

Wounds

A perpetrator's perspective

Von Gepo

Kapitel 15: Regret

"Hey."

"Hey." Kuroko was silent for a moment. "Momoï wrote me a message not to contact her for now. Are you two fighting?"

"Yeah." He sighed. He really didn't want to tell but he had to. If Satsuki got to Kuroko first, he would lose them both. "I did something very stupid."

"You normally do" The other man replied without mercy. "What was it this time?"

"Well ... as part of the therapy, I had to tell her about what happened. A bit. I told her about Akashi's idea with the hunts and that I participated in them."

He heard something like an angry puff of air which was followed by: "Did you have the thought that it might be a good idea to tell me that beforehand?"

"Ugh ... no?" Okay, that was unexpected. "Why?"

"Because you just told one of my best friends that I was systematically pressured into rapes and later gang-rapes and abortions? I know you are in therapy but did you spare a thought what it might do to me if you told Momoï something like that?"

"Uhm ... no." No, he hadn't. "I'm sorry. I really did not think about that."

Kuroko sighed again and asked: "How did she take it?"

"Uh ... good. I guess. She was shocked, sure, but mostly about me. She slept somewhere else and today she was supposed to ask me questions about ... that. Like feelings and stuff." And now the hardest part. He had wrote it down to get his point across. "She wanted to know how much was me being ... well, disturbed because of stuff and how much was me being an asshole."

"So she wanted to know what to expect when you get out of therapy. Something like the best you can get and what she will just have to live with."

"Really?" That sounded much too positive.

"That's what I would like to know as well." There was a moment of silent. "What did you expect why she wanted to know that?"

"Well ... more like if any of that was me being an asshole because she would not want to stay around if any of that was me ... if it was something I might have liked."

"If you might have liked raping me?" Another moment of stunned silence. "Does liking to be an asshole mean that you like to rape people?"

"Well, hurt them at least."

"Being an asshole is a way to protect oneself from hurt, it does not necessarily have to mean that you enjoy hurting people." Kuroko's tone was monotonous.

"You're still making excuses for me." Aomine sighed. He would destroy another

friendship today, huh? "A part of being an asshole is fear, yes. That is treatable. But a part is enjoying to hurt others because it feels good, it makes you feel mighty and superior to the people you hurt. At least as long as you don't feel their pain."

After another long moment of silence came the question: "So did you enjoy hurting me?"

"I don't think so." He breathed through that black hole that had opened up in his chest. "Maybe while I did it but one look at you and I felt like the biggest piece of trash on earth."

"That is reassuring to hear." There seemed to be a smile in Kuroko's voice. "It should have reassured Momoi."

"Yeah, well ... that's the thing." Just why did he always do this shit? "I told her I fully enjoyed it and felt no remorse. Or at least something that sounded like it."

"That was a very stupid thing to do."

"Yeah, I know." He sighed in defeat. "I hurt her on purpose. I thought she would leave me, so ... I hurt her first. My therapist already scolded me for that. It was stupid and I know that. I ran after her and tried to apologize but she wouldn't listen. I really don't know what to do now."

"First of all, you go to bed because it is in the middle of the night where you live" Kuroko scolded him. "Next you write down what you just told me in a letter and throw it into her mailbox. Then you sent me a message and I'll talk to her. Afterwards I'll tell you what to do from there."

"Would you do that?" Aomine asked slightly stunned. Kuroko was not angry with him?

"As long as you just told me the truth, yes. So long as it is just another stupid thing you did because you can't help yourself, I'll help. If I find out that what you told Momoi is true and you are manipulating me because you don't like the truth and it's consequences, I can assure you that we are through, Aomine."

Ouch. Well. He kinda guessed that already. His two friends stayed with him because they always told themselves that the shit he did was him doing stuff he would not do if he was sane. If sadism was part of his sanity, they would leave. No pressure, huh? He answered: "I promise that what I just told you is true."

And if it was not, he would have to make it true.

His apology and explanation was exactly half a page. He wanted to rip it or burn it but he knew his brain wouldn't give him a better one. A bad one was still better than no one, right? He had to trust in Kuroko. So he went to Momoi's place and threw the letter in her mailbox. She was an orderly person, so he knew that she checked her mail every day. For a moment, he thought about leaving a present in her mailbox as well but this was one issue where he was sure buying her affection would not work, not even in combination with an apology. Maybe if she decided to meet him, then it might help. When he was in deep shit, she expected jewelry, so maybe he should look for a nice necklace or something. With that plan in mind, he set off to the next jewelry store. Buying her things had become a lot easier since he had a job.

Yeah, job ... he had planned on meeting and going out with the guys from his team. Maybe he should do that today. Momoi would most likely not call today, so maybe that would be a good way to spend his time. And if she did decide on never seeing him again and quit her job, it was a great idea to show his face, so that they did not fire him as soon as they saw her resignation letter. Because they were likely to do that if he was honest with himself.

So, necklace ... of course the first jeweler he had to come across was one specializing

in wedding rings. No, he would not ask her to marry him. Right now he was even farther from ever being someone she could respect as a man than ever before. So he asked for their necklace collection and was shown a lot of sparkly stuff. Well. This definitely wasn't his forte. The clerks-woman asked if he'd like input before letting him describe Momoi. Was she a lover or a friend? Why did he want to give his friend a gift? Was it an earnest apology or something to surprise her into accepting the apology? He blinked owlishly at the question, so the woman explained to him that apology gifts should suit the recipient but might not be accepted while gifts more expensive than what suited them often moved people to accepting an apology, even though they did not mean it.

Wow, that was twisted. While he had the money, it was an earnest apology, so he opted for something suiting her. He was advised to buy a fragile looking golden necklace with a floral pattern and some tiny gems in the color of her eyes and hair. It was cute, she would like it. He thanked the young woman – who was strangely professional for a Beta woman dealing with an Alpha JBL player – and left for the next train station.

So, next stop was his training gym. By now it was afternoon, so training went for another one or two hours depending on the coach's mood. It was a good time to show up. He left his shoes outside and went in on socks because he did not have any basketball shoes on him. Those that saw him only muttered, no one seemed to want to greet him. Damn. Touou had worked out better, even though he had been more of an asshole then.

"Mine-chi." Murasakibara took two strides to stand next to him. "Are you coming back?"

"Nah, I'm banned for another one-and-a-half months. I just wanted to see how you were doing."

"We're getting better while you get floppy." The big man poked his arm. "No muscles."

"I'm allowed strength work that doesn't include my rib cage, so those are fine, you oaf." He huffed and crossed his arms. "How's your baby?"

Ah, that blending smile again. His old comrade was happy, no doubt about that one. So their little one was most likely fine. He still got an answer: "Hana-chan is doing well."

"Great." He was able to smile at that. "I wanna see a photo later, alright?"

"Sure." Murasakibara nodded. "Maybe Tatsu will bring her when I get off."

"That would be great." His smile actually turned into a grin. He was a sucker for kids, okay? They were alright. As long as they weren't his responsibility, he could enjoy the sight.

"Hello there, stranger." His coach said who had finally noticed him and came over.

"Good afternoon, coach Saito." He bowed to the man.

"Oh? What's this? Have you done something stupid again or have you finally learned some manners?" The gruff man asked.

"Well ... both?" His corner of the mouth twitched. "I pissed off Satsuki, so she moved out for now. I tried to apologize but she is too mad right now. So ... I wanted to apologize to a few more people. Like you. I'm sorry that I often behave like an insensitive asshole and don't listen to rules or reason or ... anything really. I'm trying to get better now."

His coach blinked for a long moment before he said in a much more malleable voice: "If that is the effect of therapy, all players are getting one."

"Only those who want to change."

"I don't remember you wanting to change."

"I ... did. Secretly. I just didn't trust therapists" He admitted. "Forcing me into this was ... well, not nice but okay. I needed a kick in the ass."

"Well, thank you." His coach nodded. "I'm looking forward to having you back now. Do make up with Momoi, will ya? That girl is much too good for you but for some strange reason, she likes you very much. Don't disappoint her, she's the best thing that ever happened to you."

Yeah, he knew that. He didn't need people telling him so. What he said was something else though: "I've kept myself aloof from the others and I regret that now. Is there a party coming up where I might be allowed to join?"

"Sure thing, wait a minute." He got out his time planner and thumbed through it.

"We're playing the Nara Elks next Saturday, how about coming to the game and afterparty?"

"Sounds great." He nodded. "Thanks, coach!" He looked at his training team members.

"May I stay and watch training?"

"Yeah, sure, just sit down there." He pointed at a bench. "You're always welcome with this attitude."

Well, might he come back earlier? Most likely not. But maybe he would get to do some light training in the last month or so. He could ask the coach at the party.

Hana was a beautiful baby with a shock of orange hair. He really had to hold back not to tease Himuro if he might have taken the wrong baby home. Especially since he knew that Kuroko's son had purple hair and Kagami's mother was orange. He had already teased his best friend mercilessly about that, even though he knew the guy was faithful beyond doubt.

But that orange hair and baby-blue eyes were a sight to behold. Just like redheads with green eyes, it was such a stark contrast. Hana would be a beauty once she was grown up – no wonder with those parents – one could see that at six weeks old. Most likely her problem would be that she towered over everyone.

"Any idea what her second gender will be? Until now we only have Alpha babies" He asked Himuro.

"She is an easy baby, so who knows? She could be everything" That proud mother smiled at his daughter. "I'm glad she's not fuzzy."

"No temper tantrums, no Alpha." Aomine lightly poked her chubby cheek. "Good choice, little lady. Alphas are all a bit strange if you ask me."

Himuro only smiled at that, especially when Hana grabbed the finger and tried to suck it. "To be honest, I don't care. My parents raised me with the knowledge that everyone can do whatever they want. Of course Alphas have more muscles and are therefore better athletes but did you know that Omegas are more intelligent in average?"

"Really?" He looked at Murasakibara. "Well, with you next to us two, that is believable."

"Oh?" The beautiful man tilted his head. "Don't you normally use my mate to tell others you are better than some?"

"Yeah ... sorry about that. I'll try not to do it anymore. That was mean." His words changed nothing in the other's visage.

Until he smirked and said: "I know I'm dumb, Mine-chi. I don't care about that. I can do other things."

"Really?" He blinked. "I know you never got angry about being called an idiot but I always expected that you just tried to stay calm."

"We're not that different." The giant knelt down as well and took his daughter into his arms. "I was a complete failure. My father hated me. He gave me to a boarding school when I was nine. He did not want anything to do with his dumb son."

Really? He never knew. Had he been hit too? Most likely ... Alphas were that way. They both stood while Aomine asked: "Did you ever see him again?"

"No." The man still smiled. "My mother decided to divorce him and got me back. If I wasn't this dumb, she would never have made the decision. I'd be some average student and my father would still hate me for not being enough." He kissed Hana. "This way I have a nice mother who doesn't care that I won't be a professor. I like her. She's a good mother when she doesn't have to care about my father's opinion."

"I wish I had someone like that." He sighed. "My mother hates me just as much as my father does. If they even remember me. Maybe they already drank away their consciousness, who knows ... I can't imagine having kids, even though I like them. My parents were a horror."

"That's sad." He scratched his daughter's tummy. "They're cute."

"So ... if you have no problem with being dumb, what are you proud about? Because it never looked like basketball made you proud."

"You'd be surprised." Himuro smiled. "Atsushi is a great confectioner and baker. Combined with my cooking skills, I think we're a perfect match."

"I won my mate. I'm proud every time I see him."

That made said one blush while Aomine rolled his eyes. Damn lovey-dovey people. Though the guy was right, Himuro was an unbelievably beautiful Omega, he would be everyone's pride and joy.

"And I made this little angel. That makes me proud." He kissed little Hana and cooed her back to sleep.

Aomine's chest ached. Good, he wished he had anything he could say for himself. What was he proud about? Basketball? Murasakibara had more to be proud of than he had. Basketball was really the only thing that came to mind. Maybe once he was better at playing the guitar or ... when he was able to finish this therapy and find friends.

"You got a lot better since we last met. You're much less aggressive and tensed up." Himuro told him out of the blue.

"Really?" He blinked. "Are you just saying that or can you actually feel it?"

"You smell less hostile." Murasakibara added for his mate who only nodded.

"I smelled hostile?" He sniffed himself. "How do people smell hostile?"

"It's when your protective instincts trigger."

Well, yeah, that was an explanation he could understand. They triggered every time he saw Akashi. That guy did not smell hostile on a conscious level but his instincts always screamed at him. He asked Murasakibara: "Is the reason that you always do what Akashi says because he smells hostile?"

"Yeah." The man tensed up. "He is a bad person."

"I think the same but nobody believes me. Satsuki and Tetsu both, they say I'm just needlessly hostile. They never listen to my warnings."

"He made Tetsu kill my baby." Murasakibara's eyes narrowed.

"He made us rape Tetsu, that's worse in my opinion. I don't understand why Tetsu protects him. But when I ask him, he tells me I should mind my own business. It makes me so mad."

"I want to forget about that time." The other cuddled his baby daughter. "I'm happy now. Tetsu is happy. It's over."

"I wish I could let it go." Aomine let out a shaky breath. "I just can't. I'm so fucking mad at so many people."

"It's nice you stopped trying to make yourself forget." Himuro smiled. "Next will be to accept a lot of things that went wrong."

"Doesn't seem like your mate accepts it either."

"Then be an example. Because just like you sometimes used him as an excuse, he does use you as his own sometimes too."

"You are?" He looked up.

"You behave much worse than I do." Murasakibara looked aside. "It's mean if you stop doing that."

"You'll take away some of his excuses." Himuro grinned. "I'd like that."

His mate just grumbled.

Aomine grinned and said: "Sorry, dude, I plan on getting better and better."