

To trust

Atobe x Tezuka

Von greensilverserpent

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"Your turn, buchou." Tezuka nodded, turning towards Atobe but the other captain had already shouldered his bag. "Ore-sama has more important things to attend to."

It took Tezuka fifteen minutes to say goodbye to his team without raising suspicion. Reaching a relatively secure street corner he whipped out his cell-phone, quickly dialling the familiar number. "No time," Atobe answered almost immediately, sounding breathless but not annoyed. "We both know you would never turn down an opportunity to play me and now give me a very good reason why I shouldn't bang down your door as soon as I get there." He could hear Atobe sigh but it had no emotion behind it. "If you're threatening me you already suspect or know something and I'm not at home. I'm in the small bar tucked away in the street you just passed." "Trying to dull the pain?" Tezuka opened the conversation, casually leaning next to the other boy who looked as stiff as a board. "Do you see a drink anywhere?" Atobe asked, annoyance finally making a come-back. "Not anymore. But I'm sure there was at least one... with a straw." "I would never..." "Don't." Tezuka broke in, now certain what was wrong and not about to be baited. "You did not even refer to yourself as ore-sama." With his next words he surprised himself but he also knew it was the best option they had. "Come. We're going to my house." "No." It was a flat no. One he could easily deter. Atobe really had to be in a lot of pain. "I'm sure you would like to be in an environment where your servants won't be able to hear anything." "Do not imply that I have no self-control," the other boy hissed back though without much vigour. "I'm not." Tezuka began, knowing Atobe needed an explanation or he would never even begin to think of accepting his help. "I just know from personal experience how much it can hurt." He let that thought hang in the air, including all its implications, and waited for Atobe to finish battling his pride. It took a few minutes but then his eyes closed in defeat. "I will accompany you."

"How long?" Tezuka asked softly, helping Atobe onto his stomach. "Three days." The answer was muffled but Tezuka was immensely grateful the other boy could not see his horrified expression. The pain had to be more than excruciating by now. Calming himself he gently touched his fingertips to the normally soft neck, sliding downwards. When he reached the area just above the lower back Atobe stifled a groan. "Don't hold back. The pain is more bearable when you express it." There was no answer but Tezuka was sure if there had been it would have been a snort. Atobe's misplaced pride

would surely try to keep him from screaming, his dignity telling him there was no way he could allow himself to just accept it. But now Tezuka needed to push a little harder and he could feel him stay mute by sheer force of will. He sighed deeply. "It will only hurt more when you try to keep quiet. Please. You know I would never hold it against you." And then he pushed again, forcefully, knowing the pressure would instantly result in blinding pain but unable to avoid it. He winced in sympathy when Atobe finally screamed, high-pitched and full of agony, but did not let up. Not even when the other boy broke into a sweat, silver bangs being glued to his skin while heart-wrenching sobs escaped his lips. "Please stop." It was only a whisper but it hurt Tezuka more than anything else up to this moment. Just a little more, he told himself, continuing the pressure. The sobs finally quietened to whimpers and Atobe buried his face as deep into the pillow as he could without suffocating himself.

"So?" Atobe asked, a devilish gleam in his eye. Tezuka sighed but his mouth almost curled into a smile. "One set." The other captain grinned. "We'll see." Positioning himself on the court Atobe looked straight into his eyes, just before he served, and mouthed, "Thank you."