

Wounds

A perpetrator's perspective

Von Gepo

Kapitel 10: Motivation

"Did anything noteworthy happen between the last session and this?" Doctor Enjoji asked.

"Nah ... I visited some graves and played with a three-year-old that lectured me on good behavior." He snorted. "Found out I really like children because I am still one up here." He pointed at his head. "Maybe I need some reeducation or something."

"That is the program of our facility. We have prisoners and patients with disorders that can be alleviated by reeducation. The setting allows us a right to punish ... as needed." She was silent for a moment. "But from what I observe here in therapy, I do not think you need that. You need therapy, not control. I think you are able to take responsibility."

He laughed dryly and said: "Responsibility? I'm shit with that."

"Have you gotten drunk this week?"

"Err ... no."

"Then you are a lot more responsible than the week before. Have you been to see a sports doctor?"

"Yeah, I'm allowed some footwork and jogging." He grinned.

"That is taking responsibility. Before, you would have suffered through it all, blamed others or even broken the rules because you would not have been able to stand your inner tension."

"Uh ... guess so." He scratched his head.

"You got yourself a hobby, did reconciliation work and straightened your priorities without me ever needing to tell you to. You seem quite ready to start taking responsibility for yourself. You only need to be nudged in the right direction."

"But what if this therapy ends?" He bit his lip. "What if I return to how I was before?"

"Your therapy doesn't end now and we will have a lot of time to talk about that. For now, we will look at the past instead of the future. Do you want to freely talk or shall I ask questions?" She got out her clipboard to start writing.

"Please ask." He had taken the fluffy all-around chair into which you could sink today. It felt a bit childish but it was comforting to be engulfed in plush.

"Who are your parents? How did they meet, how were you conceived? What happened before you were born?"

Okay. That was a bit earlier than expected. What did he know? "They were both Alphas. My mother was 25, my father 41. I think he was her boss. They had both studied law and she came to work for him. He was struggling, she tried to support him

and married him ... I don't really know why. Anyway, when she got pregnant with me, he started to drink. Soon after birth, she started drinking as well. They always fought, sometimes hitting each other, mostly just screaming and smashing bottles. They only turned on me after I entered elementary school. My father beat me up, my mother beat him up for it. When he wasn't around, she sometimes beat me. I am not exactly sure why. I started doing shit because then, I at least knew what I was beaten up for. It wasn't so random. Sports became the only thing I was good at. I didn't do homework, sometimes I didn't go to school, I bit a teacher once. I really was a problem child."

"You said yourself why you did it. If they hit you for something you did, it was more controllable. That makes sense to me. It is not a good solution but it works. So you made them hit you to control your own punishments."

"The more they hit me, the more I did shit, the more they hit me." He sighed. "It wasn't so intelligent after all, it got worse and worse."

"Maybe it would have gotten worse anyway. Drinking tends to get worse and so does violence."

"Yeah, true." His drinking definitely got worse, even though his violence got less. "I got a little brother when I was ten. I really loved him to bits. He looked a bit strange, maybe from all that alcohol mother had drunk and he was a slow learner growing up but I spent all my free minutes with him. He was exploring the world at nine months old and was walking with one and a half years. I was having screaming fits on the days we were to go to the doctor with him, so that I could stay out of school and come with him. The doctor always gave tips on what to do with him and I did that. But my brother was often out of it and not reacting for days. I learned that sometimes, when he screamed, my parents hit him until he stopped. Sometimes he had fractures but because he was really clumsy, the doctor always believed my mother that he had fallen down the stairs or something. I never dared to tell what really happened because often, I didn't know. But sometimes I did. I patched him up as well as possible, even went to the emergency unit once. But I always repeated what I was told, he fell down the stairs, he ran into a door, whatever." He looked into her eyes, knowing she knew what was coming. "One day he was dead. He died at three years, two months, seven days old. Something or someone had broken his hip and he bled out internally. My parents didn't notice until it was too late. Or maybe they did, who knows. I was in school at the time."

"That is really horrible." The doctor took a deep breath. "I am very sorry about your loss."

"My world ended that day." He looked down. "I stayed out until late at night, only coming home for sleep and food. I often stole money to eat outside. My parents didn't notice anymore. My mother drunk herself to oblivion, my father just beat me up when he saw me but ... he mostly wasn't home anyway. In summer, I often slept outside." He slumped into his chair. "Basketball was my only joy. I trained day and night. At least until I got better than anyone and lost all motivation. Then ... the rest happened."

"Your home life erases all my questions about why you were suicidal, why you felt helpless and bottled things up and why they exploded out of you one day." She tilted her head. "Hearing yourself summarizing your story like this, can you really still blame yourself?"

"Yeah." He snorted in disgust. "A shitty home life does not entitle me to wreck someone else's life."

"That is true." She nodded. "Do you feel guilty about your brother's death?"

He started to nod but finally shook his head. Satsuki was right. His parents killed his brother. He could have saved him but he was a scared child at the time. He hadn't dared.

"Do you feel guilty about not freeing Tetsu from the hunts?"

No again. No one went against Akashi. He should have talked with Kuroko but he had been scared. Again. He really was a coward.

"Do you feel guilty about not saying no when you were told to hunt him?"

More no than yes. Again, that would have meant standing up to Akashi. Except for Kagami, about everyone else would understand his point of view. Gods, he wished he was as brave as Kagami.

"Do you feel guilty about what happened during the hunt?"

"Yeah, I was too rough. I shouldn't have been that hard on Tetsu."

"Have you apologized to him about that?"

"Not exactly." He squirmed in his seat.

"Then you should. Do you feel guilty about your reaction when he said he was pregnant?"

"Hell yes."

"We will work with that again. Right now I definitely understand why you feel guilty. Did anything else happen you feel guilty about?"

"A lot." He clicked his tongue and looked at her. "Tetsu nearly bled out. He needed a blood transfusion. He came back a week later. He was afraid of me, no wonder, but he asked if we could talk. Again I had bottled up everything, now including more guilt and more self-loathing. So before he was able to say anything, I raped him. I did so again and again, everyday, to keep him quiet. I couldn't face his accusations, so I hurt him over and over in fear. It made me hate myself and fear him more. He aborted four more children before he just ... never showed up again. For the last half a year of middle school, I did not see him again." He closed his eyes. "One of our teammates found me out, so I offered Tetsu to him and slept with said teammate as well."

She lent back and sighed. It took her a moment to say: "Well, yes, that is a lot more than you initially said. You talked about gang-rapes. Was that with your teammate?"

"With all of them. When Tetsu became able to mask his scent enough to throw off one of us, the captain set more of us on him. The last four or five hunts, I think, all of us participated. He was never able to escape five Alphas."

"I get a much clearer impression of why you fear his wrath. By all accounts, he should be furious enough to kill you. Being your best friend is indeed rather strange. It is very probable that he bottled it all up and has not let it out ever since." She leaned back.

"What surprises me more is that you know that. You seem to have a pretty good empathy for your victim, that is extremely rare in the people I work with. How were you able to rape him with this empathy?"

He shifted uncomfortably in his seat. Yeah, why? Why the ever loving fuck? "I ... didn't have it. Back then. I think. I knew it was wrong and I knew I had hurt Tetsu. I mean, I could see it. He stopped smiling, later he had no facial expressions at all anymore. At first he still looked at me. Sometimes he moaned, sometimes he cried. In the end he was like a dead fish. His eyes were empty. It became easy because there was nothing to feel anymore. What empathy I had before ... I lost it on the way."

"Then how did you get it back?" She leaned forwards.

"Well ... I lost to him in basketball. Him and his mate. It woke me up. I still wanted Tetsu as my own and I watched what his mate did and ... I realized I could never do that."

"What did he do?"

"I don't really know but he always noticed Tetsu's moods before anyone else. I said something, that mate said something else or hugged Tetsu and only by thinking about it later, I noticed how I always hurt Tetsu with small things and his mate just reacted immediately. I simply never got it. Satsuki had always said that, that I was thick like a wall and didn't notice I hurt people until they cried or ran away. I had this teammate who always said sorry when he got insecure and as soon as I showed up, he nearly fell on his knees with apologies. So I trained with him. I learned that I had to respect boundaries and be more respectful of opinions and all that shit."

"I think that is very commendable but why did you learn that? It's really hard to learn."

"Well ... because I wanted people to like me too. Even that damn autistic who was my teammate ended up with a mate and a family. I really wanted that for myself too, so I wanted to learn ... I'm still shit though." He scoffed. "I mean, I could beat you down and not feel a thing. If I tried my best to think about it afterwards, I know it must have hurt and that you would be angry and felt let down. But I have to consciously think about it, I don't feel that stuff."

"So you thought a lot about what happened?" There was a smile on her lips.

"I wanted to know if there was something I could do to get Tetsu back."

"Did you find something?"

"Nah, I did too much shit. I can be happy he is still friends with me." He scratched his head. "Whenever I try to think about how he feels, I get a headache from all that anger."

"Would you like to feel what other people feel? Right that moment, without having to think about it later?" Her arm supported her head. She looked intrigued but also a bit tired.

Did he want that? "I ... don't know. Maybe a bit?"

"How much?"

"Enough that I stop hurting everyone I am talking too. I don't want everyone to ask Satsuki and Tetsu why they are friends with me. People look at me as if I am a monster. Hell, a lot of people call me a monster. I want them to stop. When someone meets me, I want them to think "He's an okay guy". Just normal, you know? But all women just want to bang me and guys hate me. I'm never just normal."

"Being a professional basketball player doesn't make that easier, I guess."

"Yeah, but Tetsu's mate is one as well, so it's not impossible. I want to learn that shit. I know I won't get Tetsu back but maybe ... I don't know. Maybe someone else will like me one day?"

"Satsuki does" Doctor Enjoji argued.

"Nah, she doesn't. She liked who I was before my brother died. Since then, it's mostly pity I guess. Or habit. Her only purpose in life is worrying about me, that's not exactly a life."

"What would you like her to do?" She smiled at him with something like pride.

"Well ... I think she wanted to study. So she should. Why is she hanging around me? She needs something better to do than mothering me all the time. She is a perfect manager but she could be so much more. She should be. I'm only holding her back."

"Are you even aware how brave it is what you say? You are basically giving her free to leave you."

Urgh. Yeah. It kinda was. Somehow. Damn, could he really do that? What if she really left? What if Kuroko became angry and left him too? He would be completely alone.

"I ... think I would like to learn that emotion...y thing before I tell her that. I don't

wanna end up lonely.”

“I fear you already are. You are aware your friends don’t stay with you because of your charming personality. I would wager a guess that you feel pretty lonely right now.”

With a sigh he looked to the side. She wasn’t wrong. This whole dilemma, having Satsuki stay with him on coach’s orders ... he had realized she wasn’t doing this out of sympathy. He could see the exact same thing in her that raged in his soul: guilt. Deep inside her Satsuki was feeling guilty too, knowing she had a part in his current situation. That guilt should not stop her from living though. Her sins were nothing against his.

“Say, doc ... does this have a name? Some fancy thing doctors use, to say their patient can’t feel shit?”

“With how deep this runs, it’s dissocial personality disorder.” She leaned back. “That is not the same as psychopathy, that is a word made in Hollywood. People with a personality disorder are frequent but only those that want to change from how they are get the diagnosis. You are special because you already forced yourself into therapy for years. Intellectually trying someone else’s perspective, especially the pain they felt by your hands, that is part of the therapy. It normally takes at least half a year, more often more than one year, to reach the point where you already are.”

“Are all people here like me?” He remembered their faces, some curious, some angry, some just blank.

“Not at all. Sexually abusing someone can have a lot of reasons. Having a dysfunctional empathy does not necessarily mean that someone will rape another person. But those that do sometimes have next to no empathy though only a few want to have it. What those people have done does not pain them, at most they are annoyed by the consequences.”

“What do you do with those?” He tilted his head.

“They usually get a prison sentence. Only those who judges still have hope for get offered therapy. Though we try with prisoners as well. While they mostly never reach the point of developing a conscience, at least we can work on how to reduce crime. Only a quarter of the people who leave this place continue to make offenses ... that is a very good rate.”

“Are there people who never leave this place?” He sunk into his chair.

“Yes, there are. We offer them jobs in places where making new offenses is nearly impossible. A lot of people call that cruel but when something happens, we are always blamed for releasing them ... being a judge is not an easy thing and in this institution we are judges as well as therapists.”

“And you judge that I have hope?” He looked up into her eyes.

“Did you make offenses after Tetsu vanished?”

He shook his head.

“Then yes. If you work on making your life better, so you don’t get suicidal again and are less depressive, you can. As you noticed yourself that most likely involves learning better social interactions and trying your best to recognize feelings better. Are you motivated to do that?”

He sighed deeply but nodded.