

# Not good enough

Von Gepo

## Kapitel 6: The first game

They had met up for sight-seeing, dinner and getting their essentials from a supermarket before they were sent to their rooms and Coach Araki reminded them to meet up at seven for their morning run. Even though they had a game tomorrow, she would not diverge from their daily schedule. While that did not make sense in an athletic way, it was a sensible plan for their team that was mostly made up of guys that needed a daily routine with as few changes as possible.

So Tatsuya set a timer, oversaw Murasakibara's morning routine – and man did the guy try to cheat out of about everything – and spurred him a bit when they were nearly late for their morning run. Tomorrow he would have to set the timer earlier, Murasakibara was slow in everything he did. Not even telling him he would need to get up sooner if he did not hurry seemed to have any effect. It only made him even slower, it was infuriating. Well. He now had an inkling what looking after Murasakibara meant.

Their coach still gave him an approving nod when she saw the giant. While jogging – she drove in front on a bicycle – she thanked him for taking over Murasakibara's care. Normally she was the one to control all daily schedules but it seemed like all the other guys needed a lot less control than their miracle. She had been unsure how to manage him as well as all the others. Though she also reminded him that she would take over the moment he felt like it was becoming too much. She did not want him to feel pressured into doing this. He assured her that looking after Murasakibara was the least of his problems – his hurting back was more of a concern actually – but he would tell her if it ever bothered him.

She spoke even lower when she asked him if Murasakibara had made any untoward moves. Tatsuya just smiled at her and shook his head before saying: "You don't need to worry about that. He's a very decent man no matter his faults. All of them here are perfect gentleman. Murasakibara tells me that you teach them manners and always remind them to be nice and courteous around Omegas."

"But ... well ... I wouldn't be too sure that nothing happens when pheromones come into play," she cautiously said.

"I wouldn't share a room with just any of them, yeah. But Murasakibara is not like that. He really tries hard to learn right from wrong and he knows what rape means. I wouldn't trust him around every Omega on the planet but I have no concerns in regard to myself. I can tell him if he crosses a line and he reacts to that without fault."

"I hope you know what you do." Coach Araki sighed in concern. "Still, please wear your collar, okay? I could not face your parents if something happened to you."

"I will do that for the tournament, yes." He just didn't want to. It felt suffocating. It

marked him as Omega and most people liked to reduce him to that. If he could take a jog in between his teammates without having to wear the damn thing he wanted to take the opportunity. He wanted to feel safe for once. Completely safe. Not only safe because of all of his bravado but because he could trust the people he was with.

For a moment he even wondered what it was like to be the team's bitch. Not in the sense of having someone pressure you into it but choosing it out of your free will because every one of them had your full trust. It somehow sounded nice in the abstract but he would not want the reality. He did not trust all of them. But he did trust Murasakibara. So he would not wear a collar in their room. No concerned adult would persuade him to give up that freedom.

It was even worse than in America.

The looks. The whispered comments. The snickering. The unbelieving gazes. The leering. Being an Omega – the only Omega player – in a gymnasium filled with over sixty teams and hundreds of spectators was beyond uncomfortable. As always he did his best not to let it bother him. But it really had been easier when there had still been at least some Omegas around. He had not expected to be the only one.

They put their stuff down on the bank next to court where they would play their first game and lined up on the end of it. After a greeting they stepped on the print to begin their warm-up. Of course that was the point to be bombarded with comments from the rival team. That was normal. In America it had been fitting behavior to insult about anything you could find because in the game insulting would lead to fouls. So you tried to demoralize the other team beforehand. He had expected it. He said it to himself again and again.

"Is that an Omega? I thought Yosen was the regional champion. Why would they need an Omega on their team? Are they that bad? I thought we would lose the first round but seems like we are in luck. Yosen seems to be a lot weaker than we thought. Hey, Taizaki, look there, they have a mascot! Look at that butt. Omegas are really something else."

Tatsuya just ignored them. It was hard not to shudder in repulsion at the last part but he was used to this. This was normal. Everything would think it strange if he said something against it. But, man, did he want to ... did he really have to take this abuse? It was unfair. Was he making derogatory comments about Alphas? No, right? So why were they allowed to?

"Hey, beauty. Hey, you there!," one of them called out to him. "Are you ignoring us, bitch?"

There was a loud thud that somehow did not sound intentional. Tatsuya glanced over his shoulder and saw one boy on the other team curse while he held his nose. There was a basketball rolling away from him, painting the floor slightly red with blood that seemed to have splattered onto it.

"Sorry~," Murasakibara called over, "The ball slipped." He took a few strides over to the middle line. "Were you hurt?"

"What the fu-," the hurt boy suddenly stopped his rant as he looked up to the other young man more than a head bigger than him.

"So sorry." The Alpha did not sound sorry at all. "Shall I bring you to the medic?"

"Nah, man, we'll escort him," one of the other boys said and tucked at the hurt one's upper arm. "Sorry to have bothered you."

"Sure." Murasakibara looked at the ball. "Go disinfect the ball, will you?"

"Yeah, of course." A third boy had joined them and took the ball before leading the

others away. "Sorry, see you later."

Murasakibara just waved after them.

Tatsuya blinked in surprise and looked at his friend who just patted his head while he turned to get on with his warm-up. For the rest of their game no one from the other team bothered him. When they left in the evening he just walked next to his friend and did not let the comments and looks bother him.

Due to the fact that they took showers next to each other in the communal showers Murasakibara knew that Tatsuya had no problem with his nudity. And he really had not. At least he had never had them. His friend was good-looking, yes, he had nice pheromones, yes, but he wasn't boyfriend material. So Tatsuya had never been interested in him.

Until now. Even before Murasakibara had sometimes acted like a mate around him. When boys in the school looked down on Tatsuya his friend had always been there. So why were today's events different? Why had that one basketball to some insignificant boy's face changed anything? It made no sense. But when Murasakibara walked out of the shower Tatsuya could not avert his gaze.

Why? Why indeed. Something had changed. The fact that Murasakibara was hung like a horse had been a passing thought before. Now his cock looked downright tasty and the place between the Omega's legs ached to be filled. So Tatsuya changed into his clothes as fast as he could and ran from their locker. Of course that would only stall the inevitable. Murasakibara and him lived in one room. There was nowhere to run. Tatsuya checked the collar and thankfully found it tightly clasped upon his throat. Would Murasakibara smell his willingness on him? Some Alphas could. It was an open invitation. Would his stupid giant get that? He had to admit he adored the guy but still ... this was such a bad idea. He should not sleep with Murasakibara, no matter what his body wanted. But for fun? His teammate was hot. But they were also on the same team and in the same school. Others already thought they were a pair. Now was that good or bad? Did he want to be known as the boyfriend of someone not even able to tie his own shoelaces?

Everyone would think that Murasakibara had taken advantage of him. No one would ask if he might be the one taking advantage of the other. Was his friend even able to consent in sex? His IQ was most likely too low to be legally allowed to count as willing because he was unable to understand the full implications of deciding to sleep with someone. So was Tatsuya even allowed to sleep with Murasakibara? Hard question. Should he ask his coach? It would be the sensible decision but ... well ... it was not a question he was looking forward too. But he had their room key so he would have to face Murasakibara sooner than later.

He called his coach on the phone and asked for their current location. Of course they had gone to eat and Coach Araki had been just about to call him. She asked if he was alright – she sounded a lot more concerned about his well-being than he himself was. He told her that he was fine but that he wanted to talk about something after dinner. She consented and they finished the call.

He found the others in a ramen shop. Murasakibara was slurping his third bowl, their captain and some others were on their second. Tatsuya ordered a small plate of gyoza. His friend asked if he was sick but he just shook his head. Murasakibara looked at him a bit longer before asking if anyone else had bothered him. The Omega declined but wore a proud smile after that. The other must have thought long and hard to come up with that question.

Back at the hotel Tatsuya gave him their room key and told him he would come back later. Coach Araki led him outside again to a bar he was definitely not allowed to enter. With a smirk on his lips he followed her in and waited until she got her ordered beer. They sat in a quiet booth where their coach led out a sigh and said: "Well, now I am all ears."

"Do you often take students here?" Tatsuya grinned.

"No, you sly fox, and you know that. My job is getting harder every year. What began with a few special students mixed in is now a reformatory school. Mentally deficient Alphas, troublemakers and a few Omegas mixed in-between, that's all we have now. So the basketball team is nothing but a group of needy Alphas by now. I shouldn't depend on you this much but I am really happy to have an Omega with me on this trip. I love my boys but they're a handful and it's getting worse every year. So whatever I can do to keep you satisfied, just name it."

"Do I get a drink?" He eyed the bar. Who would pass up on such an opportunity?

"You can have juice, insolent brat."

"Worth a try." He shrugged his shoulders. "I wanted some advice."

She made a hand-gesture that told him to go on.

"You asked me if I was in a sexual relationship with Murasakibara." She looked completely unimpressed by that start. "Just for the record, I am not. But ... I have been thinking about it."

"Dumb men are great in bed but they tend to make horrible husbands. It's what I tell every rowdy Alpha that ever tried a relationship with one of our mentally deficient students. It never went well and often caused problems because the boys wouldn't understand why they were left. Their intelligence is nothing they can change, so being left for it is always a blow. It's why I try to nip those ideas in the buds. It causes too much heartbreak and often I lose players that way. I really don't want to lose either of you two, you are our aces." She took a deep draft of her beer. "Murasakibara is certainly eye-candy and I am not above saying so. His pheromones put everyone else to shame. I can totally see the attraction. But you are the one living with him right now. You should know best how much work he is. He needs constant care, a very precise schedule and you cannot leave him alone. Without supervision he would do nothing but eat and sleep. I am deeply thankful that his sexual urges seem so well-controlled. I had others who masturbated in lockers or the communal showers and I had to be the one to discipline them. You can't imagine how many naked boys I have seen in the last few years."

"I can. I shower with them. The captain is good at disciplining unruly students. He is preaching your rules from the heart."

"Okamura is a good boy. I'll be sad to see him go next year." She shook her head.

"Honest question: Would you mate with Murasakibara?"

"No," he said immediately. That was easy.

"And that is why you should not start an affair with him. We teach the boys that sex is meant for marriage or their mating bond. Teaching them about more than that would just be too much. Yes, they want to have sex. They can have sex with each other, okay. But others often hurt them or they get into a position where they are accused of hurting someone. It's a lot easier to tell them to look for a partner who they want to have sex with. And before they do, they have to come to us get a lecture about safe sex and how to prevent misuse."

"Then I am here for that." Tatsuya leaned back on his chair. "I know that it would just be an affair and I have to explain that to him before. I don't want him to be hurt when

I move on. He is precious to me after all. I also don't want to misuse him. Honestly I am more scared of that than being misused myself." He lowered his gaze. Maybe he should just listen to her? It had never ended well. Really, Murasakibara did not want only sex. He had said himself that he wanted a partner and kids. If he was asked, would he even be able to decline?

"And for how long? Until the end of high-school? Until you find someone else? Murasakibara is the simplest of them all. Even if you explain that it is just an affair he will fall for you and his heart will stay with you forever. In their heart all of them are pure because they do not conceive deception. They take things at face value. If you kiss him, you will be his boyfriend for him. You can explain that you don't want to mate with him but he will only wait for you to change your mind. If they give their body, they give their heart. They don't hold back in that. No explanation in this world can change that, it might only reduce the hurt a bit." Her beer was down to half. She had slumped a bit, staring at him over the rim of her glass. There was no judgment in her eyes, even though it was clear that she did not support his idea.

"You mean I will play with his heart and I will hurt him no matter what I do?" He let out a deep sigh and looked at the ceiling. "Shit."

They shared a moment of comfortable silence. Tatsuya had the feeling his brain was working on something, even though his conscience sounded blissfully silent. He let it. The words would come to him, he was sure. His mouth opened and he was surprised himself by what came out: "And what if I thought there might be a possibility that I may choose him as my mate?"

"Then I have nothing against it." Araki blinked. "Though I would honestly question your taste."

"I am questioning my sanity right now." He closed his eyes. "But yeah ... he is pure. He loves with all of his heart, all of his being. I got a glimpse of what it would mean to be his all and everything. I have to admit that it sounds tempting."

She smiled at him, tilted her head and said: "You wanted an affair, so you wouldn't fall for him, right?"

He laughed rather desperately. Oh, she got him. Yes, now that he thought about it, that was it. He had thought about giving Murasakibara his body and retracting his heart. His heart belonged to Taiga after all. Or so he had thought ... now that he thought about it, he had not wondered about Taiga in the last weeks at all. Murasakibara had completely taken his place. Three years of unrequited longing and one lavender-colored guy wiped it all off the plate in one swoop.

It filled him with panic. He leaned forward and pushed his hair out of his face before saying: "I can't fall for him. He really isn't mating material. Why am I falling for him? Why is my head conjuring up possibilities of being with him? I have tons of Alphas vying for my hand and my head really wants him? It makes no sense at all. And at the same time it does because really he ... he is so deserving of love."

"Himuro, you have already fallen for him," Coach Araki informed him.

"I have, right?" He groaned. "I'm so screwed."

The woman just smiled at him in sympathy.