wrapping him in a tight hug. He was grateful for it.

"Ah, don't be! You're just fine. Do you know where you are?" Takao asked, sitting down in a chair next to Akashi's. The rest of the Generation blocked off the gap between the end of the bed and the chairs.

"In Kyoto, on Akashi-kun's side of the bed." He said. Takao nodded.

"Very good. What day of the week is it?" He asked. Midorima removed the cuff from his arm and jotted down the results.

"I'm not sure." He admitted. He really didn't. He couldn't even remember why he was here, let alone the logistics behind it.

"That's okay! But you know who we are, right?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, a small smile on his face.

"Yes I do. I'm not completely confused about that." He promised. These were his most treasured friends. The only people missing were Ogiwara and Kaga-

Kuroko's heart froze. Oh god, Kagami. Their fight. Nigou.

"Where is Nigou?" He demanded, heart beginning to race as he looked around for the dog.

"He is fine, Tetsuya. I brought him with us." Akashi said. Kuroko's eyes snapped to Akashi's, seeking answers. Akashi shifted in his chair, squaring his shoulders in a way that he usually reserved for interrogations. "Do you remember our first phone call on Wednesday?" He asked. Kuroko gripped on to the blanket over his lap, searching his memory for it. A surge of warmth and a small smile crossed his face as he remembered. He nodded.

"Yes, I do." He said, meeting Akashi's gaze. His boyfriend's face didn't change, and he couldn't say that didn't sting a little.

"And our second?" Akashi prompted without skipping a beat. Kuroko frowned, shaking his head.
"No. I only spoke with you once on Wednesday." He said. Akashi stood up from his chair and walked over to the window of his room. He gripped on to the windowsill to steady himself.

"What happened after we hung up? Tell me everything and do not leave out anything, Tetsuya. I will know." He said. Kuroko nodded, shrinking in on himself in Momoi's arms. His boyfriend was usually so tender and perfect with him. He had never acted this way towards him. He didn't like the change. He couldn't lose him too.

With a shaking voice, Kuroko began his tale.

"I finished getting ready for school. Nigou and I waited for Kagami-kun at the bus stop. I was so excited about that afternoon because we were going to get to face Ogiwara-kun again." He said, a sad smile crossing his face as he remembered how happy he had been.

"When he arrived, he was in a terrible mood because of an argument he had had with Himuro-san. It only got worse as the day went on. I took the brunt of it, and I'd do it again. He doesn't need to talk to other people that way." He said with a frown.

"He doesn't need to talk with you that way." Aomine grumbled from where he stood with his arms crossed.


"We eventually got to practice. I quickly got ready and walked on to the court. After a brief conversation with Ogiwara-kun, we began our game." Kuroko paused, his stomach turning unpleasantly as he remembered what was going to happen.

"Ogiwara-kun and I had another conversation after we defeated their team for the first time. He expressed his concerns about Seirin's new attitude, and was making sure I was okay. I promised him that it was okay because I had a plan for my future and you guys." He said. Momoi pressed him closer as Kise turned to bury his face in Aomine's shoulder, trying to hide the tears that were breaking free.

"When Kagami-kun and I were walking home, I decided to tell him about my decision to stop basketball after high school. Surely he would understand, right?" He asked, his breath hitching as he was assaulted with painful memories.

"Go on, Tetsuya." Akashi commanded. Kuroko nodded, wiping at his eyes.

"He didn't understand. He demanded I choose a school now. So I could stop holding him back. I explained I didn't want to play basketball. The fight kind of evolved from there." He said.

"What did he say?" Midorima asked. Kuroko shook his head.

"It doesn't matter." He shrugged.

"The hell that is does! Tetsuya, I found you comatose on your kitchen floor yesterday morning. You need to tell us how you got to that state." Akashi shouted. A stunned silence fell over the room. It was very rare that Akashi got loud with any of them. He wasn't the type to yell or scream. His methods were reserved to unspoken threats veiled in calm conversations.

Kuroko began to shake and brought his knees up to his chest.

"He told me I was being selfish. That I had to quit thinking of myself before others. I have been hurting all of you and keep abandoning those trying to look out for me. He says I'm the reason that
every team of mine falls apart. I think I believe him." He whispered. A hushed silence fell over the room. As tears began to fall down his face and sob escaped him he shook his head. "Please don't make me say anything else about that." He whispered. Momoi tightened her grip on him. Aomine began to shake with rage. Kise's eyes had narrowed in to slits as his own anger began to override his worry for Kuroko. Murasakibara had crushed the candy bar in his hand. Midorima's face was stony and Takao's oddly blank.

He was glad he couldn't see Akashi's.

"What happened after that?" His boyfriend asked, still keeping his back to the room.

"I ran home with Nigou. My panic and anxiety and self-doubts were trying to crush me and all I wanted was an assurance that my future would be okay. So I focused on Nigou as soon as I got in the house. I put him outside with food and water and then called you. All I remember is you answering the phone and a feeling of crushing disappointment." He answered honestly.

A gasp as heard from someone as he suddenly found himself in Akashi's arms, face being pressed tightly to his chest. Suddenly all hell broke loose in the room.

"Fucking Kagami!"

"I'm going to kick his ass!"

"Oh Tetsu-kun!"

"Kuro-chin, don't worry. I'll give you a sweet for telling us."

"Kuroko, don't listen to him nanodayo."

"Be quiet." Akashi's voice silenced them once more. He gently ran his fingers through Kuroko's hair, and Kuroko detected a slight tremor to them. He nuzzled in to his stomach as fat tears rolled down his cheeks. "Tetsuya, you are staying with me until we get a grasp on this situation. Tokyo is no place for you. Do you understand?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, reaching out to wrap his arms around Akashi's waist, seeking shelter from this situation.

"Daiki and Ryouta, you have my permission to go. However, I expect you back. Do not make me regret this." He ordered.

"Yes Akashi/Akashicchi." They said together. Two sounds of footsteps retreating signaled their departure.

"Satsuki, go and check on Nigou." He said.

"Okay. I'll be back soon, Tetsu-kun." She promised, running a hand down his back before rising to her feet.

"Start the meal we had discussed, Atsushi." He ordered next. Murasakibara nodded, and the crinkling of a wrapper followed the sound of his footsteps.

"Kazunari, call my head butler and inform him that Seirin needs called. Inform them that he will remain here until next Thursday at the earliest. Call all of your schools and inform them that you will be missing Monday." He explained. Kuroko shivered when Midorima took one of his hands and pricked his finger. Akashi's hands soothingly massaged at his scalp, trying to keep him calm.

"Okay." Takao agreed before leaving for his task as well.
"Shintarou, continue with his checkup. I'm going to change out of these pants so that way I can join him." He said.

Kuroko's heart jumped in his throat at that and he tightened his arms around Akashi's waist.

"Shh, my love. I have to get ready to join you in bed. Let go of me so that way I can be swift." He ordered. Reluctantly he did as he was told. Akashi pressed a kiss to the top of his head before pulling away.

Kuroko winced as the soft light from the lap flooded his vision.

"Your vitals are back up again, Kuroko. After dinner your blood sugar and pressure levels should be fine as well. I think I will start you an herbal bath." Midorima said. He left to do that as soon as Akashi joined him in bed.

"Can I get this taken out now?" Kuroko asked, holding up the arm that had the IV.

"We'll ask Shintarou when he returns." Akashi said, climbing in beside him. He slid his arm around his waist, keeping him close. Kuroko reached down and threaded their fingers together, squeezing them gently.

"I love you, Akashi-kun." Kuroko said as they laid down. Akashi pressed a tender kiss to his cheek, nodding.

"And I love you, my Tetsuya. I'm sorry that my comments during our second phone call hurt you. It wasn't my intention." He said. Kuroko shook his head, relaxing into Akashi's embrace.

"You didn't know my mental state at the time. I do not blame you for anything. You saved me, and Nigou. He's in the hospital isn't he?" He guessed. He hadn't heard him at all. Akashi nodded, pressing another kiss to his shoulder.

"Yes. He was out all of Wednesday night and Thursday. The doctors are saying that he was at least under the awning of your house, and by a vent that pools steam. It could have been much worse." He promised. Tears welled up in Kuroko's eyes and he shut them against the onslaught.

"I'm so sorry for all of the trouble I caused you." He whispered. Akashi shook his head, tightening his grip on him.

"Don't be. I would do it all over again just hear that you are okay. When you hung up on me Wednesday, I began to worry. I almost went to Tokyo then, but was advised against it. I was told you might need space, and so I tried to honor that. When I didn't hear from your Thursday, I decided to seek you out on Friday whether you wanted me to or not. I can't describe what I was feeling when I walked in your house and found you on the floor. I was terrified I would lose you, Tetsuya." He murmured, burying his face in the crook of his boyfriend's neck. Kuroko's heart broke and he tightened his grip on his hands.

They cuddled in complete silence for a few minutes before Midorima joined them again.

"I had to send Takao out for the right ingredients for your bath." He explained.

"That's fine. Can we get this IV off of him?" Akashi asked. Midorima nodded and quickly did so.

"I'm going to help Murasakibara bring up your dinner, Kuroko." He explained. Kuroko nodded, rolling over to snuggle in to his boyfriend. Akashi's arms quickly embraced him, holding him close. As soon as their door was shut, Kuroko looked up at Akashi.
"Can I kiss you?" He asked, a sense of dread filling him as he asked the question. He was sure his boyfriend wouldn't mind, but what if he did?

"Yes." Akashi answered. Kuroko smiled a little, leaning forward to kiss his boyfriend. Akashi responded, letting Kuroko lead the kiss. The shadow appreciated it, as he wasn't sure what he wanted out of it. When his boyfriend parted his lips and pulled him closer, he pulled back. He shook his head, burying his face in Akashi's chest.

It apparently hadn't been that.

"I don't know what to do." He whispered, despair in every inch of his body.

"About what, my love?" Akashi asked, a hint of caution in his voice.

"About everything. I don't want to go home. I don't want to inconvenience anyone. I don't want to deal with Kagami-kun or the scouts or my parents." He said, voice cracking as the weight of his responsibilities began to weigh him down again.

"You don't have to do any of that, Tetsuya. I promise you that you can be here for as long as you'd like." Akashi said. Kuroko nodded, his tears falling again as he realized how much he was okay with losing.

"I don't know what I would do without you, Akashi-kun." He whispered as he began to shake with sobs again. Akashi shook his head, keeping him as close as possible.

"You will never know, Tetsuya. Now rest, my love. You earned it. I will not leave your side until you are comfortable with it." He promised. Kuroko nodded, cuddling as close as possible towards his boyfriend's warmth.

As Murasakibara was cleaning up after dinner, Kuroko sat on Akashi's lap, listening as Midorima read off the new test results. His boyfriend had yet to actually leave him alone, and he really appreciated the warmth against him. He felt like he could never be warm again.

"And your sugar level was already 3 points higher." Midorima was saying. Kuroko nodded, resting his head on Akashi's shoulder. His boyfriend pressed a kiss to his forehead before tenderly nuzzling against the top of his head. Kuroko smiled a little as Akashi's affection washed over him like a warm blanket.

"Shin-chan, I'm back!" Takao cried from downstairs. He came bouncing in to the room, excitedly mentioning his adventures. Kuroko listened with a fond smile, closing his eyes as the comforting familiarity washed over him.

If only it could be like this forever. A bitter smile crossed his face, and he buried his face in Akashi's neck. His gut twisted unpleasantly as he thought of all of the things he had to return home too.

The third years.

His parents.

His teachers.

Kagami-kun.

Why couldn't they be like his friends here?
"I can't do this anymore." He said. Akashi's fingers rubbed soothing circles in to his lower back. 

"Do what, Tetsuya?" Akashi asked, concern in his voice. Kuroko swallowed around the lump in his throat, shaking his head. 

"...be around people that force me onto pedestals I don't want to be on." He murmured as a tear rolled down his cheek. 

"None of us will let this ever happen again, Kuroko." Midorima promised as he sorted through the herbs with his boyfriend. Akashi wiped away the tear, press quick kisses across his face in an attempt to cheer him up. 

"If those people wanna play that game, hasta la bye-bye!" Takao grinned. Kuroko smiled at that, a little chuckle leaving him. 

"Kuro-chin only wants to have fun with basketball!" Murasakibara declared from the foot of his bed. 

"What do you want to do, Tetsuya? You have our full support." Akashi promised. Kuroko glanced up at him, meeting his steady gaze. His heart skipped a beat at the sincerity and love present in his eyes, and he kept their eyes locked as he rested his head on his shoulder again. 

"I think I want to transfer schools before this all becomes worse. It's already too much now. Is that a viable option, Akashi-kun, Midorima-kun?" He asked, bracing himself for a disappointing answer. 

"There are ways." Midorima shrugged, passing off a ball of herbs for Takao to go put in the running water. 

"Pick a school, my love, and I shall make it happen." Akashi promised. 

"I don't have to move to Kyoto?" Kuroko asked in surprise. His boyfriend shook his head, expression soft. 

"Not if you don't want to. You are of course more than welcome to join me in Rakuzan. I would love to wake up next to you every morning. However, I also will understand if you choose to stay in Tokyo. Regardless, I will do whatever you wish, my love." Akashi shrugged. Kuroko smiled, leaning up to press a chaste kiss to his lips in thanks. 

"Kuro-chin could come to my school! Then Kuro-chin will eat healthy meals." Murasakibara declared. Kuroko laughed at that, shaking his head. 

"Thank you for your support, everyone. Do I have to decide where to go now?" He asked his boyfriend. 

"No. Sooner rather than later would be better, yes, but it doesn't really matter. I will place you in the school of your choosing." Akashi promised. Kuroko nodded, and the room fell silent once more. 

Takao returned shortly to inform him that his bath was ready. He and Midorima left to go and eat dinner so that Akashi and Kuroko could have some privacy to bathe. 

"As I wash you, I am going to call Ryouta and Daiki and have them return to Kyoto." Akashi explained as he helped Kuroko take off his shirt. Kuroko winced as his arm protested the movement, still sore from all of the poking and prodding that had been done to him. 

"Okay." Kuroko agreed as he slid out of his pants. Akashi helped him sink in to the water, making sure that it was the perfect temperature before stripping, grabbing his cell phone, and then joining
Their bath was one that Kuroko almost fell asleep in. He had been dozing off when he felt himself being lifted. He shivered as his body left the warm water.

"No time for sleeping, Tetsuya. Daiki and Ryouta will want to wish you good night. You can sleep in tomorrow morning." Akashi promised. Kuroko nodded, wiggling out of his arms. Akashi quickly dried himself before helping to dry his boyfriend. It really lifted Kuroko's spirits as his boyfriend was more playful than usual. He exploited most of his ticklish spots, and gave him so many surprise kisses than he could count. Whatever had got his boyfriend in this mood, Kuroko was grateful for it.

"Thank you, Akashi-kun." He said as soon as he was dressed, wrapping his arms around Akashi's waist. Akashi returned his embrace, pressing their foreheads together.

"For what?" He asked simply, a sly smirk coming across his face as he rubbed their noses together. Kuroko shook his head, and instead of answering, pressed their lips together.

"Shall we send everyone off to bed?" He asked when they parted. Akashi nodded and released him, simply taking his hand instead.

Their goodnights were a quiet affair. Momoi was exhausted from all of the running around, and was half asleep when she hugged them goodnight. She and Murasakibara each took a room, and Midorima and Takao shared one of the larger guest rooms. Kise and Aomine would get the other. After everyone was tucked away, they returned to their bedroom to wait for Aomine and Kise to return.

They didn't wait long for Aomine and Kise to appear. Soon they were knocking on their bedroom door. Kuroko and Akashi had been curled up together, discussing Akashi's last couple of days. They broke apart so that Kise could pull him in to a tearful hug.

"I'm okay, Kise-kun." Kuroko promised as he returned the hug.

"Damn that Kagami." Kise swore. Aomine placed a reassuring hand on his back, and their blue eyes locked. Kuroko felt a sense of relief that they had confronted Kagami, and that he didn't have to tell him what happened.

"Don't be so careless though, Tetsu." Aomine chided. Kuroko nodded, looking down.

"Yes, Aomine-kun."

"Tell them what you have decided, Tetsuya." Akashi prompted. Kuroko smiled a little, his heart still overfilled with relief.

"I'm going to leave Seirin for my senior year. I haven't decided on a school yet. Could I come to one of yours?" He asked. Kise gasped as Aomine's eyes widened.

"Of course you can, Kurokocchi!" Kise squealed.

"Whatever you want, Tetsu." Aomine promised. Kuroko nodded his thanks.

"I haven't picked one yet, but this is good to know." He said. A yawn escaped him before he could stop it, causing all of the others in the room to look at him with soft expressions.

"I think it's time for bed. Ryouta and Daiki, your room is at the end of the hall." Akashi explained.
The two nodded, and after wishing them good night, they left.

Kuroko yawned again as he snuggled under the blankets. Akashi pulled him close, a quiet yawn leaving him as well. Kuroko smiled at the cute action and twined their legs together.

This day had ended pretty well. Everyone had been encouraging and supportive and everything he had needed. He was pretty grateful. He pressed a gentle kiss to the base of Akashi's throat before speaking.

"I'm sorry I scared you, Akashi-kun. I know that couldn't have been easy, finding me like that." He said quietly. His boyfriend froze in his arms. "I promise that I'm here to stay though. I'm not going anywhere so long as you'll have me. I will probably end up choosing Rakuzan, and we can finish our senior year at the same school again." Kuroko said, relaxing in Akashi's arms. "Whether it was in my control or not, I still gave you something that well and truly rattled you, and for that I am sorry. I will do my best to avoid doing that in the future." He promised.

"Please do. I have never been more afraid of something in my entire life than I had been at that moment, Tetsuya." Akashi confessed into his hair. Kuroko hugged him tight, nodding.

"Whatever makes you feel comfortable, we'll do. For the next week or two at least. I'm okay today, but I probably won't be tomorrow. You'll be going through much the same. Let's try and do our best to get past this together." He said, a small smile on his face. Akashi nodded.

"I agree completely, my love. Now rest, Tetsuya. We both deserve it." He insisted. Kuroko nodded, sliding his eyes closed.

"I love you, Seijuurou. Sweet dreams." He said. Akashi settled on to his own pillow more comfortably.

"I love you too, Tetsuya. Sweet dreams." Akashi murmured quietly.

As Kuroko drifted off to sleep, he tried to focus on the good in his life.

Maybe it would help offset the nightmares.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Hey guys! I hope that gives you a little bit of closure. So next chapter is going to be paced about the same as this one. There are a few timeskips as well, but you'll understand when we get there. So, next chapter: It's the last chapter for part two of this story! It's also the last chapter primarily in Kuroko's point of view. Kuroko suffers from the emotional damage done to him. A Generation bonding session happens. And FINALLY revealed what the entire point of this fic was. It didn't stay that way, but yeah. I'll explain next week. Anyway, see you all then!

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Warnings: mental breakdown, panic attack, anxiety attack, depression, vomiting, PTSD, nightmares

Notes this chapter: We are safely past the 100K+ word mark! I was so happy when I hit this goal! It was one of my major goals for this fic :D This will also be my first PUBLISHED fic on FFN or AO3 to hit this accomplishment. We are also now at the halfway point of this fic, as far as word count as concerned! Side note: Kuroko's breakdowns are roughly based off of an episode I myself had once. Losing a friend is a very painful experience, and losing one while the pressure is building up is even worse. Please don't criticize the way I did this.

Near the end of this chapter, we enter the 'epilogue' of Kuroko's plot for this story. It moves very quickly through the rest of January and February. It takes us through the rest of Akashi and Kuroko's second year of high school. Anyway, read on~

Kida-Asumi

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Emptiness. He was isolated and alone. No one was going to help him. He was on his own.

He had been abandoned. Betrayed. He had betrayed them in return.

There was no hope for him.

Kuroko awoke to the vigorous shaking of his boyfriend.

"Tetsuya." Akashi was calling his name urgently. Tetsuya reached for his boyfriend, heart pounding in his chest as he felt the urge to scream.

"Akashi-kun." He murmured, pulling his boyfriend in to a tight hug.

"It's just a nightmare, Tetsuya. You're safe." Akashi assured him as they sat up. Kuroko snuggled in to his arms, blinking slowly as he felt tears dribble down his chin and neck. Akashi's warm hands were running through his hair and on his back as his voice continued to murmur soothing things.

Kuroko liked that. It was better than the Kagami sitting beside him, taunting him for being weak and useless. It was better than his parents screaming at him in his head.

It was better than the nightmare about the Generation turning their backs on him.

When he woke up again, he was shaking and could taste the bile in his throat. He quickly scrambled out of the bed and held a hand to his mouth as he managed to make it to Akashi's bathroom. He gagged in to his hand as he stumbled over to the toilet and was very grossed out as the vomit smeared around his mouth. He leaned over and emptied the light meal that Murasakibara had fed him before, his world spinning violently. A particularly bad upheaval brought him to his knees, and a sob
managed to rip through his throat. Everything burned and he could taste the vomit in the nose drippings that fell down his face.

"Shintarou!" He heard his boyfriend shout as Akashi ran in the room. He dropped to his knees beside him, resting a supporting hand on the base of his neck.

"Sor-" Kuroko tried to apologize before emptying the contents of his stomach again.

"Shintarou!" Akashi shouted again before shushing his boyfriend's apology. "No, sweetheart. Don't apologize. It's going to be okay."

Midorima entered the bathroom moments later, his glasses on askew. Takao and Momoi were hovering nearby, concern in their eyes.

"Takao, go and grab water so that way we can keep him hydrated. Satsuki, grab him a spare change of pajamas. Those will be covered in sweat." Midorima ordered as he joined Akashi and Kuroko by the toilet. Kuroko felt humiliated to be seen like this, but couldn't protest as his stomach continued to twist.

"What happened?" Midorima asked.

"He suddenly began groaning in his sleep. I was about to wake him when his eyes snapped open, and he ran in to here." Akashi explained, and Kuroko barely registered that his mask was back in place.

"This is the third time he has awoken since we went to bed?" Midorima asked.

"Fourth. He had a nightmare about 45 minutes before this." Akashi corrected.

"The vomiting is a sign of stress, I believe. If this happens two more times tonight we will have to hospitalize him. Between the crying and this, he will be losing too much fluid for us to be able to put back in him. There is also a risk of him stripping his stomach or developing an ulcer. My medications may also come back up." Midorima analyzed.

"His pajamas are right here. I'm going to go start a pot of tea." Momoi said as she reentered the bathroom.

"Thank you, Satsuki. If you find any of the others, tell them to go back to sleep." Akashi said. Momoi agreed before leaving the room.

Eventually, the vomiting stopped. Kuroko shivered as his wet chest noticed the cold bathroom air.

"Get him changed. Takao and I will make sure that the sheets do not need changed as well. I expect you to drink a cup of tea, Akashi. It will help you return to sleep with him. That might soothe him too. He might be sensing your own-"

"Silence, Shintarou. I will drink the tea. Bring it to me if the sheets are fine." Akashi ordered. Once Midorima had left the room, his boyfriend ran a hand through his sweaty locks. "Is your stomach settled now?" He asked softly. The concern in his voice brought tears to Kuroko's eyes, and he nodded.

"Yes. I'm sorry I woke all of you up." He said, throat tightening as tears stung his eyes.

"Don't be, Tetsuya. We are here for you, however you need us." Akashi promised, pulling him in to his arms. Kuroko nodded, pulling away so that he didn't get his boyfriend dirty.
"Will you help me get changed? I'm not sure I have the strength." He admitted, grimacing at the admission.

"Of course." Akashi murmured, pressing a warm kiss to his temple before reaching over and flushing the toilet. Kuroko grimaced as he felt the dried vomit on his hand.

"I'm disgusting." He scowled. Akashi lifted him up and placed him on the counter. He helped him remove his shirt before offering him his toothbrush and toothpaste.

"You take care of this. I will grab a warm washcloth and clean you up a little bit." Akashi said, offering him a small smile before pressing a tender kiss to his forehead. Kuroko nodded, quickly spreading the toothpaste before aggressively washing his mouth.

He flinched a little when the wet washcloth pressed against his bare chest. His boyfriend carefully wiped down everything, cleaning him from spit, vomit, and sweat. He felt a little better because of it and offered Akashi a small smile of his own.

Once he was clean, Akashi tossed the cloth away and reached for a towel to dry his hair.

"Seijuurou-kun." Kuroko called out from under the towel. His boyfriend parted it enough so that their eyes met. Kuroko leaned forward, pressing their foreheads together as he closed his eyes.

"Yes, Tetsuya?" He asked. Kuroko reached out and wrapped his arms around his neck, pulling him closer.

"I love you." He murmured, feeling strangely calm despite his earlier episode. All he wanted to do was curl up with this man and sleep.

"I love you too, Tetsuya. Shall we get your shirt back on?" He asked. Kuroko nodded, pulling the towel off of his head.

"Please. It's cold." He said as a shiver ran down his spine. Akashi handed him the shirt as he turned to clean up around the toilet bowl, sanitizing it and wiping it down.

After he was dressed, Kuroko jumped down from the counter. He threaded his fingers through Akashi's before leaning up to kiss his cheek, a silent thank you for being with him through all of this.

He really needed this kind of support.

When he awoke the next morning, it was to a strangely and surprisingly empty bed. From the cool sheets beside him, his boyfriend must have vacated it at least half an hour ago. More than a little heartbroken to be waking up alone, Kuroko rolled over and reached for his usual pillow. He buried his face in it as tears began to roll down his face.

He needed to get through this alone anyway. Akashi and the others coddling him wasn't going to make him stronger. Everyone kept leaving because he kept leaning on them too heavily.

He was the problem, not anyone else.

He needed to learn to be more independent.

But…It hurt. He liked having the love and support of his friends. It meant that he was never alone.

And he wanted to be there for them too. If they were in pain because of him, he wanted to make it up to them somehow.
If he didn't manage that, he would be alone all over again.

Shuddering at the thought, Kuroko curled in to the pillow even tighter.

He was probably never going to be able to speak with Kagami Taiga again. Even if he allowed himself to hope that Kagami's words weren't true, the red-head had still spoken them out of malice. He had lashed out at him in the cruelest way possible, knowing him so well that he knew exactly what to say to break him.

He had taken advantage of that knowledge in a way that no one should.

That was unforgivable.

The sound of the door opening reached his ears, breaking him from his thoughts.

"Tetsuya?" Akashi called softly. "I went for a run to clear my head. Are you alright?" He asked as he approached the bed. Kuroko shrugged.

"Not really. Go and shower please. Then come and join me? I think I want to talk for a bit." He said, voice croaking from the stressful last night. His boyfriend leaned over and pressed a kiss to the side of his bed.

"Whatever you wish, my darling." He promised. Kuroko nodded, a small smile tugging at the corner of his mouth.

At least that wasn't going anywhere. Akashi wouldn't just toss him out because he was more than a little hormonal or unstable.

After all, his boyfriend was no stranger to mental anguish.

Soon enough, Akashi was back and crawling in behind him. He offered him a box of tissues before wrapping an arm around his waist. Kuroko wiped at his face and cheek, grimacing a little when he tried to curled back up in to that pillow. With a frown, he pulled it away and turned over, his tired eyes meeting his boyfriend's guarded ones. Kuroko let out a yawn, reaching out to toss an arm over Akashi's waist.

"I've been thinking." He began. "I'm in a lot of pain. I'm exhausted and hormonal. I'm very anxious about returning to Tokyo." He admitted. His boyfriend's eyes narrowed but he remained silent, sensing Kuroko's need to keep talking. "However, last night taught me that it won't last forever. The people that have always been there for me have stayed by my side. You might think I didn't notice Kise-kun and Aomine-kun standing just inside the bedroom door every time you left this bed, but I did. And I appreciate the gesture, even if it was a little unnecessary." He chided, even as an amused smile crossed his lips. His boyfriend shrugged, unapologetic about that.

Kuroko might have called for him. He needed to be summoned immediately.

"I love you. I love all of you so much. You were and still are the family I never had. I had thought that Kagami-kun would be too. However, this isn't the case. I'm going to have trouble wrapping my mind around that." He whispered, closing his eyes as his heart throbbed painfully.

The reality of his friendship with Kagami really being over was beginning to sink in.

He snuggled in to his boyfriend's shirt, hands twisting in to the material at the base of his back as he hugged him close. Akashi's arms came around him, allowing him every possible comfort.
"I don't know what the next while will bring. Please stay with me, Akashi-kun. I couldn't do it without you." He murmured. Akashi pressed a warm kiss to the top of his head.

"I'm right here, Tetsuya. So is everyone else. We aren't going anywhere. If you need to cry, cry. If you need to scream and shout, do so. Whatever you need to get through this, and you will get through this, Tetsuya, we will help you. I promise." He said. Kuroko nodded, feelings of fatigue washing over him again.

"Thank you, Seijuurou-kun. I think I want to sleep." He said. Akashi titled his face up, meeting his gaze with warm affection.

"We will be here when you wake up, Tetsuya." He promised. Nodding, Kuroko snuggled in closer and allowed his exhaustion to take over once again, Akashi's steady heartbeat soothing him in to sleep.

When Kuroko awoke for the third time that day, he was resting his head in his boyfriend's lap. His mind slowly began to register his surrounds as his boyfriend's thin fingers ran through his hair. He was under a blanket that hadn't been there when he and Akashi had snuggled up on the couch downstairs. The quiet voices surrounding them were a huge contrast to the loud and boisterous laughter that had been there before.

When had he fallen asleep? He had really been enjoying that movie. With a small sigh, Kuroko sat up. Silence immediately fell.

"What time is it?" He asked as he immediately climbed in Akashi's lap. His boyfriend tugged the blanket around him before wrapping his arms around his waist.

"About 5 o'clock. You were out for two hours this time, Tetsuya." Akashi explained. Kuroko nodded, nuzzling in to the crook of his neck as a small yawn escaped him.

"Can we continue to stay like this?" He asked. Akashi nodded, rubbing at his back.

"Yes. Go back to sleep, my love. You have earned it." He murmured. Kuroko shook his head, even as he snuggled closer.

"No. I want to watch everyone. I don't want to become a hermit." Kuroko protested. Akashi opened his mouth to retaliate when Aomine suddenly sat down beside them.

"Yo, Tetsu. You missed the ending of the movie. Shit exploded and Mai-chan's top got ripped." Aomine grinned. Kuroko rolled his eyes, even as a small smile crossed his face.

"I'm sure I know what your favorite part was, Aomine-kun." He teased. Aomine chuckled, reaching over to ruffle his hair.

"You would have appreciated the explosions." He said. Kuroko nodded his agreement, rubbing at his eyes. He winced when a bright flash suddenly lit up his vision. He felt his boyfriend wince from it as well, and Aomine groaned.

"Damn it, Satsuki, learn to control the flash!" Aomine growled.

"I have to agree with Daiki, Satsuki. Though I appreciate all of the wonderful pictures you take of Tetsuya and me, I do not appreciate the temporary blindness that comes after them.

"Mo, I'm sorry Sei-kun!" Momoi pouted before dropping herself on to Aomine's lap. He grumbled
under his breath but didn't move to shove her off.

"Sei-kun?" Kuroko and Akashi asked together. Momoi nodded, grinning wide.

"Yes! I'm trying out new nicknames for you." She explained. Kuroko and Akashi shared a confused glance, both shrugging a little as they accepted it.

"Let me see the picture, Satsuki." Akashi said instead. Kuroko smiled a little as he and his boyfriend looked at it. He was bundled up in his boyfriend's lap, cheeks pink with warmth as he snuggled closer. Akashi was looking down at him with a gaze full of affection and love, and he had a protective hand on his back. Akashi wordlessly sent it to both of them.

The sound of a door opening broke them out of their looking.

"Kurokocchi is awake!" Kise exclaimed, alerting them to his presence.

"Good! Kuroko, do you want to play this game that Kise and I found?" Takao asked. Kuroko sat up a little, glancing at the box in their hands. It was bright and colorful, with a picture of laughing people on it. He nodded, shifting a bit so that he was resting his back against the arm of the couch. Akashi shifted the blanket around his lap before pulling him back against his chest.

"Sure. Can we all play?" He asked. Kise and Takao nodded, sharing wide grins.

"Yes! In teams!" They cheered together. Aomine groaned, tossing his head back against the couch.

"I'm out." He grumbled.

"No way, Dai-chan! Taka-kun, go and get Mido-kun and Mukkun please!" Momoi chirped. Takao nodded, running out of the room. He returned moments later, a bowl in his arms. Murasakibara followed with two pitchers of some drink and Midorima followed with glasses.

Kise and Momoi set up the board as everyone else settled around the table. Akashi scooped up Kuroko and sat down, settling Kuroko between his legs, the blanket over both of their shoulders as they watched the group bicker over teams.

Eventually, it was decided and Kise and Takao would be on the same team. Midorima got stuck with Murasakibara as Aomine was picked by Momoi. Kuroko was passed a bottle of water when the rest of them were giving drinks of the punch that Midorima had made. He rolled his eyes at it, but understood its necessity and drank it without protest.

That and he occasionally took drinks of his boyfriend's punch. Akashi didn't mind, as he let him get away with it.

"Gah, Takaocchi, I think we might lose!" Kise moaned near the end of the game.

"I'm sorry Ki-chan!" Takao wailed, hugging Kise close. The blond returned the hug, sobbing in to his shoulder. Kuroko hid a smile behind Akashi's cup at their theatrics, glad to see them enjoying themselves despite their reason for being together a very dire one. His boyfriend let out an amused sigh behind him, leaning down to take a drink from his cup. Kuroko offered it to him, a sheepish grin on his face. Akashi sent him an amused wink as he passed the cup back.

"Well Akashi and Kuroko are obviously going to win. Let's at least defeat Aomine and Momoi, Murasakibara." Midorima declared, pushing up his glasses. Murasakibara shrugged, shoving some more of his snack in to his mouth.
"Okay, Mido-chin."

"Bastard, Satsuki and I are going to kick your ass. And Akashi! I'm going to beat you too. The only one who can beat us is me!" Aomine declared. Satsuki agreed, cheering him on.

"You are too inexperienced of a player of this game to beat me, Daiki. A game that I own, in my own house at that." Akashi said with an all-knowing smirk.

"Akashi-kun and I have played this game with Rakuzan many times, Aomine-kun. Your defeat is unavoidable. Give up now." Kuroko agreed. Aomine glared at him before he and Momoi pressed their foreheads together and began to whisper their winning strategy.

Akashi and Kuroko did win, just five minutes later. After a fierce debate, it was decided that the rest of the teams would play for second and third.

"I'm going to go and start dinner." Akashi announced. The others nodded that they heard him, but otherwise continued their game.

"Can I come and help?" Kuroko asked, leaning his head back to meet Akashi's gaze.

"But of course. I would love your help, Tetsuya." Akashi said, a small smirk on his lips. Kuroko smiled back.

They rose to their feet, hands coming together as they walked off to the kitchen. They started a stir fry, with Kuroko cutting the vegetables and Akashi starting on the meat.

"Seijuurou-kun?" He asked between slices of the knife.

"Hm?"

Kuroko paused his cutting, putting down the knife. He closed his eyes, taking a moment to steady himself before turning and wrapping his arms around his boyfriend's waist.

"Tetsuya?" Kuroko shook his head at the concern in his voice.

"Nothing's wrong. I just..." He trailed off. "Let me hold you, okay?" He asked. One of Akashi's hands reached down and pressed against his own. Kuroko gripped on to it as the ugly swirl of emotions made his stomach churn.

The episode passed fairly quickly. By the time that Akashi was adding the sauce to the pan, Kuroko was able to pull himself away and hand him the vegetables. As they watched them simmer, Kuroko returned to Akashi's arms. He shivered a little when his gut twisted unpleasantly again.

"What's wrong, Tetsuya. Talk to me." Akashi murmured, pressing his cheek against the top of Kuroko's hair.

"I'm not sure. I'm actually really happy. I just feel really sick. And anxious. And guilty." He murmured. "But I'm tired of laying around. I'm tired of crying. I don't know who I am and I don't like that." Akashi's arms tightened around him as his world spun.

"Let's go jogging in the morning, Tetsuya." He suggested. "You've never been with me before. I can show you all of the sights of an early Kyoto."

"We can pick up Nigou tomorrow morning as well, right?" Kuroko asked. Akashi nodded.

"Of course. He's very anxious to come home to us." Akashi promised. Kuroko smiled a little at his
Seijuurou-kun?” He asked. Akashi pressed their foreheads together, eyes blazing with all kinds of emotions.

"You are my world, Tetsuya. I love you more than anything else. You take as much time as you need. Do whatever you need to do. I will hover or back off however much you need." Akashi promised. Kuroko closed his eyes and pressed their lips together. He pulled Akashi as close as possible, moaning when Akashi licked at his lips. He parted easily, the strokes of Akashi’s tongue sending sparks to his groin. When they parted, Kuroko was wearing a healthy flush to his cheeks.

"Thank you, Seijuurou. Don't ever stop being wonderful." He said. Akashi pressed another chaste kiss to his lips before letting go of him.

"Will you go and start setting up the table? Have the others help. I will finish this and start bringing it out." Akashi insisted. Kuroko nodded, leaning up to kiss him again. He was about to leave the kitchen when a thought occurred to him. He paused before returning to his boyfriend’s side. He leaned up and pressed a tender kiss to his cheek.

"I love you, Seijuurou. Thanks for dinner." He said, blushing a little. As he watched a smirk cross his boyfriend’s face he quickly left the kitchen, his heart racing.

Maybe things were finally returning to normal.

The next several months had peaks of highs and lows for the blue haired shadow.

January was one of the worst.

After spending a revitalizing week in Kyoto, Kuroko returned to Tokyo, determined to focus solely on his education and his health. The first thing he did as soon as he returned home was tell his parents of his choice.

It didn't end well. After packing a small duffle, he had stayed with the Kises. For once, he opened up to them and explained the situation. Kise's mother had been livid and immediately called his parents, launching into a long lecture. Kise and his sisters watched on with amusement as they all cuddled and doted on Kuroko. Kise's father had cooked their meal as he let his wife do the talking.

His parents allowed him to return to the house two days later.

His father never spoke with him again.

School was very awkward. He and Kagami never spoke. Kuroko began to spend his lunch periods in the library, occasionally with Aomine joining him. He continued to go to practice every day, training his body to be ready to join whatever first string at the school he would be going to next semester.

Academically, this was his best semester yet. His academic advisor had been very impressed, and unlike his teachers and fellow students, didn’t harass him about his choices for the future. In fact, he helped him research scholarships for the universities he was choosing.

Kuroko was very grateful.

His life became very routine. Monday through Thursdays he would go to school, go to practice, and
then go and hang out with one of the Tokyo Generation of Miracles. For the most part it was Momoi and Aomine, as Kise's modeling gig took up most of his free time and Midorima was beginning to cram for early entrance exams. Occasionally, it would be Takao that would hang out with him, and on those days Kuroko would eagerly await to call his boyfriend with the most interesting and unique of stories. Once a week he made sure to meet up for lunch with Ogiwara as well.

Friday to Sunday evenings he would be in Kyoto. If Seirin had practices or matches, he would miss them. Instead, he trained with Rakuzan and helped coach them. After all, the new first string had a lot of things to work on, and his boyfriend couldn't train himself as well as Kuroko could. He also spent a night locked away in a study with Midorima or Akashi, or sometimes both, as they prepped him for entrance exams.

For his birthday, Akashi took them to a small, but still five stars, restaurant with cuisine of Kuroko’s choosing. They had a wonderful dinner where their hands remained locked the entire time and shared quiet conversation. After they had finished, the two took a short walk to a lake where Akashi taught Kuroko how to ice skate. He was pretty awful at first, and the following morning not all of the bruises on him were from the love making the night before.

For his birthday present Akashi got him his own personal library in one of the many empty rooms in the Akashi estate. Inside had been every book by every author that he loved. Touched, Kuroko had turned and pulled Akashi in his arms, quickly showing him his appreciation on the couch in the room.

The Generation and Rakuzan threw him a party the next day. It was full of games and laughter and everything Kuroko could have possibly wanted. When he awoke that morning, his ribs hurt from all the laughter.

February was much the same. He and Akashi celebrated their first anniversary in a private, elite hot springs. Both had decided against going out of the country as Akashi had previously suggested. The timing wasn’t right.

School got a little harder for Kuroko. As he slowly began to heal from Kagami’s painful words, Kuroko began to find himself yearning for closure. Yet he held strong, knowing that until he had well and truly eliminated any chance of him going pro, talking to Kagami would be pointless and harder on the red-head.

It could have been so easy. All he would have had to have done is walk up to him and they could have tried to make peace.

But he didn't. Years from now, when he was settled down and reflecting on his high school days, he would agree that was the best possible decision.

Kise and Aomine went on a break around Valentine’s Day. No one, even the two of them, were sure who started the fight. Rumors had it that they had been on a romantic dinner at their shared favorite restaurant. The press found them, they fought, and reporters caught pictures of Kise leaving the building in tears.

Kuroko and Akashi had spent that evening alone at Akashi’s house, watching the news, chatting, and playing shogi. They opted to leave their phones turned off for the evening, and had been in the bath when both Kise and Aomine had begun to blow up their phones. It wasn’t until the next morning when Kuroko had been curled up on top of Akashi in bed that they realized what had happened. Kuroko had pressed his ear against Akashi’s chest, listening as his boyfriend called both of their friends to get the full story.
On the 1st of March, as he was walking Nigou around downtown Tokyo, Kuroko made his decision regarding what high school he wanted to go to. He had called Midorima first so that he could begin gathering the study materials for this specific entrance exam. Next he had called his boyfriend, a wide grin on his face. He could hear it being returned as his boyfriend finally spoke.

"My Tetsuya, with me permanently. Kuroko Tetsuya, Shadow of Rakuzan." He had breathed through the phone. Kuroko had nodded, brimming with excitement.

"They had better prepare themselves, Akashi-kun. Your empress will soon be at your side." He laughed.

"You took a liking to the title, did you?" Akashi's amused voice asked.

"I think so, I keep using it. And it's only natural. I would rather be the spouse than the whore." He said. Akashi's quiet laughter rang through the phone.

"You are perfect, Tetsuya. Absolutely perfect for me."

And so with that decision made, Kuroko began to prepare for the entrance exam. When he got his acceptance email a week later, he had cried as he called his boyfriend.

Finally, everything was falling into place.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: FINALLY! I have been waiting so long to reveal the major purpose of this fic. The original title was "Kuroko goes to Rakuzan". I saw a picture of Kuroko in a Rakuzan uniform nearly 2 years ago and fell in love with the idea of him attending Rakuzan with his boyfriend. However, I also acknowledged that he wouldn't just give up Seirin to be with Akashi. So he had to have a reason to leave. And I gave one. I do not hate Seirin or Kagami in any way, shape, or form. Don't think that they are the major antagonist, please! The spot is reserved for a special demon that will be revealed soon enough. Anyway, that aside, this was supposed to be the stopping point of the fic. It's not. About halfway through writing/planning it, I came up with a third plot point and a convenient way to subtly tie this in to my Daycare Universe, BAM, here we go. Brace yourselves for a wild ride, darlings~

Side note: The anniversary and the birthday mentioned in this chapter will be given in detail later in this fic. I decided to repurpose them for a different time. You will see when we get there.

The next chapter will begin Akashi's plot of this story. Some of the things that happen in the next chapter are: An in depth look of the Akashi family; life in Kyoto/Rakuzan; sex!

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Warnings: None

Notes this chapter: Hey all! Here are a couple things to keep in mind this chapter: The majority of all of the characters in this story will now be called by their first names. That's what Akashi has called them thus far in this story, so in the hopes of staying consistent, that is how he views them as well. If that's a little confusing, bear with me! If you want I can post a master list of first names? I take a lot of liberties with the Akashi family's background and history. I hope you guys like them! OCs are abundant in this part of the story. There are three primary sets: The Rakuzan Student Council, The Rakuzan First String, and The Rakuzan Book Club (who we will meet next chapter) They all have varying levels of importance, and I really didn't try to flesh them out too much. However, if you want me to, let me know and I can add some extra scenes with them. Anyway, go and enjoy the nearly 8k that is this chapter!

Kida-Asumi

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Akashi family is absolute. As one of the oldest and most regal Japanese families, they have a certain reputation to uphold.

Akashi Seijuurou, the most recent heir, is quickly realizing just how heavy this burden can be.

His third year of high school was looking up to be one of his favorites. His Tetsuya would be rightfully at his side for the entire year for the first time in a long time. His grades were excellent, as always, and his new first string was growing stronger every day.

Yet as happy as he was, he wasn't satisfied.

Something was missing. He wasn't sure what it was. For a man that knew everything, this was very frustrating.

His time of complete independence was just around the corner. Soon he would be able to begin to make his mark in the professional world. His birthright will swear him in as an important person.

Unlike his father, riches are not everything to Seijuurou. His Tetsuya did not care about them as well. Whatever future they will bring to his family's history will not be solely focused on wealth.

But what will their goal be?

Only time will tell.

A typical first day of school for an Akashi child is a solemn affair. They wake up, shower, and get dressed. After making sure that everything was aligned and spotless, the child would then head downstairs to join their parents for breakfast. After a lecture to remind them of what is expected, they would be escorted to school.
This April morning was different.

Akashi Seijuuurou awoke to a warmth he had grown used to over the last year. A quiet sigh left his lips, and without opening his eyes, he reached over and turned off the alarm before it could awake Tetsuya. His boyfriend shifted at the movement, burrowing into his side. A stubborn grunt left the shadow. Biting back laughter, Seijuuurou wrapped an arm around him.

He deserved to sleep in on his first day at a new school. After all of the hell that he had been through over the last four months, or even the last eight, it was well earned.

He gave it five minutes before gently shaking Tetsuya awake.

"No." His boyfriend grumbled, tightening his grip on his waist.

"You have to, Tetsuya. A new day awaits us." He murmured in to his hair. Tetsuya shook his head, face scrunching up in protest. Seijuuurou's heart clenched at the adorable reaction. With him, this man was so expressive. He was sure that he too, was more open around Tetsuya.

It was what made their relationship work as well as it did.

A sigh left Tetsuya before he sat up, leaning over Seijuuurou.

"Good morning, Seijuuurou-kun." He smiled softly. Seijuuurou returned it, splaying his hand at the base of Tetsuya's back and pulling him on top of him. His boyfriend's blue eyes clouded with arousal as their groins aligned.

"Good morning, Tetsuya. How shall we start off this day?" He asked. Tetsuya pressed their foreheads together, a small moan escaping him as he rocked his hips upwards.

"Like this?" He asked, eyes closing when Seijuuurou pressed back, helping him create a friction that worked.

"This works." Seijuuurou said, his hands sliding down to grasp the globes of Tetsuya's ass and press him even closer. A low groan left him as the pressure on his rapidly erecting cock felt so good.

"Seijuuurou-kun." Tetsuya murmured as he pressed their cheeks together. Seijuuurou turned his head and connected their lips, quickly gaining entrance to the inside of this familiar hot cavern. Tetsuya moaned into him as his hips began to jerk. Seijuuurou's eyes rolled a little as Tetsuya's tongue submitted to his own, curling around his sweetly as it was tugged in closely. The lithe body above his pressed down against him, rolling his hips in a way that always drove Seijuuurou crazy.

"Tetsuya." He breathed as he rolled them over and on to their sides. Sensing his needs, Tetsuya's slim fingers quickly slid between their hips and wrapped around their erections. The shadow sought his lips again, and Seijuuurou reached down between them to cover Tetsuya's hand with his own. The growing heat between them was becoming stifling, and the red head had to break their kiss, jerking himself away to catch his breath. Tetsuya didn't let go as easily, and he stubbornly trailed his kisses down Seijuuurou's jaw, little moans and gasps escaping him as he let Seijuuurou take the lead on their mutual masturbation.

Seijuuurou used his free hand to grasp Tetsuya's chin, bringing his face back up so that he could tug his lower lip between his teeth and into his mouth. Tetsuya's other hand rose to twist in his hair. Seijuuurou moaned around Tetsuya's tongue, arching closer to his body. Tetsuya moaned in response, hips beginning to jerk faster as his stomach quivered as his orgasm began to build.

"God, Seijuuurou," Tetsuya moaned against as he rubbed the tip of their cocks, giving them another
push closer to completion. Seijuurou closed his eyes as his own control began to slip, his gut tight with arousal. His vision had begun to waver, but he couldn't let go before Tetsuya was slumped beside him, trying to catch his breath as he recovered.

Tetsuya's needs must always come before his own. It was the way that things are supposed to go.

"Seijuurou!" Tetsuya gasped, tossing his head back as he began to lose himself in his hand. Seijuurou readjusted his grip on their cocks, making sure that his thrusting pressed Tetsuya's cock in all the right ways. His other hand reached down between them and grasped Tetsuya's balls, rolling them in their sack. Tetsuya mewled, snapping his head back to lap at the sweat on his neck. Seijuurou tilted his head back to give him more access, pleased that his little lover would seek his skin as an outlet for his overwhelming needs.

"Sei-" His boyfriend choked out, body stiffening as his balls twitched his hand, before his pulsing cock began to shot out spurts of warm come between them. Tetsuya collapsed against him, panting against his chest. The warm breath from his boyfriend's mouth spread across his chest, causing Seijuurou's eyes to fall shut as his cock twitched in his hand, reminding him at the task at hand. He went to lean away and begin to jerk himself over the edge when his boyfriend's hand gripped his erection.

"Stop, Sei. Let me." Tetsuya promised, lips brushing against his chest. Seijuurou's eyes snapped open to watch as Tetsuya began to lap at his chest. Seijuurou's mouth parted in a soft gasp, arching up as his boyfriend began to roll the nipple under his tongue. His hand began to run up and down the length of Seijuurou's cock, rubbing at the tip and smearing the precome before making sure to press down on the vein on the underside of his cock. Between the warm tongue on his body and the searing touches on his erection, Seijuurou began to lose control.

"You taste so good, Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya moaned, tightening his grip. Seijuurou's vision wavered and he closed his eyes, trying to press closer to his boyfriend. "Come for me, Seijuurou." Tetsuya murmured before moving up to connect their lips. Seijuurou let him, parting his lips and quickly curling around Tetsuya's tongue, sucking it in to his mouth. Tetsuya's grip was tight and sure. He worked him in all the ways that Seijuurou liked best, thanking him for letting him come first.

And thank him he did. When Seijuurou came gasping Tetsuya's name moments later, it was to one of the hardest orgasms he had had this year.

As he came down from that high, he realized that Tetsuya was pressing affectionate kisses across his face. Smiling, Seijuurou reached up and cupped Tetsuya's face.

"Good morning, Tetsuya." He breathed. Tetsuya smiled, and the look of pure love and affection in his face nearly caused him to stop breathing. This beautiful person loved him with his all. And god did Seijuurou love him in return.

"Shall we go and shower?" Tetsuya suggested. Seijuurou nodded.

"Yes. After we are ready, we then have breakfast with my father." He sighed. Tetsuya leaned forward to kiss his forehead, a soft smile on his lips.
"Sure thing." The blue haired male said as he rose from the bed. Seijuurou joined him, pausing before entering the bathroom. A wide smirk stretched across his lips.

What a great way to start his third year of high school.

In all of his life, he had never had such an awkward breakfast.

He and his father sat in their usual seats. The major difference was Tetsuya sitting to his right. His father was ignoring both of them as they ate their meals. He shot his boyfriend a look to see how he was handling the situation. As usual, his Tetsuya caught him off guard. If anything, he looked more relaxed than he ever had in his father's presence.

It was more than likely tied to his extremely abusive childhood. Just the thought made Seijuurou's heart ache.

"Seijuurou." His father called. Seijuurou's red eyes snapped up to meet his father's. "Today will be the last first day of your schooling career. All of these years should have taught you the proper protocols of an Akashi's first day. Need I remind you of them?" Akashi Masaomi asked. Seijuurou shook his head.

"That is not necessary, father. Tetsuya and I have our school bags already packed and ready to go. Our lunches are still in our refrigerator. I contacted the driver this morning to remind him of how vital he is to our day. We have our schedules memorized, alongside the names of our teachers." Seijuurou explained. His father nodded, turning back to his tablet in a way that implied that Seijuurou's answers had been satisfactory. Tetsuya's hand slipped into his under the table, offering him a supporting squeeze. Seijuurou appreciated it, masking his expression as affection warmed him from his head to his toes.

"Are you nervous, Tetsuya?" Masaomi asked about ten minutes later. Tetsuya shook his head.

"No, sir. Whatever happens today will happen. Why worry about it now?" Tetsuya asked. A rare smirk crossed his father's face. Seijuurou's eyes narrowed in response, not sure if his father was amused or about to be condescending.

"Oh? Have you always had such a mature attitude towards your education?" He asked. Tetsuya nodded, setting down his silverware and reaching for a napkin.

"Yes, sir. I didn't want to be the student that was in tears as he got on the bus, as my older friends had been doing." Tetsuya explained. Masaomi nodded.

"I see. You will do well, at Rakuzan." He said, rising from his seat. Tetsuya and Seijuurou rose with him. It was polite to rise with the Akashi head when a meal was over. "I will be home at around seven tonight. I expect to walk into you studying, and not participating in debauchery." He said, gaze stern. Both teenagers nodded, bowing their heads in respect. They kept them like that until he left the room. Their kitchen maid quickly entered the room, gathering the dishes.

"Shall we grab our lunches and say goodbye to Nigou?" Seijuurou suggested. Tetsuya nodded, reaching for his hand.

"Yes, Seijuurou-kun."
the first day of school.

Who could that be?

Isn't that Kuroko Tetsuya, from Seirin High School?

Wow, I can't believe Akashi-sama brought his pet to school on the first day.

Seijuurou nearly rolled his eyes at that comment. If this behavior was continuing through next Monday, he was going to have to step in personally.

However, judging by the annoyed stiffness to his shoulders, he wouldn't have to. His Tetsuya could handle himself just fine. As they stepped up to the student council's meeting room, he found himself excited to see it in action.

This would be his first test at Rakuzan High. If he could gain the student council's approval, it would be smooth sailing from there. The rest of the school would follow their lead.

"Shall we, Tetsuya?" Seijuurou asked. His boyfriend nodded, glancing in his direction.

"Yes, Akashi-kun." He said, giving his hand one last squeeze before dropping it. Seijuurou couldn't help but approve of that action. He needed to appear strong and independent in front of his future classmates. Clinging to his boyfriend's hand wouldn't help. A confident smirk slid over Seijuurou's features as he opened the door.

"Akashi-sama." The student council chorused as they rose to their feet. Seijuurou gave them a nod of acknowledgement.

"Good morning, everyone. I hope that all is well." He said as he pulled a spare chair beside his own. He offered it to Tetsuya, who gave him a subtle smile and nod of gratitude before sitting down beside him. "I have called you all here this morning to introduce you to one of our newest students. He is a bit unique, and very different from the incoming first years that we are meeting later this afternoon. Tetsuya, introduce yourself." He said. As Tetsuya rose to his feet, Seijuurou observed the faces of his student council.

"Hello. My name is Kuroko Tetsuya. I am transferring here from Seirin High School. My goal is to do very well in my classes so that I can get in to the first university of my choice. Please take care of me." Tetsuya said, bowing at the end. Seijuurou couldn't be more satisfied with that greeting, and from the looks of his student council, they agreed.

"Now you all shall introduce yourselves to Tetsuya. His is a third year like ourselves, and will need all of our support in this adjustment period." Seijuurou ordered. As expected, Ayame rose to her feet first.

"Hello Kuroko-san." She began, offering him her most charming smile. "I am Sayoko Ayame, the vice-president of this student council. I will be your primary guide. If you have any questions or issues, just let me know and I will do whatever I can to help." She said, offering him a warm smile and a playful wink. Tetsuya dipped his head in greeting, but otherwise kept silent. Seijuurou was sure that that was the best decision. Tamaki rose to his feet next.

"Hey Kuroko. I'm Kazunaga Tamaki. I'm the secretary. If you have any questions about your scholarships or living situation, I'm the guy to talk to. Unlike the rest of these guys, my grades are pretty average, so I'm in 3-C. Unless you are super smart like Akashi-sama or Ayame-chan, we might be in some classes together," He said before flopping back in his seat. Tetsuya remained silent, turning his attention to the next person that rose to their feet.
"Hello, Kuroko-san. Ano, I'm Watonabi Naoto. I'm the treasurer of this student council. I hope we can become good friends." He stuttered nervously. Seijuurou noted the fond gaze that Tetsuya directed at the timid male, and he nodded towards him, offering him an encouraging smile.

The last member of the Rakuzan student council rose to his feet. He grinned widely at Tetsuya. "Hey Kuroko! It's nice to meet you. My name is Takako Kisaragi! I'm the historian here at this place! I'm also in class 3-C. If you get sick of the snobs at this place, or the all-seeing eyes of our beloved emperor, just come find me! We can escape it all together!" The boisterous male declared. Tetsuya's polite smile became tight, and his small hand slipped under the table to soothingly rub at Seijuurou's knee.

The red head noticed with some surprise that that small action actually had his minor annoyance at Kisaragi disappearing rather quickly. If he wasn't convinced that having Tetsuya here was the right thing before, he sure was now. His hand rested over his boyfriend's, thanking him for his support.

"It's very nice to meet all of you. I parted ways with Seirin on very awkward terms. I'm sure that as soon as the Inter-high rolls around, you will hear some interesting stories. I hope that I prove who I am to everyone here before that happens." Tetsuya said.

"Aw, don't worry about that, Kuroko-san! Here at Rakuzan, what matters in your performance! What you did in your past is irrelevant." Ayame promised.

"I-it's true." Naoto spoke up. "We don't judge anyone here for their sexual orientations, hobbies, or pasts. So long as you try your best to be the best, Rakuzan will accept you." He declared. Seijuurou was intrigued by that order. Naoto must know the extent of their relationship. He wondered who else knew.

Most of Rakuzan would know by the end of the day. Seijuurou would see to that personally. The student body needed to realize just whom Tetsuya belonged to.

Going into this, he had no idea how many people knew of his own sexual preferences, or that he had a boyfriend. Most of the Rakuzan populace was very self-centered. Sure, his basketball team knew, but they didn't talk about him or it in their free time. He certainly didn't tell people, as the only people he actively socialized with had just recently graduated.

"What are your hobbies, Kuroko? I can point you to the right after-school clubs." Kisaragi offered. His Tetsuya pretended to think about it, as they had been discussing this topic for at least a week now.

"I love to read. I also enjoy basketball." Tetsuya offered. Seijuurou counted down in his head the time it took for Naoto and Ayame to respond.

"I love to read. I also enjoy basketball." Tetsuya offered. Seijuurou counted down in his head the time it took for Naoto and Ayame to respond.

"We have a book club here. They meet every Thursday. I can introduce you if you'd like." Naoto offered first. Tetsuya smiled, nodding.

"I'd like that, Watonabi-kun." He said. Naoto offered him a quick smile before Ayame jumped to her feet.

"If you like basketball, Akashi-sama is the Captain of our Basketball team! He has been since his first year. He has won us so many tournaments! In middle school, he used to be a part of Teiko Middle School's basketball team. He was their Captain there too, and they also won a lot of competitions." Ayame bragged, shooting Seijuurou her best smile. Tetsuya shot him a glance, unsure of how much of their history he was going to reveal.
"Actually, Tetsuya was our Phantom Sixth Man." Seijuurou announced. Ayame's dark eyes widened in surprise and disbelief, Naoto didn't seem surprised, and Kisaragi looked impressed. Tamako also didn't look surprised, which mean that he either already knew about it (which made Seijuurou wonder just how much he knew), or he didn't care.

"Oh? So you were a part of the duo that was trying to defeat us over the last year or two." Ayame said, a small frown coming on to her face.

"Yes, I used to be. But now I am here at Rakuzan. If I join the basketball team, I plan to coach and manage, not participate." Tetsuya said, quickly dispelling Ayame's crazy imagination. Seijuurou squeezed his knee in approval.

"We would love to have you as one of our managers, Tetsuya. After all, you can help me be stern with the new first years." Seijuurou grinned. Ayame swooned as Naoto paled, Kisaragi rolled his eyes, and Tamaki shook his head. Tetsuya chuckled, shaking his head.

"Of course, Akashi-kun. They must learn what is good for them." He agreed. Ayame sighed, leaning closer to Seijuurou.

"You are so hard on them, Akashi-kun." She practically purred. Tetsuya's eyes narrowed a bit at the new suffix.

"I disagree, Ayame. Alright, everyone, the first day of school is starting in just half an hour. Let us go out and make sure that everyone gets to their classes on time. Don't forget, Tamaki, you are on the first period hallway watch. Come along, Tetsuya. I shall show you to your first period." Seijuurou said, rising to his feet. Tetsuya nodded, doing the same. Ayame quickly jumped up and pulled Tetsuya into her arms. He stiffened, and Seijuurou had to bite back an amused chuckled. Ayame often did this with new students. It was her way of showing Seijuurou just how maternal she really was.

"If you need anything today, just let me know. Get my number from Akashi-sama. I am here for you, Kuroko-san." Ayame promised. Tetsuya quickly stepped out of her embrace, nodding.

"Thank you, Sayoko-san." He said. Seijuurou was a bit surprised when Tetsuya slid his hand in to his, entwining their fingers before the two left the room. Both picked up the almost inaudible gasp from Ayame. Seijuurou smiled a little as Tetsuya gave his hand a pointed squeeze, and he was quick to return it.

"Let's leave our duffle bags in my personal office, Tetsuya. Ah, please try to remind me to give you a key. I want you to have it in case you ever need it." Seijuurou said. Tetsuya nodded his agreement, but kept silent. Seijuurou was sure that he was just processing the people he had just met. He couldn't wait to talk about the first day of school at home tonight.

Being raised on high expectations of perfection made things like school feel like a giant play. As the only heir to the Akashi family, Seijuurou had been expected to be the number one student in his year. With that being said, he was automatically expected to be his personal class rep. When he stepped in his first period classroom, the students immediately silenced their chatter, and the student that was sitting in 'his' seat quickly jumped up and moved to a different one. Ayame made a show of dusting off his seat, offering him a warm smile.

"Akashi-kun, we were just talking about you. Did you get poor Kuroko-san to his first period class?" She asked, her dark eyes filled with contempt even if her face and voice spoke of concern. Seijuurou nearly rolled his eyes as he slid in his seat and began to pull out his textbooks.
"Tetsuya was just fine getting there on his own. He has been to our school several times before, as I have had him participate in our practices before. I went with him to give myself peace of mind." He explained. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed Ayame's friends giving her sympathetic glances, and she lost her mask for a split second before plastering on a big, understanding smile.

"I wasn't sure how he was doing since he was so very quiet during our meeting, and he took your hand when you left the room. Most people do that when they are anxious." She tried again.
Seijuurou let out a quiet sigh at the more direct hint she was throwing.

Best to get this out of the way now.

"Tetsuya and I have been dating for a little over a year now, Ayame. Of course he took my hand when we left the meeting room. Why wouldn't he? If he hadn't, I would have taken his." Akashi insisted. Ayame's mask dropped with surprise. Before she could open her mouth to continue on with this pointless argument, their first period teacher entered the room.

"Akashi-san." His teacher called. Nodding, Seijuurou rose from his seat.

"Rise." He ordered. His classmates immediately obeyed.

"Bow."

"Thank you for teaching us." They chanted together.

As the rest of the class settled in to their seats, and their teacher began to teach, Seijuurou braced himself for the rest of the day. He knew that Ayame would confront him about his relationship soon. He just hadn't expected it to be this soon.

As the day went on, it became more apparent that this would be a trend.

During his lunch period, as he was heading down the hall to meet with Tetsuya, he discovered one of his first issues.

He walked into the classroom to note Tetsuya packing up his books, listening as Tamaki bitched about all of the homework they already had. The moment he stepped in to the room, however, the room went very silent. Some of the sneers directed at his back wasn't anything new. The adoring glances were much the same. He was a little irked that they felt the need to stop their chatter because he walked in the room. If people we going to stop their activities by him entering the room, they should have at least greeted him or something.

This is just one of the many reasons he didn't socialize with these people.

"Ugh, your escort is here." Tamaki grumbled when he spotted him. Tetsuya frowned, giving him one of his more reprimanding glares.

"We're going to lunch, Kisaragi-kun. It's natural that Akashi-kun came searching for me because someone delayed me." He said. Seijuurou stopped beside his desk, offering him an affectionate look that he was confident only Tetsuya would read. When he received one in return, he cursed the amount of people in this room. He would have rewarded Tetsuya for being able to read him so well.

He adjusted his grip on his book bag to bite back the urge to touch Tetsuya in a more than innocent manner. His boyfriend sent him a subtle wink, letting him know that he picked up on the action.

It just served to make him even more excited for this evening when they were alone.
"Are you ready, Tetsuya?" He asked. At this point, most of the people had quit paying attention to them. A few stares still remained, but he thought nothing of it.

"Of course, Akashi-kun. Whom are we eating with today?" He asked as he rose to his feet. A grin broke out of his face at the confident look in Tetsuya's eyes.

"My student council. We will be with them for the first week." He declared.

"To monitor the school's activities from all angles?" Tetsuya asked as they walked to his office, where their lunches rested. The quiet chatter and sounds of footsteps around them held a comforting familiarity that he had never noticed before. As he glanced at his boyfriend, the emperor couldn't help but wonder if he was suddenly noticing things like this because he was at his side.

The romantic in him was certainly hoping so.

Seijuurou reached out and took his hand, his own impatience winning out.

"My Tetsuya, oh so brilliant and observant." He crooned softly as he unlocked the door. Tetsuya chuckled, closing it behind them.

"Only the best can be at your side, Seijuurou-kun." He teased back. Smiling, Seijuurou pulled his boyfriend in to his arms.

"You are full of surprises, Tetsuya. You always keep on my toes." He teased.

"On curled toes?" Tetsuya asked, drawing their faces closer together.

"Absolutely." Seijuurou replied before pressing their lips together. Tetsuya gave a soft moan as he tilted his head, but denied Seijuurou access to his mouth when he tried.

"We can't yet." He said when they parted. Seijuurou nodded with a reluctant sigh.

"You're right, we can't." He said, resting his forehead on Tetsuya's shoulder. "But god do I want to. Having you here, with me, is everything I have ever wanted, Tetsuya. I do need to take a step back though. I can't make this new school change come off as being because of our relationship." He said. Tetsuya's arms tightened around him, and he felt him shake his head.

"I want to too, Seijuurou. So much. And us being in separate classes will allow me to have my own identity. Being your boyfriend will just be a bonus. So don't fret over that. I will let these people that viewing me as your experimental phase, or your pet, which is my personal favorite, know that is not the case. I am your partner. It's a decision I made as well." He declared. Seijuurou nodded, staring into his determined blue eyes.

Sometimes it overwhelmed him, this love he had for this shadow. Placing a chaste kiss to his lips, Seijuurou took a deliberate step back. As he went to move towards their lunches, he sensed something watching them. Eyes narrowed, he quickly scouted the area. When he found it, he paused.

"Seijuurou-kun?" Tetsuya asked, gently holding on to his hips as his blue eyes peered towards his in concern.

"Tetsuya, I am going to need you to be honest with me." He said, heart beginning to accelerate with adrenaline. His hands curled up in to fists as his vision began to waver.

How dare this happen so soon. Tetsuya hadn't even been in this school for 24 hours.
"I always am, Seijuurou." He promised.

"Is Akimata in all of your classes?" He asked.

"Yes. He has sat two seats behind me in the next row over in every class." Tetsuya said. Seijuurou took a deep breath.

"I need you to keep an eye on him. If you sense that he happens to be on you more than usual or acceptable, I am to be told immediately. I will not tolerate a situation like this." He snarled. Tetsuya nodded, winding his arms around his waist. From the look on his face, he was reading the situation just as quickly.

"Of course, Seijuurou. I'll keep you update. Now shall we go to lunch? We shouldn't keep Sayoko-san waiting." He teased. His dry humor sucked the protective rage inside of him dry.

"Of course, my love. Let's go." He insisted. Before he could pull away to grab their lunches, Tetsuya tugged him close and pressed another kiss to his lips. They shared soft, affectionate gazes before separating and heading to lunch.

As the week went on, the next battle that Tetsuya and Seijuurou faced was the Rakuzan Basketball team. At first it started as usual. The two showed up early and immediately changed. After that, they began to set up the court.

"Akashi-san!" One of the other third years cried out as they entered the court. Seijuurou waved from where he was showing Tetsuya how he wanted the training notes formatted. "Oh, Kuroko-san. I heard rumors that you had started school here. Welcome back!" The teen said, grinning widely. Tetsuya offered him a small smile, bowing his head in thanks.

"Thank you, Okamura-san." He said. The guy gave him a friendly wave before returning the growing mass of players. Seijuurou watch on proudly as Tetsuya began to look over his previous notes, making his own beside them.

His Tetsuya was going to be the best manager that Rakuzan could have asked for.

"Akashi-san!" A recently too familiar voice cried out happily. Seijuurou braced himself as a pair of small arms wrapped tightly around his waist. "It's been so long since we actually had a proper practice! Let's get those muscles flexing and ready to go to Nationals!"

"Get off of the Captain, Shinjiro. It's too early in to practice for you to be so sexually aroused by his ass." A tall male said, pulling Shinjiro off of Seijuurou.

"Now now, everyone, settle down. You're going to spook poor Tetsu-chan." A slightly taller male said as he sauntered over to them, affectionately ruffling Shinjirou's hair. He sent Tetsuya a wink. Seijuurou let out a soft sigh, sending Tetsuya an apologetic glance.

"Where is Masaki? I would like to introduce all of you to our new manager at the same time." He said. He stepped back towards Tetsuya, hoping to show him that he knew whom he belonged beside. Tetsuya stepped forward, face as blank as ever, even if Seijuurou could feel the tension strumming through him.

Well this wasn't off to a great start.

"I'm sorry I got here a little late. My locker wouldn't close properly." A quiet voice said. Seijuurou's eyes narrowed as he noted the red rims around his eyes, and the way that he was favoring one
"That's alright, Masaki. Now, I wanted to introduce all of you before I introduced Tetsuya to the rest of the team. All of you have probably met before." He said, pausing to make sure that all of their eyes were on him. "Tetsuya has been to many of our practices over the course of the last year. For the most part he was been a second set of eyes for me, or my personal trainer, as he knows what I expect out of myself." He said, a fond smile taking of his features, one which he directed to his love. "For this next year, Tetsuya will be taking the role of our manager. I expect you all to respect his judgement just as much as you do mine. He will help us get to victory so long as we have great dedication." He said. Tetsuya and the guys nodded. "Well then. Guys, please introduce yourselves to Tetsuya. State you name, grade, and position at the minimum."

As expected, his vice-captain stepped forward first, offering Tetsuya his hand.

"Hey man, my name is Akimoto Takumi. I'm the vice-captain of this team! I'm our center and a second year. Let's hope you make these pussies cry just as hard as our Emperor does." Takumi grinned, practically towering over Tetsuya. Instead of cowering like most people do, Tetsuya offered him a polite smile and shook his hand.

Next came Masaki. He returned Kuroko's polite smile, bowing in greeting.

"Hello. I am Yumi Masaki. I'm Rakuzan's power forward, and a second year. I hope we can bring this team to victory." He said. Tetsuya returned his bow, nodding. Kaito stepped up next, cupping Tetsuya's face.

"Hello manager-chan! I am Watanabe Kaito. I'm a third year here with Captain-kun! I'm our first string shooting guard." He said with a wink. Tetsuya nodded, and from the way that his hands flexed at his sides, Seijuurou noticed just how uncomfortable his boyfriend was growing. Shinjiro stepped up next, offering Tetsuya his best smile and his hand.

"Hello Kuroko-san! I'm Nakajima Shinjiro, a first year here at Rakuzan High. I'm the small forward on our team! Please help lead us to victory." He said, grinning. Tetsuya smiled and shook his hand.

As the first string left for the locker rooms, Seijuurou turned to his boyfriend. Tetsuya offered him a reassuring smile, reaching out to grasp his shoulder.

"It went fine. Now go make sure they are ready to work." He said, determination flashing in his blue eyes. The captain chuckled, nodding.

"You are right, Tetsuya. I will go and begin the warm-ups. Once everyone is out here, we will introduce you officially." He said. Tetsuya nodded his agreement. Sending his boyfriend a subtle wink, Seijuurou joined the rest of the team on the court.

Practice went very well. Seijuurou couldn't be happier. The team did well for their first practice session, and Tetsuya's coaching was going to be invaluable for them. As he sat down next to their coach and Tetsuya, his boyfriend draped a towel around his neck and passed him his water bottle as he continued to discuss what their next practice should consist of.

"Those are great ideas, Kuroko. Continue doing great work. Akashi, I left my notes and goals with
him. I will leave the practices up to you. We shall meet Friday to go ahead and order uniforms.” His coach said. Seijuuro nodded, bowing his head politely as his coach rose to his feet.

"Yes sir.” He said. When the coach walked away, he offered Tetsuya a proud smirk.

"What a great first day.” He purred. Tetsuya returned it with a small smirk of his own, reaching out to brush a hand down his arm.

"Indeed. I can't wait to go home and celebrate.” He said. Seijuuro's heart skipped a beat at that promise.

God how he hated not being able to kiss him in public. For now. Things would not stay this way forever. He would make it very apparent to everyone here who Tetsuya belongs to.

"Yo, Kuroko-san! How were my passes today?” Shinjiro asked as he approached them. Tetsuya's hand dropped from Seijuuro's arm as he reached for his clipboard.

"You performed exceptionally well overall. My one concern in your footwork. Make sure you pay attention to…” As Tetsuya began to give his critique, Seijuuro couldn't resist reaching for his back, rubbing his thumb at the base of his spine to silently show his approval of how well Tetsuya was taking on his role.

"Sweet! Thanks for the advice, man. Akashi-san, are we going to catch dinner tonight?” He asked, turning to his captain. Seijuuro was surprised. Did they have a previous arrangement?

"Did we have plans made earlier?” He asked. To his surprise, Shinjirou blushed.

"No, it's not that. It's just…the start of the school year signals that start of new beginnings. I was hoping that we could partake in them ourselves. I hope this doesn't make things awkward, but I like you Akashi-san.” He said. Seijuuro withheld a sigh.

He was hoping that this wouldn't happen with this one. He had been sensing it for a while now, but still. He had hoped that with Tetsuya at his side, it would be obvious that he wasn't interested.

"I'll give you two a minute.” Tetsuya said, avoiding Seijuuro's eyes as he walked away towards the locker room. Shaking his head, he returned his gaze to the nervous first years in front of him.

"Shinjirou. I am in a committed relationship. I have been for over a year now. He,” Seijuuro paused here, taking in the surprised look on Shinjirou's face. "is a wonderful person that has me completely captivated and breaths life in to me. So as flattered as I am by your interest in me, we cannot be anything other than friends. He means too much to me to have us be anything other than that.” He said. As Shinjirou deflated, Seijuuro watched Tetsuya approach him, their duffle bags over his shoulder. He gave a subtle nod, and received one in return.

"Okay. Well, I'm going to go home and drown my face in ice cream. Have a nice day, Akashi-san.” He said. Seijuuro nodded, accepting his bag from Tetsuya. Tetsuya began to pack away his notes and their water bottles and towels. With a small sigh, Seijuuro turned to him.

"Will this make practices awkward?” Tetsuya asked. Seijuuro smirked, laying a hand on his back.

"No. At least not from my standpoint. How do you feel about it?” He asked. His boyfriend shrugged as he straightened up and readjusted his bag.

"I am surprised this is the first time it happened. I was under the impression that everyone at this school wanted you. I'm not threatened. I might grow to be annoyed by how aggressive they may be,
or how rude they are to me, but other than that it's whatever. I know who you will always come home to.” He said, offering Seijuurou a soft smile. The red-head felt is chest warm with affection and he reached for his boyfriend's hand.

"Your confidence brings me so much joy Tetsuya. Thank you for being perfect." He declared, tugging him close. Tetsuya went easy, grabbing his other hand as their eyes locked.

"I love you, Seijuurou. You're just as perfect as I am. We're perfect together." Tetsuya breathed out, a healthy flush crawling over his cheeks as he spoke. Seijuurou leaned forward to press a chaste kiss to his lips. Tetsuya pressed his lips back, squeezing his hands as he playfully broke their kiss and rubbed their noses together. Seijuurou chuckled, and together they took a step back.

"Home?" Seijuurou asked, resting his hand at Tetsuya's lower back. He nodded.

"That sounds wonderful."

As they were walking away, neither noticed the shocked look on Shinjirou's face.

By Friday, Akimata had only gotten worse. Tetsuya came home with a sprained wrist Thursday night. As he was looked over by a nurse, Seijuurou saw red.

How dare such a miniscule human hurt his Tetsuya! Who in the hell did they think there were messing with?

This would not happen again.

"Seijuurou?" Tetsuya said softly. His eyes snapped up to meet his boyfriends, and he was sure that his eye was a molten gold.

"Yes, my love?" He asked, voice oddly calm.

"Do whatever you must. I will support you." He said, offering him a reassuring smile. Seijuurou nodded, leaning down to press a kiss to his forehead.

"Thank you. I promise that this will not happen again." He said. Tetsuya raised his good hand to gently squeeze at his hand.

"I know you will keep me safe. Now why don't we go and take a nap? The painkillers are making me a little drowsy." He insisted. Seijuurou appreciated the white lie. Caring for Tetsuya would certainly take his mind off of things. He helped Tetsuya stand up, wrapping his arms around him.

"Whatever you wish, my Tetsuya." He said.

For tonight, he would focus on Tetsuya. Tomorrow, he would take care of this threat against his family.

After the long first week of classes, Seijuurou was looking forward to the weekend. He and Tetsuya started it off right by making love as soon as they got home from practice. Now they were sitting in afterglow, quietly chatting and cuddling.

"Seijuurou." Tetsuya laughed as he pressed playful kisses across his chest. Seijuurou grinned, nuzzling in the dip of his throat.

"Yes, my love?" He asked, gently nipping at the sweet skin at the side of his neck. Tetsuya let out a
quiet moan, shifting beneath him.

"I don't think I can go again, Seijuurou." He said, running his fingers through Seijuurou's hair.

"I agree completely. You were really great, Tetsuya. One of our best dances yet." He teased, resting his cheek against Tetsuya's chest. His boyfriend's hand reached down and scratched at his back.

"It's ironic because we haven't actually danced yet." Tetsuya teased.

"Would you like to?" Seijuurou asked, intrigued by the idea. "I can arrange that." If a night of dancing was in order, he knew just the perfect restaurants both here in Kyoto.

He loved to dance.

"That could be fun. I'm not very good though, so don't get your hopes up." Tetsuya teased. Seijuurou scoffed, raising himself up so that he could stare down at his boyfriend.

"Nonsense. I'm good enough for both of us." He teased, grinning widely when Tetsuya blushed and rolled his eyes. He was pleasantly surprised when the slightly smaller male yanked him into a kiss, his tongue timidly stroking against his lips. Just as Seijuurou was about to give him entrance, a knock came from the door. He groaned, resting his forehead against Tetsuya's shoulder.

"Akashi-sama would like to speak with you, Seijuurou-sama." His maid called out.

"Tell him I will be right there." He sighed. Tetsuya's hand rose to cup the back of his head and he leaned up to press a chaste kiss to his lips.

"Shall I prepare my notes from practice? We could sit in the living room and watch TV as we discuss next week's schedule." He suggested. Seijuurou nodded, forcing himself to get up and off of his boyfriend.

"That sounds wonderful, my love. This shouldn't take too long." He promised.

After all, his father probably just wanted to begin discussing his dinner plans for the next few weekends.

It was this year that these evenings really began to count.

"You wished to speak with me, father?" Seijuurou asked as he entered his father's study. His father nodded, handing him a folder.

"Yes. I wanted to remind you of the obligations you have for the next couple of weeks. Tomorrow night is your dinner with the Kazoku family. They are a necessary partner for our miniscule advertising costs. I expect you to make a good first impression." Masaomi ordered. Seijuurou nodded, opening up the folder of information on this investment group.

"Of course father. Is there anything in here that I should bring up? Recent investments? Recent separations?" He asked.

"Not really. Their business has been very stable this year." He shrugged.

"Ah. Well I shall put on my good tie and bring my best attitude." He said. Masaomi nodded.

"Good. You are dismissed, Seijuurou. Run back along to your studying." He said. Seijuurou paused from where he was walking awake, internally wincing.
His father must have heard them...

"Of course father. We are going to look over our practice plans for next week and work out a schedule for it. We would love your company as we watch the television." He offered. As expected, his father shook his head.

"No thank you. I have a lot of work to get done around this office." He insisted. Seijuurou nodded, quickly leaving his father.

Tomorrow evening would be awful. Yet he would be able to come home to Tetsuya. He could picture it now. He would enter the house and go straight to his room. Tetsuya would be up waiting for him and rise from the bed to help him strip. After a quick shower he would snuggle up in Tetsuya's arms and vent about the dinner. His ever perfect boyfriend would listen and just let him get everything off of his chest.

In his heart, Seijuurou knew that tomorrow night would be the start of a tradition for those kind of evenings.

As he sat down next to Tetsuya and Nigou on the couch, and Tetsuya cuddled against his side and Nigou jumped on to his lap, he felt a little better about tomorrow evening.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: So what did you guys think? Love it? Hate it? Please let me know! This was a transition chapter. It was meant to introduce you to how the rest of this story will flow. I hope you enjoyed it! I actually prefer to write sex scenes from Akashi's point of view now ^-^.

To those of you that are hoping for mpreg in this fic because of my statement about this tieing in to my Daycare Universe, I'm sorry to say that there won't be any mpreg in this fic :/ I thought about it long and hard. I even entertained the idea of getting Kise pregnant and then him struggling with whether to abort or not; in the end I would have had him miscarry. It would have been a great new writing opportunity for me. However, in the end, my beta and I decided against adding mpreg to this fic, as it's not for everyone and I'm trying to reach as many people as possible.

Next chapter: Kuroko begins to start an identity of his own at Rakuzan; Kuroko gains two rivals for Akashi's affection; we meet the book club; Hints at where this story is going; first shopping trip! Omg I loved it a lot; Kuroko and Masaomi talk about the Akashi family; Akashi meets with the coach; sex; the Interhigh Prelims; more sex; A generation family dinner. The next chapter is soooo long, so brace yourselves! It's 16k pre-edit!

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Anxiety attack, blowjob, handjob

Notes this chapter: Hey everyone! Brace yourselves for a long chapter~ It's roughly 16k+! In this chapter we begin to see a new side to Seijuurou. You can't be strong forever, and as he begins to prepare for the transition between high school and college, we see our Emperor grow strained under the pressure. He may come off as OC, but I think that a) the story has been from Tetsuya's point of view until now, so it was never very apparent and b) Seijuurou wasn't around Tetsuya as much, so we haven't had a chance to see how he handles everything, everyday. We get more Akashi family backstory this chapter, and more half-assed basketball. Anyway, I will see you all at the end of the chapter~ Make sure to pay attention because there is voting option.

Kida-Asumi

Seijuurou had never really appreciated a hot bath. It was an inconvenience, if he had to put an opinion on it. It took too long. He felt groggy afterwards. His skin became wrinkled, which became distracting. This list could go on and on.

His boyfriend, on the other hand, loved baths. They were one of his favorite ways to relax.

So after a long day at school, they would take a bath. Seijuurou was growing to appreciate them as the school year went on.

"And then Tamaki began to fumble as he searched his textbook for the answer." Tetsuya chuckled as he recalled his history class that afternoon. Seijuurou shook his head as Tetsuya washed off the sweat from their practice.

"He can be such a child." Seijuurou murmured, breath hitching when Tetsuya's nails scraped down his back. "Will you scratch right there, my love?" He asked. Tetsuya offered him an affectionate smile and nodded, gently raking his nails over the spot. Seijuurou let out a purr, leaning his into his talented hands.

"Better?" Tetsuya asked as Seijuurou slumped against him. Seijuurou nodded, watching the water lap at the edges of the tub. Tetsuya placed an affectionate kiss to the top of his head. "How was your day, Seijuurou? How did the meeting go?" He asked. Seijuurou stiffened. He groaned, burying his face in Tetsuya's shoulder.

"It was a disaster." He mumbled.

"How so? What happened?" Tetsuya asked. Seijuurou shook his head, winding his arms around Tetsuya's waist.

"They acted like children. Ayame was rude the entire time. A few times I almost ordered her to leave as it was becoming wildly inappropriate." He said. Tetsuya leaned back against the tub, still
scratching at his back.

"It was about me? Your pet?" Tetsuya scoffed. Seijuurou nodded, rage causing his blood to boil at the vocalization of his nickname.

"The first major round of tests for this year will be this week. They will understand that you are so much more than mine." He declared. The shadow nodded, pressing an affectionate kiss to his forehead.

"I know. It's just…" Seijuurou frowned as Tetsuya trailed off.

"Tetsuya." He prompted after a few seconds of silence. With a reluctant sigh, Tetsuya tightened his hug.

"Sometimes I question my place in this world. I love you and getting to see you all the time is wonderful but…I wish I knew people here." He sighed, resting his cheek on Seijuurou's shoulder.

The emperor's expression softened. He should have realized where this was going. His boyfriend gave up his entire life in Tokyo. Fairly recently at that. He needed to establish himself and his place in his new life, and he needed to do it soon.

His Tetsuya's independence would demand it.

"Why don't you go to the book club meeting tomorrow?" Seijuurou suggested. Tetsuya perked up at the idea, mulling it over his mind. After a few seconds of contemplation, he deflated.

"I can't. The girls and I have to wash the towels tomorrow." He pouted. The look of utter disappointment on his face caused Seijuurou's gut to wrench. He hardened his resolve and shook his head.

"No, you don't." He said sternly. "One of the assistant managers can handle that. You have been doing more than your fair share of work for this team. While that is admirable, it's not necessary." Tetsuya frowned, sitting up to fight him on that. Seijuurou narrowed his eyes in warning. "This is going to stop now, Tetsuya. If you are not going to be participating in games, you do not need to be there for the routine drills for strength training. We will begin to schedule them on the days where you want to go to a different club." He shrugged.

"But-" Seijuurou leaned forward to kiss away his protest. Tetsuya melted into it, an appreciative sigh leaving him as Seijuurou tugged his lower lip in his mouth. He was parting his lips when Seijuurou pulled back, a satisfied smirk on his face. Tetsuya rolled his eyes at his triumph, readjusting his grip on his boyfriend.

"You'll go this week." Seijuurou ordered. Tetsuya nodded, a small smile crossing his lips.

"Yeah I will. Thank you, Seijuurou-kun. For looking out for me. You're wonderful." He said, nuzzling against his cheek. Seijuurou shook his head, leaning up to steal a quick kiss from his boyfriend before pulling back.

"Always, my love. Now I believe that we have homework to do." He said as he stood up. He smirked as he noticed the way that Tetsuya's eyes followed the water streams that flowed down his body. He enjoyed that dark look to them. Tetsuya leaned forward and unplugged the drain. He reached for Seijuurou's hips, pulling them close to his face and pressing a kiss to his navel. Seijuurou closed his eyes when that talented pink tongue slid out and began to lap at the droplets. He jerked forward when Tetsuya parted his lips and nipped at his skin there. Seijuurou's breath hitched at the sharp pain it created. His dick gave an interested twitch, just as curious as he was as to where this
was going.

"Let me thank you first?" Tetsuya offered before beginning to suck on the pink bite.

"Mh. How can I say no to that?" Seijuurou asked, sliding his hands into Tetsuya's damp locks.

If all baths had this ending, he wouldn't be so opposed to them.

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Despite what some people thought, Seijuurou wasn't oblivious to the conflicts around him. He knew who didn't like him. He knew about the people fighting Tetsuya for his affections.

He also knew of Tetsuya fighting back.

Take now for example. He, Tetsuya, and the first string were having dinner. Tetsuya was chatting with Masaki and Kaito. Takumi was occasionally offering his opinion in the most loud and boisterous way possible. Seijuurou was responding to various emails and text messages, going about his typical business notifications and information networks. Shinjirou sat on the other side of him and Tetsuya, oddly quiet.

It was in the middle of a conversation about how Tetsuya had managed to bring Nigou into the restaurant when it happened.

Seijuurou was pulled out of his thoughts by a small hand on the arm that Tetsuya was sitting by. Confused, he followed it to Shinjirou's smile, with a gaze that was full of affection and expectations.

"I'm sorry, Shinjirou, were you saying something?" Seijuurou inquired, wondering if he had missed something.

"Welcome back!" Shinjirou chirped. He felt Tetsuya frown beside him. "You looked pretty intense there for a minute. Everything okay? Anything I could help you with?" Shinjirou offered. Seijuurou shook his head, touched by the genuine offer.

"No, that is not necessary. I was just surprised by a response I got, and had to think of the proper response." He explained.

"Ah. Well, if you need help relaxing, just let me know! I've been told I give great massages." Shinjirou practically purred. Seijuurou withheld a sigh as he felt Tetsuya tense beside him.

Shinjirou was growing bolder as the school year went on.

"That isn't necessary, Nakajima-kun. Seijuurou-kun is perfectly fine. He does this daily in the hopes that by the time we get home, we can spend the evening relaxing." Tetsuya spoke up. Seijuurou wasn't surprised to feel his possessive hand sneak on to his thigh. He was surprised, however, when the hand proceeded up to his inner thigh, knuckles brushing against his fly as his fingers curled inwardly, proving to Seijuurou just whom he belonged to. He reached down and covered Tetsuya's hand with his own, letting him know that everything was alright.

Shinjirou frowned at the unwanted intrusion into his conversation.

"Just because he looks fine doesn't mean he is. He's been busy the entire time we've been here." He pointed out. Tetsuya's expression darkened, and Seijuurou felt the three across the table from them watch this interaction with great interest. Seijuurou would have joined them if he wasn't caught between the ever growing tension in the room.
"I apologize, everyone. That's terrible rude of me." He interjected, hoping to break up the tension.

"We understand Akashi-san!" Shinjirou exclaimed. The others nodded. Shinjirou shifted and placed his other hand under Seijuurou's arm, hanging off of him. Seijuurou was irked by that. So was Tetsuya. His fingers began to bite into his skin, and Seijuurou had to mask a wince. He rubbed soothing circles on the back of Tetsuya's hand, hoping that it would help him relax.

"Seijuurou-kun, it's okay." Tetsuya said, acting as if he hadn't heard Shinjirou. His eyes narrowed at the younger male in a silent warning to back the fuck off. Shinjirou rolled his eyes.

"Well, don't force or push yourself too hard, Akashi-san. I need you healthy and happy!" He said with a wink before releasing his captain.

Tetsuya relaxed at that action, gently rubbing at the spots where his nails had left indents in Seijuurou's leg. He met Seijuurou's gaze, offering him an apology for his actions. Seijuurou captured his hand, rubbing his thumb across Tetsuya's wrist to let him know that he didn't need to apologize. He had been flattered by his blatant form of possession. With a tiny smirk, he brought their hands to his crotch, pressing them against it to show Tetsuya the semi he was now sporting.

Tetsuya looked away, a small, pleased smirk of his own plastering his face. His pulse began to race under Seijuurou's thumb. From that, Seijuurou knew that they both wanted this dinner to end as soon as possible.

They had some things to do at home.

Tetsuya and Shinjirou's feud began to heat up after the exchange in the restaurant. During practices Shinjirou began to act as provocative as possible. The men that preferred men on the team, such as Kaito and Masaki, began to quickly grow uncomfortable with it.

People that wanted Seijuurou as well began to quickly grow annoyed by it.

It pissed Tetsuya off. The shadow would respond in one of two ways, depending on his location relative to Seijuurou's. If he were in close proximity, he would take his hand or give him a chaste kiss. If he were out of range, Tetsuya would take to coming down hard on Shinjirou, criticizing his flaws and misses.

Seijuurou couldn't be more proud.

Kuroko hadn't joined a club in years. The last had been a book club at Teiko.

He was nervous and excited. This was something he was doing for purely selfish reasons. Something he was doing on his own.

It was exhilarating. He entered the club room, observing the people inside.

An average looking boy was drawing quietly by the window. His dark bangs fell in to his face, and when the excited blond girl across from him huffed at the lack of attention she was receiving, he looked up and offered her a smile. She grinned wide and began to chatter again, swinging her feet back and forth under the desk.

Arguing rather loudly by the chalkboard were two girls. One of them was very tiny, but she was certainly the one causing all of the ruckus. Her black hair was pulled back in to two braids that hung down to her thighs and she kept having to push her glasses back. The other girl was very tall, and
seemed to be more frowning than yelling. Her brown hair was cut short, and her brown eyes seemed to glow red.

At a table by the window stood an Indian man trying to coerce a stoic male in to taking his bread. The Indian male was very tall, and had short, curly black hair. The stoic male had black hair, and was ignoring the bread being offered.

He approached the couple at the table, tapping the male on the shoulder. As expected, he jumped

"Holy-where did you come from?" He asked, clutching his chest. The room suddenly fell silently, and Kuroko felt the eyes on him.

"I'm sorry for startling you. My name is Kuroko Tetsuya. I would like to join this book club." He said. When everyone continued to stare, he sighed and decided to give them a little help. "This is the right room, correct?" He asked. The male in front of him blinked out of his shock before quickly nodding and standing up, offering him a hand.

"Yeah, it is. Sorry about that! We usually don't get new people willingly. I'm Kurosu Akira, the president of this club. This is my girlfriend, Mikami Saiyumi." He said, referring to the approaching blond. Mikami slipped her hand in to Kurosu's, offering Kuroko a friendly smile. From the way that she held herself, Kuroko could guess that she was from a rich family, and probably had the same mannerisms as his boyfriend. "Come on, everyone, let's introduce ourselves." He said, trying to gather everyone around.

"I'm Natama Kira. What you need to know is that I am always right!" She declared, glaring at the tall girl she had been arguing with. That girl stepped up next.

"I'm Ayato Ayame. It's nice to meet you." She said simply. The Indian boy dragged the stoic one forward before introducing himself.

"I'm Rifujin Sanjay. If you like Indian food, just let me know. I make lunches and snacks for all of my friends." He said, grinning at Kuroko. The shadow nodded, offering him a polite smile before looking towards the last person in the room. With a sigh, the male put his hands behind his head.

"I'm Shinikama." He said. All of the others rolled their eyes at him before turning to Kuroko.

"Hello. My name is Kuroko Tetsuya. I started at Rakuzan High School this spring." He explained.

"Welcome to our club, Kuroko-san. Well everyone, let's sit down and continue on with our meeting. You can join Saiyumi-chan and I, Kuroko-san." Kurosu said. Kuroko nodded, sitting down next to him. His girlfriend sat on his lap, pressing a chaste kiss to his lips before turning to Kuroko.

"So what brings you to our club?" He asked, sliding his arms around her slim waist.

"Well, I used to be in the book club at Teiko Middle School. When I got to high school, I was too busy with Basketball to go to Seirin's meetings. However, now that that's behind me, I can finally return to my true passion – reading." He explained with a small smile.

"Why did you stop playing?" Saiyumi asked. Kuroko was a bit surprised by her curiosity. He half expected her to ignore him. He shrugged, looking down at his hands.

"I just lost my passion for it. I still enjoy basketball, and am currently the head manager for the Rakuzan basketball team. However, I no longer want to actively be participating in it. That keeps hurting my relationships." He sighed. The two shared a look, and Kuroko could read the interaction between them.
Something was testing their relationship. They could relate.

The rest of the club continued just as it had been when Kuroko walked in. However, he learned quite a few things about all of these people. As he left the club room and heading towards Akashi's office, he couldn't help but be excited about this club. It was going to be something that was all his own. Something he could watch grow and learn about.

Something he could show his boyfriend for once.

He couldn't wait to tell him all about it.

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Sex was something that Seijuurou loved. A lot. He and Tetsuya exchanged orgasms at least once or twice a day.

But he also loved the afterglow. There was something raw about being able to cuddle in the aftermath of an orgasmic high with the person you cherished most in the world. As Tetsuya settled on top of him, a satisfied grin on his face, Seijuurou's heart nearly stopped.

He did this. He managed to bring this perfect being to completion. He was the reason that his Tetsuya was beyond content.

What a powerful feeling.

"How was your day, Seijuurou?" Tetsuya asked before pressing a tender kiss to the center of his chest. Seijuurou shrugged, lightly dragging his fingers over the skin of Tetsuya's hip.

"It wasn't too bad. I aced the test in my math class, of course. Ayame and her friends bragged about it all day. While you were at the book club, I managed to finish all of the proposals for our coach. I am turning them in to the principal tomorrow morning before our classes, which means that we have to go in a little early. I apologize in advance." He said, offering Tetsuya an apologetic smile. Tetsuya shook his head, propping himself up.

"Don't worry about me, Seijuurou-kun. I understand. Your dedication to your responsibilities is one of the things I find so attractive about you. It's a sure sign of stability." He explained, eyes shining with affection. Seijuurou's eyes widened a bit in surprise.

His Tetsuya could be so honest and open at times.

"I'm flattered, my love. Thank you for that wonderful, heartfelt compliment. How was your day?" He asked, not ashamed of the slight blush dusting his cheeks by the honest confession form his boyfriend.

He had been deeply touched to be reminded of what a great love they shared.

"It was wonderful. Thank you for talking me into going." He grinned.

"So you enjoyed it? That's great news, Tetsuya. Why don't you tell me about it?" He requested, rolling them over and on to their sides. Tetsuya grinned, reaching behind him for the wipes and paper towels so that he could clean them up a little. Seijuurou had worn a condom so really it was only their sweat and Tetsuya's cum that covered them.

"They are so interesting, Seijuurou. Very unlike our group of friends. All of them are different." As he began to ramble, Seijuurou began to clean them up.
"Their president, Kurosukun, wants to be a manga artist. He and his girlfriend are probably just about as close as we are. Mikamisan, his girlfriend, is a lot like you. She's rich and proper and polite and seems to want whatever he wants." Seijuuro couldn't help nibbling at one of the cum-covered spots on Tetsuya's stomach. His boyfriend jumped, a surprised gasp escaping him before he lightly smacked Seijuuro's back in a silent reprimand. "Sei, I thought you wanted to hear about it." He sighed. At the slight disappointment in his tone, Seijuuro felt terrible. He pressed an apologetic kiss to his stomach, closing his eyes as his own self-doubts filled his mind.

"I do want to hear about it, Tetsuya. Please tell me every detail. So Mikamisan is a lot like me? Is that a good thing?" He asked, trying to shake off the uncertainties in his heart. His all-knowing boyfriend must have sensed it because Tetsuya's hand threading through his hair, gently scratching at his scalp to let him know that he was forgiven and that he wasn't angry to begin with.

"She is. I'm not sure if she likes me or not though. It's so hard to tell. I don't she dislikes me though. Regardless, I think she's good to Kurosu. They can speak to one another with just one look like we can." Tetsuya tugged his hair, causing Seijuuro to meet his eyes. His expression softened when he noted the still guilty look on Seijuuro's face. He tugged him up and pressed a kiss to his lips, quickly sliding his tongue in his mouth. Seijuuro relaxed against his mouth, meeting Tetsuya's soothing tongue with a sense of urgency. When they parted, Seijuuro's heart was a little lighter. Tetsuya pulled him in to his arms, tucking him under his chin.

"Go on please." He murmured against Tetsuya's chest.

"There is a boy from India there too. His name is Rifujin-kun. He cooks food for everyone in the club, and asked me about my preferences today, so I'm sure I'll get something at the next meeting. He hangs out with a man by the name of Shinikama. He's very quiet and has that whole 'I hate everyone' aura around him. I'm sure that I will not like him." He said. Seijuuro couldn't help but chuckle a little at the scowl he could sense on his boyfriend's face.

"I know you won't. He detests me. He's not very subtle about it either." Seijuuro explained. Tetsuya frowned, tightening his grip on him.

"That's ridiculous. These people need to get over themselves. You work yourself to death for their sakes. How dare they be so ungrateful!" He huffed. Seijuuro smiled in to his chest, nuzzling close.

"Who else is in the club?" He asked. Tetsuya let out a yawn before continuing.

"These two girls that are polar opposites. "Natama-san is short and...fiery. She is just as absolute as you are, but her confidence isn't as sure. She gets into fights with this girl named Ayato-san a lot. Ayato-san is quiet and very tall. She's taller than you, Seijuuro-kun." He explained.

"Does Natama-san like her?" Seijuuro offered, closing his eyes as he began to calm himself down. He didn't often lose confidence in himself, but sometimes it happened.

At least now he could lean on Tetsuya for comfort and support.

"Maybe. I hadn't thought of it. Next week I will focus on them and get back to you." Tetsuya said as he gently pulled the used tissues and wipes from Seijuuro. He let him, pulling back a little so that Tetsuya could throw them away. Tetsuya turned back and pulled him close again, pressing a kiss to the top of his head.

"Seijuuro?" He asked softly, drawing patterns in to his back with his fingertips. Seijuuro leaned into the touch, a soft sigh leaving him.
"Yes, my love?" He asked. Tetsuya nuzzled into his hair, giving him a hug with his arms.

"I love you. If you need me, I'm here okay? You certainly were there for me. You aren't alone anymore. I am here permanently now." He said. Seijuu ro nodded, throat tightening with emotion. He nodded again when he realized he couldn't speak, and instead hugged Tetsuya closer.

"Thank you." He whispered.

The second week of May was very busy for both Seijuu ro and Tetsuya. Yet somehow between practices, clubs, and tests, they managed to have time for another first.

Their first time grocery shopping together.

Seijuu ro didn't think it would be a big deal, honestly. He had bought things for Tetsuya many times, and Tetsuya had done the same. It was a routine part of life.

But when they were unpacking their bags that night, he realized just how wrong he had been.

It was a very important step for them.

"Where are we going first?" Tetsuya had asked as soon as they got to the store. Seijuu ro looked down at the list they had made, contemplating the best route.

"Let's start with toiletries. We need conditioner, razor blades, new toothbrushes and toothpaste-"

"Condoms and lube." Tetsuya cut him off with a rare, naughty smirk on his face. Seijuu ro returned it, a low chuckle escaping him.

"Yeah. I guess I've been a little too enthusiastic." He said, though he wasn't the least bit sorry. Tetsuya rolled his eyes, wrapping an arm around his waist as they headed towards the bathroom section.

"Nonsense. I've been just as…enthusiastic as you put it. We're teenagers. This is what we're supposed to do." He said. His nonchalant attitude caused a wide grin to spread across Seijuu ro's face.

"My Tetsuya, are you saying that you and I are normal?" He asked in mock shock. Tetsuya shook his head.

"Of course not. I'm just saying that the relationship between the shadow and his Emperor is just as it's supposed to be."

"Full of sex?"

"Precisely." He grinned. Seijuu ro laughed, a grin on his face as he became filled with glee at the lighthearted conversation they were having. It was so rare to be able to talk about something typical, with all of the expectations that were upon them.

"Well, if you insist. I'm certainly not complaining." Seijuu ro said as he tossed in their favorite brand of condoms. Tetsuya began to do the same to the lube, not the least bit shamed by it as he probably had been months ago when they had first began their physical relationship.

To watch the love of his life grow more comfortable with his fated role as his spouse. To grow confident in it; this was something that Seijuu ro would cherish forever.
"Seijuurou-kun?" Tetsuya's concerned call brought him out of his thoughts. He gave himself a little shake, offering Tetsuya a reassuring smile.

"Don't worry, my love. I was just thinking." He promised. Tetsuya nodded, though the concern didn't leave his gaze. Regardless, he readjusted his grip on the cart and moved over to the dental sectional. After picking out those items, and grabbing a few other things, they moved on to clothing.

"I need more underwear." Tetsuya said, a reproachful pout on his face. Seijuurou shrugged, reaching for his boyfriend's favorite brand and size.

"I wonder how in the world that happened." He said. Shaking his head, Tetsuya grabbed another pack.

"You know, Sei, if you wanted I could always buy pairs that are a bit easier to rip through." He offered, gazing over at the lace that sat across the aisle from them. Seijuurou paused in grabbing a new pair of socks for himself, head snapping towards Tetsuya.

"…are you serious?" He asked. Tetsuya blushed, nodding as he looked down at his own feet.

"Y-yeah. If you want to." He added, eyes glancing up to briefly meet Seijuurou's before his cheeks darkened and he looked down again. Seijuurou swallowed around the sudden lump in his throat and he nodded, reaching out to pull Tetsuya into his arms.

"God, do I want that. I wasn't sure how to ask you. If you want, I could purchase some as well." He offered. Tetsuya stiffened in his arms, and he pointedly took a step back.

"Not yet, Seijuurou-kun. I don't think I would be able to last that long. At least not right now. And I'm not going to buy them today. I want them to be a surprise." He added. Seijuurou reached for his wallet, blindly feeling for his special occasion's credit card. The one he was to use for birthday presents and thank you gifts. He passed it to Tetsuya, unable to stop the smirk stretching across his face.

"Here. Surprise me. Don't worry about the price." He insisted. Tetsuya's eyes widened, and his hand hesitantly took the card.

"Are you sure about this, Seijuurou? The card, not the lingerie." He added when Seijuurou opened his mouth to assure him that god, yes he was sure. "Giving me a credit card with your name on it is a lot. What if I spend too much?" He asked. Seijuurou's expression softened and he shook his head. He pulled him in to his arms once again, pressing a tender kiss to his temple.

"Don't worry about the price, Tetsuya. What's mine is yours. I mean it. Just keep that card, okay? If I need to buy something with it, I will just have you do it instead. Use that for whatever you need. The limit is one of the highest you can get, and I trust that you won't use it wastefully. Besides, my father was thinking about getting you a card anyway, as a thank you for helping tidy up after him." He added.

It was true. Ever since Tetsuya had moved in, all the messes the maids and butlers were forbidden from touching had been picked up as Tetsuya wasn't as shy about it. He simply put the files back in whatever folder or brief case they came in. He also had picked up on Masaomi and Seijuurou's stress habits, and worked to counteract them. For Seijuurou he sat down and did anything he requested of him. For Masaomi he offered him support by bringing him food and drink, knowing that he wouldn't partake in either otherwise.

It meant a lot of both Akashi males.
Tetsuya smiled, pocketing the card.

"Well, I certainly now feel like I have a sugar daddy. One of the highest limits, huh? And it resets how often?" He asked, sliding his arms around Seijuurou's waist to complete the embrace. Seijuurou rolled his eyes at the question, shaking his head.

"Often enough. Now shall we continue on to pants? I know that more than a few of yours need replaced, and I had a pocket rip out of my favorite pair two days ago." He said, once again irked by that.

They really had been his favorite pair. He would probably never find a replacement. Tetsuya rose up to give him a sympathetic kiss before pulling back and grabbing the cart.

"Sounds good to me." He agreed.

The clothing shopping didn't take long at all. It was just for school clothing, and neither really cared what they wore to school, so long as it was within dress code.

That and all of the clothing Seijuurou wore outside of school came from a much higher quality store. Maybe a shopping spree was in order next weekend. Tetsuya's selection of clothing was limited at best, and Seijuurou definitely wanted him to try on a few things that he had spotted in a magazine that Ayame had been looking over yesterday.

They blew through the food section quickly enough, as Seijuurou was the one that actually cared about what they ate (and made their lunches). Tetsuya managed to talk him in to a set of vanilla cupcakes, promising to eat them sparingly.

As the cashier rung them up, Seijuurou passed Tetsuya his debit card to ring it up as he helped move things to and from the cart. Tetsuya smiled a little at the subtle reminder that he was allowed to spend Seijuurou's money too, and knew his pin without even having to ask.

Seijuurou would openly admit to being a sap, though he liked to think of it as being a romantic.

Now, as Seijuurou opened up the toothbrushes and tossed out the old ones, he couldn't help the chuckle that bubbled up from within him.

Their first shopping trip had been a huge success. It had been fun and full of laughter and trust-building. His Tetsuya now had a credit card under the Akashi name at his disposal, further marking him as being the future Akashi spouse.

Even if he didn't realize it.

Seijuurou could be happier, and even the more twisted side to his personality was in agreement.

This day had been a huge step in the path they were destined to follow, and for once, neither disagreed with it.

Maybe everything would work out just fine.

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Their lunches this week had been a little tense. Seijuurou wasn't quite sure how to resolve it either. His Tetsuya was sitting next to him, chatting with Ayame about their relationship of all things.

She was beginning to get a little pushy.
"And so you've never had a fight? Never?" She asked. Tetsuya frowned at her.

"Not really. We occasionally have different opinions, but that's normal and healthy in a relationship. Seijuurou-kun sometimes spends too much on me." He said, playfully glaring at his boyfriend. Seijuurou shrugged, taking his hand.

"Tetsuya puts up with too much of me." He said, glaring back. A small smile broke over Tetsuya's face at the silent support he was given, and he leaned forward to press a chaste kiss to his mouth.

"Ugh. That's so weird." Kisaragi grumbled. Tamaki rolled his eyes as Naoto turned bright red and hid behind his textbook. Seijuurou took pleasure in watching a satisfied and confident smirk cross Tetsuya's face at the scowl on Ayame's.

"There is nothing to put up with, Akashi-san!" Ayame insisted once she had gotten over her shock. Tetsuya's gaze narrowed, and he tightened his grip on his boyfriend's blazer. Seijuurou withheld a quiet sigh, placing a hand at the small of Tetsuya's back in an attempt to calm him.

"She has a point, Seijuurou-kun. I don't mind running yours baths for you or helping out with your work." He said instead. Ayame glared at him. Seijuurou braced himself as she dropped her act.

"You know what people say about you, Kuroko-san? That you are only here because Akashi-san needed someone to be his assistant. And that's the polite way, mind you." She added. Kuroko rolled his eyes.

"People will always be terrible gossips, Ayame-san. What does it matter? What do their ill-minded opinions matter to me?" He said. Seijuurou couldn't be happier that he was trying to gain back his composure.

"But they matter to our Emperor. His reputation is his everything. He is absolute, and the best thing that has ever happened to this school. If you are sullying that, shouldn't that matter to you? If you really care about him?" Ayame asked. Seijuurou frowned. She was beginning to get a little too bold for his liking.

"Don't." Tetsuya snapped when Seijuurou opened his mouth to put Ayame back in her place. He nodded, settling back in his seat and letting Tetsuya handle it. "Ayame-san, Seijuurou's reputation is important to both of us. Every decision we have made has taken that in to account. I'm sorry if those decisions are not something you would have chosen, but this really isn't any of your business." He said. Ayame glared, hands balling up in to fists.

"Believe what you will, Kuroko Tetsuya. This really is just another dream that you won't see come to fruition." She declared. Seijuurou's vision flashed red.

"Enough, Ayame." He ordered. Immediately, the woman bowed her head submissively, apologizing to Seijuurou. He shook his head, dismissing it. "I'm not the one whom you owe that." He said

"Seijuurou, enough. I don't need nor want her apology." Tetsuya snapped out. Seijuurou rose a sardonic brow at his boyfriend, a bit surprised by how irritated he sounded.

A smug smirk crossed Ayame's face. Seijuurou watched on as Tetsuya began to gather his things and leave the lunch room without another word.

"See, I told you that this would happen!" Kisaragi exclaimed. With much reluctance, Tamaki passed him the money. Shaking his head at their antics, Seijuurou rose to his feet to go and try to find
Seijuurou wasn't surprised to find Tetsuya curled up in the chair of his office. He shut and locked the door, keeping his expression blank when Tetsuya looked up with apologetic eyes.

"I'm sorry I caused a scene. And snapped at you." He murmured, resting his chin on his knees. Seijuurou shook his head, sitting down his school bag before walking around the desk and nudging Tetsuya's legs down from the chair. He smirked a little at the surprised look his boyfriend took when he slid in to his lap for a change.

"She got to you." Seijuurou stated. Tetsuya nodded, wrapping his arms around Seijuurou's waist.

"Yes. She has been grating on my nerves for a while now. I'm sorry to cause problems for you." He said. Seijuurou shook his head.

"You're not, my love. However, I think that I may have overstepped, and I owe you an apology for that. I don't need to defend our relationship in these kinds of situations. That honor lies with you. I'm sorry that I keep trying to overstep that line." Tetsuya shook his head, leaning against Seijuurou's shoulder.

"I'm sorry I didn't explain myself better. I appreciate that you are acknowledge what I was thinking too. Thank you, Seijuurou." He murmured. Seijuurou pressing a kiss to the top of his hair, smiling a little.

"Any time, Tetsuya. Now, shall we go and sneak into the showers for a little bit of peace? We both have a free period now." He pointed out. Tetsuya's eyes widened at the bold suggestion. Seijuurou smirked, sliding off of his lap. He offered Tetsuya his hand, pleased when he took it. A dark blushed Tetsuya's cheek, and he squeezed his hand tightly.

"Seijuurou-kun, this is…unexpected. I'm a little nervous." He admitted as they grabbed their things and began to head towards the Rakuzan basketball gym.

"Don't be, Tetsuya."

Things ended odd the second week of May. Tetsuya was letting Nigou back inside when Masaomi stopped him.

"May I have a word, Tetsuya?" He asked. Tetsuya nodded, keeping his face carefully blank as he followed the older male down the hallway and in to a room he had never seen before. Lining the walls were pictures of the Akashi family heads from the past. Masaomi stopped in the middle, pressing his fingers tenderly against the glass of a picture.

Akashi Seitsuki.

She was a kind woman with bright red, curly hair that hung down to the middle of her back. Sitting on her lap was obviously a young Masaomi, who looked just like any small child should be.

Carefree and happy.

"This is my mother. She died the year that Seijuurou was born." He explained. "They have one picture together. His birth cursed this family." Masaomi sighed. Tetsuya couldn't stop the frown from crossing his face.
That was a little harsh.

"Regardless of this, we have persevered. Our company and status is stronger than ever. Seijuurou will be expected to help me grow that reputation soon as he enters his true playing field." Masaomi said. Tetsuya nodded.

"Yes, sir." He actually did agree with him. His boyfriend had spoken of little else. It was his duty, after all.

"You are more than welcome to join us at the top. If you do, you of course will be wedded before your 25th birthday. An heir will be expected within the next twelve months." Masaomi began to explain. Tetsuya's eyes widened.

"An heir?" He managed to ask. Masaomi paused, a stern frown on his face for being interrupted. "Ah, sorry. The term just caught me off guard." He said.

"Ah. I have research studies going on as we speak about that particular matter. They have been so successful that I have written it in to my will that these stipulations are non-negotiable." He explained. He paused here, thinking about his next words before turning to face Tetsuya. "Seijuurou's sexual preferences have never been an issue with me. So many great prodigies are disowned because of such a petty matter. I have watched many families fall apart because of that nonsense. So I must insist that both you and my son consider this in future conversations that will happen regarding Seijuurou's destiny." He said sternly. Tetsuya nodded, regaining his mask of nonchalance.

"This is a good thing to know, Akashi-san. Thank you for telling me. I will inform Seijuurou of this later tonight." He said. Masaomi nodded, turning back to his pictures.

"As soon as Seijuurou graduates high school, he is to be enrolled in a prestigious business school of his choosing. He will take a 3-year accelerated program that will give him his first business degree, and then another program that will last 1 to 2 years to give him his masters. All that time he will be working various positions at our company to prepare him for his future. When he graduates, he will be expected to take a large part of the company, and when I retire or pass away, he will be the CEO." Masaomi explained.

Tetsuya wasn't surprised by what was expected of his boyfriend. It was the clean-cut path that was prepared for him that caught him off guard.

Did Seijuurou get any say in this?

"You are Seijuurou's freedom, Tetsuya. The Akashi spouse always is. Your role is one that we can spoil and enjoy ourselves with. We can relax and let down our guard. We can make a family with your kind, and grow in to the kind of leader that all Akashi heirs are meant to. As his chosen groom, you will have your schooling paid for. Whatever path you want will be yours to take. It's why you are here in Kyoto with us now, as you know." Masaomi pointed out. Tetsuya's eyes widened. He hadn't been aware of how much Seijuurou's father knew of his situation.

Apparently he knew everything.

"Your future as Akashi Tetsuya will be something that you and Seijuurou build together. Your income, while it may seem insignificant, can be used in many different ways, as the two of you will learn. Yet your emotional support for Seijuurou will be invaluable. You will become his biggest supporter and ally, Tetsuya." Masaomi declared, and for half a second, Tetsuya could have sworn that his tone because almost affectionate.
"You may not agree with the ways of our family. Yet this is how things have been for Generations. It is expected to be the same for years to come. So, Tetsuya, help Seijuurou remember that over the course of the next year. That is your duty to this family." Masaomi said. "You are dismissed." He added. Tetsuya nodded, mind whirling as he quickly left the room.

For the rest of the night, Tetsuya reflected on what Masaomi said. To some it might have come off as dire. To others, rude. And to a select few, too traditional for this time period.

But to Tetsuya, he came off as a show of paternal love. Masaomi was just looking out for his son’s best interests.

He really loved him. As he brushed his teeth that night, he wondered if Seijuurou realized.

"Are you alright, my love? You've been awfully quiet tonight." Seijuurou pulled him out of his thoughts as he stepped out of the shower behind him. Tetsuya quickly spat and put down his toothbrush before turning to hand Seijuurou towels for his waist and hair. He tenderly wrapped one of the towels around his neck before pulling him in to a quick kiss, chuckling softly when Seijuurou made a face at the toothpaste still on his lips.

"I'm alright. I just…had an interesting conversation this afternoon is all." He murmured. He turned back to the sink, bracing himself for the conversation that was about to happen.

Seijuurou's eyes narrowed at that comment. Who had rattled Tetsuya so much? Had Taiga contacted him? His parents?

The gods had better help whoever hurt his boyfriend.

He quickly dried his hair and body before keep one towel around his neck and tossing the other in to the clothes hamper. Tetsuya had finished brushing his teeth and was waiting beside the counter, waiting for Seijuurou to begin his questions.

"Who did you speak with, Tetsuya?" He asked, trying to keep his tone neutral as he picked up his own toothbrush. Tetsuya looked away from him, and his hands flexed around the counter.

"Your father." Seijuurou felt as if the air had been knocked out of him.

His father? What in the hell had their spoken about to make Tetsuya act so odd?

He wasn't sure what had him the most anxious – the content in their conversation, or the result of it.

"We spoke a little about your family and the expectations you are facing. We spoke of the future, and of some very odd research project that will give us natural heirs." Tetsuya's nose crinkled at that, and Seijuurou couldn't help but agree.

His father was prepared to give them test-tube children? What in the hell was he thinking?

"He spoke about our relationship." Tetsuya said.

"Enough." Seijuurou said, turning away from the sink as his stomach began to churn unpleasantly.

It had been so long since his last anxiety attack. He didn't need this now, especially in front of Tetsuya.

"Seijuurou-kun, don't worry. I wasn't offended or anything of that nature. If anything, I understand the position you are in now. I can finally support you as I'm supposed to." Tetsuya said, and he heard
him approach. Seijuuro allowed him to gently grab at his shoulders, but refused to turn around.

"Enough, Tetsuya. He is wrong. Don't let him plant ideas in to your head." He ordered.

"He didn't, Seijuuro. He really didn't. It was more of a confirmation. I discovered something really reassuring. Your father loves-" He didn't want to hear this. He couldn't.

*Run.*

"Enough!" He shouted. He felt Tetsuya jump behind him and he quickly left the bathroom, unable to face him.

*Go to her.*

"Seijuuro!" He heard Tetsuya call after him as he blindly grabbed for a pair of pants.

*Don't face him. He's obviously upset. Comfort him after you can take control. I will harm him.*

"Don't wait up." Seijuuro heard himself say as he left the bedroom.

"Wait-" He shut the door, hand shaking on the doorknob.

*Go.*

And so he did.

When he returned that night, it was to Tetsuya sitting up in bed, reading his latest novel. Seijuuro did his best to mask his surprise and hesitance. He had really hoped that Tetsuya would have gone to bed.

Tetsuya put a placeholder in his book before sitting it aside. Seijuuro closed the door behind him before moving towards his dresser to grab a shirt and a dry pair of pants.

He had forgotten just how dewy the grass could grow at night.

Tetsuya joined him at his dresser, helping him in his search. Guilt clawed at Seijuuro, and he couldn't help but fear for Tetsuya's reaction.

How could he forgive him storming out? It had never happened before. Seijuuro had never lost that much control in front of him.

Damn his father to hell and back if this brought about the end of his relationship.

"Seijuuro-kun, you're shaking." Tetsuya's concerned words broke him out of his dangerous thoughts. He jumped when he noticed Tetsuya's warm hand against the icy skin of his back. He shivered, quickly pulling on a shirt. Tetsuya tugged him in to an embrace, rubbing at his skin to try and bring back warmth to his skin. "Next time, at least put on a shirt." He chastised. Seijuuro flinched.

"I'm sorry." He murmured. Tetsuya shook his head, tugging him in even closer. He guided Seijuuro's head to his shoulder, holding it there until Seijuuro relaxed in his grip and allowed himself to be held.

"No, I'm sorry. I should have realized that this wasn't a good subject to try and bring up casually. After all, I have a touchy relationship with my own parents." He said. Seijuuro wrapped his arms
around Tetsuya tightly, shaking his head.

"It's no excuse. I shouldn't have snapped at you, or stormed out. That was such a terrible, unforgivable thing to do." He murmured. Tetsuya shook his head, releasing him a bit so that way he could cup his face.

"You are right." He said. Seijuurou nodded, heart plummeting. "You shouldn't have snapped at me, or stormed out. I was really worried about you. You had no shoes and no shirt. You could have gotten terribly sick, Seijuurou-kun." He chided. Seijuurou nodded, looking away from his stern gaze. "But it wasn't something unforgivable. I've run away too. I'll forgive you if we talk about it?" Seijuurou's eyes widened. He hadn't expected forgiveness. He had hoped for it, but he didn't think it could be that simple.

"Do you mean that?" He found himself asking. Tetsuya nodded, wrapping his arms around his waist as he cuddle to his chest.

"Yes. Please explain to me what happened so I can stop this from happening again." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou wrapped his arms around Tetsuya tightly, burying his face in blue locks.

"Okay." He agreed.

The two settled in bed, with Tetsuya being sure to tuck in Seijuurou as much as possible to help raise his body temperature. Tetsuya curled up at his side, offering him an encouraging smile to begin the conversation. With a reluctant sigh, Seijuurou did.

"My father has all of these preconceived notions about my future. My destiny. He has told me what will happen to me every step of my life. When I was younger, I was able to escape that through my mother. With her gone, it has been nothing but predetermined actions. I've had to fight to keep you and my basketball hobby." He said. Tetsuya tightened his grip on him, and he took comfort in that small reassurance.

"I don't know what I want to do with my life, Tetsuya. I have yet to decide on a proper course of action. But I do know that my future is mine to decide, just as you have." He declared. Tetsuya nodded.

"That's true." He murmured.

"When my father begins to lay down the foundations to my future without my consent or opinion, I become very irritated. It's one of my greatest pet peeves. I'm sorry I took it out on you this time, Tetsuya. It will not happen again, I swear." He promised. Tetsuya nodded, looking up at him.

"I'm okay, Seijuurou-kun. Don't worry about me. And I forgive you. I won't bring up what your father and I spoke about again. But I don't like hiding things from you. So if he asks to speak with me again, I will speak with him and let you know about it. Is that okay?" He asked. Seijuurou nodded, relief coursing through him.

As long as Tetsuya didn't begin to force him in to that box that his father was creating that was okay with him.

"Yes. Thank you, Tetsuya. Your opinions on my life are so very important to me. I just don't want to hear my father in them." He explained. Tetsuya sat up, leaning over him.

"You won't. I want what you want, Seijuurou. If I disagree with you, it will be because you really don't want something. No matter what your father and I talk about, know that what you want is always on my mind, first and foremost." He promised. Seijuurou smiled, tugging him down for a
kiss. When they parted, both felt warmer.

"I love you, Tetsuya." He declared as his boyfriend settled on top of him. Tetsuya nodded, cuddling close.

"I love you too, Seijuurou-kun." He yawned. As they drifted off to sleep, Seijuurou couldn't help but feel better about his future.

The rest of May was a hectic conglomeration of the Interhigh preliminary rounds. Every day that week had intense practices. Tetsuya skipped his book club meeting because of it, much to Seijuurou's dismay.

"It's really okay, Seijuurou-kun. My friends understand, and I really feel that my place is here, helping prepare us to win." Tetsuya reassured him one practice as they were watching the team run drills. Seijuurou sighed, leaning over to place an affectionate kiss to his cheek.

"If you insist, Tetsuya." He said. Tetsuya nodded, offering him a small smile.

"Go and join them, Seijuurou. I need to take notes on you too." He said. Seijuurou nodded, rising to his feet.

He really did need to put his worries about everything in the back of his mind. He had this team to lead to victory.

After their practice began to wind down to a close, his coach called him in to his office.

"Takumi, Tetsuya, watch over the cool down." Seijuurou ordered. Tetsuya nodded, rising to his feet to join Takumi in the middle of the court. He offered the taller male a smile before the two watched Seijuurou follow his coach off of the court.

"Please sit. We need to discuss a few things." His coach said. Seijuurou nodded, sitting down in the chair.

He could guess where this was probably going.

"As we approach the first real goal for us of this school year, I wanted to touch on a few topics. First, how is the first string coming along? What are their personal setbacks, and how do you plan to overcome them?" He asked.

"Takumi's biggest drawback is his rash decision making on the court. He will be penalized for crowding if he is not careful." Seijuurou murmured. "I plan to assign him a target each and every second of a match to help keep him on point." His coach nodded, but didn't say anything. Seijuurou moved on down the line.

"Shinjirou needs to learn to be patient. He needs to begin assisting Masaki, as opposed to leading him. I have begun to make him stay no more than two steps behind him in matches, and have encouraged him to focus on those that might stop Masaki."

"Be sure to remind him that a good leader was once a great follower." His coach murmured. Seijuurou resisted the urge to roll his eyes at such a cliché. It wasn't even remotely true.

"Kaito must work on his outside distractions. He needs to learn to block out the players around him and zero in on the basket." Seijuurou added. His coach nodded, a frown on his face.
"That is quite troubling. Hopefully he grows out of this behavior as the year goes on." He murmured.

"Masaki is actually doing pretty well. The only thing he needs to work on is his leg work." Seijuuro shrugged. The coach nodded his agreement.

"I think he is a good candidate for Captain after you are gone. Be sure to raise him well." He paused here, considering his next words carefully. "I am very pleased by the progress this first string is making. I have no doubt that it is all accredited to your strength. Please continue to lead us to victory this year."

Seijuuro dipped his head, accepting the praise.

"However, I must give credit to our new, dedicated manager. I was a little worried about accepting Kuroko in to our ranks because of his relationship with you, and his terrible leaving of Seirin, that this wouldn't be the best fit for him. I am pleased to discover that in this instance, I was wrong." He declared. Seijuuro smirked, glad to hear this as well.

"Tetsuya is an excellent fit in our team. His observation skills have always been phenomenal, and he can catch the things I might overlook in my personal training as well." Seijuuro said. "He also gives this team a refreshing way that we view the game. He, who no longer plays it, is still just as passionate. He wants to win just as much as we expect it. It's a nice reality check for this team, which has only known victory, to be reminded that it's still something you need to work for."

"That is an excellent point." The coach agreed. "Kuroko really does belong to us. I can't wait to show Seirin just how much he is meant to be here at the Interhigh." He smirked. Seijuuro nodded, beginning to feel about the prospect himself.

"I couldn't agree more, sir. We will have to show him off." He said. The coach nodded, leaning back in his chair.

"Indeed. Now, shall we discuss the Interhigh?" Seijuuro nodded. "Our first match is against Ginkuryo Private Academy. I have heard rumors that a new coaching staff has brought about a completely different team from last year. After them, that is two more matches and we will once again be qualified for the finals. By the 28th, I expect the student council to have approved your hotel room reservations and food plans for our stay in Tokyo. By the 15th of June, I want all room assignments submitted to me. Before you ask, yes, you and Tetsuya may room together. I trust you."

The coach declared.

"Thank you, sir." He said, touched by that statement. This was a good thing, to have his coach supporting his relationship.

The morning of the Interhigh Preliminaries started off wonderfully for Seijuuro. He was pulled out of his dreams by his boyfriend's delightful tongue lapping at the head of his cock.

"Nn." He moaned softly, arching his back to stretch as his hand went down to curl in Tetsuya's hair. "Good morning, Tetsuya." He breathed, voice coming out sleepy and soft.

"Good morning, Seijuuro. I woke up to your pre-come covering my stomach, so I decided to go ahead and fix the problem." Seijuuro shivered as Tetsuya's words brushed against his bare cock.

"How generous of you, my love. I appreciate your thoughtfulness." He purred, inhaling sharply when Tetsuya's teeth scraped over the tip.

"It's purely selfish, to be honest. I want you to return the favor in the shower." Tetsuya said, winking
up at his boyfriend. Before Seijuurou could agree to it, he was consumed by heat as Tetsuya swallowed him down.

"Tetsuya." He gasped, resisting the urge to thrust into Tetsuya's throat. His boyfriend's talented tongue wrapped around his cock as he began to relax and flex his throat, edging his cock in slowly. Once he was fully seated, Tetsuya swallowed, in avertedly moaning at the sensation of his mouth and throat being full of his lover's dick.

"Tetsuya." Seijuurou moaned, tightening his grip on his hair. Tetsuya smiled the best he could around his dick before widening his jaw and bracing himself on the bed. "Can I thrust?" Seijuurou asked the confirmation. Tetsuya hummed around his cock the affirmative, and the vibrations rippling through his cock had his eyes closing as the arousal in his stomach twisted pleasantly.

He carefully thrusted up in Tetsuya's throat, making sure to keep his grip on Tetsuya's hair tight enough to hold him steady. The overwhelming heat and the wonderfully wet walls of his throat had Seijuurou releasing another moan, his dick throbbing in that sweet cavern. Tetsuya moaned in response, unable to stop himself. It pleased Seijuurou to learn that he was getting off on this just as much as he was.

Soon he set a rhythm, cheeks flushed as he jerked himself off in Tetsuya's throat. His boyfriend helped by swallowing here and there, and humming when he wasn't doing that. Seijuurou loved the way that Tetsuya's blue eyes stayed glued to his, fierce with determination and dark with arousal. He kept going, pace becoming erratic as he grew closer to completion. Tetsuya held on, allowing Seijuurou to claim his mouth as he saw fit, his mouth and jaw slick with the excess saliva and pre-come.

"Pull back." He heard himself ordering as he felt his approaching orgasm. He didn't want to hurt him, and in this position, he inevitably would. Tetsuya obeyed, and as he pulled off of Seijuurou's cock, more waves of arousal flashed down Seijuurou's spine. Tetsuya's hand gripped his cock as he rose up to kiss him, wet lips parting to meet his eager tongue.

"Fuck." He swore in to Tetsuya's mouth, eye's rolling in his head at the dry skin of Tetsuya's palm mixing with the wet heated skin of his cock. The friction was so delicious, and he devoured Tetsuya's mouth as another way of finding an outlet for his arousal. He nipped at his lips, tugging his lower one in to his mouth to suck on it before releasing it and going for his tongue instead. Tetsuya mewled into his mouth, changing the angle of his grip as he urged Seijuurou towards the edge.

He came soon after, spilling his seed over his lower body and Tetsuya's hand. His feverent kisses slowed down to tender ones. He gave a parting twist of their tongues before breaking their kiss, panting as he began to come down from his orgasmic high.

"Good?" Tetsuya asked, nuzzling his shoulder. Seijuurou nodded, turning his head to press an open mouthed kiss against his cheek.

"Very. Thank you, my Tetsuya. Shall we shower? I believe that I need to treat you as well." He said. Tetsuya shivered at the promised, quickly rising from the bed. Seijuurou watched him walk away, enjoying the view of his ass moving as he walked and his hardened dick bouncing between his legs.

He couldn't wait to have those legs quivering around his waist. He waited until he heard the shower starting before he went to follow after his boyfriend.

If this was any indication as to how his day was going to go, he was very excited to see what came next.
As Seijuurou watched Rakuzan file into the Kyoto stadium, he couldn't help going over their schedule for the day.

As soon as everyone was off the bus, he would join his team in the changing rooms as Tetsuya and the other two managers checked over the bus and confirmed lunch plans with the coach. Tetsuya and the other managers would then head to the court to begin preparing the water and towel stations as Seijuurou and the coach prepped the team for their upcoming match. After winning the match, it would be time for lunch. As they ate, he and Tetsuya would check in with the other Generation of Miracle teams to make sure that their preliminaries were progressing just as well. After that, they would then have their second match and go out for a victory dinner. On the ride home, Seijuurou and Tetsuya would call to check in with everyone again.

Rakuzan only had two matches today, and their final one being next weekend. From there he and Tetsuya were going to travel to Tokyo to watch the final matches. The other teams had at least three matches today. In Atsushi's case, he too only had one match next weekend. Ryouta's team would be finished today.

"Seijuurou-kun, please go inside now. Everyone is off of the bus." Tetsuya's voice pulled him out of his thoughts. His boyfriend's hand slipped in his, giving his fingers a tender squeeze. Seijuurou gave himself a little shake to bring himself back to reality. "Are you alright?" Tetsuya asked, and Seijuurou felt a little guilty for making him worry. He nodded, squeezing his hand and offering him a small, private smile.

"Yes, I'm alright. I'm just tired is all. Maybe I slept a little too well?" He suggested. Tetsuya's expression softened and he squeezed his hand again.

"We'll take it easy today, then. I'll slip one of your favorite teas in to your lunch menu. Now, please go and make sure everyone is changing." He insisted. Seijuurou frowned, looking around them. When had everyone else gone inside? Only the bus driver, their coach, and the other managers remained.

"Thank you, Tetsuya." He said. After making sure that everyone else really was gone, he leaned down and placed a chaste kiss to Tetsuya's lips, only remaining there long enough for Tetsuya to return the pressure on his mouth before he parted from him and made his way inside.

Their first match was a huge success. They won by a landslide without having to break too much of a sweat. As he sat down in the cafeteria with Tetsuya and the first string, Seijuurou couldn't be more proud of his team.

"Congratulations everyone. This was the first major step on our path to yet another winning season." He announced. The team cheered around him, all of them paying attention as they devoured their food. "Eat and rest up for the second match. Meisurin High School is notorious for their iron clad defense. The only suitable countermeasure is to introduce them to our razor sharp offense." He declared. Murmurs of agreement rippled around him as everyone dispersed in to their own pockets.


"I shall contact Atsushi and Shintarou, then." He said.

To: Shintarou, Atsushi

Subject: Interhigh preliminaries round 1
"I am expecting your first progress report within the next hour."

"Let us know if they are winning too! I can't wait to meet them." Kaito piped up from across from them. He was leaning against Takumi, grinning up at him as he fluttered his eyelashes. Takumi rolled his eyes but allowed the action. Seijuurou hid his amusement at the exchange.

He wondered if the two realized just what was happening yet.

"Ugh, everything hurts!" Shinjirou whined around his bottle of water.

"Don't whine at the lunch table. If you had kept your distance from me form the start, you wouldn't be as tired as you are now." Masaki chastised.

"I agree with Masaki. Listen next time, Shinjirou." Seijuurou ordered. Shinjirou looked down at his meal, looking disheartened.

"Momoi-san reports that Touou won their first match by a landslide. Kise-kun says that they got paired up with the strongest contender in their region on the first try, so they should be good to go for the rest of the day." Tetsuya reported from beside him. Seijuurou nodded, uncapping his tea as he filed away this information. This was wonderful news for Kaijou. His phone vibrated. Tetsuya retrieved it for him, giving him a pointed glare before looking at his unopened bento lunch. Seijuurou scoffed that the stubborn hint, but allowed it as he opened it.

"Midorima-kun says that they too faced a challenge in their first round, but it wasn't anything they couldn't handle. Murasakibara-kun says that their first round was so lax he didn't even play." Tetsuya reported. Seijuurou nodded, pleased that everything was going according to plan. Tetsuya slipped his phone back to him before indulging in his own meal.

Their second match was going according to plan when Shinjirou busted open his knee. Seijuurou called for a time out as Tetsuya and the coach rushed to the court. Takumi helped Shinjirou stand back up, wincing as the blood began to gush down his knee. Tetsuya knelt down in front of it, pressing a towel against the blood to briefly pause its flow. Relief flashed across his face before he stood back up.

"Bring him back to the bench." Tetsuya ordered. Takumi nodded, and Seijuurou stepped up in their place, his worried gaze meeting Tetsuya's.

"It's not serious, thankfully. Mostly a deep flesh wound. It will bruise and scab, but it's not swelling." Tetsuya informed the first string and coach. A sigh of relief left Seijuurou, and he noticed the others thinking the same. "I will wrap and ice it. I recommend that he sit out of practice until Tuesday."

"That's a good idea. We can't be too safe. I will tell him." The coach offered. Seijuurou nodded, waving towards Shinjirou's replacement.

"Thank you, Tetsuya. Everyone, let's change up our plays to better suit our line up." He said, turning to his team. Tetsuya nodded, walking back to the bench.

Seijuurou was walking back to the bench when he heard Shinjirou snap at Tetsuya.

"I could have taken care of this myself! I don't know why you even bothered to leave Seirin because we don't need you here!" He snarled. Seijuurou froze, vision wavering as cold fury over took his mind. When he blinked again, he was standing between Tetsuya and Shinjirou.

"Seijuurou, it's alright." Tetsuya murmured from behind him, touching his back. It helped bring back
his anger, but not dissipate it.

"Lashing out in pain will not help this situation. No student of Rakuzan is ever unwelcomed. Put aside your feelings and let Tetsuya help you. If you do not take care of this knee you cannot keep your first string position. This will not happen again." He declared, and he could feel his other self-agreeing with him.

That statement had been out of line.

"I am with Akashi on this one, Shin. Apologize to Kuroko. That was just rude." Takumi chided. Seijuurou turned away from them, unable to hear Shinjirou's half-assed apology. Tetsuya shot him an exasperated expression, letting him know that this discussion wasn't over. Shaking his head, Seijuurou returned to the court, Takumi following after him.

As expected, Rakuzan won their match. The team was ecstatic on the ride home, all of them trying to talk over one another. Seijuurou basked in their enthusiasm, content to be silent until they had returned to their gym.

"Our next match is against Kitaho High School. They are apparently the underdog for Kyoto." Tetsuya pointed out as he read over the various notifications Seijuurou's phone was receiving. Seijuurou nodded, wrapping an arm around Tetsuya's shoulders to pull him close so that he could read too.

"I had heard rumors about that. I wonder how true it is." Seijuurou murmured. Tetsuya shrugged, putting away the phone before resting his head on Seijuurou's shoulder.

The two didn't speak again until they were in their house. Seijuurou walked in to their bedroom, dropping his duffle bag on to the bed before yawning.

Since when was he so tired after a round of matches?

"Why don't you go and take a shower? I'll sort through your things and put them away. I think I'll have one of the maids wash your duffle bag next weekend." Tetsuya said, reaching up to rub out the kinks in Seijuurou's neck. A soft sigh escaped him and he let his head fall forward. Tetsuya took the hint and stepped closer, angling his talented fingers to get all of the kinks out.

"I love you." Seijuurou murmured as he felt the tension from the day leave him. Tetsuya's warm lips brushed against the nape of his neck.

"I love you too. Now go and relax. I'll clean up things here and prepare some tea for us. I'll go ahead and change for bed and we can lazy around in bed, watching TV or reading." Tetsuya suggested. Seijuurou turned, locking his red eyes with Tetsuya's.

"You are perfect for me. Will you bring Nigou in here as well? I want him with us." He explained. Tetsuya nodded, leaning up to pressing their lips together.

"Yeah." He said. They shared another smile before Seijuurou made his way to the bathroom.

The next week was a long one for Seijuurou. For one reason or another, he just couldn't seem to find his usual level of energy. He could sense Tetsuya's worry, but he himself couldn't identify the problem.

If this kept up for too much longer, maybe he would consult Shintarou on the issue.
The morning of the final day of their Interhigh Preliminaries, Seijuurou found himself awake two hours before he needed to be. He became irritated when he realized he would be awake for the rest of the day.

Maybe he and Tetsuya would rent a hotel room in Tokyo tonight after all. Tetsuya shifted beside him, sliding his bare leg around Seijuurou's. Shivering a little at the cool skin, Seijuurou rolled over and tugged Tetsuya in close before pulling the blankets up and under his chin. Tetsuya let out a soft sigh in his sleep, his arm sliding over Seijuurou's waist.

He liked moments like this. There was something very endearing to him about the way that their naked flesh could be pressed together so intimately without causing the stirrings of desire to override his senses.

A soft yawn escaped him as he cuddled closer to his boyfriend. He hooked his ankle around Tetsuya's before gently pressing their hips and chests together. Tetsuya's fingers curled against his back as Seijuurou's warmth began to warm his skin.

He liked the way they fit together. Tetsuya's cock was pressed against his own, but for once there was not burning heat between them. They were simply resting against one another peacefully. Tetsuya's nipples were pressed against the bottom of his pectorals, so soft and smooth that Seijuurou wouldn't have noticed if he had not been analyzing their situation.

"Mh." Tetsuya mumbled in his sleep, soft lips brushing against the skin of Seijuurou's shoulder. Seijuurou pressed a soft kiss to the top of his head, his fingers gently rubbing circles into his back to reassure him that all was well. Tetsuya responded by nuzzling in closer.

His Tetsuya was a beautiful man. Seijuurou had always thought so, and as he continued to age, it seemed to be getting better. Despite his less active role in basketball this semester, his boyfriend was still working on keeping himself in shape. He participated in Rakuzan's much tougher warm ups, and it showed. His entire leg was much firmer and stronger than before, and it was apparent when Seijuurou slid his calf up the back of his legs to settle over his hip bone.

Seijuurou had no doubt that Kuroko Tetsuya was made to complete him. He, in return, had been made the same. They were definitely two halves of a whole.

Seijuurou just hoped that Tetsuya never grew tired of him. The longer that their relationship went on, the more absolute Seijuurou grew in their future together. His darker side was already imagining this intimate position they were currently in as a way of marking Tetsuya as his own. When they were out in public this afternoon, a part of Seijuurou knew he would be able to scent himself on Tetsuya. He hoped that other admirers would do the same and back off.

He hoped that it would help stop Shinjirou from lashing out again. If he tried to put Tetsuya down again when Seijuurou was in the middle of an adrenaline rush, the red-head knew he would not be able to control himself.

And then Tetsuya would be angry with him.

Last weekend, he had reacted very calmly to the situation.

"I'm flattered that you are so protective of me, Seijuurou-kun. However, Shinjirou's affections for you and resentment for me are things I have to take care of on my own." Tetsuya had explained as they cuddled in bed. Seijuurou had been on his lap for once, dozing off to sleep as some terrible sitcom played on the television. Nigou was sitting at his side, nuzzling his fingers as he sought his affections.
He knew this would not happen again. If he tried to return Shinjirou to his proper place, Tetsuya would be furious with him.

He wasn't willing to risk it, so he hoped that Shinjirou would at least keep his resentment to himself.

Eventually, two hours passed by. He let the alarm wake Tetsuya for once. If he had turned it off, he might have been tempted to let his boyfriend sleep in. Today of all days, they could not afford it. He watched as Tetsuya's peaceful face turned into a disgruntled scowl. Seijuurou chuckled, sitting up a little to turn off the alarm. When he returned to his original position, Tetsuya was pouting at him with accusatory eyes. Seijuurou offered him an affectionate smile, leaning in to kiss him softly. Tetsuya returned it, leaning in to brush their lips together.

"Good morning, Seijuurou-kun. Are you going jogging this morning?" He asked as he cuddled under his chin. Seijuurou nodded, tightening his hold on Tetsuya.

"Yes. I want to be properly warmed up for our final match in the event that the others are not. We will be victorious." He stated. He felt Tetsuya nod against the base of his throat before his teeth nipped at his skin.

"Okay. I'll be good and go shower." He yawned before pulling away from Seijuurou. The red-head watched him rise from the bed and grab his robe from the hook on the wall, slipping the smooth silk over his shoulders.

"I have the food prepared for our lunches. All that is left is packing them." Seijuurou said as he too stood up. Tetsuya passed him a pair of sweats and a t-shirt, offering him an affectionate smile. Seijuurou accepted them and quickly slipped them on, shivering a little as the cool air brought goose bumps to his skin.

"Shall I pack them for us? I already have a running list of what we need for tonight and tomorrow at the very least." Tetsuya offered, wrapping his arms around Seijuurou's waist.

"Yes. I will return home within the next twenty to thirty minutes." He said, leaning down to kiss Tetsuya in parting.

"Yes, Seijuurou-kun."

Rakuzan won the Kyoto region's Interhigh preliminaries by a landslide. The first string had asked if they could go out, and considering that this would be their last game before the actual tournament, Seijuurou saw no harm in letting them have their way. They had been working hard, after all. He made sure to give them permission with Tetsuya nearby on the off-chance that the match went just like the one that ripped them apart so long ago, and from the appreciative half smile Tetsuya had given him afterwards, he knew that Tetsuya understood.

His first string did not disappoint. They were polite and driven and obeyed Seijuurou's every command. As they all gathered around Seijuurou, screaming and laughing and crying over their victory as most teams should, Seijuurou tugged Tetsuya close and shared a smile with him.

Tetsuya had experienced this kind of enthusiasm from a win with Seirin. For Seijuurou, this was all new. Rakuzan of the last few years had been more calm and reserved over matters such as these. It wasn't until the last Winter Cup that their fans and team members had been excited to win. In Teiko, it was odd to be so energetic over a win.

"We're going to the finals!" Tamaki roared as he lifted Shinjirou off of the ground. Kaito grabbed Masaki and kissed him full on the mouth, much to most of the team's surprise. Seijuurou simply hid a
smile in Tetsuya’s blue hair as his boyfriend congratulated them softly. Poor Masaki was surprised and bright red when Kaito pulled away.

"Thanks for everything, Kuroko-san! We couldn’t have done this without you!" Kaito immediately turned and wrapped his arms around Tetsuya and Seijuurou. Seijuurou allowed it, nodding.

"I agree, Tetsuya. We couldn’t have done this without all that you’ve helped us with. Rakuzan is really lucky to have you." Seijuurou murmured. Tamaki and Masaki nodded, eyes earnestly locked on Tetsuya. Even Shinjiro grudgingly nodded his head in agreement. Tetsuya grinned at all of them, and the expression was one that Seijuurou had been yearning to have directed at this team.

"We did this together, everyone. Let’s keep this up and win the Inter-high." He said, offering his fist to all of the first string. Seijuurou pressed a kiss to his temple as he and the others pressed their fists together.

For the first time in a while, Seijuurou felt like he could fly. He was sure that Tetsuya was unsurprised when he pressed him against a back hallway 20 minutes later, connecting their mouths for a heated kiss. It was wet and rough and made Tetsuya shiver against him, his fingers digging in to his arms.

"Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya panted when they parted, and when Seijuurou took a step back, Tetsuya stumbled after him. Seijuurou’s fingers curled in to the wall as Tetsuya’s half-hard erection brushed against his own. "We can’t do this here." His boyfriend managed to breathe out. Seijuurou groaned, burying his face in Tetsuya’s shoulder.

But it felt so right. Everything was finally in place. It was the perfect time to do this.

"The team will be awaiting your feedback on the match. You need to shower and get ready for the rest of the matches today. Tonight, I’m all yours, Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya promised in his ear. Seijuurou’s eyes snapped open, and his nostrils flared as his dick pulsed with arousal. He groaned again, his hands falling to grasp Tetsuya’s hips.

"Tetsuya." He murmured, voice thick with arousal. It was nearly a plea. Tetsuya pulled his head on to his shoulder and stepped closer.

"Just this once. Bite my shoulder if you need to." Tetsuya murmured softly. Seijuurou nodded, body thrumming with tension and desire. Tetsuya quickly slipped his hands down Seijuurou’s pants, grasping his dick as he took a step back towards the wall. Seijuurou sucked in a deep breath, eyes rolling a little as Tetsuya tugged on his dick to lead him forward.

Tetsuya’s hands went straight to work. Seijuurou activated his emperor eye, keeping an eye on the outside corridor. Whenever someone would come by, Tetsuya made sure to try and use his lack of presence to mask them. Thankfully this worked out well for them.

Seijuurou stifled his moans in Tetsuya’s shoulder. Tetsuya’s palm slid up and smeared itself with his pre-come before slicking up his dick with it and continuing his rhythm. The callouses on Tetsuya’s fingers provided a nice friction for Seijuurou, and his boyfriend’s other hand explore his lower body, stroking the sensitive spots at the apex of his thighs and squeezing his balls. When his hand did a twist on his shaft as the other pulled on his balls, Seijuurou had to bite Tetsuya’s shoulder, and his knees grew weak.

"You did so well out there, Seijuurou-kun. Your leadership is so inspirational, and the drive you instill in the team is beyond your age." Tetsuya began his praise quietly. Between his talented fingers and the sexy tone he was using, Seijuurou began to shallowly thrust into him, his own desires
becoming too strong. "Come, Seijuurou-kun. Come for me. You are entitled to this." Tetsuya murmured.

Tetsuya's pace picked up, and it wasn't as smooth. As Seijuurou's skin grew hotter and hotter, the pseudo lube that Seijuurou's pre-come had been became useless. Seijuurou closed his eyes and focused on pushing his orgasm, desperately seeking relief. He needed to come. He could only use the emperor's eye for a little bit longer. He was well at his limit, and they did not need someone coming to find them. Finally, Tetsuya got the memo and began to aggressively rub his thumb over the tip of his cock. Seijuurou quivered against him at the merciless pace he set, and a moan let him as he began to pant.

He was so very close. His senses were fading, becoming lost in Tetsuya and his talented fingers. A thrill shot down his spine as he imagined what this hand job looked like. He could feel his come sliding down his dick, and he could tell it was on Tetsuya's fingers as well. Probably by the end of his, his wrists and hands would be covered in Seijuurou's come. He would have to wash his basketball shorts personally, as he didn't want the maids to have to clean up his orgasm.

An image shot to his mind and his cheeks heated with his arousal.

"Tetsuya, I want you to catch my orgasm." He requested, groaning as he imagined it in his mind once more. Tetsuya gave a tender squeeze to his cock to show that he would before rubbing mercilessly at the tip once more and squeezed his balls, tugging them down and that was all it took for Seijuurou to let go. He shuddered through his orgasm, moaning Tetsuya's name as he shot his load into his boyfriend's hand. Tetsuya kissed and nipped at exposed skin of his neck and shoulder, the tender affection helping Seijuurou through his orgasm all the same.

"Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya murmured, nuzzling at the side of his face. Seijuurou turned, capturing Tetsuya's lips with his own. He tugged at his lower lip, gently rolling it between his teeth before sucking on it and lavishing it with his tongue. Tetsuya let out a moan, parting his lips and letting Seijuurou inside. As their tongues met, Tetsuya withdrew his hands from Seijuurou's pants, and Seijuurou's hands rose to cup them. They parted, looking down at Tetsuya's messy, come covered and filled hands. Seijuurou brought them up to their eye level, staring at the white pool before meeting his boyfriend's curious eyes.

"Do you want to?" Seijuurou seemed to see Tetsuya ask him. Seijuurou shrugged, leaning in to begin lapping at the pool of his own come. Tetsuya's breath hitched, but whether it was from the sight of Seijuurou eating himself, or the little innocent licks of his tongue on Tetsuya's dirty hands, the redhead wasn't sure.

To his delighted surprise, Tetsuya leaned in and began to help him. Together they got rid of the mess in Tetsuya's palms, and then each took a hand and began to lick it clean. Seijuurou felt his cock twitch from the sight of Tetsuya licking his come off of his own hand. It was one of the more erotic things he had ever watched. His boyfriend's eyes were half-hooded, and he seemed to be very thorough with his clean-up, being sure to lick every little crevice of his hand clean. His cheeks were darkened with arousal, and he made little mewls as he cleaned up the mess. When he finished with his own, he moved on to Seijuurou's.

Seijuurou also enjoyed eating himself off of Tetsuya. He didn't find the taste of himself gross or delightful. It was pretty bland in his opinion. However, his boyfriend's skin made it taste sweet. It was also nice to know that even though his come was gone from Tetsuya's skin, his tongue marked it in place of it.

That was gratifying.
Their mouths met at Tetsuya's ring finger, and Seijuurou enjoyed the blush on Tetsuya's cheeks when his tongue teasingly swiped over Tetsuya's. Shyly, Tetsuya slid his finger into Seijuurou's mouth, and Seijuurou moaned, sliding his tongue underneath the finger. Tetsuya teasingly rubbed it along his tongue, a quiet gasp leaving him when Seijuurou sucked on the finger.

"Akashi-san!" Both froze when they heard Shinjirou calling them. Seijuurou couldn't stop the overwhelming sense of disappointment that settled in his gut. He had really hoped that he would be able to return the favor to his boyfriend.

"Don't worry about me, Seijuurou-kun. Go to them." Tetsuya was already taking back his hand, wiping it on his shirt. "I'll go and change as you shower. I don't want to wear this to Tokyo." Tetsuya added, leaning up to kiss him. Seijuurou's disappointment grew when the kiss was chaste. He sighed, pressing their forehead together.

"I will make it up to you tonight. Thank you, my love." He promised. Tetsuya offered him a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes and he nodded.

"I'll look forward to it." He promised before pulling away and leaving the hallway first. Seijuurou waited a few minutes before stepping out of the hallway, just in time for Shinjirou to find him.

"Come on, we have to shower!" Shinjirou insisted before leading him to the showers. Seijuurou allowed it, mind still on his boyfriend.

He would definitely make it up to him tonight.

"Gah, stop being so cute at the dinner table!" Kazunari whined as Seijuurou offered Tetsuya a taste of his steak. His boyfriend eagerly took the bite, very excited to try this new meal. It came highly recommended from their favorite chef, and so Seijuurou took the Generation here after their matches to celebrate.

"Don't be rude! I think it's sweet." Satsuki cooed their way. Seijuurou offered her a proud smirk as he tenderly wiped away some of the juice that had spilled out of the corner of Tetsuya's mouth. Making sure he locked eyes with his boyfriend, he licked the juice off of his fingers. As expected, Tetsuya blushed bright red, Shintarou, Daiki, and Kazunari groaned, Satsuki and Ryouta gushed, and Atsushi mused about how the juice tasted mixed with Tetsuya.

Everyone made it to the finals. Shutoku and Touou had no problem with their matches, and from the reports that Tetsuya requested, Satsuki assured them that Seirin got in as well. Apparently Yosen's match had been rough because one of their key first string players got injured, but they won regardless of the set back.

Seijuurou was really looking forward to watching Tetsuya assist Rakuzan against the other Generation members. He wondered idly if this would make things easier or harder.

"So are you liking life at Rakuzan, Kurokocchi?" Ryouta asked, forcing a dazzling smile Tetsuya's way. Seijuurou masked a frown at the action. No one should be acting at this family dinner. He and Daiki had a silly break up and it was beginning to affect their bonding time. He may need to push them into making up.

The entire dinner thus far had been a little tense. Daiki was very quiet anytime anyone spoke to Ryouta, and if he brought up a topic, he would refuse to speak on it. Satsuki was trying to remain neutral, but Seijuurou could tell that she was just as upset as Daiki over the break up, and it showed in the way that she ignored Ryouta.
Kazunari, on the other hand, had taken Ryouta's side in the matter and while he was outwardly pleasant, he kept giving Daiki dirty looks and he and Satsuki kept exchanging digs and jabs.

Seijuurou found the whole ordeal to be ridiculous and childish.

Tetsuya squeezed his hand, silently bringing him back to reality. He smiled a little at that, squeezing his hand back to thank him.

These were matters he would need to settle away from this table.

"Rakuzan is wonderful. All of the students there are very goal oriented, and I'm very happy to note that there are several students on scholarships just as I am." Tetsuya began to explain. "Seijuurou-kun and I are publicly together, which is refreshing, and for the most part, everyone has accepted it."

"For the most part?" The table chimed together, everyone giving concerned or narrowed gazes at the phrase. Seijuurou scowled as Tetsuya frowned.

"Yes. We have a few that are not so inclined to agree with it, and they have been very vocal about it. However, I am handling it. Seijuurou-kun and I belong to each other and no one else." His boyfriend stated firmly. Seijuurou nodded, squeezing his hand.

"Yes. Tetsuya is doing an admirable job reminding everyone of this. Do not interfere on our behalf unless you are directly confronted with it." Seijuurou ordered.

"People." Daiki scoffed. "Just tell them to fuck off, Tetsu. They don't know shit."

"Are they bullying you, Kuro-chin? I will crush them." Atsushi offered. Tetsuya shook his head.

"No, they are not doing anything I cannot handle. If they were, Seijuurou has my permission to step in. Thank you for the offer, Murasakibara-kun." Tetsuya said, bowing his head.

"Are you in any clubs?" Ryouta asked. Tetsuya nodded, taking a sip of his milkshake before responding.

"Yes. Aside from coaching and assisting Rakuzan, I am also an active member of our book club." He said with a smile.

"That's a good fit for you. You liked the one in Teiko." Shintarou spoke up before returning to his note book. Tetsuya nodded.

"I did. They are all so interesting as well." Tetsuya said. As he elaborated on their members, Seijuurou watched Daiki and Ryouta take glances of one another at the opposite times. He watched Satsuki check her phone, go pink, and put it away. He watched as Kazunari frowned at Shintarouu's notebook.

He wondered what in the hell was happening to this group of people. Whatever it was, he would not let them pull themselves apart. He would not lose them again.

"…boyfriend?" Hearing Tetsuya's voice pulled him out of his dark thoughts. Satsuki went a dark red and Daiki scowled.

"He's a nice guy, Tetsu-kun! Don't listen to Dai-chan. He's a perfect gentlemen! Look at these earrings he gave me!" She gushed, pushing back her hair to show them off.
"Ne, those are nice Satsuki-chan!" Kazunari said, offering her a smile. She winked at him. She went
to turn to Ryouta to get his opinion, but then remembered that they weren't speaking and turned to
Atsushi. Ryouta's face fell, and he pushed away his plate.

"I like them too, Sa-chin." Atsushi assured her.

"They go out all the time. He brings her back late. She has had to leave the tip a few times. I don't
like him." Daiki was saying softly to Tetsuya. Seijuurou simply shook his head as he over-
protectiveness in his voice.

"I think she can handle herself, Aomine-kun." Tetsuya assured him. Daiki rolled his eyes, returning
to his pouting position.

"Shin-chan studies too much, guys! Look at him, he can't even participate in our conversation!"
Kazunari whined. Seijuurou had noted that as well, and would need to speak with him on it if it
became an issue.

"Studying hard isn't necessarily a bad thing, Takao-kun." Tetsuya offered.

"I have to study hard to get into a good medical school program, Kazunari." Shintarouu agreed.
Kazunari pouted, resting his chin on his boyfriend's shoulder.

"But look at how stressed you are! You need to learn to relax every once in a while, Shin-chan!" He
chided. Shaking his head, Shintarouu put down his notebook and wrapped an arm around Kazunari,
who grinned and kissed his cheek as a reward. The Generation shared a wave of affection for their
tsundere counterpart as he relaxed minuscule around his boyfriend.

"Ne, Aka-chin, this place has great sweets. Thank you for them." Atsushi murmured, glaring at
Daiki when he went to steal one.

"Any time, Atsushi. You earned it." He said. He meant it to. The Generation earned this dinner.
They hadn't seen one another in a while. This was not only a good bonding dinner, but it was also a
great way to remind them that they liked one another.

He hoped that the next time they had dinner it would be much the same.

Their dinner didn't last much more than an hour after that. Ryouta and Kazunari went to the
bathroom as Daiki, Satsuki and Atsushi got up to left. As Tetsuya and Shintarouu walked them out,
Seijuurou followed after the troublesome duo. When he found them in the bathroom, he knew he
made the right decision.

As expected, Ryouta was a wreck. From the looks of it, he had barely made it to the bathroom before
he burst in to tears. Kazunari was kneeling down next to him, offering him words of comfort. Ryouta
shook his head, burying his hands in his face.

"I've lost both of them, Takaocchi. Losing Daikicchi was hard. Losing Momoicchi was hard too. I
didn't expect it. I thought she would realize that I wasn't doing anything wrong." He was sobbing.
Seijuurou's expression softened and he gently moved Kazunari to the side before tugging Ryouta up
and to his feet. The blond's gold eye widened when he realized who had walked in. His face
crumpled and he pulled Seijuurou in to a crushing hug.

"This has been hard on them as well, Ryouta. They both love you very much. Until you are all
seeing eye to eye once again, just remember that." He ordered. Ryouta shook his head, shaking in
Seijuurou's arms.
"It's so hard sometimes, Akashicchi. I feel like I let them both down. Like I betrayed them. But I
didn't do anything wrong! I just wanted a break so we could focus on ourselves and get that in order.
I didn't want to tie him down." He wailed. Kazunari began running water and preparing wet paper
towels behind them.

"I am well aware, Ryouta. And deep down, they are too. Give them time." He insisted.

As he held Ryouta, he knew that he would have to be the one to push those three into taking that first
step. If Ryouta was this distraught, both he and Daiki must have downplayed the breakup to him and
Tetsuya.

Seijuurou just hoped that they could find a way to get past this.

That night, he discovered that Tetsuya had witnessed something similar.

"Momoi-san wailed in my ear as they waited for the taxi. She accused Aomine-kun of being stupid,
and he admitted that he knew. He just has too much pride to apologize." Tetsuya scowled. Seijuurou
nodded, rubbing a soothing hand over his bareback as they lounged on their hotel bed, now messy
from the rounds of love making.

"Why is pride so much of an issue with everyone all of a sudden? Didn't we address this not even
two years ago?" He asked. Tetsuya shook his head, a deep frown on his face.

"Why can't everyone just be happy, Seijuurou-kun? Even Midorima-kun and Takao-kun are
beginning to become rocky." He sighed. Seijuurou shook his head, looking up at the ceiling.

"I don't know, my love. However, we are going to be okay. I can assure you of that. We will be
honest and open with one another." He stated. Tetsuya nodded, pressing an affectionate kiss to his
lips.

"Of course. Our relationship is perfectly fine. I'm worried about how tired you are all of a sudden,
but even you don't know, so there isn't anything I can do to help." Tetsuya said. Seijuurou nodded,
frowning at that.

"It's most frustrating. And you, my love, are becoming very stubborn and refusing to let me help you
with the out of line students at school. But I respect your stance and will let you handle it." He
promised, even as he teasingly ran his fingers over the ticklish spot along Tetsuya's left ribs. Tetsuya
laughed, crumpling in to his shoulder as his body quivered with mirth.

They basked in the silence that followed Seijuurou's last words, mulling over any other issues they
had. Seijuurou was pleased to find that they couldn't find any, and he sincerely hoped it stayed that
way.

When they returned to Kyoto tomorrow morning, they would have to plan their next week. But that
was next week. Tonight, he was content to just rest with the love of his life, griping about their silly
friends.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I almost wrote the shower sex scene, but then I decided against it. If that is
something that you all are interested in, let me know and I will publish a one-shot of it! I
I hope you guys are enjoying the liberties I am taking with the Akashi family backstory! I had so much fun creating it. I also hope that you can now see how this story will eventually lead to the Daycare Universe. There is a sequel to this story, and it will elaborate on the things mentioned this chapter and be the true connector to the Daycare universe, so look forward to that! Also, we got to see a bit more of what happened with the AoKi breakup.

I will be out of town May 20th for Anime Central, the scheduled update date for Chapter 21. There are two options:

1. May 13th update = Chapters 20 & 21
2. May 27th update = Chapters 21 & 22

My beta and I recommend option 2 just because we would rather wait and get more chapters if we were in your shoes. It honestly doesn't matter too much, as I don't think Chapter 20 or 21 ends on a cliffhanger. Just let me know what you guys want and we shall do that~

So, next chapter: 11k+! We meet Seijuurou's other personality in the most intimate way possible. We begin to explore their coexistence for the first time. We finish the Interhigh, which means another Generation gathering and Tetsuya's first encounter with Seirin, which means that Tetsuya and Kagami reunite. More drama from Ayame/Shinjiro. Tetsuya stands up to Ayame in a rather sassy way.

Don't forget to vote~!

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

DOUBLE POST PART ONE

Warnings: anal sex, hints of a multiple personality disorder, anxiety, blow job

Notes this chapter: So much stuff happens in the next 11k+ words~ We get a sex scene with Akashi's other personality, we get a monologue on Basketball that explains the structure of the Interhigh, more drama with Ayame/Shinjirou, and so much more! Have fun and I'll see you at the end of the chapter.

Kida-Asumi

The quiet creaking of the bed and muffled moans were the only sounds to resonate throughout the hotel suite. In the master bedroom two teenage males were losing themselves in the throes of passion, hungrily seeking one another.

"Seijuurou-kun!" Tetsuya gasped in to the pillows as his boyfriend's hard length hammered into his willing entrance. Seijuurou tightened his grip in Tetsuya's hair, pushing him down in to the pillows.

"You feel wonderful, Tetsuya." Seijuurou murmured softly, reveling in the sound of his hips smacking against Tetsuya's. "You're deliciously hot in here. Did you know, Tetsuya, that your body was created for mine?" He asked in wonderment. Tetsuya let out a mewl when he changed the angle slightly and his dick brushed his prostate. "It's why I will never use a condom with you, my heart. There is no need. Your body will gladly take anything I give it." He said, his golden eye gleaming as Tetsuya submitted to him.

This was their third round for the evening. Having been kept back for so long, Seijuurou wasn't sure that his desires would be quenched any time soon.

His other self really needed to let him out to play more often.

"Seijuurou!" Tetsuya gasped underneath him his hands teasing slid down his ass, squeezing the pert cheeks while still continuing to keep his rhythm.

"How does it feel, Tetsuya? Is it good?" He mocked, grinning widely as he tenderly rubbed at Tetsuya's ass. He watched his boyfriend's blue head bob in to the pillow as he agreed. Seijuurou sneered, not at all liking that.

They were going to be vocal tonight.

He pulled his hand back and smacked Tetsuya's ass, pulling a surprise gasp from Tetsuya's lips.

"Fuck." Tetsuya quivered, hands tightening in the sheets. Seijuurou purred as Tetsuya's walls constricted nicely from that action, and he reached around him to teasingly run his thumb slowly over the slit.
"Tell me, Tetsuya. Is it good?" Seijuurou asked again.

"Y-yes." He managed to choke out. Seijuurou shook his head, smacking his ass again.

"That's not good enough, Tetsuya." He chided, smacking it once more. Tetsuya practically keened, moans escaping him once again. Seijuurou gave his ass a final smack before pausing his thrusts so that way he could admire the bright red skin.

"Seijuurou, don't stop." Tetsuya begged, weakly thrusting himself on his cock. Seijuurou shook his head, running the tips of his fingers over the hot skin. Tetsuya let out a hiss of pain, but from the way that his walls shook around Seijuurou's cock, he knew that his boyfriend enjoyed it.

"That's not for you to decide, Tetsuya." Seijuurou said, smacking the skin again. Tetsuya jumped, a guttural groan escaping him. Pre-come slid out of his cock and on to Seijuurou's hand, and he took a moment to gather the beads and spread them over his fingers. He let go of Tetsuya's cock, bringing his hand up to see it. He wiped the come over Tetsuya's inflamed cheek, appreciating the shine it left behind. Tetsuya let out a soft moan as the cool liquid covered his skin, and Seijuurou knew that it was just another turn on.

"You always take care of my baser needs, Seijuurou-kun. Please keep fucking me." Tetsuya murmured, pressing his ass back. Seijuurou nodded, leaning forward to twine his fingers with Tetsuya's. His boyfriend grasped them, body shaking from how close he was to his orgasm. Seijuurou yanked him back against his chest as they straightened up, locking Tetsuya's hands behind his neck.

"That was a lovely compliment, Tetsuya." Seijuurou commented, rewarding him by taking his ear lobe in to his mouth. Tetsuya's breath hitched as his hand fell down to his nipples, tugging on the hardened buds. "Rise up and on to your knees." He ordered. Tetsuya did, moaning as Seijuurou's dick slid up and into him even deeper.

"Please." Tetsuya begged, arching his back to follow Seijuurou's hand as it continued to play with his nipples. He turned, kissing and licking at Seijuurou's cheek as he sought his mouth and tongue. Seijuurou's eyes slid shut at such a needy action, and he felt his resolve to drive Tetsuya crazy crumbling.

"Since you've been such a good boy." He said before turning his head to connect their lips. Tetsuya gasped in his mouth when he pulled back and out of Tetsuya's entrance, only to slam back in. He felt Tetsuya's hands tighten in his hair, and Seijuurou rewarded the action by sucking Tetsuya's tongue in to his mouth.

He set a brutal pace, rocking Tetsuya's body each time he slammed in to him. His boyfriend moaned in his mouth, eagerly seeking his tongue as he grew closer to his orgasm. Seijuurou grasped Tetsuya's hips as he felt his own growing closer, and he used the extra leverage to add more force to his thrusts. Tetsuya broke away from his mouth and let out a loud gasp of his name, titling his head back as he lost himself in the pleasure.

"You're mine, Tetsuya. Never forget that. When you can still feel me in you tomorrow morning, remember to whom you belong." Seijuurou murmured into his ear before biting down on the flesh. That was all that it took for Tetsuya to come, body arching up as he spewed his come all over the sheets in front of him. Seijuurou didn't let up his pace, continuing to work himself to his own orgasm. Tetsuya turned his head and sought his mouth, biting down on his cheek to prompt Seijuurou to kiss him. Seijuurou let out a low moan at the action that his boyfriend eagerly showed. As Tetsuya's hands tightened in his hair and his tongue attempted to go down Seijuurou's throat, the red-head allowed himself to let go as well.
"Tetsuya." He moaned against his mouth. He waited until he was done thoroughly coating Tetsuya's inner walls before he detached their bodies. He wasn't surprised when Tetsuya nearly collapsed on his own come, but Seijuurou was feeling generous tonight. He caught him, pulling him back against his chest. Tetsuya's arms slid down from behind his neck, and he winced at how stiff they were.

As Tetsuya got back his bearings, Seijuurou took the moment to rest, winding his arms around Tetsuya's waist.

He rarely got to be affectionate with Tetsuya. His predominant self-had been very conscious as of late, and while he acknowledged that, he wished that he could do this more often. Tetsuya hands reached down and rested over his own as he tilted his head back, resting it on Seijuurou's shoulder.

"That was great." He breathed, a soft smile on his face. Seijuurou smirked, pressing a kiss to his cheek before resting his chin on his shoulder.

"Are you alright? I haven't been very gentle tonight." He murmured. Tetsuya shrugged, squeezing his hands.

"I'll be fine. It's been awhile, so it's worth any discomfort I'll have tomorrow." He murmured. Seijuurou nodded, closing his eyes.

"Hopefully I can get through the luncheon tomorrow and we can go home. God, I hate that we are here because of my father's requirements." Seijuurou sighed. Tetsuya nodded, squeezing his hand.

"It is what it is. I like this part of your business dinners. This hotel room is awesome." He stated with a teasing grin. Seijuurou scoffed, releasing his hold on his waist and gently pushing him up. If they wanted to sleep clean, they needed to begin working on it.

The two changed the sheets and took quick showers. Tetsuya sucked off Seijuurou one more time, and he finally felt like his desire had been sated. As they climbed back in to bed, Tetsuya pulled Seijuurou on top of him.

"I love you." He murmured, cupping Seijuurou's face in his hands. Seijuurou nodded, kissing the palm of his hand.

"I love you, too." He promised. He hoped that Tetsuya didn't catch the note of regret that he accidentally let slip out there. It wasn't fair to his boyfriend. He didn't know what was going on inside of himself. In the morning, his predominant personality would be in control again. He would be well rested and ready to take on the world.

Tonight, he had relieved him of such burdens, and let him vent his frustrations.

This sweet creature underneath him had helped with that.

In the morning, Seijuurou was alarmed by the bruises marring Tetsuya's body.

"I cannot believe I did this to you, my love. Do you want me to get you anything?" Seijuurou asked, perplexed by the intensity of it. Sure they had had kind of rough sex before, but never to this extent. He wouldn't have allowed it.
"I'm alright, Seijuurou-kun. It was a very nice change of pace, actually. And the bruises aren't so bad. The visible ones will be gone tomorrow morning. And look at yourself. I personally am proud of the love bite." Tetsuya murmured, reaching out to press at a deep purple mark on Seijuurou's navel. Seijuurou frowned.

"You can barely walk." He stated. Tetsuya rolled his eyes, cuddling in the blankets.

"Then I'll order in breakfast and lunch. It's not that big of a deal. You didn't do anything I didn't ask for." He added. When Seijuurou continued to look unconvinced, Tetsuya rolled over and tugged him into a hug.

"Sometimes you need to take your mind off of things. I'm more than willing to be that outlet." Tetsuya promised, soothingly rubbing his hands down Seijuurou's back. The red-head snuggled in close, taking the comfort his lover was offering.

"If it ever gets to be too much, just tell me." Seijuurou ordered. Tetsuya nodded, pressing a kiss to the top of his head.

"I promise I will. And I have before. You always stop." He assured him. Seijuurou frowned, trying to recall a situation like that. He gave up when he couldn't think of anything, and instead settled for basking in Tetsuya's affection.

He didn't catch the relived look on Tetsuya's face as he relaxed into him.

The blue-haired male was glad that his boyfriend quit asking questions. It wouldn't be good for his mental state to know everything quite yet.

The month of June was very trying for Seijuurou. On the first and last weeks of the month, he was focused on getting his basketball team through the Interhigh finals. In between that he was working on various proposals that the student council and his basketball team were wanting approved. As soon as he and Tetsuya would arrive home, they would sit and work on their separate projects. Most of the time, Tetsuya just sat and read. When he wasn't doing that, he would be helping Seijuurou with the training schedule for the team. Seijuurou, on the other hand, had to make up a constantly evolving task list for himself just to make sure he met his deadlines. At school, he spent all of his free time in his office, working on his task list there as well.

It was exhausting. He was beyond frustrated with how difficult it was to get all of these things done in such a timely manner. He felt as if he barely saw Tetsuya, and he idly hoped that he wasn't growing to resent him.

He wanted a break.

The Interhigh Championship is a Japanese high school basketball tournament. It was hosted every year to decide the best high school basketball team in the country. The tournament had three primary sections: regional block preliminaries, regional preliminary finals, and national finals.

For years now, Seijuurou's teams had been the reigning champions of the Interhigh. He was breaking records left and right because of it.

This would be his sixth championship between middle school and high school.

The preliminaries for the Interhigh were complex. It was divided first by region. Rakuzan was located in Kyoto. From there, each region was divided into blocks. Each regional block had a
preliminary final, which Rakuzan had won last weekend. After that, the four regional block winners competed against one another to become one of the three regional winners to go to nationals. That was their goal this weekend.

After today, they would be able to go on to the national round of the tournament. They could defeat everyone once more, and remind them who is supreme.

This would also automatically qualify them for the Winter Cup preliminaries. The qualifications were simple – the winner and runner up of each block were entered into the tournament. The winner of every block was also locked into competing in Nationals.

Essentially, the winners of each region were receiving the basketball golden ticket.

The start to the Interhigh Preliminary Finals was on June 4th. Due to the recent injury he sustained, Shinjirou had been subbed out of most practices by Tetsuya himself. He was the only person that was roughly the same size and knew his move sets. It was more efficient this way.

It also served to piss Shinjirou off.

It was no surprise that his behavior on this day was terrible. This day held more trials than Seijuurou could have possibly imagined.

Seijuurou's day hadn't been great to begin with. He had awoken to a pounding migraine and an empty bed. His boyfriend was already up and in the shower.

"Good morning, Seijuurou-kun. Let me adjust the water and you can take the shower." Tetsuya had insisted when he pulled open the shower door. Seijuurou nodded, stepping inside. "Are you alright? You look a little pale." Tetsuya said, brow wrinkling in concern. Seijuurou shrugged, pinching the bridge of his nose to try and relieve some of the pressure.

"I have a migraine. I don't think I'll be able to go jogging this morning." He sighed. Tetsuya frowned, stepping forward and wrapping his arms around his waist.

"Then don't. Relax this morning. The only thing we have to do today is to get to the stadium and win. You have no meetings or deadlines to worry about." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou nodded, leaning in to Tetsuya's embrace.

"Thank goodness. When we come back home tonight, I'd like a bath with you and then maybe a game of shogi." Seijuurou mumbled in to Tetsuya's shoulder. Tetsuya nodded, pressing his cheek against Seijuurou's as he rocked them gently.

"That can be arranged. So long as on the way home I can get a vanilla milkshake?" He asked, and Seijuurou couldn't help the fond smile that rose to his lips. His boyfriend was a very stubborn creature, and had been asking for one nearly every day for the last two weeks.

"Whatever you wish, my love. You have been such an angel recently. A milkshake, while it may harm your health, is not even worth a thank you gift. I love you, Tetsuya. Thank you for being here." Seijuurou murmured, shivering a little as he felt the cold doubts fill his heart. Tetsuya frowned, giving him a gentle squeeze.

"Seijuurou-kun. I love you so much." He promised, and the sincerity in his made Seijuurou's heart squeeze with affection.

He wasn't sure how long they stood in the shower, holding one another. All he knew was that he was ready to face the day afterward.
Rakuzan held themselves strong throughout the matches they faced. However, the team was very disgruntled by Shinjirou's terrible attitude. He had been subbed out only once, but as the team began their warm-up for the final match, he finally took out his frustrations on someone.

Unfortunately for him, it was the wrong someone.

Seijuurou had been icing his left calf, as it was feeling a little tense after the latest match. Tetsuya had sat him down and wrapped it up before going to oversee the warm up.

Shinjirou was standing with his first year substitute, griping about how he hated that he had to put that burden on him.

"Kuroko shouldn't make me sit out again. Maybe he should be the one to sit out this match. Let our Emperor lead us for once. He doesn't even play basketball anymore. He's just here to watch us play for him." Shinjirou scoffed. Seijuurou frowned, eyes blazing with fury. He went to open his mouth to put Shinjirou in his place when he paused and instead watched Tetsuya. His boyfriend's hands were balled into fists, and his shoulders were as tense as he had ever seen them be.

"Seijuurou-kun, I think I will personally lead this warm-up." Tetsuya stated. Seijuurou nodded, eye narrowing as he watched Shinjirou and the first year laugh about something.

"I think that would be best, Tetsuya." He agreed.

"Nakajima-kun, why don't you join me in the warm-up?" Tetsuya asked as he walked over to him. Shinjirou nodded, a sneer on his face.

"Sure thing." He agreed.

Seijuurou sat back on the bench, prepared to be terribly amused by this display.

Shinjirou picked the wrong person to try and insult.

The team murmured amongst themselves as Tetsuya joined them, explaining what they were going to do. They easily fell in line behind him as he began their laps. Seijuurou watched carefully through every exercise for bad habits or issues, but also with no small amount of pride as Tetsuya outpaced Shinjirou, and a few others as well, in all of the drills. With every lap or set, Shinjirou's expression fell in to a jaded scowl. After all, Rakuzan's training wasn't nearly as intense as Teiko's.

Tetsuya left the team after a while, joining Seijuurou on the bench. Seijuurou passed him a bottle of water and a towel, shooting him a proud smirk.

"You looked great out there, Tetsuya." Seijuurou murmured. He meant it too. Watching Tetsuya run was always a treat he would gladly partake in. His boyfriend was a very attractive man. His tapered waist and his defined ass were always distracting when they went jogging together. The way that his chest heaved with exertion of the run and the delicious flush to his cheeks were nice too. Seijuurou shifted a bit as the images in his mind went straight to his groin. He needed to push them back until after the match.

Tetsuya shrugged, wiping his face down as he knelt in front of Seijuurou. Shinjirou and the others were approaching the bench, so Tetsuya kept his comment until they were within hearing range.

"Someone had to remind them that I am not just their manager. I could easily step in and help you lead this team to victory as the true shadow that I am." Tetsuya stated. Seijuurou's smirk widened as his first string’s eyes widened. Shinjirou looked like he was going to say something, but Takumi
smacked the back of his head.

"Know your place, dumbass." He snapped. "Quit making an ass of yourself by challenging him."

Shinjirou rolled his eyes, shooting Tetsuya a nasty look that he met with calm blue eyes.

Seijuurou knew then that this feud was far from over.

Rakuzan crushed Ryowada. The first string were very motivated by Tetsuya's display for the match, and seemed eager to redeem themselves in Seijuurou's eyes, much to his amusement.

In the end, it wouldn't matter. Tetsuya didn't want to be on a team anymore. He wanted to play casually, without the pressure of being forced to win again and again. As much as Seijuurou would love to have him at his side on the court, he respected that.

"Seijuurou-kun? It's your move." Tetsuya's voice pulled him from his thoughts. His boyfriend reached over and touched his hand, his blue eyes peering in to his seeking his attention. "Are you alright? You've been very far away today." The concern in Tetsuya's voice caused guilt to pool in Seijuurou's stomach.

"I'm sorry, my love. That's not fair to you." He sighed. Tetsuya frowned, reaching over and taking his hand.

"There's nothing to apologize for, Seijuurou-kun. Sometimes you just need a moment to be by yourself. Would you like me to go and take a walk with Nigou?" He asked. Seijuurou's heart stopped at the thought of his problems causing his boyfriend to leave the house. He subconsciously gripped on to his hand tighter. Tetsuya frowned, gently placing his other hand over Seijuurou's. "I'm not going anywhere, Seijuurou. It's okay." He promised. Seijuurou nodded, offering him a forced smile to let him know that he was okay. That only caused Tetsuya's frown to deepen. The shadow rose to his feet, walking around the table they were sitting at. He sat himself on Seijuurou's lap, wrapping his arms around his neck. Seijuurou shivered a little as a chill ran down his spine.

"I'm not sure what's going on. Maybe it's stress?" Seijuurou offered, opening up his expression so that Tetsuya could see his inner turmoil. His boyfriend nodded, rubbing at his back.

"Probably a combination of everything." Tetsuya agreed, resting his head against Seijuurou's. The red-head wrapped his arms around Tetsuya's waist, squeezing him as a silent thank you for being here. "Turn the board around, please. I can't continue to play from this position. You probably could." Tetsuya mused. Seijuurou nodded, doing as he suggested.

"I can. I used to confuse the servants when I was very little because I would have them turn a piece of music upside down or, as is the case here, have the board be turned around. It's a good challenge to my mind. Maybe this will help get my mind off of things." Seijuurou murmured. Tetsuya nodded, offering him an encouraging smile.

"I agree. How about for dinner we stay in and cook tonight?" Tetsuya asked as Seijuurou made his move. He scoffed at that suggestion.

"You mean how about I treat you to a home cooked meal done by yours truly?" He clarified. Tetsuya chuckled, not looking the least bit guilty about being caught.

"I may have had an ulterior motive. You know I'm weak to your cooking." Tetsuya teased. Seijuurou shook his head, watching as Tetsuya moved his next piece. It was a good maneuver.
"Are you trying to seduce me via my spoiling of you?" Seijuurou asked, intrigued by the notion. Tetsuya hummed his affirmative before nuzzling the side of his face.

"Yes." He said simply. "I am feeling rather bratty this week, Seijuurou-kun. I want my rich and hot boyfriend to spoil me. Is that so terrible?" He asked. Seijuurou shook his head, feeling terribly amused by the entire scenario.

"No. I just so happen to love spoiling you. It makes me happy to see you be happy." He admitted. Tetsuya pressed a kiss to his cheek, squeezing his shoulder.

"You make me happy, Seijuurou. Every day since I have moved in here you have brought me so much happiness." He promised. Seijuurou turned and captured his lips, dropping the piece on to the board so that way he could wrap his other arm around Tetsuya. His boyfriend slid his hands in to his hair as the kiss deepened, and Seijuurou let out an involuntary moan at the action.

As he pressed Tetsuya on to the floor, he had to admit that this distraction would do nicely to get things off of his mind. His Tetsuya really was his rock.

Things with Ayame were not going any better than things with Shinjirou. No matter how many times he and Tetsuya corrected them, the two were convinced that they were meant to be with Seijuurou. Some might find it flattering. He did not.

Ayame was getting bolder with her physical affections as well. She had started to seek out opportunities to touch him, and be touched in return. It had gotten to the point where Seijuurou wasn't sure if she was being genuine, or crafty.

The two were currently walking to their next period class. Both of their posies were following after them, chattering amongst themselves. They were turning the corner when a few second years ran past them, laughing amongst themselves about something. One of them bumped in to Ayame, catching her off balance.

"Ah!" She gasped as she stumbled. Seijuurou reached out and caught her before she could hit the ground, eyes narrowed after the second years.

"I want their names and classes, Hiromi-san." Seijuurou ordered. Ayame's friend nodded, quickly walking after the two boys. Ayame looked up at him at him with adoration shining in her eyes. She wrapped her arms around him, squeezing tightly as a smile rose on her face.

"Thank you for catching me, Akashi-kun!" She said. Seijuurou nodded, a little annoyed that by catching her she had creased his blazer. He would also be smelling of her for the rest of the day. It wasn't something he wanted, that was for sure. "Ah, Kuroko-san!" She called, waving over his shoulder toward what Seijuurou sensed to be his approaching boyfriend. Sure enough, Tetsuya stepped in to his line of vision. Without preamble, Seijuurou dropped his hold on Ayame, briefly glancing down at her ankles to make sure that they hadn't twisted in the fall. She gave him an affectionate pat on the chest before stepping out of his personal space.

It annoyed Seijuurou to feel the smugness radiating not only from her, but from her posy as well.

"How were your tests?" Tetsuya asked. Tamaki joined them, glaring at Ayame.

"I did well on mine. Our teacher attempted to trick us for the essay questions with carefully worded questions, but I saw what he was trying to do." Seijuurou explained, offering Tetsuya a proud smirk, even if his eyes conveyed that nothing had really happened.
"That's wonderful. Tamaki probably failed the test we just took." Tetsuya said, a little smirk appearing on his face at Tamaki's outrages cry of betrayal. He shrugged, letting Seijuurou know that he watched what had happened.

"Stupid Tamaki-kun." Ayame snored, crossing her arms. Tetsuya shot her a subtle dirty look as she and Tamaki began to squabble. Seijuurou took a step closer to Tetsuya, brushing their shoulders together to reassure him anyway.

"Akashi-kun, I will stop by the office around 1:30 after I speak with my advisor. Is that okay for our meeting?" She asked, raising a hand to place on his shoulder. Seijuurou nodded, turning to head to class.

"That is fine." He agreed. He pretended not to notice the pleased shine to her eyes, or the plotting in Tetsuya's.

As he headed towards class, Seijuurou idly wondered how in the hell the rest of the day was going to play out.

As he suspected, Tetsuya came to his office at 1:15.

"What brings you here, my love?" Seijuurou asked as Tetsuya closed the door behind him. To his slight surprise, Tetsuya blushed. He walked over to the desk, carefully pushing his work aside.

"I got distracted in my last period class by a suggestive text from Takao-kun." Tetsuya explained, sliding on to his desk. Seijuurou allowed the slight fib, reaching out to wrap his arms around Tetsuya's waist.

"Oh? Am I here to help relieve that distraction?" He teased, glancing down to Tetsuya crotch. His boyfriend shook his head, cupping the back of Seijuurou's head so that he could bring his gaze back up to his face.

"No. I'm here to immerse myself in his suggestion." Tetsuya said, a wicked gleam in his eyes. Seijuurou raised an intrigued brow.

"Oh?" He asked. Tetsuya nodded, gently pressing on his shoulders so that he could step off of the desk. Tetsuya placed a chaste kiss to his mouth before dropping to his knees and crawling back under the desk. Seijuurou was pleasantly surprised.

"I see. And this isn't at all related to Ayame showing up within the next 10 or so minutes?" Seijuurou teased.

"It might be related." Tetsuya said as he unzipped his fly. When Seijuurou didn't protest, Tetsuya began to pull his flaccid cock out of his pants.

Honestly, Seijuurou wasn't completely against this form of retaliation. It was flattering that his little introverted Tetsuya was willing to break his comfort zone to prove that Seijuurou belonged to him. This blatant claim of territory was something that Seijuurou found really attractive. He jumped a little when Tetsuya's warm mouth covered one side of his cock, sucking on the warm flesh.

That and he got a free blowjob out of it. He wasn't going to complain, that was for sure.

"What in the world did I do to deserve you, Tetsuya?" He asked, leaning his head back as the stirrings of arousal began to coil in his lower abdomen. Tetsuya grinned against his cock before gently scraping his teeth over the head. Seijuurou closed his eyes as he felt the blood rush down to
begin filling his dick. Tetsuya pulled away from his cock, giving it a gentle squeeze before beginning to pump it.

"Pass me the box of tissues?" Tetsuya asked. "I don't want the janitors to have to clean up after us." He said. Seijuurou thrust the box below the desk, hips shifting as Tetsuya's thumb rubbed along the vein on the underside of his cock.

"'S good." Seijuurou murmured, breath hitching as a pulse of pleasure show down his spin. Tetsuya pressed a tender kiss to his stomach before dragging his lips lower. His tongue flicked out when he reached his cock again, lapping at the dry skin. Tetsuya pulled back and slicked up his hand before using it to get a better rhythm going. Seijuurou watched all of this through hooded eyes, mind pleasantly buzzed with arousal.

"Look alive, Seijuurou. I heard footsteps," Tetsuya prompted. Seijuurou blinked, adjusting himself so that he was at least upright. His breath hitched as Tetsuya's little tongue slid into his slit, urging his pre-come forward.

Seijuurou knew that one day, when he looked back on this, he would put this blowjob as one of the finest Tetsuya ever gave him.

A soft knock on the door was the only warning he got before Ayame walked into the room. She offered Seijuurou a smile he could barely focus on as he did his best to perfect his mask of nonchalance.

The thrill of being blown in front of another person without their knowledge only heightened his arousal. Tetsuya must have agreed because Seijuurou could feel his silent laughter.

"Have you given any thought to the proposal I sent to you?" Ayame asked as she sat down in the chair. Seijuurou nodded, leaning forward to grab the proposal in question. He was very proud of his ability to keep his hands steady because Tetsuya was lavishing the underside of his cock with the fat of his tongue.

"I have a few issues with the request to allow a change in the female dress code to allow for exposed toe shoes." Seijuurou said. Ayame frowned.

"Why? There is nothing wrong with us wearing the very expensive cute sandals we buy." She said. Seijuurou shook his head, slipping a hand under the desk to gently pet at Tetsuya's cheeks as he took him into his mouth. That velvety heat was exactly what he was wanting, and his cock pulsed in Tetsuya's mouth.

"It is a direct violation of the standards set by the board of health, for one thing. A safety hazard, for another," Seijuurou said.

"And the belts that you boys wear are not? There are plenty of incidents where belts either constricted a student when it was not needed, or where it was used inappropriately." Ayame shot back. Seijuurou sighed, disguising the moan that was building up in him as Tetsuya began to increase his pace. His tongue was rubbing against the head of his cock, smearing the pre-come as one of his hands twisted around the base of his cock and the other pressed at his sensitive spots along his inner thigh.

"The number of sprained ankles and other heel related injuries would rise greatly if this were approved. That is an irrelevant point." Seijuurou said.

"But-" Ayame began to protest. Seijuurou shook his head.
"No is no, Ayame. However, I will send the proposal to committee on the approval to have dyed hair be allowed." Seijuurou said. Ayame beamed, straightening up and sliding a lock of her hair behind her hair.

"This is great news, Seijuurou-kun!" Ayame declared. Seijuurou offered her a forced smile as he felt his orgasm drawing closer. As Ayame began to babble on, all Seijuurou could focus on was Tetsuya's tongue rubbing circles around the head of his cock before widening his mouth and taking him all in. He hallowed his cheeks and gave a wet suck, one of his hands reaching down to roll his balls between his fingers.

"I'll see you later, okay?" Ayame's question brought him back to reality and he nodded, offering her his most charming smile.

"For our last period." He said. She grinned, grabbing her school bag. Seijuurou watched as she began to walk away. As soon as the door was shut he let out a low moan, eyes rolling a little as Tetsuya began to suck his orgasm out of him. It didn't take long and soon he was shooting down Tetsuya's throat. His boyfriend's small hand slid under his shirt, splaying his hand against his stomach to help press his orgasm out of him. Seijuurou let go of Tetsuya's hand, moving to press it against the one of his stomach.

As he recovered, Tetsuya cleaned him up. He tucked him back in to his pants and zipped them up before rising to his feet. He offered Seijuurou a smile before leaning against the desk. He opened his mouth to speak when suddenly the door knob rattled. Both froze, shocked that she was actually walking in on them. By the time she walked in, both of their best masks were in place, and Seijuurou was sitting up properly.

"Oh, I didn't realize Kuroko-san was here." Ayame said, eyes wide and flickering between the two of them. Suddenly Tetsuya smirked, making a show of using a tissue to wipe his mouth and then lean down to place a parting kiss to Seijuurou's lips.

"I'll see you at practice, Sei." Tetsuya murmured. He reached down and grabbed his school bag. "Have a nice day Ayame-san." He added as he walked past her. She nodded, still shocked by what she had walked in on.

Despite how the fact that this might be detrimental to his image as the perfect student council president, Seijuurou couldn't help but smirk as he tucked back in his shirt and straightened his clothing. He stood up and grabbed his own bag, offering that smirk to Ayame.

"Shall we go?" He asked her. When she managed a nod and turned away, Seijuurou withheld an amused chuckle.

Oh things were getting fun.

The ride to Tokyo for the Interhigh was very interesting. Rakuzan was unusually quiet, with Masaki and Kaito chatting quietly in the seat across from Seijuurou and Tetsuya, Takumi sleeping next to an irritated Shinjirou, and everyone else too tired to really converse much. His Tetsuya was gripping onto his hand tightly, and he looked more than a little frazzled. Seijuurou leaned over and kissed his forehead. The action brought a look of confusion to Tetsuya's face.

"Yes?" He asked, a small smile flitting across his lips when Seijuurou's mouth lowered to kiss the tip of his nose.

"You looked really far away. Are you alright?" He asked. Tetsuya nodded, though he leaned over
and rested his cheek against Seijuurol's shoulder.

"I'm a little anxious. It's why I wasn't able to finish breakfast this morning." He admitted. Seijuurou closed his eyes, pained by the thought of Tetsuya' inner turmoil. He placed his other hand over Tetsuya's, bringing it up to his mouth to press a tender kiss against the back of it.

"Because of Seirin being at opening ceremonies?" Seijuurou stated. Tetsuya nodded, and when his hand began to shake in Seijuurou's, the red-head gripped it tighter.

"It's silly. I know that you'll keep me safe." Tetsuya admitted. Seijuurou nodded.

"I will. I can promise you that Seirin will not come in contact with you unless you have given me your consent first. You are my entire world, and have been through too much to have those people upset you with their petty state of being." He murmured. Tetsuya rolled his eyes, even as a relieved grin crossed his face.

"Thank you for keeping my best interests as a priority. I love you." He sighed happily. Chuckling, Seijuurou removed one of his hands to instead wrap an arm around his shoulders.

"I love you too, my Tetsuya. Are you excited to be paraded around in Rakuzan's uniform in your first official public appearance in Tokyo since you moved?" Seijuurou teased. Tetsuya snorted quietly.

"Are you ready for all of the interviews we will get the joy of partaking in?" He shot back. Seijuurou simply leaned forward to kiss the snark out of Tetsuya's mouth.

"Tetsu-kun!" Seijuurou turned towards the sound of Satsuki's voice, seeking a bobbing head of pink hair. He was rewarded soon after as she appeared, grinning widely as she hung from Daiki's arm. She threw herself at them both, giving them tight hugs.

"Satsuki, we must oversee Rakuzan's unpacking of the bus." Seijuurou sighed. She pulled back, nodding.

"Okay. Dai-chan and I will help!" She insisted. Seijuurou nodded, offering her his arm. She beamed, sliding her own through it and giving it a little squeeze. As he expected, Tetsuya placed a kiss on his cheek before walking over to Daiki's side. They spoke in soft murmurs as they walked off towards the other managers.

"We got here first as planned." Satsuki reported.

"And the others?" Seijuurou asked. He tensed when he spotted his student council leading a group of students over. Satsuki noticed it, and frowned, but kept her silence and simply slid an arm around his waist instead.

"Yosen and Kaijou are not here yet. Shutoku is in their first interview of the day. Dai-chan has had his first by himself, and then we had a team one earlier. As soon as Mukkun appears with Yosen at around 12, we will have a luncheon together as a group, then go to two interviews centering on the Generation of Miracles." Satsuki said. Seijuurou nodded, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

"Good. Thank you for handling the morning and early afternoon interviews until I arrived." He said, nodding as the student council joined him. Ayame glared at Satsuki, who simply smiled back and cuddled closer.

"Yo, Pres, we're going to go and grab lunch before we begin herding Rakuzan. Did you and Kuroko
want to join us?” Tamaki asked. Seijuurou shook his head.

"Unfortunately I cannot. Satsuki has our free times booked through the early afternoon. In return, I have booked the rest of her time tonight." He said, smiling down at the pink-haired manager. Satsuki beamed, snuggling into his side. Ayame's eyes widened at that, and her gaze flickered over to where Tetsuya was standing with Daiki. He looked up and met her gaze, smirking at her. She huffed and walked off. The rest of the guys followed her.

"What a bitch." Satsuki grunted. Seijuurou chuckled, releasing her.

"Thank you for your help, Satsuki." Seijuurou murmured. She shrugged, still glaring at Ayame's retreating back.

"Girls can be such vultures. Why do they try and woo what is rightfully taken?" She asked. Seijuurou shook his head, steering her towards Tetsuya and Daiki.

"I wish I knew, Satsuki. I wish I knew."

They were changing into their opening ceremonies outfits when Tetsuya received the text message. He let out a soft gasp, dropping his phone.

"Tetsuya?" Seijuurou asked from beside him. Tetsuya shook his head, stumbling away from the lockers. He jumped when Takumi's hands gripped his shoulder's, keeping him stabilized. Seijuurou followed after him, wrapping his arms around his waist. Tetsuya let out a shaky breath as tears spilled down his face. "Tetsuya, what's wrong?" He asked. Tetsuya's breath hitched and he lunged forward, wrapping his arms around his boyfriend's bare chest.

"Here is the phone, Akashi-san." Kaito murmured, concerned eyes on Tetsuya. Seijuurou accepted it. He quickly unlocked it, eyes narrowing when he noticed the text message he received. Tetsuya shook in his arms, unable to move.

"Whose ass am I kicking?" Takumi snarled. Masaki nodded, eyes narrowed menacingly. Tetsuya shook his head, burrowing his face in Seijuurou's neck.

"I'll be alright. Just give me a moment, please." Tetsuya mumbled in to his throat. Seijuurou nodded, rocking him gently.

It took a few minutes, but eventually Tetsuya separated from Seijuurou. He cupped his face, wiping away his tears.

"I…I think I should meet with him. But can I take someone with me? After opening ceremonies?" Tetsuya asked. Seijuurou's eyes narrowed.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" He asked.

"We can take care of him for you, Kuroko-san." Masaki offered softly. The rest of the team shivered at the dark promise of the offer, but Seijuurou and Tetsuya found it sweet. Tetsuya shook his head.

"No, that's not necessary. I think I need closure, Seijuurou-kun. But I don't want to be attacked again. Can I please go and speak with him after opening ceremonies?" He asked. With a reluctant sigh, Seijuurou nodded.

"Yes. But Takumi, Tamaki, and either Daiki or Atsushi are to go with you." He murmured. Tetsuya nodded, offering him a brave, thankful smile. "You are to leave with them and then return straight to
me. I do not wish to see him quite yet. I might kill him.” Seijuurou added. Tetsuya nodded, giving a watery chuckle at that.

"Thank you, Seijuurou-kun. Ugh, I got your chest wet. I'm sorry.” He said, wiping away the drying tears. Seijuurou shrugged, grabbing a spare towel and doing it himself.

"It's alright. Now, shall we finished getting dressed, everyone?” He asked the room. They all nodded, and resumed getting dressed. Seijuurou withheld a sigh.

This day wasn't getting any better, was it?

Tetsuya couldn't seem to stop his hands from shaking, nor calm his racing heart. It was nerve wracking, this anxious feeling.

"Oi, Tetsu, it's gonna be okay.” Daiki murmured before toss an arm over his shoulder. Tetsuya nodded, offering him a brief smile as well.

"I know, Aomine-kun. I know. Whatever is going to happen is going to happen.”

"So who is this Kagami-douche?” Tamaki asked, arms crossed over his chest as he and Takumi walked beside him and Daiki.

"He used to be one of my best friends. I met him at a time when the Generation of Miracles and I were not on good terms. He really helped me love basketball again.” Tetsuya explained.

"He was his other 'light', the articles claim. Weren't you the original, Aomine?” Takumi asked. Daiki nodded, grinning at the thought.

"Yeah, I'm the original and best light Tetsu has ever had.” He bragged. Both Rakuzan males rolled their eyes, shooting Tetsuya skeptical looks. He shrugged. Daiki let out a gasp of outrage, and he opened his mouth to begin a tirade on why he is the best light when they stepped around the corner to find Taiga and Alex. The smile dropped from Tetsuya's face, as did the playful atmosphere.

Taiga straightened up, looking every bit as awkward as Tetsuya felt. He took a step forward, motioning for Daiki, Tamaki, and Takumi to stand back.

"Hey Kuroko!” Alex waved, a friendly grin on her face. He tried to offer it back, waving as well.

"Hello, Alex-san. I hope that you have been well.” He said. She nodded, smacking a friendly hand on Taiga's back.

"Yeah, I'm okay. So, I'm going to take your muscle over here so that you don't have to have an audience.” She said. She walked towards the group, shoving them back around the corner. Tetsuya nodded, a little relieved to be alone with Taiga. He knew that it was better this way. With a sigh, Tetsuya stepped forward.

"Hello, Kagami-kun.” He said. Kagami nodded, staring down at his feet.

"Hey, Kuroko.” A few minutes of awkward silence passed before Kagami realized Kuroko was waiting for him to speak. He sighed, shaking his head. "God, I don't even know where to start. I owe you so much more than a simple 'I'm sorry.'” He murmured.

Tetsuya wrapped his arms around himself, keeping his eyes on the ground.

"I should have listened to you.” Kagami began. He took a deep breath, placing his hands on his hips
to steady himself. "Looking back on it, you kept trying to tell me about your wants and dreams. And then I went and treated you just like the Generation of Miracle bastards did. I was selfish. I'm so sorry I didn't listen to you."

"That's not what matter, Kagami-kun. I have spent my entire life having my wants and wishes ignored. I'm sure that this will not be the last time." Tetsuya said.

"I know, I know. That just makes it worse. God, and the things I said to you. I just shot off my mouth, not even thinking. It was wrong." Kagami admitted. Tetsuya nodded before shaking his head.

"You know, I never imagined that the person that would break my heart the most in my life would end up being my ex-best friend. I thought for sure it would be a shitty break up of some form. God I don't think you can possibly imagine how much of a fuck up you made me feel like. I still feel like I am worthless most of the time." Tetsuya whispered. Taiga's eyes widened and he stepped forward, reaching for the blue-haired shadow.

"That's not true." He said. Tetsuya nodded, wiping at his eyes.

"I couldn't even manage to be happy doing the one thing I really enjoyed for the rest of my life. I screwed that up." He whispered. "I led you on for months. I kept it a secret and it hurt you." Tetsuya's voice cracked. Taiga shook his head, stepping forward to place a hand on Tetsuya's shoulder. "Don't touch me, Kagami-kun." He snapped. Taiga pulled back his hand, and Tetsuya was a little satisfied to see the guilt in his eyes. "I want the best for you, Kagami-kun. I always have. I tried to help you with that. But I need to be selfish every once in a while. I can't do that by playing basketball." He said.

"I'm sorry that I put you in that position. I should have listened to you." He repeated. Kuroko nodded, breath hitching as he sobbed.

"You should have. Seirin was falling apart and as I kept trying to fix it, you fell apart with it. I couldn't take it anymore. I was only ever really happy when I was in Kyoto." He admitted. Taiga flinched, but nodded. "It may have been selfish of me to leave without saying anything. I'm sure most of those guys resent me now. But I was dying," Tetsuya admitted. "I wasn't eating, I wasn't sleeping. I was constantly in a panic attack or a breakdown. Seijuurou-kun and the Generation of Miracles took me away from Tokyo and helped save my life and I have no regrets about leaving. I'm just sorry that I couldn't face you guys on top of everything else. I didn't even get to say goodbye!" He shouted. Taiga shook his head.

"It's understandable."

"No it's not. You are right. I keep abandoning everyone because I think they are going to abandon me. I keep sabotaging my own relationships." Tetsuya murmured, head begin to pound as their fight came back to him, word for word. He felt his world shift and he fell to his knees. He heard Daiki's alarmed cries behind him, and suddenly hands were grabbing his shoulders. "Leave me." He ordered.

"Tetsu, this isn't going well. You know what the deal-" He cut Daiki off.

"To hell with the deal! I need to get closure in whatever way possible. Tamaki, Takumi, please go and get Seijuurou-kun. Bring him here fifteen minutes from now." He ordered. Daiki's hands gripped his shoulders, and Tetsuya could just imagine the glare on his face. He heard their footsteps leaving, and he watched as Alex walked over to place a supporting hand on Taiga's back.
"You don't sabotage your own relationships, Kuroko. I'm sorry I ever said that. You just pick really shitty friends that keep hurting you and letting you down." Taiga murmured. "I'm sorry that I tried to blame everything on you, Kuroko. I'm sorry that I tried to make all of the shitty things in your life sounds like blessings. That wasn't fair of me." Tetsuya shook his head, wiping at his eyes.

"You're right. At least I had people that wanted me. At least I had that. I was so selfish." He murmured. Taiga shook his head, kneeling in front of him.

"No, Kuroko. You weren't. I'm glad you got away from your crazy parents. I'm glad that you decided to save yourself than continue to make everyone else happy. That could end up killing you too." Taiga murmured. "And for the record, I'm sorry for implying that just because you and Akashi are together, our losses were in correspondence with that. It wasn't fair to accuse your relationship of something so horrid when really it looks like it's one of the best things to ever happen to you." Taiga whispered. Tetsuys nodded, finally reaching up and taking Daiki's hand.

"Thank you, Kagami-kun." He whispered back. "I'll think over this and contact you. Please give me time." He murmured as Daiki helped him stand. Taiga nodded, rising to his feet.

"Okay. I will. Best of luck at the tournament today. I'm really looking forward to Rakuzan's match." Taiga said, offering Tetsuya a tentative smile. Tetsuya nodded, returning it even as his tears began to blur his vision. Alex gently grasped Taiga's shoulder, steering him out of the room. Daiki crushed Tetsuya to his chest, gently murmuring soothing words to him.

"I want Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya sobbed into his chest. Daiki nodded, cradling him close.

"He'll be here soon, Tetsu." He promised.

Not even 10 seconds later Seijuurou was running up to them. He snatched Tetsuya from Daiki, pulling him close. He let out a shaky sob, clinging to his boyfriend. Seijuurou was going to kill Taiga. How dare he hurt Tetsuya in this manner?

"I'm right here, my love. Everything is alright." Seijuurou soothed. Tetsuya nodded, collapsing against him. "Daiki, help us sit." He ordered. Daiki instantly placing supporting hands on both of their backs, guiding them to the ground. Seijuurou rearranged Tetsuya in his lap, running a soothing hand over his back as he pressed his lips to the top of his head.

"Kurokocchi!" Ryouta's exclamation marked the arrival of the rest of the Generation. They had been chatting together when Takumi and Tamaki arrived. As soon as they had said that Tetsuya wanted him, Seijuurou had ran, trying to get to his boyfriend as fast as possible. He was sure that the Generation had panicked and followed after.

"Surround us." Seijuurou ordered. Tetsuya's grip on him relaxed a bit once they were surrounded by their friends.

"I think I'm just in shock. I'm so sorry about this." Tetsuya managed to get out around his sobs. Seijuurou shook his head, tightening his hold on him.

"No, Tetsuya, it's alright. He didn't hurt you, did he?" Seijuurou asked, resting his cheek on the top of Tetsuya's head. The shadow shook his head.

"No. He just apologized. For everything, Seijuurou-kun." He admitted. Seijuurou shook his head.

"That is something to address later. Let's focus on you first, my darling. We'll get you back to being in a reasonably okay place before we discuss what was said." He said, rubbing at his back. Tetsuya
cuddled close, taking in a shaky breath before closing his eyes.

"Have my jacket, Kurokocchi." Ryouta murmured, offering up the jacket. Seijuuro offered the blond a grateful smirk as he accepted it, quickly swaddling Tetsuya with it. His boyfriend shivered, wiping at his eyes. However, with how wet his fingers were, it was becoming a moot point. Seijuuro simply captured his hand, pressing a tender kiss to the back of it, before placing it on his shoulder and wiping Tetsuya's tears on a handkerchief he had in his pocket. Tetsuya and Daiki snorted.

"You keep one of you for moments like these, Seijuuro-kun?" Tetsuya asked. Seijuuro chuckled, shaking his head.

"A true gentleman is prepared for anything, my love." He explained. Tetsuya groaned, burying his face in the crock of his neck.

"That was lame, Seijuuro-kun." He mumbled.

"I have to agree with Kuroko, Akashi." Shintarou spoke up.

"You guys are perfect for each other. Tetsu says lame lines like that all the time." Daiki grumbled.

"Oh shush you sourpusses, I think it's cute." Satsuki gushed.

Meanwhile Tetsuya blushed pink, burrowing under Ryouta's jacket and in closer to his boyfriend.

"They are going to make me feel better by embarrassing me." Tetsuya accused as he pouted up at his boyfriend. Seijuuro simply smiled and kissed him, body humming with warm affection for the man in his lap.

"Yes, my love. Though there is nothing wrong with our love being apparent in our actions." He chided. Tetsuya blushed deeper, groaning in to his shoulder.

"You're supposed to protect me, Seijuuro-kun." He grumbled. Seijuuro shrugged, pressing another kiss to his forehead before looking up at the others.

"Everyone, we have an interview in 20 minutes. Shintarou, take Daiki and begin setting up our space for the interview." The green-haired male nodded, and he and Daiki began to walk away.

"Satsuki, go and grab Tetsuya something to drink."

"Hot or cold, Tetsu-kun?" Satsuki asked, accepting the money Seijuuro passed her.

"Cold, please. Some type of fruit juice, please." He requested. Satsuki nodded, leaning down to kiss his forehead before bouncing away.

"Ryouta and Atsushi, we are going to go to the bathroom and help clean Tetsuya up." Seijuuro said. Tetsuya climbed off of his lap and they rose to their feet. Tetsuya passed his jacket back to Ryouta before turning and taking Seijuuro's hand. He offered him a tired smile, leaning in to him. Seijuuro's hand rose up and cupped the back of his head, pressing him in close.

"I love you." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuuro's expression softened, and he wrapped his arms around him.

"I love you too, my Tetsuya. We will get through this." He said softly against his ear. Tetsuya nodded, pulling away and offering Ryouta a brave smile.
"Shall we make it look like I didn't just have a mental breakdown?" Tetsuya asked. Ryouta shot him a wink before turning to lead them to the bathrooms.

"You'll look even better than before after I'm through with you!" He declared. Tetsuya sighed. Seijuurou wasn't surprised when he threaded their fingers together. He gave his hand a reassuring squeeze, offering him a small. Tetsuya returned it before leaning forward to connect their lips.

"Thank you." He mouthed. Seijuurou simply pressed back before pulling away. They shared another smile before following after their friends.

Seijuurou couldn't be happier with their matches today. They won in the typical Rakuzan absolute manner. As he stood in the middle of the court, basking in his glory of winning coupled with the winning basket he had shot. Suddenly Tetsuya's arms were around him and he grinned, turning to embrace him. They kept it cordial, deciding to save their explosive kiss for a grander occasion, like nationals or the Winter Cup.

"Congratulations on our win." Tetsuya murmured against his cheek as the rest of the team swarmed them. Seijuurou nuzzled against him, relieved to have this match over with. Now they could focus on the reason that Tetsuya's hands were shaking.

That stupid meeting with Taiga.

"Indeed. Shall we get dinner with everyone?" He asked as they parted and took one another's hands.

A buzzer sounded in the match next to them, signaling that Yosen had won as well.

"Please. I wasn't able to really eat lunch." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou nodded, wrapping an arm around his waist.

"Then let's smile for the cameras and get out of here. Do you want to go home tonight?" He asked. Tetsuya nodded.

"I want our bed tonight. I'm tired of breaking down in public places." He said.

"My love, we can go home. We'll make hot chocolate and cuddle with Nigou." He promised. Tetsuya nodded, leaning against him.

"Let's go." He insisted.

"I think I'm going to accept his apology." Tetsuya murmured that night. Seijuurou was curled up around his back, his arms tight around his waist. He pressed a kiss to his shoulder, closing his eyes.

He wished that Tetsuya would just abandon that stupid boy. He had done enough harm.

Yet he knew that that wasn't who Tetsuya was. So with a reluctant heart, Seijuurou nuzzled against his shoulder.

"Contact him now." He ordered. Tetsuya nodded, though he reached down and grabbed Seijuurou's hand, squeezing tightly.

"I don't want to be alone with him yet." He whispered. The fear in his voice broke Seijuurou's heart, and he pulled him closer.

"You don't have to be, Tetsuya. I'm right here. I always am. If I'm too intimidating, take Ryouta or
"Daiki." He murmured. Tetsuya shook his head, rolling over to look up at him.

"No. I want you there. Please, Seijuurou-kun?" He begged. "I know you'll keep me safe." He said, pressing his forehead to Seijuurou's chest. The red-head reached up and ran a hand through his hair, trying to reign in his darker personality that was roaring for them to just take care of Taiga now.

"Always, my love."

"Will you hand me my phone, please?" Tetsuya asked. Seijuurou shut his eyes as he heard his voice crack. He pulled him closer while reaching over to grab his phone. He gave him one last squeeze before pulling back a little and kissing his forehead. He placed it in his hands, squeezing them tightly as well.

"Tetsuya." He murmured, getting his attention. Tetsuya looked up at him, his fearful blue eyes meeting his. Seijuurou tried to express as much sincerity in to his gaze possible. "I'm right here. You are safe and loved. If at any time this gets to be too much, pass me the phone and I will pause your conversation. Do you understand?" He asked softly. Tetsuya nodded, closing his eyes as relief clouded his face.

"Okay." With a shaky intake of breath, Tetsuya looked down to the phone. He shivered in Seijuurou's arms, and his grip on the phone increased.

"Seijuurou-kun?" Tetsuya whispered. Seijuurou patiently pressing a warm kiss to his lips before shaking his head and tucking him under his chin.

"It's alright, my love. I'm right here." He promised. His head broke when Tetsuya's breath hitched again, and he pressed his face in to his neck. The slight warmth of tears on his skin had Seijuurou closing his eyes. He could feel the turmoil and fear rolling off of his boyfriend.

"I guess I just need a moment to get ahold of myself. I'm so sorry." Tetsuya murmured against his neck. Seijuurou reached between them and grasped the phone. He pulled back a little and pressed another tender kiss to his forehead, trying to convey his reassurances as much as possible. Tetsuya took a shaky inhale of breath, holding it as he tried to calm himself down. Finally, he let it out and gently broke Seijuurou's hold on the phone. He pulled away from his neck, offering him a small smile as his nervous eyes sought his gaze. Seijuurou returned it, pressing their foreheads together.

Finally, Tetsuya began to type.

To: Kagami-kun
Subject: Reconciliation

Kagami-kun, I hope this message finds you well. I really needed our meeting today. No matter what happened between us, you are a necessary part of me. After we quit speaking, I ran away to Rakuzan to heal myself and the wounds that I had received in Tokyo. Yet no matter how much I tried, that part of me that is you could not be replaced. You helped me bring the Generation of Miracles back together. You gave me strength when I was at my lowest. Words will never be enough to explain my gratitude for that.

You also cut me deeper than I have ever been hurt before. You broke me, Kagami-kun. I had expected it from my parents. A nasty break up with a lover. The Generation again. But never in all of my wildest fears had you been someone I felt I needed to guard my heart around. You get me for who I am. Or at least you did.

I don't know what would have happened if the Generation hadn't been there. Honestly, I probably
wouldn't have made it. I owe them more than I can ever repay them, especially Seijuurou-kun, my generous godsend of an Emperor. So with that in mind, our reconciliation has a few rules:

We will always have a member of the Generation nearby at all of our meetings until I am comfortable enough to be alone with you

Seijuurou-kun will be at our first two meetings.

I won't be told what is best for me unless I ask for your opinion.

Our first meeting will be here, in Kyoto.

If you find these terms acceptable, we can begin to try and repair our friendship. Our bond. I'd really like that, Kagami-kun. Please respond either way.

As soon as Tetsuya's fingers stilled for longer than a few seconds, Seijuurou yanked his phone out of his hands and tucked him back under his chin, murmuring soothing things in his ear. The phone lay behind Tetsuya, abandoned for the moment. Half a second later the tears began to trickle down Seijuurou's throat, and Tetsuya's body began to heave with sobs. Tetsuya slid his arms around Seijuurou's chest, clinging to him as his emotions finally broke down. All of the anguish was finally over. Seijuurou could feel his emotions. His boyfriend's relief at finally being able to put this mess behind him was stifling. The pure anguish that had constricted around the Taiga part of his heart was finally being let go.

"I'm so sorry." Tetsuya sobbed in to his throat. Seijuurou simply wrapped his arms around him in return, heart clenching painfully at every sob Tetsuya released, the grief pouring from him feeling as if it was his own. How he wished it was. He would take all of that pain from him in a heartbeat. "Thank you for being here. I love you so mu-ch." Tetsuya' voice cracked on that last word and Seijuurou shut his eyes, feeling as if he had been struck. He tightened his grip on Tetsuya's waist with one arm to make up for him using the other hand to cup the back of his head. He pressed him in ever closer, making sure that there was no space between them.

"I love you, my Tetsuya. It's all going to be alright." Seijuurou declared. A part of him was relieved to finally have this matter closed. Now when they visited Tokyo, Tetsuya wouldn't have to be on the lookout for his ex-teammates. When they had tournaments, Tetsuya wouldn't have to be anxious about bumping in to them. Even if all of his respect for Taiga was gone, at least Seijuurou could finally be in the same room with him and not immediately force himself to stay away. The urge to harm him would take a while to fully disappear, but that was for another day. They all could finally move on.

But god he wished that Tetsuya didn't have to go through this emotional upheaval.

Seijuurou wasn't sure how long they stayed in one another's arms, releasing their stress of the last few months. He waited patiently for Tetsuya's storm to pass, listening to every painful sob and feeling every violent shake. The tears stopped long before those did, which must have made everything all the more painful for his poor boyfriend. He made a mental note to send someone for a vanilla milkshake, as the cool ice cream would soothe his raw throat.

"I'm disgusting." Tetsuya eventually mumbled. He had been still for the last few minutes, so Seijuurou wasn't surprised. The red-head rolled his eyes as Tetsuya pulled away. He cupped his face, eyes searching Tetsuya's blue to make sure that he was as well as could be expected. He was pleased to find a hint of disgruntledness there, amidst the dulling agony. Seijuurou pressed a tender kiss to his forehead.
"You're beautiful." He retorted. "Do you want to go and freshen up as I send someone for a milkshake?" Tetsuya's eyes lit up at the suggestion, and he nodded. His fingers curled in to Seijuurou's back as he leaned forward to kiss him. Seijuurou returned the kiss, pressing forward to reassure Tetsuya was this was still very much something that he wanted. Their intimate moment was broken by the vibration of Tetsuya's phone. Tetsuya pulled away, eyes nervously flickering down.

"Will you respond to Kagami-kun, please? Regardless of what the response is, wish him a goodnight, please. If he turned me down, thank him for his time. If he agreed, tell him I'll contact him in a few days." Tetsuya said. Seijuurou nodded, leaning down to kiss him again. His tongue lapped at Tetsuya's bottom lip, not to gain entrance but to clear away the salty taste of tears. His angel shouldn't taste of sorrow. When he pulled back, he softened his expression with warm compassion.

"Of course, my love." He agreed. He sat up and Tetsuya left the bed. Seijuurou reached for the wipes that they kept in his beside drawer, wiping down his chest as he dialed down to his head of staff. He heard the sound of running water as he put in the request for the milkshake. Next he turned his attention to Tetsuya's phone. Taiga's response lacked the regretful tone Seijuurou expected, and was very brief.

From: Kagami-kun

Subject: re: Reconciliation

That's more than okay, Kuroko. Thank you for giving me a second chance. I won't let you down. Have a good night.

Seijuurou tsked as he typed back a response. He was plugging in the phone when Tetsuya returned from the bathroom. Seijuurou masked his worried expression. His boyfriend looked like hell. His skin was blotchy and red, and his eyes had a puffiness to them that Seijuurou knew wouldn't be gone by morning. His nose was bright red and from the way he was sniffling, he had probably caught a cold.

It broke Seijuurou's heart to see him like this. Wordlessly, he opened his arms for him. Tetsuya eagerly climbed in to his lap, wrapping his arms around him as he shivered a little.

"Did you put in eye drops?" Seijuurou asked, rubbing a hand over Tetsuya's cold back. His boyfriend shivered at the temperature contrast, but nodded.

"Y-yeah. It really helped with them." He said. Seijuurou gently nudged Tetsuya off of him as he went in to the bathroom.

"Grab us a pair of shirts, my love. It's a little chilly in here," Seijuurou explained as he grabbed a wash cloth and filled it with warm water. He wrung it out, making sure that it wouldn't drip. He exited the bathroom to Tetsuya taking a shake from his head maid. He offered her an embarrassed smile before shutting the door.

"Thank you for the shake, Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya murmured as he passed him his shirt. Seijuurou handed him the wash cloth before pulling on his shirt and leading him back to the bed.

"You are most welcome, my love. Why don't we turn on the TV and just rest for a little while?" Seijuurou suggested. Tetsuya nodded, sipping on his milkshake as he followed Seijuurou back to the bed. Seijuurou sat down in the middle of the bed, spreading his legs and holding up the blanket for Tetsuya to climb in under. His boyfriend did, nestling his back against Seijuurou's chest. Seijuurou's arm snaked around his waist, giving it a little squeeze before reaching for the TV remote. He turned on some kind of historical drama that Tetsuya would enjoy before gently tilting Tetsuya's head back.
against his shoulder and placing the wash cloth over his eyes.

"This will make your eyes more bearable in the morning." Seijuurou explained, fingers tenderly pressing the damp material against his eyes. Tetsuya out a content hum, relishing in the cool feeling against his inflamed eyelids.

They talked about everything and nothing for the next hour. Nigou appeared and he sat on Tetsuya's lap, helping to keep them warm. Seijuurou's hand would switch between petting the dog and rearranging the wash cloth. Tetsuya relaxed in his arms, sipping on his milkshake and jumping from one discussion to another. Every time that Seijuurou would press a kiss to his face, he would blush and his voice would drop, becoming almost shy.

Seijuurou found it utterly adorable.

"'We can't start over, but we can begin now and make a new ending.'" Tetsuya's soft murmured broke a lull in their conversation.

"Where is that quote from?" Seijuurou asked.

"A philosophy book that I found in our club room two days ago. I can't help but think that it was foreshadowing." Tetsuya murmured.

"I'm inclined to agree." Seijuurou said. Tetsuya nodded, sitting up a little and removing the wash cloth. He tossed his empty milkshake in to the trash and neatly placed the wash cloth on to the table.

"I hope next month is better." Tetsuya murmured as he returned to Seijuurou's arms. Seijuurou nodded, bringing the blankets up high over his shoulders before running his hands through his soft strands.

He hoped so too. They couldn't take another turbulent month.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Alrighty all, a couple things. First I want it to be known that Kuroko is aware that Akashi has multiple personalities. He was the one to first encounter it at Teiko, and in my head he researched it. I refuse to put a medical diagnosis on it, as it will never be relative, but if you all want to have the bipolar vs DID debate, be my guest! Anyway, the Other, as I will refer to him here, knows that Kuroko knows, but Akashi doesn't know anything about it. Poor baby :/ It never gets addressed this story, so don't get your hopes up for that explanation (I think, maybe. This story is 220k+, I can't remember everything XD). I have plans for it in the next~ Also, I LOVED the office blowjob :D The confrontation between Taiga and Tetsuya hurt my soul. Ugh I remember crying the entire time. Thank god that's behind us! The quote at the end was the summary for this story for the longest time. However, I was worried that it would sound like our babies wouldn't be together at the end, so I got the new one.

- Next chapter: Kagami and Kuroko spend some time together, Seijuurou helps Satsuki and Ryouta make up, the Interhigh is finished, Kuroko is harassed at school, a look at how the student council meetings go, Miragen family dinner, sex, more book club, Seijuurou gets bad news, rough sex follows
See you for Chapter 21, which is 10k+-

- Kida Asumi
Chapter Notes

DOUBLE UPDATE PART TWO READ THE CHAP BEFORE THIS!

Warnings: anal sex

Note: Fun fact! The opening scene in this chapter was inspired by one of my favorite moments in the Rakuzan match in the anime! Aside from all of the things I promised at the end of the last chapter, we also get to see where I'm taking the rest of this store.

Enjoy~

Kida-Asumi

Tetsuya frowned as he realized his location. He was on the basketball court, standing at the other end from Seijuuro. He frowned, stepping forward just to trip and collapse. A ball rolled out in front of him, and his boyfriend began to walk towards it. The cocky and arrogant look in his eye combined with the sneer of disdain on his face was something that Tetsuya had never hoped to see again. Seijuuro knelt in front of him, delicately placing his fingers under his chin, lifting up his face.

Tetsuya felt his stomach drop, suddenly getting a bad feeling.

"You have disillusioned me, Tetsuya." He murmured. Tetsuya's blue eyes widened, and he felt his heart stop in his chest.

No.

This can't be happening again.

What in the hell was going on-

"Kuroko!" Tetsuya jumped at Taiga's shout. Right, he was having lunch with Taiga in Tokyo. The Akashis had a business meeting here last night and this afternoon. He had decided to take a train and meet with Taiga, and then join them for dinner before heading home. It was his first time being alone with his ex-light. Nigou was whining next to him, gently nudging his arm.

Releasing a breath he didn't realize he was holding, Tetsuya gave himself a little shake and worked to forget that awful nightmare he had had that morning.

"Are you okay? You're crying." Taiga said, red eyes shining with concern. Tetsuya nodded, reaching for a napkin to dry his eyes.

"I'm fine, Kagami-kun. I awoke from a nightmare this morning, and I guess it's just stuck with me. It's probably because Seijuuro-kun wasn't with me last night, so I wasn't sleeping well." Tetsuya shrugged. Taiga's expression softened, and he nodded.

"Yeah, it sucks when you get used to someone sleeping next to you, just to have them ripped away from you again. I get that. Do you want to talk about it?" He offered. Tetsuya shook his head, taking
a sip from his milkshake and reaching for his phone.

"No, I'm alright. Thank you for the offer, but it's just old demons making me paranoid that something is going to go terribly wrong." He said as he texted his boyfriend, asking him what time he would be picking him up.

"Those are always the worst." Taiga agreed. Tetsuya smiled a little at the concerned text he got in response, and he quickly moved to assure his boyfriend that everything was okay. If one of them should be worried about the other, Tetsuya felt that he should be the worried one. Seijuurou was trying so hard to be strong and pretend that he was fine, but he was actually miserable.

"Can I ask you for some advice, Kagami-kun?" Tetsuya asked. Taiga had always given him wonderful relationship advice. Maybe this would be another case where his insight would be helpful. Taiga nodded earnestly.

"Yeah, of course." He said. Bracing himself, Tetsuya sighed.

"Seijuurou-kun has been very stressed over the last few months. His father is putting more and more responsibilities on to him to help 'prepare' him for life after high school. Yet instead of venting to me about it like he used to, he's keeping it in and to himself. It's beginning to cause him to have massive headaches, and when he is alone, he is worried about something. How can I make him talk to me?" He asked. Taiga frowned, tossing a hamburger in to his mouth as he thought about it. Finally, he answered.

"Don't. Just kind of support him and go along with it. Either he will tell you what's going on, or you'll have a fight and you can demand he tell you because he was being a dick and started it. That's what Tatsuya and I do." He admitted. Tetsuya nodded, thinking it over.

That was probably what was going to happen anyway. Tetsuya didn't want to cause his boyfriend anymore stress than was necessary. By pressuring him for answers he may not know, Seijuurou would probably make up something and then feel guilty for lying. So instead of putting that on him, Tetsuya would continue to give him unwavering support through this.

"Thank you for that advice, Kagami-kun. I shall try that method." He was quiet for a minute before he let out a quiet chuckle. Catching the quizzical look that Taiga sent him, Tetsuya shook his head. "I just remembered something Kise-kun said a long time ago."

"What was it?" Taiga asked. Tetsuya smiled, petting Nigou.

"Kise-kun predicted that one day we would part ways. You are too much like the other Generation of Miracle members, Kagami-kun. However, I'm glad to prove him wrong." He said, meeting Taiga's gaze. The red-head grinned, offering him his fist. Tetsuya readily responded by bumping it.

The quarter-finals of the Interhigh were very explosive. It was a face off of the Generation teams and Seirin. The results were a little unexpected.

The fierce match between Seirin and Touou was actually a fierce match between Kagami and Aomine. By the end of it, the two had repaired their friendship, and Aomine gladly shook Kagami's hand as Seirin celebrated behind them. Shutoku and Yosen faced off with one another, with Shutoku beating them by 10 points. Atsushi had pouted as he shook Shintarou's hand.

Rakuzan had an interesting match against Kaijou, where Ryouta faced off against Seijuurou on the court for the first time in the history of their friendship. Seijuurou enjoyed the challenge that Ryouta's perfect copy presented, and the team had to work a little harder than usual to counter it. Ryouta had
left it awestruck, and had quickly asked for a lunch date before the semi-finals the following weekend. Seijuurou had agreed to it, more than a little amused by the blond's enthusiasm.

"I'm surprised that you agreed, Seijuurou-kun. Aren't you also having lunch with Momoi-san on that day?" Tetsuya asked as he passed him a towel. Seijuurou smirked, wiping the sweat from his face.

"In the exact same location and the exact time." Seijuurou said with a wink. Tetsuya smiled, shaking his head.

"You can be such a sap, Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya murmured, leaning forward to softly kiss him. Seijuurou nuzzled their noses together when they parted.

"I want everyone to be happy, Tetsuya. Sometimes that requires a little persuasion." He said. Tetsuya laced their fingers together before passing him a bottle of water.

"Tell me how it goes. I'll have lunch with Aomine-kun and Kagami-kun at the same time." He said. Seijuurou agreed, and the two watched as Rakuzan continued to celebrate.

That week, Tetsuya faced a challenge that he had never expected to encounter at Rakuzan High School. Silent bullying. When he pulled out his chair for his homeroom class, a slight shine caught his eye. Littered across his seat were tacks.

"Wow." Tamaki said beside him. Tetsuya shook his head, feeling more than a little disheartened that someone was trying to cause him pain. He wondered who it was this time…

The attacks continued throughout the day. When he went to put his book in his desk in his second period class, he noted that something was dripping out of the desk. It was some type of oil that would have ruined his supplies and text books. Tetsuya's eyes widened as Tamaki let out a shout of outrage. Masaki, who sat next to him, glared at the desk in question as Tamaki went to tell the teacher.

"This happened last period?" He gathered. Tetsuya shook his head.

"There were tacks on my chair then." He explained. Masaki sighed, taking Tetsuya's text books and placing them inside his own desk before tugging his chair to the side.

"Akashi-sama is not going to be pleased when he hears about this." He tutted. Tetsuya nodded, still wondering who it could be.

When they met up with Seijuurou at lunch and explained the situation, his boyfriend's golden eye flashed menacingly, and he pulled him to his side.

"I will find the person that did this and get rid of them, Tetsuya. How dare they think that this sort of behavior will be tolerated here at Rakuzan!" He seethed. Tetsuya sighed softly, hoping for this mysterious person's sake that they never get found.

It would not end well for them if Seijuurou was able to identify them.

The perpetrator revealed themselves on accident Thursday. Tetsuya had went to put on his slippers only to find them full of cicada skins. Disgusted, he had tossed them out as Seijuurou went to get him another pair.

"Thank god we were alone. I can't handle bugs, Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya murmured, shaking hands reaching for his new shoes. His boyfriend pressed a kiss to his forehead as Tetsuya stepped into the new, clean slippers.
"We will find this person, I swear it." Seijuurou promised.

At lunch that day, Ayame had made an off-handed comment about how hard it was to find cicada shells. She didn't notice both Seijuurou and Tetsuya tense, or the look they shot at one another. Tetsuya slid his hand into Seijuurou’s, offering him silent support. Seijuurou was seething, beyond furious that this girl was attacking Tetsuya.

It was then he decided what they would be talking about at their student council meeting that day.

As they sat down for their meeting, Seijuurou silently passed out their agendas. The rest of the council read over it, making their own notes on each subject.

"I plan to be brief. My father has a conference call in two hours that he wants me to try and be a part of." Seijuurou explained. The group nodded their agreement. "With Winter just around the corner, we need to begin looking in to winter blazers for the students. As usual, Third years will get theirs free. I plan to personally oversee those order forms. Naoto and Kisaragi, I am assigning you to the underclassmen. Ayame, you are in charge of finding out where we get them from. Tamaki, you are in charge of distributing them when they come in." He ordered.

"What's the budget, Akashi-san?" Ayame asked, offering him a charming smile. Seijuurou pretended to look over his notes for it so that he didn't give her a glare that would sent her into hysterics.

He wasn't in the mood to tolerate her flirting. Not after all that she had put Tetsuya through this week.

"I will email it to you tonight, Ayame-san." He assured her. "Next we are going to discuss a couple of the upcoming socials that we will be holding. Of course there is the one that I will be hosting after we win the Inter-high. That venue has already been rented out by the school, and my father is working with security and the caterers. Naoto, did you still want to do the fall festival?" Seijuurou asked. Naoto nodded, slipping him a packet of information for it.

"The proposal is in there, Akashi-san." Naoto said. Seijuurou nodded, filling it away for review when he was home tonight.

"Excellent. Next we shall move on to the hotel rooms for everyone that plans to attend the finals of the Inter-high. Tamaki, is the room block still secure?" Seijuurou asked. Tamaki nodded.

"Yeah, I called the hotel yesterday. We're still good to go." He said. Seijuurou nodded, making a note of the confirmation.

"I have secured the first 100 train tickets, Akashi-san." Ayame spoke again. Seijuurou took a note of that too.

"Wonderful. Next we need to begin encouraging Third years to study for finals. When the second semester resumes, all of the academic advisors will be meeting with every Third year to discover what they will be doing after high school. We will be given a report, and are expected to set up a weekly study session for anyone that needs help. We are going to rotate them amongst ourselves. I will take the first week." He offered. The other members quickly debated the order, and Naoto pulled down their calendar to begin marking them. Satisfied, Seijuurou put down his agenda.

"Now before we are dismissed, I do want to speak of another topic. It's a little personal, I must admit." He said. The council's eyes widened.

"What is it, Akashi-san? Is there anything I can help with?" Ayame asked, reaching out to touch his
Seijuurou shrugged, putting away his papers.

"It has come to my attention that a rather blunt form of bullying is taking place in Rakuzan High School." He announced. Tamaki and Kisaragi scowled, suddenly understanding where this was going. Naoto's eyes widened in surprised, and Ayame paled. "I know for a fact that this is happening to Tetsuya. I hope that there are no other cases of it, but if there are, please bring them to my attention. I am aware of who is harassing Tetsuya, and will be taking care of them shortly if he is attacked one more time." He declared. The student council all shrank away from the terrifying glare he took on.

"Poor Kuroko-san." Naoto murmured, shaking his head. "Has he been hurt?" Seijuurou his head, forcing himself to stay calm at the concerned question.

"No. If he had, I would have pressed charges against this person. No member of the Akashi family will ever come to harm without a prosecution following immediately after. My father is looking in to getting this person expelled as well." Seijuurou announced. A gasp left Ayame, and she quickly began to gather her things.

"I'll help you take care of this person if need be, Akashi." Tamaki declared. Kisaragi nodded as he too began to gather his things. Seijuurou nodded.

"Thank you, everyone. Now please have a nice rest of your evening." He said. As they all left, he allowed a smirk to cross his face. Judging by the way that Ayame was shaking, Seijuurou knew that Tetsuya would be safe from now on.

Seijuurou couldn't help but be excited to watch this meeting between Satsuki and Ryouta. He knew that both of them would be a lot happier after they made up. For now, Seijuurou sat in the booth diagonal to the one that they would be sitting at, reading over the Tokyo Times. He was texting Tetsuya updates on the situation. Ryouta had sat down at the booth and was playing on his phone as well. A few minutes later, Satsuki was escorted to the booth as well. Seijuurou smirked at the surprised gasps that left them as they realized they had been set up.

"Ki-chan?" Satsuki gasped.

"Satsucchi. I see. Akashicchi is a tricky one." Ryouta sighed. Seijuurou heard him stand up to leave, and watched as Satsuki grabbed his arm.

"No, please stay, Ki-chan. We need to talk." She said. Ryouta froze, and for a moment Seijuurou noticed his eyes flash with pain.

"I…okay, Satsucchi." He reluctantly agreed. Ryouta slid back in the booth, watching her carefully. Satsuki offered him a grateful smile before sitting down herself. The two put in their orders before falling in to an awkward silence. Seijuurou rolled his eyes, texting Tetsuya about his annoyance. His boyfriend assured him to give it time.

Ryouta broke the silence first.

"How have you been, Satsucchi?" Ryouta asked. She offered him a sigh, shaking her head.

"Tired. I broke up with my boyfriend two weeks ago because he didn't like how much time I spent with Touou's basketball team. What did he expect? I'm their manager! He hadn't even met you guys yet." She grumbled, crossing her arms. Ryouta smiled a little at that, even if it didn't reach his eyes.

"Boys can be dumb, Satsucchi. He didn't deserve you anyway. You'll find someone better." He
promised. She nodded, and silence fell between them again.

"How have you been, Ki-chan?" She eventually asked. Ryouta shrugged.

"Fine. I'm still working and going to school and playing basketball. Kajou has begun its training for the Winter Cup." He explained. Satsuki nodded, and when she opened her mouth to ask him another question, he shook his head. "Please don't ask about me anymore, Satsucchi. I can't give nice answers." He murmured. Seijuurou and Satsuki frowned at the way that his shoulders sagged and his expression crumbled.

"Ki-chan." Satsuki murmured, reaching forward to take his hand to comfort him. Ryouta pulled away from her, wiping up to reach at his eyes.

"I can't do this, Satsucchi. I'm so sorry, but I can't just pretend that everything is okay." He whispered. Satsuki frowned.

"I know that we've been fighting, Ki-chan, but I still care-"

"No you don't. You wouldn't have said such hurtful things and ignored me. You killed this relationship, Satsuki. Not me. So please don't sit here and play with me. My heart's been trampled on enough recently." He said.

"Ki-chan, I'm trying to make up with you!" She declared. Seijuurou watching as she reached over to grab his wrist. "I'm tired of not talking to you. I'm tired of hurting too! Why can't we move past this?" She begged. Ryouta shook his head, looking away from her.

"You accused me of never really loving him, Satsuki. I can't...I can't be friends with someone that determines my feelings for me. It's why I'm not with him now." Ryouta whispered, and a tear slid down his cheek. Seijuurou watched as Satsuki's pink eyes widened.

"Oh Ki-chan, I-"

"Don't say you didn't mean it, Satsuki. You did. I always knew that if I ever got him and it went south, I would lose people. God I knew it and I took the risk anyway. I just didn't think it would hurt this much to be alone." He murmured.

"We're hurting too, Ki-chan! You walked away from us." Satsuki reminded him. Ryouta shook his head, turning to face her with hardened eyes.

"I wanted to get my own life together, and for him to get his, so we could have a secure future together. One that wasn't full of uncertainties. We're not Akashicchi and Kurokocchi, who will be fine no matter what happens because they have everything planned out way in advance. We're not Kagamicchi and Himuro-san who have always managed to live on a whim. We needed that break to figure ourselves out, and I was called a whore because of it." Ryouta said. Seijuurou's eyes narrowed. He'd have to have a word with Daiki about his word choice. Satsuki glared.

"That's bullshit, Ki-chan, and you know it. You and Dai-chan would have been fine. Besides, you broke his heart! Was I supposed to support your decision over his?" She asked. Ryouta shrugged.

"I don't know, Satsuki. All I know is that I expected you to rationalize what I was doing. Instead you picked his side and said that I should consider our relationship gone too." He said. Satsuki winced.

"I didn't mean it like that, Ki-chan. I spoke without thinking and I'm sorry." She said. Ryouta shook his head as tears welled up in his eyes.
"An apology can't fix this, Satsuki. You broke my heart too. God I can barely stand sitting here, crying in front of you. It must be so disgusting for you." He whispered. Satsuki shook her head, reaching for his hand again.

"No, Ki-chan, no. We hurt you. I hurt you. It’s my responsibility to fix this. I want to fix this, Ki-chan, you just have to tell me how." She begged. Ryouta shook his head, reaching up to wipe at his eyes again.

"I don't know, Satsuki. I don't know what to do anymore. I'm so afraid." He whispered. Satsuki moved over to his side of the booth and pulled him in to her arms.

"It's okay, Ki-chan. Just talk to me." She murmured. Seijuurou watched as Ryouta hesitated before wrapping his arms around her.

"I'm so lonely. Everyone is so far away. My manager has been coming down on me hard. So has my school. I haven't been sleeping or eating well since the break-up. I can't get how heart-broken he looked when I told him we needed a break. I didn't want to hurt him, Satsucchi." He cried, gripping on to her. "I still love him so much. It sucks that I can't even talk to him. It sucks that I can't even talk to you. Kurokocchi is all the way in Kyoto now too. I can't even really talk to him about this. What am I going to do?" He asked. Satsuki shushed him, rubbing at his back.

"It's okay, Ki-chan. You're not alone anymore. I'm sorry I was such a jerk to you. I've regretted our fight all this time. When we all had dinner together the other day, and you hesitated to talk to me, it hurt me too, Ki-chan. You're one of my best friends. For us not to be able to talk sucks. I don't want that anymore." She murmured in to his blond hair. Ryouta nodded, snuggling closer.

"Me too, Satsucchi. Me too." He said. Seijuurou watched them cry it out, a please smirk on his lips. Tetsuya was just as pleased in his text messages, also glad that their friends were speaking again.

After that, the two caught up on one another's lives. Seijuurou left them to it, subtly contacting their waiter and slipping him his credit card.

"I will cover their meals." He informed him. The waiter smiled and winked before going to pay for both meals. When he returned with the checks, Seijuurou signed them and retrieved his paper before exiting the restaurant. He called Tetsuya as soon as he was outside.

"Are you done?" Tetsuya asked. Seijuurou nodded, waving down a taxi.

"Yes. They are talking again, thankfully. Are you about done as well?" He asked. Tetsuya hummed his affirmative.

"Yes. We’re just sitting and chatting now. Are you coming to pick me up?" He asked. Seijuurou nodded.

"I am on my way now. Please be ready."

After the semi-final games were done, Seijuurou called the Generation together for a dinner. This time, he extended the invitation to Taiga and his boyfriend as well. Tetsuya was very pleased by this, if the way that he had yet to release his hand was any indication.

All 9 of them sat around the dinner table, laughing and chatting. It was a wonderful contrast to their last get-together.

"Ki-chan, you look so cute in this shot!" Satsuki was gushing as she and Kazunari looked up his
latest model shots. Ryouta blushed, shyly drinking from his glass.

"I have to agree with them, Kise-san. I'm a fan of your modeling skills, and these shots are the best you have taken in a while. Your manager must be so pleased." Tatsuya murmured, peering over to look at the pictures. Ryouta nodded.

"Yeah, he was pretty happy. He says that this is a good start to our fall collection shots. Ugh I'm not looking forward to modeling the coats." He scowled.

"I bet it's hot in the studio." Tetsuya commented before taking another bite of his food. Ryouta nodded enthusiastically.

"Kurokocchi gets me!" He cried out. Seijuurou let an indulgent smirk cross his face as he finished up the last of his entrée. He wiped his mouth and slid his arm around Tetsuya's shoulders, tugging him close. His boyfriend offered him a smile before returning his attention to the conversation in front of them. Beside them, Daiki and Taiga were debating which one ate the most as Atsushi mocked them.

"Does everyone have hotel accommodations for the Finals?" Seijuurou asked after everyone was finished eating. Kazunari nodded, leaning against Shintarou.

"Yes. Our school is paying for our team." Shintarou answered. Satsuki nodded as well.

"Dai-chan and I got a hotel room in case we got drunk again like last time." She promised.

"My father had a free stay at a hotel downtown, so we're using that option." Taiga spoke up.

"I'm staying with Kaga-chin and Muro-chin." Atsushi explained.

"I'm rooming with a few guys from my team as well." Ryouta added.

"Very well. No matter the outcome of the match, I am glad that everyone will be taken care of." Seijuurou said, locking gazes with Shintarouu. The green-haired male nodded.

"I agree, Akashi. Best of luck to you and Rakuzan." He said.

"We extend the same." Tetsuya spoke up.

That night, as Seijuurou looked over his uniform, he knew that his match against Shintarou was going to be very tough.

As the buzzer rang, announcing the end of the 4th quarter, Rakuzan fans began to scream their enthusiasm. Seijuurou quickly located Shintarou, and walked over to shake his hand.

"What a great game." He murmured. Shintarou nodded, grasping his hand firmly.

"It really, really was. We'll be sure to have our revenge at the Winter Cup." The green-haired male declared. Seijuurou dropped his hand, taking a step back only to find himself in Tetsuya's arms. His boyfriend gave his waist a tight squeeze before turning him around, a proud grin on his face as he leaned up to kiss him. Seijuurou returned the kiss, parting his lips to deepen it as the adrenaline from winning the match continued to pulse in his veins. The rest of Rakuzan was cheering behind them as the announcer prattled on about the last few moves. When Seijuurou released Tetsuya's tongue, he offered him a grateful smirk.

"Thank you for being here, Tetsuya. It really helped us with this tournament." He murmured, resting his chin on his shoulder. Tetsuya pulled him close, soothingly rubbing at his back.
"I wouldn't want to be anywhere else. Now let's do the lineup, breeze through the celebration, and then return to our room." He teased. Seijuurou raised an amused brow at that comment.

"Oh? What surprise awaits me in that room?" He asked. Tetsuya shrugged, a silly grin on his face.

"I guess you'll just have to find out, won't you?" Tetsuya shot back before taking a pointed step back.

That night, after the two finally escaped to their hotel, Seijuurou allowed himself to finally relax. This next week of school would be their last before summer break. He was really looking forward to being along with Tetsuya. Maybe they could even go away somewhere.

"Come back in, Nigou." Tetsuya's voice brought him back to the present. He watched as his boyfriend shut and locked the sliding door to their balcony, and offered him a warm smile.

"Are you hungry, Seijuurou-kun?" Tetsuya asked as he made his way over to his boyfriend. Seijuurou pulled him in to his arms, burying his face in his hair. He shook his head, cuddling in close when Tetsuya returned his embrace.

"No." Strangely enough, it wasn't food that he was craving. The only reason that Tetsuya was asking was because he hadn't really ate very much at dinner, and had waved off desert. He just wasn't in the mood for food recently. "Tetsuya?" He asked, a little sigh escaping him when the smaller male began to rub circles in to his lower back.

"Yes, Seijuurou-kun?" His angel asked. He could sense Tetsuya's concern, but he knew that this topic wouldn't be discussed tonight. After their win, Tetsuya wouldn't risk whatever good mood he was in, after he had been so stressed lately.

Seijuurou really appreciated that.

No, food wasn't on his mind. Mindless chatter wasn't it either. Instead, as he felt Tetsuya's warmth seep into his skin, Seijuurou realized that he just wanted to have sex. A good, mindless fuck followed by cuddling with his boyfriend. They were away from home, and wouldn't have to talk with anyone for the next 24 hours.

He slid his hands down to Tetsuya ass, pressing him forward so that their groins were tightly together. Tetsuya let out a quiet gasp as his fingers clenched his firm flesh, arching up towards him. Both let out a moan as the action caused stirrings of pleasure to start pleasantly warming their lower abdomens.

"Let's go to bed." Seijuurou insisted, tilting his head back as Tetsuya began to press his lips against his throat. He closed his eyes as Tetsuya's tongue began to trace patterns on his skin, lazily sucking patches of it in to his mouth to mark.

"That's a wonderful idea. Can I try something tonight?" Tetsuya asked as he pulled away. Seijuurou nodded, lacing their fingers together as they began to turn off the lights in the hotel room and lock the door. He wondered where Tetsuya found this new sexual adventure idea. He made a note to ask him about it later as he pulled Tetsuya back in to his arms.

"Of course you can, Tetsuya." Seijuurou assured him. Tetsuya offered him a nervous smile, squeezing his fingers for support. Seijuurou was sure to return it, leaning down to press an affectionate kiss to his cheek. "Don't be nervous, my love. We can talk about anything, remember?" He asked. Tetsuya nodded, hands shaking a little as he gently pushed Seijuurou on to the bed before climbing on top of him. He sat back, knees on either side of Seijuurou's hips, looking down at his
boyfriend, contemplating how best to ask him for what he wanted.

Seijuuro relaxed into the sheets, intrigued by where this could possibly be going. He closed his eyes when Tetsuya's hands slid under his shirt, fingers tracing over his muscles as his boyfriend contemplated how to phrase his request. Seijuuro inhaled sharply when his boyfriend dragged his fingernails down his chest, the sting of the breaking skin sending jolts of pleasure to his cock.

"Ano…can I ride you, Seijuuro-kun?" Tetsuya eventually asked, voice hushed with embarrassment. Seijuuro masked his surprise, and instead reached out and affectionately squeezed Tetsuya's hips before pressing them against his own. Both groaned as their clothed erections grinded together. Seijuuro leaned up, capturing Tetsuya's face between his hands and pulling their mouths together, tongue eagerly thrusting in to Tetsuya's parted lips. His boyfriend moaned in to the kiss, fingers curling against his chest. Seijuuro sucked Tetsuya's tongue into his mouth, lavishing it with his own as their hips continued to rut together. Eventually they parted, Seijuuro watching as Tetsuya licked away the saliva that was hanging between their mouths. A flush of arousal washed over him and he forced himself to answer his boyfriend's question.

"If you want to, yes. I'd like that very much, Tetsuya. What brought this on?" The red-head asked, using one of his hands to reach back and give Tetsuya's ass a firm squeeze. The blue-haired shadow jumped at the rough action, a moan leaving him as his cock was brushed once again.

"I'm not sure. I just really, really want to try it." Tetsuya breathed out once he had control of himself again. "Besides, you worked hard today, Seijuuro-kun. Relax and let me take care of you." He murmured before leaning down and connecting their mouths. Seijuuro parted his lips for Tetsuya, encouraging him to explore his mouth. He let out a moan as Tetsuya's tongue slipped between his lips, lapping softly at his own and moving as deep as it could. Seijuuro tilted his head, changing the angle of the kiss to deepening it. One of Tetsuya's hands rose up and grasped the hair at the back of his head, tongue thrusting in to his mouth in synchronization with his hips.

Seijuuro eventually pulled them apart, both taking a moment to catch their breath. He watched with rapt attention as his boyfriend pulled off his shirt, revealing that defined chest and abdomen that he had been working so hard on these past few months. Seijuuro leaned forward, placing a tender kiss to the middle of his chest before dragging his kisses along the side of one of his pecs. He nibbled along the creasing, and when Tetsuya's breath hitched along one of the sensitive spots, Seijuuro bit down, tugging the skin up just hard enough so that it would bruise. Tetsuya's hand tightened in his hair as his hips thrusted towards him. Seijuuro released that patch of skin before pressing his lips around it and sucking tenderly on the abused spot.

One of his hands wandered around to wrap around Tetsuya's back, giving him stability, as the other undid his pants. His boyfriend let out a relieved sigh as the pressure of his jeans left his erect cock. Seijuuro pulled back enough to see it bounce between them. He smirked at how hard it already was, and moved his mouth up to latch on to one of Tetsuya's nipple, tugging it between his teeth as well.

The arm that was supporting Tetsuya's back reached down and slid in to his underwear, fingers searching for his entrance. When he found it, he teasingly circled the rim, the tip of one finger just barely going in. Tetsuya pulled away from him, shooting him a pout at the teasing.

"If I get the lube will you be quick with preparing me? I really want to ride you." He murmured. Seijuuro chuckled as his cheeks went red with embarrassment when he realized what he had just asked. Deciding to leave that for another time, Seijuuro nodding and smacked his ass. Tetsuya jerked in his gasp, hand tightening in his hair.

"Go. Finish taking off your pants too. Are you opposed to us wearing condoms tonight, Tetsuya?"
Seijuurou asked. Tetsuya released his grasp on his hair before stepping away and shaking his head.

"I don't really care. It's up to you, Sei. If you want condoms we'll wear them. No shower tonight?" Tetsuya asked as he went to the bedside table that held their lube and condoms. Seijuurou stripped off his shirt and pants before nodding.

"Basically. I just want to get off with you and then relax." Seijuurou murmured as he crawled back into the center of the bed. Tetsuya joined him, taking his dominant hand and squirting the lube on to his fingertips.

"That works for me." Tetsuya said as he opened up one of the packs of condoms. He slipped it on to his own cock before grabbing another for Seijuurou's.

Seijuurou slid his lube covered fingers over the crack of Tetsuya's ass, swiftly slipping in the first one. His boyfriend moaned at the intrusion, and his hands faltered as they were sliding the condom on to his cock. Seijuurou's other hand reached back and spread his cheeks, letting the other hand thrust in to his ass without too much resistance. Tetsuya leaned down and captured his mouth, hips thrusting back towards his hand. Seijuurou returned his desperate kiss, his cock throbbing as Tetsuya slid the condom on to it. His boyfriend grasped his cock and began to pump it. Seijuurou bit on Tetsuya's bottom lip, tugging it back before thrusting his tongue in to his mouth. Tetsuya's eagerly met his own, and they rubbed together. As their shared saliva began to leak out of their mouths, Seijuurou slid in the next two fingers together.

Tetsuya jerk back, a loud moan escaping him at the intrusion. The shadow released his cock, reaching up to grasp on to his shoulders for support. He tossed his head back, and as Seijuurou caught sight of the white column, he leaned forward and nipped down one side, sucking a hickey in to his collar bone.

"Seijuurou." Tetsuya chanted, ass flexing under Seijuurou's hands. Seijuurou began scissoring his fingers, smirking against Tetsuya's shoulder at how easy his entrance was letting him in.

His boyfriend really was eager to try this.

After deeming him ready, Seijuurou pulled out his fingers. He settled back against the pillows, pointedly offering Tetsuya his hands. His boyfriend took a few seconds to get a grasp on his reality. He rested his head on Seijuurou's shoulder, breathing ragged as his body shook with pleasure. Eventually he pulled back, offering Seijuurou a promising smile.

"Let me lead first, so I can get my body adjusted to the angle." He murmured, grasping Seijuurou's hands and placing them on his hips. Seijuurou nodded, giving them a tender squeeze.

"Do you want to think of a safe word? In case something begins to feel off?" Seijuurou offered. Tetsuya shook his head, sending him a reassuring smile.

"No, I don't think that's necessary yet." He said, reaching behind him to part his cheeks. Seijuurou watched as Tetsuya's other hand reached down and grasped his cock, steadying it as he lined it up with his entrance. His eyes slid shut as his tip breached Tetsuya's entrance, the initial temperature difference causing his cock to throb. Tetsuya's hand gave it a squeeze when he felt it, and Seijuurou's eyes opened to meet his boyfriend's. His heart began to race as he noticed the dark look in them. God he loved seeing that his boyfriend was just as horny as he was.

Once he was completely seated, Seijuurou squeezed Tetsuya's hips, forcing his own to stay firmly against the mattress as his boyfriend adjusted. An involuntary moan escaped him as the heat surrounding his cock felt so good. Tetsuya shifted, his cock and sack shifting with him, as he found
the best angle. Finally satisfied, Tetsuya moved his hands to Seijuurou's chest. Their gazes locked before he spoke.

"If I get too rough or I press to hard, just direct my hands to the head board, okay?" Tetsuya asked, and Seijuurou noticed excitement and nervousness flash in his blue eyes. Trying to express his love and affection for this man in return, Seijuurou nodded his agreement.

Tetsuya raised himself up just enough so that the head of Seijuurou's cock was still buried in his ass before easing himself back down. Seijuurou moaned at the feeling of Tetsuya's ass engulfing his cock, eyes rolling a little at the stifling heat. When it happened again, both of them were moaning in unison. Tetsuya shifted slightly on the third rendition and gasped at the different angle.

"Seijuurou-kun." He moaned out, setting a steady rhythm. Seijuurou watched with rapt attention as his boyfriend began to bounce on his cock. The slight pressure Tetsuya put on his chest every time he lifted up was a little arousing all by itself, but combing that with the way that his ass clenched around his cock slightly as he went back down, Seijuurou was beginning to think that this may be his new favorite position. The view wasn't bad either. Tetsuya's head was tilted down, and his chest shined with sweat from his exertion. His cock was bobbing around with his thrusts. All in all, this was very nice.

Deciding to get a little more involved, Seijuurou thrusted his hips up as Tetsuya was coming back down. He inhaled sharply at the sensation as Tetsuya let out a loud mewl, his rhythm growing a little erratic. Seijuurou's hands tightened on his hips to help secure him, and he began guiding them as Tetsuya began to get lost on his cock.

"God, do that again." Tetsuya begged, moaning loudly as Seijuurou's cock brushed that little bundle of nerves inside of him. Seijuurou was quick to oblige, and his boyfriend cried out his name.

As Tetsuya began to grow closer to his orgasm, his hands flexed and clenched at Seijuurou's chest. He chanted his name as if it was a prayer, and it only served to arouse Seijuurou more. The sharp little jolts of pain that his nails gave him combined with the burning heat that was his ass, Seijuurou began to pick up the pace, slamming in to Tetsuya again and again. When he reached down and began pumping his cock, Tetsuya tossed his head back and began to slam himself on to Seijuurou's cock again and again, desperately seeking release.

"Please, please, please." He gasped out, and Seijuurou watched as beads of sweat traveled down his chest, curling around his erect nipples before continuing on down his flat abdomen and growing lost in his happy trail. Seijuurou reached out and pressed his hands over that little nestle of blue curls before reaching out and teasing Tetsuya's slit, helping him achieving his orgasm. It only took a few flicks before his boyfriend was filling the condom.

After Tetsuya was satisfied, Seijuurou worked on getting himself off. He gripped on to Tetsuya's hips tightly, lifting him up and dropping him on to his cock at a brutal pace. In the back of his mind, he hoped that he wasn't harming Tetsuya, but his boyfriend's hands began to play with his nipples, words of encouragement spilling from those kiss-bruised lips and all he could think about was the orgasm that was tightening and burning in his sack.

"God, Tetsuya." He breathed, titling his head back as he got lost in the heat. A particular sharp twist of his fingers around a nipple brought Seijuurou over the edge as well, and he arched his back, moaning his boyfriend's name. Tetsuya stayed on him as he released, waiting patiently for him to fill the condom. Once he was satisfied that he was done, the blue haired male leaned forward and connected their lips, a soft smile on his face. Seijuurou reached up and tenderly cupped the back of his head, their lips and tongues affectionate and gentle. Tetsuya cuddled in to his arms as he settled against his chest, a yawn escaping him.
"Well?" Seijuurou asked. Tetsuya nuzzled against his throat before responding.

"I liked it. It was a little exhilarating, watching you lose yourself beneath me. We'll see how I feel in the morning though. My legs are already starting to cramp up." Tetsuya admitted. Seijuurou sat them up at the reminder of their awkward position, gently guiding his boyfriend off of his cock. As Tetsuya reached for the tissues, Seijuurou took off their condoms and tied them up before tossing them in to a trash can. After wiping down their cocks, Seijuurou pulled Tetsuya back in to his lap and wrapped him up in an embrace.

"I liked it too. We'll definitely do that again." He agreed. Tetsuya nodded against his shoulder, reaching for the blanket. Seijuurou shifted enough so that it could be free before he laid them down, still keeping Tetsuya close. He could sense his boyfriend's curiosity as to why he wanted to be so wrapped up in one another, but again, Tetsuya wasn't going to bring it up today. Instead he simply cuddled closer, hands reaching around to rub at his back. Under these gentle ministrations, Seijuurou fell asleep.

"Kuroko!" Kurosu and Natama cried together as they noticed him. Kurosu was sitting at a desk filing some form of paperwork, Mikami on his lap as she played some game on her phone. Rifujin was standing over by his little kitchen set up, making some type of curry. Natama was playing with Ayato's ponytail as the other girl tried to do homework. Shinikama was sitting by the window, ignoring everyone else in the room.

"Hello everyone." He greeted them.

"Welcome back, man. Come sit and tell us how you've been!" Kurosu said with a welcoming grin, gesturing to the chair in front of him. Kuroko returned his smile, sitting down in the chair in question.

"So we won the Inter-high." The president prompted. Tetsuya held back a smile as Kurosu cuddled against his girlfriend's back.

"Yes we did. Everyone worked really hard to keep up our role as champions. I'm very proud of them." He declared. "What has everyone else been up to?" He asked. Kurosu sighed.

"Saiyumi-chan's parents had her meet with her future husband a few days ago." Kurosu admitted. Tetsuya frowned at the upset look on his face.

"Yes. I have been since I was very little. Does Akashi-san not have one?" She asked. Tetsuya shook his head. If he did, it would be the first time Tetsuya had heard of it. "Weird. They are still pretty common amongst the elite families. You two are very lucky." She sighed.

Tetsuya frowned as he thought about that. He supposed it shouldn't have come as a surprise to him, the possibility that Seijuurou could have been engaged. But…

"The Akashi family views the Akashi spouse as a form of freedom for the head." He admitted. A bitter smile crossed her face.

"If only other families adopted this lifestyle." She sighed. Kurosu kissed her cheek, offering her silent comfort.
"Well I got a call from my wife back in India." Rifujin spoke up.

"You're married?" The club chorused. Rifujin nodded, a wide grin on his face.

"Yes! To the prettiest girl in all of India!" He declared. Tetsuya chuckled, watching on as Natama and Shinikama began to interrogate him. As Tetsuya spotted the way that Ayato was watching after Natama, he made a mental note to inform his boyfriend that he was correct later tonight.

That night, as he and Seijuurou packed their lunches for the next day, he leaned over and kissed him.

"Tetsuya?" Seijuurou asked. Tetsuya simply shot him an affectionate smile, rubbing their noses together.

"Thank you for not having an arranged marriage." He said. Seijuurou frowned, trying to understand where this was coming from. His expression lit up as he understood.

"Mikami-san?" He guessed. Tetsuya nodded.

"Yeah. We won't do arranged marriages for our children, right?" He asked. His boyfriend nodded, turning back to the lunches.

"Of course not. Are children are free to love whomever they want to." He promised. Tetsuya let out a quiet sigh of relief.

He couldn't imagine having his life that far planned out.

Seijuurou let out an irritated sigh as his father's voice carried over from his office. Tetsuya was out walking Nigou, and Seijuurou wished that he could have gone with him. However, his father wanted to discuss his summer break plans, and had asked him to stay behind. Finally, the door opened to his father's office. Seijuurou met his father's red eyes, suspicion deepening as he noticed the hard glint to them.

So it would be a fight, then. He stood up, following his father back in to the room before closing the door.

"You wanted to speak with me, father?" Seijuurou asked. Masaomi nodded, clasping his hands behind his back as he looked out and over the grounds.

"I did. I have set up a wonderful opportunity for you, my son. This coming Monday, the first day of your summer break, you will be flying out to America for two weeks. You are to represent Akashi Corporation as a keynote speaker at the Collegiate International Business Association Learning Camp. This is a great way to meet powerful people internationally, and help get your foot in the business industry door." He announced. Seijuurou's eyes widened.

Why on such short notice?

"Why me, father?" He asked. Surely this sort of thing would be better suited for his father, a distinguished business man. Masaomi didn't say anything for a moment, contemplating his words.

"The main reason is that I am going to be in a fierce negotiation with the Shirazaku group for most of next week. We are trying to settle a dock dispute." He explained. Seijuurou nodded, remembering him mentioning that a few days ago. "The other reason I have is that you are a little over 9 months away from starting college, Seijuurou. In order to make it in this highly competitive international marketplace, you must have a few friends on the inside. Since you are taking off time from your
basketball practices, this is perfect opportunity to begin that essential networking process."

Seijuurou’s hands balled up in to fists at his father's nonchalant attitude towards this. He didn't get a say in the matter? He had planned on getting his schedule back on track those two weeks. Spending a few days in just Tetsuya's company, and then a few more with his friends from last year, and maybe a meet up with Nijimura and the Generation of Miracles as well.

Was he not allowed to enjoy his last summer vacation?

"I had plans, father." He tried. His father snorted, shooting him an unimpressed glare out of the corner of his eyes.

"This is non-negotiable, Seijuurou. Your friends can wait until you are settled in your career. Mine did, and those that didn't wait weren't worth my time anyway. If you are worried about Tetsuya, fear not. I can tell him if you wish." He offered. That offer nearly caught Seijuurou off guard. Why was his father even offering it to begin with? Growing more suspicious, Seijuurou glared at his father and braced himself to get out of this.

"Father, I have already planned out two internships closer to the end of summer. Just because school is out does not mean that my normal duties as student council president and then as captain of a winning basketball team go away. I have many appointments I am expected to-"

"I will write a note on it. No one will defy me. You are going to this, Seijuurou. Stop with this fit."

He ordered. Seijuurou's felt his anger growing, and he was sure that his eye was glowing a molten golden.

"Father, that is not good enough. Unfortunately, you did not give me enough notice and this is now no longer possible. I have responsibilities here that my reputation depend on." He declared. His father turned to him, and the gleam of his golden eye caused Seijuurou's heart to stop.

"That is a ridiculous notion. You are a child. Reschedule for the second half. You are dismissed." He said, turning back towards the window. Seijuurou clenched his jaw shut to stop himself from lashing out. With every last ounce of self-control, he left the room. As he shut the door behind him, his anger consumed him and everything went black.

Seijuurou stormed into his bedroom, slamming the door shut. Tetsuya jumped from his spot by the window. Frowning, he put his book down and approached his shaking boyfriend.

"Seijuurou-kun? What's happened?" He asked, reaching out to lay a hand on his shoulder. His breath hitched when his boyfriend suddenly turned them around and shoved Tetsuya against the wall. When his blue eyes met red and gold, Tetsuya understood.

Seijuurou and his father must have fought.

"Seijuurou-kun. What's happened?" He asked, reaching out to lay a hand on his shoulder. His breath hitched when his boyfriend suddenly turned them around and shoved Tetsuya against the wall. When his blue eyes met red and gold, Tetsuya understood.

Seijuurou and his father must have fought.

"Seijuurou-kun." At Tetsuya's soft murmur, Seijuurou shut his eyes and smashed their mouths together. It wasn't gentle, if the taste of blood was any indication, but damn it this was the one thing he could control and control it he would. Tetsuya's mouth quickly snapped open, and he heard his boyfriend inhale sharply as he ravaged the inside of his mouth, his tongue giving sharp, pointed jabs as he tried to get a hold of himself.

One of Tetsuya's hands rose up and twisted in his hair, and he gave a soft hiss at the sharp pain that Tetsuya gave to the strands. His boyfriend tugged him closer, wrapping a leg around his waist to grind their hips together.
"I need-" He moaned as they broke apart, helplessly rutting against Tetsuya. His boyfriend nipped at the top of his ear, taking the lobe in to his mouth before responding.

"I know. Back up a little." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou took a step back, watching as his boyfriend slid down to his knees. He watched with bated breath as Tetsuya undid his belt. He let out a soft grunt as Tetsuya yanked it off of him and tossed it behind them before reaching for his fly. His boyfriend pushed it down to his knees before grasping his cock in his hand, thumb gently rubbing over the inflamed head. Tetsuya looked up and caught his gaze, eyes so sincere and open that Seijuurou felt his cock twitch.

God this man was his to use however he deemed fit. How glorious. One of his hands reached down, fingerling Tetsuya's jaw as gently as he could. He forced it open, breathing growing a little ragged as his boyfriend's dry grip on his cock was exactly what he had needed. Now though…

"Tetsuya." Seijuurou murmured, forcing his open mouth to hang over his cock. He watched with satisfied eyes as Tetsuya's saliva dripped onto his cock, the spit cooling rapidly on his inflamed skin. Once he felt that he was thoroughly coated, Seijuurou pulled his face back and allowed him to close his mouth, giving it a rewarding pat. Tetsuya turned and nuzzled his fingers, his little mouth sucking two of them in and gently nibbled along them.

"Fuck." Seijuurou said as Tetsuya's hand resumed its rhythm on his cock. His boyfriend's thumb pressed in at the base of his cock, putting just the right amount of pressure on the area. Seijuurou's gut convulsed at the waves of pleasure it created, and a soft moan left him when that pressure moved south. His body jerked when Tetsuya's thumb pressed against his sack, the slight pain and discomfort something that his body was apparently craving. His thumb dragged up from there, going up the along the vein on the underside of his cock to presserly pressing down on his head, pressing against the slit. Seijuurou shuddered at the pleasure pooling in his stomach, and his cock twitched out a bead of precome. Tetsuya's little tongue slipped out of his mouth at the sight, and he gave his cock a squeeze of approval before resuming his earlier rhythm. Eventually, Seijuurou wanted that hot mouth.

"I'm going to fuck your throat, Tetsuya." He declared softly. His boyfriend's eyes darkened and he nodded, wordlessly tilting his head back and tugging Seijuurou's cock closer to him.

"As you wish." He murmured, swallowing as Seijuurou's cock brushed his lips, smearing come all over his lips.

"You're too good for us." Seijuurou said down to his angel, opening his mouth once again and guiding his cock in. Tetsuya reached out and grabbed on to Seijuurou's pants, bracing himself to get well and thoroughly face-fucked. Seijuurou wound his hands in his hair, giving it a testing tug that had Tetsuya gasping against his cock. Satisfied, Seijuurou began giving small, shallow thrusts in to his boyfriend's mouth.

He carefully worked his way into Tetsuya's throat, trying his best not to hurt him. But by the time that the head of his cock hit the back of Tetsuya's throat, and his boyfriend let out a choked moan, he was already on the cusp of an orgasm. He sharply tugged back Tetsuya's hair to open up his throat even more and began ramming him on to his cock, moaning at the way that his boyfriend's throat constricted around his cock. He made sure to keep the angle of his thrusts safe for his boyfriend, not wanting to hurt him.

Tetsuya's hands were tight on his legs as he was fucked, moaning loudly when a bit of Seijuurou's pre-come escaped down his throat. Wanting more of that, he reached down his hand and began to tug at Tetsuya's nipple, jerking moans from his boyfriend with his thrusts.
"Such a good boy, Tetsuya. Good for me. Your throat was made for my cock, don't you know?" He asked, gently petting the nipple in his hand began tugging it away from his body. Tetsuya practically keened, body shuddering under his touch.

He kept up his rapid pace, hips pistoling forward with perfect precision. Tetsuya swallowed around his cock and he was gone, flying on his orgasm. He roughly pulled out of Tetsuya's throat, filling his mouth with his warm come. As he blew his load into Tetsuya's, Seijuurou felt himself begin to grow drowsy from the emotional strain he had recently been under. He pulled his cock from Tetsuya's lips, a tender smile on his face as his boyfriend swallowed his come and worked to lick his cock clean. Seijuurou propped himself up on Tetsuya's shoulders, feeling a little light headed.

Tetsuya rose to his feet, tenderly cradling Seijuurou in his arms.

"Step out of your pants, Sei. I'll tuck you in and then go shower. I made a bit of a mess of myself." He murmured into his ear. Seijuurou reached down at that comment, a pleased smirk on his face as he felt the warm, wet spot on Tetsuya's pants, right in front of his crotch.

"So you liked it, huh?" Seijuurou asked. Tetsuya blushed, burying his face in to his shoulder before giving a tentative nod. Seijuurou chuckled, kissing the top of his head. "I'll keep that in mind for next time." He said. He pulled away from his boyfriend, stepped out of his pants, and then collapsed on to his bed. The last thing he remember from that night was Tetsuya gently tucking him in.

Seijuurou wasn't happy as he stood in the middle of Tokyo International Airport. He didn't want to be here. He wanted to be back in Kyoto, his things in their rightful places, with him and Tetsuya cuddling in bed. He wanted to be at school, leading Rakuzan. He wanted to be playing a game of streetball with his friends.

He didn't want to be traveling to America.

"Stop pouting, Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya chided as they walked over to the terminal. He couldn't help but chuckle at his boyfriend's scowl. He wasn't happy about Seijuurou leaving either, but he certainly wasn't happy that his boyfriend was throwing a fit.

"It's very unbecoming for a man of your stature, Seijuurou-kun." He had told him at breakfast this morning.

"I can't help it, my love. I don't want to go." He said, squeezing Tetsuya's hand. His boyfriend stopped them in front of the window, and he pulled him in to a warm embrace. He placed a tender kiss to his cheek, rubbing at his back.

"You have to, Sei. You don't get a choice in the matter. It breaks my heart to see how upset you are, so I need you to understand that this is going to happen. The sooner you get to America, the sooner you can come back to me. Okay?" Tetsuya asked, pulling away slightly to look in to his eyes. Seijuurou felt his throat tighten with emotion at the earnest expression on Tetsuya's face.

What in the hell was he going to do with his Tetsuya for two weeks?

"Sei-kun!" Both looked up to find the Generation of Miracles approaching them. Ryouta and Satsuki lead the way, hand-in-hand. Daiki and Atsushi were next, with Shintarou and Kazunari steps behind them. Seijuurou tugged Tetsuya in close as he returned Satsuki's wave.

As his friends came around them, Seijuurou let a genuine smile cross his face. He loved every person here. They were so near and dear to them, and at the moment, all of them looked at ease.
"We'll take good care of Nigou and Tetsu-kun." Satsuki promised. Seijuuro nodded, Tetsuya's schedule coming to mind. For the next two weeks he and Nigou would be bouncing between these people.

"Show those American's the beauty of a Japanese mind, Akashi." Shintarou declared.

"Take lots of pictures and we can talk about it when you get back!" Kazunari exclaimed, shooting him a wide grin.

"I will try." He promised.

"He'll at the very least take selfies with me when I have to go over there next week for a shoot. I'll give him a kiss for you, Kurokocchi." Ryouta teased, winking at the shadow. Tetsuya frowned.

"Absolutely not, Kise-kun." He said, glaring at the blond. Seijuuro chuckled, pressing an affectionate kiss to his forehead.

"Be sure to pick me up some sweets, Aka-chin." Atsushi murmured.

"And I want some American skin mags, if we're making requests." Daiki piped up. Seijuuro rolled his eyes, even if the grin on his face was wide.

How he was going to miss all of them. The announcer called out his flight. Tetsuya tugged at his hand, grabbing his attention. When he looked down towards his boyfriend, the smaller male leaned up and connected their lips. They ignored the Generations collective coo and groan as they parted their lips, tongues sweeping gentle goodbyes one last time. When they parted, Tetsuya was more than a little pink. He smiled, leaning up and placing one last kiss on Seijuuro's mouth before pulling him in to a tight hug.

"Call me when you land." He said. Seijuuro nodded, returning his embrace.

"And when I go to bed. I love you, Tetsuya." He said, heart clenching painfully.

He really, really didn't want to go.

"I love you too, Seijuuro-kun. Now go and show America some class." He said, stepping away from him. Seijuuro nodded, offering them all one last smile before pulled away his suitcase.

He didn't look back as he left. He could feel Tetsuya's tears, and wouldn't be able to leave if he spotted them.

This was going to be the longest two weeks of his life.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Alrighty everyone, here you are! A couple things for the next chapter: Seijuuro comes home exhausted; he tells Kuroko about his mother; Kuroko has a homecoming present for Akashi, and when out shopping for a piece of he, he and his friends have a confrontation with Ayame; things get explosive at the book club; small chapter, only 5k. Sorry about that!

If you are at Anime Central (an anime convention in Chicago) next weekend and want
to come and say hi, you can come to my panels~ I'm running the Introduction to Sports Anime, Meet My Boyfriend: An Introduction to Otome Games, Anime Preview: Spring 2016 Edition, or Yaoi Jeopardy 18+! Our next update will be Friday May 27th.

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Warnings: None!

Notes this chapter: Hey everyone~~ Anime Central was so much fun! If you came to any of my panels, thank you! They were all big successes. And to the person that commented on BTS on AO3, I did go to your booth, but I was too shy/nervous to talk to you *~* I bought a lot of yaoi from you though! Anyway, read on y'all!

Kida-Asumi

As Seijuurou exited the airport terminal, his eyes sought his boyfriend. Finally, after two long weeks in America, he was finally home. The business conference had been a good idea, even if he loathed to admit it. He had met a bunch of powerful people, and to his surprise Nijimura had been there as well. He felt like his purpose in life was restored, and his anxiety was down for the first time in months.

"Seijuurou-kun!" At the sound of his name, he glanced up to find Tetsuya waving towards him, a large grin on his face. Seijuurou returned it quickly hurrying over to pull him in to an embrace. As his arms wrapped around his boyfriend's slim waist (too slim, if he was being honest, he would have to have a chat with him about taking better care of himself), he felt elated. He was finally home.

His boyfriend eagerly wrapped his arms around his neck, cuddling under his chin and letting out a content sigh when Seijuurou squeezed him tightly. He pulled back a little, and when their eyes locked, Seijuurou could see that the joy he felt was reflected in Tetsuya's blue orbs.

"I've missed you so much." He heard himself say. Tetsuya's expression softened, and he leaned up to connect their lips.

It had been entirely too long since Seijuurou had last touched these lips. His boyfriend's bottom lip felt a little torn, no doubt from him worrying it between his teeth to help distract himself from his anxiety, but they were just as soft as he remembered. When Tetsuya parted his lips, allowing him entrance in to his mouth, Seijuurou quickly moved to oblige.

The taste of his boyfriend was something that Seijuurou was sure he would never forget. A hint of vanilla indicated that whomever he had been staying with had indulged his sweet tooth too much. Seijuurou could also taste a hint of cinnamon as his tongue glided over Tetsuya's teeth, which meant that he had spent the morning with Shintarou and Kazunari. French toast was their thing. Tetsuya moaned when his tongue brushed against his as he made his way across his mouth to the other side. When he felt a tooth that was a little too sharp, his eyes snapped open and he pulled away.

"What happened to your tooth?" He asked. Tetsuya took a minute to answer, his eyes glazed over with lust from the kiss he had just received. Eventually he blushed, and looked away, and Seijuurou idly wondered who he was going to have to visit.

"I was playing basketball with everyone last weekend. Aomine-kun tripped Kagami-kun, and as he
tried to catch himself, Kise-kun was passing the ball to me, Kagami-kun bumped into it, and it hit me in the face. Don't worry, we had the tooth looked over and it's perfectly fine. I just had a bruise on my cheek for a few days." He assured him. Seijuurou frowned, but decided to deal with that later. He didn't want to ruin his good mood.

"I see. Shall we head to the car? I'm ready to be home, my love." He declared. Tetsuya nodded, eager to have him home, and pulled out of his embrace to take his hand instead.

"Welcome home, Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya said as they slid in to the waiting car. Seijuurou squeezed his hand and leaned over to press their lips together.

"I'm home, Tetsuya." He said against his mouth.

His first two days back at home entailed a lot of doing nothing. Seijuurou decided in the shower that very first night to take a few days to himself (and Tetsuya). He earned it after most of his summer was dedicated to work. Tetsuya was more than okay with this idea, as he too had been away from the house this entire time, and the two spent a lot of time laying around and reading or watching TV or just talking. Oh and the reunion sex was pretty phenomenal too. Both had been more than a little frustrated by their separation.

On the second day of being home, Tetsuya made him lunch. Seijuurou was a little surprised, as usually he was the one cooking their meals.

"Thank you." Seijuurou said as he accepted the food. Tetsuya placed an affectionate kiss on his forehead before sitting down across from him.

"I want to start doing things like this. Having the cooks is nice and all, but when we are home like this, I feel that I should do more around the house." Tetsuya admitted.

"You do plenty, my love. Don't feel obligated to do any more than you already are." Seijuurou insisted. Tetsuya shook his head, offering Seijuurou a grateful smile.

"It's an obligation to my pride, Seijuurou. I know how much you and Masaomi-san appreciate everything I do. I just want to start appreciating it too. That and when we move out on our own, I don't want live-in housekeepers like this. I want us to be able to manage ourselves." He admitted. Seijuurou's expression softened as he understood. He too wanted a more humble life style while they were in college. There was something gratifying about being able to take care of yourself. When they moved out, he had planned on bringing up the possibility of having an on-call butler, as opposed to a live-in.

His Tetsuya, clever creature that he was, must be feeling this as well. A small smile crossed his lips as his heart filled with warm affection for the man across from him.

"I understand, Tetsuya. I was thinking about that as well. It pleases me that we are so alike." He reached up to cup Tetsuya's face, the affection in his eyes causing Tetsuya's cheeks to color a light pink. Shyly, his boyfriend reached up and pressed Seijuurou's hand against his cheek, closing his eyes.

"I love how wanted you make me feel, Seijuurou-kun. Thank you for that." He said. Seijuurou's throat tightened with emotion and he managed a nod, tenderly rubbing his thumb over Tetsuya's cheekbone.

"Any time, my darling. Any time."
"Mh." Tetsuya breathed on top of him as he massaged the tension out of his back. The two were laying outside in their hammock, gently swaying with the light breeze. The morning had been stressful for the shadow. He had received an awkward letter from his parents, informing him that they were moving out of their house and didn't want him to try and find them. Even though he was completely on board with the idea, the shock of them contacting him had sent him into a small anxiety attack. As Seijuurou helped calm him down, Masaomi had called his lawyers to help ensure that a restraining order was still in place. After he had calmed down, Seijuurou had suggested going outside and relaxing out there.

"Tetsuya?" Seijuurou murmured as he slipped his hand under his boyfriend's shirt to better scratch at his back. Tetsuya arched in to his touch, a satisfied moan leaving him. "Have I ever told you anything about my mother?" He asked. Tetsuya shook his head, pressing soft kisses to his neck.

"No. It's always been a very private matter for you, Seijuurou. I didn't want to push you." Seijuurou frowned, gently pressing Tetsuya closer to him. He really didn't like talking about her. Losing his mother had been the turning point for his life. It was a catalyst for so many of his mental issues. But his boyfriend, the future Akashi spouse, deserved to hear about her.

"That is very true. However, there is no privacy between us anymore. Would you like to hear about her?" He asked. Tetsuya dragged his kisses up his jaw, playfully nipping at his chin before moving his kisses upward to peck him on the cheek.

"Yes, of course I would. She brought you into the world and means so much to you." He said. "However, Seijuurou-kun, only when you are ready, okay?" He added. Seijuurou smiled at the reassurance. It was sweet and completely unnecessary.

"I can talk about her. It doesn't hurt as much as it used to. And I think that speaking about her with you would make me feel a little better than I have been feeling lately." He admitted. Tetsuya pouted at his honest statement, and he tenderly pressed a kiss to his lips.

"Then shall I go and meet your mother?" Tetsuya asked. At Seijuurou's nod, Tetsuya climbed off of him before helping him up as well.

The walk to her shrine wasn't very long. Seijuurou had walked it so many times at this point that he could get here with his eyes closed. Tetsuya's hand was warm in his, and the silence between them was a peaceful one. They stopped in front of the shrine and knelt before it.

His mother's shrine was simple, just as she had requested. It had two little vases full of daisies on either side of her picture. She was smiling in it, and it had been taken on the birthday before she got sick. His father must have been by this morning as a fresh incense was slowly burning. Seijuurou reached forward for a new incense and lit it against the burning candle. After saying a quiet prayer, he placed it beside his father's.

"You look like her." Tetsuya commented, taking his hand again. Seijuurou pulled their hands in to his lap, bringing Tetsuya against his side. His boyfriend pressed a supportive kiss to his shoulder before returning his gaze to the shrine before them.

"My parents met at a small coffee shop two months after my father was made VP. My grandmother had asked him there for a meeting about the financial state of a company they had been thinking about merging with. He had tripped over my mother, and she had dropped her pastry." Seijuurou explained. "After buying her a new one as an apology, they began to notice that their paths crossed more often than not. Soon they began sharing their lunch breaks together, and eventually they fell in love."
"What was she like?" Tetsuya asked, resting his chin on his boyfriend's shoulder.

"To me she was kind and nurturing. She encouraged me to find a hobby that I could love growing up. Hers had been basketball, and because I admired her strength and drive for it, I insisted on continuing playing it after she passed and I went to middle school. It's one of a few arguments I won against father." Seijuuro explained. "She was always at my side during my waking hours. When father kept trying to send me to International boarding schools, mother fought him and kept me home. She loved the traditions that are family had, and was a big supporter of teaching me them from the start, even if I hated the boring, routine things." Seijuuro chuckled as he recalled the many times he would tell her he didn't want to.

"She and father had a very distant marriage in front of me. They never really spoke, and when they were on agreeable terms, it was mother agreeing with father. When they fought, it was usually about me. However, the few times I would wake up from a nap early, I would notice her holding him in a corner of the house, assuring him that he was making a correct decision, or that he was in the right about something else. It's something that I really appreciate you doing for me, Tetsuya." He admitted. Tetsuya squeezed his hand.

"Sometimes the weight of the world gets a little too heavy. I try and help alleviate some of it for you, just as you have done for me." He murmured, pressing a kiss to his cheek.

"I think she would have adored you. She wrote a diary about raising me for you." He said. Tetsuya's eyes widened.

"Really?" He asked. Seijuuro nodded.

"My grandmother and great-grandmother had written a diary for her. It's basically all of the things they experienced in an Akashi pregnancy, how it was like raising an heir, that kind of thing." He said.

"I assume that it's also a 'How to Survive Being the Spouse of an Akashi.'" Tetsuya teased.

Seijuuro scoffed.

"I'm sure that somehow you'll manage." He shot back, but he couldn't really keep a straight face and ended up chuckling. Tetsuya's laughter joined in soon after and the two ended laughing for the next few minutes. When it eventually died down, Tetsuya's arms were around his waist and his were around his shoulders.

"Do you think she would be happy with me?" Tetsuya asked. Seijuuro's felt his gut twist as a sense of longing filled him.

"She would have adored you, Tetsuya. You're so polite and kind and generous and have been through so many things that you didn't deserve. I think she would be proud of me and everything I have managed to overcome. I think that whenever we grew anxious she would make us a batch of her muffins and wrapped us up in warm blankets and recalled a time from her younger years." He said, the anguish of her being gone causing his voice to waiver. Tetsuya pulled him in close, tucking him under his chin as he rubbed at his back. Eventually, he spoke, but not to Seijuuro.

"Akashi Shiori-san. Thank you for bringing Seijuuro into this world. I love him more than I have ever loved anything, and I plan to spend the rest of my life at his side. Please keep watching over us." He said. Seijuuro let his tears fall as he burrowed against Tetsuya's shoulder. How he wished she was here. His mother had been his everything growing up. Her death and his need to keep his hobby his was the reason that everything had happened with the Generation. His
mother's death, the reason he had to become an adult to fast. Eventually, his tears stopped. Tetsuya continued to rub at the back of his neck, occasionally murmuring something soothing or pressing a kiss to the top of his head. Seijuurou pulled back, a soft groan leaving him at the awkward angle he had been leaning at. Tetsuya's expression was full of love and understanding, and his hands tenderly reached out to rub away the ache in his lower back.

"Thank you." He croaked out, wiping at his eyes. His boyfriend grabbed his hands before he leaned over and kissed and licked away his tears. After he was satisfied he was clean, he did the same to the few he had managed to wipe away.

"Your pain is mine as well, Sei. It was no problem at all." He promised before helping him stand up. Seijuurou pulled him close and kissed him softly. Their lips parted and their tongues met in slow, tender strokes. When they pulled apart, Seijuurou felt a little warmer. He looked at his mother's shrine, silently letting her know that he loved her and missed her and promised to come back soon before taking Tetsuya's hand and leading them back to the house.

The rest of the summer break flew by. Seijuurou returned from America with a business mindset. He and his father had conversations at dinner about how well the Akashi Corp stock was doing. The major research project that their researchers were working on had discovered a major setback, but they had been assured that it would be fixed quickly.

Seijuurou also met with one of their fellow companies, the Mazetora. They were one of the biggest non-for-profit organizations in Japan, and prided themselves on being for the people by the people. They had taken it upon themselves to help monitor big corporations and make sure that they were not doing illegal things.

Of course, the Akashi family wasn't worried about them. However, they also didn't want to piss them off, so Seijuurou was working to keep them satisfied.

The first weekend that he was home was spent in Tokyo with the Generation. The second was spent meeting with his student council. By the time that Monday rolled around, Seijuurou felt refreshed and ready to take on the world. He has a firm handle on his life and was ready to take on anything life decided to throw at him.

The weekend spent with the Generation had been one of great memories for Tetsuya. One of his favorite moments had been his shopping trip with Ryouta and Satsuki. He needed a new pair of shoes to go with his surprise for Seijuurou that he had bought while he was in America, and his two friends immediately volunteered to help. If Kazunari hadn't been sick that morning, Tetsuya was sure that he would have come along as well. So after kissing his boyfriend goodbye and leaving him to spend the day (torturing) Shintarou, Daiki, and Atsushi, the three had set out.

"Where should we look first, Ki-chan?" Satsuki asked as she grasped a hand from each of them. Ryouta hummed as he thought about it, tilting his head to the side. Tetsuya bit back a chuckle as they walked past a poster of him doing the exact same thing.

"How about that one shop in the High Mall?" Ryouta asked. Satsuki beamed, and before Tetsuya knew it, he was being dragged away.

The shoe shopping had been hell. Tetsuya wasn't at all familiar with heels (and was a little alarmed by how much Ryouta knew about them), and his feet weren't too happy about trying on every pair in the store. Eventually they settled on a pair that for some reason both Ryouta and Satsuki swore he looked absolutely angelic in. Considering that was the angle Tetsuya thought he could pull off best,
he agreed to them.
"Well, that was fun! We should do it again sometime!" Satsuki chirped as they exited the store. Tetsuya silently vowed to never do this again as Ryouta enthusiastically agreed and began to make plans for their next trip.

As they turned around a corner, Tetsuya nearly ran in to an all too familiar face.

"Ayame-san." Tetsuya greeted the girl. Satsuki tightened her grip on his arm as she offered the girl her best polite smile. Ryouta's arm slid around his waist.

"Ah, Kuroko-san! Is Akashi-kun around here too, then? I heard that he might be in Tokyo." She said, looking around them. Tetsuya shook his head.

"Seijuurou-kun is back in our hotel suite with our other friends. I was roped into shopping with Momoi-san and Kise-kun." He explained. Ayame rolled her eyes, crossing her arms.

"Well that's a shame. I haven't really seen much of him this summer. So did he give you his credit card so that you could go shopping with your friends?" Tetsuya's eyes narrowed at the nosy question. When did she notice that he had Seijuurou's credit card anyway?

"I don't think that's any of your business, Ayame-san." He stated, a frown on his face.

"Well I don't think he would want you spending his money so frivolously!" She stated. "Really, I don't know what he sees in you.

Tetsuya stayed quiet, letting her words pass over him. When they got back, Ryouta and Satsuki would inform Seijuurou of this incident. This behavior wouldn't be repeated.

"That's not very-" Ryouta began to step in when suddenly Satsuki darted forward and smacked Ayame across the face.

"Do you really think that you can talk to him like that? Sei-kun will be oh so happy when I tell him about this. Come on Tetsu-kun, Ki-chan." She stuck her nose in the air and dragged them away.

As they left her behind, Tetsuya noticed the look of horror that was on her face. He grinned, and couldn't wait to see his boyfriend's reaction.

Seijuurou was furious. It was high past the time that he needed to speak with Ayame about her behavior. This was getting ridiculous. How dare she say those things to his Tetsuya!

His boyfriend was curled up in his arms and lap, drinking a cool glass of tea. They were sitting in an armchair in their hotel suite. Atsushi was in the kitchenette with Kazunari as they made them sandwiches for a light afternoon snack. Shintarou was reading over a set of notes for his next entrance exam as Satsuki, Daiki, and Ryouta occupied the couch.

"Damn, Satsuki! Way to get that bitch!" Daiki said with a grin, wrapping his arms around his best friend. Satsuki rolled her eyes, even if a pleased flush dusted her cheeks.

"She had it coming! She was out of line." Satsuki pouted.

"I agree, Satsuki. I will speak with her about her ridiculous accusations." Seijuurou declared. Every member of the Generation of miracles shuddered at that. Tetsuya shook his head, resting his cheek
against the red-head's shoulder.

"I think it's really hard for her. Watching the one you love be with someone else is probably very painful." His boyfriend said. Seijuurou frowned, looking down to meet his gaze.

"Well thankfully you've never had to deal with that, my love. I have only ever wanted you." He promised. Tetsuya smiled up and him, tugging him down for a chaste kiss.

"I know. Being loved by you makes me very happy." Seijuurou returned his smile at those sweet words.

"It's because being in love is the best thing in the world!" Kazunari called from the kitchen.

Seijuurou nodded, whole-heartedly agreeing with that declaration. He was surprised when Tetsuya frowned and shook his head.

"Actually, I disagree. While being in love is fun and exciting, I wouldn't say it's the cause of my happiness." Seijuurou rose a sardonic brow at that.

"Eh?!" Satsuki, Ryouta, and Kazunari explained.

"I agree, Tetsu, what the fuck?" Daiki spoke up.

"You're not making any sense, Kuroko. You just said that being in love is the best feeling in the world." Shintarou agreed.

"Kuro-chin has lost it." Atsushi murmured.

"Please elaborate, Tetsuya." Seijuurou said, trying to push back his insecurities and doubts. Was Tetsuya unhappy? Was there something going on that he didn't know about?

Tetsuya reached up and caught his chin, forcing him to meet his gaze. Seijuurou tentatively locked their gazes together, searching for the answer in his blue eyes. All he saw there was love and affection, which didn't really answer any of his questions.

"You misunderstand my statement, everyone. I need to clarify it because it's an important distinction. I'm not happy because I'm in love or in a relationship. I'm happy because I'm in love with you, Seijuurou-kun." He declared. Seijuurou's eyes widened as an onslaught of emotions crashed down on him. All around them their friends were crying out things like 'oh come on Tetsu-kun, that's splitting hairs' and 'that's the same damn thing' but Seijuurou understood.

It wouldn't be the same if he were in love with someone else. This relationship was very unique, as was everyone's. And theirs in particular was very rare because Seijuurou was certain that he and Tetsuya were made for one another.

"Oh Tetsuya." He whispered before surging forward and pressing their lips together. What did he do to deserve this wonderful creature? Tetsuya eagerly returned his kiss, humming against his mouth as he reached up and wound his arms around his neck. Seijuurou parted their lips, tongues eagerly meeting. The kiss didn't get too heated, as they were in public, and quickly slowed down to tender strokes that their friends made gagging noises at accompanied by what suspiciously sounded like a camera clicking.

When they parted, Seijuurou was a little out a breath and Tetsuya was bright red in his arms. His boyfriend hid in his neck, arms leaving his neck and settling around him instead. Seijuurou shifted him around so that way he could have that opportunity to hide, and he smiled tenderly down at him.
"Thank you for such a sweet and honest statement, Tetsuya. And I believe that you're right. Until you find the correct person, your 'soul mate', if you'll allow me to use that term, then the happiness you get from being in love is all superficial." Seijuurou stated.

"That's so romantic!" Satsuki gushed.

"I think you're on to something, Kuroko!" Kazunari sighed.

Tetsuya continued to hide, ears beginning to go red with embarrassment as well. Seijuurou simply rubbing soothing circles in to his back as he watch Ryouta longingly look over at Daiki. He hid a pleased smirk and instead turned to look at Satsuki.

"You will send me those photos, Satsuki, and then delete them from your phone." He ordered. Satsuki let out a reluctant sigh and began to do so. As their friends returned to their conversations, Seijuurou rested his head on top of his boyfriend's simply observing them as he continued to mull over Tetsuya's words.

What a thoughtful and curious person his Tetsuya was. That statement was so very profound. Shaking his head, Seijuurou kissed his cheek and decided to revisit it later.

The second semester began at the end of August. Neither Seijuurou nor Tetsuya had been particularly looking forward to going back to school. Seijuurou had pouted the entire way through them getting ready, and seemed a little down about it, if Tetsuya was being honest. His mood didn't pick up throughout the day, and Tetsuya's worry continued to grow. Now, as they stood outside of Seijuurou's last period class, the shadow was making sure that he didn't want him at the practice today. He would skip his book club meeting if it meant that his boyfriend would cheer up.

"Are you sure you don't want me to go to practice with you?" He asked again. Seijuurou shook his head, leaning forward to kiss him goodbye.

"I'm sure, Tetsuya. Thank you for the offer. When I figure out what my problem is, I'll be sure to tell you. Now go and have fun, my love. I'll see you in a couple of hours." Seijuurou promised. Tetsuya nodded, and he watched him walk away before entering the room. Kurosu was leaning over Mikami, flipping through a magazine as she glared down at it. Shinikama was nowhere to be seen, and Rifuujin was unboxing ingredients for today's meal. Ayato was quietly drawing in a corner.

"Hello everyone. Where are Natama-san and Shinikama-kun?" He asked as he sat across from Kurosu and Mikami.

"Detention." The room chorused. Tetsuya rolled his eyes. It was only the first day!

"Are you okay, Kuroko? You seem a little down." Kurosu said as Mikami closed the magazine and put it away. Tetsuya had spotted what appeared to be a bride on the cover.

"No. I'm worried about Seijuurou-kun. He seems down." He explained. Kurosu wrapped his arms around Mikami's shoulders, resting his chin on the top of her head.

"Why? Any idea?" He asked. Tetsuya shook his head.

"Not really, no. And he won't talk to me about it. And that's okay, don't get me wrong! I sometimes keep my anxieties locked up so they don't burden him." Tetsuya hastily added. Kurosu and Mikami nodded, and Mikami reached up to squeeze his hand. "I just want to cheer him up. Any suggestions?" He asked the two.
"Sex?" Mikami murmured quietly. Kurosu blushed as Tetsuya shook his head.

"Tried that this morning and at lunch." He said. Ayato giggled behind him as Rifujin turned towards them.

"Home cooked meals?" He suggested. Tetsuya shook his head.

"Same as the last suggestion."

"What about going out somewhere and doing something that he would enjoy?" Ayato suggested.

"Yeah, to get his mind off of things!" Kurosu exclaimed. Tetsuya pondered that before nodding.

"That's a great idea. Does anyone know of any good shogi parlors? That's his favorite hobby." Tetsuya added. Ayato and Mikami nodded, and both texted him the addresses. As Tetsuya opened his mouth to thank them, the door suddenly slammed open. Shinikama walked in first, instantly sitting down by his window and going in to 'brood-mode', as Natama would put it. The short girl marched in after him, glaring at Ayato.

"You're the reason I got sent to detention!" She exclaimed, running over and grabbing the front of Ayato's shirt. The taller girl glared.

"No, the reason you got detention is because you kept throwing things at me." She snapped back. "Only because you were blocking the board with your head!"

Tetsuya watched as their argument began to heat up, he withheld a sigh and turned to watch. It was definitely beginning to become one of their ugliest. Both were throwing ridiculous accusations and it wasn't getting any better. Just as Kurosu stood up to interrupt their fight, Natama shouted something that would change their club forever.

"God, Ayato, I hate you so much!" She screamed. A hush fell over the room as the tension hit an all-time high. Ayato didn't react at first. After the words sank in, she offered Natama a little half-smile before turning and gathering her stuff.

"Aya-" Kurosu tried to stop her but the taller girl was too quick and she was running from the room.

They didn't see her again for the next few months.

Seijuurou squeezed Tetsuya tighter as he pressed soft kisses down the side of his neck. The two were standing in their shower as Tetsuya explained to him the explosive book club meeting.

"And really, I don't think you can take back those words so easily." The shadow was saying. Seijuurou nodded, hands scrubbing Tetsuya's front clean.

"I agree. Those are heavy words that should not be spoke lightly. Natama will regret it very soon." Seijuurou declared before nibbling playfully on the shell of Tetsuya's ear. His boyfriend let out a breathy giggle before turning in his arms so that he could wash his back too.

"I think she did as she ran out of the room." He said. Seijuurou trailed his kisses up the side of his jaw, sucking on the sweet patches of skin here and there before finally placing a chaste kiss on his lips. Tetsuya offered him a warm smile as his hands dragged the soap across his shoulders. "Sei?" He asked.

"Yes, Tetsuya?" He asked, pressing their foreheads together.
"Can we go to one of Kyoto's shogi bars tomorrow after practice?" Tetsuya's question intrigued him. Was his boyfriend wanting to try and…Seijuurou cut off that train of thought as he realized why Tetsuya had asked.

"You are trying to make me feel better." Seijuurou stated. Tetsuya nodded, nuzzling their noses together.

"Yes I am." His boyfriend admitted, unabashed at being caught. "I think that a change of scenery will do you good, and I've never been to one. Afterwards we can catch a nice, quiet dinner. Don't think of it as me trying to comfort you. Think of it as an impromptu date." Tetsuya said. Seijuurou pondered the idea as Tetsuya took the soap from him. He finally nodded as Tetsuya finished washing his chest and was turning him around to get at his back.

"I think I would like to give it a try, Tetsuya. Maybe I can even look into a few tournaments." He said, allowing himself to look forward to tomorrow. Tetsuya placed a quick kiss to the nape of his neck before dragging the soap over his ass.

"Good idea. So it's a date?" His boyfriend asked. Seijuurou nodded, leaning back in to Tetsuya's arms.

"Mh-hm. You can pick the restaurant. Think about it at school tomorrow." He ordered. Tetsuya nodded, wrapping his arms around his waist. As they finished their shower, Seijuurou hoped that this change of pace would do him good. He had been really down lately, and he didn't like it at all. With school back in session and the training for nationals underway, as it had been moved from the spring to the fall to give Third years another chance to shine, he would soon be in need of all of the distractions he could get.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Hey everyone! See, nothing bad happened while he was in America~ However, keep an eye on his growing depression. It's important for later.

Next time: Kuroko catches a cold, sexual frustrations occur, Seijuurou finally confronts Ayame, Nationals happen, Ayame and Kuroko have a final confrontation, And a Generation bonding session happen. It's roughly the same length as this chapter, but worry not! It won't remain that way :) See you all next week!

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

Warnings: None

Notes this chapter: SORRY IF THE BASKETBALL STUFF IS INCONSISTENT. I feel like it is. If anyone cares enough to catch it and correct me, please let me know! I tried my best to keep it all straight but gosh I didn't care enough XD Romance, drama, and SMUT were my priorities. Anyway, this chapter is really short, and more of a transition chapter. Read on and we'll talk about next week in the ending notes~

Kida-Asumi

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

September was an interesting month for Seijuurou. He was exhausted for most of it, as training for nationals kept him and Rakuzan busy. He had an interesting dinner with Akazo, a small trading company that had most of the ports of central and southern Japan. His primary goal of the meal had been to make them an offer on their ports. The Akashi Corporation would buy them out, but allow Akazo to continue to manage them. It had been a huge success, and he had managed to keep it wildly under the goal his father set. This in collaboration with the steady stock numbers that their company was currently reaping the benefits of had put his father in a great mood and he offered he and Tetsuya a short vacation in the beginning of October. Elated, Seijuurou left it up to his boyfriend to decide on where they were going.

Seijuurou let out a pleased sigh as he got dressed from his morning shower. This month couldn't be off to a better start. School was going spectacularly well, the team was stronger than ever, all of his meetings had been successful, and his student council was more productive than ever. He felt a little bad for neglecting his boyfriend's needs. He had overheard him taking care of himself twice now. During their vacation next month he would be sure to spoil him thoroughly.

He stepped in to his bedroom, expecting to see his boyfriend up and around. To his surprise, Tetsuya was still in bed. Usually if the sound of his alarm didn't wake him, the blue-haired shadow would awake to the sound of the shower. Concerned, Seijuurou approached the bed, sitting down beside him.

"Tetsuya?" Seijuurou called his name softly, reaching out to run a hand down his back. Tetsuya jumped, a soft, pained groan leaving him. "Are you alright?" He asked.

"No. I feel like my head is splitting open." Tetsuya mumbled. Seijuurou frowned, moving to lay down behind him and pull him close. Tetsuya turned around and cuddled in to him. "I have a migraine. Do we have any medication to help with it?" He asked. Seijuurou nodded. When he pressed his lips against his forehead, he was alarmed by how hot it was.

"Somewhere, I'm sure. However, you're staying home today. You feel like you're running a fever." Seijuurou stated. Tetsuya groaned as a shiver shook his body.

"I don't have time to be sick. We have nationals coming up very soon. The first round we are participating in is this weekend." The shadow pointed out. Seijuurou shrugged, grabbing another
blanket from the end of his bed and tucking it around his boyfriend.

"Don't worry about that, Tetsuya. We will be fine. You are to stay home today and get better." He ordered. Tetsuya nodded, peering up at him from under his blanket.

"I'm sorry about this." He said. Seijuurou shook his head, pressing another kiss to his forehead before forcing himself off of the bed.

"Nonsense. I'm going to let father know so he can call school and let them know. I am also going to notify the staff so that they can care for you." He said. Tetsuya nodded before closing his eyes and snuggling into the blankets. Shaking his head at the cute action, Seijuurou left to inform the staff and his father.

The school day without Tetsuya was very long. How in the world he had managed to get through these last two years of high school without Tetsuya every day was something he couldn't even begin to fathom.

The book club members that had inquired about him were concerned about it, and a couple offered to take notes for him in the classes he shared. Rakuzan's basketball team was concerned as well, and the other managers promised to work hard in his place.

"Poor Tetsu-kun." Kaito had murmured as he sat down next to Masaki at lunch.

"We'll be sure to work harder for him today." The quiet male said.

"Tell him to kick this illness' ass!" Takumi roared.

Seijuurou smiled at them, appreciating their sincerity. He made sure to text his boyfriend about it, knowing how much it would mean to him.

As the day went on, Seijuurou found himself walking to a student council meeting with Ayame. She had been oddly quiet all day, and kept giving her friends and their classmates dirty looks. Seijuurou didn't care enough to really pay attention to what was going on, and decided to ignore it.

As they turned in to the main hallway of the school, Ayame grabbed his wrist, causing him to stop. Seijuurou turned to her, curious as to why they were stopping. Suddenly her lips were on his, much to his chagrin. A hush fell over the hallway. Frowning, he quickly pushed her back.

"Absolutely not." Seijuurou said, tone flat and heavy with his disapproval. Ayame's eyes widened, and she opened her mouth to protest. Seijuurou cut her off, not having any of this today. "No, Ayame. I don't know how you managed to get this crazy notion that you and I are meant to be together, but we are not. I am a gay man, to begin with. Women have never been appealing to me. Aside from that prudent fact, I am also madly in love with Tetsuya. I have been for a few years now."

"But-" Ayame tried to protest. Seijuurou shook his head.

"We are not continuing this pointless discussion. I don't know what you are trying to achieve here, Ayame, but it has got to stop now. Your treatment of Tetsuya will no longer be tolerated as well. Yes, I do know about what happened in Tokyo." He added, pleased to see a flash of fear in her eyes. Tetsuya had asked him not to confront her the night it happened. That had obviously been a mistake. He wondered how his boyfriend would react to this incident. "Now we must head to our meeting or we shall be late." Seijuurou said before walking away from her. The crowd stared at him as he went,
but he didn't acknowledge them. He was sure that this had been her goal, attempting to claim him in a public setting.

Well, this sure had backfired on her.

As he sat down for their meeting, Seijuurou couldn't but want this day to be over with quickly.

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When he returned home that night, it was to Tetsuya sitting up in their bed and reading. Nigou was beside him, sound asleep. He felt his shoulders sag with relief at finally being home. Tetsuya glanced up at him and offered him a smile before grabbing a bookmark. Seijuurou put down his things before quickly walking over and kissing his forehead. He was very pleased to find that his fever had broken.

"Welcome home." Tetsuya said, hands reaching up to tug him down and on to the bed beside him. Seijuurou offered him a relieved smile, leaning over to pull him in to his arms. Tetsuya returned his hug, nuzzling at his chest. "How was your day?" He asked when they broke apart.


"I missed you too. Was the day terrible because I was gone, or…" Tetsuya trailed off, lacing their fingers together. Seijuurou gave them a squeeze before moving to rest his head in his lap. Tetsuya made room for him, settling his lap in the most comfortable position possible. Seijuurou closed his eyes as Tetsuya ran his fingers through his hair and he finally relaxed.

"We had a surprise quiz in my first period. It was easy, but the thought of it set me on edge." Seijuurou began. Tetsuya let out a soft murmur of empathy, scratching at the base of his skull. Seijuurou let out a purr of satisfaction, cuddling in closer. "The rest of my classes were really rinse and repeat, and at practice everyone did their best to work harder than ever for you. Everyone was really concerned about you today. I'm sure you received all kinds of well-meaning text messages." He added.

"I did. I appreciated all of them." Tetsuya said with a smile. Seijuurou loved seeing that on his face, and his heart sank as he realized he needed to tell him about Ayame.

"I'm very glad about that, Tetsuya." Seijuurou reluctantly rolled over and looked up at his boyfriend. Tetsuya's hands paused and pulled away, only to resume stroking his face. "Something…unpleasant happened this afternoon." He began. Tetsuya offered him a concerned frown, and his fingers traced the scowl that settled on his face. "Ayame kissed me today. Before our student council meeting." He explained. Tetsuya's eyes narrowed, but he didn't say anything. "I immediately stopped it, but I just wanted you to hear it from me first. I was furious about it. Who in the hell does she think she is?" Seijuurou snapped. Tetsuya gently traced his jaw, even if his eyes were dark with fury.

"What did you say?" Tetsuya asked.

"I told her that her behavior had to stop immediately. I reminded her that I am madly in love with you," that comment brought a small quirk to his boyfriend's lips, "and that I am a gay man. Even if we weren't together, or god forbid we break up, I still wouldn't be interested in her." Seijuurou huffed. Tetsuya shook his head, even if an amused smile was growing across his face.

"I bet she didn't like that at all." Tetsuya stated. Seijuurou shook his head.

"No, she didn't. She didn't speak to me again throughout the meeting, unless I spoke to her first." He explained. Tetsuya leaned down and kissed him softly, stopping his thoughts. The gentle pressure of
his boyfriend's soft lips on his was something that Seijuurom had needed all day, and he sighed in to
the kiss. When they parted, Tetsuya's expression revealed that he was brimming with emotion.

"Thank you for telling me, Seijuurom-kun." Seijuurom frowned.

"Of course I was going to tell you. Why wouldn't I? You deserved to know." He was confused by
that statement. "I don't want to hide anything from you, Tetsuya. Any matter that could affect you
should be brought to your attention. A girl that kissed your boyfriend is one of those matters." He
explained. Tetsuya nodded, kissing his nose.

"I know. I appreciate that you were so forthcoming with it. I was actually there when it happened." Seijuurom's eyes widened.

"What?" He asked. Surely he had misheard that. Tetsuya chuckled, gently pushing him back on to
his stomach so that he could continue running his hand through his hair.

"You forgot your data analysis on school social functions and GPAs. I was on my way to my
doctor's appointment anyway, so the driver and I dropped by school to give it to you. I know that it
was something that you wanted to pass on to the principal." Tetsuya added.

"I forgot it at home? Wow, I must have been really out of it this morning." Seijuurom muttered into
his lap. Tetsuya nodded.

"You were concerned about my illness, so I felt a little responsible for making you frazzled enough
to forget it. Regardless, I was walking to your office when I spotted the two of you. I was going to
call out to you but then she kissed you. So I hung back and watched you push her away. You were
very annoyed and disgruntled from the kiss." Tetsuya stated. Seijuurom nodded.

"I was. Who in the world does she think she is, that she can kiss me so easily? I was very upset by
it." He admitted. Tetsuya reached down and gently began to rub out the knots along his shoulders.

"I'm sorry that happened to you, Seijuurom. I'm also a little sorry by how satisfied I was by your
annoyance. I'm not going to lie to you. It was a little gratifying to see you so annoyed by something
as trivial as this." Tetsuya chuckled. Seijuurom rolled his eyes at his boyfriend's…unique sense of
humor. "I knew that you would tell me about it, which is why I let you explain earlier. However,
trust is a two way street and you needed to know that I was there too. So thank you for being honest,
Sei." He said. Seijuurom sat up a little, looking up to meet Tetsuya's warm gaze.

"I love you, Tetsuya. You mean the world to me, so my honesty is something that I will always give
to you. I promise that there will be no secrets between us." Seijuurom murmured. Tetsuya leaned
down and pressed a chaste kiss to his lips, squeezing his shoulders.

"I love you too, Seijuurom. Let's work hard to make an honest life together." He said with a grin.
Seijuurom chuckled, moving to sit up and beside his boyfriend. Tetsuya yawned, reaching for him.
Seijuurom pulled him in to his arms, resting Tetsuya's head on his shoulder.

"You're starting to look unwell again, Tetsuya. When are you due for your next dose of
medication?" He asked. Tetsuya glanced over at the clock.

"In about 10 minutes. It will probably knock me out." He said, an embarrassed hue taking over his
cheeks. Seijuurom's heart surged with warm affection for this man, and he leaned down to kiss him
again.

"That's alright. You need your rest. Go ahead and get comfortable, my love. I'll grab my homework
and your medicine." He said. Tetsuya smiled up at him, pressing a kiss to his shirt, another yawn
leaving him.

"Thank you, Seijuurou-kun." He said before pulling away and cuddling back in to the blankets. Seijuurou smiled and kissed his forehead before pulled back and leaving the bed.

"Anytime, my love, anytime." He promised.

The National Sports Meet, or often shortened to Nationals, was one of the most important high school basketball tournaments in Japan. It gathers all of the Interhigh winners from each prefecture to compete in one all-star tournament. The winners of the nationals can call themselves the best of Japan. It used to take place after the Winter Cup in the spring, but due to the high demand of third-years wishing to get all three titles under their belts, the tournament was moved to the fall.

Because of their success at the Interhigh, it was no surprise that Rakuzan easily defeated all of their opponents and swiftly moved to the 4th round of Nationals between that Saturday and Sunday.

Rakuzan's basketball team stayed overnight in a little high-class hotel during the tournament. Seijuurou and Tetsuya stayed with Masaki and Kaito, and the rest of the first string was placed in rooms with the coach. Tetsuya had gained a cough with his cold, but his fever had gone away so Seijuurou and Masaomi allowed him to be at the tournament, as long as he made sure to bundle up.

When they returned to their room Saturday night, Kaito went in to the bathroom to begin preening himself as the other three changed. Seijuurou collapsed on to the bed, exhausted by the day's events. They had played a total of four games today. Tetsuya climbed into bed beside him, wrapping an arm around his waist.

"Only two more games tomorrow, and then we can go home." Tetsuya reminded him as Masaki opened up his 3DS and began to play it. Seijuurou collapsed on to the bed, exhausted by the day's events. They had played a total of four games today. Tetsuya climbed into bed beside him, wrapping an arm around his waist.

"Only two more games tomorrow, and then we can go home." Tetsuya reminded him as Masaki opened up his 3DS and began to play it. Seijuurou nodded, turning his head to meeting Tetsuya's warm smile with a tired one of his own. Only two more games and Seijuurou could take a breather from the stress of nationals.

"I can't wait." He said around a yawn. Tetsuya snuggled close, looking up at his face with concern. Seijuurou felt a little guilty for putting the worry in his eyes. "I'll be fine, Tetsuya. I promise." He said softly, suddenly grateful that Kaito was in the bathroom. Tetsuya didn't respond; he simply sat up and pressed their lips together.

"Aw, how cute! You two are such the perfect couple!" Kaito's voice pulled them apart. Tetsuya blushed pink, suddenly shy about the kiss. Seijuurou simply smirked, helping to tuck Tetsuya away against his side so that he could hide. It always amused him about just how shy his boyfriend could get at times. Kaito climbed into his bed, settling on top of his boyfriend. He let out a content purr when Masaki wound his arms around his shoulder, keeping his eyes locked on his game screen.

"We're going to bed now." Seijuurou declared. Masaki nodded, turning off the volume. Satisfied, Seijuurou turned off the lamp before sliding down and in the sheets. He pulled Tetsuya close, relaxing a bit when his boyfriend's arms tightened around his waist. Tetsuya smiled, pressing a soft kiss to the base of his throat.

"Good night, Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya whispered.

"Good night, Tetsuya." He returned the sentiment, closing his eyes as he waited for sleep to take him.

The following week was full of prepping for tests that would be taking place next week. Seijuurou
and Tetsuya lived in the Rakuzan gym with the basketball team. One of the best things to happen that week was the fact that Ayame had seemingly stopped pursuing him. She hadn't spoken with him since she kissed him, and she was very quiet whenever they were together.

Seijuurou couldn't be happier with that. Tetsuya was pretty satisfied by it too, and began to be more affectionate with him in public. Instead of just taking his hand, he would also greet him with a kiss of the cheek or mouth. He would offer him a soft smile and ask how his day had been going. When they were changing or showering, Tetsuya would help wash his back or fasten his pants for him, pressing a kiss here or there afterwards. Seijuurou really appreciated that, as he had been really neglectful when taking care of himself lately.

He was really looking forward to spoiling his boyfriend next month.

The Quarter-finals of Nationals took place in just one day, much to Seijuurou's relief. They only played one game, and it was again a northern prefecture's Mibuko High. They crushed them.

The week leading up to the Semi-finals was full of meetings and exams. Because of that, Seijuurou was gone for half of the day that Wednesday. His Tetsuya had been feeling sick that morning, but insisted on going to school anyway. Deciding to let him learn his limits for himself, Seijuurou allowed him to go.

An hour before he was due to return to school, he received a text message from Tetsuya, stating that he was resting in the student council's office after a terrible migraine had made him sick. Concerned, Seijuurou had continued to text him on and off the entire time that he was away.

About 15 minutes in to it, Ayame showed up.

Tetsuya hadn't been thrilled by it, but he reported that she stayed because he had staggered when he opened the door, and didn't want him to get hurt. Seijuurou was very relieved. He was worried about Tetsuya, and if his condition got worse, now someone could take him to the nurse's office safely.

He all but ran to his office, quickly opening the door as his eyes sought his boyfriend. Tetsuya was curled up in his chair, both of their jackets around his shoulders. Ignoring Ayame completely, Seijuurou went to his side.

"How badly does it hurt?" Seijuurou asked as he pulled Tetsuya in to his arms. His boyfriend weakly wrapped his arms around his waist, a soft groan leaving him.

"Please whisper. My head feels as if it's about to explode." Tetsuya murmured.

"I'm here now, my love." Seijuurou assured him, reaching up and pressing his head into his abdomen. Tetsuya let out a relieved sigh as the warmth of his body helped the tension in his head relax. He snuggled in close, murmuring his thanks.

"Thank you for staying with him, Ayame. I really appreciate it. My Tetsuya is a stubborn creature that probably would have hurt himself." He said. He could feel Tetsuya's scowl against his stomach. Ayame nodded, quickly dismissing herself. Shaking his head, Seijuurou turned back to comforting his hurting boyfriend.

The semi-finals were intense. Seirin and Shutoku had been knocked out in the quarter finals, leaving the other four generation teams to fight for the win.

Rakuzan was paired up with Yosen. It was a much harder match than Seijuurou had expected, and he personally had to take care of Tatsuya. Tetsuya and his coach decided to go with the tactic of ‘a
strong offense will lead to a strong defense.' The total by the end of the game was 3-0.

Exhausted, Seijuurou had fallen asleep on the train as his teams cheered around him.

The next week wasn't any better. It seemed as if every project was due for its preliminary edit and read through. Seijuurou ended up taking power naps during lunch not once, but three times. When they were measuring themselves by the end of the week, both Tetsuya and his coach were frowning at his loss of 15 pounds.

"You need to take better care of yourself, Akashi." His coach chided.

"Really, Seijuurou-kun, I knew that you felt slimmer in the waist." Tetsuya accused. Seijuurou barely heard them as his mind went over their attack strategies.

He was very ready for this month to be over. He was tired, stressed, wasn't feeling that great, and more than a little sexually frustrated.

Tetsuya sat down next to him at home that night, gently pulling him into his arms. Seijuurou wrapped his arms around him, body shaking with the stress of everything.

"Soon, we can relax in a completely different country. I know you want me to pick the spot, but why don't you think of it, Sei? You've earned it after all the things that you've been through this month." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou tightened his hold on him, mind still flying. He barely registered the words his boyfriend was sweetly speaking to him.

He wasn't sure when Tetsuya stopped talking. He wasn't sure when Tetsuya took to humming one of his favorite tunes, or when they laid out on the couch. The last thing he remembered was Tetsuya pulling a blanket over them.

Seijuurou had been more than a little stressed lately. Tetsuya felt terrible about it, and had no idea how to help ease his stress. He had fallen asleep on top on him on the couch last night, and had jolted awake when Nigou accidentally knocked over the remote. His boyfriend had bent right back over and continued his tireless work on strategies for the finals this weekend.

Tetsuya was worried. As he mused about ways to help his boyfriend get through this, he wandered up to the roof of Rakuzan High School. Looking out at the scenery helped him think. Maybe a hot bath would help Seijuurou relax? Tetsuya could probably persuade him in to taking one with him after the Finals were over. Or maybe a good hand job or blow job? Tetsuya wouldn't mind having sex too, if he thought that Seijuurou would agree to it. They didn't really do quickies, so it would probably take a few hours.

Tetsuya knew that he could use an orgasm or two that didn't come from his hand.

His thoughts were interrupted by the door opening. He glanced over to see Ayame exiting the building. The two froze as their gazes locked. Finally Ayame broke it and walked over to him. The silence between was tense. Tetsuya wasn't too thrilled to see her, after she had kissed his boyfriend and all. She had been trying to steal Seijuurou away from him for months. It was very rude and disrespectful and quite frankly he didn't have time for that.

"I believe I owe you an apology." Ayame eventually spoke. Tetsuya stayed quiet, unwilling to reply to her just yet. "Aside from constantly hitting on Akashi-sama, I also kissed him recently. It's a hard thing, being in love. It's even harder when you're in love with a person that doesn't love you back."
"I disagree, Ayame-san." Tetsuya finally spoke up. "Being in love is difficult. It gives you doubts you didn't realize you had, and it can shatter your confidence. However, being in love with someone you can't have is a temporary fixation." He declared. She glared at him.

"Well yes, I know I can't have him. You don't need to rub it in. And what in the hell do you know? From the way he tells it, you're the only ones you've ever wanted!" She snarled. Tetsuya shrugged, turning to look at her.

"It's true. My heart always has and always will belong to Seijuurou-kun. However, that does not mean that I haven't watched my other friends fall in and out of love. Loving the wrong person sometimes means loving someone that you can't have. The one that is right for you is going to be someone that you want to work for, not one you have to." Tetsuya said. Ayame gasped, tears glittering her eyes. Silence fell between them, and she eventually turned to look out over the city.

"Maybe I only loved him in the beginning because he was rich and powerful. Maybe I only wanted him because my future with him would be convenient. But now I love him so much. I'm not equipped for rejection." She sobbed as tears poured down her face. Tetsuya reached out and grabbed her shoulder, turning her back towards him.

"Ayame-san. You have to give up on him. To this school, you are its rightful Queen. You have great grades and are a genuinely good person. You come off as strong and dependable. However, if you are pining after someone that you can't have it's just going to come off as pathetic and weak. Move on for yourself, Ayame-san. Not for me and not for Seijuurou." He said. He watched that sink in for her. Eventually, she nodded.

"Okay, Kuroko. I'll try. Can I be alone please?" She asked. Tetsuya nodded, offering her a reassuring smile before walking away from her. Right before he closed the door to the roof he heard a sob break free.

The finals of the National Championship tournament were very intense. The third place match that took place before it was a fierce battle because Kaijou and Yosen, with Kaijou being triumphant. Ryouta had held back and waited for them by their changing room, and had pulled both Seijuurou and Tetsuya in to his arms.

"Kick his ass, guys." He said, gaze remaining steady at the mention of Daiki for the first time since their breakup. Tetsuya and Seijuurou shared a surprised glance before nodding.

"We will do our best to do just that, Kise-kun." Tetsuya promised.

"Of course, Ryouta. Cheer loudly for us." Seijuurou teased. Ryouta nodded, a wide grin on his face. As they watched him leave to get a good seat with Shintaro and Kazunari, Tetsuya's hand slid in to his own. He looked down when he squeezed. Tetsuya smiled up at him.

"Shall we go show them our basketball, Seijuurou-kun?" Tetsuya asked. Seijuurou nodded with a smile.

"Of course, Tetsuya."

They won by a landslide. 24-2

There really wasn't a reason for the huge point gap. Touou lost confidence early, and never got it back. Even Daiki being the powerhouse that he is couldn't save the game. Tetsuya had led the bench as they stormed the court, and he jumped in to his arms, planting an enthusiastic open-mouthed kiss
on him. Seijuurou had grinned and quickly parted his lips, eager to taste his lover and actually enjoy it after so long.

As of Monday they would be in Italy, far from their troubles. He couldn't wait.

A soft moan from Tetsuya's throat reminded him that they were in public and he pulled away, a triumphant smirk on his face as he locked his eyes with Tetsuya's.

"I love you." Tetsuya said with a grin. "I'm so proud of you." He pressed their foreheads together. Seijuurou tightened his arms around his boyfriend's waist and turned his head taking in the happiness of Rakuzan around them.

This was a great way to end the month, he couldn't help but think. As the fans in the stands continued to scream out their adrenaline, as his eyes landed on his father, and as his heart pounded frantically with Tetsuya, Seijuurou couldn't help but be excited about what was to come next.

As was their tradition, the Generation of Miracles gathered together that Sunday night. It had been a long weekend for everyone, so instead of going out to dinner, they had rented a cozy condo in Tokyo and cooked in. Now they were relaxing around the posh living room, just being together.

He and Tetsuya were curled up together in the arm chair, Tetsuya sitting on his lap and reading. Seijuurou was doing the same, and each had a mug of hot chocolate sitting beside them. Shintaro was asleep on the couch beside them, cradled against Kazunari's side. The shorter male had removed his glasses for him, and was running his fingers through his hair tenderly. Atsushi draped a blanket over them before sitting down next to them. Satsuki bounced over and sat down on his other side, returning with a flush to her cheeks from a phone call she had just had with her boyfriend.

"So Italy, huh? What an exotic trip!" Ryouta gushed as he cuddled against a flustered Daiki's side on the love seat. Seijuurou hid a smile behind his mug of coffee, so very happy to see them back together. Apparently it had happened in the locker room after the match. Ryouta had met up with him, and after what was probably a lot of yelling and tears, they made up.

"I'm looking forward to it. I've never been out of the country before." Tetsuya spoke up softly. Seijuurou's heart squeezed with warm affection for his boyfriend at this admission. It was another first for them, and for Tetsuya as an individual. He was sure that his history nerd of a boyfriend was going to love the trip. He himself was really looking forward to getting to see this side of him.

"Italy is a beautiful land, Tetsu-kun. Dai-chan and I used to go there all the time when his parents were still married. Then, after the divorce, my parents started taking us instead." Satsuki explained.

"Shin-chan and I are going to go over Winter Break, after we get the results of our entrance exams." Kazunari spoke up, a pleased look crossing his face. Tetsuya smiled, resting his cheek on Seijuurou's shoulder.

"Well, we all have a bit before the Winter Cup training begins. We should play streetball when Seijuurou-kun and I come back." He said. Seijuurou nodded, nuzzling in to his hair even if he spoke an order than sent chills down the rest of the Generation's spines.

"I agree, my love. We could do it the weekend we celebrate Atsushi's birthday. Do invite Taiga and Tatsuya." He added.

"Yes, Aka-chin." Atsushi agreed before drinking from his cup of hot chocolate.

As the rest of the room filled with quiet conversation, Seijuurou relaxed in to his chair.
This was something he wanted to continue for the rest of their lives. This warm sense of companionship. All of them together and happy and on great terms. Yeah, he thought as he looked down at his boyfriend. This is what he wanted out of life.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Yaaaaay! AoKi are back together finally :D I know several of you have been very anxious about this. And now we are almost done with the basketball in this fic, with Nationals behind us. Only the Winter Cup remains. So this chapter was roughly 5k. Next week is 16k O.O Hope it makes up for it!

Next time: Babies sexcation! There is so much smut in the next chapter that you might need to take breaks. I'll ramble about that next chapter. Anyway, our cute babies go to Italy and have a ton of sex/bonding time. A surprise visit at the end of the chapter kills the mood. Oh and my Free! OTP appears to help set up more stuff for the Daycare Universe.

PS: Our babies try a bunch of new sex things in the next chapter. Some of the things you've requested will be in there~

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Mildy germophobia, dry humping, anxiety, body worshiping, hand jobs, blow jobs, mutual masturbation, rimming, anal sex

Note: Hey everyone! Brace yourselves for smut galore! See you at the end~

PS - Fanfiction didn't want me to upload this properly this week, so sorry if it's formatted weird! Please let me know and I'll edit the best can. This is mostly applied to text that ran together awkwardly or lack of the scene-break line.

Kida-Asumi

The month of October started off fine for the Akashi Corporation. Their stock numbers were steady, and their departments were on track to surpass their yearly goals. In Seijuurou's opinion, this was the perfect time to take a vacation.

Seijuurou hated professional luncheons. They were one of his least favorite ways to spend an afternoon. He scowled as his boyfriend helped straighten his clothing, an amused smile on his face.

"Now Seijuurou-kun, you won't be able to properly dominate Akazo with such a cute expression on your face." Tetsuya teased. Seijuurou rolled his eyes.

"I don't want to do this. Why can't we just go to Italy today? Why do we have to wait until tomorrow?" He asked. He was more than a little frustrated by this requirement from his father. He insisted that he check in with his connections before he left for their vacation. It was reasonable, but Seijuurou had been through hell recently, and was in desperate need of a little TLC and alone time with his boyfriend, far away from all of this. He was sure that Tetsuya was the same way. "Are you not just as impatient as I am?" He asked. Tetsuya's expression softened, and he pulled him into a reassuring hug.

"Of course I am, Sei. I also understand where your father is coming from. That and this gives me some time to pack up and make sure I have everything I need. You refuse to tell me the exact location, so I need to make sure that I am prepared for any sort of climate." Tetsuya explained. "I can't wait to be away from everything, just you and me. It's been a hard month for both of us." Seijuurou sighed, resting his forehead on his shoulder.

"We're taking a bath tonight when I get home." He said. Tetsuya nodded, cuddling close.

"Okay. Is there anything you want to buy today? I need to go to the store to pick up some extra supplies." He said. Seijuurou hid a smile at the shy tone his boyfriend's voice took on. So it was going to be one of those kind of shopping trips.

"The flavored lube we were looking for. I'm very excited to try it out." He smirked. Tetsuya blushed but nodded, trying his best to be nonchalant. Seijuurou kissed him chastely before pulling away.

"I'll be home as soon as I can." He said. Tetsuya nodded, lacing their fingers together as they made
their way downstairs.

"I'll be waiting. Have a nice day, Seijuurou-kun." He said, leaning up to kiss his cheek. Seijuurou turned his head and connected their lips, quickly parting his lips. Tetsuya was eager to deepen the kiss, moaning as he gave Seijuurou entrance to his mouth. When they pulled apart, Seijuurou had to push back the warm pools of arousal forming in his lower abdomen.

This vacation couldn't come soon enough.

As they entered the airport terminal, Seijuurou had to fight back a groan. Tetsuya squeezed his hand, shooting him a concerned frown.

"Are you okay, Seijuurou-kun?" He asked. Seijuurou nodded, returning his squeeze.

"I need to go to the restroom. I should have gone before we left the house." He said. Tetsuya's expression smoothed to amused understanding.

"Maybe I should start reminding you." He teased. Seijuurou shook his head as they headed to the bathroom.

"I really hate airport restrooms. The toilet seats are always contaminated with international germs." He said with a repulsed shudder. Tetsuya squeezed his hand again as they pushed open the door. There was a man leaning over the sink, looking as if he would be sick. He looked a little familiar, and Seijuurou mulled over who he might be. Tetsuya's eyes softened with concern for the man, and Seijuurou guessed that he would inquire about his well being.

"I promise to thoroughly wash you tonight in our Italian shower." Tetsuya said softly. Seijuurou chuckled, pausing so that Tetsuya could place an affectionate kiss of his lips before retreating to a stall around the corner. As he began to unbutton his pants, he heard his boyfriend's voice.

"Ano, are you okay?" Tetsuya asked. Seijuurou smiled a little at his correct guess. The sound of a sink being turned on filled the bathroom.

"No, I'm not." The stranger responded. Seijuurou could just imagine Tetsuya's frown. He finished his business, but decided to stay in the stall until his boyfriend was done with his conversation.

"A few months ago, I wasn't okay as well. I felt that the pressure I was under was too great. I love basketball. I love my team. However, I didn't love it enough to make it my focus for the rest of my life. I lashed out in my own way, and I hurt a lot of my friends. My best friend and I only recently began speaking again." Seijuurou winced, empathy for his boyfriend. He could just imagine the sad little smile on his face, and it broke Seijuurou's heart. "I decided not to try and pursue basketball professionally. I don't like what competitions do to friends. I don't like what it does to me. It's supposed to be fun, not about winning." Tetsuya declared. Seijuurou nodded in his stall, a little proud smirk crossing his features. His boyfriend had come such a long way since last year.

"When my team began to pester me about it, my future plans for the sport, of all things, everything became too much. I called my boyfriend and asked him what he thought I was going to do for the rest of my life." Seijuurou frowned, knowing where this was going. "Thinking that I was joking around, he said that I was going to be fiercely battling him on the court. I immediately hung up on him, and turned off my phone." Hearing the waver in Tetsuya's voice had Seijuurou flushing the toilet and making his way towards him. "I didn't move for two days." Tetsuya finished.

Seijuurou walked around the corner, glaring at the male that had his boyfriend bringing up all of these painful memories.
"Tetsuya?" He asked, approaching them.

"Wash your hands, Akashi-kun." Tetsuya murmured, shrugging off his concern. Seijuurou frowned at the use of his last name, and he sought out Tetsuya's gaze. He saw the need to fix something, and from the tear stained eyes of the stranger, Seijuurou could guess where this was going. This guy must be going through something similar, and his boyfriend was trying to help. Seijuurou dropped the topic, and moved to wash his hands. Seijuurou noted the jacket that was beside his luggage. Specifically, the 'Iwatobi' printed across the back.

"Akashi-kun had panicked and made plans to come see me the next day if I hadn't responded. His friends and teammates advised him to wait another day. When he found me, I was severely dehydrated and delirious." He explained, his face full of shame and embarrassment. Seijuurou frowned, quickly drying his hands before wrapping a supportive arm around his waist. The stranger watch on in confusion at the action, concerned for Tetsuya's wellbeing. Seijuurou appreciated that, his judgement of this male growing in a more positive light. Tetsuya gave himself a little shake to snap out of his weird mood, and looked up to meet the stranger's gaze, determination in his blue eyes.

"After I was in a better state of health, I told Akashi-kun that I couldn't do basketball as a competitive sport any longer. He was confused, but instead asked what I wanted to do. I told him I wanted to teach and look after young children." He smiled a bit at that, looking up to meet Seijuurou's warm gaze. The Akashi heir tried to convey his support in that gaze.

"The point that I am trying to make is that miscommunication is just that. Miscommunication. I didn't properly tell Akashi-kun what had been going on, and because of it, I could have lost him and myself. I'm not sure what your problem is…" Tetsuya trailed off, prompting the stranger for his name.


"I'm not sure what your problem is, Haru-kun, but you seem to keep a lot of things in. If you do your best to communicate, then everything will be fine. Those that know you best will understand." Tetsuya glanced up at Seijuurou, a smile on his face. Deciding to wrap up this conversation, Seijuurou offered his hand to Haru.

"Hello, Haru. I am Akashi Seijuurou, and this is Kuroko Tetsuya." He offered. Haru took his hand, and a look of relief crossed his face. So he had caught Seijuurou's revelation on who he actually was. From the way that he glanced between him and Tetsuya, Seijuurou noted that he knew who they were as well. He was probably worried that they were judging him for his poor performance at the prefectural.

"It's nice to meet you." Haru and Tetsuya spoke together. As Haru relaxed, Seijuurou decided that he would let Tetsuya wrap this up.

"I'm going to go and see if our flight has arrived. You have five minutes, Tetsuya." Seijuurou ordered, pressing an affectionate kiss to Tetsuya's blue hair before stepping away from him. Tetsuya nodded, and he felt their eyes on him as he left the restroom.

He was sure that Haru would come clean to just Tetsuya. And his boyfriend being the miracle worker that he was, he would help him through this. He would ask about what happened as they went to bed that night.
Tetsuya watched the conflict going on in Haru's eyes. Finally, he spoke.

"How did you manage to vocalize your issues? I tried, but I think that I did it wrong and now I think I've lost him." Haru admitted. Tetsuya's heart went out to him when his blue eyes filled with unwanted tears. Yeah, he had been there once. He offered him a small, empathetic smile.

"Forgive me for assuming things, Haru-kun, but you seem even more introverted than I am. I have always tried to communicate to others. My lack of presence is often overlooked. Because of that, only a handful of people truly understand me. My methods will not work for you." Tetsuya watched as Haru's expression fell, and disappointment filled his eyes. "However, I have a solution." He said with a smile.

"What is it?" Haru asked.

"Call him and blurt out what the first thing you can think of. If it doesn't make sense, he'll question it. Start ranting. If he's who I think he is, or even what kind of person I think he is, he'll eventually catch on and understand. Or agree immediately and question you later. Akashi-kun and I spent 6 months at odds with one another. It was terrible and I'm still a little insecure, even after all these years. Yet when I finally gave in and tried to communicate with him, he met me halfway and that was what mattered most." Tetsuya said before checking his watch, frowning as he noticed the time. Suddenly he was being passed Haru's phone.

"...if I encounter more issues, can I contact you?" Haru asked, the light in his eyes hopeful. Tetsuya's expression softened.

"Yes, Haru-kun. Here is my phone as well." He offered. They exchanged numbers. "Good luck, Haru-kun. Let me know how it goes." He said.

"I will." Haru promised. Offering him another smile, Tetsuya left the bathroom.

Seijuurou let out a sigh of relief as he and Tetsuya stepped into their hotel room. The flight had been long and uncomfortable. It had been Tetsuya's first flight, and he had remained excited throughout it, which managed to bring a smile to Seijuurou's face. That and Tetsuya fell asleep about two hours in, and when he awoke, he had the cutest sleepy face that Seijuurou had yet to see, which he absolutely adored.

"Go ahead and get the shower ready, Seijuurou-kun. I'll unpack." Tetsuya insisted. Seijuurou pulled Tetsuya into his arms, tenderly pressing their lips together. Tetsuya smiled against his mouth, pulling back just as Seijuurou was opening his mouth.

"Not yet, Seijuurou-kun. It will be so much better when you feel clean." Tetsuya murmured, even if he cuddled closer. Seijuurou nodded, tightening his hold on Tetsuya.

"I know, I know. You're right. Thank you, babe." Seijuurou murmured. Tetsuya froze, pulling away to stare at him in confusion.

"Babe?" He asked, perplexed by the title. Seijuurou's eyes widened and a blush rose to his cheeks.

"I don't know why I just called you that. I'm sorry, Tetsuya, that's so rude of me." He said, horrified by that slip. What the hell, he didn't even use that term! Suddenly he was in Tetsuya's arms again.

"You don't have to apologize, Seijuurou-kun. It's okay. I was just a little surprised." Tetsuya promised, rubbing his back. Seijuurou snuggled close, still embarrassed. He hadn't been this embarrassed in a long time.

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"It's such a disrespectful term. What is wrong with me?" Seijuurou mumbled in to his shoulder. "I feel like a different person." He admitted. Tetsuya tightened his hold on Seijuurou, and Seijuurou returned it.

"You have been so strong against all kinds of stress recently, Seijuurou-kun. It's okay to be a little disoriented. After all, that's why we took this vacation. To reorganize ourselves and cure our pent up desires." He said. Seijuurou nodded, pulling back just to meet his gaze. Tetsuya offered him a smile. "Never apologize for calling me something new, Sei. You never know, one might stick. And if it doesn't, well then I guess it doesn't." He said with a shrug. Seijuurou nodded, looking down at his boyfriend.

"You are too good to me, Tetsuya. You really, really are. Which is why I brought your favorite body wash. The one from our vacation last year?" He said, heart soaring with joy as Tetsuya's eyes widened.

"The exclusive, limited time only one? We took home three bottles last year." Tetsuya said breathlessly. Seijuurou nodded, pulling away to bend down and open up his suitcase. Tetsuya quickly followed him, watching with rapt anticipation as Seijuurou pulled out two bottles.

"I spoke with Shinning about it. As of your birthday with January, it will be on the shelves full time. You will be getting them for free for the rest of your life too." He said. Tetsuya beamed and surged forward to kiss him. Seijuurou eagerly parted his lips, tongue seeking Tetsuya's. They moaned together as they tasted one another in what felt like the first time in forever.

"Sei-" Tetsuya gasped as Seijuurou pressed him in to the floor. Seijuurou's eyes rolled as their hips ground together, their erections flaring to life. "It's been so long." Tetsuya gasped, arching up as Seijuurou's hands slid under his shirt. "I've missed this." Seijuurou murmured as he dragged his kisses down his jaw. He nipped at Tetsuya's skin, moaning when his boyfriend's nails dragged over his scalp. "I've missed you, Tetsuya."

"I've missed you too. Seijuurou-kun, please." Tetsuya begged, bucking his hips up in an attempt to get him closer. Seijuurou pulled back, chest heaving as he tried to catch his breath. Waves of arousal crashed over him as he looked down at his flushed boyfriend. Tetsuya's cheeks were a bright red, and his eyes were dark with lust. His shirt was pushed up, revealing his taut abdominal muscles. His jeans were tugged down with his straining erection. Tetsuya reached up and grabbed his hips, pressing them down against his own. "Ah!" He moaned, tilting his head back. Releasing a little moan of his own, Seijuurou began to mercilessly grind their erections together. Between the pent up lust that had been building up over the last month and the friction of their jeans, it didn't take long for both of them to make a mess of themselves.

"Well I feel better." Seijuurou declared with a rakish grin as he stared down at his boyfriend.

"Uh-huh." Tetsuya said, eyes dazed from his orgasm. Chuckling, Seijuurou leaned down and pressed a kiss to his lips before climbing off of him.

"I will got and start the shower now, Tetsuya. Don't keep me waiting." He teased. Tetsuya smiled and nodded before closing his eyes to try and regain his strength.

"Stop it, Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya laughed as his boyfriend playfully pressed him against the wall of the shower, his soap-covered fingers tickling his sides. "Do you want another orgasm tonight?" He asked, even if his arms wrapped around Seijuurou's back, nails digging in as he dragged them down.
Seijuurou's body shuddered with pleasure at the sensation, even if he kept his playful smirk on his face. In retaliation, he slid his leg between Tetsuya's, pressing up against his wet cock. Tetsuya moaned, tilting his head back. Seijuurou took a moment to admire the pale column of neck exposed to him before leaning forward and suckling a gentle mark at the base of his throat. Tetsuya's breath hitched, and his cock twitched against Seijuurou's leg.

Seijuurou's mouth eventually moved away from the mark, sucking sweet patches of skin into his mouth as he made his way over to one of Tetsuya's ears. He pulled away, softly blowing on the organ. Tetsuya giggled, jerking away from him.

"Seijuurou." Tetsuya whined softly, even as he pulled him closer. Seijuurou nuzzled his ear before pulling away. He locked eyes with Tetsuya, making sure that he had his full attention before reaching down and pulling him off of the ground. Tetsuya let out a surprised shriek (that he would later deny), wrapping his legs around Seijuurou's waist. "What are you doing?" Tetsuya gasped. Seijuurou pressed a quick, chaste kiss to his lips before turning around and sitting him on the edge of the tub.

"Situating you." He simply said. Tetsuya shot him a reproachful glare, which Seijuurou smirked at. "Pass me the wash cloth." He said as he kneeled in front of his boyfriend. Tetsuya did as he was told, his gaze still suspicious of where this was going. "I'm not going to ravish you in here, Tetsuya. I will wait until we are on a bed, I promise." Seijuurou teased. Tetsuya blushed, looking up and away from his boyfriend.

"...you could ravish me in here. I wouldn't mind." Tetsuya murmured softly. He jumped when Seijuurou suddenly grabbed his ankle, lifting his leg. Seijuurou tenderly pressed the cloth against the bottom on his feet, taking care to softly massage the soap into his skin.

"No, I will wait. You deserve to be made love to in a soft bed. I plan to take my time with you tonight, Tetsuya. We need it." He whispered before leaning forward and pressing a soft kiss to the top of his foot. Seijuurou barely heard the sharp intake of breath from his boyfriend, and he could feel him watching him. Seijuurou pressed tender and gentle kisses to the top of his boyfriend's foot, slowly working his way up to his ankle. He gave a sharp nip to the soft skin at the back of his ankle, and Tetsuya gave a soft moan in response. Smirking, Seijuurou pulled back a little to watch the blood rise up from his skin. He looked up and met Tetsuya's eyes before leaning down and sealing his mouth around the wound, sucking the bite closed. His tongue soothed the tender skin, simultaneous wiping up the blood. Once he could no longer taste the copper of the blood, he pulled back and admired his mark.

"Very good." He murmured, bringing the wash cloth up to thoroughly clean the area. He saw Tetsuya lick his lips, pupils dilating with arousal as he Seijuurou kissed and wipe his way up his legs. Tetsuya tossed his head back and moaned when Seijuurou gently squeezed the soreness out of his calf, tenderly lathering his skin as well. Tetsuya's dick was hardening where it lay nestled beneath his blue curls, still glistening from the shower water. Seijuurou washed his knee before switching over to his other leg and giving it the same treatment. Once that was done, he pulled back a little to rinse the wash cloth and put more wash on it.

"Sei?" Tetsuya asked softly as he watched his boyfriend's amusing habit. It drove Seijuurou crazy to continue washing away filth with a dirty wash cloth.

"Yes, my love?" Seijuurou responded, keeping his tone hushed to meet Tetsuya's. Tetsuya smiled at the nickname.

"I don't want to come here yet. You know how much I hate it when I have more orgasms than you. It's not fair." Seijuurou adored the pout that settled over Tetsuya's lips, and he couldn't resist leaning
Okay, I understand your request, even if I think it's a little silly. I love bringing you over the edge." He declared, eyes glowing with mischief as Tetsuya turned bright red. "However, if it gets to be too much, let me know and I'll gladly finish you. Besides, we have time, Tetsuya. You could always 'pay me back,' even if I think it's unnecessary." He pointed out. Tetsuya sighed but didn't continue this debate, knowing it would probably get them nowhere. He seemed satisfied by Seijuurou's promise, and watched as his boyfriend dipped between his thighs.

Seijuurou was careful not to touch his boyfriend's cock as he worshiped his thighs. There were one of his favorite parts of his boyfriend's body. They were very slim, but very firm. Seijuurou fantasied about getting off between them more than once. He let out a soft moan at the thought, his own cock twitching between his legs, and he opened his mouth to leave a bite on Tetsuya's left, inner thigh. His boyfriend's gasp was like music to his ears, and he pressed down on to the flesh just hard enough to leave an impression, but not break the skin. He didn't want Tetsuya to be uncomfortable later. One of Tetsuya's hands reached up and twisted in his hair, pressing him closer to his thigh. Seijuurou began to suck and lick at the skin, smirking a little when Tetsuya gave a pleased noise. Eventually he released the skin and moved over to the other thigh.

"You're too good to me." Tetsuya murmured as Seijuurou washed one thigh and playfully licked his way up the other. Seijuurou shook his head, nuzzling his navel tenderly.

"Never good enough, actually." Seijuurou disagreed. He pulled back, smiling up at his boyfriend, even as he moved to wash his other thigh. Tetsuya simply leaned forward and pressed their foreheads together, blue eyes full of emotion.

"You are the love of my life, Akashi Seijuurou. Never doubt that, okay?" He asked. Seijuurou's breath caught in his throat at that honest declaration, and he nodded. If that was one thing in his life that he was sure would withstand all tests of time, he knew it would be this. Them.

"I love you too, Tetsuya. I love you so very much." He said, watching as tears welled up in Tetsuya's eyes. His boyfriend nodded, offering him a wobbly smile before sliding his arms around his neck and pulled him close for a tender hug. Seijuurou was quick to return his embrace, even if he frowned a little at how cold his back was. A shiver from Tetsuya confirmed that this shower needed to soon. Pressing an affectionate kiss to the side of his head, Seijuurou pulled them up before stepping back.

"I'm going to finish washing your chest, arms, and shoulders. Then I'm going to give you the wash cloth so you can wash the places I missed." He said with a wink. Tetsuya nodded, his cheeks darkening as he caught his boyfriend's reference.

Seijuurou began with his shoulders. They were another favorite of his, being as soft and small as a bird's wing. He pressed a tender kiss to each of them before squeezing the wash cloth across his shoulders, making sure that plenty of soap dripped on them. He tossed the wash cloth over his own shoulder before reaching out and massaging them. Tetsuya moaned, dropping his head forward as he relaxed under Seijuurou's touch. Seijuurou did his best to lather the soap into his skin while simultaneously working out the kinks at the base of his neck and across his back. He trailed his fingers down Tetsuya's spine, continuing his work. When Tetsuya slumped against him, coos of contentment escaping him, Seijuurou decided that his work was done. Satisfied, he pressed him closer, smiling a little as Tetsuya cuddled close.

"Good?" He asked. Tetsuya nodded, kissing the nearest patch of skin he could find. The sentiment warmed him from head to toe, and he returned the kiss to Tetsuya's forehead. He gently pushed him back and pulled the wash cloth from his shoulder.
Tetsuya's chest was sinewy at best, if not a little on the boney side of things. Seijuurou was doing his damnedest to make it not that way, but between his own busy schedule and keeping himself healthy, it was certainly an uphill battle. His lips turned down a fraction of an inch with disapproval as his fingers traced over Tetsuya's ribs. He shouldn't be able to feel them as easily as he could, even if he couldn't see them.

"You worry me, Tetsuya. I need to start watching you at meal times." He murmured. Tetsuya's eyes turned down and a sigh of weary resignation escaped him.

"Okay. I'm sorry for all the trouble I cause you." He said. Seijuurou shook his head, moving forward to press a tender kiss to his lips as he moved the washcloth down his sternum.

"Don't ever apologize for that, Tetsuya. Worrying about you is a task I will gladly take on any day. It means that I will do everything in my power to keep you happy and safe." He said. Tetsuya smiled at that, and the little curl to his lips caused Seijuurou's heart to flutter.

Tetsuya gasped against his mouth when pressed the wash cloth against his chest, the fibers of the cloth teasing his nipples in to a pert hardness. Moaning, Tetsuya leaning in to his touch, eyes closed and his face an expression of bliss. Seijuurou bit back a chuckle, using the wash cloth to twist the nipple under his hand. Remembering his earlier promise, he abandoned that nipple and moved to the other, doing the same ministrations. He moved on to his abdomen. It was very flat and petite. His waist was very slim, even if his hips were not. Seijuurou teasing pressed a finger into his belly button, wiping the cloth around it. Tetsuya let out a breathless giggle, reaching down to pull his hand away.

"Stop it, Sei." He said, and just like that, the playful atmosphere from before was back. Seijuurou chuckled, making an effort to get him again. Tetsuya shrieked when the washcloth brushed against his side, jerking away from him. Seijuurou's free arm quickly wrapped around his waist, intuition telling him that his boyfriend could fall if they were not careful. Tetsuya's laughter was still in the pleased sigh he let out at being pulled close. The look he shot Seijuurou from under his lashes was one full of adoration and affection. Once he was satisfied that Tetsuya was covered with soap, Seijuurou turned and cleaned out the wash cloth one last time before passing it to Tetsuya.

"I'm going to go and get everything ready for us in the bedroom. You finish up in here and then join me." He said. Tetsuya nodded, leaning forward to kiss him.

"Okay. I'll see you soon." He grinned. Seijuurou kissed him one more time before stepping out of the shower.

Seijuurou was pulling a couple of condoms out on his bedside table when Tetsuya entered the room, dressed in an identical robe to the one he was wearing. Tetsuya smiled when he spotted him, and Seijuurou offered a smile in return. His boyfriend approached him, wrapping his arms around his waist.

"These robes are so soft. This is a really nice resort you picked out, Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou nodded, pressing a kiss to the top of his head.

"Thank you, Tetsuya. Tomorrow we can go exploring the city and shopping. Tonight, however…" He trailed off, gesturing to the various lubes he had set up on the table. Tetsuya nodded, reaching down and grabbing one of the unscented ones.

"Can I try something tonight, Seijuurou-kun? It's something I promised to do for you on your birthday last year." He said. Seijuurou raised his right brow, intrigued.
"Oh?" Tetsuya nodded, untying their robes before gesturing towards the bed.

"Yes. I'll elaborate in a bit, I promise." He said. Seijuurou nodded slipping the robe off of him and hanging it on the hook beside him. Tetsuya went to his side of the bed and did the same. Seijuurou climbed in to bed, settling himself against the smooth sheets and pillows. The cool air in the room had killed his semi from the shower, but watching his naked boyfriend climb on to the bed was certainly bringing it back. He smirked, reaching out to grab his boyfriend's hips. He yanked him forward so that way their hips were aligned. Tetsuya grinned at the action, teasingly reaching down and taking both of their cocks in his hand.

"Good evening, Seijuurou-kun." He said, leaning forward to kiss him. Seijuurou parted his lips, sucking Tetsuya's eager tongue into his mouth as he moved his hips up, pressing his cock against Tetsuya's own and his hand. Tetsuya moaned in his mouth, tongue exploring his mouth as their cocks grew hard between them.

Seijuurou loved dry rutting. Yes, it could be uncomfortable at times. It was a little too dry most of the time as well. Yet the thought of getting off with the one you love, come being your only lubrication, was so primal that it turned him on. The thought of it caused his dick to twitch, and he raised a knee to help Tetsuya with the friction.

"Sei-" Tetsuya choked, hips and dick humping against his knee. When he felt the precome starting to smear against him, Seijuurou's fingers journeyed down and slid into Tetsuya's crack. Tetsuya pulled back from him, free hand reaching to grab his wandering fingers.

"No. Can I try to prepare myself for you?" Tetsuya asked. His tone was neutral, but his blush gave away his uncertainties. Seijuurou nodded, removing his hand and relaxing against the sheets to enjoy the show.

"If that is what you wish, Tetsuya. I can promise you that I would really enjoy that." He said. As if to agree with him, his dick twitched against their thighs. Tetsuya smirked a little at it, one hand reaching for the lube as the other stroked Seijuurou's dick, as if to reassure it that soon be feeling pleasure. His smile turned a little nervous as he spread the lube across his fingers.

"Please don't tease me too much, Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou's expression softened and he nodded.

"Of course, Tetsuya. If you need me to do anything, just let me know." He murmured. Tetsuya nodded before raising himself to his knees. He reached behind him, to what Seijuurou assumed was spreading his cheeks, before he slid a between his legs and under his dick to probe at his puckered hole with his lubed fingers.

Seijuurou watched with rapt attention as Tetsuya's eyes slid closed and his mouth dropped open with a low moan when the first finger slid in. His boyfriend's thighs quivered as he pushed the finger in deeper, moaning again. Seijuurou moaned in response, reaching a hand down to touch his dick. Tetsuya opened his eyes to watch when he felt Seijuurou's dick move, and he watched his boyfriend swallow at the sight of him jerking himself off.

Seijuurou watched as Tetsuya's cock twitched when he pressed a second finger in, a loud moan escaping him. Seijuurou couldn't help but echo it, reaching a thumb up to smear his precome around the head of his cock. He reached forward with his other hand, doing the same to Tetsuya's. His boyfriend gasped, just as he was in the middle of stretching himself for the first time.

"No, I can't-" Tetsuya's voice desperately spoke. Seijuurou immediately left his cock be, understanding the distraction. Instead he let his hand wander down to his own sack, rolling the balls
within them. His nipples hardened at the waves of pleasure that shot up his spine, and he did his best to keep his eyes open as Tetsuya began to insert the third and final finger. Slowly, Tetsuya began to stretch himself once more.

This had got to be one of the hottest things that Seijuurou had ever witnessed. Watching Tetsuya get ready for his cock, so desperate to be prepared to take it in, was so sexy.

"You're so sexy, Tetsuya." The words slipped out of him before he could stop it. Tetsuya's body flushed under the compliment, and he began to fuck himself on his own fingers.

"Seijuurou-kun, I can't wait to be riding you instead. No matter how many times I jerk myself off like this, it's not the same. Nothing stretches me and fills me up like your cock." Tetsuya whispered. Seijuurou's eyes slid closed without his permission as his cock oozed precome, a direct response from the hot words his boyfriend was speaking. If there was one skill that Tetsuya came equipped with, apparently it was dirty talk

Wait, Seijuurou's mind helpfully spoke up, did Tetsuya say he's been doing this as he masturbates? God, he had the best boyfriend.

"Has it gotten easier?" He found himself asking. Tetsuya nodded, dropping his head back as a guttural moan left him.

"So much easier. It's because you keep me so loose all the time. Because of last month I'm actually going to be a little tighter. I'm sorry in advance." His boyfriend managed to pant out.

"Tetsuya, I need you." Seijuurou said as his dick gave another pulse in his hand. Tetsuya nodded, thrusting on to his fingers a few more times. As he watched those familiar fingers get swallowed up by his boyfriend's entrance, Seijuurou was almost worried he wouldn't be able to last until he could make Tetsuya come. His angel of a boyfriend, however, removed his fingers shortly after, and he let himself rest on Seijuurou's thighs

"I can't ride you." Tetsuya admitted, shame and self-doubt coloring his tone. Seijuurou shook his head, sitting up to cup his face with his free hand and pull him in to a deep kiss. He bit into Tetsuya's lip, demanding entrance in to his mouth even as he sucked the lip in to his mouth. Tetsuya's tongue snaked out, eagerly meeting his own. Seijuurou's hand reached up and cupped the back of Tetsuya's head and the other grabbed the condoms before easing him down. They hips rubbed together, both releasing moans and gasps as pleasure assaulted their senses. Tetsuya's hands reached up and twisted in his hair, making Seijuurou plunge his lounge deeper in to his boyfriend's hot mouth.

"I need you now." Seijuurou demanded as he pulled away from their searing kiss. Tetsuya nodded, and both scrambled to grab condoms. After they were secure, Tetsuya reached down and guided Seijuurou's dick to his entrance. Seijuurou nuzzled against his cheek, taking a moment to control his thoughts. Finally, he looked down at Tetsuya's face and smiled at him.

"I love you, Tetsuya." He murmured softly, trying his best to convey the depth of his feelings for his boyfriend with just that simple statement, heart throbbing with emotion when he realized that it wouldn't be good enough. Tetsuya's breath hitched, and he smiled tenderly at Seijuurou. The look in his eye was very similar to the one Seijuurou had tried to send him to begin with.

"I love you too, Seijuurou. Please make love to me." He said. That quiet request was one that Seijuurou knew he would never be able to deny. He leaned down and captured Tetsuya's mouth in a soft kiss as he pressed in slowly, cock fighting against the constricting muscles of Tetsuya's inner walls. His boyfriend moaned around the tongue in his mouth, and Seijuurou could feel him trying to relax his inner muscles.
Once he was fully sheathed, Seijuurou pressed gentle kisses against Tetsuya's face, reassuring him that he could take as much time adjusting as he needed. Tetsuya reached for his hands, and Seijuurou was quick to give them to him, curling their fingers together.

"I was right. It's pretty tight." Tetsuya said with a wince. Seijuurou pressed a kiss between his eyebrows, squeezing his hands.

"Do you want me to pull out and we stretch you again?" Seijuurou suggested. Tetsuya shook his head, gritting his teeth as he continued to force his body to relax. Eventually, he nodded.

"Go on." Tetsuya said urgently, squeezing his muscles around Seijuurou's cock. Seijuurou shut his eyes as that warm heat seared around him, and he forced himself through his haze, and he pulled back out, just so the head of his cock was in that delicious warmth. He locked gazes with his boyfriend, making sure that everything was still okay. Tetsuya blinked in response. Seijuurou squeezed his hand before thrusting in.

The first thrust was always something that Seijuurou treasured. It was the first step to thoroughly pleasing his boyfriend. It was the first step to claiming this man as his own.

It was exhilarating.

"Tetsuya." He moaned as he began a steady rhythm of pulling out almost all the way before slamming back in. Each time his sack smacked against Tetsuya's ass, and it send jolts of pleasure through his dick, which twitched in Tetsuya's warmth.

"Seijuurou." Tetsuya answered with a breathy moan of his own, hands gripping Seijuurou's tightly as he was claimed. A few thrusts in and Seijuurou reached down to grab Tetsuya's dick. His boyfriend's hand joined his, and soon they were jerking Tetsuya towards his orgasm.

"I'm coming." Tetsuya gasped in waring. Seijuurou nodded, having guessed that by the spams the walls around his cock were making.

"I'm close too." Seijuurou assured him, and he began to angle his cock differently, searching for Tetsuya's prostate. His boyfriend arched up to him as a loud shout escaped him when he found it. Smirking, Seijuurou leaned down and captured his lips as he began to assault the spot. Not long after, Tetsuya was coming between them. The tight grip on his cock helped bring him closer to his own, and a few more thrusts, he was filling his condom, deeply seated within Tetsuya.

"God." Seijuurou gasped as he collapsed on to Tetsuya. The blue haired male smiled, wrapping his arms around him.

"That was really nice, Seijuurou-kun." He murmured as they cuddled in the afterglow. Seijuurou nodded, forcing himself up on his forearms to stare down at his boyfriend with love-filled eyes.

"I'm really happy to hear that, Tetsuya. I thought it was really nice as well. I love you." He said for what he felt must have been the 10th time that night. Tetsuya leaned up and kissed him chastely, one of the hands at his back gently tracing patterns.

"I love you too, Seijuurou-kun. Will you get us wash cloths please? I want to be clean when I fall asleep in your arms." He said. How could Seijuurou deny such a sweet request? With a parting kiss to Tetsuya's lips, he pulled out of him and made his way to the bathroom. He tied up and tossed out the condom there, as well as cleaned himself, before bringing a clean one to his boyfriend. Tetsuya was sitting up, examining some of the hickeys he had placed on him. His glistening dick revealed that he too had gotten rid of his condom. He thanked Seijuurou softly for the wash cloth, to which
Seijuurou pressed an answering kiss to his forehead. Seijuurou went to check to see that the door was locked and the lights were out. When he returned, it was to Tetsuya curled up in the center of the bed. Seijuurou turned off the light and joined him.

With Tetsuya curled up closely in his arms, and the pleasant buzz of an orgasm still fresh in his mind, Seijuurou couldn't help but smirk at such a wonderful start to their vacation.

Tetsuya was feeding Seijuurou a bite of his pasta when his phone vibrated on the table. It startled him that he accidentally jammed the fork in, drawing a wince from his boyfriend.

"Crap, are you okay, Seijuurou-kun?" Tetsuya asked, his eyes wide with panic. Seijuurou reached out and took the fork from him, taking the pasta and swallowing it before removing it. He winced again when he tentatively ran his tongue over the roof of his mouth, tasting the blood.

"I think it's just a little scrape." Seijuurou said, offering his boyfriend a reassuring smile. Tetsuya frowned, and leaned forward to kiss him in a silent apology. Seijuurou returned the kiss, sending him a wink to lift the subdued look in his eyes. It worked, and Tetsuya blushed.

"Who was the message from?" Seijuurou asked before using Tetsuya's fork to steal more of his light lunch. Tetsuya laced their fingers together with one hand and reached for his phone with the other. His eyes widened a little in surprise at what he saw.

From: Nanase Haru

Subject: Thank you

Kuroko, thank you. I took your advice and it worked. Makoto and I are fine. I am still unsure what I want to do with the rest of my life. I am working on it. If you ever need someone to talk to, I'd love to return the favor. Also, if you can, I'd love to meet you in Tokyo after our relay at Nationals.

"It's from Haru-kun. The one from the airport." He added. Seijuurou let out a contemplative hum, accepting the phone from his boyfriend so that way he could read the message too.

"We should go. I'd be interested to meet his boyfriend and the rest of his friends. That and I love watching people swim. I find it rather soothing." He admitted. Tetsuya grinned widely, pressing a chaste kiss to his lips before eagerly texting Haru back.

To: Nanase Haru

Subject: Re: Thank you

Haru-kun, you are most welcome. I rarely go to Tokyo these days, but I shall make an effort to go and cheer for your team at Nationals. Akashi-kun has expressed an interest in it, so that guarantees my trip there. If you, or any of your friends, are ever in Kyoto, our doors are always open. Akashi-kun and I live in his father's house, but he is rarely home, so it can get lonely from time to time.

We are more than likely going to Tokyo University in the spring. Akashi-kun and I will be putting in our applications next month. Perhaps we could meet in college, too. I'm glad that everything worked out for you, Haru-kun. I look forward to our next correspondence.

"What do you think?" Tetsuya asked, showing him the phone. Seijuurou nodded his approval, so Tetsuya sent it. After he put his phone down, he leaned over and stole Seijuurou's fork, picking from his meal.
"This restaurant was a great choice, Tetsuya. We should come back again before we leave."
Seijuurou said. Tetsuya nodded, smiling at his boyfriend.

"We should, I agree." The shadow agreed as his phone vibrated. He eagerly reached for it, excited to see what Haru's response would be.

From: Nanase Haru

Subject: Matches

When is Rakuzan's next match? If you are going to come to nations, we want to come and cheer for your team as well.

Tetsuya grinned, eagerly responding. So far this vacation was going wonderfully. They had spent the afternoon shopping and exploring. They took so many pictures that both of their phones would need to be purged when they returned to their hotel. Seijuurou had mentioned trying to start a physical photo album of the trip when they got home, and Tetsuya loved the idea.

As Seijuurou's eyes caught his again, Tetsuya couldn't help the elated giggle that escaped him. This vacation was a wonderful idea.

Seijuurou panted against Tetsuya's shoulder as the last sparks of his orgasm left him. Tetsuya's hands were drawing soft patterns in to his shoulder blades as he too came back to himself.

"Better?" Tetsuya managed to ask a few moments later. Seijuurou nodded, gently grazing his teeth over Tetsuya's shoulder before lifting off of him and rolling away.

"I don't know what came over me, Tetsuya. I apologize." Seijuurou murmured. Tetsuya rolled over and frowned at him.

"What do you need to apologize for?" He asked. Seijuurou closed his eyes, trying to push back his feelings of anxiety and self-doubt.

They had decided to go swimming today. The resort they were staying at had a great pool, and they went to check it out after breakfast. They had stayed there through lunch, and came back afterwards.

However, watching Tetsuya glide through the water was a pretty familiar sight. Watching Tetsuya climb from the pool had been one of the most erotic sights Seijuurou had ever witnessed. The way that his swimming trunks clung to his backside, the way that the water ran down the firm lines of his back, and the way that he smiled at Seijuurou, his blue eyes alight with happiness, it was all too much for the red-head and he had ravished his boyfriend the moment they had returned to their hotel room.

"I shouldn't have taken you to bed the moment we entered this room. I failed to hold back my urges to, and neglected to take your feelings into consideration first." He said. Tetsuya's warm hand slipping on to his stomach jolted him out of his self-deprecating thoughts.

"I certainly didn't protest, Seijuurou-kun. What's this all about?" Seijuurou opened his eyes at his boyfriend's soft question. He looked over and met his eyes, and felt himself opening up at the sincerity and concern in them.

"There is a darker side to my personality than you are familiar with, Tetsuya." He began, heart heavy with guilt at having to admit this. Tetsuya's fingers drew soothing circles in to his stomach, giving him the courage to keep talking. "There are things I wish I could do that are morally wrong. I don't
just mean hurting and torturing those that would harm us." He clarified, realizing Tetsuya might have thought that. "I mean in bed too. Sometimes one round isn't enough for me. There are times that I want to keep taking you until you pass out, just so I can know with 100% certainty that you are satisfied. There are times that I want to put you in a very impolite position and have my way with you. God, sometimes I want to ram myself down your throat and fuck it until I'm spent and your voice is hoarse. These are not normal or healthy desires, Tetsuya." He whispered.

Tetsuya scooted closer, gently sliding on top of him. Seijuurou wrapped his arms around his waist, the painful throbbing in his heart getting a little lighter with Tetsuya in his arms.

"Why do you think it's wrong, Seijuurou-kun? Sex isn't something that's supposed to be written in stone." Tetsuya murmured in to his chest. Seijuurou shook his head, tightening his grip on Tetsuya. "But these thoughts aren't me! I mean, they are mine, but they could hurt you. They could humiliate you. That's not what I want." Seijuurou said. Tetsuya looked up at him, and Seijuurou braced himself for repulsion. He was surprised to see Tetsuya's soft expression instead. His boyfriend gripped on to his hips before flipping them over so that Seijuurou was on top of him instead.

"Tetsu" His question was cut off by Tetsuya placing a finger on his lips instead.

"Seijuurou-kun, just listen for a minute, please." He said. When Seijuurou nodded, Tetsuya continued. "Discovering yourself is what our teenage years are supposed to be about. That includes your sexual preferences. Your sexual needs. I know that I've been exploring mine since middle school. Maybe now that you've grown comfortable in our relationship, you're starting to discover your own." Tetsuya said with a reassuring smile. Seijuurou frowned as he thought over Tetsuya's words.

"Isn't that something that is supposed to happen because of our relationship?" He asked. Tetsuya shrugged.

"I don't think it would be healthy, honestly. What we discover in bed together would be just our sexual preference. What we prefer together. But that's not fair to us individually. Sometimes we need to grow separately before we can grow together." He explained. Seijuurou let that sink in. Tetsuya had a point. Maybe he needed to try out these urges and see what they could bring. Hell, Tetsuya might even enjoy them.

"We can explore with each other though, correct?" Seijuurou asked. Tetsuya chuckled, pulling him in to his arms.

"Of course, Sei. I wasn't telling you to go out and buy an alternative. I promise to tell you if I don't like anything that you want to try so long as you extend the same courtesy to me." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou nuzzled in to his boyfriend's neck, relaxing in to his embrace.

"Then can we set a few preferences or limits now? It would make me feel better to know your comfort level." Seijuurou murmured. Tetsuya nodded, gently turning them so that they were lying side by side. He slid his hand down and laced their fingers together. The act brought a smile to Seijuurou's face, and he leaned forward to kiss his boyfriend. When he pulled back, Tetsuya offered him an encouraging smile.

"Let's start with the 'no, I never want to try this.'" Tetsuya said. Seijuurou nodded, resting his head against his pillow as he thought about it.

"Other than come and spit, I don't want to exchange bodily fluids or even food. It's not sanitary." He
said, nose wrinkling in disgust. Tetsuya nodded, and the disgusting feeling he had just for bringing it up reflected on his boyfriend's face. It made Seijuurou feel a little better about this conversation, and he squeezed Tetsuya's hand, prompting him to go next.

"I don't want to be tied in a way I can't move freely. For example, you can tie my hands together, but not to a strong surface. I want to be able to hold on to you, not that." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou nodded, keeping that in mind.

"I agree. It wouldn't be the same without you being able to touch me to give me the signs that everything is going smoothly." He said. Tetsuya smiled, waiting for Seijuurou to continue.

"No food. You know my policy on crumbs in the bed, but I can't imagine licking the syrup off of you and then touching you. You would be sticky, and we would definitely have to take a bath." He stated. Tetsuya nodded his agreement.

"Yeah, it's a lot more effort than it's worth. I don't want to record us having sex. I don't care if it's over skype because you are in a different country or if it's a sex tape, I can't. It would be humiliating if we got caught." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou nodded his agreement.

"I can't beat you, Tetsuya. I ask that you not beat me. Slaps are okay, but not on the face. If you need for me to get a riding crop, I could give it a try but the thought of harming you is a big turn off for me." He admitted. Tetsuya shook his head.

"No, I don't want that either. I mean, yes, it's nice to get smacked on the ass, but my face has been through that before. At this point, it's not something I can think of in a sexual manner." Tetsuya agreed. Seijuurou let out a sigh of relief, chuckling alongside his boyfriend afterwards.

"I was a little nervous about having to let you down later on about that, Tetsuya." He admitted. Tetsuya shook his head, smiling at him.

"Don't ever be afraid to tell me no, Sei. I won't hesitate in return. Are sex toys okay? Like dildos or vibrators?" Tetsuya asked. Seijuurou shrugged, tugging Tetsuya in close.

"I don't really have a preference or stance on them, so we can try them out if you'd like. However, considering that you're my only sexual partner, remember that my entrance was never been touched before. Please be gentle at first." Seijuurou said. Tetsuya nodded.

"Can I try taking you one day? Maybe not today, or even during this trip." Tetsuya quickly added when Seijuurou gave him a confused look. His boyfriend nodded.

"Yes, I don't mind. I hope that you don't think that I would say no." Seijuurou murmured, brow crinkling with discomfort at the thought. Tetsuya shook his head.

"No, it's not that. I just wasn't sure how you would feel about it." Tetsuya explained. Seijuurou pressed a kiss to his forehead.

"Do unto others is one of my life motto's, Tetsuya. I would like to see how it feels to be taken at least once so that way I can see how it feels from your end. I think it would be very rewarding to both of us." He said with a smile. Tetsuya nodded, a grin on his face.

"Good. I can't think of anything else. Can you?" He asked. When Seijuurou shook his head, he leaned forward and kissed him before climbing from the bed. "Perfect. Then shall we go to the couch and watch TV for a few hours?" He asked. Seijuurou nodded and followed after him.

He felt light from that conversation. It was a good thing they had talked about everything. He felt
They were lying on the couch a few nights later, Tetsuya reading from one of the books he had brought with him, and running a hand through Seijuurou's hair, who was curled up on his lap. They were watching the news when the sudden urge to suck off his boyfriend hit Seijuurou. He wasn't sure where it came from, but it was pretty insistent. Biting back a grin, Seijuurou rolled over and reached for his boyfriend's fly. Tetsuya jumped when his fingers brushed the zipper, and he frowned down at his boyfriend in confusion.

"Seijuurou-kun? What are you doing?" He asked. Seijuurou didn't respond until he had Tetsuya's cock out of his pants.

"I want to suck you off. Can I?" He asked, looking up at Tetsuya with lust-blown pupils. Tetsuya nodded, his cheeks darkening as Seijuurou licked his palm before grasping his cock and starting a steady rhythm. When Tetsuya let out his first moan from the hand job, Seijuurou leaned forward and wrapped his lips around his boyfriend's head.

"Ah!" Tetsuya gasped. Seijuurou watched, feeling pleased that only he could make his boyfriend make these sounds. He pulled off of Tetsuya's head, his tongue snaking out to trace around Tetsuya's head. "Sei." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou slid his tongue in to the slit, enjoying the salty taste before wrapping his tongue around the head and pushing down on to the cock once more. His hand continued to pump the length of the cock as Seijuurou continued to pleasure the head.

Soon his boyfriend's cock was swollen and pulsating. Seijuurou barely noticed his own bulge, so wrapped up in milking his boyfriend's leaking cock.

"Nh." Seijuurou grunted when Tetsuya leaned over and began to palm him through his pants.

"You don't have to." Seijuurou popped off of Tetsuya's cock to say. The shadow shook his head, carefully pushing Seijuurou back on to his cock before undoing his boyfriend's fly.

"I want to." He said. Seijuurou shuddered at those words and he focused on working his boyfriend closer to his orgasm. As Tetsuya continued to pump his cock, Seijuurou turned over and on to his side, bobbing his head at this new angle so that Tetsuya's leaking head touched the back of his throat. He swallowed, holding back a wince when Tetsuya's hips shot forward. Tetsuya's hand gently grasped his chin, tapping twice to let him know to get off.

"Let me lay down too, Seijuurou-kun. I don't want to hurt you." He panted. Seijuurou nodded, letting go of his cock. They both stood up, quickly getting rid of their clothing. Seijuurou placed a chaste kiss to Tetsuya's lips before laying down on the couch. He spread his legs, giving his dick a reassuring pump before reaching for Tetsuya. He grasped Tetsuya's hips as he climbed on top of him, making sure that he was steady before tugging his cock back in to his mouth.

Seijuurou let out a moan as his boyfriend's taste took over his senses. He guided Tetsuya's hips down until his nose was buried in Tetsuya's blue curls. The smell of his boyfriend sent another throb of pleasure down to his cock, and the little moan his boyfriend let out informed him that he was leaking too.

Tetsuya's mouth felt so good on his cock too. Just the thought of what it must look like had Seijuurou swallowing around the cock in his mouth. His boyfriend let out a loud moan around his cock, and the vibrations had Seijuurou's eyes rolling for a minute. When he felt that orgasmic edge approaching, Seijuurou fondly grasped Tetsuya's balls, giving his boyfriend pause, before he swiftly stood up from the couch, his arms wrapped tightly around Tetsuya's waist to keep him in his
"Seijuurou-kun!" Tetsuya's alarmed voiced had him smirking, and he let go of Tetsuya's cock to press a kiss to the weeping head.

"I'm just moving us to the bed." He promised. Tetsuya's hands were now on his back, his nails digging in to him. The thrill of this, carrying his boyfriend as he sucked on his dick, was giving Seijuurou a new level of arousal.

God, what a great vacation. He careful set Tetsuya down on the bed before swiftly rolling him over.

"Condom or no?" Seijuurou asked as he grabbed the lube. Tetsuya was panting beneath him, hips giving uncontrollable thrusts in to the bed. Seijuurou smirked a little at how breathless his boyfriend was.

"N-no." Tetsuya managed to stutter out, moaning his name loudly when he spread his legs.

"Did you like that, Tetsuya? The thrill of being upside down with the pleasure of sucking my cock?" Seijuurou asked, parting his cheeks with one hand before pouring the lube on to his hole. Tetsuya twitched at the cool substance, but still managed to nod.

"It was terrifying. It was hot. Fuck." Tetsuya grunted when Seijuurou shoved in two fingers. Seijuurou waited for his boyfriend to squeeze around his fingers before pulling them back out. He let the tips in, teasingly circling his rim before thrusting them back inside. Tetsuya keened in to the bed, gripping on to the sheets tightly.

"Good. I'm glad you enjoyed it just as much as I did." Seijuurou purred, plunging in a third finger when he thrusted back in.

"Seijuurou!" Tetsuya shouted, arching his hips back when Seijuurou began to trace his prostate. "I'm not going to last." He murmured. Seijuurou could agree as his own cock gave an angry warning at being neglected. The delicious sounds his boyfriend was making was really all he needed. After spreading his fingers a couple more times, Seijuurou lined himself up with Tetsuya's entrance and began to thrust.

It was sloppy and fast. The overwhelming heat from his boyfriend's entrance in combination with his two-thrust orgasm sent Seijuurou flying over the edge with only a handful of thrusts.

"Tetsuya." He moaned as he came, resting his forehead against Tetsuya's back. His boyfriend weakly squeezed his cock.

"That was so good." Tetsuya whispered, cuddling in the sheets. Seijuurou nodded, placing kisses along his spine. His boyfriend reached back and pulled him out of his ass before rolling over and pulling him in to his arms.

"I think we're out of clean sheets too." Seijuurou murmured in to his chest. Tetsuya shrugged, running his hands through his hair.

"Well then I guess we'll order more. That was a great idea. Are you feeling okay?" Tetsuya asked, reaching down to squeeze at his arms to clarify. Seijuurou nodded, nuzzling one of his nipples tenderly.

"Yeah, you're really light. We can try it again sometime." He promised. Tetsuya's content sigh brought a smile to his face.
"Tomorrow we should go to the spa." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou nodded.

"Okay." He agreed.

Seijuurou smiled as he watched Tetsuya slip off into the bathroom, stating that he wanted to check on something before they went to bed for the night.

Today they had spent it at the spa. Both had been given massages that had made them feel boneless. Tetsuya had his first manicure and pedicure, and they had just gotten out of a mud bath.

Seijuurou was feeling more relaxed than he had in what felt like years. He was in Italy with the love of his life, far from Japan and all of their responsibilities. They only had a handful of days left, and he intended to make every one of them count. With a content hum he plugged in both of their phones and made sure that they didn't have any outstanding messages. When the sound of the bathroom door opening came to his ears, Seijuurou left the phones and returned to bed, smiling at his boyfriend when he exited the room. His eyes widened at what he saw.

Tetsuya's face was bright red with embarrassment, and his shaking hands were behind his back.

"Do…do you like it?" Tetsuya asked, voice hushed with his self-consciousness. Seijuurou's eyes widened further as he ogled the outfit he was wearing.

The lingerie was a light pink, accenting against his pale skin and complimenting his blue hair and eyes. The panties left little to imagine, and the pink, lacy trim to them led back to a single string, Seijuurou nodded when Tetsuya approached the bed. The pink top he was wearing was fitting to his chest in a way that a woman's would not be, implying that his boyfriend either researched it before buying or went shopping with one of their friends. The top stopped above his belly button, and it outlined the shape of his hips. Little clasped and strings connected the panties to the top, more than likely to give the panties extra support for his package.

Seijuurou swallowed around the lump in his throat, his dick twitching as he took in this delicious sight.

"I do." Seijuurou managed to say without his voice wavering. Tetsuya blushed scarlet, his hands going to play with the lace at his sides.

"Um, I'm not sure what to do next." His boyfriend said, his voice cracking a bit. Seijuurou smirked at how cute his boyfriend was, raising a hand and beckoning him forward.

"Just come to me, Tetsuya. I can show you want to do." He purred seductively. Tetsuya gulped, meeting Seijuurou's lust-filled eyes. He nodded, and began crawling on his bed towards his boyfriend.

Seijuurou eagerly reached for him, hands sliding on to his shoulders as soon as they could. Seijuurou let out an appreciative hum as Tetsuya climbed on to his lap, raising himself on to his knees so that way his boyfriend could look at him. His hands slid down Tetsuya's sides, liking the feeling of the silk lace beneath his fingers.

"This is a very nice outfit, Tetsuya. I appreciate this very much. Thank you for your great tastes." Seijuurou said with a wink as his hands slid to Tetsuya's ass, kneading the firm globes. Tetsuya's hands slid to his shoulders, and he let out a relieved chuckle.

"I'm so glad you like it. I was so nervous about showing you. I figured you would prefer the angelic look as opposed to some of the demonic ones that I considered." Tetsuya said. Seijuurou leaned
forward and kissed him.

"I do prefer the angelic look, but really, Tetsuya, I just want you." He said against his lips. Tetsuya grinned, parting his lips and sucking his tongue in to his mouth. Seijuurou leaned back against the headboard, using his hands on Tetsuya's hips as leverage as he rubbed their groins together.

"Mh." Tetsuya moaned into his mouth. Seijuurou wiped his tongue over the roof of his mouth before sucking Tetsuya's tongue in to his own, appreciating the sweet taste that was his boyfriend. One of his hands moved down Tetsuya's ass, experimentally sliding under the string at the back of the panties. He was pleased when it gave him no resistance, and he slid his hand back to Tetsuya's hip, pulling his hips up.

"Let me appreciate this outfit, Tetsuya. After all, you went through so much to get it. I don't want to waste your efforts." He said before kissing his way down his jaw. Tetsuya's hands twisted in his hair, and he tilted his head back to give his boyfriend more access. Seijuurou gently laid them back so that Tetsuya didn't have to strain himself just so Seijuurou could explore this outfit.

"I love when you do this." Tetsuya admitted quietly as Seijuurou worked his way down his throat.

"This?" Seijuurou asked before gently tugging a patch of skin between his teeth, gripping it tight enough so that it bruised. Tetsuya's hips jumped up and met his at the sharp pain. Seijuurou sucked it in to his mouth, his tongue soothing the pain as his mouth made the mark larger. Tetsuya nodded, giving his hair an appreciative tug.

"Yeah. I like being marked as yours. It's the universal sign that I'm taken. That's a nice feeling, especially in this country where I can't speak the language." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou pulled back and admired the marks he had made. Satisfied, he looked up and shot Tetsuya a wink before moving down to his chest.

"I like marking you as well, Tetsuya. I'm glad we're on the same page there." Seijuurou murmured before flicking his tongue over a nipple through the lingerie. Tetsuya gasped, arching up and into his mouth. Taking that as a good sign, Seijuurou closed his mouth around the nipple, teeth pulling it in to his mouth. He released it, rubbing the fat of his tongue over it. When he pulled back, he blew on it, smirking as he watched it harden.

"Do you like this, Tetsuya?" Seijuurou asked as he twisted the nipple between his fingers. Tetsuya mewed, hand guiding Seijuurou's head down to the other nipple. Releasing a low chuckle, Seijuurou gave it the same treatment.

"I-it's the fabric." Tetsuya admitted breathlessly, a surprised shout leaving him when Seijuurou bit down on the nipple. It wasn't hard enough to do more than give him a flash of pain, but Tetsuya's cock was certainly hard against Seijuurou's. The red-head decided to stop teasing his nipples and he trailed his kisses down. When he got to the clips, he undid them with his mouth. Tetsuya let out a gasp when his teeth grazed his skip, jumping when he felt them be free. Once they were both gone, Seijuurou nibbled a mark on to one of his pelvic bones and then slid a hand up and under the top, fingers pinching the sensitive nipples.

"Sei!" Tetsuya moaned as his mouth trailed down his navel. His boyfriend nuzzled at his crotch when he reached it, giving it a teasingly chaste kiss. "Please." Tetsuya whispered, tugging at his hair. Seijuurou looked up, eyes darkening with lust when he noticed that his boyfriend's hand had slid in to his top as well, his fingers yanking on the nipple that Seijuurou wasn't teasing. Seijuurou felt his pants tighten, and he smirked up at Tetsuya.

"Please what, my love?" He asked before returning his gaze to his boyfriend's panties. His cock was
straining against them, the weeping head dampening the middle of the waistband. Tetsuya's hand pressed his face to his crotch, rubbing his erection against his face.

"Please suck me. I need you." Tetsuya begged, groaning loudly when Seijuurou began to lick at him through his panties. "No, higher." He said, letting out a whine when he tried to guide his boyfriend's head higher, but he resisted.

"Not yet, Tetsuya. Soon, I promise." He murmured before dragging his kisses down even lower. His tongue lapped at his balls, and sucked the one that had broken free of the panties into his mouth. His teeth gently grazed it, before he pulled off of it and pulled back.

"I'm going to try something new, okay?" Seijuurou asked, removing his hand from Tetsuya's top.

"Okay." Tetsuya agreed readily, his chest rapidly rising and falling as he tried to catch his breath. Seijuurou took a moment to just appreciate his boyfriend's disheveled look. His face was flushed with arousal, and his eyes were half-lidded and pleading for relief. His top had been shoved up so that it was revealing the nipple that Tetsuya had been playing with, and the other was standing tall and proud under the top. The love bites on his neck and hips were red and loud, and his cock was making the pink darker. Groaning as his own cock pulsed at the sight, Seijuurou grasped Tetsuya's hips.

"Roll over." He instructed. Tetsuya nodded, moaning when his crotch was pressed against the sheets. Seijuurou admired his boyfriend ass for a minute, looking so pure and angelic with the pink lace mostly untouched, and a stark contrast to his front. Starting at the nape of his neck, Seijuurou kissed and licked his way down Tetsuya's spine. When his boyfriend's ass pressed against his crotch, Tetsuya mewled and pressed back against it, wanting his dick inside of him. Seijuurou let out a soft moan in to his skin before resuming his trail down Tetsuya's back.

Once he got to the panties, Seijuurou spread Tetsuya's ass. He frowned as the little pink string obstructed his view, and he moved it. Tetsuya moaned at the feeling, and he tried to thrust himself on to Seijuurou's fingers. Seijuurou gave his ass a sharp slap to stop that, and with a loud moan of his name, his boyfriend behaved. Shaking his head, Seijuurou moved down and began kissing him again.

"Seijuurou." Tetsuya moaned when he began to kiss his cheeks. When he trailed back up to his crack and began to kiss his way down, Tetsuya's hand came back and stopped him. "What are you doing?" He asked breathlessly. Seijuurou nipped at the hole, which quivered at the action. Tentsuya's ass didn't really taste like much of anything, Seijuurou mused as he nipped at the hole, which quivered at the action. It tasted like any other part of Tetsuya aside from his crotch or mouth. Tentatively, Seijuurou began to ease his tongue into Tetsuya's hole. His boyfriend clamped up immediately, refusing to grant him entrance. Rolling his eyes, Seijuurou grabbed one of the flavored bottles of lube from nearby, of some for his fingers, and pressed in with one of them. Tetsuya moaned as he was penetrated, and he thrusted back on to the finger. Seijuurou circled around his hole, and once it was relaxed around that one digit, he leaned down and pushed his tongue in beside it.
"Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya choked out, his hands gripping on to the bedsheet tightly. Tetsuya tasted as warm as he felt around his cock. Seijuurou loved the way that his ass now parted for him, encouraging him to go deeper. He added a second finger, and when he spread them, his tongue lapped at the untouched walls. Tetsuya was writhing beneath him, moans and mewls spilling from him.

"Sei-come-" Tetsuya managed to get out. Not wanting that, Seijuurou removed himself from Tetsuya's ass and flipped him back around. Tetsuya gasped when his back hit the bed and suddenly he found his mouth occupied with his boyfriend's. As Seijuurou kissed him, encouraging Tetsuya to taste himself on Seijuurou's mouth, Seijuurou quickly undid and kicked off his pants before reaching down and removing Tetsuya's dripping panties. He kept them in his hand even as his other lifted Tetsuya's hips. Getting where this was going, Tetsuya helped Seijuurou slide into him.

"Tetsuya." Seijuurou moaned as his boyfriend's dripping entrance enclosed his cock. Having tasted that heat, it made this all the more erotic.

"Seijuurou." Tetsuya answered, his ass clenching down and on to his boyfriend as it adjusted. He wrapped his legs around Seijuurou's waist, lifting himself a little bit off of the bed for it. Seijuurou's hand helped, and he slowly pulled back and then slammed himself back in, hitting Tetsuya's prostate on the first try.

"Ah!" Tetsuya moaned, chest arching off of the bed. At such an erotic sight, Seijuurou brought Tetsuya's panties to his mouth and sniffed.

"So good." He murmured, eyes rolling in his head as his boyfriend's pre-come smeared around his nose and his boyfriend's heady scent filled his head. "I can see why people steal these. It's euphoric." Seijuurou admitted, his thrusts continuing at their slow pace. Tetsuya's eyes widened as he watched his boyfriend burying his face in his panties, and he reached down to touch himself.

"I need-" Tetsuya called desperately, reaching up with his other hand to yank his boyfriend down to him. Seijuurou kissed him through the lace, both moaning as they tasted Tetsuya's come together. Seijuurou's hips began to rocket into Tetsuya's entrance, desperately seeking release. He was so caught up in Tetsuya that he could barely think of anything else. Tetsuya was jerking himself between them, gasping in to Seijuurou's mouth and soon he was coming, coveting them both with his come. Moaning his name, Tetsuya ripped the panties away from their mouths and kissed his boyfriend bare. Seijuurou let out a choked moan as his boyfriend's tongue brushed his, and when Tetsuya shoved his tongue in as far as it could go, he too was coming, filling Tetsuya's ass with his come. Tetsuya's ass clenched around it greedily, milking Seijuurou for every last drop. Once they were sure that he was done, Tetsuya collapsed on to the bed.

"Damn." Seijuurou murmured quietly as he looked down at his spent boyfriend.

"Mhm." Tetsuya gave a noncommittal noise, a content smile on his face. "Twas good, thanks." He murmured sleepily. Smiling at the endearing sight, Seijuurou leaned down and pressed a kiss to his lips.

"Take off your top. We'll put it under you to catch the come when I let go of you to get cleaning supplies." He explained. Tetsuya sighed.

"Can't. Too satisfied." Tetsuya murmured, one eye cracking open to offer Seijuurou a smirk. Rolling his eyes, despite the smile on his face, Seijuurou pulled it off of him. After placing it under him, Seijuurou pulled out and climbed off of the bed.

"We'll get these dry cleaned back in Japan. Did you buy any others?" Seijuurou asked when he
returned with wash cloths. Tetsuya nodded, accepting one of them and cleaning his chest, appreciating the view when Seijuuoru pulled off his shirt.

"Yeah. I have a couple of them. I can show you when we get back. I just brought this one here to try it out. I thought I looked best in it and figured it was the safest bet." Tetsuya explained, words a little slurred as he tried to dig the come out of his ass.

"I'd like that. Here, let me help." Seijuuoru offered, quickly wiping down his own dick (he appreciated the way that Tetsuya licked his lips at the motion) and reaching to take the wash cloth from his boyfriend.

"Thanks." Tetsuya murmured, a weak moan escaping him as Seijuuoru dug his finger in and began scooping out the come. After he was satisfied that it was clean, he tenderly wash the rest of his lower body before taking it and the lace and tossing it in the clothes hamper.

"C'mere." Tetsuya called, reaching for him. Seijuuoru turned off the light and quickly climbed in to bed, grabbing a blanket to cover them.

"Are you okay? I got a little carried away there for a bit." Seijuuoru murmured against his forehead. Tetsuya cuddled in to his embrace, sliding his leg between them.

"I'm fine. You were really hot tonight, Seijuuoru-kun. You sniffing my panties is going to help me get off when you aren't home to help me." Tetsuya admitted. Shaking his head, a smile of amusement rose to Seijuuoru's lips and he pressed a kiss to his forehead.

"Thank you for that gift, Tetsuya. It will do the same for me. Now sleep, my love. I can hear the exhaustion in your voice." He said.

"…satisfaction…" Tetsuya mumbled out before he was asleep in Seijuuoru's arms. Amused that he had managed to fuck his boyfriend to sleep, Seijuuoru too tried to drift off to dreamland.

On one of the last couple days of their vacation, Seijuuoru was very needy. For one reason or another he just couldn't get enough of his boyfriend. Tetsuya had had to suck him off twice, and they had already had sex that morning.

"What has gotten into you?" Tetsuya asked breathlessly as Seijuuoru pressed him up against another alley wall

"I have no idea." Seijuuoru admitted, grinding their hips together. Tetsuya bit back a moan, tugging him closer.

"One of these days I am going to have to learn to say no to you." He murmured once they were satisfied and back in their hotel room.

"Is that day today?" Seijuuoru asked, his thumbs rubbing soothing circles against Tetsuya's lower back. Tetsuya looked down at his boyfriend beneath him, mind calculating possibilities. Eventually he shook his head.

"Definitely not. I want to have you, Seijuuoru-kun." Tetsuya declared. Seijuuoru appreciated his brave words, but also took note of the hesitance in his eyes. Seijuuoru thought about this for a few minutes. When his dick twitched at the thought of riding his boyfriend, he decided that today was as good a day as any to try this. He nodded.

"Okay. I want to sit on your lap for this, though." He said. Tetsuya beamed, leaning down to kiss
him his gratitude. Seijuurou moaned when Tetsuya bit his lip, hard enough that it would later bruise. Smiling a little as his boyfriend worked out his nervousness on his mouth, Seijuurou reached up and grasped at the pillows above his head, trying to keep his hands to himself so Tetsuya could take the lead.

His boyfriend eventually trailed searing kisses down his throat, giving him a hickey at the juncture between his neck and shoulder. Seijuurou enjoyed the throb of pain the bite gave away as Tetsuya trailed down his chest.

Tetsuya seemed to gain more confidence as he sucked on Seijuurou's nipples. It was something that he had done before, and the familiarity of it comforted him. Tetsuya nuzzled the center of his chest as his hand wandered down to grasp his dick. Seijuurou let out a hiss of pleasure as his boyfriend began to pump him dry. He enjoyed the friction of it, and his precome would soon make his dick slick enough for Tetsuya to go faster. As if hearing his thoughts, Tetsuya reached up and mercilessly rubbed the head of Seijuurou's cock, encouraging the pre-come to spill down the sides of his dick. It did, and Tetsuya quickly spread it around.

As he pleasured his dick, Tetsuya continued to move south. He sucked a mark on Seijuurou's navel, a small moan leaving him when Seijuurou twisted his hands in his hair. He kissed his way down Seijuurou's happy trail, lapping at the beads of sweat that had gathered along the little stubs of hair. Seijuurou preferred to keep himself as clean as possible down below, which included pubic hair. He discovered his preference for it when a friend recommended that they all shave everything for the swim meet they were having with another basketball club. Ever since then, clean shaven had been his preference.

"Ah!" He gasped, drawn out of his musings when Tetsuya's tongue gently lapped at the head of his dick. He watched Tetsuya grin at that, and he parted his lips enough to suck on the slit his head. "Tetsu-" Seijuurou choked out as his boyfriend mercilessly attacked it with his warm tongue, encouraging the beads of pre-come to spill down his throat. "I'm too sensitive." He murmured in warning. Tetsuya backed off, not wanting him to come quite yet, and instead detached his mouth from the head and instead wrapped his lips around the side of his dick, slowly bobbing up and down.

Seijuurou moaned when his teeth grazed along his swollen length, words of praise spilling from his lips. Tetsuya had gotten so much better at blow jobs than he initially was, Seijuurou discovered. His tongue trailed along the vein at the underside of his cock, and his boyfriend's lips followed it down to gently nip at the apex between his dick and his sack. Seijuurou's hips thrust forward and he let out a guttural moan. Tetsuya moved on down, one of his hands rising to roll Seijuurou's balls in his hand. His tongue thrust between and around them, causing Seijuurou's mind to get hammered with flashes of pleasure. He closed his eyes, trying to fight back an orgasm when Tetsuya opened his mouth wide and swallowed his balls.

"Fuck." Seijuurou said, hand reaching down to squeeze his dick tight, pushing back his orgasm. He figured that he wouldn't be able to come again today after this, and he wanted to make it last for his boyfriend. Tetsuya pulled off of him then, letting him have that small mercy to calm down, and reached for the lube that they had been using earlier.

"After this, we only have one bottle left." Tetsuya's amused voice pulled him back to reality. Seijuurou loosened the grip on his cock, relieved to find that the orgasmic pressure building up in him had settled down.

"Guess we'll need to make it last." Seijuurou said with a rakish smirk. He obediently lifted his leg, placing it over Tetsuya's shoulder. "Is this okay?" He asked. Tetsuya nodded, smiling at him.

"Yeah, you always stretch me best when I'm like this." He said. Seijuurou offered him a reassuring
smile when he noticed that his hands were shaking. He reached out, taking the bottle for him and uncapping it.

"Here, Tetsuya, give me your hands." He murmured. Tetsuya blushed with embarrassment and he nodded, offering them to him. Seijuuurou poured a generous amount on to the palms of his hands. "Warm that up then smear half of it on to my entrance and then the other half across the fingers you will put inside of me. Since this is my first time, I'll need all the lube I can get. I know how tight you were the fight time I took you." He said. Tetsuya nodded, expression softening as he locked gazes with Seijuuurou. He jumped when his boyfriend smeared the lube on to his ass, still cold despite Tetsuya attempting to warm it.

"I love you." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuuurou pulled him close, eyes sliding shut as one of Tetsuya's fingers rubbed at his entrance.

"I love you, Tetsuya." Seijuuurou said before capturing his lips in a tender kiss. Tetsuya's tongue was soothing and reassuring when he pressed in that first finger.

It was such an odd feeling, Seijuuurou mused as his entrance tried to reject Tetsuya. He himself wanted his boyfriend inside of him. Yet his body was against this intruder.

"Breath through your nose." Tetsuya instructed, the pad of his finger rubbing small, soothing circles in his entrance walls, encouraging them to relax. Seijuuurou forced his body to allow Tetsuya entrance, a small gasp of pleasure leaving him when he felt Tetsuya's finger settle inside of him.

"G-good." Seijuuurou murmured against his boyfriend mouth, clenching around his finger. This feeling of something being in his body was very foreign, yet the burn of the stretch was so good. "Move, please." He ordered. Tetsuya pressed another kiss to his mouth, slow moving his finger in and out in short, and shallow motions. Seijuuurou's body got used to the feeling gradually, and as soon as he was relaxed, Tetsuya pressed in a second finger. This brought a wince to Seijuuurou's face.

"It's okay." Tetsuya murmured as he pressed kisses to his face, trying to keep him calm and relaxed. Seijuuurou appreciated the pampering, and he reached down to grab Tetsuya's free hand, squeezing tightly. Tetsuya squeezed back, continuing to speak soothing things. When he was finally relaxed, Tetsuya began to thrust his fingers in and out of his ass.

A small moan left Seijuuurou as his ass tried to keep the fingers inside, enjoying the feeling of Tetsuya's fingers dragging long his inner walls. When he parted his fingers, Seijuuurou gasped. The burning pain was mixed with shots of pleasure down his spin and to his groin.

"Okay?" Tetsuya asked, continued to stretch him wide. Seijuuurou nodded.

"Yeah. Third finger?" He asked. Tetsuya kissed him as he pressed another finger in to him. Seijuuurou winced at the burning penetration, and his heart raced with anxiety, warning him against the pain.

"It's okay, I got you." Tetsuya promised as he nibbled on the outer shell of his ear. Seijuuurou leaned in to it, seeking a distraction. He took deep breaths, willing his body to calm down. He loved this man, he wouldn't hurt him. With this thought in mind, his body finally began to give way. When Tetsuya began to spread his fingers, to Seijuuurou's relief, it was to send waves of pleasure to his aching cock.

"You're beautiful, Seijuuurou. Sometimes I look at you and wonder how in the world I managed to capture your attention." Tetsuya murmured in to his ear, thrusting his fingers deep inside of him. A warm wave of affection came from that flattery, and Seijuuurou smiled up at his boyfriend.
"I wonder the same thing about you, my heart." He said. Tetsuya pressed a tender kiss to his lips as he pulled out his fingers. An unbidden whine left Seijuuro's throat at the loss.

"Shh. Let me get a condom on, Seijuuro-kun. I know that you won't appreciate an ass full of my leftovers." He said. Seijuuro's nose wrinkled in disgust at the thought.

"Thank you, Tetsuya. I really appreciate one. Will you give me one too?" He requested, watching as Tetsuya nodded and grabbed two from their drawer, which was much emptier than it had been when they first arrived. They put their condoms on one another, sharing moans and then amused smiles.

"Ready?" Tetsuya asked. Seijuuro nodded, eyes shining with love for this shadow.

"Always." He promised. Tetsuya leaned down and captured his lips once again, their tongues meeting as he began to push in to his boyfriend.

"Ah." Seijuuro broke away from the kiss, his face crumbling in pain at this much larger intruder. Tetsuya directed his hands to his shoulders, pressing tender kisses to his cheek.

"Shh, Sei. It's alright. Loosen up for me." Tetsuya encouraged. Seijuuro did his best, squeezing on to Tetsuya's shoulders tightly. His boyfriend reached down, stroking his neglected cock. The surprise of it ripped a shocked moan from his throat. The momentary shock to his system helped his muscles relax enough to let Tetsuya slip right in. He opened his mouth in a soundless moan, eyes rolling as he was stretched impossibly wide. So this is what Tetsuya felt every time he pressed into him?

"God, Tetsuya." He breathed, throat tightly knotted as the pleasure he was feeling took his breath away.

"So tight." Tetsuya responded, burying his face in Seijuuro's neck. "It's so warm."

"Y-yeah. It's comforting, isn't it?" Seijuuro asked, voice catching in his throat when Tetsuya pushed in even more. "Pull out and slam back into me." Seijuuro ordered. Tetsuya nodded, doing as he was told. As he was coming back in, Seijuuro pulled himself up and into his boyfriend's arms, locking their lips together. Tetsuya moaned against his mouth, eyes rolling when Seijuuro began to thrust himself down and onto his cock.

"Fast learner." Tetsuya murmured, hands helping Seijuuro rise and fall onto his erection. Seijuuro hummed his agreement, panting as he let himself go. This position was everything he wanted from it. The way Tetsuya stretched him was almost too good to be true, and when he shifted his hips just right, he was able to land on his own prostate, which made him lose temporary control of his senses.

"Close" He murmured into Tetsuya's ear when he felt his balls begin to tighten in their sack. Tetsuya nodded, locking their lips together once more as he reached around and grabbed Seijuuro's cock. "Good, Tetsuya." Seijuuro purred in this lips, twisting their tongues together in a battle for dominance that he easily won. Tetsuya came first, filling the condom inside of Seijuuro with a moan. Seijuuro quickly rose up and dropped himself on Tetsuya's dick, getting another good jab at his prostate before Tetsuya's thumb assaulted the head of his cock and he was coming too.

Seijuuro collapsed in Tetsuya's arms, exhausted. It was so much different, being the one receiving it. And in the back of his mind, it was a little awkward. Seijuuro simply assumed that it was just different and shrugged it off, not wanting Tetsuya to take it the wrong way.

"How in the world do you do this?" Seijuuro asked into Tetsuya's throat. Tetsuya chuckled, kissing the top of his head.

"I've gotten used to it, and usually you're on top of me, so it's easier. This position can be very
exhausting if it's one of the last for the night. Are you okay?” He asked, reaching down to pull himself from his boyfriend's ass. Seijuurou stopped him, bringing his arm around his waist instead as he cuddled closer.

"I'm fine. At least I believe I'm fine. We'll find out in the morning. I'm exhausted. I think I over did my orgasm quota for the week.” Seijuurou admitted. Tetsuya laughed again, cradled Seijuurou against him.

"I love you, Seijuurou-kun. Let's get these condoms off and our cocks clean. Then we can cuddle in the afterglow.” He promised. Seijuurou nodded, using the last of his strength of pull himself off of Tetsuya, masking a wince at the pain that it caused.

"Maybe I'm a little sore." He admitted. Tetsuya frowned, easing him back against the sheets.

"I'll get you some pain relievers while I'm up as well then." He said. Seijuurou nodded, shooting him a reassuring smile.

"That was really nice, Tetsuya. We should do that again some time.” He said. Tetsuya smiled, nodded.

"Okay, we can.” He murmured. Seijuurou watched him disappear in to the bathroom, and he took a moment to reflect on the day. Overall, it had been great. His lust had been sated by this last round, and he felt at ease knowing that he would sleep great tonight. That and Tetsuya had this new glow about him, and that endearing little half smile he always had on his face whenever he had accomplished something. He loved that look.

His boyfriend tenderly cleaned them up, checking Seijuurou's entrance to make sure that he hadn't torn anything. Satisfied, Tetsuya climbed under the blankets with him, tossing an arm over his chest.

"Sei?” Tetsuya asked.

"Yes, my love?” Seijuurou said.

"Can we go souvenir shopping tomorrow, if you're feeling okay?” He asked. Seijuurou nodded.

"Of course, my darling. Think of what our friends might want and we'll go hunting tomorrow.” He promised. His body would be fine, he knew.

They spent the next few minutes talking about mindless things before eventually they fell asleep in one another's arms.

"It is so good to be home.” Seijuurou sighed as Tetsuya flopped on to their bed. His boyfriend nodded, cuddling in to his pillow. Their flight had gotten in late that night, and with school starting in just two days, the start of their third semester, they rally hoped that tomorrow they could kick the jet lag tomorrow through rest and relaxation.

"I don't want to go to school on Monday.” Tetsuya protested as Seijuurou sat down next to him.

"We have too, my Tetsuya.” He said, running a soothing hand down his back. Tetsuya opened his mouth to continue his argument against it when there was a knock on the door.

"Akashi-sama, you have a guest.” The urgency in his head butler's voice cause Seijuurou to frown.

"We just got home.” Tetsuya murmured, thinking along the same lines. Seijuurou ran a reassuring
hand down his back, pondering who this could be.

"Why don't you start getting everything unpacked and I will go and see who this is?" Seijuuro suggest. Tetsuya frowned.

"I don't know, Seijuuro-kun. If it's someone dangerous-

"Tetsuya, my heart, my staff would not let a dangerous individual in to this estate." He pointed out. Tetsuya nodded.

"I know. It's just…we just got home, Sei. Really, we walked in the door 20 minutes ago. We haven't even visited with Nigou yet." He sighed. Seijuuro leaned over and kissed him.

"Then I'll shoo them away. Why don't you go and see Nigou and then join me if I'm not done. If I am, you can help me unpack." He suggested. Reluctantly, Tetsuya nodded.

"Okay." He agreed. "I'm going to text everyone and set up a time to give them their souvenirs." He said. Seijuuro nodded his approval of that idea.

They had gotten everyone a little something while they were in Italy. For the student council and the book club they had gotten little candy gift baskets. For the basketball club they got little clips for their shoe laces. The first string also got a nice set of Italian energy drinks. The Generation of miracles, Taiga, Tatsuya, and Masaomi got more personalized gifts.

For Satsuki, they got her the most expensive (and best smelling, in their opinion) bottle of perfume they could find, and a set of gloves, hat, and a scarf for this coming winter.

For Ryouta they got him a designer pair of sunglasses and winter jacket, in addition to a matching set of winter articles that they had gotten Satsuki. They knew that they would be excited to match.

For Shintarou they got him a Roman medical practices encyclopedia that outlined many of the diseases throughout Rome's long history. Shintarou would be very excited, and probably put down his studies to instead read that book. They felt bad or taking him away from Kazunari once again, but were also excited to see his reaction.

For Atsushi they got a fine set of Italian spices and a bag full of the best Italian sweets. Atsushi had texted him that he had gotten into the first school of his choice, and the spices were his congratulations present.

For Daiki they bought him a complete, authentic designer set of workout clothes, including a pair of shoes that were up to his standards. They got them at a good deal through Seijuuro's negation strategies and name dropping skills, much to their delight.

For Kazunari they got him a starter set and three expansion packs of Italian cartoon trading cards and a book full of classic English tales. Considering that English was his best subject and trading cards were his hobby, they felt that this was the safest bet.

For Taiga and Tatsuya they got them a pair of matching necklaces that represent a tiger cuddling with a dragon, for their name sakes. They also got them a set of matching gloves and scarves.

For Masaomi they got a complete set of fine, designer pens. They also got him a few high quality ties.

Both were really looking forward to giving their friends their gifts, with a hope of doing it before next week.
"Be swift, please." Tetsuya requested, pulling Seijuuro in to a kiss.

When Seijuuro walked down stairs, he was a little surprised to spot Kazunari sitting on his couch.

"Kazunari?" He called, his voice giving away his curiosity. It morphed into concern when he noticed the tears streaming down his face.

"I-I'm sorry to bother you, Akashi-san. It's just I didn't know where to go." He whispered. Seijuuro quickly sat down next to him, resting a supportive squeeze to his shoulder.

"What's going on?" He asked.

"Shin-chan broke up with me."

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Okay, everyone, a couple things: As for the slightly random conversation between Haru and Kuroko, please look for a future MakoHaru S2E11 AUish oneshot I will be doing in the near future. MakoHaru won't make another appearence in this fic (I think). For the random pet name scene, I wanted to try and illustrate that our babies still have awkward moments to experience; with Akashi's anxiety being so high, it was a bit exaggerated. I LOVED the shower scene 3 I also loved the sex talk; I think it was long overdue and very important to a healthy relationship. The lingerie scene was one I had been wanting to put in for so long now~ I can't remember if any more of them happen or not, but I am fond of it so I'm sure I have a oneshot somewhere of another one. If not, let me know and I'll right one XD A couple people had asked for a reversal of positions, so I finally gave you one. It was very interesting, as I had never written it before! I hope you liked it! Yes, the reason that Midorima broke up with him is stupid. Stupid Midorima :P However, they don't stay broken up long, no worries. I hope you enjoyed all the smut! I worked really, really hard on it! That being said, sorry if the sex becomes subpar. My muse was fried after all that XD

Next chapter is shorter, sorry about that! I'll try and write up a oneshot or two related to a missing scene to try and make up for it. Any requests? Next chapter is also a transition chapter in to the final part of this fic. Soon it's all going to go by so fast! Also, we are going to start getting flashbacks to the things that we skipped in previous chapters~ Next chapter: Akashi and Masaomi have a chat, an update on the MiraGen's future, and another surprise ending that shakes things up. It's a trend apparently XD

- Kida Asumi
Chapter Notes

Warnings: Potential PSTD/Trigger inducing scene with gunshots

Please pay attention to the end of the chapter! We have an important note!

Note: SO SORRY THIS IS LATE! The internet I had access to this past weekend was really crappy, and while I could login to FFN, I couldn't upload anything T-T My bad, guys, my bad. Anyway, first I just gotta say that I wrote you 30+ pages of porn and all you could talk about was MidoTaka :P See if I'm good to you guys like that again, XD jkjk, promise! So this chapter we get more Akashi and Masaomi interacting, we get a flashback to Kuroko's birthday, AkaKuro lecture Midorima, The Winter Cup starts, A book club meeting happens, and finally a generation family dinner goes terribly wrong. Hold on to your seats, ladies and gents, cause it's gonna be crazy!

Kida-Asumi

See the end of the chapter for more notes

November was growing to be one of Seijuurou's least favorite months. The Winter Cup preliminaries were a trying time on all of his friends, and he was pushing his team members to practice harder than ever for the final tournament of the school year. The 3rd semester of the school year usually started out strong, and as the Akashi Corporation moved into its holiday season, things were stressful at home. He was looking forward to December, where everything ended and a celebration period began.

Currently the Akashi heir was organizing a set of files for his father, who was in an intense HR conference call in the conference room that was attached to his office. Every now and again Seijuurou would hear his father's voice raise in response to something stupid that was said. He did not envy the moron that had suggested whatever it was to irk his father.

A vibration from his phone brought his attention towards the device. He smiled as he read Tetsuya's text message, letting him know that he was on his way home. He and the book club had went to a local bookstore that afternoon, so Seijuurou had returned home by himself for once. He responded with a quick thank you and to not rush home before resuming his filing.

Coming home last month to a hysterical Kazunari had certainly been an experience. Even to this day Seijuurou hadn't figured out what possessed his glasses-friend to break up with the sweet, eccentric man that was Kazunari. He had given him noncommittal answers when he was texting him, and had given him excuses when he tried to set up a time so they could talk. However, Seijuurou could wait to confront him in person. The Winter Cup preliminaries would soon be upon them, and when they went to inevitably watch the other Generation teams fight to get in, he could corner him then.

The rest of their friends had been doing well. Daiki had finally accepted an offer with a university, though legal contracts kept him from announcing it until the entrance ceremony for the Winter Cup. Seijuurou's sources told him that it was a college out of the country. His relationship with Ryouta was progressing smoothly as well, much to their relief. The two were more smitten than ever, and they looked relaxed and happy in the pictures they kept sharing. They even did an interview together
with a local teen magazine.

Satsuki had a new boyfriend, he had been informed by a disgruntled Daiki when they met up for coffee a few days ago. He didn't approve of him, and Seijuurou was eager to meet him and put him to the test. If he couldn't keep up his game-face in front of Seijuurou's intimidation, he wasn't good enough for Satsuki.

Atsushi had begun to get lazy in his studies, an annoyed Tatsuya informed them when they had met for dinner last night. Seijuurou made a mental note to chastise him for it the next time they were together. As for Tatsuya and Taiga, they were doing fine as well. Both had applied for colleges in America, and were waiting on their responses. Seijuurou had little doubt that they would both get in on scholarships for athletics, and he silently wished them the best.

He and Tetsuya received their acceptance letters in to Tokyo University that Monday when they returned home after practice. Elated, they had told his father and began to search through course curriculums and plans. As soon as Masaomi left them to return to work, they had come together and made love on the couch in the study, their excitement and triumph at achieving this next life goal leading for one of the best bouts of sex they had had in this house. He closed his eyes as the memories interested his dick. Forcing back his arousal, Seijuurou focused on the finer details on some of the documents as a distraction.

"Seijuurou." He glanced up at his name, locking eyes with his father.

"Yes, Father?" He asked. Masaomi sat down at his desk, eyes glancing over the files to make sure that they were perfect. His tsked and corrected a few of them, irking Seijuurou. Finally, his father let out a sigh.

"You have a dinner scheduled Thursday night with Akazo. My sources believe that they are going to ask you to plan a gala celebrating the building out a new port on Japan's western coast. You are to accept it, and then contact Shinning's Agency and several other media outlets to help with the planning." Masaomi ordered. Seijuurou nodded, feeling a little awkward as he heard his father's unspoken message.

Bring in other groups and make them do the actual work.

He hated that. A job wasn't worth feeling proud of if he didn't get his hands dirty. However, with the Winter Cup coming up soon, and his student council duties were about to increase with students cramming for entrance exams. He didn't have time to actually play a major role in this event.

"Tetsuya can help as well. He can consider this a trial run as his future duties as your spouse. He is in charge of the seating arrangements and together you can plan a menu. You are also to pick the venue. The entertainment can be left to the other parties involved." Masaomi continued. Seijuurou nodded.

That wasn't too bad. It could be much worse.

Suddenly Tetsuya's conversation about telling his father that he wanted a different future came to mind. Seeing how his father seemed to be in a good mood, he decided to try and test the waters.

"Father?" He asked as he returned to his task. His father nodded, signaling for him to continue. "Is it possible for me to choose a different position in the company?" He asked. Masaomi's gaze snapped up to look at him.

"As an entry level, you mean." He stated. Seijuurou nodded.
"Yes. For example, we currently have my major set as finance. However, I was doing my research and I was wondering if it would be possible to switch it to something like Human Resources, or even Engineering." He said.

"Why?" Masaomi asked.

"I was reading an article while we were having lunch in Italy about how most of the CEOs around the world became successful not from basic majors such as business administration or finance, but instead in one of those two fields. I found the idea intriguing. I could choose one of them, and then get a minor of the other in addition to an international business relations management. This would give me a variety of skill sets to help me lead our company in to the international marketplace." He explained. Masaomi leaned back in his chair, and Seijuurou resisted the urge to squirm under his calculating gaze.

Something about his father had always sent him on edge. If he were to wonder about where his mental instability came from, he had no doubt in his mind that it was probably him. Akashi Masaomi could be completely friendly and welcoming one moment and cold and ruthless in the next. Now, as he tried to open up to his father, he feared that he would be ridiculed.

"I will look into this, Seijuurou. Continue to plan out your first years with a movable set of general education courses, and I will let you know my decision within due time." He ordered. Seijuurou nodded, masking his surprise at such a genuine and thoughtful answer. "You are dismissed, Seijuurou. I am sure that your studies await." At his father's words, Seijuurou gave a polite bow before leaving the room.

The bathroom was full of wet heat when Seijuurou walked into it Thursday night. He had just returned home from a very successful dinner with Akazo. It was agreed that they would try and bring in as many partnerships for this gala as possible, and on the ride home, he had texted Ryouta inquiring about the number for his agency and emailed Shinning.

Despite the successful night, Seijuurou was exhausted from the day. His first round of tests for the semester had happened, practice had been long, and he had two student council meetings. When he walked in and heard the shower, he was eager to join in his boyfriend, seeking relief under the hot water.

"So dull and dark are November days." Seijuurou mused as he began to unbutton his pants. After a day like today, one of his mother's favorite poems was most certainly true.

"What was that, Seijuurou-kun?" Tetsuya called from the shower. His boyfriend peeked his head out from around the corner, offering him a warm smile. "Welcome home." He added. Seijuurou pressed a quick kiss to his wet lips before pulling off his shirt and climbing in with him.

"Thank you, my Tetsuya." He said, fondly brushing his wet hair out of his eyes. Sometimes the water and Tetsuya's hair didn't mix well, and it would cling obnoxiously in his line of sight. "I was just thinking of one of my mother's favorite poems. It seemed fitting for a day like today."

"Oh?" Tetsuya asked, easing Seijuurou in front of him and in direct line for the spray of water. Seijuurou ducked his head forward, a grateful moan leaving him when Tetsuya began to massage his shoulders.

"So dull and dark are the November days. The lazy mist high up the evening curled, And now the morn quite hides in smoke and haze; The place we occupy seems all the world." Seijuurou spoke, shoulder drooping forward as Tetsuya massaged the knots from his back. "November, by John
"So your day was full of terrible tasks, and tomorrow's path and agenda are going to be a mystery. But more importantly, you're glad to be home." Tetsuya interpreted. Seijuurou smirked at the perfect analysis. God his boyfriend's perfection and ability to pick up on mature things like this was a huge turn on for him.

"You are such an intelligent man, Tetsuya." He said. His boyfriend wrapped his arms around his waist, fingers teasingly running over his crotch.

"How was dinner?" He asked. Seijuurou closed his eyes, allowing the little sparks of pleasure to bring his cock to life beneath Tetsuya's hands.

"Not terrible. Much better than school. However, I now have so much to do. As do you." He added. Tetsuya nodded, nibbling between his shoulder blades. A shiver ran through Seijuurou at that action.

"I know. But for now, you are home." He reminded him. Seijuurou nodded.

"Father sent me an email on the way home explaining a new investment the company is going to start pursuing. It's an athletic endorsement project that we are partnering with the Takizawa group. I have a meeting with them sometime next week." He said. His concentration was beginning to waver as his body gave way to his boyfriend's touch.

"Next week. For now, I think I have a better idea on what you should invest your interests in." Tetsuya murmured in to his ear. Seijuurou turned around and pressed him against the wall, their mouths coming together for a heated kiss.

He couldn't agree more.

As he walked across the frozen ice, Seijuurou realized that he must be dreaming. No, a more accurate description would probably be remembering.

"I'm not too sure about this, Akashi-kun." Tetsuya's voice was laced with nervousness as he appeared in front of him, wobbling in the pair of ice-skates that he wore. Seijuurou heard himself chuckle.

"You will be alright, Tetsuya. After all, I'm right here with you. I will never allow any harm to come to you when I am nearby." He promised. Tetsuya's blush seemed to light up the cold, frigid ice rink. He couldn't resist leaning in and capturing his lips, innocently pressing against his mouth before pulling away. Tetsuya's hand slid in to his, and he grasped on tightly.

Seijuurou watched as he led Tetsuya on to the ice for the first time. He remembered this happy memory. Today was Tetsuya's 17th birthday. He was in Kyoto like he always had been in those days, when he had been cutting his ties to Seirin.

Trying to come up with a great birthday celebration when Tetsuya was still so down was a difficult challenge. Finally, Reo suggested that he take him to a typical date location that wasn't typical for them. And so, after searching the internet for ideas, he compiled a list and presented it to Tetsuya, asking him to mark off the things that he had done and would never want to do. After that, Seijuurou picked an activity and went with it.

"Why ice skating?" Tetsuya was asking him as Seijuurou pulled him across the ice with practiced ease.
"It's like dancing with a thrill of danger." Seijuurou readily responded, having anticipated the question. Tetsuya rolled his eyes.

"Akashi-kun, I didn't know that you had a danger kink." He teased. Seijuurou shook his head.

"No, it's still tied to my power kink, I'm afraid. I like knowing that I can save you from dangerous situations if the need becomes relevant." He said. Tetsuya chuckled.

"So you want to be my knight-in-shining armor? Well, I have to say that you already are. Pick a new goal." Tetsuya teased. Seijuurou pretended to think about before coming to a quick stop. As he predicted, Tetsuya fell forward, and when he tried to right himself, fell back. Seijuurou quickly caught him, cradling him in one arm as he held him suspended above the ice. He smirked, and Tetsuya pouted.

"My next goal is going to be becoming the center of your world." He declared, and Seijuurou could still feel the surge of genuine affection that pulsed through him. Tetsuya's expression softened, and Seijuurou waited for the response with baited breath.

"You already are, Seijuurou-kun. Try again." Tetsuya said. Seijuurou smirked, pressing a quick kiss to his lips before pulling him up. They were just getting started again when suddenly, Tetsuya turned and looked at him. "Seijuurou, it's time."

Seijuurou frowned, not understanding what he meant. Suddenly the ice cracked beneath his feet and he fell.

Seijuurou jolted away with a desperate gasp.

"It's just me, Sei. It's alright." His boyfriend's soothing voice calmed his racing heart, but as he became more aware of his surroundings, something felt off. "Seijuurou?" Tetsuya's voice had him turning, his troubled eyes meeting Tetsuya's concerned ones. "Talk to me please." He said. Seijuurou shook his head.

"I'm not sure what to say. All I was dreaming about was your birthday last year. It was a good memory." Seijuurou said, his tone monotone as he searched for an answer. Tetsuya's hand rested on his forehead, feeling for a fever.

"You were shaking in your sleep. Now I understand why you were mumbling my name, at least." He said. Seijuurou nodded, sitting up. Deciding that he didn't want to get out of bed quite yet, he pulled Tetsuya in to his arms.

"Let's stay like this for a minute." He murmured in to his boyfriend's shoulder. Tetsuya wrapped his arms around him, pressing them impossibly closer. Seijuurou closed his eyes, letting the quiet morning soothe away the anxiety shaking his heart. Tetsuya's warmth was a wonderful comfort that he clung to, desperate for some form of normality admits his confusion.

He hoped this wasn't a sign of the day to come.

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The Winter Cup is a high school basketball tournament that takes place annually in the winter. It is held at the Tokyo Metropolitan Gymnasium. Before the Winter Cup, preliminaries are held in each prefecture. Only 2 teams can represent a prefecture. In addition to that, only the top 8 teams from the Interhigh can participate in the Winter Cup preliminaries. The winner and runner-up of the Interhigh enter the tournament automatically. A couple of years ago, more schools were participating than was usually accepted in correspondence with a memorial anniversary. It was because of this, Seijuurou was able to reconcile with the Generation.
The Winter Cup preliminaries were set to be on November 5th this year. At the preliminaries, there is a 'best of four' determination match. The winning teams advance to the final league. Those four teams compete in three league matches, and the top two teams get a ticket to the actual Winter Cup.

The Winter Cup itself is in a classic tournament structure, a single elimination tournament, or more commonly known as sudden death. It begins with 2 basic rounds, then eight, quarter, and semi-finals. The final match between the two schools is always a big media sight.

Together with the Interhigh Tournament and the Nationals, it completes the three big high school basketball tournaments.

As Seijuurou and Tetsuya walked from Kaijou's locker room to Yosen's, their hands laced together, both enjoyed the buzz of everything around them. It was nice to be the spectators at an event such as this for once.

"Did you manage to get lunch with Midorima-kun?" Tetsuya asked. Seijuurou squeezed his hand as he nodded.

"Yes, we are going to be meeting with him after we check up on Atsushi and Tatsuya. We will have a light lunch and then return to the stands to watch the preliminaries." Seijuurou said, winking at Tetsuya. His boyfriend grinned, his cheeks turning a light pink at the flirting. Seijuurou smirked, pulling Tetsuya's hand under his arm before lacing their fingers together again, seeking the comforting closeness with his boyfriend.

They had been in a 'couply' mood all day, Daiki informed them earlier. Both had taken that as a wonderful compliment, and after meeting one another's gaze, they proceeded kiss a little less than innocently in front of Daiki as his reward. Of course Satsuki had gushed and taken their picture. Sakurai, who had been with the other two, had proceeded to get a nose bleed and fell, screaming his apology as he went down.

Seijuurou wasn't sure what the reason behind their affectionate actions. He was really enjoying it, and was glad that Tetsuya was just as open to this course of action. The warmth of his boyfriend helped bring him at peace with the world. The stress of the past week seemed to melt away, leaving all of their troubles back in Kyoto. Tetsuya rested his cheek against his shoulder as they came to a stop in front of Yosen's locker room.

"Ready?" Tetsuya asked, glancing up at him. Seijuurou pressed a kiss to his forehead, nodding.

After their prepping of Yosen, the two left the stadium to find the café where they were meeting Shintarou. The place was a cozy little shop between two large hotels. Seijuurou pushed open the door for Tetsuya, who let go of his arm and stepped in first.

"Midorima-kun." His boyfriend's soft call didn't disturb the café, and he followed where his boyfriend was waving to see Shintarou sitting at a table in the corner, a book in his hand. The Captain of Shutoku put it down when he heard his name, raising his hand in greeting.

"Akashi, Kuroko." He said.

"Hello, Shintarou. The weather is wonderful today." Seijuurou commented as Tetsuya passed their drink orders to a waiter.

"I got us a slice of cake to share too." Tetsuya informed Seijuurou. The red-head captured Tetsuya's hand in his own, leaning over to press a grateful kiss to his lips. When they pulled back, Shintarou was staring at them as if it was his first time seeing them.
"Daiki informed us that we are expressing our affections more openly than is usually typical. I should have forewarned you." Seijuurou stated, giving an unapologetic shrug as Tetsuya nuzzled against his cheek. Shintarou shrugged, his expression unreadable.

"Your relationship does not affect me one way or the other. It's just...different. You both are usually more reserved and tend to keep your relationship private." He said. Tetsuya's eyes met Seijuurou's, and after gathering their answer, Tetsuya responded.

"We've recently come to a few important decisions about our life and future together. I think that the security behind our agreements has helped us relax in public, knowing that no matter what others think we are going to stay together." His boyfriend's honest answer was perfect. He was about to compliment him on it when he noticed a flash of pain in Shintarou's eyes.

Seijuurou's eyes narrowed.

"So you got accepted into the first school of your choice. Congratulations, Midorima-kun." Tetsuya murmured, offering the green-haired male a smile. Shintarou nodded his head in thanks.

"I also got into the accelerated program. As soon as April starts, contact with me will be limited. I apologize for the future inconvenience." He said, bowing slightly.

"Why did you break Kazunari?" Seijuurou asked suddenly. He felt Tetsuya's surprised gaze seek his, but he denied him for the first time that day. He kept his all-knowing gaze on Shintarou, knowing that he would bow under it and answer honestly.

"I didn't break him," Shintarou eventually murmured. "I broke up with him." He corrected. Seijuurou ignored that answer, though he was pleased to hear the strained tone to his voice. This meant he was just as affected by their break-up as Kazunari, if not more so.

"Takao-kun came to us the first night we returned from Italy." Tetsuya's soft voice was full of sympathy and concern, just the right amount to compliment and soothe his harsh question. Seijuurou squeezed Tetsuya's hand in approval.

Shintarou was silent for a few minutes, staring down at his cup of coffee. When their tea was delivered, Seijuurou and Tetsuya sipped on it and fed one another pieces of their cake, giving their friend as much time as he needed. Eventually, he sighed and slumped back against the booth.

"For three years I will be studying intensive pre-med courses. Immediately following my completion of the program, I will follow another intensive 4-year program. By the end of it, I will be a doctor. I will take 10-12 years of education and condense it down in to 7. Kazunari should not be tied to someone who cannot give him what he needs for 7 years." Shintarou spoke. The pain in his eyes combined with the monotonous, defeated tone to his voice had Seijuurou's gaze softening slightly.

"You didn't explain that." He stated next. Shintarou shook his head, glaring at him.

"No. He would have insisted that he could handle it. However, having been with him for so long now, I know that he would regret not being able to be a normal college student because he is tied down by me." Shintarou admitted. Seijuurou opened his mouth to refute that claim but his boyfriend spoke first.

"Takao-kun wants you, Midorima-kun. He understands what he is getting himself into, even if you haven't discussed it. Even if you do, I'm sure that he would still want to be with you. Supporting the one you love as they work hard to build a future for you is something that is worth sacrificing other things for. He loves you more than anything, Midorima-kun. You should at the very least give him"
closure for this sudden break up." Tetsuya said, eyes fierce with pain. Whether it was from his rejection, Daiki's abandonment, or Taiga's betrayal, Seijuurou couldn't say for certain. He squeezed his hand, rubbing reassuring circles in to his wrist. Tetsuya broke his glare at Shintarou, and offered Seijuurou a weak smile. "I'm alright, Sei." He said, but Seijuurou heard the promise to talk about it later.

"You're right, Kuroko." Shintarou admitted. "But how in the hell can I face him after what I did?" He asked, and the tone he used wasn't one that Seijuurou was familiar with. He reached out, placing a hand on Shintarou's bent head.

"You talk to him. You speak your piece. You wipe away his tears and apologize for trampling over his feelings. Above all else, Shintarou, you make him happy." He ordered. Tetsuya nodded, and they watched it sink in to Shintarou's thick skull. Finally, the green-haired male nodded.

"I will try." He promised.

"Do." Tetsuya and Seijuurou ordered together.

Amidst the chaos that was the first of his last 3rd semester of high school, Tetsuya began to really cherish his time with the Rakuzan Basketball Club.

Today they were organizing some of the latest books for the library. Tetsuya had been chatting with Rifujin and Mikami, with Shinikama listening close by for most of the afternoon. Kurosu was out sick, and Natama was drawing on the chalk-board, humming as she worked.

"So Italy was everything that you wanted it to be?" Mikami asked as he carefully placed the sticker on the book. Tetsuya nodded, passing her another.

"It was beautiful. We went on a gondola ride and to the beach several times. One day we stayed in at the resort and just did a spa day. There were so many things that I had never done before." He murmured.

"Come to India next time!" Rifujin chortled as he stirred the curry. "My wife and I will feed you good!" Tetsuya offered him a kind smile.

"I will try, Rifujin-kun." He said.

"Your boyfriend looks stressed." Shinikama commented. Tetsuya rolled his eyes at the pleased tone that his friend took on.

"He is planning some form of a gala for next month. A lot of the details are completely confidential, even from me. I think that all of the communications on top of his school duties are wearing him down. I think it has been planned the third week of December, so hopefully we can relax when his birthday comes around." Tetsuya hoped.

"That would be so sweet, to have your birthday off." Natama whined. Her birthday was the second week of May, which was right after the Golden Week vacation had ended.

"Someday you won't have school." Mikami pointed out. Natama opened her mouth to retort when the door opened. Everyone was surprised when Ayato walked in. She hadn't been to club once since her falling out with the short girl.

Tetsuya and the others watched as she walked over to Natama. His eyes widened when she cupped Natama's face and kissed her.
"I love you." She said quietly. A hush fell over the room as every watched with anticipation at how Natama would react.

"Ugh." Natama sobbed, burying her hands in her face as tears of relief fell from her eyes. Ayato pulled her close, rubbing at her back. Mikami and Tetsuya shared a smile as the two girls left the room.

"Kurosu-kun is going to be upset he missed this." Tetsuya stated. Mikami agreed, and from the smirk on her face, she would love telling him about it. Tetsuya couldn't wait to tell Seijiurou as well.

"To our success!" The Generation cheered. They all took a sip of their drink of choice before resuming their conversations.

"The first three rounds are finally past us," Seijiurou sighed with relief. Tetsuya's hand slid in to his inner thigh, giving him a comforting squeeze and offering him a smile.

"Now we just need to get through the next couple and then we'll be done with high school basketball, guys." Ryouta pouted, leaning against his boyfriend.

"But we will still be together in college!" Satsuki pointed out, leaning over to wrap her arm around Ryouta's. The two shared a grin.

"Taka-chin." At Atsushi's lazy call, the atmosphere grew tense at their table. Kazunari had been passing their table, and from the way that his shoulder bunched up, he hadn't wanted to stop. He turned to them with a forced, cheerful smile, locking his gaze on Ryouta.

"Hey guys! I didn't see you here." He chuckled. Seijiurou watched as his expression cracked at an alarmingly fast pace. This didn't really surprise him, as Kazunari was one of the most open people he knew. "Well, I have to get going." He said. When he turned away, everyone turned towards Shintarou, who gulped and stood up. The sudden force from it had the china at their table bouncing on the table, causing Seijiurou to cringe at the rude gesture. Tetsuya squeezed his thigh again, and he felt the pressure of a reassuring and soothing kiss being placed on his shoulder.

"Kazunari, wait." He said before making his way around the table. Kazunari paused briefly before continuing away. The Generation watched as their shooting guard followed.

"I wish them luck." Satsuki sighed. Ryouta nodded, passing the leftover on his plate to his boyfriend.

"Me too. Poor Takaocchi has been so heartbroken over this ridiculous mess." He said, his nose wrinkling.

"Shintarou is a stubborn man." Seijiurou pointed out.

"Hopefully he listened to us. It would be such a shame to see him alone in this world." Tetsuya said, implying that Kazunari was the only one for their friend. Most of the table agreed with that sentiment.

They continued talking about the matches and some of their highlights until Shintarou returned. Everyone was relieved when it was with Kazunari at his side, his cheeks pink with joy to help offset his red-rimmed eyes.

"Can I join you guys?" He asked.

"Why would you even ask that?!" Satsuki and Ryouta gasped in mock-horror.
"Yo, waiter, we need a chair." Daiki called to the passing busboy.

"Taka-chin, you can have some of my sweets." Atsushi said, reaching for a plate to begin putting the food on.

"Please join us, Takao-kun." Tetsuya murmured.

"I will wave down our waiter so you can get something to eat and drink as well, Kazunari." Seijuurou said, and with one glance he caught their waiter's attention and waved him over. Kazunari and Shintarou settled in to their spots, and Seijuurou couldn't help but grow pleased as they shared soft looks and little smiles.

They decided to order desert, as it gave Kazunari a chance to eat and none of them really wanted their time together to end. Eventually everyone was content to head back to their rooms, and as they exited the restaurant they discussed their plans for tonight.

"Oi, Ryo, we going back to your hotel?" Daiki asked as he followed his boyfriend out of the restaurant. Ryouta broke his conversation with Satsuki to wink at the dark-skinned male, and from the rugged smirk that broke out on Daiki's face, Seijuurou could guess that it was a yes.

"Oi, Dai-chan, you have to take me back to our room first!" Satsuki pouted.

"Kaga-chin and Muro-chin are staying in the city tonight too, so I'm going to go back to Yosen's hotel block." Atsushi commented.

"You could stay in one of the extra rooms in Rakuzan's block, Atsushi." Seijuurou offered, pulling Tetsuya's hand in to his pocket when he realized how cold it was.

"Kazunari and I will be heading back to our room too." Shintarou said, wrapping an arm around Kazunari's waist to pull him closer, even if his face burned red with embarrassment because of the PDA.

They were waving down taxis when it happened.

"Cold, Tetsuya?" Seijuurou asked when he noticed Tetsuya hovering close and wrapping his arms around himself. When his boyfriend let out a nod, Seijuurou slipped off his own jacket and moved to wrap it around Tetsuya's shoulders. A gleam from a window in the building across from them caught his eye and then something cut his cheek and then made a large impact in the window behind them.

"Down!" He ordered without thinking, quickly ducking himself and dragging Tetsuya first. His friends let out alarmed gasps as several more shots hit the windows behind them, shattering the glass.

"What's going on?" Tetsuya asked as they hid behind a parked car. Daiki was next to them, shielding both Satsuki and Ryouta with his body. Seijuurou couldn't tell where Atsushi, Shintarou, or Kazunari were. Suddenly a large, high-pitched squeal came from inside the building. His eyes widening with horror, Seijuurou quickly pulled Tetsuya to lay down on the pavement. A large boom sounded and something exploded, the impact of it raining glass down upon them. Satsuki screamed and Daiki cursed.

Then, just as suddenly as it came, it stopped.

"Akashi-sama!" The sound of sirens was heard as he and Tetsuya were helped up off of the ground.

"Tetsuya, are you alright?" Seijuurou asked, ignoring his guards. Tetsuya nodded, reaching for him. "Check the others, I am fine. There should be six more in total." He ordered, pulling Tetsuya in to
his arms.

"What in the hell was that?" Tetsuya whispered, voice shaking with fear. Seijuuro closed his eyes, forcing back the growing rage within him.

"The first attempt on my life."

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Alrighty everyone, I'll ramble first, then we'll chat! What did you all think? Were you surprised? I hope so. Next chapter things will be explained, no worries. And are you happy that MidoTaka are okay now? I promise I won't torture them like I do AoKi; they are a much more stable couple. Also, if you get confused about something, please ask! Seijuuro's mental state is deteriorating fast, so things might get a little weird as he switches between Absolute and his regular self (or Oreshi and Bokushi, as the fandom calls them)

Next chapter: Our babies are dealing with the assassination attempt in different ways, we get more insight in to the Akashi family, we get a flashback of the first anniversary they shared, more friction between Masaomi and Akashi, two young!Akashi flashbacks, a flashback to when Akashi first realized he loved Kuroko, the ball happens!, The Winter Cup ends(and I cried when writing it, it was so perfect).

So, big news: I will be out of town after the next update for TWO weeks. I am attending Project Anime/Anime Expo and then I am attending Ikasucon. So after discussing it with my beta, we will be posting TWO chapters this coming Friday, June 24th. Only 4 more days, guys~ However, make it last because the next update will not happen again until July 15th. I am not risking taking my computer with me to LA, and I will be too busy at Ikasucon to sleep, let alone get on here and post. I hope three chapters in one week will tide you over until then~

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

DOUBLE UPDATE READ THIS CHAPTER FIRST

Warnings: jealousy, balcony sex, anal sex, anal fingering

Note: Don't panic about the 'first' assassination attempt comment. As you will see in this chapter, it's just the fact of the matter. When you're important to society, people want to kill you. It happens XD Anyway, read on!

Kida-Asumi

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Two days after the assassination attempt on his life, Seijuurou found himself restless. He wanted to find the person that dared to harm him and interrogate them. He wanted to demand why Tetsuya and others had to be exposed as well. He wanted answers that his father obviously had and refused to give him.

Withholding a frustrated sigh, Seijuurou ran a hand over his face. He let out a hiss of pain when he touched the wound on his cheek, and his mood darkened at the reminder of the incident.

"Seijuurou-kun?" Tetsuya's concerned voice reminded the redhead that his boyfriend was in the room with him. The homework littered across the coffee table reminded him of the task at hand.

Yes. Projects were due at the end of next week. He had to focus on that and ignore all the rest. He winced when Tetsuya reached up and cupped his face.

"I'm fine, Tetsuya." He sighed, removing his boyfriend's hand. Tetsuya frowned.

"Do you want me to get you a new bandage for it?" His boyfriend tried again. The old one had come off at practice today, and Seijuurou hadn't wanted to put on another. Seijuurou shook his head, leaning back over his homework.

"No, I'm fine." He said, voice coming out a little harsher than he had intended for it to be. However, he couldn't bring himself to care. He was grumpy and Tetsuya would deal with it.

"Sei." Tetsuya said as he laid a comforting hand on Seijuurou's back. However, to the redhead, it felt like he was pinning him down, making him restless. "Let me take care of you." He said, gently squeezing at Seijuurou's shoulders.

Typically, he would allow his boyfriend to give him the massage that he was implying. Tetsuya had talented hands that seemed to know just where to poke and prod to help him relax. However, not today. He wanted to be left alone to his bad mood.

"I don't need anyone taking care of me, I'm fine. Thank you, but I just want this homework to be finished." Seijuurou said shortly before pressing his pencil against the paper. Tetsuya persisted with his nagging.
"You just had someone attempt to kill you. There is no way that-" Seijuurou cut him off, unable to take any more of this. Really, couldn't he take a hint?

"There is. Drop it, Tetsuya." He snapped. He felt a little guilty when he watched Tetsuya's eyes flashed with hurt. Deciding to make it up to him later, Seijuurou turned back to his homework. He thought it was over and done with when suddenly Tetsuya spoke again.

"I don't know why I even try." Tetsuya murmured softly. "Sometimes I wonder why you even brought me here if it wasn't to help you. Am I just an ornament?" Seijuurou rolled his eyes, turned to face his boyfriend with a glare.

"You are here because your life fell apart. If you are my ornament then I am your escape." He pointed out. Why in the world was Tetsuya overreacting like this?

"That's not the entire reason I'm here, and you know it. I'm here because I love you, Sei. Why are you being so hateful today?" Tetsuya asked. Seijuurou snorted, shaking his head.

"You started this, Tetsuya. You know the stress that I have been under recently. You also know how I handle it. Yet you keep fretting and nagging over me." He snapped back. Tetsuya frowned.

"That is no reason to treat me like this, Seijuurou-kun." He said.

"Maybe I just want some space." Seijuurou glared at his boyfriend. Was it that hard of a concept? He thought it was pretty obvious. Tetsuya's expression became unreadable before he ducked his head and stood up.

"Fine. I'll give you space." He murmured. Seijuurou watched him grab his jacket from the back of the couch, and there was something in the way that he looked so downtrodden that broke Seijuurou's heart.

What in the hell was he doing, treating Tetsuya like this? He was being childish and rude. The stress was making him act so much differently than he typically did. It wasn't fair to his angel of a boyfriend. Deciding that he had done enough damage for the day, Seijuurou let him walk away from him, hoping to give him space to cool off too. When he returned that night, they could share apologies and make up.

That is, he meant to. But then Tetsuya looked back at him before he left the room, his eyes dark with hurt and anguish. The tears shinning there nearly knocked the breath out of Seijuurou and he found himself moving before his mind could order him to do so.

"Tetsuya." He said as he pulled his boyfriend in to his arms. Tetsuya was still in his arms.

"Let go of me." Tetsuya whispered. His forceful tone didn't pack nearly as much of a punch as he intended when it wavered. Seijuurou's heart gave a painful throb, and he buried his face in his boyfriend's blue locks.

"I'm so sorry, my heart. What in the hell am I thinking?" Seijuurou murmured in his hair. Tetsuya stayed stiff in his arms for another moment before suddenly surging up and connecting their lips. It was painful as their teeth clanked together, and Seijuurou was sure that he could taste blood between them. However, the pain wasn't unwelcomed and he cupped Tetsuya's face between his hands. Seijuurou eagerly kissed back, parting his lips so that way his boyfriend could vent his frustrations this way. The amount of anger and anguish behind the kiss nearly choked the breath out of him alone, and he tried his best to convey his sincerest apologies in return.

Tetsuya eventually broke the kiss, both a little weak in the knees from the raw emotions behind it.
"I need you." Tetsuya whispered. Without another word, Seijuurou led him upstairs.

Seijuurou pressed a tender kiss to Tetsuya's shoulder, nuzzling the spot afterwards. Tetsuya squeezed his hand before rolling over and cradling him close.

"I'm sorry." He murmured again. Tetsuya pressed a kiss to the top of his head.

"I know. And hopefully after the sex we just had, you know that you're forgiven." Tetsuya teased. Seijuurou shook his head before lifting himself up and on to his forearms, staring down at Tetsuya's flushed face.

"I should never have spoken to you like that. I always have and always will want you with me, Tetsuya. That was...terrible of me to even have you think that I didn't want you here. You are here because you want to be here, and I am forever grateful because of it." He said. Tetsuya reached up and ran his fingers through his hair, and Seijuurou closed his eyes against the soothing ministrations.

"I shouldn't have pushed you either, Sei. I know that there are things inside of you that even I can't fix or help with, no matter how much is pains me. You are only human." His angel of a boyfriend pointed out.

"It was still unacceptable behavior." He pointed out. Tetsuya eased him back down on top of him, running his hands over his back to help soothe him. Seijuurou relaxed from the first stroke, even if his heart was still uneasy about their words from earlier.

"Yes, I will give you that. However, it's not unforgivable. So long as we remember that we love each other, we will be okay. And I do love you, Seijuurou-kun. So much that sometimes I can hardly catch my breath." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou closed his eyes, allowing the comforting words his boyfriend was speaking to flow over him.

"I love you too, Tetsuya. I'm sorry that I have been so terrible recently." Seijuurou mumbled in to Tetsuya's chest.

"And I'm sorry that I have been just as bad. I think it's a combination of everything we have going on and what happened a couple days ago. We never really talked about it." Tetsuya said, giving his back a pointed tap. Seijuurou winced before rolling off of him. The little moan that Tetsuya gave when he pulled out of him nearly brought a smile to his lips. Chuckling, Seijuurou pulled off his condom and Tetsuya pulled off his before they tossed them out and returned to cuddling. The light atmosphere quickly dissipated as Seijuurou remembered why they were here to begin with.

"...you go first." Seijuurou murmured, feeling like a coward. This wasn't something he wanted to talk about. Tetsuya nodded, leaning forward to give him a quick kiss before cuddling in close.

"I've been really worried about you, Seijuurou-kun. You are one person, and it seems that you are doing the job of five. And then someone tried to exterminate you." Seijuurou bit back a flash of amusement at his boyfriend's word choice. "I...I sometimes can't breathe just thinking about it. If that shot had been just a little bit closer to the center of your face, I would have lost you." Tetsuya said. Seijuurou's heart clenched painful when he spotted his tears once again. He cupped his face, trying to keep his gaze reassuring.

"I am very overworked, I will agree with you. I will not take on as much in college as I am doing in high school, I can promise you that." He began. Tetsuya nodded, and the relief he felt was reflected in Tetsuya's blue eyes. "...my father and I have been waiting for an attempt on my life for a few years now. Usually they start when the heir reaches the age of fourteen." He admitted. Tetsuya's eyes
widened in horror. Seijuurou nodded, expecting this response. After all, to normal people this would be a shock.

"Oh my god." He whispered.

"It's alright, my love. We expected the worse and prepared for the best. My father and his security team are currently research bodyguards that look like us as we speak. As soon as they find a nice team, one of them will start being with one of us in public at all times." Seijuurou promised. Tetsuya frowned, pulling Seijuurou closer.

"...I don't like that this has to happen." Tetsuya grumbled. Seijuurou must not have been able to properly mask his heartbreak at hearing those words so Tetsuya quickly elaborated. "Don't worry, it doesn't mean that I won't accept this. I'm not making this an ultimatum or a deal breaker." He promised. He bit back a smile when Seijuurou's shoulders sagged with relief. "I realize that there are a lot of things I do not understand about your world of politics. I just...I want you to be safe, Sei." He murmured. Seijuurou pressed a kiss to his forehead before tucking him under his chin.

"I promise you that my father and I will do our best to ensure that we are both safe, Tetsuya. I'm sorry that you had to witness such a scary event. Most spouses don't find out until it happens to the heir. I was going to tell you after we got married." He admitted.

"Before the baby?" Tetsuya guess. Seijuurou nodded. "Good. I would have appreciated that. Now your turn. What's wrong?" Tetsuya asked. Seijuurou winced. He could barely answer that question himself.

"...everything. Nothing. I don't know. I feel like something is wrong but I can't place it and it's so frustrating. All of my plans and projects are coming along smoothly. Almost too smoothly. Because of this, I keep thinking that I can take on more. I then become frustrated because I can't handle it." He admitted. Tetsuya hugged him tighter, and Seijuurou appreciated it. "I'm worried that I will mess up one thing and then the rest will fall apart too. I'm also neglecting you again. I'm sorry, Tetsuya. I've been a terrible boyfriend recently." He frowned. Tetsuya kissed his jaw before returning to his spot. The sweet little gesture made Seijuurou's heart skip a beat.

"Nonsense. I understand, Seijuurou-kun. I would tell you if I'm not happy. Or if I'm feeling neglected, I would ask you to do things with me." He corrected. "I'm sorry that life is overwhelming, Seijuurou-kun. If you ever need me or the others to help look over things for you, just let me know. As soon as the Winter Cup ends, you will be releasing your duties to the Basketball club. Then all that is left is school." He pointed out. Seijuurou nodded.

"I know." Soon, his responsibility load would be a little lighter. He just hoped that this would be enough to make everything better.

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He was dreaming again. It was their first anniversary. They were visiting the restaurant that had been their first date spot so long ago, and in addition to the glow from the stars, there were two candles glowing on the table.

"Where did you learn your romance tactics from?" Tetsuya teased. Seijuurou chuckled, helping him in to his chair.

"I do my research, my Tetsuya." He admitted willingly. The blush on Tetsuya's cheeks helped him remember that this was worth it.

Seijuurou smiled as he watched their hands link together and their voices dropped to an intimate set
of whispers. He watched as they shared their dinner and conversation. He followed them when they went to look over the city and talk about what they were going to do for the rest of the evening.

Seijuurou's heart ached with a yearning for these simpler times. When he didn't have to plan out his day to include resting or even spending time with Tetsuya. He wished that he wasn't an Akashi heir, and that the way that things were going now wasn't going to become permanent.

It wasn't fair.

"No, it's not." Seijuurou spun around in surprise at the voice in his ear. His darker personality was staring at him with his all-knowing gaze. "However, this is your life. You must accept this." He ordered. Seijuurou shook his head.

"No. Tetsuya said that father cares about us. He will listen when I explain-"

"Nonsense. He will laugh in your face or smack you. Perhaps both. Don't be foolish, Seijuurou. Remember that whatever you do could put Tetsuya at risk." He cautioned. Seijuurou's eyes narrowed.

"I would never do anything to put him in harm's way." He protested. His darker personality nodded before reaching forward and pulling him close.

"I know you would try."

Tetsuya was more than a little surprised when his boyfriend suddenly shoved him against the wall of his shower. He bit back a chuckle, smiling at the feeling of the hard erection pressing against his ass.

"Already so eager, Seijuurou-kun? You went for a run before I was even awake this morning. Where is all of this energy coming from?" He teased, turning around and wrapping a leg around his waist, grinding their erections together. When Seijuurou didn't respond, Tetsuya looked up to meet his gaze. He was surprised to find Seijuurou's gold eye blazing.

"Tetsuya. It's been awhile." Seijuurou murmured. Tetsuya nodded, and his expression softened.

"Welcome home." He said back before leaning up and kissing his boyfriend. He really should have known that this would happen, with how stressed out Seijuurou had been yesterday. Or even lately.

For now, Tetsuya let his boyfriend hide behind his most absolute persona. If this helped him get through the next few months with most of his sanity intact, then so be it.

Seijuurou hated this man. He wasn't sure how he could put up with him on a daily basis.

The two were having a meeting about the upcoming Christmas Ball. His father was reading over his reports, and would occasionally take that terrible red pen out and make corrections.

It pissed him off.

"I couldn't help but overhear your argument with Tetsuya the other day. Are things alright?" His father asked, almost as if he actually cared. Seijuurou nodded.

"Yes, sir. We were both a little caught up in the stress of what happened last weekend. I was trying to move past it, as is expected of me," He added. He internally scowled when his father nodded, "but Tetsuya wasn't quite ready to move on from it. However, we quickly came to our senses and made
up." He explained. Masaomi nodded.

"I see." His father said. Seijuurou bit back a frown as his father looked up at the ceiling thoughtfully. It made Seijuurou uneasy, watching the way his father seemed to contemplate something. "Are you doing alright, Seijuurou? You seem very overwhelmed." He asked.

"I'm fine, Father." He promised. Masaomi sighed, standing up from his desk. He walked over to his son, clasping him on the shoulder.

"Maybe trying to fight your chosen path is too much to handle." He suggested before walking out of the room.

Seijuurou's eyes narrowed as fury ran through his veins. Was his father trying to use his exhaustion as a reason to force him into his pre-planned future? Was he not even going to take this seriously into consideration? Seijuurou's head spun with the impact of that happening, and he fought to keep himself upright.

Before he even thought about it, he was leaving the house and heading to his mother.

__Another memory, Seijuurou mused as he watched himself enter his father's office. He couldn't be a little bit older than 13, if he had to guess.__

"We are telling father about our feelings for Tetsuya. Though I think we left it vague and just told him that we liked boys." Seijuurou wasn't surprise to watch his other self-walk up to him. Together they watched as he sat down in front of Masaomi.

"You wished to tell me something, Seijuurou?" The older man asked. Young Seijuurou nodded, keeping his head held high as he met his father's gaze.

"What confidence we had back then." Seijuurou murmured. The other remained silent.

"Yes, Father. I recently came to the revelation that I do not like girls. I like boys instead. I was wondering if this goes against our family." The young Seijuurou was straight to the point.

"Look at how full of life he was, despite how heartbroken we were at the time." The other said in awe. Seijuurou agreed. They were both surprised when Masaomi's mask broke for just a second with amusement and warmth.

"I see. No, my son, it is not against our family to yearn for someone with the same sex. In today's world, it is even growing to be socially acceptable. If you still feel this way next year, inform me and I shall begin pressing the government in to legalizing a marriage for you." He said. The little one's shoulder's sagged with relief.

"Thank you, Father. I will be sure to let you know." He said. When he stood up, Masaomi stopped him from leaving.

"Just a minute, Seijuurou. There are a few things we should discuss about this. What trials you will face and the like."

The other and Seijuurou tuned out the memory, neither particularly wanting to hear that awkward conversation again.

"Maybe Father was just worried about us earlier." The other suggested. Seijuurou rolled his eyes. He blinked when they were suddenly back in Masaomi's office.
"What?" He stopped his question when he realized what this was. Why his father was pulling down the family photo album, and why Seijuurou was placing a photo of Tetsuya on the desk.

It was the Request.

"Ah." Both said together. Slightly younger Seijuurou stepped back, watching his father with carefully guarded eyes as he examined Tetsuya's photo.

"He is the one?" Masaomi asked. When Seijuurou nodded, he fell silent again. "I think I remember him. He was the shadow of Teiko, correct?" Again, Seijuurou nodded.

"Yes. I have wanted him for nearly two years now, Father. I just did not realize it." He admitted.

"But now you do?" Masaomi asked. Seijuurou nodded, determination flashing in his eyes.

"Yes. I want him." Masaomi nodded, sitting the photo down before flipping open the album.

"He has a low presence that builds itself gradually. He would be perfect for the innocent lunches that the Akashi spouse is typically expected to participate in and gather the atmosphere of a negotiation from the slightly drunken other spouses. He also is only a little shorter than you, and has already proven himself a hard worker. Is he loyal?" Masaomi asked. Seijuurou nodded.

"Absolutely. He completely dedicates himself to something once he is involved. I'm the reason that the Generation of Miracles fell apart." Seijuurou and the other winced at that all too true statement. Their desperation to keep everyone happy had been their ultimate downfall.

"Good. You will have until the end of your Third year of high school to properly woo him, Seijuurou. If at any time I feel that he is the one, I will begin his training to be your spouse. He is to be prepared for that task by the time you graduate college." Masaomi instructed. Slightly younger Seijuurou nodded, his eyes gleaming with joy.

"We were so happy and relieved that father approved so quickly." The other murmured. Seijuurou nodded, closing his eyes when he placed a hand on his shoulder. "I can handle things from here." It promised. Seijuurou nodded, leaning back to give the other control.

"And now that we are on to the finals, we are that much closer to being done with the school year!" Ryouta was grinning as the Generation of Miracles walked towards the stadium. Tetsuya shook his head, squeezing Seijuurou's hand tightly as a shiver ran through him. Letting out a sigh of disapproval as he noticed that Tetsuya had forgotten to wear his gloves (again), Seijuurou pulled their hands in to his pocket.

"Thanks." His boyfriend whispered as he slid his other hand in to his pocket. Seijuurou leaned over and gave him a quick kiss to his pink cheek, though whether the coloring was from the cold or embarrassment, it was hard to say.

The Winter Cup had made the month of December fly by. If Seijuurou wasn't in class, he was at Basketball practice. When he wasn't there, he was in one of three committee meetings: the student council, the graduation ceremony, or the Christmas ball.

The Quarter finals had been a fierce knock out set of matches between the Generation teams and two outsiders. It was almost comical the unintended pass that Shutoku and Yosen got with the two outside teams.

Taiga and Daiki got to have a great, one last match together that awed the stands and the recruiters.
Seirin won by 1 point. At the end of it, both announced that they had accepted contract offers to the University of L.A. Seijuurou wasn't sure if their significant other's had known about it before hand at the time. But when Tatsuya announced the same offer after their match in the Semi-finals that was half-cleared up. Even now he wasn't sure if Ryouta had known beforehand.

Regardless, Ryouta was still clinging to Daiki's arm, giggling about something that the darker-skinned male was whispering in his ear.

Rakuzan had faced off against Kaijou. It had been an intense match, as Ryouta's perfect copy was stronger than ever. However, Seijuurou wasn't going to lose this late in his basketball career, and he had allowed Kaijou to lose with a 10-point gap.

After the games were finished, Seijuurou and Tetsuya rounded up Rakuzan to head back to Kyoto so that way the student could focus on starting their projects and deadlines by the start of Winter break.

After another week with very little sleep and an ever-growing to-do list, the Akashi heir and the team returned to Tokyo for the Semi-finals.

Seirin versus Rakuzan started the day with a fierce battle between Seijuurou and Taiga. Most of Seirin were still pretty bitter with Tetsuya's betrayal. Seijuurou didn't take lightly to their snide comments and defeated them pretty ruthlessly. He only was polite when Taiga was on the court. Other than that, they complete blocked their offense, and had an iron clad defense.

This match would be the start of many examples of Akashi Seijuurou protecting his beloved.

Riko, Hyuuga, and Kiyoshi later stopped by as Tetsuya and Taiga were conversing after the match. Riko had informed them that most of Tetsuya's previous Thirds didn't care about the past anymore. They still wanted to be friends. His Tetsuya had cried tears of relief on the way home.

Shutoku and Yosen's match had been just as intense. However, Shutoku took the crown with Kazunari and Shintarouu's perfectly synced duet on the court. Seijuurou was not surprised when Kazunari jumped into his arms.

He was, however, surprised when Shintarou kissed him.

Now, as they walked towards the stadium, Seijuurou was content with the approaching end to his basketball career. In all of his years of Captainship, he was the first Captain in Japan to win as many games as he had. 1 game loss of out the 18 tournaments he played in was pretty impressive.

Tetsuya pressed against his side, and Seijuurou blinked back in to reality once more. He offered his boyfriend's curious gaze a wink.

"I was just thinking about basketball." He promised. Tetsuya shot him a knowing smile and nodded before turning back to listen to Satsuki and Ryouta tease Daiki about the blush on his face.

It was the third quarter when it happened. Seijuurou managed to knock his knee out of the socket when one of Yosen's team members accidentally landed on him when he dunked. Seijuurou winced and immediately called for a time-out.

"Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya was suddenly at his side, and Tamaki was helping him up.

"It's just knocked out of place. You can set it and if I set out the rest of this quarter and then part of the next it should be fine." Seijuurou said, even as he gritted his teeth against the pain. Out of the corner of his eye he watched his father slowly make his way down the stands. Tetsuya nodded, his
eyes full of concern.

After sending in a sub, Tetsuya kneeled in front of him and handed him a towel. Seijuurou put it in his mouth, bracing himself on the bench as Tetsuya quickly popped it back into socket. The pain caused Seijuurou to jerk forward, the terrible cry of the pain muffled by the towel. Tetsuya squeezed his uninjured knee, an apology in his gaze. He leaned up to take the towel out of his mouth. He tenderly wiped away the saliva that had seeped in to the towel and then back around his mouth before kissing him softly.

"I'm going to wrap it now, okay? We'll put it in a brace too." He said. Seijuurou nodded, accepting the pain medication one of the other managers slipped to him. As the pills went down his throat, Tetsuya's careful hands began to wrap his knee. He winced when his boyfriend slipped on his brace.

"Just rest, Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya said as he rose to his feet. He sat down next to him, grabbing the towel from earlier and wiping away his sweat. Seijuurou leaned against him, trying to let his boyfriend's soothing presence relax him.

When Rakuzan began to look like it might lose within the last two minutes of the third quarter, Seijuurou braced himself for what he had to do.

"Tetsuya." He murmured. Tetsuya nodded, rising from the bench. His boyfriend's face was a perfect mask as he raised his hand and called out for a substitution change. Rakuzan's coach nodded his approval, and he moved over to sit next to Rakuzan's Captain.

"This is why we had this plan in place. This is why we let him join the team in the first place." He reminded him. Seijuurou nodded, closing his eyes as his heart sank.

He felt like he was using his boyfriend. Betraying him. But this was necessary.

This was Rakuzan's true last resort.

Code S for Shadow.

The crowd went silent as Tetsuya took off his t-shirt, revealing the jersey beneath it.

Rakuzan's number 15, Kuroko Tetsuya.

As he pulled on his wrist bands, the Generation, Taiga, and Ogiwara began to cheer in the distance. Soon, the rest of the crowd followed as he took his rightful place on the court.

Seijuurou watched with no small amount of pride as his boyfriend began to talk to the first string about their attack plan. All the while, Seijuurou watched Shinjirou begin to trust his boyfriend.

Maybe this knee of his was a blessing in disguise.

The game resumed, with Tetsuya helping the first string gain back the momentum that they had lost. Finally, once the time came, Seijuurou joined them on the court. Shinjirou shot him an odd look as he returned to the bench, but Seijuurou decided to dwell on that later.

For now, as he gathered his first string, he smirked.

"Well now. Shall we show the world just how powerful Rakuzan is?" He asked. As the others cheered their agreement, Seijuurou locked his eyes with Tetsuya. His boyfriend's eyes were shining with excitement, and he seemed genuinely happy to be on the court again.
It was only fitting, Seijuurou later mused as Tetsuya passed him what would be the last basket of the
game, that his final match be Tetsuya’s as well. That they said goodbye to this sport that meant so
much to them both, together.

And when the buzzer rang, Seijuurou turned and reached out, knowing that his boyfriend would be
right there. Tetsuya wrapped his arms around his waist as Seijuurou cupped his face, their matching
grins and wet eyes mirror images. Seijuurou yanked him close, kissing him breathless as a true
farewell to the basketball that had brought them together.

This win was a symbol of their freedom. Of their future.

Seijuurou smiled to himself as he stepped in to his dreams that night. His darker self was sitting by a
window in Teiko Middle School, his eyes locked on what Seijuurou knew to be Tetsuya playing a
game with Daiki and Ryouta.

This was one of his favorite memories. This was the one where he realized that he loved him.

"Here we come." The absolute personality said. Seijuurou joined him, and they watched as young
Seijuurou walked in with Atsushi and Shintarou.

"What are you guys doing here so early?" Shintarou asked. Seijuurou walked over to their utility
room, disappearing to grab his clipboard.

"Practicing!" Ryouta responded cheerfully.

"Kise is under the impression that he can be Tetsu's light. I had to show him how wrong he is." Daiki bragged.

"Is Dai-chan here?" Satsuki’s frantic voice reached their ears as they watched young Seijuurou exit
the room.

"Fuck. I forgot to tell her." Daiki spoke up.

"Yes, Aomine-kun is here, Momoi-san." Tetsuya promised. They watched as Seijuurou observe the
court, planning their practice for the day.

However, the current Seijuurou knew what was going on in the back of his mind.

Today was the anniversary of his mother's passing.

The practice fast-forwarded. They watched in awe as Tetsuya kept glancing towards Seijuurou with
a look of concern on his face. Watching now, they realized it was because he was too quiet that day.
It also could have been because Tetsuya was beginning to fall for him in return, but he hadn't
acknowledged it yet. Or maybe he had, but Seijuurou was too wrapped up in himself to notice.

Everything stopped suddenly as the rest of the Generation exited the locker room, leaving the two
alone.

"Akashi-kun?" Their Tetsuya asked, the sound of his previous nickname so foreign now.

"Yes, Tetsuya?" Seijuurou replied. He jumped when Tetsuya gently grasped his shoulder, turning
him around so that their eyes locked.

They watched both boys simply look at one another. Finally, Tetsuya spoke again.
"Go home and rest, okay? Tomorrow will be more manageable." He promised. Seijuurou's expression softened. So did the watching pair.

Those words would become his motto for the next year and a half. And every year that passed that date. Tetsuya didn't apologize. Tetsuya didn't mention or ask why he was upset, even though he knew. Tetsuya didn't promise that it would get easier. No, he just assured him that today sucked, and tomorrow wouldn't suck as much. That genuine honesty combined with his concern for him was what really caused Seijuurou's heart to go to this man.

He was the first person to really try and make things seem better.

"Thank you, Tetsuya." He murmured. Tetsuya's cheek dusted with pink embarrassment before he nodded shyly and turned back to his locker.

"N-no problem, Akashi-kun." He stuttered. Seijuurou had thought it was adorable then, and he thought it now. Just watching him, so shy and innocent, brought a smile to his face.

"We need to protect him against the stress of finals and the stress of the ball. We can't fight again." His absolute personality spoke. Seijuurou nodded, his expression grim as that precious memory slipped away.

"Do what you must."

Seijuurou hadn't expected his father to go with them to the Christmas Ball for Scholarship Growth. He had been wrong.

"We must present the Akashi family of the here and now. With this being Tetsuya's first public appearance in this setting, it is imperative that we both have the chance to walk with him. Introduce him to both of our friends." Masaomi had said. Seijuurou begrudgingly agreed, but he wasn't happy about it. As if he didn't have enough to worry about.

"Shinjirou apologized to me." Tetsuya's voice broke the slightly awkward atmosphere in the car. Seijuurou turned to him, raising a surprised brow.

"Really? When did this happen?" Seijuurou asked.

"Shinjirou is this boy on the basketball team that keeps trying to break Seijuurou-kun and I apart." Tetsuya referenced for Masaomi's benefit. His father rolled his eyes before turning back to his newspaper.

"Child's play." He grunted. Tetsuya nodded his agreement before continuing.

"The other managers and I were stacking the towels when you were in the meeting with the coach and he approached me. He apologized for the way he's been treating me, and that he is ashamed of himself for throwing himself at you. He wished us the best. It wasn't nearly as dramatic as Sayoko's." Tetsuya shrugged, squeezing their laced fingers. Seijuurou squeezed back as he pondered this development.

"Well, at least this makes things easier for after graduation." He said. Tetsuya nodded.

All too soon, they were pulling up to the building that held the ball. The reporters were already there, the flashes of cameras illuminating everything too brightly.

"Well, shall we? I will lead." Masaomi said. Seijuurou and Tetsuya nodded. He got out first, giving
the crowd a polite smile and a friendly wave. Seijuurou and Tetsuya waited until he was about halfway down the line before they too stepped out. Seijuurou gave his most welcoming smile to the cameras as he helped Tetsuya out of the car. Tetsuya thanked him and Seijuurou offered him his arm.

"Over here!" The reporters all vied for their attention. They did their best to wave to them all, and did stop to give two interviews. The first was about the occasion.

"I am very proud of what we have built here today. I know that this Scholarship fund will be very beneficial to every partner involved. This will also be a great program that will continue to grow over time. All of the young athletes of today and the future will get the support they need from here." Seijuurou stated.

The second was on them.

"This will be Tetsuya's first formal ball. I am honored that he chose to spend it with me." Seijuurou promised, the adoration in his eyes for his boyfriend genuine. The smile that he got in return was just as much.

"I am really looking forward to meeting the fine men and women that have dedicated so much of their time building this program. The fact that I can spend it with my family is an added bonus." Tetsuya stated with a wink to Seijuurou.

When the reporters asked if they were getting married soon, both declined to comment and headed inside, secretive smiles on their faces leading to what would surely be tomorrow's next big gossip headline.

"Round one complete?" Tetsuya asked, relaxing a bit now that they were no longer under the scrutiny of most of the nation. Seijuurou shook his head, helping Tetsuya out of his coat before taking off his own and passing it to the coat check.

"If only, my love, if only. The night has barely even begun." He murmured. Tetsuya slipped his hand through his arm, offering him a reassuring smile.

"We'll get through this together, as always, Sei." He promised. Seijuurou returned it, gently pressing their foreheads together.

"This night is already going better than most just because you are here with me, my love. Thank you for being here." He said. Tetsuya gently kissed him, eyes shining with warm affection.

"What a wonderful compliment, Sei. Now let's find your father before he finds us." He teased. Seijuurou nodded, sneaking one more kiss before forcing himself upright and his business smile on to his face.

After the initial mingling where Seijuurou and Tetsuya stuck close to Masaomi, the first item on the agenda was dinner.

"What will the food be like?" Tetsuya asked as they filed in to the dining hall.

"The portions will be smaller than we typically eat, but there are more courses and they have a stronger flavor." Seijuurou answered.

"For one of the desert options Seijuurou put in a special vanilla ice cream option." Masaomi added as he took his place at the head of the table. Seijuurou pulled out Tetsuya's chair for him, nodding that it was true.
"To encourage you to finish every last bite." He explained, making sure that his boyfriend was settled between his father and himself before he sat down. He wasn't surprised when Takizawa Animal sat down next to his father, and he offered the…elaborate man's son, Chris, a nod of greeting.

The Takizawa Sports Corp was the leading Athletic Equipment and Sponsorship firm in not only Japan, but in most of Asia as well. They were also highly ranked in America and across Europe. It was a no brainer when Masaomi asked him to pick an expert in the field, who exactly he was going to choose.

"How have things been with you, Akashi-san?" Chris asked politely as their father's began to talk. Seijuurou offered him a friendly smile.

"Busy. Chris, have you met my boyfriend, Tetsuya?" Seijuurou asked. Chris shook his head, offering the blue-haired male a friendly smile.

"Hello, I'm Takizawa Chris Yuu. It's very nice to meet you…" Chris trailed off, offering his hand to Tetsuya. Tetsuya accepted it, giving Chris a smile in return.

"Kuroko Tetsuya. It's nice to meet you as well, Takizawa-san." His boyfriend said. Seijuurou was pleased by Chris' easy acceptance of his boyfriend, and he hoped that as the night continued, this behavior would continue.

They spoke with Chris periodically throughout the dinner. He let it slip that he was currently in a polyamorous relationship with two other men, with a third warming his way into their hearts. Seijuurou and Tetsuya were thinking the same thing, when they later glanced at one another.

How in the world could they possibly want to share the person that they cherished most?

"Maybe it's a community type thing? We love the Generation." Tetsuya mused later that night. Seijuurou had to agree with that logic, and they closed the book on the matter.

After dinner, the group left the table to go and mingle once more. As Masaomi left their side, Seijuurou sought out the Head of the Akazo group, Nanase Haruya.

Nanase Haruya was the complete opposite of his son. He was loud, outgoing, and treated life as if he was single and free. As Seijuurou approached him, he noted the lack of a woman (or man) on his arm, and his wedding band was missing as well.

Did he not think about his child? Where was Haru's mother? Seijuurou couldn't believe that they were even remotely related, so he had looked in to it. Sure enough, he was listed as Haru's father on his birth certificate. However, Seijuurou decided he had enough problems in his own life. He had no need getting caught up in others.

"Akashi! This your man?" Haruya asked as he approached. Seijuurou nodded, pressing in to Tetsuya's back to assure him that Haruya was (mostly) harmless. Tetsuya pressed back, conveying that he got it.

"Yes. Kuroko Tetsuya, this is Nanase Haruya." He said. Tetsuya offered Haruya his hand with a polite smile on his face.

"It's very nice to meet you, Nanase-san. You have worked really hard on this collaboration, and everything looks wonderful." Tetsuya said, making a show of taking a look around the venue.

"Thanks! Your boyfriend worked hard too. I bet you're happy to have him home at night again,
right?" Haruya asked, winking at Tetsuya, who forced a laugh, stepping a bit closer to Seijuurou.

"Well, it was nice seeing you, Haruya-san. I believe that my father was going to speak with you today." He added before quickly steering Tetsuya away.

"That man is very odd." Tetsuya murmured as they wandered around the venue. Seijuurou nodded.

"Very odd indeed. Can you believe that he is Haru's father?" Seijuurou asked. Tetsuya gasped, turning to him with wide eyes.

"That's not possible." He whispered as they passed a group of guests. Seijuurou nodded, expression grim.

"It is. I looked into it. It's strange, isn't?" Seijuurou mused. Tetsuya nodded, and the two continued on their way.

The next part of the evening was a set of holiday songs sung by the new up and coming idol group, STARISH. Shinning was so excited to show them off amongst all these potential sponsors and donors that Seijuurou let him do whatever he wanted for the entertainment part of this.

"Kurokocchi, Akashicchi!" Seijuurou had nearly forgotten that Ryouta was here to represent his agency. The blond ran up to them, a wide grin on his face as he dragged a tall male. "Hey guys! This is my co-worker, Lev." He added. Both Seijuurou and Tetsuya had to tilt their heads back to greet him properly.

"It's nice to meet you." Tetsuya said.

"I'm Akashi Seijuurou, and this is Kuroko Tetsuya. Please forgive Ryouta's terrible manners." Seijuurou added, glaring at Ryouta for not introducing them. Ryouta shrugged, not letting the chide get him down. From the flush on his cheeks, Seijuurou could assume that he was intoxicated. He would have to remind him or party etiquette when they were alone with the blond.

"What do you think of these guys? Ren, the blond that sounds like Daikicchi, models with us too. 'The sexy blonds of Japan!'" Ryouta explained.

"They are rather talented." Seijuurou admitted. They watched for a while, with Tetsuya conversing with Lev and Ryouta. Seijuurou picked up on the relationships in the group, and made a note to explore a confirmation on them later.

The evening continued with the STARISH boys each taking an instrument that they were each best at, and invited everyone to dance to some of the most beloved family holiday ballads.

"What a great idea." Seijuurou said, approving more and more of Shinning's tastes. He smirked, turning to his boyfriend and offering him a hand. "Tetsuya, I would be honored to have this dance." He said. Tetsuya blushed, averting his eyes as he slipped his hand in to his boyfriend's.

"I'm a terrible dancer, Sei." Tetsuya whispered when he pulled him closer. Seijuurou nuzzled the side of his face as they began to sway to the music.

"Just sway with me, Tetsuya. It will all come naturally. Would you like dancing lessons?" He asked, wrapping an arm around Tetsuya's waist as he began to guide them around the dance floor. Other people were paired up now too, lost in the little world of their dates.

"Private lessons." Tetsuya agreed, a small smile coming across his face as he relaxed. "I like dancing with you. It does come naturally, after a while." Tetsuya admitted, eyes alight with happiness.
Seijuurou's expression softened.

He was always reassured that he could make Tetsuya happy just as much as the original side of himself. It was comforting, knowing that he was loved too.

Maybe someday he would be the stable man that Tetsuya deserved.

"I love to dance as well. It was another hobby that my mother and I shared. She told me that this is how I would win the person of my dreams." He teased. Tetsuya smiled, squeezing his hand as they continued to spin.

"Consider me won, then. There is something charming about you as you dance, I will admit. Which means that you can only ever dance with me." Tetsuya said softly, leaning forward to murmur those words in to his ear. Seijuurou's eyes widened in surprise at such a possessive statement. He often forgot just how possessive his boyfriend could be. He kissed his cheek, closing his eyes as he fought back against the waves of arousal coursing through him.

"I promise." He said. When he opened his eyes again, he noticed the love and lust in Tetsuya's eyes as well.

"Did you bring the emergency supplies?" Tetsuya whispered. Seijuurou nodded, the weight of them in his pocket suddenly feeling very heavy. "Good. Shall we sneak off to somewhere private?"

"God yes." He breathed. This intimate atmosphere surround them was suffocating, and he just wanted relief. Tetsuya opened his mouth to suggest a location when they were suddenly joined by an outsider.

"Yo, can I have a dance with you man?" Seijuurou's eyes narrowed at the stranger who dared interrupted them. Tetsuya looked just as disgruntled but his eyes lit up when he realized who it was.

"Ogiwara-kun!" Tetsuya greeted the man. "Go ahead to the balcony, Seijuurou-kun. I'll dance with Ogiwara really quickly and be there soon." He said. Seijuurou nodded, offering them both a polite smile before walking away.

He was jealous. He wasn't even shy about that fact. Tetsuya didn't even know that Ogiwara had played a big part in Mazetora's involvement in this conglomeration. He had said that he wanted to tell Tetsuya himself, and so Seijuurou had expected it.

However, it never happened.

They were happy. They were finally going to be able to start their lives together after this night. Yet they were interrupted by a man that Tetsuya still fawned over. His boyfriend viewed Ogiwara as a precious friend, and Ogiwara viewed him as so much more. He would wait for Tetsuya here, as long as it took.

Blessedly, it didn't take long. Tetsuya slipped outside, locking the door behind him so that way they could have a semblance of privacy. Seijuurou was looking over the balcony at the calm and gentle country landscape surrounding this venue, hoping it would help ease the furious jealous raging inside of his heart. It was one of Shining's mansions, and he had insisted they use it.

Now, Seijuurou was grateful for that. It meant that he could do whatever he wanted here and not get reprimanded.

"Ogiwara was a nice surprise." Tetsuya murmured as he slipped his arms around Seijuurou's waist,
his hands working to get his belt open. "I'm sorry that he interrupted us though. Did it kill the mood?" Tetsuya asked, leaning up to nuzzle in to the nape of Seijuurou's neck.

"Who in the hell does he think he is?" Seijuurou hissed as he turned around, yanking Tetsuya to him. Tetsuya let out a soft gasp of surprise before he wrapped his arms around his neck, pressing their lips together and starting a slow grind of their hips.

"I forgot about…" Tetsuya trailed off, but they both got the implication.

He forgot that the original Seijuurou wasn't here. Instead, it was the absolute one.

"Please take me over the balcony." Tetsuya murmured into his mouth before slipping his tongue between his lips. His boyfriend's kiss was intense, tongue-fucking his mouth as his hands wandered down his chest. Seijuurou let out a pleased groan as his nails dug in the entire way down, looking forward to seeing the blossoming scratches tomorrow morning. When they got to Seijuurou's groin, they gave his hardening dick a squeeze, thumb teasing over the slit. Seijuurou thrust in to his grip even as his mouth took control of the kiss. Tetsuya moaned, hand leaving his cock before sliding around to his pocket and grabbed the lube and condoms.

"I will make you forget about him. You belong to me, Tetsuya." Seijuurou. Tetsuya nodded against his mouth, moaning when Seijuurou reached down and grabbed his ass, grinding their hips together. The smooth silk of Tetsuya's dress slacks against his enflamed cock felt wonderful, and the flush over Tetsuya's cheeks was proof that he was the only man on his boyfriend's mind. That moan turned into a gasp when he spun them around, placing Tetsuya on the banister.

Their kisses grew heated and wet, both trying to possess the other. Seijuurou sucked on Tetsuya's tongue, teeth grazing the organ when his shadow's hand twisted in his hair.

"Sei!" Tetsuya pulled back to gasp, chest heaving as he attempted to catch his breath. Seijuurou's mouth simply slid down and across his cheek, wandering down his throat. "Ah!" Tetsuya gasped sharply as Seijuurou began to leave little bites along his throat, stopping at a spot where he knew it wouldn't be visible to everyone before sucking a mark in to his pale skin. His mark on his Tetsuya. That should remind that nuisance who this man belonged to.

"Mine." He growled when he pulled back to admire his mark. Tetsuya's hand was gentle when it cupped his chin, the look in his lust-filled eyes tender and full of understanding before leaning forward to connect their lips again.

Tetsuya stepped off the balcony moments later, undoing his own pants as he kept his mouth connected to Seijuurou's by biting his lower lips. Seijuurou loved the sting of his boyfriend's teeth digging in to his bottom lip, his dick throbbing with pleasure at it. Once his pants were around his ankles, he turned around and leaned over the banister.

"Is this fine, Seijuurou-kun?" Tetsuya asked, sliding his legs apart a little and pressing his ass back, giving the redhead the best view possible. Seijuurou smirked, his hands reaching out to grab two handfuls of that fine ass.

"More than fine. Be good and don't move, Tetsuya. I'm going to prepare you." He warned before releasing his ass with a smack. He ripped open the packet of lube, emptying it's contents in to the center of his palm before tossing the packaging over the balcony. Tetsuya laughed, and when their eyes met, Seijuurou knew they were sharing the same thought.

The gardeners were going to be very confused in the morning, to find the nondescript packet in the rose bed.
Seijuurou slicked up his fingers, eyes heated as Tetsuya's entrance twitched with anticipation of what was to come. He shoved in two fingers without preamble, quickly pumping them in and out.

"Fuck." Tetsuya hissed as his ass was assaulted. Seijuurou smirked at the profanity, a rarity for his quiet and proper boyfriend, enjoying the way that his boyfriend's entrance quivered around his fingers. He opened both condoms with his teeth and his free hand before putting them on.

"Be ready." Seijuurou breathed in to Tetsuya's ear when he leaned forward to slip the condom on his cock. Tetsuya shivered, turning to try to capture his lips. Seijuurou pulled away, denying him access as punishment for Ogiwara. He acknowledged that the concept of the punishment was entirely immature, but he would beat himself up over it in the morning. For now, he had to remind his boyfriend just whom he belonged to.

After giving his ass a few more pumps, Seijuurou removed his fingers and inserted his cock.

The sex was fast and hard. Tetsuya's hips slammed into the concrete banister, and his nails chipped as he tried to dig his nails in to the concrete. The moans that were escaping him were full of pleasure, not pain, so Seijuurou didn't feel too bad about the rough treatment. He did note the way that Tetsuya seemed to jerk every time he was pushed towards the edge, a pleased cry escaping him. Smirking, an amused Seijuurou lifted up his hips and pushed him over further. Tetsuya let out an alarmed cry, even as his dick pulsed in the condom.

"Do you like being taken over the gardens, Tetsuya? Or is it the ledge?" He asked. When Tetsuya didn't answer, Seijuurou stopped his thrusts. Tetsuya let out a low whine before thrusting himself back on to the cock. When Seijuurou gripped his hips tighter, denying him access to the friction of his cock, Tetsuya blushed and looked back over his shoulder at him, a slight pout on his face for the teasing.

"L-ledge." Tetsuya admitted, and Seijuurou appreciated how pink his cheeks turned with that admission.

"You can always tell me your desires, Tetsuya. I can handle them even when he can't. I know you can take a little more adventure than he is comfortable subjecting you to, even if he wants it." Seijuurou stated. He leaned forward, sharp teeth nipping at the back of Tetsuya's neck.

"Yes." Tetsuya chanted, head falling forward. He started a brutal, deep pace with that breathy agreement, and from the cries leaving his boyfriend, he had managed to hit his prostate head on. Seijuurou predicted that Tetsuya wouldn't last, and at the way that his balls were drawing up in their sack, he wasn't far behind.

"Come for me, Tetsuya." He demanded, hand sliding around to grab his boyfriend's leaking cock. Tetsuya panted his name like a prayer, and soon both were spilling into their condoms. Tetsuya slumped against the bannister as Seijuurou pulled out and tidied them up, revitalized by the sex. As he was pulling up Tetsuya's pants, the world suddenly went dark.

"Wha-" Seijuurou began to ask when suddenly he saw himself in the garden. He let out an annoyed groan as he noted the original hovering just a few feet in front of him. "I was busy."

"Something at the party made me think of this. Be quiet." He ordered. The Seijuurou in front of them couldn't be much younger than they were now. And when he began to speak, they understood why.

This was before they first asked Tetsuya out, so long ago.

"Mother…I've never been this nervous in front of you before." Seijuurou was saying. "I...I believe I
have good reason. My memories of you are all of your happiness, or your sorrow. I have no idea how you would feel about what I am going to tell you." Seijuurou paused, taking a moment to gather himself.

"Mother, I'm a gay man. I have been for a few years now. And today, I'm going to begin winning the heart of the man I love. I hope that I'm not disappointing you with this decision." He said, and his voice wavered with fear and pent up emotions. The two Seijuurou behind him shared a look. They realized now that their mother would care about just as much as their father would.

Seijuurou was their only child. That was more important to them than who he wanted in his bed.

"Let me see things from here on out. After all, I did the ground work for the night." Seijuurou said. The absolute simply watched him go, keeping quiet on the fact that he was walking into the afterglow.

When Seijuurou came back to himself, it was to Tetsuya slipping his belt back around his waist.

"Are you alright?" He boyfriend asked softly. Seijuurou blinked, trying to gather his surroundings. They were on the balcony, and the smell of their recent union hung in the air. Seijuurou nodded, pressing a quick kiss to Tetsuya's lips before helping his boyfriend in making it look like they hadn't just jumped one another on the balcony.

"I'm fine. I just got lost in thought for a moment." He assured him with a quick smile. Tetsuya seemed almost relieved, and he leaned up to press a tender, open-mouthed kiss on his lips. Seijuurou moaned, pulling him in close as their tongues danced together, gently tasting and touching.

"Shall we go back?" Tetsuya asked, adjusting his hair with a few strokes of his fingers. Seijuurou nodded, leaning in for another kiss as he adjusted his pants. After they were satisfied, they rejoined the party.

Things quieted down for a bit until STARISH joined them, a young woman with red-hair among them.

Their composer, he would later find out.

"Akashi-sama, Shining told us that you are responsible for this awesome party! Thank you so much!" A man with brilliant red hair exclaimed, his red eyes wide and shining with excitement. "Ah!" He winced when a man with blue hair and an aristocratic air around him hit the redhead on the back of the head.

"We are in public, Otoya. Behave yourself for once." He snapped. Otoya pouted, looking over to a blond with a gentle smile and glasses.

"Natsuki, Masato is being mean again!" He whined. Natsuki chuckled, simply shaking his head as he leaned against the back of a shorter blond male, who scowled up at him from the close contact, yet didn't move to pull away.

"Now, now Masa, be nice to Ikki. And Ikki, do keep your voice down in the presence of all of these lovely ladies and gentlemen." The strawberry blond murmured. The purr to his voice set Seijuurou on edge, and he resisted the urge to frown.

"We should introduce ourselves, everyone." Prince Cecil of Agnopolis, whom he had recognized instantly, spoke up. The redhead woman had slipped under his arm and was smiling up at him with the tenderness that he and Tetsuya had been sharing not moments before. Otoya nodded,
offering a slightly embarrassed smile to the two.

"So sorry! I'm Ittoki Otoya, and this is my silent but charming partner, Ichinose Tokiya~" He sang out, reaching out to wrap his arms around Tokiya's playfully. The dark haired male shot him a quiet frown and let out an annoyed sigh before turning to both of them with a small, but polite smile.

"As he said, I am Ichinose Tokiya. It's very nice to meet you, Akashi-sama, Kuroko-sama. Shining has told us much about you both." He murmured.

"I am Jinguji Ren, and this is my partner, Hijirikawa Masato. I believe that our families have done business with yours in the past, Akashi-sama." Ren said, what was supposed to be a charming smirk on his face. Seijuurou tightened his grip on Tetsuya, nodding politely back at him.

"I'm Kurusu Syo, and this is my partner Shinomiya Natsuki. Thank you for doing all of this tonight, Akashi-sama." He said politely. Cecil stepped up next, offering him his hand.

"Hello, Akashi-sama. I am Aijima Cecil, and this is our lovely composer, Nanami Haruka. All of the music we performed tonight is because of her." He said with a gentle smile down to his companion. She blushed, quickly bowing.

"It's so nice to meet you, Akashi-sama. Thank you for all of your hard work." She managed to get out, her voice high with nerves. Seijuurou smiled, accepting Cecil's hand.

"It is a pleasure to meet all of you. As all of you apparently know, I am Akashi Seijuurou, and this is my lovely boyfriend, Kuroko Tetsuya. He was a big asset to the planning on this event." He said, squeezing Tetsuya's side. His boyfriend smiled up at him before nodding to STARISH.

"It is very nice to meet all of you." He said.

They spent the next while with STARISH, getting to know them. Tetsuya seemed to grow fond of all of them.

"You bought how many of their CDs today, my love?" Seijuurou asked a week later, a bit stunned as he noticed the heavy-looking bag his boyfriend was holding. His boyfriend blushed, quickly sitting the bag down.

"All of them..."

Seijuurou liked most of them. He felt that Syo was too ill-tempered, and that he would need to take Otoya in small doses. Something about Ren's suave nature irked him as well. However, Prince Cecil of Agnopolis, whom he had recognized instantly, was nice and polite. Masato was much the same, if not a little too formal. He recognized his and Ren's family names as well-known businesses, but they both seemed to be walking away from their path.

And then there was Ichinose Tokiya. Something about the man made Seijuurou feel that he would be a powerful ally later. So before they left for home that night, he made sure to get his contact information from Shinning.

He had been correct in his assumptions on their relationships. Each set of men had developed very close relationships with their partners, and their composer was dating the Prince. Seijuurou was almost a little disappointed that it hadn't been more of a challenge to discover the connections.

It was his favorite hobby at these horrid parties.

The rest of the evening seemed to fly by after that. They spoke with a few of the other major leaders
of Japan, and of the few foreign dignitaries that decided to come and see what all of this fuss was about. Seijuurou had made several new connections that he was sure would come in handy later in life.

On the ride home that night Tetsuya fell asleep, his introverted nature easily exhausted by the over-exposure to people. Seijuurou let him sleep, not minding the way that it made his clothes crumpled when Tetsuya slumped against him. He simply turned and held him close, running a hand through his hair as he reflected on the evening. He was sure that his boyfriend would sleep in tomorrow morning, and would probably spend the majority of the next day quiet, recharging his social batteries, as he called it. Masaomi simply watched them, and Seijuurou was sure it was just the light in the car that made his father look almost proud of the two of them.

Tetsuya awoke when the car pulled in to the drive way, and he sleepily followed Seijuurou in to the house. They bid his father a good night before wandering upstairs. Seijuurou undressed Tetsuya first, frowning when he reached the bruises and little scratches on his hips.

"I was too rough again." He murmured, resisting the urge to run his fingers over them. Tetsuya stepped out of his pants, shaking his head.

"...was good, Sei." Tetsuya said sleepily before pulling off the rest of his clothing and collapsing in to bed. Seijuurou bit back a smile, more than a little amused by how sleepy his boyfriend was. Deciding to let it go for now and simply address it in the morning, Seijuurou climbed in next to him and pulled him close. Tetsuya eagerly sought his embrace, a content yawn leaving him as he burrowed close.

"I love you, Tetsuya. More than words could ever describe." He murmured as he looked down at his precious boyfriend.

"You too." Tetsuya murmured, cuddling close. Seijuurou tightened his grip on Tetsuya before letting sleep take him as well.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: OMG GUYS I DID THE THING! I wrote a basektball scene with meaning! And it's the last one I'm ever going to write XD I hope you all thought it was a fitting farewell to basketball for these two like I did. Also, I introduced a bunch of characters that matter in the sequel to this fic (yes, there will be a sequel; no, there isn't an ETA on it, as life is super slamming me right now; more on that later).

So, the next chapter is the climax of Akashi's plot of this story T-T Also, READ THE WARNINGS at the top of the chapter. There will be some severe triggers in the next chapter that you MUST look at first before going forth. Since it's already posted, I'm not gonna talk about what's in it. Read on!

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

THERE IS A CHAPTER BEFORE THIS, READ IT FIRST

Warnings: rape, noncon, incest, anal sex, oral sex, violence, gangbang, age difference, mental breakdowns, personality split

Note: This chapter contains strong trigger material. I marked where it started, and you can kind of skip it. Just read the italicized sections; they are happy feel good flashbacks. I mark where it ends too. So year. This is the climax of Akashi's part of the story.

Kida-Asumi

The start of 2012 began at a New Year's Eve celebration at that Akazo main branch. He and Tetsuya had shared a kiss just as the clock struck twelve, and made New Year's resolutions with most of the Akazo staff. They had stayed in a nearby hotel, making love as their first true act of the year. Tetsuya had found this to be terribly amusing.

"You know what they say, Seijuurou-kun. If you do something on New Year's, you will be doing it for the rest of the year." He had teased him. Even though he had chuckled at the lame statement (and proceeded to playfully smother his boyfriend in punishment for it), Seijuurou sincerely hoped that this would be the case.

After all, if this is all he did over the course of the next year, he would be a very happy man.

The rest of December had passed peacefully after the ball. Seijuurou focused on getting the 3rd years ready for life after high school. Most of them had meetings schedule with either the student council or an advisor so that they could discuss what was going to happen to them come March.

The student council themselves were busy trying to wrap up all of their projects. They didn't want to leave any loose ends for the next council. The end of the semester was rapidly approaching, and they would be swearing in the next Council in just two short months. Time was running out, and everyone was doing their best to make this transition as smooth as possible. Seijuurou was very grateful for all of their hard work.

All of his classes were beginning to give out their final tests before final exams. Seijuurou had taken the lead on setting up study sessions nearly every day, and it had been very successful. Not only were students beginning to gain confidence with the knowledge they were learning, but their grades were also improving.

His and Tetsuya's relationship was stronger than ever, now that he could finally dote on Tetsuya as he used to. He spoiled him rotten that entire first week with little gifts and fancy dinners. Tetsuya seemed to have a permanent smile on his face, and he tried his best to dote back in shy and adorable little ways, such as slipping little notes of encouragement in to his textbooks or lunchbox, or insisting on holding doors open for him. That and he revealed a few more of his lingerie sets, and they went shopping together for more. It had been quite the experience, to say the least. That and a few of them
they had had to purchase because they got a little too involved in trying them on in the dressing room. They had to test them to make sure they were right for them, after all!

Akashi Corporation was doing better than ever. After the successful start up to the scholarship program, their stocks skyrocketed, and didn't even seem to have hit their peak yet. Masaomi had been in a great mood over it.

However, things had been…strange, between himself and his father. For whatever reason, Masaomi appeared to be…too polite with him. Seijuurou was trying to figure out the reason behind it, but he kept coming up with no helpful answers.

He hoped that time would tell about it before his father revealed it himself. When this happened, it never ended well.

Tetsuya was returning home from his walk with Nigou when Masaomi approached him.

"Tetsuya, may I have a word?" He asked, even if Tetsuya knew that it wasn't a question. He nodded. The two went to the backyard, and with some surprise, Tetsuya realized that they were going to Shiori's shrine. He grew intrigued as to where this was going.

Both settled themselves in front of her grave, lighting an incense and bowing their heads in prayer. Finally, Masaomi spoke.

"Shiori didn't like me when we first met. After all, I had just spilled her coffee all over her. She would have been crazy to like a clumsy man like that." Masaomi let out a rare chuckle. Tetsuya hid his confusion. He was almost certain that Shiori had dropped her pastry. However, he put that thought aside. It didn't really matter. "I was so very confused by her." Masaomi murmured quietly.

"Why, sir?" Tetsuya eventually ventured to ask. A wry smile crossed Masaomi's face.

"She told me off for ruining her one good interview outfit. She reminded me that my mother had raised me better than that. For the first time in my life, a woman was doing something other than swooning over me." At that, Tetsuya resisted the urge to roll his eyes. Really, these Akashi men and their egos.

"My mother loved her from the get-go. She said that Shiori 'had the spirit of a proper Akashi wife' and that it was my 'birthright' to claim her for us." Masaomi snorted. "Shiori would later say that her friends at the coffee shop agreed. They said that we would look charming together, and that she should give it a shot. So we got coffee a couple times, as I have once explained. However, Tetsuya, I do not like sounding like a broken record. So let me tell you when I first realized I fell for her." He said. Tetsuya nodded.

"Okay, sir." He said. A sad smile crossed his face.

"Shiori's family was very poor. Her elderly aunt was the only family she had left after the rest had worked themselves to death. She admitted this to me the day that her Aunt died. 'I just want stability, Masaomi-kun. I just want a safe place full of people that love me. Why is that so hard to find in life?'" Masaomi fell silent again. Tetsuya mulled over those words, his heart going out to her.

He understood that all too well.

"I fell for her, then. All she wanted was to be happy. That wasn't selfish or out of the realm of possibility. It wasn't long after that that I proposed and we got married. My mother walked her down the aisle, and wished us the best. The wedding was actually held in this backyard." He added.
"I'm sure it was a lovely wedding sir. This location is ideal." He said. He wasn't just saying that to be polite. He had envisioned his own wedding here a time or too since moving in with them. Masaomi nodded.

"She made sure to have many pictures taken in case you thought that as well." He admitted. Tetsuya felt touched by this. Akashi Shiori had been a truly thoughtful person.

"We were married for a few years before we fell pregnant with Seijuurou. We had been trying to for nearly a year, but between my business trips it didn't seem to be working. Shiori had wanted a baby straight away, and my mother wanted an heir soon as well. When Shiori began showing symptoms, we were all overjoyed." Tetsuya could believe that. There was nothing more exciting than acknowledging that your love had hit that next level, or so he had been told. That and it was obvious in his voice at the sheer memory of it.

"We didn't want to find out the gender. Throughout the entire pregnancy, she referred to Seijuurou as our little blessing. I referred to him as our pride. And my mother called him our future. When he was born with her and my mother's red hair, and with the gender of male, I was so happy. Our precious son, Akashi Seijuurou." He said, looking up at her grave.

"He was such a bright child from the get-go. He seemed to recognize the three of us within the first week, and back then always wanted me instead of her. Shiori told me that he always slept worse when I was home because he wanted more time with me." He said, a wry chuckle escaping him. Tetsuya smiled, trying to picture his boyfriend being a Daddy's boy. It was such a foreign concept to him that he found it rather endearing.

"However, my mother got very sick when Seijuurou was about six months old. Shiori and I were devastated when she was gone two weeks later. She had been so strong. She was always there for us, always willing to help with the company or with the baby. I didn't know how in the world I was going to go on without her. It was around then that I met my good friend Saotome Mitsuo." He said. "Shinning-san?" Tetsuya asked. Masaomi rolled his eyes at his ridiculous stage name.

"Yes, him. He had recently fallen for a woman as well, but he had to leave her for stardom. He felt terrible when he later learned that she had had his son." He said. "However, I'm getting off topic. I can tell you and Seijuurou that story at another time." Tetsuya tucked this away for future conversations, sincerely curious about Shining's life. "Shiori really stepped up as the perfect Akashi spouse around that time. She was so strong for the both of us, and she managed to keep our precious son happy and on track. I was so proud of her when I finally broke through my grief, Tetsuya."

Hearing the awe in his voice, Tetsuya had little doubt about that.

"I was never really the same after my mother's death. I kept my distance from my son so that when I inevitably pass, it doesn't hurt him as deeply as her death had hurt me. To this day, I am not sure if that was the correct decision or not. However, what's done is done. Seijuurou and I have the typical rich father-son relationship. I am just a bit more open minded than most of the others." Masaomi said.

"Because of his sexuality?" Tetsuya couldn't help but ask, wanting clarification. Masaomi nodded, turning to look at Tetsuya.

"I am going to tell you something today that Seijuurou is never to find out about. If he did...I'm sure that you realize by now that my son has a different side to him." Masaomi said, voice grim. Tetsuya nodded, suddenly feeling uneasy.

"I do. When things become difficult and challenging, a more absolute Seijuurou takes over." Tetsuya honestly admitted. Masaomi nodded.
"Then keep silent. I have no idea what would happen if he knew." He said. Tetsuya nodded, anxiety curling in his gut as the silence stretched. He didn't like keeping secrets, but if this was best for Seijuurou, he would do it.

"Seijuurou was such a bright child. He picked up on things very quickly, and Shiori was his world. He knows so many skills today because Shiori tried to reward his studies with new hobbies. We all found a new normal the older her got, but then, when he was in his 6th year of elementary school…a rival company began to grow stronger and encroach on our territory." Tetsuya's eyes widened, and he watched as Masaomi's gaze grew dark.

"When I refused to back down, they threatened my family. I panicked. I couldn't lose Shiori and Seijuurou, and I began to destroy their connections. I increased security on them. Neither went anywhere without two guards on them. Things settled down for a time. I thought everything was finally over with." Masaomi paused, as if gathering himself on how to continue.

"Tetsuya. Has Seijuurou told you about the Akashi curse?" He asked. Tetsuya shook his head.

"Not that I can recall, sir." He answered honestly. Masaomi nodded.

"It's something that has been going on for as far back as our family can track it. My mother and I had hoped that with modern medicine, Shiori would be the first to be spared. Now, I hope that you are the one to break it. Regardless..." Masaomi sighed. "An Akashi spouse rarely lives past the heir's 13th birthday. No one knows why. Seijuurou was 11 when...Shiori passed." Tetsuya's expression softened at the pained look on his face.

"She had caught her typical summer cold. We were taking fantastic care of her, and Seijuurou was so proud of himself for taking care of his mother. I cancelled a lot of my meetings during that time, so make sure that she got through this. We...we thought she got over it. She was happy and smiling as I kissed her goodbye to go to a meeting with the rich wives that we kept happy to help influence their spouses. Seijuurou was holding my hand, waving goodbye to her mother and wishing her a good time. I had no idea that she was hiding her fever beneath cold medicines. I had no idea that that was the last time that I would see the love of my life happy and healthy." Tetsuya reached out and took his hand as a tear escaped Masaomi.

"She came home breathless. 'It's just my fever, it came back.' She tried to insist. I insisted that we go to the hospital, and so after making sure that Seijuurou was asleep, we rushed to the emergency. They laced everything she had ate with arsenic. Shiori had thought that the odd taste was just because of her recent cold. She had no idea that she was eating her own death." Masaomi sighed.

"She never bounced back. I annihilated the people that did this. All except for their leader. The day that Shiori's heart stopped beating, so did mine. So did that company. Tozora. I flattened them the moment that she stopped responding. I left Seijuurou crying over her body and had my revenge."

"Who was responsible?" Tetsuya couldn't help but ask. When Masaomi told him, his eyes widened in horror. He was glad that he had sat down, the ground shaking beneath his feet.

He had thought that they were good people. They had been polite at the ball, not someone that had ruined Seijuurou's childhood. How could they have looked him in the eye and smiled, knowing that they killed his mother?

"Life went on after that. Things never got better between Seijuurou and myself. Today, I hope to change that." Masaomi said before standing. "Never tell him what I told you, Tetsuya. He couldn't take it. He couldn't handle it." He said.
"I know. This would devastate him. He would try to get revenge. I can't lose him. So I will keep this from him. For him." Tetsuya sighed. "This was a warning for our future, wasn't?" he asked. Masaomi nodded, rising to his feet.

"Yes. I am going to discuss with Seijuuurou what he wants for his future soon. You knowing this will help protect you both in the years to come. Be wary of my wife's murderer, Tetsuya." He said before walking away.

Tetsuya wasn't sure how long he sat there, just sitting with Shiori, his mind trying to wrap around itself with all of the things that he and Masaomi had talked about. All he knew that was when Seijuuurou found him, night had fallen. A warm blanket wrapped around his shoulders, making him jump. His boyfriend murmured an apology for scaring him before his arms joined the blanket around his shoulders.

"Are you alright?" Seijuuurou asked as he pressed up against his back. Tetsuya nodded, shivering as his body finally registered the winter cold.

"Y-yeah. I just lost track of time." He smiled up at Seijuuurou, genuinely happy to see him.

"Why are you out here?" Seijuuurou asked, helping him stand and pulling him in to his arms. Tetsuya cuddled close, trying to push back tears as the weight of his secret suddenly felt too heavy.

"I…I don't know." He admitted. "Maybe it's this time of year. Maybe it's the pain of the last year. I just thought that maybe sitting with Shiori would make things easier." He half-lied. It was why he had stayed with her. He had to get a grasp on this information before he saw his boyfriend; he had to come to terms with it and put it in a box, shoving on a lid and putting it away to be forgotten He felt Seijuuurou's arms tighten around him, and a soft kiss was pressed to the top of his head.

"Let's go inside. I'll make you hot chocolate with vanilla syrup in it, and we can curl up in bed and watch TV. We don't have to talk if you don't want to, okay?" Seijuuurou asked. Tetsuya nodded, a hysterical sob escaping him as he realized that Seijuuurou had been through so much. So had Masaomi.

Was this family not meant to be happy?

Later that night, after he was warm and secure and had calmed down, he nudged Seijuuurou, wanting his attention. His boyfriend turned, offering him a warm smile.

"You father and I spoke about your Mom…a little bit ago. I think he really does love you, Seijuuurou-kun. So tell him that you want us to create our own legacy in this family." Tetsuya insisted. Seijuuurou's expression softened, and he pressed a kiss to his forehead.

"Okay. I will." Tetsuya smiled at the promise, crawling in to his arms.

"I love you, Seijuuurou-kun." He promised. Seijuuurou held him tight, pressing a kiss to the top of his head.

"And I love you, my Tetsuya. More than anything in this world." He said, his promise just as sincere. Tetsuya pressed a kiss to the underside of his chin, eyes closing as the sharp sting of tears started again.

Please, he begged whatever diety was listening, let his instincts of Masaomi be correct.

Today was the day, Seijuuurou mused as he got dressed. Tetsuya was in the bathroom brushing his
teeth, and their hair was still damp from their shower earlier.

Today he would declare his legacy on the Akashi family.

To say that he was nervous was a drastic understatement. He never did well when it came to venturing in to the unknown with his father. He never had, really. But this was especially important because it meant so much to both he and Tetsuya. They wanted to forge a path of their very own so that they had no regrets later in life.

Somehow, he had to convince his father that this was the way to go.

"And you're okay with me going to Tokyo?" Tetsuya asked as he walked out of the bathroom. Seijuurou nodded, putting down his shirt to instead pull Tetsuya in to his arms. His boyfriend went eagerly, his arms sliding around his bare waist.

"Yes. Go and have fun with Taiga. I'll call you if I need you. Be home tonight?" He asked, his stomach lurching with anxiety at the thought of why Tetsuya might need to be home tonight. Tetsuya nodded, a soft smile on his face, his blue eyes shining with calm reassurance.

"Of course. I love you, Seijuurou-kun. Everything will be fine." He promised before kissing him. Seijuurou nodded when their lips parted. His heart felt a little lighter already, trusting his boyfriend's instincts to be correct in this situation.

"I know. I love you too, my Tetsuya. Thank you for encouraging me to do this." He murmured, pressing another kiss to his forehead. Tetsuya hugged him tight, nodding.

"Anytime, my love, any time."

"Father, can we speak about my future later today? Classes are opening next week and I would like to get a head start on the planning process." He had said. Masaomi had agreed, and gave him a location and time to meet him at. At the time, Seijuurou had been unfamiliar with the address, and thus his gut made him weary, but shrugged it off. It was probably just another office he hadn't been in; that happened from time to time.

As Seijuurou stepped out of the car, he found the location very odd. It was in the middle of nowhere, in a clearing in the middle of a wooded area, far from civilization. It was pretty deserted, as far as he could tell. Maybe this was an old haunt of his father's? He tried to shrug off the warning bells in his head, berating himself for this paranoia. It was unnecessary. His father wouldn't put him in danger without warning him first. Maybe this was where he conducted business that was not meant to be open to the public.

Regardless of his growing nerves, Seijuurou was looking forward to this meeting. His father had sounded optimistic on the phone, which made Seijuurou think that he was going to get his way.

He couldn't wait to begin making his way in this world.

It was cold in the building, and the electricity seemed to be on it's way to failing, if the occasionally blackouts that occurred were any indication. The farther in that Seijuurou walked in to it, he grew more and more uneasy about this entire set up. This dilapidated building was chosen for a purpose. What, though?

He turned a corner and suddenly was in a very large room. His father had his back to him as he looked over a table. From the position of his shoulders, Seijuurou could tell that he was in the middle
of something important.

Maybe this was where he did his secret planning? All of his typical advisors and bodyguards surrounded him, so Seijuurou assumed that that was all that it was.

Masaomi wanted to give him an answer, but he couldn't afford to stop working. With that though in mind, Seijuurou relaxed and continued walking towards his father.

"Sit, Seijuurou." At Masaomi's command, he obeyed. After a few seconds, his father sat in the chair in front of him.

"Present you case once more, Seijuurou. I want to reaffirm my decision." Masaomi said. Seijuurou nodded, bracing himself. His father had already decided. Seijuurou just hoped that his reasons were still good enough.

"...and I conclude that I want to chose my own path; I want the legacy that I leave with this family to be one that was forged by me, not by destiny." He finished. Masaomi was quiet, and the grim look in his eyes set Seijuurou on edge. Had something changed?

"Seijuurou. Listen carefully to what I am about to tell you." Masaomi murmured. Seijuurou nodded, his ears straining as he did his best to make sure to catch every word. "The world that you are trying to build does not exist. People don't make names for themselves in a business world. Either they are given a way in, or they work their way up. However, they all have to start somewhere.

Despite what some people may say, your destiny is written in stone. It rarely changes. Humans have finite capabilities and skills, and we, the Akashi, are no different. We are analyzed by the Generation before our parents, and they decide our path. It has kept this family strong for Generations, so why stop it now? Why break this tradition that has worked for over 150 years because one feels that they can change it for the better?" Masaomi asked.

Seijuurou was floored. For whatever crazy reason, he had thought that his father would actually have been okay with this. That he actually cared about him.

He had been so naïve. Stupid to get his hopes up.

As the disappointment began to fill his heart with doubts, Seijuurou lost his focus – and his composure.

"So now what, then? I am still expected to continue on with my 'destiny'?” He nearly spat the word at Masaomi. His father frowned, not liking that tone.

"After careful deliberation, I feel that this is the best course of action for you, Seijuurou." He said, voice carefully detached. Seijuurou snorted, standing up from his chair.

"Then I will simply find it my own way." He snarled, turning to storm out of the building. It was then that he noticed the men blocking the exit, and the others approaching him.

"Sit, Seijuurou." Masaomi ordered.

"Let me leave, father." Seijuurou shot back, his feelings of uneasy growing as the air grew thick with tension. A soft sigh left his father.

"Stupid boy." He murmured. "Haven't you realized that I have complete control over everything that happens to you?" He asked, and Seijuurou heard him get to his feet. When his father snapped his fingers, the men grabbed his arms and began dragging him to his chair. He struggled against them,
wincing as his skin protested the tight grip and his blood burned with adrenaline.

He had to get out of here, and fast. He wasn't sure what was about to happen to him, but he knew that it wasn't going to be good.

When one of the man's hands snaked under his shirt, Seijuurou's efforts to escape tripled.

"What is this?" He hissed, trying to throw himself out of their grips. He vaguely acknowledged that he would have bruises after this was all said and done, but he didn't care. He had to escape and fast. This made absolutely no sense!

Masaomi didn't respond, and he simply watched on as his men tied his hands behind his back. When one of the men reached for his groin, Seijuurou's foot swung back and he got him in his stomach. The man let out a cry of pain and smacked him over the back of the head.

Everything went dark.

--- READ TRIGGER WARNINGS AT THE START OF THE CHAPTER ---

The sounds of wet slurping filled the air. Seijuurou pretended not to hear it, and tried not to feel the wet tongue lapping at his chest. He tried his best not to feel the calloused hands touching him, and he tried to ignore his father watching this all happen.

He tried not to ask himself why, why me, why this, why father, why are you letting them hurt me? This was wildly out of character for his father, who was so prim, proper, and strict. Who didn't even embrace his child at his wife's funeral, who wouldn't speak with him in person when he was sick, who didn't even help him buy his first set of condoms! Why was he subjecting him to this form of punishment? What was the point? Had his father always been in to men? Was this how he dealt with all acts of insubordination? If so, why had he never caught wind of this sort of thing before?

He tried to think of Tetsuya, his angel. His boyfriend, who was safe in Tokyo where he had their friends as a safety net. As he felt hands on his crotch once again, Seijuurou was so relieved that Tetsuya had made plans today.

He wouldn't be able to get through this situation thinking that Tetsuya may be in this same situation.

"He's a pretty boy, it's he?" One of the men murmured softly.

Seijuurou pushed back the urge to vomit, knowing that he would more than likely choke on it in his current position. They had strapped him down to the table that his father had been sitting in. He was sure that his back was beginning to ache from being still for so long, and that his wrists and ankles would be covered in bruises once he was free.

But at least he would be free.

"Momoi-san and Kise-kun were terribly embarrassing when we went shopping for this outfit, Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya admitted the morning after he had worn his first set of lingerie.

"Oh?" Seijuurou asked, an easy grin spreading across his face. His boyfriend blushed to his delight, and he cuddled in close.

"They complimented me in everything, and gushed anytime I admitted that I liked something. They also tried to get me to buy us toys." He murmured. The idea intrigued Seijuurou, and he grasped
"Do you want to try them, Tetsuya?" He asked.

He was going to kill his father for this.

The feeling of wet air near his hipbone was the only warning he got before teeth grazed the area. He shuddered, waves of revulsion causing his stomach to turn again.

Back to thoughts of Tetsuya. He closed his eyes, forcing himself to think of happier things.

Like the day that Tetsuya decided to go to Rakuzan.

He chose me, Seijuurou couldn't help but think as Tetsuya curled up next to him that night. Me, who hurt him the worst out of everyone.

How in the world did he deserve that angel?

"Do not leave a mark on him." Masaomi's order broke his thoughts, and Seijuurou felt a wave of disgust go through him as he felt the wet saliva dripping from one of the men's mouths on to his chest. The teeth that had been pressed against his hipbone were replaced with warm lips.

"Yes, sir."

"The test was so difficult, Seijuurou-kun. How in the world am I going to get in?" Tetsuya had groaned into his neck, keeping a tight grip on him. They were standing outside of the testing center, waiting for the car to come, pick them up, and take them home. Seijuurou ran a soothing hand through his hair, kissing his forehead.

"You'll be fine, my love. After all, you had the best tutors that I could have provided you with." He murmured a teasing tone to his voice to help ease his boyfriend's anxiety. It worked and Tetsuya nodded a nervous smile on his face.

"I hope that it's enough."

Why me? He asked again, when he was turned over. Hands brushing against his inner thighs had him tensing, and he forced himself to calm down.

This would be over sooner if he didn't resist, right? That's what all anti-rape seminars had told them. These men were just after control, and liked a fight. If he didn't give it to them, they would more than likely leave him be. After all, these men probably just wanted to-

"Damn, that's nice." One of them commented.

"I bet it tastes just as nice too. Sir, may we?" Seijuurou tried not to listen any more.

"Seijuurou-kun, I love you!"

"Yes, go ahead."

"Help!" Seijuurou cried, wrapping his arms around his knees and sinking to the ground. All was dark, and he just wanted to sleep in to that dark oblivion.

"I can't." The other Seijuurou murmured. "Stay strong, it will be over soon." Suddenly, he was thrusted back into reality.
Oh god, the hot suction on his cock that was usually so good felt disgusting. He could taste the bile rising in his throat as one man swallowed his cock, and another sucked on a nipple. When one tried to kiss him, he found the strength to move his head.

"Father, no." He begged, even if it caused a wave of self-loathing to cover him. How could he still be looking to that man for guidance, for protection, when he was the one responsible for this?

"Do not touch his mouth, men. That privilege is too intimate for you." Masaomi allowed his protest, and for a sickening moment, Seijuurou was grateful.

God how he hated himself. Was this really all that he was worth?

"I got in." Tetsuya's breathless declaration brought a smile to his face.

He knew. He had found out before they notified Tetsuya. Keeping it from his boyfriend had been torture.

"My Tetsuya, with me permanently. Kuroko Tetsuya, Shadow of Rakuzan." He had breathed through the phone. He could just picture his Tetsuya grinning and nodding.

"They had better prepare themselves, Akashi-kun. Your empress will soon be at your side." He laughed.

"You took a liking to the title, did you?" He had asked, terribly amused.

"I think so, I keep using it. And it's only natural. I would rather be the spouse than the whore." His boyfriend had teased right back. Seijuurou had chuckled, warm affection coursing through him.

"You are perfect, Tetsuya. Absolutely perfect for me." He murmured.

"I feel the same way, Seijuurou-kun." The way that Tetsuya breathed his given name made his heart skip a beat, and Seijuurou grinned.

"Congratulations, my love. My Tetsuya, finally with me at Rakuzan." He said.

"It's all thanks to you, Seijuurou-kun. Thanks for everything. I love you so much."

God how Seijuurou missed him in this moment. Yet, he also didn't want to see him. He didn't want Tetsuya to have to witness such a disgusting, weak moment here. What would Tetsuya say when he told him? Would he be disgusted that Seijuurou allowed this to happen? Would he be too concerned by it and insist that they need a break for Seijuurou to figure out himself?

What if this was too much? What if Tetsuya left him?

"Fuck." He breathed as his eyes burned with tears. The disgusting pigs around him all murmured out compliments to one another, thinking that they were bringing him pleasure.

His cock was still flaccid between one of their lips, proving their assumption false.

Seijuurou quickly shut his eyes, mind searching desperately for another memory of Tetsuya.

"I don't feel good." Tetsuya had groaned as he cuddled close that one time he had been sick.

"I know, sweetheart. I wish I could take away your pain." Seijuurou had murmured as he ran a soothing hand through his lock which were drenched in sweat. Tetsuya let out a pained cry as another wave of nausea ran through him, and he jerked to the side of the bed for the trashcan. As he
vomited, Seijuurou stayed close, helping him through it.

After all, isn't this what partners were for?

God Seijuurou hoped that Tetsuya felt the same way. That little bit of hope was one that he clung to.

"Enough." Seijuurou felt so relieved as the hands and mouths left his body. However, it was short lived. "It's my turn now."

Seijuurou would never forget their first morning after. The resort that they had stayed at had been beautiful, but that morning, with the way that Tetsuya seemed to glow as the sun began to peek its way through the clouds, there were no words to describe that sight.

His Tetsuya was such a beautiful man. Seijuurou was sure that he could draw Tetsuya from memory. In fact, more than a couple of his notebooks had sketches of him in the back of them.

A waking Tetsuya was such a treat. He could curl in closer, trying to keep his body asleep. An annoyed sigh would leave him as he buried himself in Seijuurou's body, and just a whiff of his scent would have Tetsuya relaxing for a bit.

That morning, it made him let out an involuntary moan.

"Good morning, Tetsuya." He had murmured. He felt Tetsuya's blush burn his skin and his boyfriend shyly nodded.

"G-good morning, Seijuurou-kun. Did you sleep well?"

"Wow, the boss got him to respond!"

"So the brat is kinky huh?"

"Yeah, who knew the brat had a Daddy complex."

To Seijuurou's horror, his father's hands were able to stimulate him. His cock was growing harder under his ministrations, despite his disgust and revulsion with the situation.

He hadn't even thought that this was possible.

"My son, it appears that we have the same erogenous zones, just as I had the same as my own father. What an odd gene to pass down." Seijuurou did his best to block out his father's words, throat tight with disgust as his father began to reach a hand down between his cheeks.

"Has Tetsuya touched you down here yet?"

"Very well. Did you?" Seijuurou asked, pressing their forehead together. Tetsuya blushed and nodded.

"Yes." He said shyly, averting his eyes. Seijuurou's heart clenched with fondness for the smaller male.

"You are such a beautiful sleeper, my Tetsuya." He teased. Tetsuya groaned, hiding his face.

"Stop saying that. It's embarrassing. I'm embarrassed." He admitted. Seijuurou couldn't help but continue.
"But why are you embarrassed, my love?" He asked.

"...because...I'm not sure. Last night wasn't terrible?" He asked, peeking a blue eye out from under the blanket. Seijuurou shook his head, rolling over and on top of Tetsuya.

"Last night was better than I ever could have imagined."

The searing pain of being penetrated jerked him back to reality.

A reality he quickly wished to escape form.

"Please-" Seijuurou's voice came out choked as his father pushed inside of him. Please stop. The burning tale of pleasure starting in his gut made him hate himself, and he felt humiliated when the men began to talk about it.

"So I guess the little prince is a Daddy's boy.

"Father really does know best."

"Look at him beg for it."

"Why?" He cried as his father began to thrust in and out of him. Masaomi shrugged.

"Because, my son, I must show you that I control you. Everything that has ever happened to you has been because of me." He said. "You belong to me and me alone, Seijuurou." As he felt his orgasm begin to build, Seijuurou forced himself back into the recesses of his mind.

"Help!" He screamed. "Please, there has to be someone to help me!"

Where was his other self? His absolute persona had always been there for him, to keep him from the bad things. Why was he abandoned? Was he really this useless against this man?

"No." He dropped to his knees, sobbing in to his hands.

"Every move you make from now on will be because of me." Masaomi was still taunting when he came back to the situation, and Seijuurou had to swallow the bile in his throat as his father began to thumb the head of his cock.

Why was this happening?

What had he done to deserve this?

"Really?" Tetsuya asked, eyes wide with surprise. Seijuurou nodded, rocking their hips together playfully.

"Shall I demonstrate?" He teased. Tetsuya smiled back, winding his arms around his neck.

"Please do."

Suddenly, that scene was torn away from him as he felt his father explode in his ass. The feeling of the warm cum dripping from him made him gag, and he was smacked for it.

"I can't." He cried, and he lost focus once again.

"I can't take this. It's killing me. Please, someone help." He cried, not even knowing who he was anymore.
Finally, the weekend arrived. Seijuurou's homework was finished, and this morning's practice had gone over very well.

Seijuurou had just arrived at his new boyfriend's house. They were spending the evening together. He was dressed in a pair of slacks and a nice dress shirt, which was his equivalent of dressing casually. He hoped that Tetsuya didn't feel intimidated by this, as he had told him to dress casually.

It wasn't like people were actually going to see them.

He walked in to the back house when he heard Nigou barking. He opened the gate, and took a moment to just stare at him.

Tetsuya was beautiful. He had spent most of the past year wanting nothing more than to finally see him again. Now, finally, here they were.

"Tetsuya?" Seijuurou's voice seemed to pull him out of his thoughts, and his boyfriend jumped. "I am running a bit ahead of schedule, it seems." He offered him an amused smirk and took Tetsuya's hand. The privilege of finally being able to do this was a wonderful feeling.

"Hello, Akashi-kun. I was just letting Nigou out one last time before I left." Tetsuya explained. The dog perked up at that, walking over to the two of them. After sniffing at Seijuurou, he looked up at the jacket that Tetsuya was wearing, and then at Seijuurou, and he sat down once he made the connection.

Seijuurou gave the dog a pat on the head at his obedience.

"He recognized me at our first meeting. What a wonderful compliment, Tetsuya." He said, heterochromatic eyes filled with glee.

"He recognizes your scent from your jacket, Akashi-kun." Tetsuya said. Seijuurou shook his head, even as his eyes slid over the jacket with approval.

"It's something much more primal than that, Tetsuya. He recognizes that you are mine. I think that bringing another jacket was a good idea." He commented, nodding to himself. Tetsuya blushed at that. Seijuurou found that expression absolutely precious.

"Tetsuya? Your face is red." Seijuurou stated, his eyes studying him as he observed just how good he looked in his clothing.

Tenderly brushing his thumb over the bright color on Tetsuya's cheek, Seijuurou removed his hand from his face and gently tugged him back towards his house.

"Let's get going." He stated. After making sure that Nigou had food and water, the two made their way to the car that was waiting for them.

"Where are we going, Akashi-kun?" Tetsuya asked as he put on his seatbelt. Seijuurou simply took
his hand and offered him a small smile.

"Patience, Tetsuya. You’ll enjoy it." He promised.

Soon, the two were pulling up to a small building that looked as if it was hidden from the world. It was in the middle of a large bar and a skyscraper. As Seijuurou helped him out of the car, he couldn't help but look forward to this. He really hoped that it was to his liking.

Keeping their hands locked, Seijuurou led him in to the building.

It turned out to be a restaurant. A high class one, at that. From the foreign words at the welcoming podium to the American waitress, this was obviously not a Japanese ran business. When Seijuurou greeted the waitress with perfect English, both Tetsuya and the girl blushed. Winking at Tetsuya, he said something and she led them into the restaurant.

"Look up, Tetsuya." He murmured. Tetsuya did, and his eyes widened.

There was a clear view of the night sky.

"Wow." He breathed. Seijuurou's hand tugged him onwards, and the two entered an elevator. Seijuurou pulled out a blindfold from his pocket, holding it up to show him.

"Do you trust me, Tetsuya?" He asked, reigniing in the mockery of the question. Tetsuya appreciated that, and nodded.

"Of course, Akashi-kun." He said, dutifully closing his eyes as Seijuurou wrapped the blindfold around his head. Tying it securely, Akashi then placed his hands on his shoulders, pressing himself against Tetsuya's back. Seijuurou smiled as Tetsuya instinctively leaned back.

"Relax, Tetsuya. I'll guide you." Seijuurou promised, and his hands slipped in to Tetsuya's.

"It's not that, Akashi-kun." Tetsuya blurted out, his flush darkening afterwards. A quiet chuckle escaped Seijuurou, and he moved back a bit to give Tetsuya room to breathe.

"Oh Tetsuya, the things you do to me." Seijuurou sighed. This man in his arms made him feel things he had never felt possible. Tetsuya shyly squeezed Seijuurou's hands. The elevator came to a pause, and Seijuurou directed Tetsuya out, helping him find his way.

"Open your eyes, Tetsuya." Seijuurou said. He did, and they widened in surprise.

"Akashi-kun." Tetsuya managed to murmur in his stunned state, seeking out Seijuurou. Seijuurou felt his heart stop. His boyfriend looked so beautiful with his blue hair simply shimmering in the soft moonlight. The way that his hands sought him out made him feel to trusted, and at long last too. His Tetsuya was finally his. He watched as a warm blush settled over Tetsuya's cheeks, and he smiled.

Seijuurou shrugged out of his jacket, neatly setting it on the chair next to him, before turning his affectionate gaze back to Tetsuya.

"Well, what do you think?" He asked. Tetsuya shook his head, eyes returning to the sky once more.

"It's wonderful, Akashi-kun. Where did you find this place?" He asked. Seijuurou took his hand, seeking Tetsuya's undivided attention once again. It was becoming addicting.

"My father owns this place. The Americans who run it were running low on funds. He bought it, and put me in charge of it a year ago. Which is why this room is just for us tonight." He added with a
pleased smirk. Tetsuya's eyes widened, surprised by this. Seijuurou wondered just how much Tetsuya knew about their family. Tetsuya then offered him a small smile that made his heart skip a beat, and he had to hold back a blush of his own.

"This place is wonderful, Akashi-kun. Thank you for bringing me here." He said shyly. Seijuurou squeezed his hand before letting go and handing him the menu. His boyfriend being shy was utterly adorable, and Seijuurou felt himself falling even more.

"I always order the same, Tetsuya. If you have any questions, feel free to ask." He said. Tetsuya nodded, and went to work on picking out his meal. Quickly deciding on something, he let Seijuurou know before turning to observe the room once more. Seijuurou rose to his feet to order their food, and requested that they turned up the heat. Tetsuya looked like he was shivering. He returned to the table and gently gripped at Tetsuya's jacket.

"Akashi-kun?" Tetsuya asked when Seijuurou helped him out of his jacket.

"I told them to turn up the heat as well. I don't want you getting cold." Seijuurou explained. Accepting his answer, Tetsuya nodded and looked at their table once more. When he spotted the present that Seijuurou had bought him, his eyes widened. Seijuurou smirked.

"Ano, what's that?" He asked. Seijuurou's eyes lit up, and he leaned over Tetsuya's shoulder to retrieve the box.

"When I was out shopping, I spotted these and thought of you." Seijuurou explained as he handed the box to Tetsuya. It wasn't exactly a lie. He was just neglecting to mention that he was trying to find the perfect gift for the shadow.

When Tetsuya opened the box, his eyes shimmered with something akin to tears and he swallowed. There were a simple pair of wristbands, identical to the well-worn set that Tetsuya currently owned. When the Generation had met up last, the blue-haired male had mentioned needing to get another set to Ryouta. Seijuurou knew how important they were to Tetsuya. They were his anchors to reality. Seijuurou had given him his last pair as well.

"Thank you." Tetsuya murmured softly, looking up at Seijuurou with something akin to awe. The redhead leaned down and kissed him for the first time that evening.

"You're very welcome, Tetsuya." He replied against his lips. Not wanting the kiss to end quite yet, Tetsuya leaned up and pressed his lips back against Seijuurou's, his eyes slipping closed as their lips met again and again. Seijuurou pulled back from the kiss when the elevator opened behind them, reminding them of the food they had ordered. Seijuurou went to get their food, and when he returned, they began to eat and catch up with one another.

"And I am really having trouble with my math class. My teacher keeps forgetting to help me with my problems." Tetsuya sighed.

"I can help with that, Tetsuya. The next time you are stuck on a particular question, call me. If that doesn't work, we can meet up and I can go over it with you. You shouldn't have to suffer from your teacher's incompetency." Seijuurou scoffed. This was the problem with their current education systems. Teachers no longer kept on up how well their students were following their lessons.

"I am worried about our upcoming finals." Seijuurou admitted. "My current team is not made up of the brightest people. They all have their academic flaws, and I am worried that I will have to tutor all of them personally. In Teiko, I could rely on Shintarou to help take off the load of tutoring sessions. I am without him in this case." He sighed.
"Don't take on too much, Akashi-kun. You must come before them." He stated, his blue eyes stern for once. Seijuuoru couldn't stop the affectionate chuckle that escaped him at how cute Tetsuya looked when he was being stern. He reached out and cupped his boyfriend's face, tenderly swiping his fingers along his bottom lip.

"Ah my Tetsuya, you are correct. I cannot be blamed if they do poorly when I have given them enough alternatives." He shrugged. Tetsuya nodded, leaning in to his touch.

Their quiet dinner passed quickly and eventually, Seijuuoru rose from his seat.

"Are we leaving?" Tetsuya asked, and Seijuuoru heard the disappointed tone to the question. It made him happy to know that Tetsuya didn't want their time to end just yet. Seijuuoru shook his head, picking up his own jacket before offering it to Tetsuya. Blushing, Tetsuya slid in to it, thanking Seijuuoru for his assistance. He retrieved his present as Seijuuoru slipped on the black jacket that Tetsuya had worn in. He zipped it up, before sniffing at the collar. He grinned at the shadow, a wicked gleam in his eyes.

"Now I smell like Tetsuya." He stated. He adored the way that Tetsuya grew bashful once again, his cheeks red as he buried his face in the collar of his jacket. When he breathed in Seijuuoru's scent, it darkened and he burrowed inside of it, attempting to get hide. Seijuuoru walked over to the side of the room and opened a door, gesturing for him to follow.

The two stepped on to a balcony that overlooked the city. Tetsuya's eyes were wide with awe as he took in the lights and colors. Seijuuoru loved that look on his face and he made a mental note to strive to see it again more in the future. They leaned against the rail, a comfortable silence settling over the two. Seijuuoru enjoyed moments like these as well. He wished that he could hold Tetsuya close, but he wanted to take things slow. He wasn't sure what Tetsuya past relationships had been like, and he didn't want to scare him off by being selfish.

He was more than a little surprised when Tetsuya's hand slipped in to his pocket. His eyes snapped over to his boyfriend's, proud of this bold action. Tetsuya's hand wrapped around his. And he continued to avoid his gaze. He let out a nervous squeeze to Seijuuoru's hand. Smirking, Seijuuoru laced their fingers together more comfortably and squeezed back his silent approval at this action. Tetsuya's nervous gaze met his, and Seijuuoru watch as he relaxed when he realized Seijuuoru wasn't protesting.

"Cold, Tetsuya?" Seijuuoru asked, squeezing his hand. Tetsuya shook his head, and to Seijuuoru's surprise, Tetsuya slipped his other hand in to his other pocket, lacing their fingers together as well.

"No, Akashi-kun. I'm fine now." He promised. Pleased to hear that, Seijuuoru stepped closer to him, his gaze calculating as he pressed their foreheads together. He wanted to kiss him again. Tetsuya tasted delightful, and if he wasn't careful, he would be too greedy with his kisses. Yet…he wasn't sure when the next time they would be able to meet would be. So, throwing caution to the wind, Seijuuoru pressed their lips together. He could feel Tetsuya's flush darkening by the heat radiating off of his skin alone. Seijuuoru gently slid his lips around Tetsuya's bottom one, tugging it out. His boyfriend gasped, and Seijuuoru enjoyed the euphoric look on his face.

Seijuuoru released his lower lip and pressed their lips together again. Seijuuoru liked this. Kissing was simple and ease. When he would pull away, Seijuuoru would open his eyes and meet Tetsuya's, giving him his full and undivided attention. This was the only person in the world that mattered to him. He liked that he could still taste Tetsuya on his lips afterwards.

"I like that." Tetsuya admitted when Seijuuoru placed a parting kiss on his lips.
"Do you?" Seijuurou asked, his amusement apparent. "I like kissing you, Tetsuya. I really like kissing you as the moonlight causes your hair to glow. It enhances your natural beauty." He teased. Tetsuya blushed, ducking his head under Seijuurou's in embarrassment. Seijuurou chuckled, kissing the top of his head.

"Let's get you home, Tetsuya. The night chill will be rolling in soon." Seijuurou eventually murmured. Tetsuya nodded, pulling away from him. The redhead's hand held his still, and the two made their way back in to the glass room. Seijuurou left a generous tip on the table before they climbed in to the elevator.

"When will we do this again, Akashi-kun?" Tetsuya asked once they were in the car. Seijuurou sighed, shaking his head.

"I will let you know soon, Tetsuya. Unfortunately, with our approaching finals, it might be a week or two before we can do this again." He admitted. He hated that they lived so far apart. It wouldn't be an issue if Tetsuya was just across town. Seijuurou would gladly make time for him. Tetsuya adopted this precious pout and leaned against his side. "I don't like it either, but we must focus on our education. You are an all too tempting distraction, my Tetsuya." He teased. It was true. Tetsuya was a delightful distraction from his responsibilities. Tetsuya gave a reluctant nod. "I will call you tomorrow night with a date." He promised, pressing a kiss to Tetsuya's pouting lips. When Tetsuya returned his kiss, Seijuurou hoped that meant that he was satisfied with that answer.

After kissing him goodnight, Seijuurou left Tetsuya on his front doorstep. He entered his car, a small smile playing at his lips as he snuggled in to his jacket and touched his lips.

He resisted the urge to giggle as pure, unaltered happiness flowed through him. This night had been the best he had had in years, and he couldn't wait for more to come.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: So. You all can thank my beta for this split. She insisted we leave you all here. I'm sure a lot of you are emotioning right now. I am too, and I wrote it and have re-read it a dozen times. This chapter hurt my soul but it will all be explained in due time, why this had to happen. So yeah. Read the sequel is all I'm gonna say.

Next chapter (coming July 15th) – Akashi goes home, summoning the generation along the way; he deals with the changes and aftereffects. Kuroko and the Generation band together to help him.

- Kida Asumi
As he blinked awake from that perfect memory, Seijuuuro was confused about where he was. However, that confusion quickly turned to alarm when he realized that he was naked. And covered in blood.

Suddenly, everything came rushing back to him and he swallowed against the bile in his throat once again. His eyes slammed shut, and he counted down from ten, urging his stomach to settle so that he could get a grasp on this situation. Once he was satisfied that he wasn't going to vomit all over himself, he slowly opened his eyes.

The nightmare before him was still very much his reality. With a sigh, thought about what to do from here. When he went to raise a hand to his hair, the stress-induced habit he always fell back on, the press of hot metal met his scalp instead. A shocked gasp escaped him when he noticed that he was holding a gun. A hot gun at that.

He looked around the deserted room, noting all of the dead bodies around him.

Included his decapitated father's.

"What in the hell happened?" He asked. When he rose to his feet to begin searching the room for the cause of this massacre, something rolled out of his lap. His eyes widened in horror as he realized that it was his father's head. Resisting the hysterical urge to scream, he took a deep breath. Freaking out now wouldn't do him any good. In fact, it could put him in even more danger.

He gripped the gun tightly and walked over to where his clothing lay. He carefully fished his phone out of his pocket, and held down the home button, activating his voice command.

"Call Shintarou." He ordered the phone. When he stood back up, he winced as he felt the dried come in his ass. The sudden revulsion he felt towards his own body had him bending over and vomiting up the lunch and breakfast that he had had for that day. The ringing from his phone was muted as his world spun.

"Akashi!" Shintarou's concerned voice made him focus on the task at hands, and he did his best to calm his stomach.
"I need you to call Daiki and bring him to this location." He instructed before giving him the address. "It shouldn't be more than an hour drive, and I will compensate you when I get home. Please bring a spare change of clothing as well. And as many wipes and disinfectants as you can. And gasoline and matches. You will understand when you get here." He instructed.

"Wha-" Not wanting to answer any questions right now, Seijuurou ended the call before deciding to make sure that this place was thoroughly empty and that all of these men were dead.

By the time he had searched the place, more than 30 minutes had gone by. He tried to find some kind of running water to at least wash his hands in, and he succeeded. The dark black hair that was attacked caked under the blood on his fingers no doubt belonged to his father, and he continued to swallow back the urge to vomit once again. He then proceeded to try and get as much of the blood and dirt off of him as he could, but knowing that if he wasn't careful he could get really sick, he eventually stopped once the shivers began.

Seijuurou eventually moved to stand by the front door, his phone in his hand. He pressed his forehead against the cool glass and allowed his eyes to shut, his mind whirling with questions that had no answers.

Why had all of this happened? Had this always been something his father intended to do? Was Tetsuya safe? Was he truly safe? What would happen now? Why had everyone been killed? Had he done that?

The last question concerned him, but honestly, he wished that it was he who killed them. After those disgusting bastards- he cut himself off as another shudder of revulsion ran through him. His skin crawled as he remembered those men touching him. His stomach lurched as he remembered his father's cock breaching him.

God, what in the world was he going to tell Tetsuya?

Despite his father's orders, he was littered with bruises and scratches. He desperately wanted a hot shower and his tooth brush. He felt dirtier than he had ever before, and he felt broken. Isolated. Abandoned, and so very stupid.

In the end, Seijuurou knew that he did this to himself. He let his guard down by getting his hopes up. He deserved everything that happened tonight, and the sharp sting of failure hurt.

He had failed Tetsuya tonight, and he would have to live with that for the rest of his life.

He was so wrapped up in his thoughts that he jumped when the lights from the car that Shintarou was driving lit up the dark entry way. Shintarou got out first as Daiki popped the trunk and began to pull out what they had brought. Shintarou brought a suitcase with him as he approached the door. When he opened it to find Seijuurou naked and covered in blood, his expression became horrified.

"What in the hell happened?" Shintarou asked. Seijuurou ignored him, waiting until Daiki was with them to explain. He didn't want to repeat himself more than twice. Once would be for these two. The second would be for Tetsuya.

"I need you to help clean me up and then give me an examination. Check me for STDs as well." Seijuurou ordered. Shintarou's eyes widened impossibly more before his face set in a determined way and he nodded.

"We'll clean you up first, and then I can get a blood and saliva sample and have it sent off. I'll get the results expedited." He explained. Daiki joined them soon with buckets and washcloths.
"What the fuck happened?" Daiki demanded, eyes narrowing as he took in Seijuurou's appearance. The red-head shrugged, and he led them to the bathroom.

Together the three of him got most of the blood off. He still reeked of it, but at least his skin was clean. That would prevent them from being stopped by concerned and nosy officials who wanted to know why he was covered in blood on their journey to Kyoto.

"I met with my father to discuss what major I would be pursuing in college. I wanted to get something more useful than business management, as I felt it would be more helpful in the long run. I thought that he would see the reasoning in this. I was wrong. He ordered his men to…prepare me, I suppose. They certainly touched me enough to ready me for him." He spat out, trying to calm his rolling stomach even as waves of anger washed over him.

"He raped you." Shintarou murmured, and he looked a little pale at that.

"I'll kill that bastard!" Daiki snarled.

"I already did." At this point, he hoped it was him that did it. It would help him cope with this disgusting situation; he was sure. Giving himself a little shake, he returned his focus to the situation at hand. "We need to burn this building to the ground. However, Daiki, make sure that we leave his head away from the fire. The police need to know that he was killed here." Seijuurou ordered.

"Have you contacted anyone else?" Shintarou asked as Daiki helped Seijuurou into his new outfit. It was a simple pair of sweats and a sweater, and it was very big on him. However, it would do until he got home. Seijuurou shook his head.

"No. I wanted to get this taken care of. As we head to Kyoto, we need to summon the rest of the Generation." He said. The other two nodded, faces as grim as Seijuurou's had become.

"Gather your things as I put the vials safely away and Daiki spreads the gasoline. We have a blanket that you need to wrap yourself up in the backseat." Shintarou said sternly. Seijuurou nodded.

The three did their tasks, and Seijuurou held his father's head by his hair before dropping it in front of the car. He then climbed in to the backseat, appreciating the warmth of the blanket as he snuggled in to it. He was beginning to feel the exhaustion from this situation, and he yearned for his Tetsuya's warm embrace. It would help him cope with the situation.

"I'll call Satsuki and Ryou." Daiki was saying as they got in the car. The fire was beginning to burn around the building before following inside to the corpses.

"I'll call Takao and Murasakibara. Are you calling Kuroko, Akashi, or do you want one of us to?" Shintarou asked. Once the building began to really go up in flames, he started the car and backed away.

"I will call him on the train. Tell the others that I am summoning them to Kyoto, and that they will find out when they get there." He ordered. The other two nodded. Seijuurou used one of the phones that they had found on a body to call the police before throwing it out the window and cuddling under the blanket once again.

They dropped off the samples first. As Shintarou went inside, Daiki spoke.

"…you're not okay." Daiki said. Seijuurou shook his head, not seeing the point in lying. With a sigh, he looked up to meet Daiki's concerned, dark eyes.

"No, I'm not. My father betrayed me in the worst way possible. My body responded to it, Daiki. I am
horrified at myself. How in the world am I supposed to look Tetsuya in the eye again? I have betrayed him. I am terrified at how Tetsuya will react to this." Seijuurou admitted. Daiki turned to him, and the surprisingly reassuring look in his eyes calmed him.

"Tetsu will be very upset that this happened to you, but he will not blame you. He will probably be very protective of you from now on, and will be wary of strangers. But Akashi, this isn't your fault. Don't blame yourself." He said. Seijuurou shrugged, and the conversation dropped. He didn't want to get into this with Daiki. This was a conversation that he should have with Tetsuya.

When Shintarou returned, he reminded them that this is not something they should tell the others. Both of the others agreed it was for the best.

Seijuurou listened as they made their calls to the others. Once he settled on the train, he called his boyfriend and then closed his eyes, unable to deal with this anymore.

Tetsuya had had a great day with his ex-light. He and Taiga had played street ball and went to maji burger and had hung out like they used to. He had really needed this day.

"When do you have to go back?" Taiga asked as they watched the cars go by under a bridge. As if his boyfriend could hear him, his phone began to ring.

"Now, apparently." Tetsuya murmured an amused smile on his lips. It always warmed his heart to be reminded at how in tune they were with one another. "Hello, Seijuurou-kun, I was just-" His playful greeting was cut off abruptly.

"Tetsuya. Can you come home now? I need to speak with you." Tetsuya frowned at how tired Seijuurou sounded. What in the hell had happened?

"Of course I can, Sei. What's going on?" He asked. Taiga followed after him, his concern reflected in his friend's eyes.

"I'll explain when I see you. I love you, Tetsuya, and I'll see you at home." Hearing the dial tone in his ear, Tetsuya frowned.

"Something's happened. I need to go." Tetsuya explained, heart racing anxiously. His hands were shaking as he grabbed his backpack and began to put his things inside of it. Taiga gripped his shoulder, face grim. That reassuring touch had Tetsuya relaxing just a bit, relieved to have his best friend back in his life for whatever challenge he and Seijuurou were about to face.

"If you need me, let me know." He said, red eyes shining earnestly. Tetsuya nodded, shooting him a smile through his anxiety.

"I will. Thanks for today, Kagami-kun. I had fun." He said. He hadn't realized how much he had missed this part of his life in Tokyo until he got to experience it once again. Taiga's expression softened, and he nodded.

"So did I, Kuroko. So did I."

He knew something was wrong the moment he entered the house. There were too many shoes in the entranceway. Ignoring the way that his heart raced with anxiety, Tetsuya ran upstairs.

As he expected, the Generation was in his bedroom, all of them looking at his boyfriend with concern. Tetsuya gasped when he noticed the cuts on Seijuurou's face, and he ran over to him,
pulling him in to his arms.

"What in the hell happened?" He asked, unable to hide the growing panic in his voice.

"Leave us." Seijuuro ordered, even as he wound an arm around Tetsuya's waist. His boyfriend let out a shiver in Tetsuya's arms, and he pulled away to take a closer look at his face.

Seijuuro looked exhausted.

"Was it your father?" He asked, touching the cut on his cheek. Seijuuro shrugged.

"In a way. Sit down, Tetsuya. I need to tell you the entire story." He sighed. Tetsuya nodded, taking his hands.

"My meeting with my father did not go well. When I arrived, we were in this awful, dilapidated warehouse. I assume my father owned it. I explained my dreams to my father, and how logical they are. He did not agree." Seijuuro murmured, face crumbling in pain as he remembered. Tetsuya squeezed his hands to keep him grounded, but leaned forward and pressed a quick kiss to his mouth and pressed their foreheads together to give him strength.

"He then began to lecture about how I can never change my fate. And I shouldn't want to. Fate is fate, neither good nor bad. I got angry and began to leave. Father had his men grab me and restrain me." As Seijuuro explained what had happened, Tetsuya grew more and more upset with himself.

He should never had pushed Seijuuro into speaking with Masaomi. He hadn't, this wouldn't have happened. "Tetsuya, I, they...I fought them. During the struggle, they knocked me out. When I awoke, their mouths were devouring my skin. They-god, I think I'm going to be sick just trying to tell you what happened." His heart broke when his boyfriend's voice faltered during his telling of the story.

"You don't have to elaborate, Sei." He soothed, squeezing his hands. "They raped you, didn't they?" He guessed. Seijuuro nodded, swallowing loudly.

"It was my father that actually did it." At his boyfriend's quiet words, Tetsuya eyes widened in horror. He pulled him in to his arms, holding him protectively against his chest.

What kind of monster could do that to his own child? He had thought that things were looking up with Masaomi! What in the hell had caused the man to snap?

"Oh Sei. I am so, so sorry that this happened. Where is he now?" Tetsuya asked, hoping to god that somehow the man was in jail or detained somewhere.

"I killed him. All of them. Daiki and Shintarou burned down the building and I left his head in front of it." Seijuuro gagged at little, and Tetsuya quickly grabbed the waste can that they kept beside the bed in case he got sick. His boyfriend pushed it away, shaking his head. Tetsuya tucked him under his chin, murmuring soothing things.

"Good. I'm glad that we no longer have to worry about him, though I wish that you hadn't had to do it." He said, rubbing soothing circles in to his back.

"I'm making assumptions that I did, Tetsuya. I don't remember it." Seijuuro admitted. Tetsuya closed his eyes and silently thanked whatever higher deity for that. His boyfriend didn't need to live with those memories for the rest of his life.

"I love you, Sei." He murmured, pressing a kiss to the top of his head. Seijuuro's shook his head, and to his horror, Seijuuro's eyes filled with tears. He pulled back, meeting Tetsuya's gaze.
"I'm so sorry, Tetsuya. I wasn't able to control that situation. Because of that, I am no longer pure. Until we get back the results of the STD tests, I may even be permanently contaminated. I swear to you that I will never put myself in this situation again." He said earnestly, looking away. Tetsuya shook his head, pushing back his own tears as he reached forward and cupped Seijuurou's face.

"Seijuurou, don't apologize to me for what happened. It's not your fault." He insisted. Seijuurou shook his head.

"I was aroused by it, Tetsuya. I betrayed you." The self-disgust in his voice broke Tetsuya's heart.

"No, you didn't. Your body was reacting to stimuli, Seijuurou-kun. You yourself were not. Most male rape victim's orgasm. It's why they often lose their cases. You are not to blame. Your father is." He said. Seijuurou shook his head, wiping away a tear.

"I'm worthless to you now. I've been violated and broken in a way that may never be able to be healed. Doesn't it disgust you to know that I have been broken by another man?" Seijuurou asked.

"God no, Sei. Listen to me. What happened to you changes nothing. You are the love of my life, Akashi Seijuurou. Nothing will change that. It doesn't matter to me that they touched you. It wasn't your fault. You're alive, and that's what matters to me. It could have been so much worse." He breathed, pulling Seijuurou in to his arms once again. Seijuurou shook his head, smearing his tears in to Tetsuya's shoulder.

"You're lying. How can everything be okay when I lost control of a delicate situation? How can everything be okay now that my destiny has finally come to what it was meant to be? How can everything be okay that I let another person touch me? How can it be okay that I let this happen? How can you even trust me to protect you, Tetsuya?" Seijuurou's hysterical words made Tetsuya's heart clench painfully, and the shadow allowed his own tears to fall as he murmured comforting things in to Seijuurou's ear.

"You're safe now, Sei." He promised as his boyfriend fell apart in his arms, his sobs violent and his shakes probably the start of a fever. Tetsuya laid them down, keeping Seijuurou pressed tightly against him as he pressed tender kisses to the top of his head.

Why did this have to happen to Seijuurou? He was the most selfless person that Tetsuya knew, and he was just trying to be selfish for once. This wasn't fair. If Akashi Masaomi hadn't died, Tetsuya would have killed him himself.

He couldn't believe that he actually thought that Masaomi loved his son.

"You're going to be okay, Sei. I promise." He murmured in to his hair once again.

He wasn't sure how long they laid there, coping with this situation together. Eventually, Seijuurou passed out in his arms, the weight of the day too much to handle. Tetsuya keep his grip on him, only shifting to tuck the blanket around him or check his temperature. Eventually Shintarou came in to check on them, and Nigou came too. Deciding that he needed to address the others, Tetsuya rose to his feet.

"Who knows?" Tetsuya asked, gently running his hands through Seijuurou's hair, praying that he stay asleep through the night. His strong boyfriend deserved at least the peace of sleep after this awful situation.

"Aomine and I are the only ones who know everything, and that is a relative term at best. He didn't
tell us any of the details about the sexual assault. The others understand that he was attacked, and that he retaliated and that Masaomi had a role in it and is now dead.” He explained. Tetsuya nodded, and with great reluctance, he pulled himself away from his boyfriend.

"Nigou, stay with him. Come, Midorima-kun.” He ordered. Nigou gave a soft whine before jumping on to the bed and snuggling protectively against Seijuurou's side. Tetsuya leaned down to place one last, tender kiss to his forehead before forcing himself to take three steps back. His worried eyes met Shintarou's. With heavy hearts, they left the room, returning downstairs.

The Generation was oddly silent, all looking lost to see their leader so defeated. Satsuki and Ryouta's faces were streaked with tears, and Atsushi wasn't eating for once. Daiki stood by the window with his back to the room, though Tetsuya noted how tense his shoulders were. Kazunari immediately rose from his spot, reaching for his boyfriend. Shintarou stepped closer to him, allowing him to hold him in front of their friends for once. To see all of them this shaken was a true testament to how severe the situation was.

Tetsuya sat down in his chair, debating how best to go about this. So many things had to be taken care of – the school, the company, the media and the police. He also wanted Seijuurou to be looked over by proper medical staff, but he wasn't entirely convinced that it would happen. Eventually, he decided on a path and went with it.

"Seijuurou-kun is going to need our help for a while. Each of you are needed to help him get through this. I am going to give you tasks, and I ask that you immediately begin to work on them.” He began. They all nodded eagerly, wanting to do all that they can.

"As Seijuurou deals with Akashi Corporation and the police, we are going to help keep the rest of the world away. Murasakibara-kun, I am dismissing the staff until he is feeling comfortable enough to trust them. You are to be in charge of feeding us and taking care of the kitchen.” He ordered. The purple giant nodded.

"Okay, Kuro-chin.” He said before standing to go and check on the kitchen itself. Hopefully he was making a grocery list, too, because Tetsuya couldn't remember how much or what kind of food they had in there.

"Kise-kun, you are to contact Rakuzan and let them know that Seijuurou has been hospitalized with pneumonia.” He ordered. "Let them know that I might be gone tomorrow as well, due to a cold that I had. Next I need you to contact our schools to let them know that something has come up and we are in need of leaves of absences. Use whatever means necessary.”

"Got it, Kurokocchi.” The blond said, rising from his seat. He pulled out his phone and presumably began to dial the number as he stepped away to make the call.

"Momoi-san, you are to keep the press settled and away from Seijuurou-kun until he is ready to deal with them themselves. You can confirm that Masaomi is dead, but insist that Seijuurou is sick. Tell them that we are going to be having a public forum tomorrow morning to elaborate.”

"Okay, Tetsu-kun.” She agreed, already pulling out her phone to establish herself as their main PR rep.

"Aomine-kun, you are to keep an eye on this mansion. Become Seijuurou-kun primary protector as I weed out those who were planning on hurting him.” Tetsuya said. His friend turned from the window, face serious.

"Can I bring in Kagami?” He asked. Tetsuya nodded.
"Yes, and have Himuro-kun come as well. He can help assist Murasakibara-kun in maintaining the house." He said. Daiki nodded, pulling out his phone to call them. Tetsuya was relieved that he had suggested bringing in more people. The more of their friends they had in the house, the safer he would feel.

"Midorima-kun, you know your task. Getting Seijuurou-kun's strength back. Takao-kun, you are to help in any way possible." He ordered. Both men nodded faces serious.

"Kuroko, are we going to ask him to go see a licensed professional?" Shintarou asked. Tetsuya nodded, relieved that he was thinking the same way.

"Yes. I trust your judgement, but a professional second opinion would be very helpful. Tomorrow after the press forum we will insist together." He said. Shintarou nodded, relief clouding his face.

"Kagami says that Alex can come and take over Rakuzan's coaching." Daiki said. Tetsuya nodded.

"Good. That would be helpful. Seijuurou-kun will feel very reassured with such a capable substitute. Now if you all will excuse me, I am going to dismiss the staff and then return to Seijuurou-kun." He said before rising to the feet. He ignored the eyes on him as he walked towards the intercom on the wall.

"All staff, please join me in the guest dining hall immediately. This is non-negotiable." He said. Satsuki walked over to his side, wrapping an arm around his waist. Tetsuya leaned against her, bracing himself for what he was about to do.

"It's going to be okay. Tetsu-kun." She soothed. He shrugged.

"I know. Will you come with me to dismiss them?" He asked. Everyone else had larger tasks. Satsuki nodded, offering him a kind smile.

"Of course, Tetsu-kun!"

Together they entered the dining room. Satsuki closed the door as Tetsuya stepped up to the front of the room.

"Hello, everyone, and thank you for joining us. I will be brief. Seijuurou-kun was assaulted tonight, and Masaomi-san was killed. Because of this, all staff in the main compound is being given a paid, week long sabbatical. I will be scheduling interview times with all of you over the course of the next week to make sure that there is no dissonance amongst the staff. Seijuurou's wellbeing in my only concern. I have brought in the help of several close friends of mine, who are all willing to work in your absence. As I discover who has betrayed us and who has not, I will allow you to return to work on Monday morning. Over the next few months, Seijuurou and I will be purging the rest of the Akashi Corporation staff as well. If anyone has any leads, now would be the time to voice them to me." He said.

The staff was oddly quiet. Some were horrified, and others were concerned. Some were suspiciously neutral.

"Do we have to leave the premises too, Tetsuya-sama?" One of their maids asked. Tetsuya nodded.

"Yes you do. If you live here, I can have you put up in one of the hotels nearby. I do not want to completely tear apart your lives; I can assure you." He promised. The maid nodded.

"When Kagami-san and Himuro-san arrive in a few hours, they and Aomine-san will escort all of you from the premises." Momoi stated.
"Thank you. You are dismissed." Tetsuya murmured. As the staff left him, Tetsuya sighed. Satsuki guided him from the room, a concerned frown on her face.

"Please go and rest with Sei-kun. You need your strength as well." She insisted. Tetsuya nodded. Satsuki had a point.

"Please send someone to get me when Kagami-kun arrives." He insisted. With a sigh, he returned to his boyfriend. He stopped in the entryway to the bedroom, taking a moment to watch the peaceful rise and fall of Seijuurou's chest. To think that if one little thing had gone differently, they might not have had this at all. Seijuurou very easily could have died. Shivering at the thought, Tetsuya shut his eyes and took a deep breath. Him freaking out wasn't going to help Seijuurou one bit. So with a sigh, he quickly changed in to his pajamas. He then crawled in to bed, curling up with him. Seijuurou pulled him close, and Tetsuya tightened his grip on him.

As he felt himself drifting off to sleep, he hoped that Seijuurou could sleep through the night.

Seijuurou awoke that night to the warmth of the man that he loved cuddled against him. He shivered when he swore he felt a calloused finger running down his spine, and he rose from the bed to go and shower. He was in the middle of scrubbing at his arms when Tetsuya entered the bathroom, looking wide-awake and full of concern.

"Would you like some help?" Tetsuya asked, watching as he nearly scrubbed his skin raw, trying to get rid of their touch. Seijuurou nodded, handing him the washcloth.

"Scrub my back. Keep going until I tell you to stop, even if my skin starts to bleed." He ordered. Tetsuya nodded, and Seijuurou turned around.

"Want me to fill you in on what I told the others?" Tetsuya offered. Seijuurou heard Shintarou enter the room, the sound of the shower no doubt waking him from his light sleep that he always adopted when he was in 'doctor-mode.' Tetsuya must have waived him away because he retreated fairly quickly.

"Yes." Seijuurou said simply, feeling relieved with how hard Tetsuya was scrubbing at his skin. It felt good, the pain.

Like he was really being freed from their touch.

"After you fell asleep, I laid with you for a while. I wanted to make sure that you would be sleeping for a while because you need it, Sei. When Midorima-kun came to check on you, I followed him out. Murasakibara-kun and Himuro-san are going to take over maintaining the house. Kagami-kun and Aomine-kun are in charge of security. Momoi-san is now in charge of our PR, and Kise-kun is helping contact the schools and families. Midorima-kun and Takao-kun are in charge of your recovery. However, Sei, Midorima-kun and I would both appreciate it if we could bring in a licensed professional to look you over." He summarized. Seijuurou scowled.

"Shintarou's judgement is enough. Other than that, those jobs are exactly what I would have done. Thank you, Tetsuya, for taking care of that." He said, turning around. Tetsuya offered him a smile, handing him the washcloth. Seijuurou was relieved when he didn't push the doctor thing.

Seijuurou continued his shower, with Tetsuya watching. It was a little weird, as his boyfriend usually would join him. However, as much as Seijuurou hated to admit it, he wouldn't be able to stomach that thought. Just the idea of it made him a little queasy.

"Do you want your long pajamas?" Tetsuya asked as he began to wash his hair, which he always
Seijuurou nodded, feeling relieved as the soap finally got rid of the blood in his hair. He heard Tetsuya pad away, and he was grateful to finally be alone. It was nice, knowing that he was safe once again.

It made him feel as if everything could be normal again, one day.

"I want some hot chocolate. Would you like some, Seijuurou-kun?" Tetsuya asked as he got dressed. Seijuurou nodded, drying his hair next.

"Yes I would, Tetsuya. Thank you for asking. Shall we go?" He asked, offering his boyfriend his (slightly shaking) hand. He refused to not touch Tetsuya, not matter how much his instincts demanded he do just that. Tetsuya nodded, gripping his hand tightly as he led him downstairs. To his relief, the longer that their hands stayed connected, the quieter the voice in his head grew. After setting the kettle to boil, Seijuurou sat down and allowed Tetsuya to take over the drying of his hair. Once he was satisfied, he placed the towel over the back of a different chair and pressed a kiss to the top of his head.

"Tetsuya?" Seijuurou asked, pulling Tetsuya's arms around his shoulders. Tetsuya went willingly, happy to hold him.

"Yes, Sei?" He asked, nuzzling the top of his head.

"Are you going to stay home with me this week?" He asked. Tetsuya shrugged.

"Do you want me to?" He asked. Seijuurou wasn't sure, so he decided not to answer. "I will stay home tomorrow, at the very least. I need a day to just be with you. If you need space the next day, then I will go to school and assure everyone that everything is fine. That you're a little sick and that your father's death has caused things to be rather difficult at home. If you still want me near you, then I will stay with you for as long as you want. It's all up to you, Sei. I'll support you either way." He said, pulling away from him when the kettle began to steam. They didn't want it to hit the screaming point and scare the rest of the members of their sleeping household.

A soft smile crossed his face. Tetsuya was such a thoughtful man.

"Thank you." He murmured when Tetsuya slid him the cup. He set it on the table before carefully pulling Tetsuya in to his arms.

"Anytime." Tetsuya promised, kissing his cheek. As they sat and sipped on their hot chocolate, Seijuurou began to relax.

It felt so good to be home.

"No."

"Be reasonable, Akashi-"

"Do you have such little faith in yourself that you doubt your assessments? Or have you been lying to me, Shintarou?"

"Sei, you know that's not true."

Seijuurou ignored his boyfriend's gentle chiding and rolled over, refusing to look at either one of them. It wasn't even noon yet and the three of them had been arguing for an hour. His Tetsuya
insisted that he needed to see a professional as well, and had begun to support Shintarou's nagging. It wasn't appreciated in the slightest.

"A bunch of strange men raped me. Excuse me for wanting to examined and cared for by the people I trust. If I had realized this would be such an inconvenience to you both, I wouldn't have bothered telling either one of you want happened." He snapped out, hoping to kill the argument. The rational part of him realized how cruel that statement was, but quite frankly he didn't care. They shouldn't want to submit him to the mercy of complete strangers.

"Seijuurou. You know that's not true." Tetsuya snapped right back.

"It doesn't have to be a stranger, Akashi. Both of my parents are doctors. Kise's Mom is a nurse. Hell, we could reach out to one of the various connections you have and ask them if they know anyone good." Seijuurou closed his eyes and curled in on himself, trying to block out their voices.

"They would come here, Sei. You don't have to leave the house. And one of us can be here for the examination." Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou felt the bed dip, and Tetsuya gently began to stroke his back. However, the action had Seijuurou's stomach churning and he leapt from the bed, racing for his bathroom. As he emptied the contents of his stomach, he was relieved to sense that the two in the bedroom weren't following him. He had embarrassed himself enough in front of them, recently. This particular incident had been one of five over the last 48 hours.

When he returned to his bed, Tetsuya was back in his chair and Shintarou was pulling out his stomach stabilizer.

"Here, Akashi. This should help keep you steady through lunch." He promised. Seijuurou swallowed the pills, scowling at the taste. He curled back up under his blankets, and reached out for Tetsuya's hand. His boyfriend accepted it, sending him a reassuring smile that didn't quite cover the pain in his eyes. After all, if Tetsuya had been vomiting at his slightly touch, Seijuurou would feel pretty bad about it.

"...I'm sorry, Tetsuya. Know that it's not you that keeps making me ill." He murmured, cheeks coloring with shame.

"I know, Sei. It's okay. But this is another reason we need a professional opinion. Midorima-kun and I have never been sexually assaulted." Tetsuya murmured. Midorima nodded his agreement.

"We aren't sure if the violent reactions you are having to being touched are normal or not, Akashi. Or if there is a better way to stop them. Hell, there might be a low-grade anxiety pill that could stop it. People are going to be touching you when you inevitably return to school. You and I both know how much of a blow to your pride it would be to constantly be sick at school." Midorima pointed out. Seijuurou frowned. He hadn't considered that. With a sigh, he sat up.

"Three conditions." He ordered. Both males nodded, relief and desperation clouding their faces.

"One, it is to be Shintarou's mother. I want a woman, not a man. Two, you are not to leave us. I also want Daiki in here. Three, I do not want her to ask me any type of psychological questions aside from the most basic ones. I do not want to be evaluated. I am well aware of how this is affecting me mentally, and that is private knowledge. My mental health is not the concern of anyone but myself and Tetsuya." He ordered. Both nodded again, and Shintarou rose to his feet.

"Thank you, Akashi. I will go and call her now. I will also check up on lunch for you both, as Tetsuya skipped breakfast and you just lost yours. If you need me, send Tetsuya to come get me." He said. Seijuurou nodded, a sigh on his lips.
"I will." He said. As soon as Midorima was gone, he turned to his boyfriend.

"I am doing this for you. I am not happy about this, Tetsuya." He declared, sending Tetsuya his best frown. Tetsuya nodded, unperturbed by the pouty expression.

"I know. And I appreciate you doing this for me, Sei. I do honestly feel that this is for the best. I love you so much and I would hate for the smallest bit of negligence on mine or Shintarou's part to cause something worse to happen to you. So I apologize that a stranger is going to enter in your personal safe place, but I do not regret it. You need this." He soothed. Seijuurou's expression softened at those heartfelt words, and he sighed.

"Tetsuya?" He asked, shivering a little as his anxiety began to spike.

"Yes, Sei?" Tetsuya murmured. Seijuurou tugged at his hand.

"Lay with me." Tetsuya nodded, dropping his hand so that way he could crawl into be. He made sure to keep the sheet between them before snuggling closer to his boyfriend. "…I'm in a bad place today, Tetsuya. I'm sorry." He murmured in to his blue locks. Tetsuya shook his head, tightening his grip on his boyfriend.

"No, Sei, it's okay. Don't apologize to me. I don't need nor want one." He promised. Seijuurou let out a shaky sigh, blinking back tears.

"I want my body back." He whispered. Tetsuya pulled him impossibly closer, pulling back to press a kiss to his forehead.

"You'll get it back. It's just going to take time." Seijuurou closed his eyes, shivering as he began to feel cold.

"I hope you're right." He murmured. Tetsuya sat up, smiling down at Seijuurou.

"I am. I know you, Sei. This won't defeat you." Seijuurou smiled a little as he wiped away his tears.

"You're too good to me, Tetsuya." He murmured. Tetsuya scoffed, tenderly wiping the last tear from his face.

"I'll let you think that."

The rest of January was a turbulent time for Seijuurou. Between dealing with Akashi Corporation and school, he was also battling against his body's limits.

He had nightmares nearly every night that month. From the look on Tetsuya's face after a few of them, Seijuurou didn't even want to imagine what he must have been screaming. Tetsuya and usually Shintarou were always there at the end of them, assure him that he was safe here. He usually cried himself to sleep shortly after that.

He couldn't even fathom doing more than chaste kisses with Tetsuya. The one time that they had tried to go father had ended up with him too nauseated to keep anything down for the rest of the night. Tetsuya had felt terrible, as he had been the one to begin escalating their playful and innocent kisses. It took Seijuurou two hours to convince him to just hold his hand again, and by the end of it Seijuurou felt as worthless as he had felt during the rape.

When he tried to restart his training regimen just a week later, he was furious to have to end it when he started limping. He had returned to the house, seething. Tetsuya had attempted to figure out what
was wrong but his patience was shot and Seijuurou had locked himself in his bathroom for an hour and a half. Standing under the hot spray for an hour of that probably wasn't the best idea, but he felt a little better after he had gotten out of the shower.

"Better?" His Tetsuya was sitting in bed, reading. Seijuurou had walked over and collapsed on the bed, face buried in Tetsuya's lap.

"A little." He had admitted. Tetsuya simply place a kiss on his cheek and continued reading.

His angel of a boyfriend dealt with all of these changes like a pro, and didn't show any sign that they were bothering him. Knowing him, they probably didn't. When Seijuurou woke up in cold sweats in the middle of the night, Tetsuya would be there with a wash cloth and clean clothing. When he was vomiting up his meals, Tetsuya was there and helping him through it. When he tried to rub off his skin, Tetsuya gently watched to make sure it didn't go too far. When he couldn't handle everyone, Tetsuya dismissed them or took care of it personally.

God how he loved that man.

A lot of things came from the rape. Many of them he wasn't proud of. However, there was one thing that he would never regret. When he looked back to his time in his life 10 years later, he would never regret finally accepting the burden and blessing that was his family company.

After a lot of deliberating, Seijuurou decided to accept his fate as an Akashi heir. Before, he had been trying to go along with trying to find his own path. Maybe by pursuing his dreams, he could someday disband his family's business and start his own. Or at least not run Akashi Corporation. It wasn't his own and it had so many negative curses around it that Seijuurou honestly wanted nothing to do with it.

However, Kagami Taiga of all people convinced him against this.

The two had been discussing the emails that he had been receiving all morning about who the next CEO should be. Kagami came from a rich family himself, and had been giving him surprisingly helpful advice on who to choose and not to choose.

The one suggestion he was stubborn about was Seijuurou himself taking it over.

Of course the shorter red-head had instantly and vehemently disagreed. Kagami had quickly backtracked, hastily explaining his reasoning.

"I mean Akashi Corp is pretty powerful. It has tons of connections and a hell of a lot of influence over not only the markets it is based in, but the Japanese society. If you do go in to international studies, I can see you making a lot of connections and influencing a lot of people around the world." Taiga explained. "You can do a lot of good with that kind of power. You can also better watch over the people that you care about." He explained.

And just like that, Seijuurou quieted down his protests. Protecting his family had always been his main priority, even from the start. Helping his friends was what he was meant to do, he could feel it.

Maybe it was time for him to go back to the start of all of this and reevaluate his choices and come up with a decision based on that.

And that night, Seijuurou realized that accepting the CEO position was the right thing to do. By being the power businessman that he was raised to be, he could have the world eating out of the palm of his hand. He would be able to protect his family and friends by always being able to
influence the elements around him.

In this time period where he didn't trust himself to be alone, he realized that the future offered a new form of protection.

Stability.

"Are you sure, Sei?" Tetsuya had asked that night as he trimmed his hair.

"Yes, my love, I am very certain about this." He promised, and as he said the word out loud, he felt a little better.

And so, as soon as he was asked, Seijuurou accepted the position of CEO for Akashi Corporation.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Thank you so much to everyone that has decided to stick with this story. To those that left respectfully, I wish you the best in your reading adventures. To those of you that were very disrespectful, please don't come back. To my FFN readers that might be confused about this, it's because AO3 reviews were very antagonistic and outrageous. If you are curious, head over to my AO3 account and read them. Some of them were reasonable and I responded in kind. Others were hurtful and aggressive and I disengaged. It's why I will always prefer FFN to AO3. Typically, we're more respectful on here. To the AO3 readers that weren't dicks: thank you so much! It was very much appreciated under the flare of rude assholes that wanted to bring out their SJW dicks. I gave them trigger warnings and their read on. It's not my responsibility after that.

So a couple things: this rape wasn't about sexual gratification. Masaomi did it for control purposes. His father did it to him, so he did it to Seijuurou. However, he's dead now so there's that. Did you guys enjoy that? I can't wait to introduce you to the Emperor, Seijuurou's complete other personality. He is such a treat 😄 However, that's a sequel sex scene 😄 Next chapter is up and is more transitioning. It's also the last chapter before the epilogue. More on that in the next chapter. See you there!

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

THIS IS A DOUBLE UPDATE READ THIS CHAPTER SECOND

Warnings: mental breakdowns, personality split, coping, self-hatred, handjobs

Note: Double update and our last chapter before the epilogue! Read on and we'll have a nice note at the bottom~

Kida-Asumi

The rest of January and most of February was rough on Seijuuro. His confidence in life was shaken. His mental state was very unstable. He wasn't himself, and he felt terrible for putting Tetsuya through so much.

He took at least two showers every day. Because of the temperature he took them at, his skin was now desensitized to scalding temperatures. More than a few times he was in there too long and would end up collapsing when he stepped out because he got so dizzy. Tetsuya was always at his side, fussing over him to make sure that he was okay before helping him get situated.

Seijuuro appreciated it, for the most part.

But then there were days like today…

"Tetsuya, stop. I'm fine." He snapped. His boyfriend's hands immediately dropped from his shoulders, and he took a step back. Seijuuro swallowed around the lump in his throat when Tetsuya wasn't able to hide the hurt that flashed in his eyes, and a sharp stab of guilt hit his stomach.

"Do you want me to go back to the living room?" Tetsuya asked instead, and Seijuuro was impressed by his ability to keep his voice steady. Seijuuro hesitated before nodding.

"Yes. I just…need to be alone." He said, closing his eyes as his heart sank. Tetsuya pulled him in to a tight hug, pressing a kiss to his forehead.

"I didn't mean to snap." Seijuuro murmured against his shoulder, trying to resist the hot sting of tears. Tetsuya shook his head, giving him a comforting squeeze.

"I know, Sei. It's okay. I'm not upset by it. It hurt me, yes, but I understand that sometimes things become too much. I understand that you didn't intend for me to be hurt. You just felt cornered and were lashing out. It's natural, I promise. So let go of me and come find me if you need me, okay? You need some time with yourself right now." He said. Seijuuro dropped his arms and stepped away, feeling ashamed when he realized that his boyfriend was right.
"You'll be in the living room?" He asked, seeking a confirmation. Tetsuya nodded, pressing a brief kiss to his lips before passing him a towel.

"Yes. And if you need me to be somewhere else, I can be there instead. But until then I'm going to go and look over the charts from yesterday's practice." He explained. Seijuurou nodded, wrapping the towel around his waist. As soon as it was in place, he relaxed, and then felt terrible for doing so.

He shouldn't want to hide his body from his boyfriend. If Tetsuya noticed the way that his face twisted with annoyance, he didn't say anything.

"Okay. Thank you." He said. Tetsuya kissed him again and offered him a supportive smile before leaving the room.

Seijuurou stared at himself in the mirror, trying his best to push back the image of hands running down his chest. He jumped when he could have sworn that he felt something touch his cock, but then he realized it was probably just the water from his shower. Letting out a frustrated noise, he stalked from the bathroom and went to find clothing.

He hated this. He hated that he couldn't trust his own thoughts. He hated that things were so uneasy between he and Tetsuya. He hated that he was no longer in control.

Shaking his head, he pulled on clothing and then sat on his bed, reaching for his phone.

After the week of recovery that he allowed himself, he began to reevaluate the staff. Only those that he could say for certain would not bring harm to he or Tetsuya were allowed to stay. He had spoiled the Generation for taking care of them before sending them on their way back to Tokyo, and had resumed school like he typically did.

Things had been different. School was different, his relationship had changed, and so had his future.

"Stop thinking about it." He snapped at himself. Shaking away those thoughts, Seijuurou moved downstairs. Maybe Tetsuya would make him feel better after all.

His boyfriend was sitting on the couch, looking over forms as he had said he was. Nigou was curled up at his feet, and he could hear the chef preparing food in the kitchen. Seijuurou relaxed at the normalcy of the situation, and he leaned over the couch to pull Tetsuya into a chaste kiss. His boyfriend let out a surprise gasp against his mouth, and it pleased Seijuurou that he could still have that effect on him.

He sat down on the couch, pulling Tetsuya onto his lap. The familiar weight and warmth comforted him, and he felt more than a little grounded at last.

"You're freezing!" Tetsuya stated, reaching for the blanket that they kept on the couch. Together they situated it over his lap and then shared soft smiles.

"Better?" Seijuurou asked. Tetsuya nodded, reaching down to lace their fingers together.

"Yes." He said. A comfortable silence fell between them.

The day of his coronation had been an emotional one for Seijuurou. His heart was protesting every preparation that day, still trying to fight against this pre-determined step of his left even though Seijuurou had already made up his mind.

This is what was best for everyone.
"Seijuurou-kun? Have you seen my tie?" Tetsuya called from the bedroom. Seijuurou put down his tooth brush, and after giving himself one last look in the mirror, he decided that he looked as good as he was going to get. He was dressed in his best suit, and he and Tetsuya had went shopping for new shoes and a new tie for him. His hair was partly slicked back, and he thought he looked as fierce as he hoped to someday feel. He walked in to the bedroom, terribly amused to see how frazzled his cute boyfriend looked.

"It's on your bedside table, my love." He said, pointing to the tie in question. Tetsuya scowled when he spotted it.

"How in the world did I miss that?" He asked. The adorable disgruntled expression made Seijuurou's heart skip a beat, and he approached Tetsuya, gently taking the tie for him.

"I'll put it on you." He said. Tetsuya blushed, and gave a reluctant nod.

"I could do it." He protested weakly, but turned around for Seijuurou anyway. Seijuurou kissed his cheek, enjoying the smell of the cologne that he had put on for today, and he nuzzled his cheek.

"I want to put it on you." He murmured. It was nice, being able to do something for Tetsuya for once. He had been taking care of Seijuurou for so long now. It was time that Seijuurou started giving back.

They gave one another a final once over before grabbing their jackets and phones and left the house, heading for Tokyo.

When they arrived, the press was already centered on the entrance to the building. His security stepped forward and surrounded the door of the car, ready to protect them from the swell of the press. Seijuurou had yet to be notified that the other members of the board had arrived, so he and Tetsuya would be leading the charge. He sighed, looking over at his boyfriend and offering his hand. Tetsuya slid his hand in his, his blue eyes filled with warmth as they met.

"Ready?" Seijuurou asked, squeezing his boyfriend's hand. Tetsuya nodded, offering him a smile.

"Of course." With a final squeeze, Seijuurou opened the door, helping Tetsuya out of the car. The press immediately swarmed them. Seijuurou pulled Tetsuya close, the two sharing an amused smile.

"Akashi-san, is it true that you killed your father?"

"Akashi-san, what happened to Akashi-sama?"

"Akashi-san, can you handle being CEO?"

He ignored the questions, knowing that answering any of them was unwise as of yet.

Since it came out that Masaomi had died, the stock numbers had plummeted as the board panicked. Finally, they remembered Seijuurou and had turned to him, seeking answers that he had to give.

They weren't the truth. Seijuurou explained that he had been feeling sick the day that his father had died. They fabricated a toxicology report that showed that he had been given doses of poison to try and kill him too. However, since he had been vomiting, it hadn't been as lethal as it could be. The board had tried to accuse Tetsuya of killing his father, but his alibi that day was very strong. He had been playing streetball that day in front of a police station with a few of the other cops, who had laughed at the idea of Tetsuya killing someone. The board felt humiliated, and accepted that their revered leader was well and truly gone.
The stock numbers took a tentative rise when it was announced that Seijuurou was going to take over the company. It amused Seijuurou that they seemed almost hopeful about this.

Tetsuya squeezed his hand, bring him back to reality. As he had been musing, security had managed to get them inside and in the elevator.

"What floor was the board room on again?" Tetsuya asked. Seijuurou reached forward and hit the floor number.

"10." He answered. Tetsuya smiled, and squeezed his hand again.

"Are you nervous, Seijuurou-kun?" He asked. Seijuurou shook his head.

"About the ceremony, no. And at this point, I've made peace with my future. After all, this is the best way to protect our family and our future, Tetsuya." He explained, pulling his boyfriend from the elevator once the doors were opened. Tetsuya followed after him, looking around the floor as they went. He had only been here once before, and it was to wait for Seijuurou and Masaomi to exit a meeting. Seijuurou was amused to see the awed look in his eyes, and he couldn't resist pressing a quick kiss to his lips. Tetsuya giggled expression full of soft affection. Giving him a wink, Seijuurou continued to pull him towards the boardroom.

"Seijuurou-kun?" Tetsuya called for his attention again once they were in the boardroom. Seijuurou put down his briefcase before turning and giving Tetsuya his undivided attention.

"Yes, my love?" He asked. Tetsuya stepped forward, winding his arms around his waist.

"I just want you to know that I am so very proud of you. I know you will bring great change to the world. I know that you are doing this to protect our future children and me. This sacrifice is never going to be something I can match, and it takes so much courage to do. Thank you for being so selfless, Seijuurou-kun. And if at any time this isn't working or you can't take it anymore, let me know and we can think of an alternative. Okay?" He asked. Seijuurou met Tetsuya's earnest blue eyes, and he nodded, feeling touched by his boyfriend's support.

"Thank you. I know I wouldn't be able to do this without you, Tetsuya. I love you." He said. Tetsuya leaned up and pressed their lips together, and Seijuurou's heart began to race with excitement with Tetsuya parted his lips. He smiled and gave his boyfriend access to his mouth for the first time in nearly three weeks. When they pulled apart, Tetsuya was flushed and offered him a shy smile.

"I love you too, Seijuurou-kun." He murmured.

Not too long after that, the rest of the board appeared. As they came in, Seijuurou greeted them and introduced them to Tetsuya. Finally, once they were all present, the officiate stepped in and began to prepare for the ceremony. Tetsuya fixed his appearance, and offered him a tender smile once he was finished.

"You look so handsome, Sei." He said. Seijuurou smiled, appreciating the compliment.

"Thank you, Tetsuya. You will record it as well, won't you?" He asked. Tetsuya nodded, and Seijuurou pretended not to notice the mischievous glint in his eye.

"Of course. Now go and claim your rightful throne." He said. Seijuurou nodded, giving Tetsuya's hand a squeeze for support before pulling away and walking over to the officiate.

The ceremony itself was basic. The officiate read what the expectations and perks of being and
Akashi CEO were, and Seijuurou agreed to them. He blessed the ring that all Akashi heads had worn throughout the ages, and then Seijuurou swore on it that he would do his best for the family and company. After that, Seijuurou would be named the new CEO and would address the board and their national audience.

The rights and responsibilities dragged on. It was definitely Seijuurou's least favorite part. After the final 'and in my father's name I agree,' the officiate slid the ring on to his finger. The board gave a polite clap, and Seijuurou traced his finger over the golden gem in the center.

The original Emperor's eye.

Just feeling its weight on his finger made him feel powerful. His new title didn't seem nearly as intimidating knowing that his ancestors were with him. He looked over at Tetsuya as the officiate prepared the documents he need to sign, and he was touched to notice that his boyfriend was wiping away tears, and seemed to be speaking to himself.

Finally, he turned to speak to everyone watching him.

"As many of you know, I have been training my entire life for this day." He began. "The Akashi heir is expected to take over for the Akashi head when he finally makes a name for himself. He is expected to lead his family, this company, and the world towards progress and greater wealth. Yet I was given this position too soon." He paused, letting the rest of the world see his 'anguish' over the death of his father. "My late father, Akashi Masaomi, has moved on to be with my mother and grandmother. I know that he is happy there, and I have their support as I move us past this terrible tragedy. Effective immediately to continue the plans that he had in place for the company through the year. I hope that for those of you who do not know me, this brings you some comfort. I trust my father's judgement in most things, with business being the best." He explained. "I think that as I graduate high school and ebbing college this spring, his path will help all of us keep our stability through these changes. I thank you for putting your trust in me, and I assure you that I will not steer you wrong. You have my word as the Akashi heir." He said.

"We will take ten questions." His PR head said, stepping up to his side now that his speech was finished.

The Q&A with the world wasn't difficult at all. All of the questions they asked had been things that he had guessed and prepared answers for. There was one, however, that had both he and Tetsuya smiling.

"In regards to your future, Akashi-sama, when can we expect a wedding between you and Kuroko-san? Children?" One of the women asked. Seijuurou chuckled, looking over at his blushing boyfriend.

"Not for another couple of years, I have to say." He easily admitted. "Tetsuya and I need to focus on our education and this company before we focus on ourselves or our starting a family. Ask me again closer to my college graduation." He teased.

"I can't believe they actually asked that." Tetsuya murmured as soon as Seijuurou returned to his side. Everyone had left them alone in the board room after the Q&A was done, probably heading out to the local bars to drink off their anxiety at this change. Seijuurou smiled, capturing his face in his hands.

"I can. They were actually asking how our relationship was going so that they could try and pawn off their daughters on to me." He said, nuzzling their noses together. Tetsuya blushed, reaching out and wrapping his arms around Seijuurou's waist.
"Well then." He murmured, and Seijuurou felt him smile when he pressed their lips together. When Seijuurou sought out his mouth, Tetsuya gave him entrance without question, a small moan escaping him as Seijuurou's tongue glided inside of his mouth. It had been too long for both of them, and Seijuurou was happy to note that he still desired this kind of thing.

Maybe the future was looking brighter.

"Kissing you reminds me of what really matters in life, Tetsuya." He admitted breathlessly when they parted. Tetsuya smiled, bringing their locked hands up between them and kissing Seijuurou's new ring.

"Good. I'm glad we're on the same page." He teased. They were about to kiss again when a knock on the door interrupted them.

"Come in." Seijuurou called as he and Tetsuya took a respectable step away from one another.

"Akashi-sama, we have brought your first set of body guards." His head of security explained.

Seijuurou was more than a little impressed when two men stepped out behind him, looking similar enough to him and Tetsuya that it would definitely confuse snipers. The red head sent him a shit-eating grin and the blue-haired male sent them a nervous smile.

"Hi, Akashi-sama, Kuroko-sama! I'm Akabane Karma, and this is Shiota Nagisa." The red-head declared, offering Seijuurou his hand.

As he took it, Seijuurou couldn't help but get the feeling that these two would certainly bring them a lot of adventure.

On their second anniversary, the two decided on a quiet night in. Neither really wanted a vacation, especially now that the media was following them around like vultures.

And so they had a lovely private dinner that Seijuurou made. They talked about nothing and everything, and the light atmosphere was something that they both had been craving. And so after the dishes were done, they slipped away upstairs to continue their evening in the privacy of their bedroom.

To be honest, Seijuurou was nervous about tonight. They had tried to make love only once before, and Seijuurou had went into a panic attack. Tetsuya had soothed him, assuring him that maybe it was just too soon, and that they need to wait.

So they had waited. But now, Seijuurou wanted Tetsuya. He wanted to feel wanted, and to want someone in return. He wanted to remind Tetsuya of whom he belongs to, of their love for one another.

"Is this okay?" Tetsuya whispered against his mouth that night, gently sliding his hands under his shirt. Seijuurou nodded, moaning in his boyfriend's mouth when Tetsuya's hands slid up to tease his nipples. He gently grinded their hips together, eyes rolling at the delicious friction. Tetsuya gasped, breaking the kiss as he rolled his hips against Seijuurou's craving this.

"Sei!" He gasped when Seijuurou trailed his kisses down his cheek, nibbling on the shell of his ear. Seijuurou was so sure that he could get off just from his alone, and deciding that he earned this orgasm, he decided to try.

"Can we have more than one round?" He asked, breathing ragged as his orgasm tightened in his gut.
Tetsuya nodded, hips desperately pressing against his.

"Please!" He begged, and suddenly both were reaching for their pants, impatiently pulling them off and kicking them under the sheets. When their bare cocks touched, both let out impatient moans, and Seijuurou reached down to grasp their cocks in his hand, his thumb smearing their pre-come to try and lube up their cocks. "G-good." Tetsuya moaned, bucking into his hand. Seijuurou moaned in returned as his boyfriend's cock slid against his own, and it wasn't long before Tetsuya was spilling between them. Seijuurou was so sure that he would follow soon after, but right as he was about to go over that ledge, his father's face appeared in his mind and he wasn't able to.

"Fuck!" He cried, wrenching himself away from Tetsuya as waves of nausea wracked his body.

"Seijuurou-kun?" Tetsuya called, moving closer but didn't touch him. "Talk to me, Seijuurou. I need to know what's going on." He ordered. Seijuurou closed his eyes as frustrated tears filled them, his cock aching painfully between his legs.

"I can't." He whispered, feeling utterly useless and humiliated and frustrated. He was so sick of that one incident ruling his life. He had been fine right up until his point, so why?

*You lacked control then. You don't want to have a repeat of the incident.* His mind helpfully supplied. He cursed again, curling in to himself.

"Damn it." He whispered. Tetsuya's hand gently touched his back, and when he didn't protest, his boyfriend moved in closer.

"Shh, Sei. It's alright. Talk to me." He murmured against his shoulder. Seijuurou shook his head, ashamed of himself.

"I can't get off!" He exclaimed, squeezing his dick in a useless attempt. All it did was make him more nauseous, and he gagged.

"Seijuurou." Tetsuya said, sliding an arm around his waist. "Shh. It's going to be okay." He promised, kissing his shoulder. Seijuurou turned around, burying his face in Tetsuya's neck as his breathing grew rapid.

The panic was setting in. Tetsuya was never going to be able to be with a man that couldn't make him happy. He was going to lose him because of this.

"Shh, I'm here." Tetsuya continued to say, holding him against him tightly. Eventually, the terror that filled Seijuurou died down. He began to take in deep breaths, forcing himself to calm down and focus on Tetsuya. It worked, and eventually he pulled away, scowling in disgust with himself.

"I'm useless." He stated. Tetsuya frowned, wiping away his tears.

"That's my boyfriend you're talking about." He chided. Seijuurou froze, surprised by that silly statement. He couldn't stop the chuckle it brought him, and he offered Tetsuya a tentative smile. His boyfriend seemed pleased, and he kissed his forehead.

"...I think I'm afraid that I am going to lose control again." He admitted. Tetsuya nodded, running a hand over his back. "I can acknowledge that you would never harm me, Tetsuya. Yet I think that my mind now associates orgasms with the loss of control." He admitted. Tetsuya let out a noise of empathy, and he pulled him close. "I miss you. I miss being intimate with you. I just don't know if I'll ever be able to." He whispered against his chest. Tetsuya shook his head.

"Don't force yourself, Seijuurou-kun. Do I want you to make love to me? Of course I do. It's nice
being able to watch you get off, and to orgasm by your touch in return. However, there are other ways to be intimate like this. And we should start easing you in to this as opposed to just going about it like we usually do. Progress is sometimes slow." Tetsuya reminded him. Seijuurou nodded, frowning.

"What if we never can have sex again?" He asked. Tetsuya shook his head, reaching down to give Seijuurou's cock a tender squeeze.

"It's barely been a month since the incident, Sei. I know you. I know this cock. We will be back to our regular sex lives before the year is done, I can assure you." Tetsuya promised. Seijuurou couldn't argue with that logic, and he sighed.

"I'm so frustrated though, Tetsuya. I need to orgasm. It's making me tense." He admitted, running a hand through his hair as he rolled on to his back. Tetsuya gently ran a thumb over the head of his cock, and Seijuurou let out an appreciative hum.

"Do you want to get yourself off as I kiss you? Or I could try sucking you off, or giving you a hand job?" He offered. Seijuurou frowned.

"But what if it happens again?" He asked. Tetsuya shrugged.

"You can always change what is happening, Seijuurou. Just know that I will be coming too, so don't be surprised by it. You're really sexy when you're in the throes of passion." Tetsuya added with a wink. Seijuurou smiled, pulling him down for a kiss. As his own hand gently brushed away Tetsuya's from his cock, he decided that his boyfriend was right.

He had control of this sexual relationship. Tetsuya was always willing to try anything, and sometimes Seijuurou felt bad about that. But now, as he focused on stealing his boyfriend's breath away and bringing himself to completion, he was grateful for it.

Baby steps, he mused later that evening, when both were spent and clean. Sometimes the easiest way to move forward was either baby steps.

On Tetsuya's first outing with Nagisa, it was to a book club meeting. He hadn't been there in over a month, and the moment he stepped in to the library he relaxed.

"Kuroko!" The group called out in glee, even as they all shot Nagisa curious looks. He waved, taking his usual seat.

"This is Nagisa-kun, everyone. He is my new body guard." Tetsuya explained, gesturing for the other blue-haired male to sit.

"Cause of Akashi-san becoming Akashi-sama?" Kurosu asked. Tetsuya nodded, watching as he pulled his girlfriend close, a protective hand on her stomach.

What had happened in his month away?

"Yes. Nagisa-kun is going to be one of five that are with me anytime I leave the house for the first year of Seijuurou-kun's term. After that, they will take more of a behind-the-scenes roll, and only be called upon when it is a dangerous situation." He explained.

"I want a body guard!" Natama whined from where she and Ayato had been making out in the corner. It warmed Tetsuya's heart to see them happy.
"How is Akashi-sama doing?" Rifujin asked, passing Nagisa and Tetsuya bowls of his curry.

"Very well. He's adapting to all of the changes the best that he can. It's been hard on him since we lost Masaomi." He admitted. Mikami's expression softened, and she too pressed a hand to her belly.

"No child should be without its father." She said, looking at her boyfriend.

"He knocked her up on Christmas." Shinikama helpfully supplied.

"Shinikama-kun!" Kurosu gasped in horror. Mikami sighed, scowling at the teen.

"It's true, we are expecting. We're due in August." She explained to Tetsuya. He grinned.

"Congratulations you guys. How did your parents take it?" He asked. Both shot one another exhausted glances.

"Terribly. In fact, they kicked her out. Now she is living with my parents and me. My parents were thrilled either, but at least they are letting us stay." Kurosu explained. Tetsuya shook his head, a scowl on his face.

"Neglectful parents are the rottenest things on the planet." Nagisa said beside him. The dark look in his eye spoke of his own abusive past, and suddenly Tetsuya liked the man a little more.

Birds of a feather should flock together, they say.

"Thank you for a wonderful school year, everyone." Tetsuya found himself saying as they closed the doors to the clubroom. Everyone one around him offered him a smile.

"Anytime, Kuroko. At our let meeting next month, let's all make sure we have one another's numbers so we can keep in touch." Kurosu said. Everyone agreed, and went their separate ways.

The rest of February brought about colds and stress. Seijuurou caught his cold shortly after Valentine's Day, and fell victim to terrible headaches and a cough.

"This is terrible." He groaned in to Tetsuya's arms as soon as they were alone in his office. Tetsuya gently rubbed at his back, kissing his forehead. He didn't like seeing his boyfriend so miserable, and he had been doing everything that he could do help.

"We're going to go home as soon as the car arrives. Do you want me to run you a bath tonight? It would help break up the congestion." He pointed out. Seijuurou nodded, groaning again when he had to cough. He shivered in Tetsuya's arms afterwards, not liking the way that he chills settled over him.

"Tetsuya?" He asked as a thought occurred to him.

"Yes, Sei?" Tetsuya asked, gently rocking him in his arms.

Tetsuya had been acting very odd. Anytime anyone would try to touch him, he would intercept it and then play it off with some convenient excuse. Anytime that someone wanted to be alone with him, Tetsuya would insist he take one of his bodyguards with them.

Seijuurou was personally flattered by it. To see his boyfriend be so protective over him was very flattering, and he was very grateful. He had done something similar after the incident last month, but Seijuurou hadn't really had time to reflect on it then.
He certainly had time now.

"Why are you acting so possessive around me recently?" He asked. Realizing how ungrateful that sounded, he quickly moved to correct himself. "I'm grateful don't get me wrong, and I have to admit that it's a sexy side of you I wasn't expecting. I'm just curious as to what changed?" He asked. Tetsuya was quiet for a moment before he responded.

"I don't want to ever see you become uncomfortable from anyone's touch or presence. At least for now. I will keep you safe too, Sei. So when people try to touch you or get you alone, so long as I am around and until I am comfortable with it going on in front of me, I will make moves to keep you safe. I can stop if you want." He hastily added. Seijuurou shook his head, resting his forehead on his shoulder.

"It doesn't bother me. If someone had hurt you, I would be the same way for a while. It's only natural. I just wanted to make sure that it wasn't something that we needed to address." He explained. "Besides, people touching me doesn't bother me. It's when people, including you and me, touch me without my clothing on. Sometimes that gets to me."

Tetsuya's expression softened, and he hugged him close.

"It bothers me, Sei. If they touch you too casually, they may get the implication that it's okay to try even bolder actions. Those are unacceptable to me. So even if it's not against your comfort level, it's definitely against mine." He added. Seijuurou nodded, feeling a little better that Tetsuya had a comfort level with strangers touching him. At least the feeling was mutual.

"Let's go home and take a bath. Maybe we'll watch a movie too?" Seijuurou suggested, pulling away from Tetsuya. The shadow nodded, lacing their fingers together.

"And you will rest." He added sternly. Rolling his eyes, Seijuurou couldn't stop the grin from crossing his face. How wonderful it was to be loved by this gentle yet stern creature.

"I think those pants look wonderful on you, Seicchi!" Ryouta cooed. Seijuurou rolled his eyes when his boyfriend pinched his ass in confirmation with Ryouta's words.

"You two are the reason that I have grown to dislike going clothing shopping." He murmured. He took one last look at himself before stepping out of the pants.

The Generation were shopping for Graduation clothes today. In the changing room next to them were the other four guys and Satsuki was with Ryouta's sisters in the women's section.

"You say that now, Sei, but wasn't it just the other day you were feeling me up in the men's lingerie section?" Tetsuya teased as he looked at himself in the mirror. Seijuurou rolled his eyes, stepping up behind his boyfriend and wrapping his arms around his waist. Tetsuya let out a surprised gasp before smiled and relaxing back against him.

"Awww, you guys are too cute. Did you guys get anything fun?" Ryouta asked from where he stood in front of his own mirror, admiring himself and blowing himself a kiss. Tetsuya nodded, twining their fingers together as Seijuurou rocked them slowly, enjoying this little moment together.

"I did. I'll send you links in case you want to get something for Daiki." Tetsuya murmured.

"I might take you up on that. After all, we're only going to be exclusive for two more weeks. Then we're both moving to opposite ends of the USA." Ryouta murmured, and his expression morphed in to one of sadness. Seijuurou pressed a quick kiss to Tetsuya cheek before pulling himself away from
his boyfriend and turning to Ryouta.

"Graduation will be different, Ryouta. But we will come together often, and after graduation we will all end up in Japan. Don't worry about your future. I know everything will be okay." He assured him. Ryouta smiled a little, nodding.

"Thanks, Seicchi." He said. Seijuurou smiled before pulling back on his clothing.

Most of the people around him were anxious about Graduation. He had had a similar conversation with Shintarou not two hours earlier. He was sure that before the next two weeks were over, he was going to end up having confrontations like this with all of his friends.

Strangely enough, he wasn't worried about graduation. With all of the internal conflict going on in his life, it was the last thing on his mind. He had left the condo hunting for them in Tokyo to Tetsuya so he could focus on finishing up his duties for Rakuzan, and aside from that there wasn't a lot going on in his life.

"Sei?" Tetsuya's hand tugging on his pulled him out of his thoughts.

"I'm just woolgathering, my love." He assured him with a smile. Tetsuya nodded, returning his smile before reaching out with his free hand and pulling up his zipper. Seijuurou gave him a quick kiss in thanks.

"Shall we finish up shopping and grab lunch?" He suggested. Seijuurou nodded, smiling at his friends as they exited the dressing room. They all seemed to be bickering amongst themselves, the action so familiar that Seijuurou couldn't help the amused grin that stretched across his face. Tetsuya nodded, stepping closer to him so that their side's brushed.

As they all gathered to check out, chatting and laughing just like they always had, Seijuurou knew that this wouldn't be the last time this particular setting would happen. He could see them all 10 years from now, hair styles different and conversations about jobs and families instead of sports and school, doing this exact same thing. It was comforting, to know that after all of the bad things that had happened, everything was going to be okay, one day.

"I think I can be at peace with my life." Seijuurou admitted one evening in late February.

"Oh?" Tetsuya asked, looking over at him. Seijuurou nodded, raising his hand above his head to stare at his ring.

This ring was powerful. It was a sign that he could rule the world if he wanted to. It was forged and carried by Generations upon Generations of the Akashi family, all strong, talented, and intelligent individuals.

He was honored to carry on their legacy.

"By following this path, by taking my father's throne, by accepting my legacy, I am not in more control than I have ever been, Tetsuya." He declared. Tetsuya nodded, wrapping an arm around his waist and cuddling against Seijuurou's side.

"Yes you are." His boyfriend agreed.

"It's comforting, knowing that few will be able to touch or challenge me from now on. My father was unstoppable. Now I, who defeated him, have been granted that power." He murmured in awe.
"The new Emperor has been crowned. My Emperor Akashi Seijuurou." Tetsuya teased. Seijuurou liked the sound of that, and his power kink sent a jolt of pleasure to his dick. Grinning, he rolled over and on top of his boyfriend.

"Will you lead with me? Support me from the shadows or in the spotlight, I don't care which, will you be my Empress, or my Emperor-Consort?" Seijuurou asked, slightly breathless as his heart soared.

They were going to rule this world.

Tetsuya blushed and nodded, even as he pressed up against Seijuurou's hardening dick.

"You're Empress, Sei. Again, I would rather be the spouse than the whore. One day I will become Empress Akashi Tetsuya." As those words left his mouth, as they christened Tetsuya's future name, Seijuurou's eyes darkened with lust and he slammed their mouths together.

It wasn't long after this declaration that Seijuurou bought him a promise ring. It was a simple and elegant golden band with subtle gems of diamond, garnet, and aquamarine embedded in it. But Tetsuya's favorite was his title engraved in the underside of the band.

To this day, he kept it on his right ring finger, as his wedding band and engagement ring occupied the left.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Oh guys, I'll do my crying note in the epilogue but what do you think? Is there anything else you would like to see? I'm taking notes for an extras collection I'm making for this story! Anyway, I hope this guys made you feel a little hopeful for the future. I tried my best to wrap it up nicely, and I know it came off a little rushed. Sorry about that!

Next chapter is the epilogue. I am tempted to also launch the short stories collection and the teaser for the sequel then too. Let me know if that's what you all want! We also get a time skip! God I love all of you and I'll do 'thank you's in the next note too. See you all next week~

- Kida Asumi
Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Do author's tears count?

Note: Guys. I'm just so happy with this fic. I'll cry at the bottom. Please enjoy this chapter!

Kida-Asumi

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

10 years later

The Executive offices lived on the 15th floor of the Akashi Corporation's headquarters. In room 1504 sat the company's CEO, Akashi Seijuurou. The office was warm, with coffee table and a couch occupying an open area of the room. A chest full of toys and coloring books was just inside the closet for when his children came to visit.

A large family portrait was hung on the wall above the couch, taken just last week when their fifth and last child had been born. Tetsuya was the center of the picture, his smile warm as he looked in to the camera. In his arms sat their youngest two children, their newborn son Kazuki and baby daughter Akari. Seijuurou stood behind the chair where Tetsuya sat, his smirk full of pride for the family that they had created. He had one hand on Tetsuya's shoulder, his wedding band twinkling, and his other was on the shoulder of their eldest child, Katsurou. His son was beaming at the camera, his hands on his little sister Setsuko's shoulders. In front of Setsuko stood their middle child, Kimiko.

One another wall was a large portrait of the Generation of Miracles, taken last Christmas. He and Tetsuya were at the center, smiling proudly for the cameras even if at the time Tetsuya had been miserable with morning sickness. To their left stood Satsuki, 5 months pregnant with her daughter Kasumi. She was holding hands with Ryouta, who was winking at the camera. Behind them stood Daiki and Taiga. On their right stood Shintarou and Atsushi. In Shintarou's arms was heavily pregnant Kazunari.

All around his desk were pictures of his family, and the other wall had a large Cork board that Tetsuya filled with pictures from parties and holidays and the occasional snapshots of their children sleeping or doing something cute.

This was the office of the man that most magazines claimed truly ruled Japan.

Currently he was typing up an email to one of his advisor, Miyuki Kazuya, about the most recent batch of athlete sponsorship applicants. There were a few that Seijuurou was sure would have great potential, but there were also a few he was skeptical on.

His phone chimed, breaking him out of his thoughts. Seijuurou frowned as he glanced at the time. His next appointment wasn't for the next hour. Sighing, he reached forward and pressed the button.

"Go ahead, Kiyoko." He said.

"Akashi-sama, you have a visitor." She explained. Curious as to who it was, Seijuurou pressed the
"Send them back, Kiyoko. My door is unlocked." He said.

"Right away, Akashi-sama."

Seijuurou rose to his feet, and just as he was walking around his desk, his door opened. The first thing he spotted was blue.

"Dada!" The little girl cried, a wide grin on her face as she toddled over to hug him. Seijuurou smiled, his heart feeling lighter as he realized just who the visitors were. Sure enough, Tetsuya stepped in next, pushing the stroller behind him.

"Hello Akari. What are you doing here?" He asked his little 10-month old daughter. Akari giggled, cuddling in to his arms.

"Visit!" She declared. Tetsuya parked the stroller and closed the door before locking it. Hearing the lock click in place reminded Seijuurou that he should contact his secretary.

"Kiyoko, hold all of my calls and any other visitors, except for my son's school or the Daycare. Let me know when my appointment is here." He added.

"Yes, Akashi-sama." She said. Tetsuya approached him, offering him a small smile.

"What are you doing here?" Seijuurou asked again, this time directing the question at his spouse. Tetsuya leaned up and pressed a kiss to his lips. When they parted, Tetsuya leaned against him, a small wince leaving him.

"We just got done with our doctor's appointments and decided to stop by. Can I borrow your bottle of water? I think it's time for my pain medicine." Tetsuya said. Seijuurou nodded, quickly helping his spouse sit down in his chair.

"Is it in the diaper bag?" Seijuurou asked, passing him Akari. Tetsuya nodded, offering their daughter a smile.

"Yes. Will you check on Kazuki while you are over there? He should still be asleep." Tetsuya added. Seijuurou nodded, quickly moving over to get the bottle in question. He quickly found the pills, but paused as he took in their sleeping three-week old miracle. Kazuki was sound asleep, just as Tetsuya had predicted, and his little hat had slipped over his face. Seijuurou reached in, gently removing it all together. Tenderly he combed down his baby soft blue locks, and couldn't resist leaning down to press a kiss to his forehead.

"Sei, don't wake him." Tetsuya scolded. Seijuurou smiled, forcing himself away from his baby.

"I can't help it, Tetsuya. I miss him. My two-week vacation with all of you wasn't long enough." He sighed, passing his spouse the bottle. He leaned against the desk, accepting Akari from her other parent. Akari watched with curious red eyes as Tetsuya swallowed the pills, a dissatisfied scowl on his face at the taste.

"The appointments went well." He explained, getting up from the chair to put away the pill bottle.

"That's good. Did you ask them about your rash?" Seijuurou asked, smirking a little when Tetsuya paused beside the stroller as well, his gaze full of love as he watched Kazuki sleep. Eventually he nodded, turning back to his husband and child.
"Yes. Shintarou thinks that it's just irritation because of how hot's been and I've been sweating." Tetsuya explained, shooing Seijuurou back in to his chair. He climbed in to his lap afterwards, pulling Akari on to his lap.

"So it will clear up soon?" Seijuurou asked, sliding his hand over the rash in question. Tetsuya nodded, pressing a kiss to his forehead.

"Yes. It should be fine in about a week." He said. Seijuurou felt relieved at this good news. It was so odd, and he had never seen anything like it before.

A comfortable silence fell between the two, with their daughter's happy babble's a pleasant background noise. Eventually, Tetsuya broke it by running a hand through his hair.

"Katsurou is going to ask you to help with a family tree project tonight." Tetsuya warned. "I offered my family first, but he wanted yours." Seijuurou sighed, understanding where this was going. He pressed a quick kiss to Tetsuya's shoulder as his eyes looked to the photos on his desk. They settled on a picture of he and his oldest son, taken just a month ago during their vacation to Hawaii. Both were smiling as they stood proudly over a sandcastle.

"It doesn't bother me to talk about it anymore, Tetsuya." He murmured. Tetsuya frowned.

"Sei." He murmured, and his eyes revealed his concern. Seijuurou shrugged, kissing the top of Akari's head.

"What happened in the past, is in the past. I may not be ready to give details about what happened to anyone, and yes on the occasion I do need a moment to myself or with just the two of us if we are surrounded by a bunch of people in tight quarters, but I can manage talking about who he was. If Katsurou ever asks me a question I am uncomfortable with, I can always defer him to you." He added. Tetsuya nodded, offering him a supportive smile.

"Always. It's what I'm here for." He promised. Seijuurou chuckled, tugging him down for another kiss.

"And a few other things? Like the children?" He asked against his lips. Tetsuya grinned into the kiss, pulling away before it could get too heated in front of Akari.

"Yes. Only a few more weeks." He said. Seijuurou nodded, a flash of arousal shooting down his spine at just the thought. Tetsuya always made sure that he was taken care of in this lull between children where they couldn't be intimate, but it just wasn't the same.

"Have you two ate yet?" Seijuurou asked. Tetsuya nodded, gently touching the tip of Akari's nose, causing a set of giggles to escape her.

"We ate after the appointment, but before we came over here. I was just going to return to work, but then I realized we would pass your building and decided to come here instead." Tetsuya explained. "Will you be home early today?" He added. Seijuurou frowned a little at the hesitance in his voice.

"I can be. Do you need me to be?" He asked. Tetsuya nodded, reaching down to take his free hand.

"Yes. I'm not sure why, but I want you close to me today." He admitted. Seijuurou nodded, pressing another kiss to his lips.

"Then I will pick you up when I leave here. Do you want me to send someone back with you? Shun-san?" He asked, sensing Tetsuya's relief at the suggestion. Maybe today was one of his low days.
"Please. Thank you, Seijuurou." He said, relaxing against him.

They sat and chatted until Seijuurou's next appointment arrived. Akari had fallen asleep between them, so Tetsuya placed her in her half of the stroller before turning to wrap his arms around his husband. As Seijuurou returned his embrace, he couldn't help but think about how grateful he was to this man.

They had been through so much together over the last 10 years. 10 years ago he was a mess of anxiety as they moved from Kyoto to Tokyo. He was still uncomfortable in his own skin, and the ghosts from that terrible night in January continued to haunt him. Tetsuya had been his godsend then, just as much as he was now.

Yet time heals all wounds. Through a lot of pain and hard work Seijuurou adapted to the changes. He and Tetsuya now had an even healthier sex life they ever before. He could stand being bare in front of other people, and he could deal with the changes as they came. Sometimes he thought it might be too much, but then he remembered that those that once wished him harm were well and truly gone. He was safe and more capable than ever before of taking himself.

As he kissed Tetsuya goodbye, he was looking forward to calling it an early day. He was very ready to be at home with his spouse and their children. Their home, which didn't hold the demons that Kyoto did.

"I love you, Sei," Tetsuya murmured when they pulled apart. Seijuurou pressed a parting kiss to his lips before smiling.

"I love you, too, Tetsuya. Please email me when you get to the Daycare safely." He ordered. Tetsuya nodded, and Seijuurou watched him push away their children.

As he shook hands with his next appointment, Seijuurou felt at ease with his future. This is who he was always meant to be, and that was okay.

2012 was the beginning to an era of advancements in technology and social equality.

Akashi Seijuurou, CEO of the Akashi Corporation, announced that December that his company was going to more than triple the budget of their pharmaceutical division to help with the research and development that would 'help bring justice to the people that always wanted a family.' He began investing in new avenues as well, such as childhood development and care, fashion, law, and the culinary business.

Most never knew that this was to help secure the Generation of Miracle's future.

By the time the New Year rolled around, Akashi Seijuurou was crowned the rising Emperor for Japan's economy.

It all started that March, when he graduated high school.

As Seijuurou moved his chess piece towards Tetsuya's king, he mused over the recent rise in his stock values back to their normal levels. The stockholders seemed to be feeling better about his term as CEO, it appeared.

As the school year was winding down, as the end of the high school era approached, Seijuurou was growing more and more nostalgic every day. His boyfriend often teased him about it, and he would tease back.
Next month, Seijuurou would no longer be the President of Rakuzan's student council. His advisors and teachers were very upset about this, but he had faith in the next council that he and the others had chosen. Speaking of…

Ayame was going to attend an elite business school in London this coming August. She was very excited for it, and she admitted to one of her friends that she hoped the distance from Japan gave her time to get over her broken heart, and to give her room to grow as a woman. He wished her all the best.

Tamaki was going to begin working as the ASM of a local convenience store. College didn't interest him, and he promised to give Tetsuya discounts on anything he ever wanted.

Naoto was going to go to Tokyo University for teaching, much to Seijuurou's surprise. However, he was happy for the shy little man, and hoped that he found his passion there.

Kisaragi was going to go Hokkaido University for Business Law. He swore that he was going to find out the secret behind the Akashi Corporation's success, and destroy them if it were illegal. Seijuurou welcomed the challenged, and looked forward to facing him in the future.

He would also be leaving the basketball team in the capable hands of his first string. As was previously discussed, Seijuurou and his coach chose Masaki as the captain. He had named Takumi his vice immediately. Shinjirou looked forward to making a name for himself on the court, away from Tetsuya's influence.

Kaito was going to Kyoto University for Japanese history. Masaki was relieved, even if he would never admit it, that his boyfriend was going to stay in town. The two planned don getting an apartment together when the time came.

As for the book club, Tetsuya had told him the following:

Kurosu and Mikami were getting married in June. They had both been invited to the wedding, and Seijuurou had already agreed to hire Kurosu as the head record keeper for Akashi Corporation's Kyoto division.

Rifujin was returning to India to be with his wife. He and Tetsuya were going to take a vacation their next summer.

The rest of the book club was going to be working on recruiting new members, with Shinikama as their president.

Next month, the Generation would be separated by distance and walks of life. For the most part, things would stay the same as they had been for the past year. During breaks, they would get together. They would play basketball and go shopping and share meals.

It was comforting, the guarantee.

Taiga and Tatsuya were going to share a dorm room at UCLA this coming fall. Tatsuya was going to major in textiles and home decor, and Taiga was going for a generic business degree. Alex was so excited to have her surrogate sons coming home for good.

Atsushi had a dorm set up for him in Tokyo's best culinary school. He had even been reading up on the curriculum, much to Seijuurou's amusement.

Satsuki had decided to follow Daiki to California. The two would be sharing an apartment near campus, and she was enrolled to begin her classes that August with a major in paralegal studies.
Daiki was already learning English for his big American debut. Tetsuya found it a little disheartening to see both of his lights disappearing across the Pacific, but he wished them all the best.

Ryouta, on the other hand, had decided to go to New York. He was trying to get very serious about his fashion career. Daiki supported his decision, and the two decided to pause their relationship until fate brought them together again.

Shintarou and Kazunari also had a dorm prepared for them at Tokyo University. Kazunari was going to enroll in a nursing program to 'support his Shin-chan,' much to the green-haired male's chagrin and their amusement.

Seijuurou was excited for their own move to Tokyo. He was ready to leave the ghosts of Kyoto behind for good.

"It's your move, Seijuurou-kun." Tetsuya voice pulled him from his thoughts. He was surprise to see his piece gone.

"What an interesting move." Seijuurou said in awe as he noticed Tetsuya's queen standing tall and proud. Tetsuya smirked with triumphant.

"Just like in a game of chess, the Queen protects the King." He declared. When Seijuurou met his gaze, his expression softened.

This beautiful human being had changed him so much over the last two years. They had been through much, faced so much, and it didn't seem like the changes were going to stop any time soon.

He wondered sometimes if he would go back to the start and change anything. Declare his love for Tetsuya at that first meeting in Teiko, or not let him quit the team in their third year. Would everything have been better? Worse?

Honestly, he didn't care. It didn't matter. They were happy and together and that was all that would matter.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: It has been awesome spending the last 7 months with you guys. I've laughed, I've cried, I've been an emotional wreck and elated! This story took me roughly two years to write. It evolved over those two years in to the piece you just read.

Before we look to the future, let me give a few thank yous: This story, as of this posting, has a grand total of Word count(not including author's notes): 220985 words, 30,021 views, 923 alerts, and 217 reviews (this is combing AO3 and FFN). That is huge!

Special thanks to these awesome people that took the time to review/comment on this story: Stolyint, ShinseiShinwa, moejoejoe1998, Cecilia54, brnkofeternity06, mitsuyochan, maxridelover, addictedBxB, IWillBelieveIt If I CanDreamIt, sismimchocolatte, SSJ Mirai Gohan, bob, cherkie, Naielle, Asterbear, ToonyTwilight, NavyNinjaHo, Derwyd, The Yaoi MatchMaker, Xunnir, belladu57, Catalina Luna Moon, Layla200, Killua17, Noelani, Kuro13Dead, ImagineWho, Daygon Yuuki, Gly, AngelXSweets, Ryvalia_Saika, MandiPanda13, Asarita, Rinfantasy, DeyaniraSan, Fallen_Angel2013, Purpleshadow, Takabakirocks, Zhett, Hufflypuffy, AeraN_Astra, P, missemily, sica-tan,
Extra special thanks to the following people:

ShinseiShinwa - angry screamy! That is what my beta, bff, and I called you XD We understand that you probably weren't angry, but the cussing and caps locks came off that way, so we were really amused. Your reviews always made my day because you had such enthusiasm in your reviews. I really, sincerely appreciate each and every one of them!

maxridelover - dedicated af. Like seriously, you review every single thing I post and I am so happy to have you at my side. Thank you for your unwavering dedication and loyalty.

brnkofeternity06 - for being appalled by my lack of reviews XD I was so amused by how protective of me you came off as. It was sincerely appreciated, and I will never forget you (also, I love your user name and will probably use it as a title to something eventually. FYI, XD)

DeyaniraSan - AO3 kouhai. Your sincere reviews made my day in a dark time of this fic, and I really, really needed them. Please keep being the amazing person you are, and I wish you nothing but happiness. If you ever need a friend, please feel free to contact me so I can return the kindness that you gave to me~

I am writing two sequels and a series of oneshots for this series!

Back and Forth(misc oneshots): This will be available later tonight! I will be posting anything requested, and will also be making college chapters in accordance to the chapters for the sequel to help get you guys hyped for it! These oneshots will vary in length, and I am opening requests via here, that fic, or you can PM them to me~ I can write anything so long as a) I ship it and b) I am comfortable writing it c) It fits either in Back to the Start OR the Daycare Universe.

Don't Look Back(takes place 4-5 years after this story): The first chapter(out of twenty) to Don't Look Back is complete :D I am hoping to have it posted this January or next June. I will keep you all updated in my oneshots. I will cross post it as it's own story and as a chapter to this one 3 I will talk about the general premise in the next chapter(the teaser for Don't Look Back)

Never Back Down(tentative title, takes place 25-30 years after this story): This one is about AkaKuro getting older and their youngest falling in love with what they think is a decent guy, but he's not as innocent as he seems…

- Kida Asumi
Tetsuya smile as he watched his graduation cap fly up and in to the air, a deep seated feeling of satisfaction settling in his chest. He was a week away from marrying the love of his life, he had a degree in early child care and development under his belt, and the company that his fiancé had inherited as turning in to something that they both could stand behind and support. His life couldn't get any better than this

Seijuurou knew that something was up when Tetsuya placed a gentle kiss to his lips before rolling over and turning off the light. Even as he came back in to his arms with an adorable yawn, something wasn't right.

"Tetsuya?” He asked softly, not wanting to startle his husband.

"Hm, Sei?” The blue-haired male asked, cuddling in even closer.

"Are you feeling alright?”

"Oh god." Tetsuya gasped, his world swaying violently.

"Tetsuya-sama!” Nagisa and Shuu called out in alarm, rushing forward to catch him before he could hit the floor. He leaned in to their strong grips, tears spilling down his face.

"This can't be happening to me." He murmured. Above his head, his two bodyguards shared a concerned glance.

"Ogiwara-kun, I look forward to watching this project grow with you." Tetsuya offered a warm smile to his childhood friend. Ogiwara returned it before pulling Tetsuya in to a hug.

"Me too, Tetsu, me too. I'm looking forward to getting to know your husband better as well. Maybe he'll warm up to me because of this project, hm?” He asked with a grin. Tetsuya rolled his eyes, exasperated by the entire situation. Seijuurou had made it clear that he didn't like nor trust Ogiwara,
and it had been an on-going argument.

"We shall see."

"Boss, 'Gisa is reporting that Tetsuya-sama is asleep." Karma's voice had him jerking out of the light doze he must have fallen in to. Seijuurou looked at the clock in alarm and scowled when he noticed the time.

"It certainly is late enough to warrant that. Shall we head home, Karma?" He asked. When he stumbled as he rose to his feet, Karma quickly came to his side, a strong hand reaching out to steady him.

"Careful, boss. Tetsuya-sama will kick my ass if I bring you home injured."

"This is a good thing, Tetsuya-sama!" Nagisa chirped, grinning widely at his master. Tetsuya shook his head, burying his face in his hands as the tears began once again.

"No, it's not. It's too much. Sei hasn't been happy with me recently and this might just make it worse." He whispered. Nagisa hugged him close, rubbing at his back.

"Nonsense, Tetsuya-sama. Seijuurou-sama loves you very much, and no matter how stressed out he is, he will be very excited about this."

"...uya? Tetsuya?" Tetsuya blinked out of his thoughts at the sound of his fiance's voice. He smiled, curling up on his window seat to watch the winking sun.

"Hey." He murmured warmly.

"Are you alright?" Seijuurou's concern had his heart skipping a beat, and he nodded.

"Yeah, I'm okay. I needed a moment away from planning. That and the hormones are acting up again because I really, really wanted to speak with you." He admitted.

Tetsuya laughed as he ran away from Seijuurou, the sand warm under his bare feet. His new husband caught him effortlessly, pulling him in to his arms and pressing a kiss to his shoulder.

"I told you I was never going to let you go, Tetsuya. I meant it." He murmured. Tetsuya smiled, lacing their left hands together so that way he could admire their new wedding bands.

"Ah, Tetsu-chin, welcoming to our café. I have a special vanilla cupcake just for you." Atsushi murmured, passing over the pastry. Tetsuya smiled up at Atsushi, murmuring his thanks before looking around the quiet store.

"Where is Haru-kun?" He asked, looking for the chef. Atsushi pointed over to a table where the raven was sitting with Makoto, the taller male explaining something to him.

"On his lunch break with Mako-chin." He shrugged.

"I would do this for you if I could." Seijuurou murmured softly as he rubbed Tetsuya's back. His poor new husband had just taken his supplements for the day and it in conjunction with the alcohol
from the night before and the plane ride had him nauseated and dizzy. Tetsuya reached for his hand, tugging him against his back.

"I don't mind. It will be worth it in the end. Besides, this is my last week having to take all of them. Then just the vitamins. We're so close, Sei." He murmured, offering his husband a smile. Sei uurou pressed a kiss to his clammy cheek before affectionately nuzzling it.

"I love you, Tetsuya. So much. Thank you for doing this for our family."

"I'm so, so sorry." Tetsuya sobbed in to Sei uurou's arms. His husband rubbed his back, murmuring soothing things in to his ear.

"My love, you are safe. The baby is safe. That is all that matters. You didn't do anything wrong here." He promised, pressing a kiss to his shoulder. Tetsuya shook his head but didn't say anything, continuing his hysterics.

By the time he was settled and the nurses had come in to do their nightly check-up, Sei uurou was filled with a calm rage.

He was going to make that man pay for devastating his Tetsuya.

"Sei?" Tetsuya blinked awake as he tried to tug himself out of the bonds holding him to their headboard. He hadn't been tied up when he fell asleep…

His husband ran a hand down his naked thigh, drawing his attention to him. Tetsuya's eyes widened when he noticed that both of his eyes were glowing golden.

"My lord." The words slipped out of him before he could stop them, surprising himself that it had been automatic. He had only been with this side of his husband three times, but the all-encompassing aura of absolute authority around him had Tetsuya wanting to serve this man in all that he could. The man nodded, a slight smirk crossing his face. He leaned over and connected their lips.

Tetsuya shivered in Sei uurou's arms, keeping his eyes closed as he pressed a hand to his stomach. He was barely beginning to show, but he knew he had to tell Sei uurou soon. Especially after this assassination attempt had come so close to him.

"We're safe here, Tetsuya, I promise." Sei uurou's words comforted him, even though he didn't understand what Tetsuya was actually afraid of.

Tetsuya was just glad that nothing physical had happened to them.

*I'll protect you, little one.*

Chapter End Notes

See you all in Back and Forth later tonight!

- Kida-Asumi
A/N: I really hope you guys liked this! This fic is complete and will update every Friday(ish). I might do a double update on weekends that might be a little crazy for me so that way you guys can have your fix as I deal with life :) To those of you that have read my other AkaKuro or Daycare Universe things, this is the fic I have been constantly referring to. Happy New Year everyone, and welcome to Back to the Start!

- Kida-Asumi

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!