

Split soul

Von Gepo

Kapitel 26: Talking feelings

Ayako called back a few days later to thank him for his invitation and to apologize for not being able to get the phone. He simply told her it was no problem and that the invitation was still open, just that she should not expect sex because it was about the furthest thing from his mind right now. She sounded a bit unsure when she agreed to coming over that evening.

He ordered them sushi with two rolls of fried sushi for himself. They had a rather nice meal drinking peach juice and talking about Natsue and the kindergarten. He had not ordered a piano but he had brought his violin, so they also talked great violin songs. Ayako asked if he played but he had to negate that. Seijuro played. He himself could bring out some notes but his play sounded dull. She asked him to play anyway, wanting to know if having feelings might have changed how he played. He decided on "My Immortal" which actually sounded quite good until his E-string decided to give him a scratch on his face.

"Oh no! Are you alright? Did it hit your eye?" Ayako inspected the small cut immediately. "Do you have a first-aid kit?"

"Behind the mirror in the bathroom," he instructed before putting down the violin and his bow. Seijuro had been told by one of his more mellow teachers that the strings linked to his heart. If they were floppy their sound would be off. If they were strung too tight they would break.

Was he close to breaking point? Ayako cleaned his cheek of blood and put a band-aid on him. He simply looked ahead, lost in his own thoughts. What did other people do when they felt like this? How did one get less tense? He had always used sex to unwind but now this was no way to relax. Even sex was now linked to expectations. He put his arms around Ayako and breathed in her scent. Was that relaxing? Was it making him feel better? He didn't know.

"Why don't you share your burden? Tell me what ails you," Ayako prompted him.

"I am not able to relax."

"And why is that?"

He snorted and said: "If only I knew."

She sat him down and sat herself in his lap. With a few kisses to his jawline and her nails scratching his scalp he closed his eyes and she lay her head upon his shoulder. There was something itching inside his head, so he opened his mouth to let it out: "I am six months pregnant now. That something inside of me is as long as my hand. It's kicking and punching me and every time I feel that I am filled with an unbearable rage. My whole personality concept made me a soul able to endure. I never had feelings, I just accepted everything that happened to me. I was beaten and whipped and

drowned and so many other things and I just accepted it as the way things had to be." Ayako continued to stroke his cheek and scalp.

"Why did they give me feelings? Why did they give me the ability to reflect what happened? I don't want to think about it. It makes me sick to think about what was done to me, what I allowed to happen. It makes me so angry that I want to make everyone suffer for it. And at the same time I don't want to hurt others again because the easiest target would be that poor soul inside of me." He lay a hand on his stomach. "So while he kicks me, I think about kicking him and enjoying his pain and I realize I am in no way better than the man who did all that to me."

"You are much better than that. Or have you done anything to hurt your baby?" She put her hand on his.

"Not that I know of. I just ignore it most of the time. Shintaro tells me I should interact with it but ... I fear I would only rage and scream. It takes all of me to ignore this thing until it can safely get away from me."

"What will happen to it once it's born?" Ayako looked at him with dull eyes.

"Tetsuya offered to take him. I still have to finalize the details but I am sure he will look after him with loving care. The doctor told me the baby will have to stay in the intensive care unit anyway, so I'll ask Tetsuya to visit him there to form a bond."

"It's a boy?" Ayako whispered.

"Of course it is. The fourth single child in line, all of them males." He closed his eyes.

"All others have been killed for being born as Omegas."

"How did they even know? You cannot be sure of one's second gender until they hit puberty." Ayako looked up with anger burning in her eyes.

"It's the smell. All of us have stronger pheromones than the average human. So a few days after birth we know the second gender. Even the mates were chosen for their strong pheromones. It's a bit like exotic breeding, crossing strong Alphas with each other for more superior genes."

"That's sick." Ayako shuddered.

"You know what father told us when he raped us? He wanted us pregnant with the perfect Alpha male, someone not as faulty and weak as we were. While pounding into us all he ever talked about was the children we would have. Children untainted by inferior blood, children as pure as him, not some dirty half-blood like me. He told us that all those punishments were meant to beat the bad blood out of us to make us into an acceptable broodmare." A dry laugh bubbled out of him. "Now I am pregnant with his son. The irony of that ... I hope it will be an Omega, that would serve him right."

"You'll never be able to see that child apart from him, right?" Ayako's eyes were filled with unshed tears.

"No. I am sorry about it too because I know the child doesn't deserve that but for me it's the epitome of why I spent my life as a bloody racket covered in come. This child should not meet me until he is at least sixteen years old. Maybe ever. Best he'll be spared of his own history. Kagami's hair and eye color aren't so different from mine and Tetsuya's and my built is similar. They'll be able to pass him off as theirs."

"Is that fair to him?" Ayako sighed lowly.

"Well, do you plan on telling Natsue her story?"

"No." She looked up at him. "I told her that her father is dead. One day I'll have to tell her that he is still up and about but that he is a very bad man and if he ever tries to contact her she should stay clear of him."

"So if you raised my son, what would you tell him? His father is dead. His mother

couldn't stand the sight of him. Said mother might be living happily with his own family, maybe even raising a daughter four years older than him. What kind of story is that? Your only living parent is a good man, he just hated your guts? That's a good story for one's ego." Akashi rolled his eyes.

"I wish you were able to see him as your son instead of that man's son."

"That would not help. Because I am that man's son as well. Seijuro might be able to do it but I am not. I remember the abuse, I remember the rape. All of those memories pool inside of me and I can't do anything but hate myself for what I am."

"Why?" Ayako's eyes glistened. "Why do you need to hate yourself for it? He was the one who did that to you."

"And I was the one who begged him!" He stood after shoving her off him. "I moaned under him and begged him to mess me up. I asked him to impregnate me, to make me bath in his come. So he took me to the bathroom and made me suck his cock under water until I fainted from drowning. He fucked me until he came and only then did he turn me upside down, so that I would be able to spit out the water. And I thanked him on my knees and kissed his feet for saving me and choosing me to carry his child." He felt tears prick his eyes. Tears! He had never cried before. "I knew that I did it to survive. I knew that one wrong move would make him reconsider if I was really worth his time or if he would rather buy some high pedigree slut from somewhere else to choose as his broodmare. I just wish I had not been that pitiful creature and died instead." He choked on his tears, on his memories of being strangled, being drowned, being choked by his father's hands, a foot on his throat-

"Akashi!" Ayako slapped him.

It didn't even hurt. It made him blink in surprise. It also made him stop breathing which stopped the spinning of his vision. Oh ... he must have panicked and hyperventilated.

"Sorry." He took one deep breath, controlling his urge to take more. "I am such a mess."

"I don't understand..." She shook her head in bewilderment. "Why do you remember all that? I thought Sei held those memories."

"I guess Seijuro is feeding those memories to me." He got a tissue from the kitchen and cleaned off the unwanted wetness upon it. "Exactly like he fed me emotions. I just don't know what for. I certainly don't want them. I have to live through this pregnancy, why are they throwing more and more shit at me? I don't want those memories. I don't want emotions. The more I get, the more I want to be done with all of this."

"Maybe ... maybe you should think about going to a hospital." Ayako looked conflicted about saying that. "You get more suicidal every time I see you. I don't want to lose you. I saw the same happen to my daughter and I was too late in making the decision. I thought I could wait until she had the child and then she would get better. She didn't. She just waited until Natsue was safe and then she killed herself. Two days after birthing her she jumped from that bridge. I don't want the same happening to you. Please get help."

He shook his head. It was more of a reflex. He could not talk about this with anyone. He would not ... it was unthinkable. He could not tell anyone such dangerous information. If this was to reach the ears of any other CEO he would be done for. This could never become public knowledge. So he could not tell anyone. Why had he even told Ayako? She had gone through this before, he should not burden her with this again. But he seemed not to be able to keep this in.

Maybe he should look for professional help. Maybe there were people he could trust enough not to sell this to the papers. Aomine had been able to find a therapist that helped him. Akashi neither believed in therapy nor that any therapist was trustworthy but hadn't Aomine been the same? He looked at Ayako who just looked at him with tears running down her cheeks.

With a deep sigh he got his phone and dialed Satsuki's number. Now or never, right? She greeted him as cheerful as ever before he said: "Satsuki, I need your help."

"Oh." Her voice immediately got serious. "Of course, what may I do for you?"

"I think I need a therapist." He took a moment to breath. "Can you refer me to one?"

"What specialties do you need?" He heard her rummage a bit, she most likely got pencil and paper.

"Erm ... what kind of therapist was your boyfriend's therapist?" Aomine wasn't so different from him after all.

"He wanted to work through his guilt regarding your middle-school time, so he got a psychiatrist working with sexual offenders." She took a short break. "Would you happen to want to work on the same topic?"

"Not really." Sadly he had far more important topics than what he might have done six years ago. "I need a trauma therapist, one who can work with dissociative identity disorder and it's causes. There are therapist who have worked with victims of ritualized sexual abuse, I need one of those."

"I am sure I can find those but I don't know how soon they have free spots. I can call tomorrow or the day after at the latest to tell you what I found," she promised.

"Just look for someone we can trust. The last thing I need is having any of this splattered onto the gossip pages." He walked up to Ayako who had dried her tears and put one arm around her. "If that would not have worked with your boyfriend I wouldn't consider this. But if even he was able to get better ... I guess I should at least try."

"Should I give him the phone?" There seemed to be a smile on her lips.

"Please spare me." He snorted. "Thank you, Satsuki."

"I love helping my friends. I'll find you the best one available!"

He just ended the call. There were new tears on his cheeks and he did not seem able to stop them. Ayako held him through it all.

He introduced the new traditional clothing rule to his management board the next day. The reactions ranged from surprised to perplex but no one really saw any harm in it. It was posted on the internal company page that afternoon and Seika was ecstatic. So he asked her out to go shopping with him which they did after their afternoon meeting. She got three kimonos for herself while he got five different hakamas as well as seven kimonos. Shintaro would be proud of him. He even let Seika take a picture, so he could send his best friend one. After a moment he also sent it to Ayako. Maybe she liked him in that outfit.

She sent back a drawn picture of a cat with sparkly eyes while Shintaro sent a text saying "The colors complement your natural looks". Even his own secretary gushed over him. So he felt rather good when he came home that evening. According to his comfort-oriented schedule he was to take a bath next, order some food from his cook and spent the evening reading a book. Law was taking care of today's contracts, so he really had nothing better to do. Maybe he should find something to do in his spare time. Books were alright but he owned only those he had already read. His musings were interrupted by the ringing of his phone.

"Good evening, Akashi!" Satsuki's much too positive voice came out of the speaker.

"A good evening to you too, Satsuki. How was your day?"

"Exciting! I love research projects." Which was why he always wondered about her job choice, he would have expected her to become a historian or something similar. "So I looked around a bit and found out that there is a national society registering certified trauma specialists. Only a few specialize in ritual abuse, most recommend to have a face-to-face talk to plan such a therapy. It seems that often parts of it need to be done in a hospital setting while others can be done ambulatory. Normally the wait time for such a therapy is one year at the least and can be up to three years but" - she interrupted herself to continue triumphantly - "I found you one that is a mother and wants to work part-time again, so she only has a few patients and is able to take on more. If you need immediate help, she can even give you more than one session a week. The only draw-back is that she might get pregnant again and then she would have to refer you elsewhere."

"Do you know if she is Omega, Beta or Alpha?"

"Alpha."

"Then it's unlikely she'll get pregnant again soon. I'll take the chance." He got a pen and paper to write down the important facts. "And you think that she is trustworthy?"

"She's married to some highly important doctor, they have more money than anyone in their right mind needs. I found her sympathetic and would trust her."

"You are a good judge of character and I trust you, so I'll give it a try. What's her name and how can I reach her?" He wrote down the things she told him. "When should I call her?"

"Tomorrow between nine and ten o'clock in the morning. She'll invite you to her house. It's in a suburb, you'll need about half an hour with your car, maybe a bit more depending on the traffic. She doesn't bill you for the planning session, only if you decide on therapy with her." Satsuki sounded proud of herself. "I hope you'll like her. I learned from that time with Daiki how important it is that a therapist is tough rather than nice. She needs to be able to listen to whatever happened to you without breaking down in tears. It seems that most therapists aren't able to do that. So I specifically looked for someone able to withstand anything you tell her. So I already asked her how she thinks about sexual offenders and she was the only one that did not give me a hate tirade for it."

"I would imagine that most people working with victims of sexual abuse aren't keen on talking to offenders." Satsuki was right, he was one of them. He had not thought about that problem beforehand. He wasn't some innocent flower tossed around in a cruel world. He was a shark just as much as his father had been. Satsuki had saved him from a possible landmine. "Thank you for thinking about such potential hazards."

"Thankfully I already have some experience by now. I had to search for therapists for some other players and friends as well. I have a list of specifics needed in therapy by now and some experience who might be matched up with whom. Did you know that most people need to meet with eight therapists in average until they find one that can help them?"

"I don't think I'd be able to meet so many people and tell them about my mind." At least one of them would sell that story to the papers, he was sure about that. He would also distrust therapists in general if he was to tell one about him and that person told him he or she couldn't help.

"Yeah, right? So I try to give everyone a good match-up. I had a really good quota up to now, everyone liked their first or second therapist, no one needed to meet three

yet. Maybe I should work as a professional matchmaker or something." As always she was really hyper.

"Well, you are a good doctor as well, you can do your matchmaking from there. One day you'll treat every athlete in this country." He had started the water while he talked to her and went to stop the water now. "Thank you for helping me. I'll tell you how it was and if you got another perfect match."

"Great!" She squealed in joy. "Oh, and Akashi? Good luck for the therapy. It's good you're doing this. I don't know what prompted you to try but it really helped all of the people I referred. So don't give up and try your best to reach that goal you set for yourself, whatever it is."

Surviving. Somehow becoming able to live without killing himself. Right now that was all he really wanted. He would hurt his friends and Ayako and he wanted to avoid that.