

Split soul

Von Gepo

Kapitel 5: Having a date

Her name was Chiho. If he had been able to smile smugly at his alter ego, he would have done so. A young, single Omega without children, a history of prostitution, what could be more fitting? And best above all, he did not have to woo her, she came to him to compliment his playing and openly asked him for a date. There had never been anyone courageous enough to ask him out, not even in middle or high-school. Even that social oaf Shintarou had been asked out but girls had never dared when it came to him. They seemed to know that he was not allowed to date. Or maybe they really did not think him worth their while, who knew.

Now he had an actual, real date! It was sad to note that it was the first one in his life. What did you do on a date? He knew that young people liked to go to the cinema or eat ice-cream. He had never been to a cinema before. Or were they too old for that? He knew that older people went out to dinner or had tea. Did he have to choose something? Or would she? She had asked him out after all.

»She had you stammer like a fool in surprise.«

»It wasn't that bad!«

»Don't worry, she most likely thinks it's cute. You are an innocent fairy-tale prince after all, a rich, beautiful young man playing fancy music. A dreamer who does not know the ways of love.«

»Are you quoting that horrifying interview?«

»It was amusing to read.«

Did women actually believe such crap? Would she expect him to show up with a bouquet of roses? He could do that. It would be romantic and very fairy-tale-style. But was that the image he wanted to project? He was far from a prince. It felt like being torn asunder. Who should he be? What should he be? He sat down at his piano to play some Bach, that always helped him to find an answer to difficult questions. Piano Tiles G Minor flowed from his fingers while he thought. A song about strive, insecurity and searching.

Who did he want to be? A fairy-tale prince? A sex-crazed monster who got off on hurting his partners? A closet-pervert behind a pretty smile? A lunatic? He was all of them at once. How much should he tell? How much could he tell? Every word he said could be turned against him. This was an actual date. People knew that meant something. It wasn't like one of his one-night-stands where no one cared what his partner said afterwards. If anyone found out about this, she might be hunted down by the press, asked about every small detail. What persona should he chose? What would be honest enough without endangering him?

»How much of a lie can you live before you get disgusted with yourself?«

»A damn lot, I live with you in my head. You disgust me.«

»Always such a charmer.«

How could he find an answer?

Be yourself. Thank you very much, internet, that was the most unhelpful advice one could get. His sense of self seemed rather distorted if he might say so himself. The most truest was how he interacted with Kuroko and to be honest, that was a pretty facade rather than his self. Maybe his truest was actually how he interacted with Aomine. He could barely stand the guy, not only due to Kuroko's feelings for him. What made perfectly good men like Kuroko fall for assholes like Aomine? Should he behave like him to find someone like Kuroko? Because sometimes he saw himself in the tanned man. The desire to just say "Fuck you all", not to care about life, that was something he craved for whenever everyone wanted him for themselves. But Aomine had something he never would have: a brilliant smile.

His own core was pure darkness. A foul, slimy thing he had created, a persona of hate and ridicule. He was Aomine's opposite. While the other was darkness wrapped around light, he himself was light wrapped around darkness. He had a pleasant outer self but behind and beyond was a scary being. Was that his true self? In that case, should he hide it or let it run wild for a bit? Would it be right to show his date a pleasant facade while he hid behind pretty words and romantic gestures?

When it came to roses, he thought about their stems wrapped around slim, white arms and legs, burying their thorns in unmarked skin. He would love to run his finger down a beautifully painted cheek, erasing the make-up that hid the purple bruises he had left on it before. He wanted to fuck someone from behind and adore the mess he had made out of the skin on their backs. He wanted to carve his initials in one ass cheek, opening their behind like a ripe peach.

Love was pain. He remembered those lessons all too well. Pride would get you killed, humility was weakness. A touch could never be earned, any good words would only spoil. The only way to know he was loved was to feel the cramps in his fingers, the burn of his eyes and the inviting blankness when his body gave up on him. He wasn't worthy of any other kind of love. His alter ego was right, who was he kidding? He was a faulty product, unable to love in any other way than by pain. His partner should know, should be allowed a chance to leave. When his mother had died, he had sworn to himself to never force anyone in a relationship. His alter ego had broken that promise, had used force on Kuroko, no matter how well it was packed into pretty words. He did not want to be like that.

»You'd rather openly and honestly rape someone?«

»I find that less despicable than letting someone think it was their own choice, having no one but themselves to blame. You messed Kuroko up pretty badly. He still thinks that all of it was his own choice.«

»So you'll tell your date about your split soul, your history of sexual abuse and all those crimes you haven't been apprehended for yet?«

No, he could not. He could never tell that. He would ... if he ever told, it would be to the police. Let someone else be a judge of his character, let them lock him in. Forever, most likely. Were dissociative personality disordered humans able to answer for their crimes? His alter ego had committed all of them but he had born him, so who was to blame? Was it even a question? In the end, they were both one human. »I wish I could clean my plate and start anew.«

»You'll never erase your history. It's in your genes, in these walls, in your blood. Your

family has killed for a hundred years and build this legacy on corpses. The blood of your aunts and uncles, greataunts and greatuncles, of your mother and brother stain these walls and halls. You could always end it all, burn this house of sin and your body, rotten soul and all.«

»You would never let me.«

»I would let you burn yourself and live on.«

»There is no living on once this body is dead.«

»I'd let you burn your soul, not this body.«

Akashi shook his head. No tune could represent the agony he felt sometimes. There was no way he could ever be honest, could ever show someone the monster that he was. He had no other choice but to lie to his date. If he did, he could go full force anyway.

He would be her prince. He would get her roses.

»I never met a women as superficial and shallow-brained as her.«

»Then how about shutting up and letting me talk to her?«

Sometimes it was strange when you only heard but could not see someone to know exactly what that person was doing in that moment. His alter ego rolled his eyes and shook his head. It was a gesture he would never show when he was in charge of their body but he did it in their head. He also only said about five percent of the things he thought which made him a frighteningly silent character.

Akashi was charming. He knew how to smile, how to speak, how to compliment to make women swoon. It was how he had gotten sweets, toys, free time, anything he wanted for himself. He was the persona needed in all things that had nothing to do with his father. Work was the only thing that needed both of them. But to be honest, his alter ego's running commentary was more enjoyable than his date. Chiho was boring as hell, there seemed to be nothing but make-up, clothes and social status on her mind. In the end it became a classical dinner date, even though he already knew he would have to pay.

»She asked you out because you're filthy rich. Ask her about classical music, she'll tell you that she likes Shakespeare best.«

"You said you liked my playing. Which song did you like the most?"

"Oh, erm ... that last one. The others were so melancholic but the last one was fun." She smiled broadly.

"You do dislike melancholic things?" He tried his best to smile back but his facial muscles seemed overused at this point. She had such a big, fake smile.

"No, those things make me depressed. I like light and funny things. Do you like comedies?" She only gave him a second to think about a possible answer. "I like those new series, they're called "Emily and Clarke", do you know them?"

"I don't watch television, I mostly work." Well, wasn't he the boring one? At least she had hobbies.

"So what do you do in your spare time?"

He talked with his alter ego and lamented his life. Well. He opted for another answer:

"I play basketball with my friends."

"You were quite known, right? Captain of the Generation of Miracles, I read about that in a magazine. So it's true you are friends with Kise Ryouta?" God, there she went again. Of course she would like the fact that he knew celebrities.

»Please tell her he likes it up the ass.«

"Ryouta is a friend of mine, yes. He quit basketball after his injury, so I haven't seen

him for ... actually, we last saw each other at a friend's wedding. I wouldn't say we are close."

»Face it, you don't have any close friends. I find it questionable to say you have friends other than Shintarou.«

»Kuroko is a friend.«

»Kuroko is someone you would like to fuck, that's not a definition of friendship. You humor him because you desire him and feel guilty.«

"I've been a fan of him for years!" Oh yes, he was talking to Chiho. It was too easy to tune her out. "He's playing in "Sky of love", I love those series. His singing and acting is superb. Have you ever been to a set with him?"

"I don't really have an interest in those things", he said while thinking: »It's more than that. I won't deny I would like to have him as a mate but that's because of his character. I like him as a person. The fact that I find him very fuckable is an added bonus.«

"I would love to see him live one day. But who am I to gush about other guys when I am here with you? I must be boring you. Is there any actress or singer you like?"

"I liked Ayako's singing. She has a good voice."

»That was mean. Do you want to make her cry? I am the mean one here, don't take my place.«

"Well, yes, it's nice." Chiho did not really seem enthusiastic. "But she doesn't do anything with it. She could be an opera singer, it's a shame."

"Maybe she'll be one someday. What did you want to do with your life?" Maybe she would finally open up to him.

"Oh, I'm perfectly happy with my job. Being a kindergarten teacher is nice."

"What do you like about it?" Please, could she give him anything to work with?

"Everything really. The other women are nice, the kids are cute and the rooms are gorgeous. The color scheme is pleasant to look at."

»Especially the way her bright pink nail polish reflects the lightning.« Sarcasm, his alter ego's eternal vice.

"So you like children? How come you don't have any?" Was there anything else than her perfect, flawless persona full of smiles and laughter? She had been a prostitute for ten years.

»That's one flawless fake persona saying to another.«

"Oh, I think it's too early for children. I think children need two stable parents and I haven't found an Alpha I am able to trust in that role yet. Just look at all my co-workers! All of them were left by their Alphas. It's a shame really. The world needs more gentlemen like you." She leaned forward, maybe she wanted to force intimacy on him. Or maybe she thought she was giving him a compliment.

»Because the world clearly needs more of us.« An astute observation.

"You think too highly of me", Akashi told her as well.

"Oh, you are too polite. A women would be mad not to want to be your mate, I can't believe you are still single." She giggled in that high-pitched way girls liked to use to give off a younger feeling. Maybe she thought it was cute.

»Maybe she thinks the reason you don't have a partner is because you are a pedophile.«

"I haven't met the right one yet", he said instead.

"Yes, you said so in your interview. I found that endearing, it's just what I thought. Everyone seems to mate in high-school these days. I think it's worthwhile to look for the right partner, one you can spend your whole life with." She had a dreamy voice.

»One who won't grow bored of feeding a leech.«

"What do you like in a partner?" Akashi asked instead of just assuming.

"Well, trust, as I said. I need to be able to rely on my partner, to know we are the ones for each other. Class is another thing I like, someone who knows how to dress, how to express himself, someone aware of his social standing."

»She has some nice words for it, I admit. She knows how to compliment men of high social standing.« His alter ego noted.

»I think she should have stayed a prostitute. I am beginning to understand why she became a kindergarten teacher. She wanted to use her job as a dating tool to marry someone as high up in the company as possible.«

»She got you, that's quite a catch. I guess you should be wary of women approaching you on their own, they seem to be into money.«

»Should we end this?«

»That's the spirit.«

They had that conversation in lieu of a waiter approaching them while Chiho prattled on about her likes and dislikes. He was asked if they would like dessert, to which he asked for the bill before the woman opposite him could come up with other wishes or idea.

"You do not have a sweet tooth?" She asked him after the waiter had left.

»Only a woman as insipid as her would not come up with the idea that it might have something to do with her.«

"I try to stay in shape."

"That is commendable." She inclined her head. "With such delicacies at your disposal I imagine it ain't always easy."

"There is always exercise, I own more than one fitness studio after all."

"I like men with high expectations for themselves." Her eyes followed his hand handing a black credit card to their waiter who had returned. "It is the way to success."

»Did she learn that from her clients? She sounds like a business class prostitute, a private one, not one of those business party bitches.«

"What do you like?" Oh, she actually faked an interest in him. Until now she had mostly talked about herself.

"I like humble Omegas. Innocent ones that sometimes blush and can be flustered, ones whose innocence is unbroken by the blows they have been dealt in life. Naughty in bed, but demure in life. Omegas with unused talents and hidden depths."

"Was that an invitation, Mister Akashi?" She sent him a coy smile.

»It is a mystery to me how she got that from your words. You need to be less subtle in refusing her.«

»Should I refuse the sex?«

»She could be a clingy mess if you take her. Give her to me, I'll make sure she doesn't give us trouble afterwards. You may see that as compensation to me for the time we wasted here.«

»Done.<<