

# Wounds

## A perpetrator's perspective

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### Prolog: Annoying questions

„How do you feel about marriage?”

Marriage? Really now? Aomine rolled his eyes. The airhead on the other side of the table had some pretty strange ideas sometimes. He bit into his burger, drawing up a blue-haired eyebrow.

“Come on!” Satsuki whined. “It’s not like you’ll ever marry anyone else.”

“What kind of a reason is that?” The young man scoffed. “If you want a platinum credit card for yourself, there are easier ways than marrying me. It’s enough to ask.”

“Daiki!” It was the annoying way she said his name, pronouncing his first syllable instead of the second, that told him his answer wasn’t satisfactory. She was sure to tell him in a second what she didn’t like – most likely the fact that the answer was no.

“Marriage isn’t about money, it’s about feelings.”

“Uh-huh.” Sure. Pigs could fly. Marriage was for people like Akashi who needed some kind of status symbol to make business deals or romantics like Kuroko who might actually be able to love another human being. Marriage wasn’t for people like him whose best try at a relationship had been nearly killing the only person who had actual feelings for him.

“I like you, you like me. Why shouldn’t we marry?” His childhood friend insisted.

No. Just no. Why should he even explain why? It was wrong on so many levels. Satsuki was his friend, not some ... whatever. Most likely her help-syndrome acted up or something. Pictures of babies, whelps and kittens tended to do that to her, she was female after all. They all got a bit crazy whenever cute things were involved. Why the ever loving fuck that made them turn to male adult assholes was beyond him but he knew if ever needed to get laid, it was enough to walk into an animal shelter. And don’t think he hadn’t already done that, it was a sure way to bang women. Take the animal shelter as your date trip, you’d get every last one of them into bed.

“I’d give you a reason to hit me for all the women I sleep with” He answered in a bored tone. It had always been his best decoy whenever he tended to get agitated. This topic was damn agitating, thank you very much. How did she come up with those stupid ideas?

“Huh ... yeah, good point.” She sipped her drink, a chocolate frappé because she hated the fake strawberry milk they sold in this shop. “How come you never sleep with me?”

Oh, for the ever loving crap, what had gotten into her? His eyelids narrowed, his jaw clenched. The burger in his hand began to leak fluids onto the table.

"Daiki!" Good, he hated this tone of voice. "Watch out. The burger is not responsible for your anger. Just forget I asked, okay?" She groaned while she mopped up his mess before looking out of the window, watching passing people instead. Not looking at him was her way of saying "You fucked up".

Thanks. He knew. Damn her for springing such a topic on him. Couldn't she like, well, warn him or something? You had to prepare a man before such an emo-trip. What brought this up anyway? Was there some kind of scandalous article about him again?

"Tetsuya called." Oh, yeah. So that was the reason. "He shared some happy news and asked me to pass them on. I didn't ask why he doesn't tell you himself but I guess he doesn't want to sour his mood. You can really drag someone down, you know?" Her voice held no accuse but it stung anyway.

"Which means it's something to do with Kagami. Seeing as they are married now, news must be he's pregnant again. That was fast." A month. They moved to America, married and now Kuroko was pregnant again. All within one fucking month. Maybe that was like removing a band-aid, you had to do it in one go to make it bearable, even if it fucking hurt like hell. Lucky bastard. Kagami must be ecstatic.

"Are you okay?" Satsuki watched his reactions.

"It was to be expected." Aomine sank deeper into his seat and refused to say anything else. What did she want from him? Did she expect him to burst into tears or something? He wasn't a teenager anymore. Well, technically he was, he was nineteen after all but he felt like an adult. He made tons of money and played as a starter for their national team, that was pretty adult, right? He even went to practice.

"Daiki?" Her voice was small, something quite rare and normally saved for really emotional situations. What the hell would she spring on him now? "Do you think you can ... let go now?"

Shit. He was up in an instant, only noticing his surroundings when the summer air hit him with it's humidity. He patted his back pockets, feeling his wallet and phone in them before taking off. Satsuki could outrun him but not in a skirt. He strode down the street, glaring at anyone in his way which made people jump out of the way. He was an Alpha, a Southerner, wore leather and looked scary, that always cleared his path. He could hear Satsuki's shouting and was relieved how far behind him it was. He had listened to enough of her crap today, he was going home. God, he wished he were already twenty and able to legally buy alcohol. His secret stash of bottles he got from friends was empty and he knew it. Who invented this crappy law that stopped people from having a break once in a while? Assholes, all of them.

He needed a break from his ex-boyfriend's perfect romance.

His boss got his ass up by calling thrice before threatening to call Satsuki to get him. No thanks. She would break into his apartment and start asking questions. He hated those damn questions, hated what they did to him, hated the fact he did not have answers to most of them because fuck, he did not want to think about that stuff. Thinking only made him remember his last fuck-up of a relationship and he liked to keep his sanity, thank you very much.

So training it was. He did his best to exhaust himself, making his coach scream at him over and over again but he was used to that crap, so whatever. It wasn't like they would fire him, he was their ace. New team, same old story. The others simply ignored him, only Kasamatsu sent him disgusted looks sometimes. Might be that had nothing to do with his attitude though, he had banged his boyfriend after all. He would be angry as well if he was in their point guard's shoes. Though luck they made the same

team.

"Mine-chi ... my ears ring" Murasakibara complained. "Stop making coach angry."

"Go suck your boyfriend" He answered easily, same old story between them too.

"I don't get sex if I leave training early." Oh, that was rich. And new. So that was how Murasakibara made it to training everyday. Kuroko would do the same if ... if they were still together. Which they were not. For five damn years, he should really get over this.

"You're whipped" He countered to keep his mind quiet. Banter with their center was always low-key, he was an idiot after all. Nice thing was you did not have to think much.

"Tatsu is worth it."

Good god, damn them all, that sounded just like Kagami when it came to cuddling Kuroko's baby and being all lovey-dovey over him. Just "Tetsu" instead of "Tatsu" but just the same intonation. Damn people in love and happily bonded to their Omegas. He got a ball and began to dribble loops around the court at full speed.

"Oh, what now? Murasakibara!" The coach yelled.