

Split soul

Von Gepo

Kapitel 8: Honesty

>Are you planning on telling her about us?,< his alter ego asked in alarm.

>Maybe. Not on the first date, but who knows? I don't think I want to lie to her.<

>And you think she won't run in fear? You are a lunatic, barely keeping it together. Is that really what you plan on telling her?<

>Maybe not with those exact words.< Maybe something a bit less offensive or scary or ... maybe not at all. It might come up, it might not. If it fit the conversation, he might mention it.

>How does "By the way, I am a complete mental fuck-up" fit into any conversation?< Did his alter ego have to be so graphic?

>There are worse kinds of insanity than only arguing with a psychopathic killer with the voice of your father in your head.< Did that sound as bad as he thought? Maybe he should rephrase that.

>Do you sometimes listen to your own thoughts? Because I have to and I can tell you, some of them are very crazy.< His alter ego seemed to think the same about his choice of words. >You are a nice mask made up of hot air. You change depending on the moment, the mood and the requirements.<

>Am not. I am the core personality.<

>That's what you tell yourself. As always, I don't believe you.< Sometimes it was exasperating to talk to his alter ego who degraded about everything he said.

>Well, do you hear any other voices than ours in this head?< He asked acidly.

>No. But I haven't heard yours for more than two years at a time once. So I know that other personalities can decide to stay silent.< There was an ominous moment of silence. >We might not be the only ones in this head.< His alter ego wasn't serious, was he?

>Are you doing this to rile me up? Because this isn't funny in any way.<

>Akashi or whatever you like to call yourself, think for a second. Compare the memories that you have with those that I have. What is missing?< His alter ego was surprisingly serious about this, even changing his voice to something that did not resemble their father that much.

Their memories? His alter ego stored about anything to do with their father, all the business parts, his second half of middle-school and his first year of high-school while he himself remembered all social interactions. There were the maids and servants, debate club, his friendship with Shintaro, his school time except for the part that his alter ego held-

>Yes, yes. What are we missing?< His alter ego asked impatiently.

>I don't know, are we missing something?<

>How about everything before our eighth birthday? We know we learned languages, played instruments, had a mother and a brother and learned to hate our father. But do you have any of those memories?<

>Well, no. But isn't that normal?<

>My detailed memories begin at age five. Yours begin at age eight. Maybe it's normal not to remember what happened before the fifth year of life, but who holds the memories of the time I wasn't outside and you weren't there yet? Sorry to disillusion you but I do remember your birth, this body was eight at the time. So you aren't the core.<

Akashi stared at the wall, seeing something else entirely. He saw all those children greeting him, smiling happily, asking him to play with them. He remembered as if it was yesterday. Could it be that those were really his first memories? >Then who am I?<

>Our social face. The one charming other people, interacting with the outside world as long as it is not business-related. That's my part. I am also the one who had those long dinners with our father, who discussed investments and future ventures. But who took over when those dinners ended? Do you remember even one evening after a dinner with father?<

>Well ... no?< Could it be? Could there be someone else? >What would that person remember?<

>Whatever split us in the first place. We read those books together. Split personalities-<

>Are a result of extreme stress, mostly abuse, mostly sexual abuse-<

>Before the age of five.< His alter ego ended his sentence after being interrupted.

>Neither you nor I remember any abuse.<

>So you think there is a third personality?< He began to tremble. He did not want that to be true.

>Every time I answer that question, you forget this conversation seconds later. I want you to remember this. I am tired of telling you this over and over again.<

"Sir? Someone from the company called." A butler told him from the door, holding a mobile phone in one hand.

Everything got dark, sinking into the nothingness, sinking into the deep well of his head. He was unneeded. He went to sleep.

He opened his eyes to Ayako's blinding smile. She wore a beautiful light pink dress and had done up her hair. He smiled in response, sure that he had just jumped to Saturday and had come to get her from her apartment. He checked his watch to be sure.

"I seem to be on time." Double-checking was always better.

"Of course you are. Now lend me an arm, so I don't break my feet on these." She put on her beige high-heels adorned with bows made of glass crystals. Wow. It weren't exactly glass shoes but something pretty close.

"You look stunning." Which was honest again, she did. He said that sentence often enough without actually thinking so, but this time he meant it. He offered his arm while she concentrated on walking.

So he had missed five days. It had been a while since he had lost that much time. He had done so for a few business trips but it had always been willingly. Had his alter ego taken control from him? He had not thought that possible. Might there actually be someone who decided whom of them was outside? Was there a core personality

managing both of them while he was nothing but an alter ego himself?

"That's a nice car." Ayako offered at the sight of his limousine. "I must sound really silly to you."

"Not at all. I like seeing your pleased expression."

"Try delighted. It's not an everyday occurrence that a man like you asks someone out. Especially me. Do you drive in that car everyday?" She got in while he held the door open.

"Not at all. This is for official business and guests. I have some more modest cars. They were my father's. I plan on buying myself one when I get my license." Maybe a Smart or Mini or something like it. Or a sports car, maybe a Cabrio.

"So, is this like one from the movies? Does it have mini-bar and such?"

With a chuckle, he began to show her some of the car's extras which included a mini-bar. It held some soft-drinks as well as champagne in a can which she wanted to try. It reddened her cheeks and made her giggle. It was cute, though he made a mental note to watch out for her. She seemed to have a rather low tolerance for alcohol.

They arrived at the restaurant while she was telling a story about getting drunk with a colleague at a hotel bar once which got her fired. It seemed to be the only time she wasn't fired for being an Omega. Strangely, that seemed to make it into a fond memory. He wasn't sure he understood but he could relate to the frustration of getting fired for something you had no control over.

Their waitress recognized her, greeting her like an old friend. They chatted all the way to their table. Ayako inquired after a cook and another waiter she knew and was pleased to hear that the cook was still working here and on shift tonight. She immediately ordered a steak, telling him how great that man was when it came to grilling or cooking meat. He decided to trust her judgment and let her order for him as well, so he ended up with honeyed filet baked with plums. He inquired after some dry red wine and was immediately interrupted by his date: "You're only nineteen!"

Well ... there were many answers to choose from. Should he ascertain dominance or allow her interference? Should he laugh and take it as a joke? Should he thank her for her concern? He felt his mouth move while he was still unsure what would come out of it: "I still have a higher alcohol tolerance than you do. You're not getting any more alcohol tonight."

Oh, well ... so he could be childish. That was new.

"And you haven't reached legal drinking age. It's juice for both of us." She decided with a stern voice.

"As my diva commands." He rolled his eyes. Okay. So where exactly did his smooth gentleman facade go? He would like to order it back. "So what am I to order? Plum juice?"

She had the gall to poke out her tongue at him.

"It might also go well with the bitterness of a Ginger Ale or a Tonic Water. What would your Sommelière advise on?" He smirked up at their waiter.

"Err ... should I get him?" The poor girl asked with something akin to fear on her face.

"He is joking with you, Anzu, relax." Ayako sent her a reassuring smile. How was it that she was not afraid of him? Any other women would have already given in and apologized. No one angered an Akashi, everybody knew that. Everyone except for this cheeky thing in front of him that seemed to know when to stay her ground and when to humbly accept his direction. "We'll take a bottle of still water. Or do you like sparkling more?"

"Still water is fine. I'll also take a freshly pressed orange juice." He loved juice after all.

He knew that Ayako knew because whenever they had leftover apple juice packages at the kindergarten, he drank them.

Their waitress took an unsure step back from their table before scurrying off.

"I think we scared her away." Akashi said with amusement in his voice.

"She is an archetypal Omega, always obedient and nice, taking abuse without complaint. The reason why she is still employed here is that she sleeps with the manager. I refused to, it's why I was fired."

"Isn't it painful to be reminded of such things?" His eyebrows drew together.

"Not really, it's more like an everyday occurrence. You get work until an Alpha or Beta wants to sleep with you, you refuse, then you either get fired immediately or you quit because everyone starts treating you like dirt once the rumor gets out that you got the job by sleeping with someone. Because why else would an Omega be able to get a job? The most steady job I ever had was half a year as a cleaning lady at night, because I was alone in the building. At least until my boss wanted to check on my work one evening and I called the police on him."

"I guess his definition of 'checking' did not fit yours."

"Not when he wants to check if my underwear suits my cleaning rag." She snorted. "It actually reassured me that you did not fire Chiho, even though she made quite a mess. I get now how she had to resort to prostitution with her attitude."

"She shouldn't have to. Let's imagine for a second that I had actually sexually abused her. To be honest, it was what one of my best friends believed immediately after I told him about it all. I still don't know what to think of that. Is it abuse when you tell someone what you want to do and they say yes, believing that you made a joke or something?"

"It's only a crime when you don't stop whey they finally say no, I think."

"She never did, she only said afterwards that it was against her will. To you, not to me, mind you." He leaned back and crossed his arms. "I had my lawyer look into this. It seems that when someone is young and you are their employer or some other authoritative figure, keeping silent is enough to count it as rape. But she specifically said yes. And of course it only counts for Alphas and Betas, Omegas are free for the hunt, as always." He scoffed at that. "I still find it morally wrong. But when she said yes and never indicated she might not like it?"

"Forget it. You seem to be more decent than most Alphas I have met. If she does not believe you, it's her own fault in my opinion. We are living in a world where Alphas are legally allowed to rape Omegas to some degree and as far as I understood the situation, you were far from that line."

>I always stay on this side of the line. What we did with Kuroko was legal as well.<

>Still wrong.<

>You get off on what you call wrong quite often.<

Ayako sighed. He tried to concentrate on her but for once, it seemed hard. His alter ego assaulted him with pictures of him fucking Chiho, alternated with some of Kuroko. He really couldn't say what his face must have looked like but he was sure he wasn't smiling reassuringly like he wanted to.

"Okay, this is a horrible topic for a first date, but you look like hell." Ayako leaned forwards. "What did you do to her?"

"I tied her up." Some. It had only been leather handcuffs. "I did handle her a bit roughly but she said she liked that. It's why she had some handprints on her." Whenever he changed her position, he just drew her there or picked her up or rolled her around. "I slapped her, mostly her ass, never her face. She moaned in pleasure, so I

thought she liked that." Had he been too hard? I did leave marks. "We did it multiple times, anal, vaginal, oral, all of them. I asked between every one of them if she wanted another round." One time she had gotten him off encased by her breasts, that had been hot. It had been before he had used the handcuffs. "I may have had a bit of a bad attitude, sometimes I say some nasty things in bed." His alter ego had called her a sperm-loving cunt, that might have been a bit much. "Honestly, I think the worst might have been when I slapped her with my cock once, but she only looked at me with blown pupils. I never expected her to say something like this afterwards."

"It might just have been a bit too many abnormal tastes at once." Ayako waited for a moment while their waitress brought some bread and their water before continuing. "Maybe everything by itself was okay, the package was just overwhelming." She looked at her glass of water for a moment. "Did you really explain all of that beforehand?"

"I might have skipped the dirty talk and the cock-slapping. I told her about the rest though. I did not even seriously tie her up, it was just some handcuffs."

"What kind of sex are you used to if all of that is just some child's play to you?" Her eyebrows drew together.

"Uhm ..." If he wanted to insert the "By the way, I am a mental fuck-up", this might have been the right moment. "I was involved in some Omega hunts in my youth. I did not participate but I watched them."

"Those Alpha-gang-rape-hunts with Omegas in heat?" She drew herself up, taking a deep breath.

"Yeah, some of those." He hung his head. "I should have stopped them, I know that now." Rather, he should never have started them. He had gotten off on the thought and the visual though.

"But a crying and screaming Omega still stimulates you?" Her voice was like ice.

"Well ... I like consensual sex more. Consensual crying is okay. I do not want to rape someone." He wasn't his father. He wasn't his grandfather. He did not want to be another Akashi people had to fear. "I am an Alpha. I get off on crying and begging like any other Alpha. But I find the thought of rape very off-putting."

"Then why did you not stop those hunts?" Her voice was full of mistrust.

"Because the Omega said he wanted it." Because his alter ego had made him want it. He had messed so much with his head that he actually believed it had been his own choice. "I did not label it as rape back then. I know better now. The boy was under-aged and easily swayed."

"Was he pressured into it by an Alpha?"

"Yes." Him. Using Aomine as bait.

"That's despicable." She shook her head. "I hope someone ended it."

"The Omega himself." By leaving school and looking for a mate. He should have saved him before Kuroko had to do something like that. He should have put a stop to it when Aomine went out of control. "I should have done it."

"Yes, you should have. How old were you?" She still looked at him through narrowed eye-lids.

"Fifteen." He sighed. "But age isn't an excuse."

"Well, it explains why your sense of "normal" is messed up." A big sigh left her lips.

"Normal is when you woo someone with a few dates, kiss them tenderly and have your first time in the dark while giggling about your awkwardness."

"Somehow, I can't imagine your first time to be that way. I also never had sex that way." He replied mildly annoyed. That did not sound normal to him, it sounded like a

kitsch-romance.

"Well, true, most Omegas don't have a first time like that." She took a sip of water and looked away. "My first time was rape as well."

"I'm sorry." He lowered his voice. "I should not have brought that up." He was an idiot. If her first time had been full of happiness, he would not have been interested in her. But that was no reason to remind her like that.

"It was a typical case of an Omega going into heat in the middle of nowhere. My later husband found and raped me. He did take responsibility afterwards though."

"You were married?" He looked at her hands but could not find a ring. Not even the signs of wearing a ring for a long time. Was he Natsue's father? If he was, they must have been married longer than ten years.

"Yes." She twitched in her seat, clearly uncomfortable. "I divorced him four years ago."

"Before Natsue's birth?" Had she known that she was pregnant? Why was Natsue her only child? Maybe her husband had been infertile and she had had an affair?

"Yes." She drew in a deep breath, finally deciding to tell him the truth. "When I found out that my daughter was pregnant with Natsue after my husband raped her."