

# Complex

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*In order to control his violent behavior, Trunks gets sent to therapy. Can he finally learn to stop pushing people away, or will his past keep him from moving on? It's better than the summary, I promise... Possibly SLIGHT Trunks x OC.*

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# 1 - Beginnings

Hi! This is my very first fanfiction so let me know how I do! It does include an OC, so if you don't like that stuff don't read. This takes place shortly after GT ended, I think (like, when Goku leaves). I also don't know what therapy sessions are actually like, so if anyone could help me with that, send me a comment or PM, please!

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## Complex - Chapter 1

He didn't want to be there. The doctor could tell without a doubt, from the way his foot tapped up and down like a jackhammer, to his eyes, showing more than subtle displeasure, darted around the room glancing frequently at the clock. Never did they meet the doctors.

The specialist sighed, knowing all too well this man's type. Just 3 weeks, they reminded themselves, just his required 3 weeks. Little would be accomplished – if anything at all – in those few weeks and his “sentencing” would be over. The doctor would continue to see their long-term patients, and the man would return, unchanged, to his corporation.

It was that corporation, though, that had sent the man here. 4 shattered desks, 2 broken doors, and a hole in the wall, not to mention the injured employees who had been in the way of the splintering wood and plaster. All for a business deal gone awry. But, he was the president, as was his mama and his mama's daddy, so they did the only thing they could do; 3 weeks in counseling. Surely, a few hours with a psychiatrist will fix him, and then we can continue on with our little business until the next deal that falls out, and then we'll see how it goes from there. No more than a slap on the wrist for the billionaire.

She really did hate people like that.

But, hate was not professional. Letting your emotions get the best of you was not professional. And Parsley Kales was always professional.

“So, Mr. Briefs,” The green haired doctor said calmly, “Tell me; why do you think you're here.”

“My Goddamn company,” the lavender haired man spat, glaring at the other for a moment before looking back at the clock. “They think it will help me, but that's a load of crap. Can we hurry this up? I have more important things to do.”

“You are required to stay for 2 hours each day,” The young woman told him politely, keeping her sharp tongue at bay for the moment. “What you choose to do in those 2 hours is up to you; you may choose to cooperate or you may not. It's your money.”

“I thought doctors were supposed to want to help people.” The man replied his tone bitter.

“Only if they choose to be helped. I can’t do much about your choices, can I, Mr. Briefs.” It wasn’t a question.

“Whatever.” He returned his attention back to the wall where Miss Kales’ diplomas hung behind clean glass.

“Would you like to talk about why you don’t think this will help?” The doctor suggested.

“No.” He kicked his legs onto the couch, his expensive shoes shining in the fluorescent lights. The room was silent, save for the round clock on the wall slowly counting the minutes and seconds with tiny clicks.

“How can you stand it!” the man suddenly growled, causing Parsley to jump in her seat, clutching her clipboard tight to her chest.

“E-excuse me?” asked the flustered specialist.

“The silence!” shouted Trunks, “How can you stand it?”

“Oh,” the woman said, blinking, “I’m used to it. It’s hard for people to open up sometimes.”

“Weren’t you going to keep trying to pry me open?” demanded the young man, “That’s what you’re getting paid for, right?”

Parsley smiled, shaking her head at her patient, “No, I’m paid to help people. I get people to open up and find solutions to any problems they might have. I don’t try to pry or force anyone; you don’t make progress that way. I let my patients talk whenever they feel comfortable, no matter how long that takes.”

The man with lavender hair glared at the ceiling for a long moment before saying quietly, “I’d like to talk about stuff now.”

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That was kinda short, but I want to know if I should continue or not. Feedback, please!