

Wounds

A perpetrator's perspective

Von Gepo

Kapitel 5: Questioning

Doctor Enjoji started with quite normal questions. Where he lived, what he did for a living, what his hobbies were. Normal stuff. It soon turned into questions about hearing voices, seeing something in shadows and if he sometimes thought his body did not belong to him. If he had the feeling that eyes followed him in public places – yeah, well, they just did – and in private – who the fuck should look at him when he was alone? Were there any situations, objects, animals or people that made him want to run in fear – hell yes, therapy for example. Every time anyone wanted to talk about feelings which had been much too often this month. That turned into questions about dislike of taking up the phone, eating in front of others and such. No, he did not have social anxiety. He just disliked deep conversation. Why? Because he did not like the inside of his head. It was stressful to think about thinking.

The doctor smiled and said it got easier with practice. He had an urge to flick a middle finger at her but suppressed the impulse. She asked him about activities, his daily schedule, friends and other social contacts. His sleeping patterns, his nightmares, his eating habits. She proclaimed there was a high chance of him slipping into depression. Well, no shit. Without his daily sport, he had no idea how to spend his day. He had no school, so he had no rooftop to sleep on. He did not even need more sleep because his nights weren't filled with his parents' drunken screaming. He found himself telling her about his plan to learn guitar and get a biking license. He even told her about throwing out all his porn, though he really did not know why he told her that.

"Sexuality would have been the next topic anyway. Talking about pornography, when did you see your first pornographic movie or clip?" So, here goes. Some questions beforehand had been aggravating but she had said before that rather than lying, he could simply say that he did not know. She did not chide him for that, just asked something else. It was okay, she didn't judge.

"Before I can remember. Something was always on in the living room."

"Your parents had pornography running in the living room?" She raised her eyebrows. Okay, she wasn't completely without judgment but she was as close as possible.

"Yeah, every evening. I remember that as a kid I found it disgusting and mostly played by myself with my back turned to the screen."

"When did it begin to interest you?"

"Dunno ... seven or eight. It was still disgusting but I was getting that it was grown-up stuff and most other kids had no idea about it. There was a passage on sex in our biology book, not that we ever got there in elementary school. But some kids talked

about it in hushed voices, giggling. I knew about that stuff. I'd seen it all on TV and my parents often forgot that I was in the room. They fucked like rabbits."

"What's your parents' second gender?"

"Both are Alpha."

"So were you an only child?" She looked up, saw his eyes and answered. "Okay, I'll ask that later. Let's stay with sexuality. So you knew the mechanics early on and were confronted with pornography at a much too young age. What kind of pornography was that and how brutal was it?"

"It was heterosexual ... mostly either Alpha pairs or Alphas with Omegas or Omega-gang-rapes. Especially the last one was really brutal. My parents sometimes watched BDSM. They even had some really crazy shit like sodomy with horses and snuff. They never watched those in front of me but I did see some of that stuff when I was alone at home and bored."

"Your parents owned snuff movies?" The doctor closed her eyes for a second. "Letting your toddler watch porn is bad but snuff is hardcore shit. Talking about your childhood will really not be a piece of cake, I can tell. How old were you?"

"Eleven." He lowered his head.

"You can never unsee those pictures, that is the problem. So you grew up surrounded by sexuality, often sexual violence and most likely a lot of neglect on your parents' side." That summed it up, yes. "When did you first have sex?"

He sighed deeply. They had to do this, right?

"The incident?"

He nodded.

"Okay, you don't have to elaborate right now. So in short it was you raping someone?"

She waited for his nod. "How old were you?"

"Fourteen."

"And when did you hit puberty? When did you have your first erections?"

"Uhm ... I always had them. I know that's strange but I often had erections as a kid. I remember having one with five. They got less over the years but they never stopped. I hit puberty with eleven and had my first ejaculation with twelve." Good thing he wasn't ashamed about that stuff. It was early, he knew that, but weren't Alphas often like that?

"You had constant sexual contact, so your own mind most likely protected you by not having you go into a latency phase. It happens, especially with sexual abuse victims. Being forced to watch porn is a kind of sexual abuse."

Really? That was abuse? There were so many worse things his parents did, he never thought that the porn-thing was really wrong. Sure, he didn't like it, but it fit right in with the rest. And he remembered feeling strong and superior for knowing and watching such scary stuff as a kid. He never saw himself as a sexual abuse victim, it wasn't like they touched him.

"After your first ejaculation, how come you were able not to have sex right away but wait until fourteen? That's two years. With your history, that's actually amazing."

"I went to middle school. We had a rigorous training menu in the basketball club which powered me out. And I stayed afterwards to train and because I did not want to go home. So I often trained until ten o'clock, that means at least six hours daily. We had matches on the weekend and if we did not, I was out training at public courts."

"So all your energy went into training, that's a good coping strategy. What changed?"

"I became so good that we won our matches by at least tripling the other team's points. Basketball became boring. The more I trained, the better I was and the better I

was, the less I liked the sport. So I stopped training.”

“Which made you lash out sexually. That makes sense.” She nodded. “How would you define your own sexuality? What do you like?”

“Like?” He raised an eyebrow.

“When you masturbate, what are your fantasies? Gender, age, position and so on.” She asked quite matter-of-factly. It would have been embarrassing even for him otherwise.

“Slender women with big tits. They are around twenty, mostly dog-style. Often in a shower, sometimes on a basketball court, sometimes in the lockers. It’s mostly fucking a gorgeous women after a basketball match thing.”

“Alpha, Beta, Omega?” She seemed to make a list while he spoke.

“Alpha.”

“Consensual or not? Does pain feature into it?”

“Consensual, no pain, a lot of moans.” Shit, he was getting hard. He really liked the view.

“Any toys? More participants than you two? Any BDSM?”

“Nope, plain old sex.”

“Animals, bodily fluids other than the normal, any objects?”

“No, really, just normal sex.” His erection was wilting. Those questions really put a damper on his mood. Who came up with that stuff?

“That is a surprisingly normal sexual fantasy. So how did you end up with a male Omega and not consensual sex? That is the polar opposite of what you like.”

Huh ... good question. It was. Tetsu was completely out of his range of interest. He shrugged his shoulders and said: “He was there, I guess. I needed an outlet and he made a good target. And he wasn’t the only one, I also fucked another male Alpha team member. I often got violent and Omegas are just fragile, so ... I let out those urges with him.”

“If you rate all of that energy you had to let out with a hundred percent, how much do you still need to let out and how do you do it?”

“Huh ... it got better in our first year of high-school. I was trashed in basketball. So I began training again. I moved out which was really important. So ... maybe sixty percent?”

“How do you let it out right now?”

Yeah. Well. He balled his fists. How did he let it out? “I have three months of basically bed rest. Satsuki is watching me 24/7 that I do not do sports and do not drink.”

“And as you are not sleeping with each other, that means you are a ticking bomb right now?”

He only nodded.

“How do we remedy that situation? I do not want to work with a bomb.” She mustered him. “Why the bed rest?”

“Broken rib.”

“Have you consulted a sport specialist what you may still do with a broken rib?” He looked up in surprise at her words. “Well, you need sport. You have no other outlet than sport and sex right now, except for dampening yourself with alcohol and narcotics. If a doctor allows you to do something, maybe jogging or so, even your coach and your friend can’t say no, right?”

“That’s pretty smart” He replied and nodded. “I’ll do that.”

“Do you currently have any sex partners or relationships?”

“Nope.” A steady sex partner, he had had none since Kise. That was actually a good

idea as well. "I'll go look for a sex partner as well."

"You certainly have the looks and are famous enough to find one. It might be a good idea to warn your friend though. She seemed to me like she might want to be that partner. By the way, she does fit your profile perfectly. How come you are not interested in her?"

He looked at the wall. Yeah, why wasn't he interested in her? She asked him the same thing. Hell, he asked himself the same thing. Why? "I don't know. She's ... I don't want to hurt her. I wanna treat her right if I were her boyfriend and I couldn't. She deserves better."

"But she wants you."

"She also wants me to get better, stop drinking, stop whoring around, take my job seriously, forget about my feelings for Tetsu, treat people more nicely, stop hating my parents, blaming myself – sometimes I think she wants a completely different person in my body."

"So you don't think she wants you."

Yeah, that was it. She wanted a version of him he just wasn't, might not even ever be. That was it. Damn right, he finally had something he could tell her when she asked again. Neat.

"Do you think you can talk to her about that?"

"Yeah. That's a kinda unresolved issue and whenever we talk about it, I hurt her. I always say she deserves better and she gets angry that I do not let her make her own decisions and then we fight. It would be great to finally solve that, she really gets on my nerves with that. She wants us to marry and I just want her to back off."

"Shall we call her in right now?" Doctor Enjoji asked.

Right now? Here? No! He wasn't ready, he was ... but maybe it was a good idea to have the therapists as a moderator in case it got sour again. Might not be the worst idea. "I don't suppose you have something to drink here?"

"Water." She smiled with one of those smiles Satsuki always had on, those that were both understanding and pitying. Course she knew he did not mean water.

"Good enough I guess." Maybe if he tried hard enough, he could tell himself it was vodka or something. She gave him a glass and he took a mouthful. "I'm afraid she won't want to stay around if I tell her that."

"How many years has she been your friend?"

"Thirteen."

"Then it's quite unlikely." The woman still stood. "If I were to tell her she could go date someone else, would you be jealous or relieved?"

"Fuck if I know." He put his hands in his hair. "I want her happy. She should go date someone else. She's not mine after all."

"Tetsu isn't yours as well but it seemed to hurt you deeply that he married someone else."

Did it? He searched his heart. Somehow, two weeks ago, it really hurt. Right now, it didn't. Why had he made such a fuzz about the wedding and the pregnancy? It was all bound to happen. It was right that it happened. Kagami deserved Kuroko and Kuroko deserved him. They were perfect for each other. All he had done was bitching that he wasn't happy and nearly destroyed his friend's wedding with that. He had really behaved abysmally. Again. So no, no bitching about Satsuki's dating.

"I might need some adjustment time, but it's okay. It's how it should be."

"Good, then I'll get her." She went to the door and called for his friend.

Here goes nothing.

