

# Wounds

## A perpetrator's perspective

Von Gepo

### Kapitel 6: Talking relationships

Satsuki sat down, her eyes on him. He had slumped in his seat, staring at the floor and counting the different patterns in the carpet. Just something that had nothing to do with anything. Just why had he said yes? He could have had the argument somewhere else, best somewhere where he did not have to drive back with Satsuki for an hour.

"I asked your friend about your relationship. He told me that you would like to marry him and that he has never been able to make you understand why he thinks that is a bad idea. We sorted that out and he agreed to tell you now ... while I can help a bit."

Satsuki balled her fists, looked down but finally turned to him with a small sigh. Her eyes told him she felt ready to be hurt. Ready to face rejection head-on. Gods, he already felt horrible again.

"Uhm ... well. I have the feeling you don't want to marry me. Like the me me. How I am. Gods, I am bad at this."

"I can assure you, this will only be the first of many hard talks. You can do it. Elaborate a bit." Doctor Enjoji intervened.

"You know ... you deserve better. I really mean that. And I think you want someone better than me as well. A me that is ... better somehow. No guilt, no hard feelings, no old ties, no disappointment, no depression, just ... a me that is better than the me I currently am."

Satsuki nodded. Her expression showed something like pleasantly surprised. When she answered, she even smiled: "That is exactly right. I want a better version of you."

"Then don't say you want to marry me now. I doesn't make me wanna change. It just depresses me because I think you're insane."

Doctor Enjoji smiled, trying to hide a laugh.

"But if I were to say I'll only marry you if you'll change ... I don't think I could call that love. It is selfish." He lowered her gaze. "So I try to tell myself it's alright. Because it somehow is. It's not good but ... okay."

There was a long pause in which the doctor spoke after a few moments: "Someone once said that love is selfless. What this someone wanted to say is that love knows no value. It is not about giving and receiving the same amount. You simply give and trust that you will also get. But that also implies that love is about trust. If you cannot trust the other, you cannot love. "Through good and bad times" is true with love but it also implies that bad times end. That is also a question of trust. If you don't know if someone will get better, it is no use to love and a marriage would be more an act of desperation than of love."

"Yeah." Aomine made a hand gesture in the direction of the therapist. "That's what ... I meant."

"So I should only ask if I felt like I was able to trust that you would care for me?" Satsuki looked torn. "It sounds so ... uncaring."

"How should I care for someone who doesn't care for himself?" He looked up, meeting her gaze head-on. "Satsuki, I do shit. I hurt people. I need someone who doesn't cower. You scream at me for shit but even you don't do it often enough."

She blinked, her eyes widening. After a moment she whispered: "I never thought I'd ever hear you say that."

"Mister Aomine, it is not your wife's job to get you in line. That is your own responsibility." His therapists said.

"I know!" He growled. "I just ... there needs to be someone to remind me. Look, Satsuki, I know you would be my perfect match. But I'm not yours and I hate the fact. But if you reject me, I don't need to feel like shit for that. So please reject me and go date someone else."

Again she blinked. Another moment of recollection passed before she said: "That's pretty twisted. Do you want us to be lovers or not?"

"Not with how I am now." He sighed. His brain stung. Gods, he wanted this to end.

"So you might consider it after getting better?" She waited for a bit, observing him.

"Okay. Aomine Daiki, when I begin to see you as a man instead of as a child I have to care for, you may be allowed to date me. Until then, I will stay your friend."

Ugh ... that kinda hurt. More than he expected. A child she had to care for? Hell, was it that bad? Okay, it was but ... oh man, damn it. She was right. He behaved like a spoiled, petulant child most of the time. He had the emotional maturity of a two-year-old. So if he got better, she might deem him worthy of dating?

He nodded.

"So, how was that?" The doctor asked him. "Better, worse or as you expected?"

"T'was good." He drew a deep lungful of air. "My head is killing me."

"I also think that was pretty good. And it's enough for one day. We'll see each other again next week and continue with the questions. You can decide until next week if you'd rather answer questions about the incident or about your family." She stood and shook Satsuki's hand. "Thank you for being a good first person to try talking feelings with."

"Thank you for getting him there. I don't think you can imagine how happy I am right now. For years I thought it was my fault, that I wasn't good enough or ugly or ... I don't even know. I thought his rejection meant I was undesirable."

"Are you mad?" He looked up in confusion. "You're fucking gorgeous and you should know that."

"It's not like you ever said so." Her eyes filled with sadness. "That's why it is so important to talk about feelings. All I ever hear from you is that you don't want to see my ugly face when you are mad. And you are mad at me quite often."

"Shit. I'm sorry." He stood and grabbed her arm. "I thought you know I don't mean that."

"It gets a bit hard to tell myself when I hear you say it for the twentieth time." She dried her tears with a hand gesture. "Thank you for saying it now."

Damn. What else had he said that she had taken to heart? He had screamed at her so often, mostly for looking out for him when he wanted to destroy himself. He should really think about that once his head did not feel the size of an elephant.

"Do you have anything for pain on you?"

"Oh, sure." She opened her handbag and got out some medication. He downed it with the rest of his water.

The next morning he wasn't exactly sure what it was he wanted to do. He knew it had been something important, something to do with thinking but hell if he could remember. At least his head was better. So, what could it be? He had talked out marriage with Satsuki, he remembered that. But then ... white haze. Damn it. Well, he would remember. Someday.

So, what to do? He should organize that guitar teacher. He was pretty sure he had told Satsuki his request to get him a sports doctor. What else? He had too much energy. Maybe he should cook up some breakfast, he was tired of conbini food and his fridge was still filled with the things Satsuki had bought. Yeah, breakfast it was.

When he went into the kitchen, Satsuki stared at him from the couch. He enthusiastically greeted her while she sat with her mouth open. It took another few seconds before she said: "Am I hallucinating? It is a quarter past seven. You never get up before eleven if you don't have to."

"I am awake, why should I stay in bed?" He grinned and got out a pan.

"Are you cooking?" She sat her laptop aside and came over. "I have never seen you cooking except for the day I came here ... have you ever used this kitchen before?"

"Nope." He searched his cabinets. "Some women I took here cooked. But I bought stuff for if I wanted to cook. I should have everything ... I bought it on a good day. Then I could not get my ass up, the steak went bad and I never found the energy again."

"You were depressed" She calmly stated.

"Well ... yeah." He finally found the oil. "I still am. But I'm feeling better. Slowly." He stared into space for a moment. "Listen, if I want to quit this therapy after next time because it gets hard ... stop me. I don't know how but do it. I'm so sick of being ... well, sick."

"Will do." She smiled at him blindingly.

"Can you cook rice or do you ruin even that?" He drew up an eyebrow.

"I can!" She pouted.

He pointed at the rice cooker while he began to split egg whites and egg yolks. After finishing the task, he looked over his shoulder to say: "You know you have to wash the rice before filling the cooker?"

Kuroku Tetsuya.

He stared at his phone, thumb hovering over the green button. Had Satsuki told him that Aomine was in therapy? Would he ask about it? Could he face questions about it? Argh, damn it all, he wasn't a coward. He pressed down.

"Yo, Tetsu? How are you?"

"Hello to you, Aomine. I'm fine, thank you. How are you?" His friend spoke in his usual politeness.

"Well ... okay, I guess. I'm bored out of my skull though. I have an appointment with a sports doctor tomorrow, he'll tell me what I am allowed to do with the rip."

"What do you do to pass the time?"

Good thing he had an answer that was not sex or alcohol: "I booked a private tutor for guitar lessons. Next time you're in Japan, I'll play you something."

"Guitar?" Kuroko sounded stunned, even being silent for a moment. "I didn't know you were interested in that."

"Well, I have to do something, right?" And he did not want to be forced into another pink room. "Guitars are cool, don't ya think so?"

"Yes, guitars are very cool." There was an undeniable smile to hear in his voice. "I am looking forward to hearing you play."

"Yeah, I'll learn some rock'n'roll and maybe a bit of country. I really like American songs. Can you get me a good country CD and sent it over? Japanese country is shit, it's all Enka."

"I like Enka. Have you ever heard Midorima sing? He has a beautiful voice, I never knew until I heard."

"Pff. He's such a dry guy, whoever would have expected that?" Maybe he should learn to sing to. He had never tried. "Hey, do you think I could learn to sing?"

"You'd have a great country voice. I'll get you some records to try singing to. It's a great plan."

"Maybe I can learn a lullaby to sooth your baby when it starts kicking." Yeah, he totally owned that to Kuroko. "Sorry for being such a mess at your wedding. You certainly could have spent your time better than with listening to my bitching."

"It was quite alright, I wasn't late." There was a slight pause. "Thank you for saying so anyway. So it is true you are in therapy?"

"Err ... yeah." He swallowed. Shit. He did not want to talk about that.

"I am very glad to hear. Momoi cried in joy when she told me. I hope you can keep up the good work. It is very brave that you do this. I am proud of you."

Oh. God. Aomine grabbed his pillow and pressed it against his chest. Hearing that was making him feel ... queezy. Strange. He didn't like it. So he kept quiet.

"Momoi said you have energy again. You do sound better, I think. Please try your best to get better. I ... I still blame myself that nothing I did could make anything better for you. To hear you actually want to get better, that ... it means very much to me."

No. No, he wasn't. He was not getting better, he was ... well, okay, he wanted to get better but nobody said he could. If they thought anything was better, it was wishful thinking. It was not. He still did not know what to do with himself, how to keep from going crazy, how to fucking stay away from those memories that were on repeat in his head. He wasn't made for all this sociable crap. His side in life was the one with all of those failed existences living on the edge of society.

"Aomine?"

He pressed the red button.

"Daiki? Where are you going?" Satsuki asked from the kitchen.

"Out." He took his shoes and jacket.

He felt her presence next to him. It made him want to lash out but he stopped himself there. She was there, yeah, but she was not his punching back. He wasn't mad at her. He was ... he didn't know. He needed air.

"You look like you are about to do something stupid" She said with a sad voice. Her body was shivering, her eyes tearing up.

He took his keys and left, throwing the door.