

Wounds

A perpetrator's perspective

Von Gepo

Epilog: Epilogue

It was like an instinct. Maybe it was the smell. Maybe it was some kind of greater power or a hunch or whatever you'd like to call it. Anyway, the second Kagami walked into their gym, Aomine ran across the room, barely stopped in front of him and loudly demanded: "I want an one-on-one!"

"Hello to you too." The redhead blinked in surprise. "Would you let me warm up first?" "Get to it."

"Aomine Daiki!" Their coach seemed to fume while he was slow in catching up. "Give the guy a breather, won't you?"

"No, this is personal." He grinned. "Coach Saito, this is Kagami Taiga. He's exactly as good as me if he hasn't got better training at the NBA, so I demand a match for the power forward position."

"You know you'll win that, Ahomine" Kagami grumbled.

"Maybe I will, maybe I won't."

"Stop right this second, I haven't approved of any matches about positions, I am the one that decides-"

"You won't be able to stop them," Kasamatsu interrupted their coach, "it's like trying to jump between beasts out for blood, you'll only get hurt. Let them fight it out. They've been starving for each other for a year."

"Ouh, that sounds scandalous," Reo piped in.

"Where's Kuro-chi?" Murasakibara asked, being the slowest to come over.

"Minding the kids." Kagami grinned, still doing stretches. "Relaxing after that horrible flight, Tsuki cried for fourteen hours. It was exhausting."

"But you're up for this?" Aomine asked impatiently.

"I play best when I haven't slept."

"Idiots, both of them." Kasamatsu shook his head.

Some other players had come over and asked their coach about the newcomer, excited about hearing there would be a trial match right away. So even though their coach was still reluctant, the other players cleared one court. Everyone abandoned their training, not heeding their coach's yelling until he gave up.

"A five point game?" Aomine asked when they finally headed onto the court.

"Who starts?"

"Ladies first." He threw the ball to Kagami.

Yes, this was it. This was life. He had energy, he had friends, he might have a girlfriend in a few weeks and his rival was back. Life was good.

