

now everything is easy (because of you)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/16759528) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/16759528>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Power Rangers (2017)
Relationship:	Kimberly Hart/Trini
Characters:	Kimberly Hart , Trini (Power Rangers) , Mrs. Hart
Additional Tags:	Implied/Referenced Child Abuse , Hurt/Comfort , Fluff , Give Trini A Positive Mother Figure So Help Me God , trini unfortunately has emotions and is absolutely unequipped to deal with them
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-11-27 Words: 4,211 Chapters: 1/1

now everything is easy (because of you)

by [Schocker](#)

Summary

“Mamá doesn’t like that I’m quiet,” Trini manages finally. “She wants me to talk more.”

Kim scoffs. “Just because you don’t talk a lot doesn’t mean you’re not saying anything.”

Or: Trini has a terrible, awful, no-good night. The Harts make it better.

Notes

shows up almost two years later hey what's up i got emo about the emotionally stunted little gay ranger and i had some Things to say

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Her mouth tastes like metal.

It's not blood – her lip had stopped bleeding hours ago – and she thinks it might be related to the hollow feeling in her gut.

Trini considers her options, but it's like her mind is deliberately going much slower than its supposed to. She's been wandering around for hours since she snuck out of her window, but the sun is starting to set, and she should probably find somewhere to stay for the night based on the way she's starting to shiver.

(She ignores the small part of her mind reminding her that its barely 75 degrees and her trembling likely has very little to do with the weather.)

The ship is an option, of course, but Alpha isn't exactly built with understanding of human social cues, and she hardly wants to be pestered all night. Zack has his hands full with his mother, and Jason with his father. Billy – well, mostly Trini doesn't want to do anything to even slightly inconvenience him or his mother.

She trails to a stop in front of Kim's house. Her feet had apparently decided for her while she was lost in thought. She resists the urge to check her phone, knowing that it had died during her numb walk around town.

The strap of the bag on her shoulder is digging into her skin where her shirt has slid over. The side of her face aches unpleasantly, made even more unpleasant when she recalls how it got that way.

The whole “super powered teenagers break everything” shtick had gotten old quickly, and the rangers managed to figure out a way to make these more manageable by suppressing them in a way. Trini had been best at it, of course. Zack had complained that she had the unfair advantage of not having any feelings to start with.

She thinks he may have been right based on the hollow feeling in her gut.

The suppression of her powers, though, meant she wasn't as durable as she could be. Someone hitting her unexpectedly would be just like hitting a normal person. A grown man striking Trini with excessive force would jar her as though she had no powers at all.

It was something she was aware of, but now she definitely *knew*.

The thought of hauling herself up Kim's house to the second story made the small functioning part of Trini's brain wilt away. She walked up the steps slowly, feeling oddly like she was facing her own execution or something equally morbid. Realistically, the worst part of her night was over, but the idea of someone else knowing, *seeing*... it would make it all real.

Trini ignores how much her hand is trembling when she hits the doorbell.

Footsteps approach the door, heavier than Kim's usually are and *shit*, Trini hadn't even considered the fact that Kim might not be the one to open the door and she nearly spins on her heel and flees but then the door opens and there's nothing she can do.

Mrs. Hart is the very definition of kindhearted, and she looks it. Soft brown eyes that she gave her daughter, darker skin than Kim, but a smile that could melt the coldest hearts. It's a smile she's wearing in the split second between recognizing Trini before she takes in the state of her surely wrecked face. Trini's been over to the house often in the past few months, and Mrs. Hart has always been unfailingly nice, but Trini can't help but be nervous around the woman. It's an authority figure thing really, nothing the woman has done has actually upset her. That nervousness borders on terror now, though.

"Trini!" Mrs. Hart says. "Goodness, come inside, dear." She reaches out and Trini makes a very pointed effort not to flinch away and follow the woman in. She's ushered into the kitchen and sat in one of the chairs before she can even think, and Mrs. Hart flips the light on. She gasps when she looks at Trini.

She can only imagine how she looks. Split lip, a gash on her cheek surrounded by angry red flesh that's surely starting to swell and will turn into an ugly bruise in a day or two. She wonders if she looks as distant as she feels.

"Some ice will do, I think," Mrs. Hart murmurs, calmly reaching into her freezer. Despite her initial surprise, she seems unfazed by the damage to Trini's face. Then again, Trini knows that Mrs. Hart is a trauma surgeon, so a couple of bruises are hardly something to be alarmed over.

Kim is nowhere to be seen. Trini wonders where she is. She'll probably be far less composed than her mother, a lot more anger, indignation – and that'll be before Trini can even tell her what happened.

Mrs. Hart presses the ice pack into Trini's hand, startling her back to reality.

"Sorry, dear," she says soothingly. "Kim's run to the store for me, she'll be back in just a few minutes. Can you tell me what happened?"

Mrs. Hart looks so gentle and open that Trini thinks she might even tell her, but she opens her mouth, and nothing comes out. She clamps it shut again, faintly frustrated even through her lost haze. She hates when she gets like this, utterly unable to speak. She's not a talkative person anyway, but seldom does she get overwhelmed to the point of going completely nonverbal. It just makes her feel even smaller.

"Alright," Mrs. Hart says, likely seeing the unrest on Trini's face. "That's alright, dear. We'll wait for Kim to get here, she'll make you feel better."

Trini would almost be embarrassed if it weren't so true. And right now, she feels so very lonely and vulnerable that having someone there for her sounds perfect. She'll worry about how pathetic that is later when she feels less wretched.

They don't have to wait very long. Mrs. Hart has only just handed Trini a glass of water when the front door opens again.

"Maa?" Kim's voice echoes through the house and Trini's shoulder relax ever so slightly just at the sound of it. "Maa, they were out of goat cheese but I still got the –"

Mrs. Hart steps into the hallway before Kim gets to the kitchen, and Trini can hear her murmuring to her daughter. Trini takes a shuddering breath and tries to collect herself before Kim comes in and she loses what little bit of control she still has. She sets the glass Mrs. Hart gave her on the table so her shaking hands won't spill it everywhere.

"*What?*" Kim snaps, and that's all the warning Trini gets before Kim is sweeping into the kitchen and dropping to her knees right in front of her.

Trini manages some kind of half smile in greeting, but Kim looks stricken. She reaches out until her fingers just barely graze against Trini's cheek, and Trini lets her eyes flutter shut.

"Are you alright?" Kim croaks. "Just – nothing else is hurt?"

Trini gives a nod, opening her eyes again. She taps a knuckle against Kim's collarbone right in front of her twice, a sort of *it's okay*.

"Can you tell me what happened?" Kim asks softly.

Trini really wishes she could, but the lump that has settled like a rock in the back of her throat is barely letting her get enough air. She tries though, opening her mouth a little but only a kind of quiet, pathetic noise comes out that makes her want to tuck into a ball under she disappears.

"Alright," Kim says quickly as though she can sense the distress swell in Trini. "How about yes or no? Can we do that?"

Trini dips her head ever so slightly, eyes trailing over Kim's shoulder to spot Mrs. Hart. She's standing in the corner of the room, one arm across her chest, the other reached up to press a fist against her mouth. She has a line worried right between her eyes, and she looks just like Kim then.

Kim's eyes follow Trini's quickly. "Do you want my mom to leave?"

Astonishingly, no, Trini kind of doesn't. The woman made her nervous, certainly, but having her standing there, concern plain on her face, the way she's poised to leave the room the second Trini answers, it was all reassuring in some bizarre way.

Trini shakes her head.

"Okay," Kim breathes. Trini can practically see her mind running as she tries to find the right questions. "Was it something to do with the boys?" The boys being the other Rangers – Kim was really asking if this was a Rangers issue.

Trini shakes her head.

“No?” Kim repeats, looking disappointed. Trini gets the feeling; it would be much easier if this was just an issue they could backhand into space. “Is it someone from school?”

Trini shakes her head again. Physical bullying isn’t the style for most of the kids at their school, and while she’s pretty over scrubbing *dyke* off her locker, that’s the worst of her issues.

Kim frowns, leaning a little closer. Her hands rest on Trini’s where they sit in her lap, thumbs brushing over the knuckles. Kim blinks at them, noting that they’re undamaged. There was really only one entity that could hit Trini without her hitting back, and Trini knows Kim gets it as soon as she looks back up.

“Parents?” Kim asks, her voice hardly above a whisper.

Something about her tone, the worry in her eyes makes Trini’s face twist a little against her will. It’s all the answer Kim needs.

“Oh, Trin,” she sighs, reaching up to curl her hand around the back of Trini’s neck. It feels blessedly cool while Trini tries her hardest not to cry. Kim catches sight of the bag that rests in another chair at the table and her eyes widen. “They *kicked you out*?”

They hadn’t, actually. After her father had – well, after, he’d looked almost as stunned as Trini felt. She’d never been hit by her parents before, and all three of them stood in the living room almost as though they’d been waiting for further instructions. Finally, her mother had told her, voice trembling, to go to her room. The look on her father’s face, though, the look he’d had just *before*, Trini couldn’t get it out of her head.

They hadn’t kicked her out, no. But she couldn’t stay.

She shakes her head to Kim.

“What happened? Was it – was it your mom?”

Trini shakes her head slightly.

Kim swallows hard, eyes growing dark. She really doesn’t need to ask, but she still whispers a terse, “Dad?”

Trini allows the barest dip of her head.

Kim blows out a breath that Trini knows is her desperately trying to reign in the anger that’s building up. Kim does stupid things when she’s angry and the *last* thing Trini wants is for Kim to get in trouble for her. When Kim shoots to her feet with a ragged inhale, Trini’s hand reaches out and snatches Kim’s wrist, halting her from carrying out whatever half-baked scheme she was going to try and carry out.

“Trini you can’t just let them – this isn’t *okay*! You can’t brush this off like always, they – your dad *hit* you!” Kim snaps, looking more furious than Trini can ever recall seeing her.

Trini just nods. She doesn't know what else to do. She feels stupid and small and she grips Kim's wrist harder like that will make anything better.

Kim deflates at the pressure and the sedate way Trini just sits and nods. "He – Jesus, Trin, I'm so sorry. I'm sorry."

The way she goes so quiet and sincere makes Trini's lip wobble dangerously. She tugs Kim closer, letting her burning eyes slide shut so she can rest her forehead against Kim's stomach. She lets go of Kim's wrist to twist her hands into the front of her shirt instead, knuckles white and shaking.

"It's alright," Kim says soothingly. One of her hands returns to rest on the back of Trini's neck, the other carding through her hair. "It's – we'll figure it out. You're safe now."

Maybe she should feel embarrassed, but Trini finally feels safe, Kim cradling her and talking to her in that low voice. She doesn't cry, but she lets herself sag into the embrace, all the tension she's been holding finally seeping out of her. When she finally pulls back, Kim smiles reassuringly down at her, bending to press a kiss to her forehead.

"We'll figure it all out," Kim says again, her anger settling (for now, at least). "But right now, I'm going to teach you how to make biryani. Well," she sighs, looking put upon, probably being sillier than usual in an attempt to make Trini feel better. "My mother will teach us both, but I know slightly more than you, and that's all that's really important."

Trini huffs out something close to a laugh, and Kim beams.

Biryani is really simple to make, and Mrs. Hart praises Trini's rice a little too emphatically. Trini's having a rough day, though, and even though the support is over something as trivial as rice, it does make her feel better.

"So fluffy!" Mrs. Hart exclaims. "Kimberly's rice always comes out too firm, not good for more than one night."

"Hey!" Kim protests, but she's smiling, and then Mrs. Hart is smiling back at her, and Trini aches quietly, turning back to the rice. She can't remember the last time she and her mother interacted so playfully.

Dinner isn't quiet, which is obviously an intentional choice by Kim who knows better than to let Trini fall into her own thoughts. Mr. Hart is out of town, but the two Hart ladies manage to keep the entire conversation going, somehow managing to include Trini despite her lack of contributions. Mrs. Hart tells childhood stories that Kim only pretends are mortifying, and then a few that truly are.

It's the most welcoming meal she thinks she's ever had. Her own family has never tried so hard, though the Harts don't seem to need to put much effort into it.

Mrs. Hart starts on the dishes, and Trini silently sidles up to her to help. Mrs. Hart opens her mouth to protest, like she has every time Trini has helped after she's had dinner with them, but Trini only glances at her and starts scrubbing.

They work in silence after Kim excuses herself to the restroom. The combination of the monotonous work, the warm water on her hands, and that comfortable warmth that Mrs. Hart exudes finally lets Trini speak.

“Just once,” she manages, her voice hoarser and softer than normal.

Mrs. Hart doesn’t even pause from her scrubbing, eyes firmly on her pot. “Once what, dear?”

“Only hit me once,” Trini replies. The dishes are finished except the pot in Mrs. Hart’s hands. She stares at her wrinkled fingers. She doesn’t know why she feels like she needs to justify her father’s actions. But she kind of does.

Mrs. Hart rinses the pot. “Has he ever hit you before tonight?”

Trini shakes her head. She had been shocked, and so had he.

“Only once,” Mrs. Hart muses quietly, setting the pot on the drying rack. She deliberately rubs at her hands with a dishtowel until they’re completely dry before resting a hand on Trini’s shoulder. Trini scrapes together her courage and lets her eyes flick up to meet Mrs. Hart’s.

“He shouldn’t have hit you at all,” she says quietly, almost like she’s trying to break the news to her gently. “You know that, right?”

“I know,” Trini murmurs, because of course she does. Obviously, he shouldn’t have hit her. “But maybe if I hadn’t – if I was just, I don’t know, if I did what...” she trails off, scanning her own brain for answers.

“No excuse,” Mrs. Hart said, looking fierce, her previously nonchalance fading as she gives Trini her undivided attention. “Nothing you did or did not do would justify this. This was wrong, and he was wrong for doing it.”

“Right,” Trini agrees, because she was right, of course. Of course. But, “He’s not – he isn’t a bad parent, he was just mad, they were really mad. It was my fault they were mad, and I knew they were frustrated but I still just couldn’t do what they wanted.”

“Trini,” Mrs. Hart has both hands on her shoulders. “Look at me.” She waited until Trini did. “What your father did was wrong. It does not matter if it was a mistake, or if he didn’t mean it. That does not change what he did to you. I know that parents are only human, that they make mistakes, but this is something that cannot be waved off or ignored. I know you love your parents, and I know that makes this hard, but that does not make any of this excusable.”

Trini’s eyes burn with tears and she stares down at her shoes. She *does* love her parents. Even with their stiff relationship before tonight, she knows that her mother and father care deeply and that’s why they get so frustrated with her. They never got upset with the boys the way they did with her, though, and she couldn’t help but get upset with herself and her inability to just do what they wanted. Life would be so much easier if she could just do what they wanted.

But this was one thing about herself that she could not change.

Mrs. Hart taps a finger under Trini's chin, tilting her head back up. "I do not know what will happen with you and your parents from here, but I want you to know that you will always have a place in this house. No matter what."

Trini sniffs and blinks through the burn in her eyes. It's the closest she's come to crying in weeks. Mrs. Hart pulls her into a hug, the kind only mothers can give, and Trini just manages to swallow back the lump in her throat and blink back the tears in her eyes.

Kim pretends not to notice that both of them have red rimmed eyes when she comes back.

Trini lets Kim turn on a Disney movie in the living room, piling blankets on top of both of them and ensuring that they were leaning into each other. The warmth of Kim's shoulder seeps through both of their shirts to Trini's own skin, and its steadying. Grounding.

Mulan has just fired a cannon at Shan Yu when Kim mumbles, "So what was the fight about?"

Trini sighs before she means to. "It was stupid," she says.

"Stupid enough to hit you," Kim counters sharply, then looks sheepish. "Um, sorry, that was insensitive."

Trini sighs again. Kim had a point in a way, and Trini had previously had similar disagreements with her parents, but she thinks this one was just the last straw. Her mother's frustration had mounted and hit a boiling point, and when Trini had mouthed off, her father had finally snapped, losing patience with their bickering and Trini's disrespect.

It had started as most of the arguments did. Her mother was frustrated at her unwillingness to speak and she lashed out. Trini hadn't done much better, snapping back about how they never really wanted to hear what she had to say anyway so what was the point?

"Mamá doesn't like that I'm quiet," Trini manages finally. "She wants me to talk more."

Kim scoffs. "Just because you don't talk a lot doesn't mean you're not saying anything."

Trini's chest balloons in this odd way that makes her feel much lighter. Kim just *gets* it in a way that most others don't. The other boys have picked it up as well, reading her expressions and interpreting her silences; Mrs. Hart had even taken her quietness in stride earlier. She just wishes that her parents understood as easily.

"We fought," Trini says. "Mamá and Papí sent the boys to their room and Mamá yelled and said I needed to talk more and..."

"And?" Kim prompts gently.

"They knew," Trini mumbles. They must have known, there's no other reason her mother would get so belligerent otherwise. "But they just want it to... stay quiet? Away? They want to pretend it doesn't exist. I made them mad when I brought it up."

Kim frowns, shifting so that she's facing Trini. "Brought what up?"

The lump rises back up in Trini's throat. The only time she's ever said it out loud she was immediately struck. She reaches out instead, tapping two fingers against Kim's chest, just above her heart.

Kim gets it immediately. "Oh."

Trini nods. "Oh," she agrees, feeling hollow.

"What did... what happened?" Kim asks hesitantly.

Trini looks away, sucking in a breath and blowing it out slowly, almost like she was trying to meditate. She stares at her ragged cuticles, blood creased in her right thumb where she's been worrying at it with her teeth.

"I told Mamí that I could either be quiet or be gay but not both," Trini says. Really, she'd said something along the lines of *be fuckin' quiet or be a huge dyke*, but she doesn't quite have the courage to say something like that again. "And then Papí just."

Kim stares at her, eyes wide.

Trini shakes her head, glaring back down at her hands. "I should've just kept my mouth shut."

"Trini." Kim's hands cover her own. "There's a lot I want to say but I just want you to know how proud I am of you."

Trini shoots her an incredulous look.

"Really," Kim tries not to laugh. "Stop looking at me like that I'm trying to be serious. You did something really fucking scary and you did it right to their faces and I'm sure you even yelled."

She had.

"Mostly, I'm pissed at your parents," Kim says. "Like, really pissed. Like, if you weren't here right now I might go beat the shit out of your dad, and then your mom, and then your dad again." She frowns. "I've lost the point here. The point is, you are amazing, and strong, and resilient, and it'll take more than some idiot homophobes to take you down. Even if those idiots are your parents."

Trini nods and looks away. It's easy to dismiss homophobic dickheads, and Trini has a lot of practice with it. It's just a lot more personal when it's your own parents. Rejection by the ones who are supposed to love you no matter what? It stung to say the least.

"Hey," Kim says, rubbing her thumbs over Trini's knuckles again. "I know I can't relate to the whole shitty parents thing, but... I remember coming out as bi to my parents."

Trini's eyes flick up to meet Kim's. She already knew this, of course, Kim had confirmed it back when they started their little... whatever they were. Still, Trini listens with rapt attention.

"I was 15," Kim says. "And I was so scared. Terrified. You know."

Trini nods. She does know.

"Well," Kim sighs. "I had this whole speech planned. Thought about it at school all day, rode the bus home, and as soon as my mom said hello I just. Blurted it out."

Sudden, impulsive, completely ditching a pre-established plan? "Sounds pretty on brand," Trini mumbles.

"Shut up," Kim says, rolling her eyes. "I don't know, I just saw her and I just... couldn't keep it in anymore."

"Yeah," Trini whispers. She knows the feeling.

"I know how lucky I am," Kim says quietly. "I know Maa and Baba are better parents than I could ever hope for and it kills me that you don't get the kind of love and support you deserve."

Trini mulls that over. "But I have you," she says finally.

A dazzling smile spreads over Kim's face. She leans in and presses a kiss to Trini's lips, firm and warm. It's not their first kiss, but it still takes Trini's breath away.

"Yes," Kim says. "You have me. Also, I'm pretty sure my mother is looking up the paperwork right now to adopt you, so."

Trini truly laughs for the first time that night.

"I'm just saying!" Kim says, tugging Trini closer until they're wrapped into a hug. "She likes your rice better than mine, anyway, which would be reason enough."

"You're dumb," Trini says, shoving against Kim and knocking them both over to sprawl on the couch. Trini's ear rests right over Kim's heart, hearing it *thump-thump-thump*.

"Maybe," Kim concedes. "But you still like me anyway."

"God help me," Trini mumbles, eyes slipping closed, smiling as Kim's chest quakes with laughter.

They settle then, tangled in blankets and each other, watching Mulan save China.

"You're the best friend I've ever had," Trini admits, because she suddenly needs Kim to understand just how much she means to her.

She hears Kim's heart thump just a little faster at that, and then she can feel the kiss Kim presses to the top of her head. "I love you, too, Trin."

Trini lets her fingers come up and tap at Kim's collarbone twice. Kim gets the message and she squeezes Trini tighter.

End Notes

love interests being each other's best friends?? good SHIT am i right ladies??

so they're like... in a nebulous place of being together and they've kissed and obviously they know they like each other and care about each other but?? idk man they're still stupid teenagers with lots of bullshit emotions that they can barely parse through lol they still gotta actually have The Talk, which maybe i'll cover another time!! the whole point of this one in particular is that i need trini to have a nice mom or i'm gonna freak out okay like that poor idiot kid NEEDS some unconditional love and support and goddamn if mother hart isn't gonna fuckin deliver

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