

Wounds

A perpetrator's perspective

Von Gepo

Kapitel 14: Hurt

Aomine scratched his skin to get out his nervous energy. Tell Satsuki. Oh dear gods, he could not do that. He just couldn't. It was his absolute horror. Even talking with Kuroko about his assaults would be easier. Satsuki would hate him.

"He looks like a wreck" He heard her say. Always thinking about him. It might be the last time.

"He's very afraid of your reaction to what he is about to tell you" The doctor explained. "We talked about the set-up and how to do this best. I would like you to sit behind him, so that he does not see you. I will have him tell you about his first assault. I will question him, you will only be allowed to ask questions afterwards. You will most likely feel a lot of things while listening to him. I want you to write them down, as well as any questions you might have." She gave Satsuki a writing pad, some paper and a pencil. "Do you think you can do this?"

She only nodded before turning to him and stating: "Knowing is easier than guessing, no matter what you tell me. My mind comes up with unimaginable horrors when I lie awake at night. So please tell me the whole truth, so that I can stop thinking about what might have happened."

He looked up, just watching her for a moment. Her eyes had filled with tears, her lip quivered. She should not have to do this. She was only nineteen, she should not have to listen to someone she knew her whole life telling her about rapes and abortions and murder. He should tell her, so that she could put an end to this and go on with her life. She should.

He owed her this. Just like doctor Enjoji had explained when they talked about what and how to tell her. He waited for Satsuki to sit before nodding to his therapist. She had said the same after all. Knowing was better than guessing. Even though he was sure that Satsuki did not guess at something that bad.

Satsuki cried.

Doctor Enjoji had explained to him how healing worked. First you couldn't believe something, then you got angry, finally it made you sad and then you somehow worked it into your world-view. So he wished Satsuki's tears would indicate sadness but deep down he knew they rather meant shock.

"You may ask me questions now. Not him, only me. I'll answer for him" Doctor Enjoji told her.

He leaned back into his cushioned chair with a sigh of relief. He had done his part, the

rest was hers. Man, this felt ... good. Yeah, it actually felt good. No more hiding, lying, running. It was out. Now Satsuki would leave him and then he could work on his forgiveness. Just like always. Even though he wasn't sure this time that he could win her back.

"Why?" She pressed out.

"Why what exactly?"

"Why did he ... oh god, I know why." She shook her head. "Just why Tetsu? He was the most defenseless of us all ... okay, that's why, but still ... I don't want to believe this." Something seemed to click in her head, changing tears to stoic resolve. "I'm sorry, I just can't face this right now. Emotionally. If I promise not to make this a topic, may I ask my questions next time?"

"Are you sure you can do this? Act normally, even though you have burning questions?" Doctor Enjoji seemed doubtful.

"I have been doing that for more than five years. I can wait." She nodded. "Right now, I'd like to ask some more rational questions."

"Like what?"

"Will this have consequences for him?"

He closed his eyes. This might be it. She had just cut him off emotionally. It was the beginning of the end. It was still the right thing to do.

"Only if Tetsu does decide to go to the police with this."

"So I have to ask him once I ... calmed down again." She looked sad, not teary but somehow more beaten down or even broken. "You said this was his first assault. So there is still more?"

"Yes. Some are even worse. If you want to do this, there are two others we should talk about. But only after you have worked through this one."

"Why not do this altogether?"

"I normally do that but this one already brought you to your limits. Aomine fears that you will decide not to have anything further to do with him and I admit that it is not completely unlikely. I would like you to come back tomorrow if are willing to stay in contact with him. I very much hope so."

"Another appointment tomorrow?" She looked at him for the first time. "Well ... okay. I'll write down my questions. You may read them if you like." She stared into space for a moment. "If I promise to pick you up tomorrow but go to my own place until then, can I trust you to be in a conscious, undrunk, un-high state tomorrow?"

"I promise." Anything to keep her. Anything to make her give him a chance.

"Please do not let me down this time. I don't think I could forgive that." She nodded.

"When shall we be here?"

"Eleven o'clock."

Satsuki stood and told him: "Let's go. And please do not talk to me, I fear I will scream at you for that."

Well. So this was what an angry Satsuki looked like.

Shit.

It was one of the hardest nights of his life. He wanted to drink. At least a bit, just something to pass the time, just a beer, something light. But he knew he would not be able to stop. So he refrained from leaving his flat. He killed zombies with his controller, drank sports drinks and ate lots of greasy pizza. Around four in the morning, he finally lost consciousness. He woke to the ringing of his phone which was of course a call from Satsuki.

"Daiki! Where are you?" She was furious but the normal kind of furious, not that cold, controlled talk-to-me-and-I-kill-you-kind of furious.

"Home. Undrunk and un-high as promised. Do I have time to take a shower?" He groggily asked.

"You have ten minutes, I'm waiting out front."

Okay, speed-showering, he could do that. He jumped out of his clothes, got in and out of the shower in under five minutes and dressed in something that looked agreeable and did not smell. Mobile phones, keys, wallet, okay, ready. He left the flat.

"Then let's go. Be happy I was early. Why didn't you set an alarm?" She nagged.

"Forgot it. Or overslept it, I'm not sure." He got out his phone. "Nah, forgot it. Sorry."

"You'd be useless without me. Are you planning on growing up anytime soon?"

Wow, that stung. He was unreliable, yeah, but ... oh well, she was right. He countered:

"If you continue with those lectures, I might just do it."

"I dare you." But she didn't look at him.

They reached the station and took the first train. This one would take them out of Tokio before they would change the line to the one that stopped in the town near the forensic psychiatry and prison. Satsuki waited until they were in the second train before asking: "Do you want to read my questions?"

He simply nodded.

She took a folded paper from her purse and held it out to him. He took it but waited for a moment before unfolding it. His hand was shaking. God damn it, was he really afraid of her questions? She was here. It had been her decision to stay. Her questions meant that she wanted to understand, she wanted ... she didn't want to leave him. This was his chance. He would answer her questions later, tell her more, answer some other questions and even though she might never be the same, she would not leave him. Hopefully. It was what he wanted, right? He wished he knew such things.

He so wished he knew what he wanted sometimes.

He began reading her questions. She had structured them, one part for clarification of what happened. One, a lot harder part, was clarification about his and Kuroko's feelings. The other's reactions and how he had noticed them. What her questions surmounted to was the question if he had known in that moment how much he hurt the other, how wrong it was what he did and how much control he still had. It was the friendly way of asking how much pain he fully consciously had put Kuroko through.

She was asking how much of a sadist he actually was – or if he had any excuse for what he had done. He wished he could give her one. Because really, that's what he asked himself sometimes. How much of what he put others through was him being a social cripple and how much was him being as asshole? When you stripped away his bad childhood, his fears and his lacking social skills, how much was left of someone who simply enjoyed other's pain?

Because he had that side. Most people had that side, he knew. Some just had a much bigger one than others. Akashi's sadistic side was a whole lot bigger and creepier than his – he had enjoyed seeing Kuroko suffer, he was very sure about that – and this one uncrowned king guy was also a sadistic creep. It was sad to know that's where the list ended.

So how could he answer her? Yes, he enjoyed other's pain. It didn't mean he liked making others suffer. Did that make sense? He liked to see others in pain but he didn't want to cause it most of the time? That sounded like a shitty excuse. Because just as often as he hurt people he didn't want to hurt, he hurt others and liked to see their reaction. A face twisted in pain, in anger, in fear, he liked that feeling of

superiority it gave him.

If he were to tell Satsuki that, she would rightly slap his face and walk out on him. She did not share his sentiments, like, at all – same with Kuroko. They both hated to see people in pain, they craved harmony. He was their worst match-up and knew so. But if they found that out, they would certainly leave him. So should he lie? Omit the truth? Try to play out that role of someone who just couldn't help himself? Both liked to care but both did not like needy, whiny, helpless people.

Did they stay because they could not figure out if he was an asshole by choice or not? Like those women in dramas who thought they could heal their men with their love? Oh god, they did. Both had even told him so, he just never thought it through. Kuroko had openly said to him that back then, he had tried to save him, to stop him from suicide with his love and his family sense. Same with Satsuki, she had taught him social interactions for years, made his excuses, helped him along and been there for him.

That was worse than pity.

He crumbled up the paper in his hands and tossed it at her before closing his eyes and sinking into his seat. He did not want to look at her ugly face.

"I think you just destroyed your most important friendship" Doctor Enjoji said.

He snorted.

"What does that do to you?"

"I was bound to happen." He shrugged his shoulders.

"So you hurt her and chased her away before she could reject you?"

"Nah, I did the sensible thing. She's right, I like hurting people. She doesn't. Wrong philosophy."

"So did you enjoy hurting her?" The doctor's voice held no reproach, just as always.

"Yeah." He grinned. That grin hurt.

"So you're proud of yourself now? Happy? Floating on positive energy?"

No, it fucking hurt. Burning bridges left ashes. He felt filled up with ash, just as burned out and destroyed as those post-nuclear-war sights. Hurting her had felt right and good for a second, no, a milli-, a nanosecond. Then it tasted of defeat.

"If you want to run after her and say sorry, you have about half a minute left before she will be gone too far" His doctor informed him. "After that, I fear it will be over. You did a great job of emotionally punching her guts out."

"It's better that way." He stood and looked out of the window. It overlooked the inner yard. Satsuki was heading to the exit, her step strict, filled with anger and hurt. He knew she was openly crying, he did not have to see her face for that. "She's too good for me anyway."

"That are the words of a coward." God, that tone. She didn't scold him. She simply stated the glaring truth. "Every step she takes will make it harder for you to ever get her back. Go, Aomine. Make yourself proud for once. She won't come back by herself this time."

He felt tears blurring his vision. Regret. Dear god, he had decidedly not missed that feeling. That morning when he kissed his brother for the last time before going to school, that last smile, the last words they would ever say to each other. Everyone had always come back, everyone except for his brother. That one he had lost forever and there wasn't a single moment in those three years of his life not tinged with regret and sorrow.

Damn, he really wasn't good at this stuff. Most likely people were supposed to say anything in such moments but words were decidedly not his thing. So he held Satsuki

back by tightly embracing her and not letting her go. She felt like a stone statue in his arms, unmoving and cold. He wished he was able to mumble sorry at least – he wasn't. Right this moment, he was glad she didn't decide to pull a punch.

Actually, she did nothing at all. She had simply stopped, motionless in his arms, her body tightly strung like a bow. When he opened his arms a bit, she turned to the side and simply looked at him. Right up to this moment, he had thought Akashi's gaze was the scariest of them all. He should have known that women, especially Satsuki, could be much more scary. He should have told her back then what happened. It would only have needed one of those looks for him to go up to Akashi, punch him in the face and bring Kuroko to safety.

"I am sorry for hurting you."

"Are you now?" Her voice was cold like ice.

Damn. He was used to her meeting him half-way at least. Or just forgiving him without him having to do anything. Actually, he was used to not having any consequences at all. His arms fell from her, his hands turning to fists, desperately saying: "I'm sorry."

"What for?" Her eyelids narrowed even further. "You wanted to hurt me, you did. You fully intended to. Why should you be sorry?"

"I didn't want to-"

"Don't you dare lie to me."

Shit. Fuck. Why had he run after her? Doctor Enjoji was right, he had just given her an emotional beating. Maybe he should have let her cool off first? No. She didn't look like she planned on forgiving him.

Ever.

"Excuse me." He turned away from her.

Tried to. She had grabbed his arm, her grip as hard as steel. Her eyes – not an inviting pink, more of a disturbingly dangerous pink – bore into him. She said: "What are you sorry for?"

He stayed silent. There was so much he could say, it felt like it was on the tip of his tongue but he stayed silent. Just like always. Once he thought silence was a way to protect himself. Now he knew that silence was speaking as well. Staying silent was as much a statement as saying something.

She nodded, let go of his arm and left.

He watched her go.