

Split soul

Von Gepo

Kapitel 7: How to score a date

How do you ask out a woman? Of course, he could simply ask her in front of everyone but that might be compromising her position and force her into an answer she might not choose otherwise. So maybe he should ask her after work? But she would leave with the other teachers and honestly, he did have to work sometimes. Would it be alright to write her a letter? He was her employer, he knew her address. Was that using exclusive information for personal gain? Maybe he should just give her the letter. Or smuggle it into her purse. Or give it to Natsue to give to her mother.

Yeah, maybe that was the most appropriate. He could tell Natsue about a secret letter in her lunch bag to give to her mother after work. We would write one and smuggle it into Natsue's bag the next time he visited the kindergarten. Now he would only need to write a letter that expressed his interest, did not sound too formal or forceful and made it clear that whatever happened would not change anything between them on a professional level. How did you write such a letter?

The internet was no help this time. Shintaro would also not be helpful, he did not even need to call for that. Maybe he should ask Kuroko. He might actually be helpful in this kind of situation. But did he want Kuroko to know about this? Would it be strange to ask someone you were in love with how to woo another? Most likely it was, but Kuroko had been the one to suggest something like this. He should just do it and stop overthinking.

"Akashi, what a pleasure." It actually sounded sincere. "How are you?"

"Fine, well, normal rather. Thank you for asking. How is your new home?" Had it only been three weeks since they left his place? Even now, he sometimes thought he heard Tsuki gurgle or laugh or cry.

"Infinitely better than what we had in America. I am so glad to be back home. I actually befriended Himuro; Hana and Tsuki like each other." Kuroko was nearly bubbling in happiness, an very unknown state. He had always been shy and silent, nothing but a shadow, but this man sounded positively gleaming.

"I am glad to hear. Are people in general treating you better?"

"Not those on the street, but the team is nice and it's so good to see all my friends again." It sounded carefree, so it was most likely alright. "And why is everything normal with you? My mom told me that you visited the kindergarten twice. She was gushing about how handsome you are and how well you play the piano."

"Yes, she is a very nice person." So Kuroko also knew about the date. "A teacher asked me out but she seemed to be after my money, so we did not meet again."

"I am sad to hear so. There are Omegas like that, it's a shame." His friend did not seem surprised. "Just how some Alphas aren't exactly gentleman." Was he insinuating

something?

"She accused me of that, yes. She even tried to make this into a sexual harassment case. Her immediate supervisor had a word with her, it seems it can be solved without having to fire her." Akashi did not even give an edge. Did Kuroko believe he would abuse people?

>He would be right in that assumption.< His alter ego supplied.

>You did that to her.<

>You let me. You enjoyed watching me.<

"Really? I can't imagine anyone would believe her." Kuroko's voice held more ice than pity. So he did not believe him.

"The press would. They would love a scandal such as this." Which was why he had people working for him in most of their offices since that Vogue incident. He would not ever let them write something like that about him again.

"That is true." The other's voice lost its edge. So maybe he finally believed him. Kuroko had grown cheeky with the years, a real handful for an Omega. Oh, he would love to break that defiant spirit, like reigning in a stubborn horse.

"So I thought about asking this supervisor out for dinner. I do not want to sound too forceful, I want her to know rejecting the offer is completely alright. So do you have any idea how, when and where I should ask her out? I thought about a letter to give to her daughter that would later give it to her."

"How old is said daughter?" Yes, Kuroko was convinced, he seemed to be fully concentrating on this.

"She is four years old."

"I fear she won't be able to hold on to something this important longer than a few seconds. So if you don't want to ask her out publicly, that way most likely won't work."

"Really? She seemed like she had a rather well-developed self-control."

"She is still four years old, Akashi. She was not raised like you. That's not how normal four-year-olds work." He could imagine the other man shaking his head in exasperation. "A letter might be a good idea though. You don't want her to say yes due to your pheromones and even suppressed as they are, they are formidable."

"Oh?" What was this now?

"You are growing older, so your pheromones grow more potent. At some point you won't need movement to bring people to their knees, your body alone will be enough. Right now it's a subtle influence but your aura and your pheromones make people want to kneel before you. I always wanted to but recently even Kagami has been affected as well."

>So he wants to kneel before us? That can certainly be arranged.< The visual his alter ego sent him nearly made Akashi groan. Damn it. That was not what he needed right now.

"You could do something romantic like sending her a bouquet of flowers with your letter in it."

"Do you think it would be presumptuous to send it to her home? I know her address but that is because I am her employer. I did not want to remind her of that."

"It still seems like the best solution to me." There was something like a smile accompanying Kuroko's voice, a slight tilt to his voice. "Do you need help writing such a letter?"

"That would be appreciated. Can I send you a draft via mail?"

"Of course. But don't forget to write it by hand when you sent it to her. Hand-written

letters have a lot more impact and you have a beautiful handwriting.”

He knew. He regularly won calligraphy competitions after all. Except for that one basketball game, there was nothing he ever lost at. Be it piano, violin, calligraphy, shogi or riding. Just like his alter ego never made a wrong investment, having even the risky ones pay out in the end. Excellence in all. It was branded into his brain, his skin, his bones. He would not choose an excellent mate though. He wanted someone with flaws just like him, someone alive and full of cheek. A free, untamed spirit that could not be beaten down.

>Someone you can beat down as often as you like.<

>Someone who will stand up again and not take my shit.<

>Your mother got killed for that.<

>I don't plan on killing my mate.<

>We'll see about that.<

“I am so glad to hear you having an interest in someone. Dating will do you a lot of good, you always seem so lonely. I can't imagine living in that mansion all by myself. It would feel haunted to me.” The other man's voice was full of fondness though.

>It is haunted. The monster is all too real though.< His alter ego let out a chilling laugh.

“It is time, I guess. You seem happy in your marriage, so it is time to set my sights on someone else”, Akashi said instead.

Kuroko softly laughed and said: “As if you would have waited for me when there are millions of Omegas vying for you.”

“Yes, I was joking, of course.” Not at all, but who cared about that? “You were right, older women seem to be my type.”

“I would not have been the right one for you. I was too young and no one would ever accept a male by your side.”

“I would have made them accept it.” He nearly growled. He shouldn't. Calm, Akashi. Kuroko would not be his. “Anyway, they will now have to accept a woman over ten years my senior and a child not by my blood. Natsue is bright, you know? Maybe she'll be interested in this company. I don't plan to force my children into this like I was forced to, but I can imagine her to be interested.”

“Do you like her or her mother best?” Kuroko joked.

>Who knows. We'll find out once she is twelve or so. If there is one vice we truly do not have, it is a pedophilic interest. I questioned you often enough on that, nothing came up. If after all this time no dot connected, we don't seem to have it.<

>I could have told you that beforehand.<

>I don't trust you on that, you lie to yourself too often.<

“Natsue is a curious, bright child. Her mother is a soft-spoken woman with an iron will and a still untrained talent for leadership. With a bit more self-confidence, she'll be an unstoppable force. She is fierce, protective and oh so talented.”

“I never imagined you able to swoon over someone like that.” Kuroko gave a soft laugh. “I wish Kagami had the ability to talk about me like that. She is a lucky woman.”

>You could have had that, you unthankful vixen.< His alter ego spat.

>You were the one to mess him up. If not for you, this might have taken another turn.<

>If not for me, we would have not made it this long.<

>That as well. It is not like I don't acknowledge it. Still, having him as a secret lover would have been a better way than to call hunts on him.<

>Everyone would have smelled us on him.<

>And why not? How often have you lied father in the face? I might not be able to but you would have been able to tell him that Kuroko was nothing but a toy to unleash our stress onto. With how you treated him, he was anyway.<

>But he smelled of Aomine. That guy was a perfect scapegoat. So easy to break, easy to manipulate. He still thinks it was him that nearly broke Kuroko.<

>He got more violent than even you anticipated.<

>I fully expected him to choke Kuroko to death at some point. I wanted him to. If anything, he wasn't violent enough. My plan needed him to fully lose it, so Kuroko would completely be ours. His misguided love for that fool was annoying. Even that killing move on the baby was not enough to break Kuroko off his infatuation.<

>Intervening before the hit connected might have been a better idea at that point.<

>Sometimes you know better afterwards. It is no use regretting it now. You will only win Kuroko with a lot of deceit now, might not even then. Let us concentrate on your singing bird.<

All the while he exchanged some further pleasantries with Kuroko before ending the call. He had a letter to write. One Omega might have escaped him, yes. He would not let the new one go as easily. He was in full control after all. With his alter ego and him interacting, he was finally absolute after all.

He trusted Ayako's integrity enough to write his personal phone number into the letter. So he was not surprised to receive a call two days later from an unknown number. Expecting a flustered women on the other end, he greeted: "Good evening, this is Akashi Seijuro."

"Ah, good evening." Yes, his estimation was correct, she spoke with a shy, insecure voice. "Erm, this is Ayako, I hope I am not disturbing?"

"Not at all, I hoped you would call." He lowered his voice a bit. Slightly, not too obviously seductive. It sounded intimate without being immediately noticed.

"Oh." He could imagine the blush spreading on her cheeks. A lovely view. "Well, here I am, I guess ... thank you for the lovely flowers."

"I thought an amaryllis would suit you." It meant beauty and elegance after all.

"Thank you for the compliment then. I wondered if you knew ... well, I should not have, I guess. A lot of men would not have bothered to actually think about the meaning." She seemed pleased, he could hear that.

"I am not most men."

"Certainly not." She giggled lightly. "Why me? Of all the women in this world, why me?" Her voice sounded baffled.

"Dignity, elegance, a modest spirit, an unknown strength hidden inside you, a character with deep, meaningful emotions, beauty, a fair mind, the ability to raise a lovely daughter and that's only from the top of my head. I am sure there are a lot more if you give me a moment to prepare an answer." Not that he had not prepared. He knew she would ask. It was part of her character to ask, to be skeptic.

"Every women would love to hear those words." She sighed. "I was betrayed by them once though, so please excuse my distrust."

"If I wanted a woman that would fall for me from a bit of poetry, I would have chosen someone my own age or younger. It's not as if it would be hard for me to seduce someone. The standards I have do minimize my choices though. Honestly, you are only the second person I have ever been interested in."

"And the first one rejected you?" She sounded astonished.

"Yes." Not that he should go into any detail. "One of the standards is that I want my

partner to be an equal. So the possibility of being rejected is not even small."

"I am not your equal in any way." She actually laughed about that.

"Mentally. I don't need someone leading a multi-billion yen company, I want someone that could." And he fully trusted his eyes to judge people in that regard.

"I could never-"

"You just don't know it yet." He smiled coldly. "Please believe me when I say you could."

"Oh." She was silent for a long moment. "This is not a prank?"

"Who do you see me making bets with?" Shintaro? Good joke.

"Sorry, that was stupid, I just ... I am very surprised about all of this. If you really mean this, I fear you are grossly overestimating me. I am going to disappoint you at some point." She already sounded sorry about that.

"If that happens, I only have myself to blame. Don't worry. At this point, I am asking you for a date, not to elope with me."

She laughed freely, finally letting a bit of her anxiety go and asking: "I am getting rather ahead of myself, am I not?"

"Would you accompany me to dinner?" It seemed a good point for that question.

"Yeah, sure, I'd love to. So when do you have time?"

"I'll make time if I do not have it." Why did people always believe him unable to? "How about Saturday?"

"I'll ask Misses Kuroko to look after Natsue. Where and when?" She finally sounded a bit excited.

"Well, is there a place you always wanted to go?" She might have some ideas after all and he was actually interested in them.

"Uhm ... yeah ... well, there was ... uhm, I mean, just if you like to-"

"Spill it, I want to know." He had to smile over her stumbling words.

"I was working as a singer for some time, mostly for hotels. There was this one which had a great view over Tokio-"

"Teppanyaki Akasaka in Minato?" He liked them and the view was indeed great. Or maybe she meant Kozue in Shinjuku, that was good as well.

"Oh, no, the Brise Verte in Minato. I thought you might like French food." It sounded like she was biting her lip. "I heard about that other one but I've never been there. They are obviously out of my league."

"The Brise Verte has a nice view but their food is actually not that great. I'll take you though, it's nice to have dreams." He tried not to sound condescending. "If you do allows me a second date, we can go to my favorite French cuisine restaurant, so you'll taste the difference."

"It sounds like a plan." It was no problem to hear the broad smile she must be wearing right now. "If you do not get a table, we can go to another place though. They are normally booked tightly, as far as I know."

"It might sound pretty arrogant but I always get a table, no matter where I want to go. Shall I pick you up somewhere? It is a place to wear a dress to after all."

"You plan on doing that whole rich-gentleman-with-limousine-routine, right?" She asked cockily.

"I could take a helicopter if you liked that better." He joked back.

"Somehow I do not doubt you at all." Again she let out a melodic laugh. "Please don't take a helicopter, you would disturb my neighbors. As you seem to already know my address, it would be very nice to pick me up from here."

"How about seven?"

"Sounds lovely." She bit her lip again. "Thank you so much for this. I haven't been on a date for ... I don't think I have ever been on a date, actually." What a shame. Her Alpha must have been an idiot.

"I should have told Chiho no, then you would have been my first date as well. I was simply interested in how dating works. In hindsight that was a very shallow reason to go on a date."

"You obviously learned your lesson." She let out a slightly shaky breath. "See you on Saturday?"

"Thank you for indulging me."

"Thank you for being the perfect gentleman." She ended the call.

A gentleman? He thought he had been rather ... well, un-gentlemanly. She brought out a very honest side of him. Had he just made jokes about being a rich asshole? The lack of a pleasant persona surprised him. Was that what it meant to find a real partner? Someone you could be honest with?