

# Not good enough

Von Gepo

## Prolog: Taiga

Taiga was an idiot.

He was unobservant, insensible and utterly clueless about human interactions. He never reflected himself or others, he planned as far as the tip of his nose and he took everything at face value. He had nothing but basketball on his mind, not even girls or boys or anything else had more value than the damn sport Tatsuya had taught him.

Sometimes he hated basketball. What had connected them for years had stood between them in the end. Ten years and still everything in Taiga's life was about basketball. Tatsuya was nothing but a brother to him, someone to play with, someone to look up to, someone to tease and compete with.

He had wanted to be more. He still wanted to be more than that. He wanted to be his one and only, his focus in life, his reason for being, his everything. He wanted to be the first one he saw in the mornings, the last one before he closed his eyes in the evening, even the last one to see before he closed his eyes forever. He wanted to be Taiga's Omega. He wanted to be the one he adored, pampered and loved for than anything else.

More than basketball.

But for Taiga everything was about basketball. Their talks, their dates, their whole relationship – their brotherhood. Oh, how he hated that word! Brother. He was no brother, he was only a boy who wanted the one he had groomed for years finally between his legs. Forever. He wanted Taiga in his life, in his bed, by his side until the end of time. Taiga was his everything.

But he was nothing but a brother. He was the one to play with, to compete against, to talk about basketball with. He was forever friend-zoned. Taiga did not notice that he had grown into an attractive man, that men and women fawned over him, that he was the best choice in a partner one could make.

But Taiga only saw his ball, his court, his wins and losses, his thirst for new players, new techniques. For him everything was about higher, longer, better. He only looked Tatsuya in the eyes to guess where he would move to, if he would jump or not, if he would pass or attack. He never noticed the longing, the hunger, the pain.

Taiga was an inattentive idiot, the worst he knew – Tatsuya did not yet know how wrong he would be with that assumption.