

Wounds

A perpetrator's perspective

Von Gepo

Kapitel 3: Second therapy

Somehow, he expected the world to look better after that outburst. Guess what? It did not. Apparently accepting that you had a problem was a shitty thing because after that, everything and everyone seemed to remind you what a failure you were. Thanks a lot. And Satsuki did not let him near any alcohol. Even worse, whenever he thought about drinking, his head reminded him of Himuro's shitty little story. He did not drink to forget. He drank to ... have some quiet sometimes. From life.

So he started excessively playing on his console. Killing zombies and saving the world was a hell lot better than sitting around moping or – god forbid – thinking. His head, the stupid bitch, told him he was running away. Thanks a lot. Not helpful. Satsuki would look for a therapists and then he would wait, wait, wait until someone deemed him worthy talking to.

He should not have underestimated his childhood friend like that though. Right that evening, she told him he had an appointment the day after tomorrow with a forensic psychiatrist specialized in perpetrators of adult and youth sexual assault. Well ... he had asked for it, hadn't he? Of course Satsuki would find someone like that. He did not dare to ask how much money it cost to hire someone like that but he had the feeling his coach gave her free reign. Most likely it would be taken from his pay ... if they even paid him at all for being sick three months because of his stupidity.

Satsuki drove them out into the country two days after. His new therapists seemed to be working in a jail and forensic psychiatry out of ways. No small wonder with that job description. How Satsuki got an appointment with her was really beyond him. On the way, she told him about some information she read up. Apparently in a lot of countries, doctors had to break their oath of silence if they were told about something conflicting with the law, especially the rape of minors. In their own country, he did not have to fear actions against him if he did not tell her about crimes he was still planning. What was done was done, so to speak. Actually, he had never wondered about that and called himself an idiot in his own head. Who knew that if they lived in America, doctor Hasawa could have sold him out to the police with that kind of information? He had thought about a media scandal but never about actually going to prison for what he did.

This appointment made shit real. They had to be scanned, searched, their belongings x-rayed – it was worse than at an airport. They crossed a yard and every danger sense he had was screaming at him for the way some inmates, patients, prisoners – whatever – were looking at Satsuki. He was a strong Alpha, she was as well – that did not help

them here. A lot of these people were Alphas, some of them much stronger than him. He walked closer to her and was happy when they entered a building which did not smell of aggression.

"I still don't think you belong here" Satsuki whispered, thereby reminding him that this had been his request.

He simply scoffed but kept silent. He bitterly hoped the same. Maybe he had been a bit hard on himself. This place was damn scary. Their way took them to the second floor where they knocked on an office door. Or Satsuki knocked, he simply stood back. He just wished he could take back his words, take back that outbursts, tell Satsuki that this really was too much, that this was not him.

But it was. This was where he would have been if Kuroko had not kept silent.

A secretary opened the door, animatedly talking with Satsuki before taking them down the hall to another door. It was a vacant therapy room with some strange seats. One was a padded chair you could sink into, one a bouncy ball, one a couch, some forms of pillows on the ground and some normal seats. He took one of those while Satsuki tried the one you could sink into. It seemed to be comfortable, she dared him to try but he kept sitting on his slightly uncomfortable, barely cushioned one.

Satsuki had just sat down next to him on another one of those with a pout when an Alpha woman entered the room. She had short blond hair, tattoos, wrinkles and an air of "Fuck with me, I'll fuck you twice over". So ... this one was one of the higher up doctors in this institute. Nice. If Aomine was honest, this woman was intimidating.

"Good morning. I am doctor Enjoji." She mustered both of them. "Ladies first I guess." She shook Satsuki's hand who had immediately stood.

He had as well. Messing with this women instinctively felt wrong.

They sat again, the doctor taking the bouncy ball before asking: "So how are you related and who is my patient?"

Satsuki looked at him for a second before answering: "Daiki is my childhood friend, we know each other from elementary school. I followed him from school to school and now his job because ... well, because I worry. He is a professional basketball player now. He got suspended for three months after an incident and one of the conditions for being allowed to play again is psychotherapy. The last therapist left crying after about twenty minutes. So I asked him what kind of therapist he might try therapy with and he described someone like you, so ... thank you for seeing him."

"Oh." The doctor smiled at him. "So she did not completely drag you here?"

He did not exactly know how to answer, so he simply looked at Satsuki and back to her.

The doctor did not seem to mind his silence and asked: "So should we speak without your friend or shall I start by asking her some questions?"

He nodded to Satsuki, glad to be out of the spotlight. He never met a woman who gave him the feeling of being able to crush him if she wanted. Satsuki did not seem intimidated at all though and she was a perfect judge of character.

"Okay, if you don't want her to answer something or if she goes too far in your opinion, are you able to tell her to stop?" She smiled at his cautious nod. "Miss Momoi, what kind of boy was your friend when you met him in elementary school?"

Satsuki shortly looked at him before answering: "He was an outgoing loudmouth who constantly talked about basketball, how much he loved it and how good he was. I dared him to prove it and we played. He really was good, so mostly I accompanied him to games against older boys. I enjoyed watching him and learned to love the sport as well. I found him likable but most other kids our age were afraid of him because he

was very energetic. He was loud and forceful and always on his feet. Most others could not keep up."

"Were you his only friend?"

"I think so, yes." Satsuki sent him a questioning gaze, so he nodded. "In middle school he entered the basketball team and found some friends there. But this was also where ... the incident happened."

"The incident for which you decided on a forensic psychiatrist with my specialty?" The doctor looked at him, so he felt compelled to nod. "Okay, let's talk about that one without your friend later. But I have some other questions first. Miss Momoi, were you in any way involved in this incident?"

She shook her head and also said: "No, I did not even know it happened. I knew everyone involved and I noticed that on some days something was off, but I did not know what or why. Even today I don't think I actually know what happened, I only have some pointers."

"So your friend here never told you what happened?"

"No. I gathered that he raped someone and I know that someone and one time Daiki muttered that he was a murderer. I am not sure what that was about and that's the extent I know."

"If you know the victim, how do you feel about the facts you already know?"

Urgh. He felt nauseous just listening to them. He felt guilty enough, thank you very much. Was this a torture session or something? He balled his fists.

Satsuki looked at him, his face, his hands, then his eyes again. She stayed silent.

"You are very good at reading him" The doctor praised her. "But he said he would tell you to stop and as long as he does not verbally say it, I would like you to answer my questions."

"I am not sure he can" Satsuki admitted.

"He seems to be able to take a bit more. It's no use cottoning this up if we are going to talk about this. As far as I understood, this has been cottoned up until now and his guilt is the thing punishing him the most."

He had an urge to growl at her in defense but even he knew that was because he did not like the truth. He felt guilty. Had been for years and nothing had been able to make that go away. Some days he wished for the cops to come knocking on his door, just to be able to end this.

"Okay ... I know the other boy pretty well, I was smitten with him at that time. But he was in love with Daiki, a blind man could see that. They had some strange relationship which seemed bad for both of them. Daiki seemed ... strange, depressed even. It got worse and worse. And the other boy was the same, he got sadder and quieter and stopped smiling. One day he vanished. He did not come to school anymore, only for exams. That was in our third year, the second half. When we went to high school, he went to another school. When we saw him again, he seemed to be better. He was with another men who he later had a child with and married. So to me, it ended well. I am not angry or something like that. I only want Daiki to get better."

"In your opinion, did they hurt each other? Or was there another reason for your friend to be unhappy?"

Interesting question. How much did Satsuki actually know? Her answer had really surprised him, he had thought she only held back her anger out of pity. But her answer had sounded pretty honest. If someone had hurt the person he loved, he would be furious.

"I think Daiki was unhappy for other reasons, though I can only guess at them. But ... I

think the other was unhappy because of him." She cautiously looked at him, her eyes turning sad. "Watching someone you love destroy himself always hurts."

"Do you have the feeling that your friend here is destroying himself right now?"

Satsuki only nodded, tears streaming down her face.

Aomine felt his stomach sink. Oh shit. Was he doing the same with her like what he did with Kuroko? He had not thought she would ... no, again, he had not thought. Of course she cared. Of course she hurt. She only hit her pain well.

"If you could change one thing about him, what would that be? What's the most important?"

"Letting go." She tried to wipe her tears but they would not stop coming. "The other boy, no, man now, he ... he forgave him long ago. We are still friends. But Daiki thinks he belongs here, as if ... I don't know what he did but I can't imagine it being this bad. But he hates himself for so many things, he feels guilty, he ... I want him to forgive himself. I want him to enjoy life because he hasn't done so for six years at least."

"Since that incident?"

"No, before. Somewhere in our first year of middle school, something changed. In our second year, he was really down and then he got even worse. Since then it is like ... like caring for someone who has long stopped caring himself. Daiki lives and breaths and even works, it just ... it doesn't feel like he is still alive."

"How many years has that been?" The doctor seemed more mellow, actually being careful around Satsuki. That was something Aomine never got right.

"Four years, nearly five." Satsuki seemed to have stopped caring about her tears, she just let them run. "He got a bit better after he was forgiven for whatever happened but it has not changed much. Daiki rarely laughs. He meets no one but me. He does not care for most other humans. When his coach screams at him, he ignores it. I am not even sure what would happen if he did lose his job. Maybe he would just survive until his money ran out, drinking himself to oblivion."

"Do you think he has an alcohol problem?"

Satsuki only nodded. Aomine sighed. He did not have an alcohol problem, why did everyone think that? He did no- okay, he had done some drunken shit, but only once. It would not happen again.

"Did he drink any alcohol before coming here?"

"No, I am staying with him right now. It is another condition for keeping his job. He has some fractures which still heal from his last stunt. He got smashed, slept with a married woman and got beaten up by her husband." Satsuki sounded bitter. Angry even. More angry than about the whole rape thing.

"Why do you think he did that?"

"To forget about something. Said other man married last month and is now pregnant. I told Daiki a day before that event happened." She took a deep lungful of air. "Do you think it was my fault that he did that?"

"Did you or did he drink himself to oblivion?" The doctor raised her eyebrows. "But it is an interesting question anyway. Why do you want to take the blame for how he behaves?"

Satsuki just blinked. Her confusion made Aomine smirk. It was rare to see her flustered.

"Taking blame or feeling guilty about something gives you the impression that something that happened was in your control. It is easier. If you were to blame, then something you can do can change the same situation in the future. It gives you control." The doctor let her words sink in for a moment. "That might answer your

question why your friend here has been feeling guilty, even if he was forgiven. If you feel guilty, it lets you feel in control."

Hm. Okay. Her words did not really feel like one of those stomach-churning revelations he sometimes had to face. The situation had been completely in his control, he knew that. You don't rape people because you don't know better. He had known exactly what he ... well. It had felt like something he could not control though. When Kuroko came back from the hospital, he ... he certainly had not planned on raping him. He had not wanted to. And then he had not been able to stop. But that had been in his control, right? He did not know what exactly had ridden him but that had been all him. No one had forced him to rape Kuroko. Even that hunt thing, their first time. You could blame it on hormones but he had not said no to hunting his friend, right? He was guilty. Damn, this was giving him a headache.