

# Wounds

## A perpetrator's perspective

Von Gepo

### Kapitel 8: Grieve

For the first time since this whole debacle started, he was happy to know Satsuki stayed with him full-time. Instead of studying like she had planned at first, she had followed him again and became an assistant manager for the team he played with. So when coach decided he needed a babysitter, he was actually allowed to tell her to stay with him instead of going to work.

He needed her mindless chatter where he did not have to give answers or opinions, just had to nod sometimes to indicate he was still listening. Satsuki often made it seem as if he had actually asked a question, asking herself and then supplying the answer. That way he was able to learn what he could have asked or replied, simply learning how to make conversation by listening to her prattle on and on. By now he was actually able to hold a conversation. Right now though, he wasn't up to it, so she went back to supplying herself with questions and other reactions. It was a soothing routine whenever he felt like absolute shit.

Like today.

After half an hour of staring at his breakfast, poking it with his chopsticks, she asked if he had any plans for today. He simply shook his head. Of course, that meant they would go shopping. She wasn't one to stay at home and he knew he needed activity to keep his mind from thinking. Most likely she knew that as well. So shopping it was. He was used to this routine as well. She went from window to window, from shop to shop, commenting on stuff and trying things on while he silently stood beside her, occasionally giving comments but mostly just carrying bags. Not that she actually bought much. She didn't need more clothes. Something had to be exceptional for her to actually buy it. Her shopping sprees normally ended up with one or two new items, so it wasn't much he had to carry. But it could keep them occupied for hours.

Today was a bit different though because she noticed him glancing down one of the streets a few times, so she asked: "What is down there?"

"Huh? Nothing." He felt her unrelenting stare. "There ... is a graveyard."

"Whose grave is there?" Her voice was cautious.

Aokis. Maybe he should go. Doctor Enjoji ... was it really alright to grieve for someone you killed? He looked down, suddenly hearing his own voice: "Question. Imagine someone killed you. Would you allow that person to mourn you or tell him to fuck off?"

She was silent for a moment before asking: "Did that person love me?"

"Yeah."

"Then of course. I'd be sad if that person didn't mourn me."

"Even after killing you?" He looked into her eyes.

"Especially after killing me." She sighed and took a step near. "I can't imagine you killing in cold blood. You would kill in a fit of rage or hurt and direly regret it afterwards. If you were to kill me, I would be deeply affronted if you didn't mourn me."

"Kay." He took off into the direction of the graveyard.

"May I accompany you?"

"If you can stand to see me cry."

"I'll supply you with tissues." She fell in line beside him and stayed silent from then on.

She had not asked. She had cried, seeing him helplessly crying in front of seven gravestones. Really, he had no idea what she thought now. He didn't dare ask. Knowing Satsuki, she would begin to ask questions when she felt ready. Or rather, when she felt like he was able to answer them. She was always looking out for him like that.

That was all he was able to think about before his mind turned absolutely blank. It was a strange feeling. Or more a feeling of not feeling. There was nothing, no thoughts, no emotions. His body moved by itself, eating, bathing, going to sleep. The next morning, it was the same. He opened his eyes, stood and went to wash himself. He cooked, he ate with Satsuki and ... well, and? He just stopped in the middle of the room after washing the dishes.

Satsuki stared at him with worry clearly visible on her face. Except for a greeting, she hadn't said anything until now. Even now she seemed to be at a total loss. So she asked: "What should I do with you?"

He stared right through her.

"Maybe basketball?" She got her phone and looked something up. "Kise is on a shoot today, Akashi is in Kyoto, Midorima ... Midorima is free. Shall I call him?"

"Visit" His lips said to her.

"Visit? You want to visit Midorima?" Her gaze pierced him but he could not feel his facial muscles move. "Alright. I hope that will help." She turned and walked to the window while calling. "Good morning! How are you, Mido-chan? ... Fine, thank you. Are you home today? ... Well, I have this ... situation on hand. I am staying with Daiki right now, he had some ... accident and was hospitalized. He's out now but he is not allowed to play for three months. He is using the time to work through some ... stuff that happened back in middle school. Anyway, he had some kind of breakdown yesterday and has been out of it since then. He's not reacting to anything anymore, kinda like a robot. He just said the first thing since yesterday and that was that he would like to visit you. Could we come by? ... I know you aren't the best of friends but I am desperate over here. Pretty please? ... You're a life-saver! Thank you so much. We'll be at your house in an hour, alright? See you!" She pocketed her phone and told him with a smile: "It's alright, we can visit. Go take on your shoes and jacket."

He did like she said. Like a robot, huh? Yeah, he felt like a robot. He felt nothing. They left a few minutes later.

Of course Satsuki had Midorima's address but it seemed like she had never actually been there. She stared at the old samurai mansion with an open mouth, eyes wide like a child in a candy shop. In the entrance was a bell which she rang while taking off her

shoes.

It took a minute until Midorima came down the hall, looking regal in his kimono. It was a beautiful silk one with azaleas and wave-like patterns in blue. With his green hair and eyes, he looked like a beautiful sea creature. He formally greeted them: "Good morning."

"Morning, Mido-chan. Thank you for having us."

"Thank you for your visit. We are entertaining two groups of clients today, so Kazu and my parents are at work. I might be called in to help, so I hope you have time on your hands."

"Of course." Satsuki sent a look over her shoulder. "Are you able to greet Mido-chan?" Aomine bowed, something he had never done before. Greetings this formal had never been something he did. But bending his back seemed easier than moving his lips. Midorima bowed in return, though he had a look of bewilderment on his face.

"Follow me." He went down the hallway, bringing them to a sitting room facing the garden in the back of the first house. "Kikyo, come and greet our guests."

A three-year-old with black hair and beautiful green eyes came in from the garden, rubbing down her legs with a towel before stepping inside with her house shoes. She came to stand beside her father, bowing perfectly and saying with a slight lisp: "Good morning. My name is Midorima Kikyo."

"Oh, she is so cute!" Satsuki sloppily bowed. "I am Momoi Satsuki. I am a friend of your father."

Aomine simply bowed again.

"Well ... this silent fellow is Aomine Daiki. He is also a friend. He is not feeling well today." Satsuki introduced.

Kikyo stepped nearer, looking up into his face. Seeing how she had to crane her neck, he sat down right on the floor, though he still towered over her even in that position.

"Does your throat hurt?" She asked.

He nodded. It was as good an explanation as any.

"Can I touch your face?" A very polite three-year-old but still a little kid. Her eyes shone with curiosity.

"Kikyo, that is uncalled for-" Midorima stopped when he saw Aomine nod. Kikyo looked up to her father. "Well ... if he allows it." He sent a death glare his way.

Kikyo took a step nearer, her hand out but still cautious. Like with a wild animal, she looked at his eyes, his fists and his face in rapid succession. Finally she poked his cheek with a finger before rubbing his face with a thumb.

"It's not dirt." He told her. "I was born with this skin color."

Satsuki let out a sigh of relief. Even Midorima relaxed visibly. Well, no wonder that one did not trust him around a small child. Kikyo was his only daughter and he had watched Aomine kill Aoki. It was a miracle he let his daughter get close to him.

"Why?" She asked. So the little kitten was a bit fast in her development. No wonder with Midorima as a parent. Though her social reactions and open curiosity were Kazu's. Even though she was a girl, it was easy to see her parents in her. Genetics were a wonder.

What would Aoki have looked like? Blue hair, sure, but light or dark? Would his eyes have matched his hair? Would he have been fair skinned, dark or a caramel color? He would have been direly cute, no question. Maybe he would have had Kuroko's big blue eyes. With Kagami's genes, none of their kids would get blue eyes. What a shame. Blue-eyed babies were cute.

Kikyo's green eyes were beautiful, a shade darker than Midorima's. Even though she

had a lot of baby fat with her three years, you could already see the high cheekbones lurking beneath. She would be a stunning beauty one day, you could already see that. And her curiosity was really a thing to behold. She had stopped with his face and taken his hand instead, turning it around and around, wondering why one side was dark, the other light. Actually, why were the palms of his hands lighter than the rest of him? He had no clue.

Midorima explained to her that his dark skin was something his ancestors got for working in the sun for thousands of years but that his hands were fairer because his ancestor's hands had held farming tools or weapons and so they weren't in contact with the sun. He continued to tell her that his feet were fair as well, same with his teeth. Which of course made the girl ask if she could see his teeth. Well, if his role was to be a circus animal, why not? He didn't care anyway right now. So he obliged and let her see his teeth while Midorima told her that his ancestors had eaten fruits while their own had mostly eaten meat, so their teeth were not as white. She asked why his ancestors had been different from hers and was told that his came from an island in the south where they had more sun. She seemed happy with that answer, pleased to have solved her riddle.

So she asked him to go play with her.

He stared at her for a moment before cautiously looking up to Midorima. Who wasn't happy. Not even in the slightest. It prompted him to say: "I promise to behave."

There was a whole war visible on Midorima's face before he grudgingly said: "You two stay in my sight."

Kikyo whispered in his ear: "Have you angered daddy?"

He just nodded.

"Then we have to play quietly." She took his hand to sneak him outside under her father's watchful eyes. "Come, I'll show you my dolls."

So he went to have a fake tea party with dolls while Satsuki sat with Midorima and had real tea. He didn't mind. Kikyo told him what she expected him to do. It was rather like being with Satsuki, the little one was just as bossy.

They were playing hide-and-seek with Kikyo mostly covering her eyes whenever she had to hide when Midorima called them inside for lunch. Kikyo's dress was immaculate while Aomine's trousers were covered in dirt. The green-haired scoffed as he mustered him, so he tried his best to dust them off and put on his socks over his dirty feed. Playing with Kikyo had been worth it though. Slivers of feelings had returned, mostly fun. She was a positive person, a smiling ball of energy. Her behavior seemed to come straight from her second father.

Kazu was still in a decorative kimono while he laid out the tableware in the dining room. Satsuki enthusiastically greeted him – she was most likely very happy to have someone to talk to after two hours of trying to communicate with Midorima. By now Aomine had enough voice to greet him as well. The other seemed a bit surprised over the fact that his daughter seemed to blabber in the blue-haired's ear without stop. She also had a mind about sitting next to him, so she could continue her tale about a movie with a fairy princess who had to save her people.