

An unexpected call

Von Gepo

Only chapter

"Mine-chi?" Kise grinned. "To what do I owe the honor of your call? Did someone die or something?"

"Nah, just ... well, yeah, something important. But no one died. How are you?" The guy sounded uncomfortable, just like always. Talking seemed to be a strain for him. Pleasantries sounded as fake as love confessions from his lips. Not that he had ever heard Aomine confess to anyone.

"Just fine! My single came out last Sunday, did you hear the song?"

"You're singing now?" Was that disgust in his voice? Damn unbeliever. "Well, no, I didn't hear. I thought you were only acting and modeling."

"I am! But then I had to sing a song in that drama I was starring in and now I am singing too," Kise answered full of pride.

"Huh, really? I remember that one time at karaoke you were really bad. You got better?"

"I must have been sick or something. My singing is awesome." He pouted. "So what's that important thing you called for?"

"Yeah, well ... I am in therapy right now."

"Oh, really? What for?" Kise went over to the sofa and lied down. This sounded like it could take a bit unlike most other phone calls with former miracles.

"Is that a serious question?" Aomine sounded angry, nearly growling. Well, when didn't that guy sound angry? It seemed to be a part of his personality.

"You see ... I could think of a few reasons, one of them your abysmal social skills and your aggression. But I think it's wishful thinking you would get therapy for that," Kise taunted him. It was fun to rile that guy up.

"It's precisely why I am in therapy, asshole." Aomine took a deep breath. So he learned to calm down? Amazing. "God, you bring out the worst side of me. I get annoyed and want to bash your brains in, as soon as you open your mouth."

"Gee, what a honor." Kise rolled his eyes. "So you're calling to tell me you hate my guts?"

"No, I am calling to tell you I'm sorry." It was more a snarl than a sentence.

"What for?" The blond smiled in surprise. Something ugly seemed to bubble inside of him, warning him his facade might break if this continued on.

"God, Kise, could you please be serious for once? Or are you really that much of an airhead? We spent two years raping a minor. I fucked you as an outlet for my aggression and I hurt you, I know I did. If you weren't such a slut, one could count that as rape as well."

"So you're saying it wasn't rape because I'm easy to fuck in your opinion?" Kise spat

out. Yup, breaking facade. The bubbling thing inside of him was anger.

Kasamatsu, who said on the couch chair opposite of him, looked up in horror at his choice of words.

He didn't really care. Aomine wanted him serious? He would get serious then: "Yes, I went along with you. When you pushed me down, I didn't scream, I didn't cry. Kuroko never did as well. How can you say you raped him and tell me that I am just a slut?"

Kasamatsu rushed to his side, ripped the phone from his hand and spat into it: "Never call here again, asshole!" Kise saw him end the call and throw the phone into the chair he just stood up from. Only then did he look down on him again, taking a deep breath before kneeling next to his lying form on the couch. "What did he say?"

"He said he's in therapy now." Kise whispered, feeling his eyes fill with tears. Really, tears now? What was he, a woman? Aomine was no one to cry over.

"Murasakibara said something like that, yes. I thought it's a rumor." Kasamatsu raised an eyebrow.

"I ... I think he wanted to say sorry for what he did to me." A sob broke through his lips. Shit. Why did this hit him like this? Aomine wasn't important. What they had done wasn't important. He was with Kasamatsu now, everything was good. His boyfriend didn't care about what had happened. "I didn't want to hear it."

Kasamatsu carefully gathered him into his arms and said down on the couch with him on his lap before asking: "Why?"

"I don't know." He sobbed again. He just wanted that thing to be over. He didn't want to ever talk about it again. "I don't wanna."

"Why?" His boyfriend asked with the patience of an elephant.

"I just ... it's not fair. He doesn't get to decide if it was rape or not. Who does he think he is to suddenly say it might have been?" There it was again, all that anger.

"Ryou, we have been over this. It is rape when consent is unclear. Aomine ignored the question of consent, it's good he realizes that what he did was wrong."

"I don't think that has sunk in yet." Kise snorted. "He said he would call it rape if I wasn't such a slut." His eyes began to tear again. They had been over this topic quite a few times.

"You are not a slut." His boyfriend sighed. "How long have we been together?"

"Two years." He sniffed.

"And have you betrayed me?"

"No."

"See? You are not a slut."

"I was one back then." He looked away from the other man. "I never said no." That fact would never change. His boyfriend should hate him for that.

"I know." Kasamatsu kissed his hair. "It doesn't make what Aomine did right. Knowing you never said no and using that fact for his own satisfaction are two different issues."

"Hm," Kise brummed noncommittally. "I can't tell him to his face that it was rape. I didn't complain, I didn't tense up or said no or anything. I just never thought about what we did. It didn't feel bad most of the time, so it was okay."

"Did you ever sleep with me without fully consenting to it?" Kasamatsu moved his face with a finger under his chin.

"Nah, you made wait long enough." Kise grinned. Yeah, the other man always asked.

"I taught you about consent and only slept with you after you learned to listen to your heart and body." Kasamatsu stayed completely serious, not reacting to the jibe.

"Aomine just used you because you conveniently never said no to his advances. That is

not rape or sexual assault in a legal sense, true, but it is still wrong. Stop taking the blame for him."

"But ... he ... he didn't know." Was it rape if the other didn't know it was? If the victim never indicated it might be? He didn't know.

"He also never asked." Kasamatsu sighed. "You were right to tell him off. You have a right to be angry. Don't take those rights from yourself."

"Okay." Somehow. It was what he just told Aomine after all. He had implicated that he thought of their interaction as rape, right? Let's see how he would react to that.

"Thank you for cutting him off. I was so angry when he told me I was nothing but a slut."

"Which is completely right, he has no right to say so."

He took a deep breath and dried his tears. His boyfriend tried to massage the tension out of him, but Kise stopped his hands. After a moment of silence he said: "Aomine said that what we did to Kuroko was rape."

"Did you ask him for consent?"

"I did before our first time. But it's true I never asked again." He sighed. Was that rape? He wished he had some inner moral compass that could them right from wrong. Had it been wrong what he did? "Now that I think about it, why did I think Aomine must have asked him when he never asked me? I thought it was consensual what those two did, but was it really?"

"I guess you need to ask Kuroko." Kasamatsu offered.

"What if it was rape?" Kise looked up. "What if I unknowingly raped someone?"

"Then you apologize." His boyfriend shook his head. "Maybe a bit better than Aomine just tried."

"Will that be enough?" He tilted his head.

"Get those puppy eyes out of my face." Kasamatsu pushed him off with one hand. "To Aomine's defense, he most likely didn't realize he hurt you."

"He did ... now." Kise whispered from the floor. "He just said that he knew he hurt me and I shouldn't try to laugh it off."

"Sad thing when even that asshole knows you better than you know yourself." His boyfriend offered a crooked grin. "What am I to do with you?"

"Kiss me better?" The blond grinned.

Kasamatsu just shook his head, but smiled indulgently.

A few days later, he got letter:

Dear Ryouta,

I started to write letters because every time I try apologizing in person I blow it. I called because I wanted to say that I am sorry. I did not know if you saw my actions as forcing something onto you, so I wanted to apologize for the case that you did. On the phone I realized how much you defined my actions as forcing you. I always thought that what we did was consensual and only recently realized you might not think so. Now I realized your true thoughts. I am sorry for what I did. While thinking you liked what we did, I made you a culprit in sexual exploitation of a minor and forced myself on you more often than I can remember. I have to admit that I would have expected you to tell me you did not want it or wanted to stop, but I see that due to my mental instability that might have seemed dangerous to you. If something like this ever happens to you again, I expect you to tell that person or the authorities. If you find yourself in a position of not being able to tell anyone again, please count on me to

help you. I have nothing than my brute strength and dedication to offer in a way of an apology, but I would like you to know that I learned from my mistakes.

Your friend, Aomine Daiki

"Friend," Kise spat out, "who does he think he is? That's not an apology, asshole, that's nothing but accusations."

"May I see?" Kasamatsu asked and was handed the letter. "You know ... this can be read in two ways. One is accusations. The other is "don't be a victim"."

"But I was a victim!" Kise felt his eyes tearing up again. God, why was he always crying? This was despicable. Kasamatsu was the only one allowed to see him that way, that didn't mean Kise had to do nothing but.

"It's not like you were helpless. Kuroko was a victim if I understood correctly."

"He was as much a victim as I!" The blonde stood and confronted his boyfriend.

"Aren't you the one always saying that what Aomine did was wrong?"

"Yes, it was. He was an offender. That doesn't make you a victim."

"What?" Kise blinked. What the hell? Had his boyfriend lost it or something?

"You decide if you were a victim or not. Were you helpless? Did your suffering have no meaning? Are you going to be afraid for the rest of your life?"

Kise tilted his head and dried his tears. What was the other man going on about? Didn't something rape-like automatically make you a victim?

"If you don't want to be afraid of Aomine forever, then you are a survivor. If your suffering had a meaning, you are a martyr. If you weren't helpless, you were clever in choosing the best way in a difficult situation. There are many other labels than victim which are a lot more meaningful. Or do you want to be a person destroyed by what they had to live through?"

The blonde blinked before opening and closing his mouth without making a sound.

"I am an Alpha just like you. I had Alpha parents just like you or Aomine. We were all branded in our own way. Aomine chose to be a victim, acting out in anger. You chose to close yourself off and smile about everything that ever hurt you. I chose to be a survivor. You can't smile this away, so how about choosing another way?" Kasamatsu held out his hand. "Stop making yourself into a victim. It won't make you happy, I assure you."

"Are you actually telling me to stop crying and that this rape-like thing was something that I need to get over now?" Wasn't that heartless? But it was true, he did not want to be a victim. He didn't even know if what happened to him had been okay or not. Sometimes it seemed like his opinion about that changed every day. This was so confusing.

"Who else is there to tell you? When I found you covered in sweat, blood and semen, you didn't even know what consent was. Now that you know, you feel like everyone used you. Yeah, well, they did, so what? You won't let them again. One of the guys is actually owning up to his mistakes. How about being happy about that and either kicking the rest in their asses or letting it rest? It happened, it's over. So you weren't a virgin when we became a couple. Is that really worth making such a fuzz over?"

Shit. Tears. He was crying again. Why was he always crying? Sure, he was younger, but he was bigger and held a proper job longer and ... well, something. It wasn't fair that he was always crying.

"Now, now." Kasamatsu stroked his head. "Was I too harsh?"

He shook his head and held up his arms to ask for an embrace. His boyfriend granted

that, giving him a moment of comfort and warmth.

“Now, stop crying. I miss my excited puppy.”

Kise grinned. He could do excited puppy. He could even do dog-style.